

BENTLEY'S  
MISCELLANY.

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# BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

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## MYDDLETON POMFRET.

A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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Book the First.

AN ILL-OMENED MARRIAGE.

I.

JULIAN CURZON.

SOME of my readers must recollect Julian Curzon.

A few years ago he was accounted one of the handsomest men about town, and was very popular, owing to his agreeable manners. His brilliant career in the world of fashion was cut short by an imprudent marriage. Beyond doubt he might have won a rich heiress or a wealthy widow, but he threw himself away on a penniless girl. The only excuse that can be offered for his folly is, that he was madly in love, and certainly a more charming creature than Sophy Leycester, whom he married, cannot be imagined.

Sophy was the daughter of a Yorkshire gentleman of very moderate means, who could give her no portion. When Julian first beheld her, she was just nineteen, and a marvel of beauty. She had a ravishingly fair complexion, a graceful slender figure, a swan-like throat, features cast in the loveliest mould, large soft blue eyes, shaded by long silken lashes and overarched by pencilled brows, a forehead smooth and white as Parian marble, and cloud of light fleecy locks. Despite her want of fortune, Sophy Leycester might have married well. She had many admirers, some of whom were rich. But she preferred Julian Curzon to any of them.

His daughter's choice was far from agreeable to Mr. Leycester. He had made sure of marrying her to Lord Cranley or General Sir John Hawkesbury, both of whom were captivated by her charms, but finding her deaf to his representations he gave way,

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though not without considerable reluctance. No settlements were made on the marriage, for Julian had nothing to settle, and Mr. Leycester, in giving his consent to his daughter's marriage, gave nothing more.

In order that their bliss might be wholly undisturbed, the young couple determined to spend their honeymoon at the English lakes, and immediately after the performance of the ceremony proceeded by rail to Bowness. For a few weeks they seemed to be in Paradise. The weather was enchanting. Windermere displayed all its beauties—mirror-like expanse, lovely islands, woody promontories, mountain and fell. The happy pair passed almost all their time upon the lake, admiring the surrounding scenery, or moored in some sequestered bay, where they seemed shut out from the rest of the world.

During all this time, Julian scarcely took up a newspaper. The world might go on as it pleased for aught he cared about it. He wrote no letters, and received none, and this is not surprising, since, in order to ensure perfect privacy, he had given out that he had gone with his bride upon the Continent.

Mrs. Curzon was almost as indifferent about news as her husband. She had brought a lady's-maid with her on the wedding trip, but Julian had dispensed with the attendance of his valet. Nevertheless, though they occupied private apartments in a wing of the hotel overlooking the garden, and secluded themselves as much as possible, their movements were curiously watched by the other guests, and whenever Julian went out with his lovely bride to embark in the little skiff which was kept constantly in readiness for them, many an eye followed them, and many a glass tracked their passage across the lake.

One morning they were proceeding, as usual, to the place of embarkation, followed by a boatman carrying a hamper containing materials for an excellent luncheon. The beautiful Mrs. Curzon looked perfectly bewitching in her straw hat and batiste dress, and Julian showed to advantage in a cool Nankin summer costume and Panama hat. They were hastening towards the strand, not expecting interruption, when a person, who had been evidently on the look-out, stepped forward. He was a middle-aged man, in a short Oxford grey coat, and with nothing particular in his appearance, except that he had sharp features and keen grey eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Curzon," he said, raising his hat as he approached. "I am surprised to see you here. I fancied you were in Switzerland."

"I have changed my plans," replied Julian, who was perceptibly embarrassed. "I did think of going to Switzerland, but my wife is so charmed with this place that we have stayed here. My love, give me leave to present to you my old friend, Mr. Stonehouse," he added to Sophy.

The newly married lady rather superciliously acknowledged the obsequious bow addressed to her by the gentleman in the short Oxford grey coat.

"What brings you to this part of the world, may I ask, Stonehouse?" said Julian.

"Business. I had business at Kendal, and I thought I would come on here," replied the other. "I should like to have a word with you, if you will spare me a few minutes."

"Not now, Stonehouse," replied Julian. "You're not going away to-day, I'm sure. Dine with me quietly at seven, and then we can have a chat over our wine."

"I didn't intend to stay so long," rejoined the other, "but I really have something important to say to you, so I accept the invitation."

"Delighted to hear it," returned Julian. "You'll have no difficulty in amusing yourself. Plenty to see here. We shall expect you at seven."

So saying, he moved off with his wife. Mr. Stonehouse looked after them for a few moments with a very peculiar expression of countenance, and then entered the hotel.

"Why did you ask that horrid man to dinner, Julian?" remarked Sophy, as they walked along.

"I couldn't help it, my dear," he replied. "He's an awful bore; but I must be civil to him, and so must you, darling. I didn't expect to see him here."

They then embarked in the boat, and were rowed slowly towards one of the islands. Julian was so full of thought that he found it impossible to keep up a lively conversation.

"Apparently Mr. Stonehouse has cast a gloom over you," remarked his wife. "Who is he? I never heard you speak of him."

"He's a money-lender, my love, and really not a bad fellow. He has helped me out of many a scrape. I wish he hadn't come here though, for I fear I shall find it hard to get rid of him. After all, I wish we had gone to Switzerland, or to the Italian lakes."

"It's not too late to do so yet," she rejoined, "though I am certain we shan't find anything so charming as Windermere. Oh! how happy we have been here."

"I never knew what real happiness was till now. But we will go to Switzerland—that is, if I can shake off this troublesome fellow."

"Shake him off!" exclaimed Sophy, in surprise. "You can easily get rid of him, I suppose."

"Not so easily as you imagine, my love. There's only one way of getting rid of him—paying what I owe him."

"Well, pay him then."

"It would be rather inconvenient to me to do so now, my dear. But say no more on the subject. It bores me to talk about him."

Sophy, however, was not to be put off in this way. Presently she inquired:

"Do you owe Mr. Stonehouse much, Julian?"

"I forget the exact amount," he replied, evasively; "but it's more than I can manage just now."

"I was not aware you were in debt," she remarked.

"I haven't troubled you much with my private affairs, darling, and I don't care to discuss them now. I've no doubt I shall be able to settle matters with Stonehouse. But to enable me to do so you must be civil to him. You'll find him tolerably agreeable when you know him better."

Sophy looked grave—graver than Julian had ever seen her look before. Finding all his efforts to enliven her futile, he became moody and silent in his turn. This was the first day since their union that had not passed off delightfully. They came back earlier than they intended, and Mrs. Curzon immediately retired to her own room.

At the hour appointed Mr. Stonehouse made his appearance. Sophy received him very coldly, but he did not seem put out by her manner. A very nice little dinner was served—including char from the lake. Exhilarated by the champagne, Mr. Stonehouse talked pleasantly and well, but Mrs. Curzon could not overcome her dislike to him, and did not care to conceal it. Almost immediately after dinner she disappeared.

"Evidently your wife does not like me," remarked Mr. Stonehouse, helping himself to a glass of claret. "She is a very charming creature, I must own. But circumstanced as you are, you ought not to have married her. I always counselled you to marry a fortune."

"So you did, Stonehouse—so you did, but you see I have married to please myself."

"Well, I'm afraid you'll repent it. I can't help feeling sorry for the poor young lady."

"Spare your pity, Stonehouse," rejoined Julian, rather sharply. "You are the only person likely to cause her anxiety. If you don't trouble me she'll be all right."

"That's just it. I don't want to trouble you. It will distress me greatly to interfere with the last few days of your honeymoon, and I shall be grieved beyond measure to cause your wife distress, but what am I to do?"

"Wait patiently, my good fellow, till it suits me to pay you," replied Julian, indifferently.

"I shall have to wait long enough if I wait till then," replied Stonehouse. "No, no, Mr. Curzon, I must speak out plainly. You've not behaved honourably. You've tried to swindle me."

"Swindle you! Come, come, Stonehouse, that's a little too strong."

"Swindle's the word, and no other. You've not met your



engagements. I won't be trifled with any longer. If you don't settle with me, I'll clap you in Kendal jail. That's flat. Any appeal to my feelings in regard to your wife will be useless. You ought not to have placed the young lady in such a position. Why didn't you marry Miss Lake, or the other heiress, Miss Glenlyon? or, better still, the wealthy Mrs. Dundas? You might then have set yourself straight. But you have been fool enough to throw away your last chance."

"Never mind what I've done, Stonehouse. It is nothing to you."

"It is everything to me, sir. By your folly you have deprived yourself of the sole power left you of paying me. And for what? You can't live with your charming wife now you've got her, for I suppose you won't take her to jail with you."

"Harsh language, Stonehouse—harsh language. But I know you don't mean to put your threats into execution."

"Don't I? You'll see. There's no use wasting time in idle talk. I'll leave you in peace to-night, but I shall come back in the morning, and, unless you are prepared to settle, I'll lock you up. I will, by Jupiter!"

Having delivered this menace, he was about to depart, when Mrs. Curzon entered the room.

"What has happened?" she exclaimed, startled by her husband's looks.

"I'll tell you, madam," replied Stonehouse. "It's proper you should know the truth."

"For Heaven's sake, if you are a man, spare her feelings!" implored Julian.

"Whatever it may be, let me hear it," said Sophy, closing the door.

"Well, then, the case is simply this," rejoined Stonehouse, totally disregarding the imploring looks thrown at him by Julian. "Your husband has given me a bond for a large sum of money. The bond has been dishonoured. For your sake, I assure you, I shall extremely regret if I am forced to adopt unpleasant measures."

"What is the amount of my husband's debt, sir?" asked Sophy, quietly. "I have some jewels and ornaments which cost more than two hundred pounds. You shall have them."

"Your husband owes me upwards of two thousand pounds, so that your offer of jewels to the amount of two hundred won't go very far towards paying me; but I thank you, nevertheless."

"You must not—shall not—give up your jewels, Sophy," said Julian. "Leave me to bear the consequences of my folly."

"Don't mind what he says, sir," she cried to the money-lender. "I don't care about my jewels. I'll fetch them for you at once, if you'll promise to be lenient to him."

"I can give no promise just now," rejoined Stonehouse, coldly. "Much will depend upon what he offers to-morrow."

"You see you can produce no effect upon the flinty-hearted rascal," said Julian.

"Give him time, sir; he will pay you—I am sure he will," implored Sophy.

"I have just said, madam, that I cannot be content with mere promises," rejoined Stonehouse. "Your husband has disappointed me so often that I can no longer trust him. I give him till to-morrow at noon for reflection. If he is then prepared to satisfy me, well and good. If not, he knows what will ensue. I wish you a good evening, madam."

So saying, he bowed to her and left the room.

For some minutes not a word was uttered. During this interval, Sophy continued to regard her husband, who remained at the table with his head buried in his hands. At last she broke the painful silence.

"And so it has come to this already! Our brief dream of happiness is over."

Julian looked up as she spoke, and gazed vacantly at her. The blow appeared to have partially stunned him.

"Have you any means of paying this man?" she continued. "Tell me frankly."

"None whatever," he replied. "I am hopelessly ruined."

She became very pale, but did not lose her composure. Fixing her fine eyes steadily and compassionately upon him, she said:

"I won't reproach you, Julian; but if you really loved me as devotedly as you professed, I cannot understand how you could conceal your difficulties from me."

"Love for you, Sophy, was the motive for concealment. Had I confessed the truth, I should have lost you. I therefore practised the deception."

"You have acted cruelly—very cruelly, Julian, and have placed me in a most painful position. Should Mr. Stonehouse put his threat into execution, and imprison you, what is to become of me?"

"Go back to your father. It will be your best plan."

"And you coolly recommend me to do this, Julian?" she rejoined, somewhat contemptuously. "You appear to care little for the humiliation and annoyance I must necessarily experience in taking such a step. But I am rightly served. I would not listen to papa's counsel. I would have my own way, because I believed you. I now know what your love is worth. I now thoroughly understand you. I pity you, but at the same time I despise you."

"Despise me! oh, recal that word, Sophy!"

"Julian, you must not expect that I can ever more love and respect you. Had unforeseen calamities overtaken you, I would have stood faithfully by your side, and have helped you to the best

of my power. But you have acted dishonourably. You carefully concealed your embarrassed circumstances from me and from papa. Conduct like this cannot be pardoned. Henceforward it is impossible that we can live together. To-morrow I shall return home."

"I didn't mean what I said, darling. I won't consent to your return. You shall not leave me."

"You cannot help yourself. Mr. Stonehouse will prevent all interference on your part. Good night. I shall occupy Charlotte's room."

So saying, she went out, leaving him in a state bordering upon frenzy.

## II.

### A DESPERATE ACT.

TURN which way he would, there seemed no escape for the luckless Julian. He was in the clutches of an inexorable creditor. Pay him he must, either in purse or person. His lovely young wife, to whom he was passionately attached, had announced her determination to leave him, and he entertained no doubt that she would execute her threat. Dark thoughts swept through his brain, and he almost yielded to the promptings of despair.

Julian Curzon was by no means devoid of good qualities. Though reckless and extravagant, he was warm-hearted and generous. To such an extent had he practised self-deception as really to persuade himself that in marrying Sophy Leycester, a girl without money, he had acted a very disinterested part. Blind to the consequences of his imprudence, he succeeded for a time in stifling all self-reproach. But he was now rudely and unexpectedly awakened from his dream, and compelled to look his frightful position fully in the face.

Pacing to and fro within the room, he tried to reflect. But his brain was on fire, and he could not assemble his thoughts. At last he became more composed, and the changed expression of his countenance denoted that he had formed some resolution. Whatever his design might be, he set about it at once. Opening the door gently, he proceeded with noiseless footsteps to his dressing-room. The apartments which he occupied, as we have already stated, were in a private part of the hotel, so he encountered no one on the stairs. After remaining in his dressing-room for nearly half an hour, he descended in the same quiet manner, with a small bundle in his hand, wrapped in a silk handkerchief. He had also changed his attire, and had put on a morning dress. Re-entering the room, he opened the window softly, and stepped out upon the lawn in front of the hotel, taking the little bundle with him.

Noiselessly as he did this, his movements were overheard by his wife, who was in a room above, the window of which com-

manded the garden and the lake. The night was cloudy, but there was light enough to enable her to distinguish her husband as he crossed the lawn. She saw him pass through the garden gate, and proceed towards a wood skirting the lake. Then he was lost to view.

Long before this, Sophy's anger had subsided. She was filled with terrible misgivings. Had he left her? Had she driven him away by her reproaches? She had worked herself up to a fearful state of anxiety when Julian suddenly reappeared. He had now got rid of the bundle. On beholding him a fresh revulsion took place in her feelings, and she blamed herself for the weakness she had exhibited. Listening intently, she heard him enter the room and close the window softly, and then, believing her fears groundless, retired to rest—no, not to rest.

With Julian, however, the business of the night was not ended. On re-entering the room he sat down and wrote a long letter to his wife. The composition was extremely painful to him, and he several times abandoned his task. After many ineffectual efforts, he finished the letter, but on reading it over he was so dissatisfied, that he tore it up, and burnt the fragments.

At this juncture a sleepy-looking waiter entered the room to inquire whether Mr. Curzon had any further commands for the night, and being answered sternly in the negative, departed.

Julian then flung himself upon a sofa, and fell into a troubled sleep, which lasted till daybreak. The first beams of the sun shining in through the window aroused him, and he started up. All the painful thoughts which had been suspended during slumber rushed upon him at once with added poignancy.

Again he rushed up-stairs to his dressing-room. He was an admirable swimmer, and accustomed each morning to bathe in the lake. Snatching up the towels laid out for him, he went down-stairs, and once more threw open the window, but just as he was about to issue forth his wife appeared. She had risen an hour ago from a sleepless couch.

"Stay a moment, Julian," she said. "I want to speak to you."

"Not now—not now," he rejoined. "I am about to cool my fevered brow in the lake. On my return I will talk to you."

"You will kill yourself, if you bathe now. I am sorry for what I said last night. I have come to tell you so."

He looked hard at her. His breast was torn by conflicting emotions.

"You were quite right in what you said," he cried. "My conduct has been infamous—unpardonable. I know I have forfeited your respect—perhaps your love."

"No, no, I love you still—I shall ever love you, Julian."

He looked as if he would have strained her to his heart, but he controlled the impulse.

"Sophy," he said, in broken accents, "you must forget me. I do not deserve your love. I am a worthless fellow, who ought never to have aspired to the hand of an angelic being like you. I see my folly too late, and can find no excuse for it—none! I fully comprehend the baseness of which I have been guilty. I would make reparation if I could. But since that is impossible, I won't be a further encumbrance to you."

"Your looks and words seem to point to something dreadful, Julian. I was wrong to reproach you so sharply. Don't let misfortune overwhelm you. Think not of the sombre present, but of a bright future. Whatever may be your lot I am prepared to share it with you."

"It must not, cannot be, Sophy. We must part this day for ever. You have nothing to regret in the separation. I could not make you happy."

"Oh yes, you could, Julian," she cried, bursting into tears.

"I once thought so," he rejoined. "But I must not make another mistake."

"You will make a second mistake—worse, far worse than the first, if you act as I fear you intend, Julian. Do not yield to the promptings of despair. Struggle manfully against your difficulties, and you will overcome them."

"Had you spoken thus last night, Sophy, I might have listened to you, but all hope is now crushed within me. I can only see one way out of the frightful labyrinth in which I am involved, and that way I shall take. Forgive me the wrong I have done you. Think of me charitably, and may Heaven bless you!"

And he turned to depart.

"Stay, Julian, I conjure you. You must not—shall not go!" she cried.

But he dashed through the window, and hurried across the lawn in the direction of the lake. She called to him again and again, but he paid no heed, and never once looked back.

A fearful sickness of heart deprived her for a minute or two of strength, but as soon as she recovered she ran out. She saw him enter the boat, and again called out, but he heeded her not, and before she reached the strand he was rowing swiftly towards a woody and secluded bay about half a mile off.

In vain she renewed her cries—in vain she waved her handkerchief, hoping to attract his attention. He continued his course unmoved.

The morning was exquisite, and the glassy surface of the lake reflected the objects on its banks, and even the mountains around it. Nothing was heard but the dip of oars as the boat speeded away, or the plash of some large fish as it rose. The lovely islands studding the lake seemed invested with magical beauty. But at that early hour no boat except Julian's could be descried on the water.

But what was the splendour of the morning, what was the beauty of the lake to Sophy? She was insensible to everything save her anguish. She had long ceased to call to her husband, for he was now too distant for her cries to reach him, even if he would have attended to them.

By this time he had gained the further side of the bay, and approached so close to the shore that she fancied he was about to land. But no!—when within about thirty yards from the wood-fringed bank he ceased to row, and the boat became motionless.

For some minutes, during which she watched him with intense anxiety, he did not appear to stir. Then hastily divesting himself of his apparel, he sprang over the side of the boat and dived into the lake. She looked anxiously for his reappearance on the surface of the water, but he did not rise again.

Several minutes elapsed—minutes of frightful agony!—and still she could see nothing of him.

But he might be hidden from her view by the boat. Ten minutes had now flown, and yet he had not reappeared. Her fears had almost become certainties. Still she clung to hope.

But time went on—five minutes more—and the placid surface of the lake was still undisturbed.

Yielding now to despair, she made the place echo with her shrieks. The attention of two men who had just put off in a boat from Bowness, being attracted by her outcries, they rowed towards her. As soon as they drew near, she made them understand what had happened. At her solicitation they took her on board, and rowed swiftly towards the scene of the accident.

Ere long they neared the boat, which by this time had drifted further from shore. In it could be seen the unfortunate man's clothes. The boatmen scanned the smooth surface of the water, thinking he might have swum to a distance. But he could not be distinguished. They shouted loudly, but no answer was returned.

Poor Sophy, who looked as pale as death, perceived that they had lost all hope; but she scarcely dared to question them, and they did not proffer a remark, but muttered a few words to each other.

"You think I have lost him?" she gasped, at length, in accents that pierced their hearts. "You think he is drowned?"

"I daren't give you any hope, ma'am," replied the elder boatman, in a tone of deep commiseration. "I'm awmost afeared your husband has been seized by cramp. The lake is very deep hereabouts, and the water icy cowl'd owing to the springs."

"Ay, there were a gen'l'man drowned in this very bay about six year ago—you mind it, Isaac?"

"Ay, ay. But don't talk about it now, Mat. Don't you see how you frighten the poor lady? Do let us take you to the hotel, ma'am. We'll then go and get the drags and search for the body."

"No, put me on board the other boat, and then lose no time in fetching the drags."

"Take my advice, ma'am," remonstrated Isaac. "Go ashore. You can do no good here."

But she refused to quit the spot, and the boatmen, finding her resolute, assisted her into the other boat, and then pulled vigorously towards Bowness, where they knew they could obtain drags.

Left to herself in the little bark lately occupied by her husband, the miserable lady gave vent to an outburst of grief, which she had restrained while the boatmen were present. Mingled with her heart-bursting sobs were self-reproaches of indescribable bitterness, for she felt assured that Julian had destroyed himself, and that she was the cause of the dreadful act. What would she have given to recal her words? Julian's difficulties now appeared as nothing. Willingly would she have shared his adverse fortune, if he could only have been restored to her. But he was gone—gone for ever! The deep blue waters of the lake hid him from her. And if she ever beheld him more, she shuddered to think it would be in death.

How ill did the lovely scene assort with her distress. The smiling lake seemed to mock her with its beauty. How often had she admired this enchanting picture with Julian. How often had she listened to his rapturous admiration of the scene. All these recollections crowding upon her increased her anguish tenfold. But even the faintest sound—the cry of a bird—the splash of a fish—roused her, and she started up as if expecting to behold him. Alas! alas! she was ever disappointed.

After a frightfully long interval, as it seemed to her, shouts were heard, and a number of boats were seen approaching. Several of the boats were crowded—tidings of the disastrous occurrence having spread like wildfire through Bowness. Foremost amongst the throng of little barks were the boatmen with the drags. On arriving at the spot, the men at once commenced operations, and dragged the lake some fifty yards nearer the shore where they supposed the unfortunate man had sunk. The search was made with great care, and long persevered in, but the body could not be found.

Owing to the presence of the unhappy lady, the scene was of the most painful kind. Looks of deep commiseration were directed towards her as she sat in the boat anxiously watching the operations. All wondered how she could sustain so severe a trial. Among the spectators was the iron-hearted Stonehouse, and even he was touched.

After continuing the search for several hours, the men desisted from their fruitless toil. Poor Sophy entreated them to go on, but they shook their heads, saying it was useless, and finding that nothing more could be done, she consented to go ashore. The boat in which she sat was then taken in tow, and as soon as

it reached the landing-place, she was carefully and considerably lifted out, and carried in a state of half insensibility to the hotel, where every attention was shown her.

Later on in the day, the portion of the lake in which the ill-fated man had sunk was again dragged, and every expedient resorted to to recover the body, but without success.

Next day the efforts were renewed, but with a like unsatisfactory result. The lake never yielded up its prey, and the notion propounded by the boatmen was confirmed—namely, that the body had got lodged in a deep hole, from which it was impossible to extricate it. Subsequently, a skilful diver was employed in the search, but he made no discovery.

### III.

#### HOW JULIAN'S DEBTS WERE PAID, AND HOW SOPHY OBTAINED A THOUSAND A YEAR.

LONG did Sophy mourn her unfortunate husband. Though she never confided the dread secret to any one, she felt convinced that his death was not accidental; and she ceased not to reproach herself with being the cause of his untimely end.

She returned to her father's residence in Yorkshire, where she lived in complete retirement for nearly four years. At the end of that time an event occurred which produced an important change in her circumstances.

One day a letter, bearing her address, arrived from Madras. Sophy had no correspondent in India, and the handwriting, which was bold and business-like, was perfectly strange to her. So she examined the letter carefully, wondering whom it came from. At last she opened it, and read as follows:

"Madras, May 10, 186—.

"MADAM,—You will be surprised to receive a letter from an entire stranger, with whose very name you are probably unacquainted. I must premise, therefore, by explaining who I am, as well as my motive for venturing to address you.

"I am a Madras merchant, junior partner of the house of Bracebridge, Clegg, and Pomfret, and I may as well state that I have been very successful in business. Your late husband, Julian Curzon, was my intimate friend, and rendered me a most important service, which I have never forgotten, and which at length I trust I may be able partially to requite.

"It is no secret from me that poor Julian, at the time of his death, was greatly in debt, and I can easily conceive how much he must have suffered from inability to set himself straight. I do not think I can show greater respect for his memory than by acting as he would have desired to act. I mean to pay the whole of his debts, with interest up to the present time. With this design



I have placed to your credit at Drummonds' the sum of six thousand pounds, which I beg you will apply in the liquidation of your husband's debts. If the sum should prove insufficient, I trust you will unhesitatingly apply to me for more.

"I feel sure it will be an agreeable task to you to free your husband's name from reproach, and I therefore make no apology for requesting you to act for me in the matter. I will only beg you to kindly let me know that my wishes have been complied with.

"I remain, madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"MYDDLETON POMFRET."

This letter, which filled Sophy with the greatest astonishment, was quickly followed by another from Drummonds', informing her that six thousand pounds had been deposited with them in her name by Messrs. Bracebridge and Co., of Madras; thus removing any lingering doubts from her mind as to the genuineness of Mr. Pomfret's communication.

Sophy did not hesitate. Her desire to clear Julian's name from reproach was paramount to every other consideration. It was not necessary to make any inquiries as to his debts, for she had a complete list of them, all his creditors having applied to her. None had been paid, and of course they had long since abandoned expectation of repayment. The total amounted to somewhat more than four thousand pounds. To this four years' interest had to be added, raising the amount to nearly another thousand pounds. Mrs. Curzon confided the arrangement of the affair to her father's man of business, Mr. Blair, of Throgmorton-street, and in less than a week every account was paid. When forwarding her the receipts, Mr. Blair informed her that nothing could exceed the gratitude of the creditors. Mr. Stonehouse declined the interest, but Mr. Blair forced it upon him.

All having been settled, Sophy wrote a letter overflowing with gratitude to Mr. Myddleton Pomfret, informing him that his instructions had been fully carried out, and at the same time mentioning that he had sent her a larger sum than required. A thousand pounds belonging to him was left at Drummonds' to be returned, or applied as he might direct. In conclusion, she assured him she should never forget his kindness—never cease to pray for his welfare.

Nearly three months elapsed before Sophy again heard from her generous correspondent. She then received another letter, which we proceed to lay before the reader:

"MADAM,—I am at Ootacumand, on the Neilgherry hills, where I have come to recruit myself after a sharp attack of illness which brought me almost to death's door. Though much better,

I am still not very strong. Nothing but inability to write would have prevented me from thanking you for your kind attention to my wishes. You have given me inexpressible relief, for poor Julian's debts weighed upon me as heavily as if they had been my own. But I do not yet feel quite easy, and I trust you will accede to the request I am now about to make as readily as you did to my former proposition.

"The circumstances in which you have been placed by Julian's untimely death have caused me great distress. You ought to have an income sufficient to enable you to maintain your proper position. This income it is my wish to provide; and I trust you will not thwart my intentions.

"Julian's debts have turned out less than I expected. A thousand pounds, you tell me, is still left at Drummonds'. This sum, then, will constitute the first year's allowance, and I pledge myself that a like amount shall be regularly continued to you, and secured after my death.

"In confirmation of what I state, let me mention that when seized with the dangerous illness to which I have adverted, I made my will, and bequeathed you a sum sufficient to provide you with an ample income. I consider myself justified in doing this, since I have no near relatives.

"My conduct may appear singular, and you will deem, perhaps, that I am influenced by overstrained feelings. It is not every man, I admit, who would act in this way. But I claim no merit, because I am simply performing what I hold to be a sacred duty.

"After this explanation, you will not, I am sure, oppose my wishes.

"Yours very sincerely,

"MYDDLETON POMFRET."

"What unheard-of generosity!" exclaimed Sophy, as she read this letter. "Would you believe it, Celia?" she added to her sister, who was with her at the time. "This kind-hearted Mr. Myddleton Pomfret means to allow me a thousand a year. He has fully explained his motives for his extraordinarily liberal conduct, and I can perfectly understand and appreciate them."

"Well, you are lucky, indeed!" cried Celia. "I congratulate you upon your good fortune. Why, Mr. Pomfret must be a prince."

"No, he is only a Madras merchant," replied Sophy; "but he certainly has a princely disposition. Really the circumstances are so extraordinary that I can scarcely credit them. Through the instrumentality of this noble-hearted man, whom I have never seen, I have been enabled to pay off poor Julian's debts, and now he provides me with a large income. But I don't think I ought to accept it."

"Is the offer clogged by any disagreeable conditions?" inquired Celia.

"On the contrary, it is made in the handsomest manner possible. Mr. Pomfret considers himself under deep obligations to my poor dear husband, which can only be discharged by the course he proposes to pursue."

"Since it is put in that way, I do not see why you should decline the offer," observed Celia. "I wonder what Mr. Pomfret is like? He can't be very old, since he was Julian's friend."

"I know nothing whatever about him, beyond what his letters communicate," said Sophy; "but Mr. Blair informed me that the house to which he belongs is one of the first in Madras."

"Is he a bachelor?"

"How can I possibly tell, you silly creature? I fancy he is unmarried, because he expressly states in his letter that he has no near relations."

"Indeed! what a nice man he must be—very rich, since he can afford to give away a thousand a year to a friend's widow—and no relations. Perhaps he will follow up his present proposition by an offer of his hand."

"Don't tease in this way, I beg of you, Celia," said Mrs. Curzon, the tears starting in her eyes. "I shall never—never be faithless to my dear Julian's memory. You shake my design of accepting Mr. Pomfret's offer. I would never lay myself under such great obligations to him if I thought he would presume upon his liberality."

"Nay, I was but joking," said Celia. "Don't be such a goose as to refuse this wonderful offer. I hope your magnificent friend will soon come back from Madras. Be sure to tell him how charmed we shall all be to see him, and put in a word for me if you can manage it," she added, laughing.

"I shall not come to a hasty decision in the matter," said Sophy. "The proposal is so singular that it requires consideration."

"I don't think it requires a moment's consideration," cried Celia. "What! you who haven't got fifty pounds a year—who have scarcely enough for your milliner's bill—who are completely dependent upon papa—you refuse a thousand a year—a fortune! Think what such a sum implies. A thousand a year will give you a nice little establishment in town, in a fashionable quarter. A thousand a year will give you a pretty little brougham or a pretty phaeton, servants, charming dresses, every luxury. A thousand a year will enable you to live well, dress well, and keep up society. A thousand a year will do wonders. You'll soon be thought a charming young widow, for you are still young, Sophy, and haven't lost your good looks. Oh, I wish I had a thousand a year! Shouldn't I be happy? Shouldn't I know how to spend it?"

And she clapped her hands and laughed joyously.

"I shall lead a very quiet life," remarked Sophy.

"No you won't," cried Celia. "You've lived in retirement

quite long enough. You'll live in town, I say, and let me live with you."

Mrs. Curzon shook her head.

"I have not spirits enough for society," she said.

"Then I'll find spirits for you," cried the gay Celia. "Live in town you must, and shall. Write by the first Indian mail to Mr. Myddleton Pomfret, and accept his proposition."

"Only if papa approves," said Sophy.

Papa, on being consulted, *did* approve, and thus enunciated his opinion.

"This is an extraordinary circumstance," he said, "and quite passes my comprehension. Such an instance of friendship is of very rare occurrence in these degenerate times, and proves Mr. Pomfret to be no common man. The delicacy and good feeling manifested by him in making the offer to you will enable you to accept it; and I must sincerely congratulate you upon your good fortune in finding such a friend. You ought to look upon the income you will receive as a legacy from poor Julian. In reality you owe it to him."

"I shall look upon it in that light, dear papa," she replied.

"You have removed all the scruples I felt in accepting the offer."

"You need have no scruples, my dear," he returned. "You richly deserve your good fortune, and I again congratulate you upon it."

Satisfied that she could, with propriety, accept his offer, Sophy thus wrote to her benefactor:

"MY DEAR MR. MYDDLETON POMFRET,—I accept your noble offer, and fully appreciate the motives that have induced you to make it. But really the large income you are generous enough to allow me is more than adequate to my wants. Ever since the irreparable loss I have sustained, I have lived a life of perfect seclusion, and scarcely desire to emerge from it. Hence society can have few attractions for me, and were it not for my sister, I should prefer remaining as I am. Celia, however, is eager to mix with the world, and ever since she has heard of your generous intentions towards me, has not ceased to urge me to live in town. Perhaps I may yield to her entreaties, but as yet I am undecided. I should like to have your opinion. Pray give it me frankly, and be sure I will be guided by it.

"I feel utterly incapable of thanking you as I ought for your great generosity, and if I fail in doing so, you will not impute it, I am sure, to want of gratitude.

"That you should have thought of me during the dangerous illness with which I grieve to hear you have been afflicted, affords another proof of the depth of your friendship for Julian. Need I say how deeply I am touched by the manifestation? Only the

noblest natures are capable of such exalted feelings. To ordinary minds your conduct would be unintelligible, but believe me *I* comprehend it. Long before this reaches you, I trust you will have entirely recovered.

"Again thanking you from my heart,

"I remain,

"Your ever grateful,

"SOPHIA CURZON."

Before changing her abode, though strongly urged to do so both by her father and sister, Sophy awaited Mr. Pomfret's reply. After the lapse of a couple of months the ensuing letter came:

"MY DEAR MRS. CURZON,—As you are good enough to express some anxiety about my health, I will relieve you at once by stating that I am now much better. All I suffer from is debility, but that I owe to the climate. Were it possible, I would return to my native country without delay; but I must, perforce, remain here for a couple of years longer, when, if I am spared, I shall leave India altogether, and then I trust I shall have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance. By that time you will have come, I hope, to consider me in the light of an old friend.

"I am rejoiced to find that you have allowed no scruples to interfere with the acceptance of my offer. You would have hurt me greatly if you had. Never consider yourself under any obligation to me, but regard the gift as coming from Julian. The estimation in which you hold his memory gratifies me inexpressibly.

"You flatter me very much by asking my advice as to your future plans. I should not have presumed to say a word on the subject; but since you request my opinion, I declare at once that I agree with your sister. Society, I hope, will not be much longer deprived of one of its brightest ornaments. Take a suitable house in town, and live as your tastes and inclinations dictate. Julian, I am sure, would not have wished you to seclude yourself.

"I have heard your sister Celia, who, I believe, is unmarried, described as lively and light-hearted, and I shall be glad to hear she is living with you. You could not have a more agreeable companion.

"One word more. Though I have limited your allowance to a thousand a year, if your expenses should, at any time, from unforeseen circumstances, exceed that amount, do not hesitate to apply to me.

"Naturally I shall feel a lively interest in your proceedings, and I trust I am not asking you too much in begging you to write to me frequently.

"Write confidentially and without reserve. Make me the depository of your secrets, if you have any to communicate. Ask my advice on any subject, and I will give it you sincerely.

"In your next letter I hope to hear that you have taken a nice little house somewhere in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park. Pray make my compliments to Mr. Leycester and your sister,

"And believe me, dear madam,

"Sincerely yours,

"MYDDLETON POMFRET."

Mrs. Curzon communicated the contents of this letter to her father and sister, both of whom agreed that the writer must be the most amiable of men. Celia was enchanted with the allusion to herself, and declared it was quite wonderful how thoroughly Mr. Pomfret understood her character.

"Julian must have described me to him," she said. "Oh, how I wish he would come back from India! What a pity he is obliged to remain there for two years longer, and he seems to suffer so much from the climate."

In less than a month afterwards Mrs. Curzon was able to inform her generous correspondent that she was installed with her sister at a charming little house in Hertford-street, May Fair. She only wished Mr. Pomfret could see how elegantly it was furnished. Nothing was wanting. Her little establishment was complete, and she had a well-appointed brougham. In pursuance of his recommendation, though contrary to her own inclinations, she had made up her mind to enter into society once more, and had, consequently, called upon several old friends. Invitations were showering upon her on all sides.

#### IV.

##### CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE.

ONE morning in June two tall and handsome young men, both of very distinguished appearance, were walking slowly along Pall Mall in the direction of Saint James's-street, engaged in earnest converse. One of them was Captain St. Quentin, of the Grenadiers; the other Captain Scrope Musgrave, of the Bengal Rifles, lately returned from India. Very handsome they both were, as we have just intimated, though in different styles. St. Quentin had a slight, elegant figure, features of almost feminine delicacy, relieved by a pale moustache, and loosely-flowing whiskers of the same hue. His companion, on the contrary, who though equally well-proportioned, possessed a more muscular frame, was so exceedingly swarthy, that he was nicknamed by his intimates "Black Musgrave." Skin, beard, hair, eyes were dark as those of a Hindoo.

Captain Musgrave's physiognomy was very marked and striking—more striking, perhaps, than pleasing. His features were regular, his eyes large and brilliant, and his dazzling white teeth contrasted with a jetty beard. His expression, however, was haughty and disdainful, and marred the effect which must have been otherwise produced by his good looks. He was a few years older than his companion, but still under thirty. The two young men were going to make a call at the house of a lady in May Fair, and were talking about her as they sauntered along.

"And so you are struck by the lovely widow, Scrope?" remarked St. Quintin.

"Struck all of a heap," replied Musgrave. "She's a charming creature—precisely the sort of a woman I have been looking for all my life, but have never seen till last night, when I met this enchantress at Lady Northbroke's. I lost my heart to her the very moment I beheld her, and yet, as you well know, St. Quintin, I'm not exactly the man to fall in love at first sight."

"I should never have suspected you of the weakness if you hadn't owned to it," remarked the other, laughing.

"To my mind, I have never seen so charming a face as Mrs. Curzon's," continued Musgrave. "I studied it for more than an hour, as if contemplating a beautiful picture, and the longer I looked the more enamoured I became. I was just considering how I could manage to get presented to her, when you kindly performed the office for me."

"Only too happy to oblige a friend," returned St. Quintin. "And let me tell you that no one could have served you better than myself. I paved the way for your introduction by saying the right thing to Mrs. Curzon, for she is monstrously particular, and won't know everybody. I think you must have contrived to please her, for she appeared more than usually gracious to you. In a general way, she is exceedingly cold and reserved."

"I certainly did not find her cold," said Musgrave, displaying his white teeth. "On the contrary, she appeared to me remarkably amiable, in proof of which she did not object when I ventured to ask permission to call upon her this morning. And now, my good fellow, tell me something more about her. How long has she been a widow? And how about her jointure? I hope she is well endowed. She deserves to be."

"You mustn't raise your expectations too high in regard to her jointure," returned St. Quintin. "Put it down at a thousand or twelve hundred a year, and you won't be far wide of the mark."

"Twelve hundred a year is not so bad. It will do very well with such a charming person," said Musgrave. "I would rather have her with twelve hundred than another with twelve thousand."

"But I'm not quite clear that it won't go away in the event of her marriage," rejoined St. Quintin. "So you must look well

before you leap. In reply to your first inquiry, I may tell you that she has been a widow nearly four years. Her matrimonial fetters did not hold her long, and were severed before the honeymoon was over."

"The deuce! What happened to her husband?" cried Musgrave.

"Drowned one fine morning while bathing in Windermere," replied St. Quintin.

"Ah, I now recollect the circumstance. It occurred just before I went to India. So she was the wife of Julian Curzon. There was something strange about his death, if I'm not mistaken."

"Some people fancied he made away with himself because he was desperately in debt at the time," replied St. Quintin; "but there was nothing to justify the supposition, I believe. The strangest part of the story is that the body was never found, though every search was made for it."

"That's strange indeed," said Musgrave, reflectively. "If Curzon died in debt, how happens it that his widow has so good a jointure?"

"She doesn't derive her income from him," returned St. Quintin. "Julian made no settlement upon her, for the best of all reasons, that he had nothing to settle. For a long time after his death she had nothing, and was obliged to live in absolute retirement. Then a turn came for the better. A Madras merchant, Mr. Myddleton Pomfret, who had been under considerable obligations to Julian—though what they were I can't say—took upon himself to pay the poor fellow's debts, and insisted upon making a handsome allowance to the widow."

"Oh, that's how she gets her income, is it?" cried Musgrave. "I know Myddleton Pomfret. He's a partner in Bracebridge's house at Madras. Is he Julian's relative?"

"No, he seems merely actuated by friendship."

"Hum!" exclaimed Musgrave. "If this is really the case, and I suppose there's no mistake——"

"No mistake whatever. I had it all from Mrs. Curzon's sister, Celia."

"In that case," pursued Musgrave, "it is quite clear that the fair widow's income will cease if she marries again. Rather a bad look out, eh?"

"Draw your own conclusions, Musgrave. I can't help you further."

This conversation brought them to the pretty little house in Hertford-street, in which Mrs. Curzon was established with her sister. They found Celia alone in the charmingly furnished drawing-room. Exquisite flowers were in the balcony, and their odour came through the open windows, which were screened by flowing white curtains.

Celia received the visitors with smiles, and at once entered into



a lively conversation with them. She was two years younger than Mrs. Curzon, and there was a strong family likeness between them, though Celia was a beauty on a small scale. She had the smallest feet, the smallest hands, the largest eyes, and the daintiest little figure imaginable. Her rich auburn tresses, taken back from her polished brow, were gathered in a magnificent chignon. An arch expression of countenance, a lively and somewhat coquettish manner, added to her attractions. Whenever she laughed—and she was constantly laughing—she displayed two splendid ranges of pearls. On the present occasion she was attired in vapoury tarlatane, which made her look like a fay.

Presently Mrs. Curzon entered, and both gentlemen rose to salute her. If Scrope Musgrave had been captivated by her beauty overnight, he thought her ten times more lovely now. A light silk dress of the latest Paris mode displayed her graceful figure to admiration. Since her first introduction to the reader, Sophy was somewhat changed, and, if possible, improved. She was now four-and-twenty, and in the full perfection of her beauty. Her figure was a little fuller than before. A slight shade of melancholy heightened the interest of her features, and gave additional sweetness to her smile.

On entering, she apologised for not making her appearance sooner.

"I have been writing to India," she said, "and could not delay my letter, as the mail goes out to-day."

"You have not been in India, I suppose, Mrs. Curzon?" inquired Musgrave.

"No; and I have not the slightest wish to go there. I don't think the climate would suit me."

"The heat is formidable, I own; but then we have many contrivances to render it supportable. Generally, ladies like India. They are made much of, and contrive to pass their time very agreeably. In all the chief towns there is delightful society. Having been in most parts of India, I can speak positively on the point."

"If you have been in Madras, you may possibly be acquainted with the gentleman to whom I have just been writing—Mr. Myddleton Pomfret?" remarked Mrs. Curzon.

"Oh yes, I know him. A merchant. He has a first-rate cook, and gives capital dinners."

"What sort of person is he?" inquired Celia, quickly. "Do tell me, please, Captain Musgrave. Describe him as accurately as you can."

"I'll do my best to paint his portrait," replied Musgrave, laughing, "but I've no particular talent in that line. There really is nothing very remarkable in his appearance. In age, as well as I can guess, he must be nearly fifty."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Celia, with a look of disappointment.

"Is he so old? I fancied he was under thirty. I hope he is good-looking."

"I should not call him so," replied Musgrave. "He's short and stout, with a brick-dust complexion, light grey eyes, a snub nose, and——"

"Stop! stop! Captain Musgrave. I'm sure you are caricaturing him," cried Sophy. "It is impossible Mr. Pomfret can be such a fright."

"If you wish me to flatter, I'll do it, but if I am to speak truth, I must describe him as—what he is—a common-place, good-humoured, jolly fellow."

"Not in the least sentimental?" cried Celia.

"Not a grain of sentiment in his composition. He is a very good man of business, as I understand, and knows how to turn over the rupees."

"I find it extremely difficult to reconcile your description of my unseen friend with his letters," observed Mrs. Curzon. "They appear to emanate from a person of great refinement and sensibility. I pictured to myself a younger man than you describe—not handsome, perhaps, but with a thoughtful, intelligent countenance, and a frame somewhat worn and wasted from the effect of the climate. I know he has been suffering from illness lately."

"A touch of liver, no doubt," replied Musgrave, showing his fine teeth. "Not surprising from his mode of living. I'm sorry to dispel an illusion, Mrs. Curzon, and substitute reality for fancied ideal. Myddleton Pomfret is not a bad specimen of an English merchant, and is popular enough at Madras on account of his dinners. I never drank better claret than at his bungalow, and he don't stint it."

During this description the sisters had exchanged looks of disappointment, and Sophy exclaimed:

"Whatever Mr. Pomfret may be personally, he has an excellent heart. Of that I have had ample proof. He is a true friend, and generous in the highest degree."

"He can easily be generous, for he has lots of money, and nothing to do with it," replied Musgrave.

"You are reluctant, I perceive, to allow him any merit," said Mrs. Curzon, "and I shall believe just as much as I please of your description of my excellent friend."

"I hope I haven't incurred your displeasure, Mrs. Curzon, for my frankness," said Musgrave; "but as you will probably see Mr. Pomfret one of these days, you will then be able to judge of the accuracy of my description."

Shortly afterwards, an interruption was offered by the entrance of some ladies, and the two gentlemen rose to depart. When they got out of the house, Captain St. Quintin remarked to the other, with a laugh:

"I suspect you have been mystifying the fair widow with this description of her friend. Come! tell me candidly. Is it not so?"

"Don't ask me," rejoined Musgrave, with a singular smile.

## V.

## THE ENGAGEMENT.

FROM that day forward Captain Musgrave was unremitting in his attendance on the fair widow, and contrived to make himself so agreeable to her and to Celia that they could scarcely dispense with his society. He provided them with stalls at the theatres, and boxes at the Opera Houses, gave frequent pleasant little dinners at Richmond and Greenwich, and escorted them to Ascot. Though he never breathed a word of love, he was so devoted in his manner to Sophy that no doubt could be entertained of the nature of his sentiments. But so cautiously did he act, and so imperceptible was the progress he made in her regard, that she was quite unaware that she took any real interest in him, until one or two trifling circumstances revealed it to her. When she made the discovery it was almost too late to retreat, but she persuaded herself that she could shake him off, if necessary.

Sophy did not allude to Musgrave in the first letter she wrote to Myddleton Pomfret after making the captain's acquaintance, because she had an instinctive feeling that allusion to him would not be agreeable to her correspondent; but when the acquaintance had ripened into intimacy, she thought it only proper to refer to her new friend.

"I have lately seen a good deal of Captain Scope Musgrave," she wrote. "He tells me he knows you, having partaken of your hospitality at Madras. Both Celia and I like him much. He speaks very highly of you, as he could not fail to do."

Fully two months elapsed before an answer to this letter arrived, and before that time the handsome and captivating Scrope Musgrave had declared his passion for the fair widow, and was accepted. Yes, we grieve to say, he *was* accepted. She, who had proclaimed herself inconsolable, who had almost vowed she would remain faithful to the memory of her dear Julian, had engaged herself to another. It was not certainly without much persistence that assent was wrung from her, and she reproached herself for giving it, but Captain Musgrave prevailed. By the next mail she announced her engagement to Myddleton Pomfret, and trusted he would approve of the step she had taken.

"I dare say the intelligence will surprise you," she wrote, "after my professions of unalterable attachment to Julian's memory, but you see what inconsistent creatures women are."

Captain Musgrave was strongly averse to this letter being sent. It would be time enough, he said, to announce the marriage after

it had taken place. But Sophy would not be dissuaded. Her letter was crossed by another from Madras. It was shorter than any communication she had as yet received from Myddleton Pomfret, and quite startled her.

"Your letter has caused me the greatest uneasiness. Captain Musgrave is a person whom I hold in the utmost abhorrence. I will not characterise him as strongly as he deserves, but he is dangerous, and I cannot help dreading that he has a base object in view in obtaining an introduction to you. So anxious do I feel on this score, that, were it possible, I would come over to England. This I cannot do, but I entreat you at once to break off the acquaintance."

Captain Musgrave was with her when she received this letter. He saw by her emotion how profoundly she was affected, and took the letter from her trembling hand. She watched his countenance as he perused it. He muttered a deep execration, and his eyes flashed fire as he looked up.

"I wish the fellow would come to England," he cried. "He should answer to me with his life for his vile imputations. But I must not allow his slander to produce any effect upon you, sweet Sophy. From motives, for which I am sure you will give me credit, I have forborne to speak of him as he deserves, but I must now tell you that he and I were mixed up together in an unfortunate affair in Madras, in which a lady's reputation was implicated—implicated by him, not by me—and I had to chastise him for his conduct towards her. I have often intended to mention this circumstance to you, but have been deterred by fear of giving you pain. You will now comprehend the fellow's object in writing this calumnious letter. Fearing I should unmask him, he seeks to discredit my assertions. I am sorry you have ever had anything to do with such a scoundrel."

"If he is such a person as you represent him, Scrope, the sums which he has advanced me must be repaid. I ought not to be under any obligation to him."

"Don't give yourself any trouble about him. He deserves to lose the money. You knew nothing about him when you accepted his bounty, and should have known nothing had he not rendered exposure necessary."

"Had I been aware of his character, I would not have accepted the slightest favour from him. I am placed in a very painful position, and scarcely know how to act."

"Leave me to deal with him. If I deem it necessary, the money shall be returned. In your last, you told him of our engagement. Did you mention when the marriage was likely to take place?"

"I told him it would take place speedily—probably before the end of the month—as you were very anxious there should be no delay. That was exactly what I stated."

"I wish you had said nothing about it. But it doesn't signify. Since he is in India, he can give us no trouble. And now dismiss all thoughts of him from your mind."

Sophy strove to obey the injunction, but found it quite impossible. She could not help thinking a great deal about her singular correspondent; neither could she reconcile Musgrave's statements respecting him with her own preconceived notions, or even with Pomfret's conduct.

Celia, to whom she confided all her doubts and fears, was almost as much infatuated as herself by Musgrave, and did not attach any importance to Myddleton Pomfret's warning. He could only have been actuated by jealousy to write such a letter, she declared. It was quite certain he didn't want Sophy to marry at all, but meant to offer her his own hand on his return to his native country.

Captain Musgrave could not have found a better advocate, had he needed one, than Celia proved. She successfully combated any objections raised by her sister, and quieted her qualms of conscience.

When consulted, Mr. Leycester, though he was not altogether satisfied, offered no opposition to the match. He would have been better pleased if his daughter had united herself to a wealthier man, and of higher position; but as he himself was not required to do anything, he raised no objection. "Sophy was her own mistress, and could do as she pleased. Captain Musgrave was a very handsome fellow, and if she liked him she was quite right to marry him. For his own part, he should have preferred a plainer man, with more money; and if graced with a title, so much the better. However, Sophy was the person chiefly interested, and must please herself. He only hoped her second marriage would turn out more prosperously than the first."

This was all he said. The allusion to her first marriage brought tears to Sophy's eyes; but Celia, who was present at the time, soon chased them away.

## VI.

### THE MARRIAGE.

CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE'S impatience increased for the speedy celebration of his marriage with the lovely widow. Sophy would have preferred a little longer delay, but suffered herself to be overruled, and the day was at last fixed, and at no distant date. The interval, which was about three weeks—Musgrave would have abridged even this if he could—was spent in preparations for the happy event.

Throughout this period Sophy's irresolution continued. Her spirits drooped. One morning she informed Celia that she had dreamed of Julian, and that he had regarded her with a sad and

reproachful countenance. But Celia only laughed at the relation.

As the day approached which was to link her fortunes for ever with those of Captain Musgrave, instead of becoming more cheerful Sophy became more melancholy. If she had possessed sufficient moral courage she would have broken off the engagement even then, but she had not firmness enough for the effort. Again she mentioned her misgivings to her sister, and again was laughed at for her wavering. No word, therefore, was uttered by her.

Captain Musgrave had not failed to remark her melancholy looks, and attributed them to the right cause; but he feigned not to notice them, and allowed her no opportunity of explanation.

Strange to say, when the expected day arrived, Sophy recovered her cheerfulness. She had passed an excellent night, and arose in good spirits. The day was splendid, and all looked bright and smiling.

An incident, however, occurred which at once threw a cloud over her liveliness, and re-awakened all her misgivings. She had just entered her boudoir, arrayed in the exquisite bridal-dress which had been prepared for her by one of the first modistes. Celia, who of course was one of the bridesmaids, had likewise just completed her toilette, and the two sisters were admiring each other's dresses, when the lady's-maid brought in a letter for her mistress. Sophy changed colour as she caught sight of it, and exclaimed:

"Why, it's from Myddleton Pomfret!"

"Never mind. Don't read it now," cried Celia.

But Sophy hurriedly opened the letter, and on perusing it became deathly pale, and appeared ready to sink.

"I'm sorry you would read it," said Celia, picking up the letter, which Sophy had dropped in her agitation. "Let us see what the troublesome creature has to say for himself."

The letter was dated Marseilles, and ran as follows:

"This letter will serve as an *avant-courrière*, to announce my arrival this morning at Marseilles. Within a few hours I hope to see you. I shall start for Paris by the night express, and proceed thence, without stoppage, to London.

"The intelligence conveyed in your last letter of your engagement to Captain Musgrave, caused me such intense anxiety that I embarked by the first packet. Heaven grant I may be in time to save you from the peril by which you are threatened! Ceaseless misery would be your portion if you were to wed this man. I have cautioned you against him; but even if he were high-principled, and worthy of your love, as he is base and dishonourable, the marriage must not, cannot be. Unsurmountable obstacles to it exist. These you will learn when we meet, and you will then com-

prehend the frightful risk you have incurred. I need not be more explicit, since I shall see you so soon.

"I have a strange and startling disclosure to make, and my principal object in writing is to prepare you for the surprise, and perhaps shock, which the disclosure is likely to occasion.

"All my plans have been disconcerted by this unexpected and disastrous occurrence. I have hurried away from Madras at the greatest personal inconvenience. But my presence in London seems absolutely necessary, and may be the only means of averting irreparable mischief.

"Again I implore you to prepare yourself for our meeting. When you know all, you may blame me; but I am persuaded you will pardon the deception I have practised.

"MYDDLETON POMFRET."

"What can he mean? What terrible disclosure can he have to make?" gasped Sophy.

"I'm sure I can't tell," replied Celia, who was much alarmed by the letter. "If he has any revelations to make, why not speak out at once. I'm afraid there's something wrong, as well as mysterious, about him. I firmly believe he only wants to break off your marriage with Scrope in order to secure you for himself. But he'll be disappointed in that anticipation."

"The marriage must be delayed, Celia. I'm too much upset to go through the ceremony. Besides, I cannot neglect the warning given me. I am bound to hear Mr. Pomfret's disclosure before I take an irrevocable step, against which he so solemnly warns me. Where is Scrope?"

"In the drawing-room, I suppose."

"Come with me to him."

They found Captain Musgrave in the drawing-room, capitally got up for the occasion, and looking superbly handsome.

"What is the matter?" he inquired, startled by Sophy's appearance. "You have just received a letter, I am told. Has it put you out?"

"Read it," she replied.

Musgrave read the letter deliberately, and his countenance darkened. When he had finished, he laughed bitterly.

"Didn't I tell you he was an infernal hypocrite?" he cried. "He confesses he has deceived you, but dares not tell you for what purpose. I could tell you, but I won't. His effrontery, however, exceeds any notion I had formed of it. I never supposed he would come to England on such a fool's errand. However, he will take nothing by the move," he added, again laughing bitterly. "He'll be rather too late to hinder the marriage, even if he had the power."

"The ceremony must be postponed," said Sophy. "I cannot go through with it until after I have seen him."

"Postponed!" exclaimed Musgrave. "You cannot seriously mean what you say, Sophy."

"I could not approach the altar with such a weight on my breast. I am bound to hear what Mr. Pomfret has to say, Scrope. His warning is so earnest, so impressive, that I cannot refuse to listen to it. He will be here in a few hours."

"I will consent to no delay on his account or on any other," rejoined Musgrave, angrily. "If the marriage does not take place to-day, it cannot take place at all. But wait for him, if you please. I shall be here to confront him on his arrival, and you may rely upon it," he added, fiercely, "that he will repent his audacity."

"Do consider what you are about, Sophy dear," interposed Celia, in a low persuasive tone. "If the marriage is postponed, it will infallibly cause a vast deal of unpleasant comment; and Scrope is evidently so irritated—and, as I think, so justly irritated—that if a meeting takes place between him and this provoking Mr. Pomfret, I tremble to think of the consequences."

"Have you decided, Sophy?" said Musgrave, in an authoritative tone. "Will you be ruled by this fellow or by me?"

"By you, Scrope" she rejoined, gently. "Come good, come ill, I am yours for ever."

"You are an angel," he cried, embracing her tenderly.

"How delighted I am that all is satisfactorily settled!" cried Celia. "Give me that horrid letter. I'll burn it as soon as possible."

"It's lucky for Pomfret that he didn't come a day sooner," observed Musgrave, "or he would have met with a reception that he didn't expect. As it is, we shall be on our way to Paris before he turns up."

"If you should happen to meet him, Scrope, there must be no quarrel between you. Promise me this," said Sophy, earnestly. "And now," she added, on receiving the required assurance from him, "you must leave me. I must be alone for a short time in order to recover myself."

Despite the warning she had received—despite her own misgivings—Sophy was united that morning at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Captain Musgrave. She could scarcely support herself through the ceremony, and her agitation was so visible that it attracted the attention even of the clerical dignitary who officiated on the occasion. But her emotion was attributed solely to nervousness. A slight noise occurred when the awful charge was delivered, requiring the pair to confess if either of them knew of any impediment to their union, and the bride glanced round in terror, almost expecting Myddleton Pomfret to appear. But he came not. Captain Musgrave stood proudly beside her at the altar, and had quite an elated look when the ceremony was concluded.

After the nuptials there was, of course, a sumptuous breakfast;



but the newly married couple did not remain long at the repast, it being their intention to proceed to Folkstone, and cross on the same evening to Boulogne. From Boulogne they proposed to proceed to Paris, and thence to the south of France. This plan, arranged by Scrope, was not altogether agreeable to Sophy, who preferred a tour in England, but she acquiesced in it.

Quitting the wedding breakfast early, as we have stated, the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by Celia and a lady's-maid, crossed that evening to France. About midway in the Channel they met another steamer coming from Boulogne, and watched her as she passed by.

"I wonder whether Myddleton Pomfret is on board that boat?" remarked Musgrave to his bride.

She turned pale at the observation, but made no reply.

There was more truth in Musgrave's remark than he thought. The person alluded to *was* among the passengers in the steamboat.

Next morning, a hansom cab drove up to the house in Hertford-street, and a tall, well-dressed man alighted from it. Though he could not be much more than five-and-thirty, this gentleman's profuse beard was tinged with grey, as were his locks. When he inquired for Mrs. Curzon, the footman who answered the door smiled. The gentleman could not be aware, he said, that she was only married yesterday to Captain Musgrave.

"They are gone to Paris to spend the honeymoon," continued the man, who did not notice the effect produced by his communication upon the stranger.

The gentleman walked away without a word, but his strength suddenly deserted him, and he caught at an iron rail for support.

"Too late!" he groaned; "I have arrived too late to prevent the dire calamity. She has neglected my warning. What will become of her?"

End of the First Book.

## THE BATTLE OF THE SEAS.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

LIST to an ancient story  
Of England's naval glory,  
In days when Spain, fierce, haughty, vain,  
Usurped the empire of the main,  
And swept the seas in scornful pride,  
Hurling defiance far and wide,  
Till Cressy's hero crush'd the foe,  
And laid th' Iberian banner low.

'Twas off the coast of Winchelsea the English fleet was lying,  
Full fifty sail, and well equipp'd, with royal pennon flying;  
King Edward and his gallant son, the flowers of chivalry,  
With many peerless knights were there, to battle on the sea—  
To battle with the Spaniards for death or victory!

Ev'ry vessel had its archers: they were men of stalwart frame,  
Iron-nerved and lion-hearted, who had won the wreath of fame;  
Their shafts had plough'd the air, and reap'd Death's harvests far and wide,  
On the glorious plains of Cressy, and beyond the ocean tide—  
Among the bravest of her sons they were old England's pride!

The King was in the *Thomas*—'twas a stout-built ship, but small,  
And the largest of the fleet, though scarce three hundred tons in all:  
Little dream'd the hardy shipwright, as he plied his craft whilom,  
Of the wondrous sailing tow'rs, iron-girded, yet to come,  
The warriors of the ocean world, that lash its waves to foam.

It was the third day of the watch, no foe was yet in sight,  
When Edward call'd around him ev'ry preux and trusty knight,  
And, with a merry smile, quoth he, "My heart is light to-day,  
So let us have some checr awhile, and bid the minstrels play,  
And, Chandos, teach them how to tune your famous roundelay."

The trumpets, drums, and cornets give forth a pleasant sound,  
The monarch breaks a lance in jest with those that stand around;  
His laugh is still the heartiest among the joyous throng,  
But ever and anon, amidst the pastime and the song,  
He cast a wistful glance above—an earnest look and long.

From a platform on the lofty mast a sentinel looks out,  
He is deaf alike to melody, the revel, and the shout;  
He stands like some mute effigy, as motionless and grim,  
No thought but that of duty, and a serious one to him,  
For the lives of all are perill'd if his sight grows weak or dim.

The trumpets, drums, and cornets swell out their gayest notes,  
Louder and blither rings the laugh that o'er the water floats,  
Brighter the smile of Edward at each tale of war and love,  
But ever and anon he casts an anxious look above,  
And at length he sees the banner in the maintop feebly move.

A hush!—the King has raised his hand, and all is still as death,  
And eager towards the sentinel they gaze with 'bated breath;  
At length he waves his flag aloft: "I see," he cries, "a sail—  
Another, ay, and many more, to count them I should fail—  
God help us! for against such odds our force can scarce prevail!"

"Good men and true," exclaims the King, "ye hear the watchman's words,  
Your arrows now make ready, and prepare to flesh your swords!  
Let every Spanish venturer this day be made to own  
That we who live in liberty will curb the head to none,  
And the empire of the ocean shall be England's rule alone!"

Then rang the loud artillery of shouts that rent the air,  
"God save the King, our noble Prince!" and ev'ry head was bare.  
Then rose the clarion's stirring note, and each man took his place,  
The warrior donn'd his bacinet, and grasp'd his pond'rous mace,  
And many a pray'r was offer'd to Our Lady Queen of Grace!

On came the Spanish caracks, 'twas a goodly sight to see  
Their crowding sails, majestic look, and warlike panoply:  
Huge stones to hurl upon the foe lined ev'ry bristling height—  
They bore upon the pinnaces as falcons in their flight  
Sweep down upon their quarry, and o'erwhelm them with their might!

Quoth Edward to his steersman, "Yonder Spaniard I would gage;  
Lay me close beneath her bulwarks, and a joust we then will wage."  
Then swift the little vessel glides towards its threat'ning foe,  
Then came a loud concussion as each met the staggering blow,  
And plunged and reel'd in agony, while masts and sails fall low.

A pause—an awful pause—and then the grappling irons are brought,  
And foot to foot, and sword to sword, the deadly strife is fought:  
"Strike for St. George!" cries Edward, as the carack's deck he gain'd,  
And seized the Spanish banner, that had bravely been sustain'd,  
For of all its bold defenders, not a single soul remain'd.

Now raged the battle furiously, the ships are interlaced,  
And darker grows the blood-stain'd foam that far around is traced;  
Thickly peopled are the billows with the wounded and the slain,  
Sad and wilder rise the shrieks of those who writhe in mortal pain,  
Mingled alike the stricken sons of England and of Spain.

The Black Prince is in jeopardy, his ship is filling fast,  
One stone has pierced her timbers, and another fells her mast;  
Yet dauntlessly he combats with the foemen at his side,  
Repulsed, but still unconquer'd, by outnumber'd hosts defied,  
He recks not that his ship is doom'd, nor heeds the yawning tide.

"A Derby to the rescue!" is the cry that meets his ear—  
Now thanks be to Our Lady for the timely succour near!  
Earl Lancaster, with trusty men, has reach'd the carack now;  
The Prince is saved, with all his crew, and soon the vengeful blow  
Falls on the prostrate enemy, whose standard is brought low.

De Namur, in the *Salle du Roi*, a young but well-proved knight,  
Had grappled with another ship, of threefold size and might;  
Long and bloody was the contest, from the noon to close of day,  
When the wearied Spaniards, making sail, to windward bore away,  
And drew the pinnace after them, exulting in their prey!

But short-lived is their triumph, for a seaman leaps on board,  
And cuts the halyards of the sails and shroudings with his sword;  
The carack stops, and Namur, with all his swordsmen brave,  
Spring to the deck, and speedily each Spaniard finds a grave,  
While from the lofty maintop the English banners wave!

Night closed upon the deadly scene of carnage and of rout,  
O'er the crimson'd waves triumphantly resound the victors' shout:  
Glorious to ev'ry patriot heart must be the thrilling theme,  
How nobly did King Edward his princely word redeem,  
How the BATTLE OF THE SEAS was won, and England reign'd supreme!

## LULE-LAPPMARK.—A SKETCH OF LAPLAND TRAVEL.

## PART II.

LULEÅ lies at the end of a bay, approached by a series of tortuous and shallow channels that form the embouchure of the Great Luleå river, and the way whereof is perilous and difficult to find. I was pleasantly disappointed in Luleå. I confess my ideas had been something like those of my subsequent companion, J., who declared that when he came up he expected to find a collection of wooden huts and mud diggings, with Lapps and Finns sitting smoking in the midst of dogs and tame reindeer. The town really looks rather imposing. It is of considerable size for so remote a locality; and the dark-red, lilac, pale-green, grey, and yellow tints of the wooden houses, which are built on a gently rising promontory of land and crowned with a hideously ugly old church, give it a quaint and rather striking appearance from the bay. On the wharf I found waiting to receive me, amongst a crowd of the natives, the kind and courteous resident manager of the Gellivara Company, Mr. B.; his secretary, A.; and my future companion and friend, J. Captain Ankercrona was an old friend of theirs, and joined us in a liquor-up on board before I landed, which was done with the proper Swedish amount of "skål" drinking. My traps disappeared up the street on a truck, and J. kindly took me in hand to pilot me to my future quarters. These were at the house of one Herr Finel, and consisted of two apartments on the ground floor, in the usual Swedish state of unfurniture.

I stayed in Luleå till the following Tuesday, my time being chiefly occupied in preparations for my Lapland trip. I had half a day's snipe-shooting round the edges of a neighbouring lagoon with A., and a hot afternoon's pretence of fishing for perch and things about the bay, which began with smoking and ended with nothing else. Mr. B. and his family seemed to anticipate the coming winter of 1865-66, their first in Sweden, with anything but pleasure; and, indeed, the difficulties of obtaining fresh meat and vegetables even during the summer months, and managing the native servants, appeared enough to drive the mistress of an ordinary English household to distraction. It would have been a dull life in this all but exile, but for the companionship of the employés of the company and horse exercise for the girls; which favourite recreation of theirs, being regarded with great horror by the Luleites as a very shocking exhibition, naturally acquired an additional zest, and was pursued with daily regularity. I used to breakfast with J. at the pastrycook's of the town; a place looking outside like a small village lollipop-shop, but with very fair accommodation in-doors, and a pleasant proprietress, who had an uncommonly good notion of feeding her customers, as the following catalogue of dishes on the table one morning will show:

Three tumblers of milk.  
 Coffee with milk and cream.  
 Butter.  
 Small plate of slices of tongue.  
 Small plate of slices of fried German sausage, hot.  
 Small plate of small sausages, delicate, hot.  
 Small plate of cheese.  
 Small plate of radishes and horse-radish.  
 Small plate of slices of hard-boiled eggs.  
 Glass tray of slices of beetroot and vinegar.  
 Glass tray of slices of cucumber.  
 Tray of cakes, gingerbread, and tarts.  
 Tray of bread and rye-cake.  
 Fried beefsteak and new potatoes, hot.  
 Plate of poached eggs, cold.  
 Plate of boiled eggs.  
 Centre piece of apple and jam pastry, in slices.

All this only cost a rix and a quarter apiece, I think, and I am not sure if it was so much. There was a källäre, or hotel, in the town; but it was a noisy, unclean place, with a great plague of flies, and always full of ship-captains and the petty merchants of Luleå, drinking and chattering and smoking for their lives.

In my preparations for my tour I was assisted by a very important personage, who walked into my bedroom one morning dressed in a glossy suit of black and with an elaborate French hat, and announced himself as Herr Nordmark, our future interpreter and factotum. He was a capital old fellow; understood English pretty well, though he used to make an awful hash of it in talking sometimes; a good cook, and an indefatigable servant, though a careless old dog in some things, and with a supreme opinion of his own cleverness.

I had to lay in a stock of bread (that is to say, rye cake), cheese, reindeer and pig hams, sardines, salt, pepper, &c., candles, and a small keg of schnaps. A dozen of claret (and capital it was) and some cognac I had bought in Stockholm; and had brought, as I before mentioned, a store of preserved meats and vegetables, tea, and tobacco, from England. Besides all this, there were the cooking utensils, knives and forks, &c., three reindeer-skins, great-coats and rugs, powder and shot, cartridges, fishing-tackle, guns and rods, clothes, books, and last, not least, an india-rubber sponge bath. This made a tolerable heap; all the packable items of which I found had to be stowed into narrow deep boxes of birch-bark, made by the natives, extremely light and strong, and furnished with yokes and cords, so as to be carried like knapsacks on the back. A box like this is called a "kont." We had five, and a desperate weight some of them were when full. Yet a Laplander will take one on his back, and do his three miles a day\* (equal to twenty-one English) at a better pace than a stranger unaccustomed to Lapp boots and Lapp forest paths could do unloaded. By-the-by, I must speak about Lapp boots, those necessary accompaniments of Lapp travel. They are made of reindeer-skin; should reach above the calf of the leg (where they strap); are worn

\* A Swedish mile is equal to six and three-quarters English, but it is better to reckon it as seven.

many sizes too large, and stuffed with soft dry hay. The toes turn up like the ends of a canoe, and the underside of the foot, though protected to a certain extent by an extra thickness of leather, has no sole. They are kept well greased and soft, and are very pleasant wear in the swamps or the rare places where the forest path is flat; but over the alternate boulders and roots, which usually constitute the track, to the unaccustomed palm of the British foot, habitually protected by a stout sole, they are at first what the Yankees call "h—ll." Still one must confess that they are the best things; and where one's progress is a series of jumps from the top of one rounded rock to another, the flexibility of the under-leather enables the prehensile muscles of the foot to be used in maintaining the momentary balance, which would be fatally lost with the hard and nail-studded sole of a shooting-boot.

At length, by Tuesday, the 29th of August, at mid-day, all our preparations were completed. Our route was to follow the course of the Luleå river upwards. The Gellivara Company had established a fine little steamer, called the *Gellivara*, that plied between Luleå town and the first rapid on the river; but she had unluckily stuck fast on a shoal about half way, a week before, so that we were to do the first eighteen miles by road in the carts of the country; and three of these little vehicles, with their sturdy little Swedish horses, standing in the quiet street of Luleå, at the door of my quarters, created rather a sensation. Two of these carts had cushioned seats and springs; but one was the genuine unimproved article of the country, and deserves description. Fancy a flat, shallow, wooden tray about seven feet by four, with sides a foot high, laid on shafts, and a pair of light wooden wheels; utterly without springs, and with only occasionally a plank laid or nailed across for a seat! Well, the konts and bundles were packed in the springless cart and one of the others.\* Herr Nordmark mounted the latter, and I and J. climbed into the best.

Now, each of these carts is accompanied by an attendant rustic—sometimes a man, but generally a small boy—who has charge of horse and vehicle on its return. Horses and carts are furnished by the farmers at the different stations by government order at the rate of one rix-dollar a Swedish mile (seven English); and wherever there are roads there are at certain intervals these farm post-stations; so that in the civilised parts of the country conveyances are always to be had with less or more delay. The consequence of this low compulsory rate of post-travelling is, however, that the proprietors of the horses usually object very strongly to their being driven fast; and the little urchins who accompany the carts—I suppose for fear of a hiding if the animal comes back blown and sweating—are always strong in the interest of their masters. They rarely provide you with a whip; and the little beasts blubber, and howl, and curse horribly if one attempts to urge their animals beyond the most monotonous of trots. So that J. and myself, objecting to the companionship of the one of these small nuisances belonging to our vehicle, and having private determinations of our own about pace, transferred him, in spite of his objections, to

\* As the reader will occasionally observe an apparently additional individual mentioned as "B." in the course of this humble narrative, I should explain that it is only my insignificant self in the third person.

the custody of old Nordmark; who, with his command of Swedish vituperation, was better able to keep two of the little villains in order than we one.

The rope-reins were lifted, and we jolted through the sandy grass-edged streets, and turning to the left, by the side of the bay, were soon upon the high road and only road connecting Luleå with the mainland. As soon as we got out of the town, J., who was used to driving these queer little Swedish horses, began to put in force the various methods by which a Swede, when he means it, gets his animal along; and certainly they are as unlike our own and as droll as they can well be. The ordinary "tchk, tchk" by which we excite our intelligent steeds in England has no sound for the Swedish "hest;" he heeds it not. To arouse *him*, you make one of the oddest noises imaginable, and very difficult to describe. It is done by drawing the lips in over the teeth, and compressing them firmly (without pursing them up, mind), and then suddenly opening the mouth and drawing in the breath, when a sound like "mok" is produced, and this you repeat rapidly, as loud and as hollow as you can make it. But the great dodge, and one which always made me laugh up to the very last mile we drove back into Luleå on our return, is to pull the horse's head round with the off-rein till he can see your hand; and then flourish the end of the reins, or merely your arm, saying, at the same time, "Ah-h-h-h-h-h!" with an expiration not loud but deep, much as one scolds a cat or a puppy that has been misbehaving itself; and doesn't he go! It is impossible to conceive the absurd effect of this proceeding. J. had the whole art to perfection, and used to make me sick with laughter sometimes as we rattled along. This is not all, though: if you whistle to your Swedish horse he drops into a walk directly; and to make him stop you roar something at him which, however, I have forgotten. They are sturdy little animals, these Norland hests, wild-looking about the head and stiff rough mane, very surefooted, potbellied from never getting anything but grass and hay to eat, and constitutionally the laziest little beggars in the world. Their masters take great care of them, and always keep them in good condition; that he should be as round as a barrel being, in the eyes of a Swede, his horse's first point next to his pins. "Good horsh-fat!" was always old Nordmark's eulogy upon a pet animal.

We happened to have a pretty lively specimen in our trap, and had distanced the other carts considerably, and were chevyng along, I "mok-mok"-ing, and J. scolding and whirling the reins like a demon—Nordmark having awful work with the boys in consequence—when a great gaunt Swede came floundering over the fence out of a field, gesticulating and bawling furiously; and on our pulling up, stood, out of breath, and in an immense rage, jawing us for his life. I couldn't make out what was the matter, and we began to prepare for a row, especially as some other fellows were coming down the field too; when old Nordmark, who had by this time come up, and whose boys had tumbled out of the cart upon their knees in the road, howling and weeping vociferously, began blackguarding our interrupter with such ferocious oaths and abuse in Swedish, that he quitted us at once to turn upon his assailants; so we gave our horse a lift of the reins, and

left them to have it out amongst them. We presently learned from Nordmark, who came up foaming with indignation (and still occupied in repressing the boys), that this ruffian was the owner of the horses, and his wrath at our driving so fast was the cause of all the excitement; so of course we pitched into the boys first, and then sent the lazy little horses along as hard as we could go right into old Luleå town, the end of the stage.

Old Luleå was once the only Luleå; but the sea is said to have receded the seven miles English between the two towns, and left the original settlement high and dry where it now stands, at the end of a long, melancholy, mud-girt lake—the picture of abandonment. I must, however, say that the deserted look of the place is chiefly owing to the great number of small wooden houses, *pieds-à-terre*, belonging to the farmers of the neighbourhood; which are closely shut, doors and shutters, all the week, and only used on Sundays when the families come into church and encamp in their town residences for the day. At the Källäre here—a very much better style of establishment than the one at New Luleå, and very clean—we had to change conveyances and horses, and so did a small lunch. We met here a fine stalwart settler, just returned from an unsuccessful expedition after a couple of bears, who had announced themselves at a farm above Svartlo, on the river, by killing thirteen cows right off. The farmer declared that, catching one of the bears in the very act, and having no gun, he ran at him and abused him in strong Swedish, as the Hindoos do the tiger; and that the bear left off his murdering and bolted over the fence in shame and confusion of face! At all events, the hunter and his comrade had been after the marauding “bjorne” for a couple of days, but could give no account of them. Here, too, we encountered a peasant in an offensive state of vodka, staggering all over the yard, and pulling his horse and cart after him, and rather disposed to be impertinent. However, we ignored his presence, and got out of his way when necessary; and eventually Anglo-Saxon indifference gained the day, and he departed with the assistance of his friends unto his own place, without a row, which at one time we thought was impending.

From here we went forward, as old Xenophon says, one station, namely, to Süfvast, on the right bank of the Luleå Elf (river), where we meant to take boat. All the country about here is sedulously cultivated, and the most made out of the land. Homestead succeeds homestead all the way, and the primeval forest is banished to the far horizon. Wide fields of oats, rye, and potatoes furnish food to an extensive population (for the neighbourhood), and spare a good deal for the markets of the two Luleås. It has a strange wild look, though, even the farmed land in these northern latitudes. The fences have an odd uncanny aspect to the English eye. Hedges there are none, of course. Quick is unknown up here; and, in fact, I don't remember seeing a thorn in all my tour. Thin upright sticks, from five to six feet high, are stuck in the ground along the boundary-line of a field, at intervals of half a rod or so; and to these are tied, by bands of pliant birch-bark, the long slight cross pieces, which, instead of being laid horizontally, are planted with one



end on the ground and the other raised at about the angle of the muskets of a regiment preparing to receive cavalry, and fastened to the perpendiculars about six inches short of the point. And thus they range, one above the other, always sloping away forwards; so that, wherever you approach one of these ingenious barriers, you face a slanting row of five or six puzzling-looking laths crossing from your boots to about your chin. The nuisance these rascally constructions are! You attempt to mount one, and, having first thrust gun or other encumbrances through to the other side, endeavour to obtain a footing on the slender moss-grown sticks. Your boots are sure to be wet, and perhaps it has been raining, and the fence is wet too; and just when you are trembling on the balance, and are in doubt whether you won't give it up as a bad job and go round, a tie gives way, and down you come flat on your face, a helpless cropper, amid an awful crash of frail timber and moss, carrying with you several yards of fencing, which you have to set on its legs again.

The poor devils of farmers and peasants must have a severe time of it here. The hay even, to preserve it from the intense frost, is obliged to be stacked in sheds (shaped the same as a hayrick, for some reason that I never could understand); and both grass and grain crops, when cut, are dried in a style as eccentric as that of the fencing. They plant a tall pole in the ground about ten feet high, with pegs sticking out of it at intervals like a bear's ladder; and upon these pegs they pile their little sheaves of oats or rye, with the straw ends all pointing one way and the long tresses of grain hanging the other, till these extraordinary erections look like so many vegetable ghosts. They really have a most weird appearance in the twilight. Some look like great dogs on their hind-legs; others like the ancient cognisance of the Dudleys—the bear and ragged staff; others like old bearded Druids holding solemn conclave upon the depressed religious value of boulders and big stones; and, I declare, we used to imagine resemblances for them till, like the creator of Frankenstein, we shrank from our own inventions.

One other noticeable feature of our journey was the prevalence of dogs. At every farm and every cottage we were saluted with the blatant but harmless bark of a Lapland cur; who generally pursued our procession to the limits of his master's domain. These dogs are all of one kind—the mongrel Esquimaux. Sharp muzzles, foxy masks, prick ears, curly bushy tails, and furry coats, mark their breed; and noisy and offensive as they make themselves, they are really the most pusillanimous, good-tempered creatures imaginable. I believe there is nothing a Lapp dog would not do for you when he once knows you; if you could only make him understand your wants.

We had an abominable "hest" in our cart this time. The brute regarded not the voice; and the terror of the reins only made him put on a spirt for about a dozen yards at a time. So feigning some pretence or other, we stopped our cart, and, letting the others pass, B. got down, and insidiously cut a stick about three feet long from a birch-tree; and, having sharpened the end of it, tried its effects as a goad by prodding the lazy brute's quarters with the point. I fancy the sensation must have been perfectly novel to him, for a couple of

pokes made him lay out like a racer ; and, with our persuader hidden under our rugs, we passed the other carts at a great pace, which we maintained to the end of the stage ; to the puzzle of old Nordmark and the new boys, who, by-the-by, were not half such a bad lot as the first.

At Säfvast we took to the water. After some little delay the kongs and baggage were packed into a long frail boat ; a man took a pair of sculls in the bows ; I and J. sat down aft ; and Nordmark cocked himself up behind us in the stern to steer, and I thought our complement complete ; when a small lean bundle of petticoats about four feet high came scuffling down the bank, hopped nimbly into the boat, and sat down on the seat opposite us ; proving to be a tough little old woman with a face like a withered apple, who took stroke's place with another pair of sculls, and pulled like a Thames waterman. We were going up a sort of side channel of the Luleå Elf, having a long fir-girt island with steep sides on our left hand ; and, save our oars, nothing ruffled the surface of the deep silent stream but the occasional plunge of some disturbed fish. All at once, at the edge of a shallow creek on the right, B. sighted from afar a complacent flock of ducks paddling and diving, apparently very busy securing their evening feed. The gun which lay across our knees was drawn from its case and cocked ; B.'s pipe was laid aside ; and for the next five minutes the suppressed excitement of all on board, including the old girl, who entered into the fun with the zest of a sportsman, was extreme. Cautiously the boat, advancing with steady strokes, as if ignoring the existence of the game, was slanted gradually across the current ; slowly the gun was raised to B.'s shoulder, when just as we came within long range one took wing, then three, then five ; clearly no time was to be lost, and a steady aim at the remainder of the pack laid a duck on her back, paddles uppermost, and sent a mallard flagging at the rear of the long flight of his comrades till his flickering power failed, and he dropped somewhere along the sedges far in front, but where we could not discover. We got the boat as near as we could to our prize, but she was floating over a sandy shoal, and our keel stuck fast ; and then a contest arose between the man and the old woman (who, I believe, was his wife or his mother, or something of that sort) as to who should go in and fetch it. The jaw waxed loud, and the old girl was girding up her loins, and exposing her withered shanks and knickerbockers ; when the man walked over the side of the boat, and waded, trousers and shoes on, some yards through the icy-cold water to pick up the bird, which proved to be a fine fat specimen of some eatable genus or other.

A few strokes more, and we came out on the broad Luleå river, below a rather severe rapid ; at the upper end of which, high and dry on a dangerous-looking rock, hung right athwart the stream, on an upright keel, the poor *Gellivara*. She was kept in position by shores fixed on the reef and by hawsers fastened to the left bank (going up stream), towards which she was much the nearest ; and as we struggled up the narrow channel between her bows and the shore in the dusk, we saw men hard at work on the shoal, wedging under her keel, and the mate told us as we passed that he hoped, with some assistance, to get her off in a few hours. At the next bend of the wide stream we

encountered a timber-raft, as big as a small estate, anchored for the night; and a pretty sight it was in the darkening twilight, with its crew of families and dogs, its huts, and bright lights, and broad yellow floor. A boat from the steamer was just calling at the raft for hands to aid, and the voices rang clear and cheerily across the water in answer, as we shouted them our hearty wishes for good luck to their labours. A little above we pulled in to a landing-stage, or "bridge," as it is called here, on the left; and were glad to climb ashore and stretch our limbs, for the boat was crowded, and we were rather crumpled in consequence, and an unquestionable frost had lent considerable keenness to the evening air. So we indulged in various gymnastics, the effect of which, unnoticed at the time, B. was destined to feel severely afterwards. A short walk through the outlying fields of a farmstead, during which we had to pass through an horrific grove of the oat-stacks I have above described, and some of which we could have sworn were moving awfully after us in the dusk, brought us to the settlement of Råbäcken, where we were to stay the night.

And here I had my first experience of that ready hospitality which is so characteristic of the Swedish character. Inn there being none, we had to go to the house of one Lieutenant Stolpé (a government engineer, but at present in the employ of the Gellivara Company), who certainly had had some intimation that we were coming that way, but did not know when to expect us; and where, when we did arrive, we found his chief, Captain Schough, the head acting engineer on the company's canalisation works, already established as a guest, besides Lieutenant Stolpé's clerk. Nevertheless, we were most warmly received by the jovial lieutenant in the one room which (originally the kitchen of the house) served him for office, sitting-, and dining-room, and at a pinch, such as we had brought about by our irruption, for bed-chamber besides. J. could speak considerable Swedish, but the lieutenant, unluckily, could not do more than a few words of English, so that I was rather left out in the cold. In five minutes, however, J. and the lieutenant had settled down to a game of chess, and I to a book and a pipe, which passed the time till Captain Schough and supper entered the room together. The captain, who was also a government official, was a fine-looking, intelligent, and genial fellow, and we had a lively meal, which was no sooner concluded than I perceived preparations were making for a drink. The "fika" (girl) brought in tumblers and the fatal little custard-cup-like glasses that always mean "Svensk ponsch," and the jovial lieutenant, who had disappeared through a trap in the floor, reascended looking like the genius of good temper in a pantomime, so laden with black bottles that it was quite clear the guests were in for it that night.

In spite of my resolves and a neat oration I made about the rebellious organ under my right ribs, I was obliged to conform, and had to drink the first skål or two in the forsworn liquor; but then, like Charles Mathews in "London Assurance" (I think), I was "adamant," and took to cognac and cold water for the rest of the evening. We had about done; the subjects for skål were exhausted; and Herr Nordmark was laying down reindeer-skins on the floor, and looking after the beds, for which we had decidedly fitted ourselves; when an

excited individual, in a pork-pie hat, flat collars, and a long coat, rushed into the room, exclaiming, "Angboten er lös!"\* Skål again! "Angboten's skål"† this time. Gracious, how these Swedes do drink! At last, when the cheers had subsided, and the Gellivara Company's health had been once more given—and good night toasted, of course—we turned in; I occupying the lieutenant's bed in one of two little rooms that led out of the sitting-room (Captain Schough having the other), while another bed was made for J. on the floor, and Nordmark and the lieutenant rolled themselves up in their skins, and we snored off the effects of the punch.

A shake from Nordmark at six next morning, and an intimation that he was "putting the weather in the bath," as he always called inflating our india-rubba tub, made me jump up; and a thorough good splash, in which J. presently succeeded me, put us to rights at once. We had no time for breakfast, and hastily gulping a cup of coffee and bit of biscuit and a glass of schnaps, mounted the cart which was waiting for us (our luggage being already *en route*), and started for a seven miles' drive through the pine-forest to the point above the rapids of Hedensfors, where the Gellivara Company's second steamer was waiting our arrival to start. This was my first ride through the staple vegetation of the country, but it was not impressive, as the timber was nearly all young, the district having been partly burnt and partly cleared not many years previously; and the most noticeable thing about it was the crop of yellowish-white reindeer moss (the first I had seen), which had usurped the surface of the ground, where the trees had been scorched and the undergrowth consumed by the drift of the broad line of fire across our track. For the whole of this distance the company are constructing a canal through the rock and forest to enable their steamers to pass the rapids—a work of some magnitude, but one absolutely necessary for the establishment of quick and direct communication with Luleå for the produce of the mines at Gellivara. We found our little puffer waiting for us at the edge of the wharf, on the far side of the village. As we emerged from the forest on to the open clearing, with its wood-built stores and farm-houses scattered unsociably about, I got some idea of the scenery through which we had many a mile afterwards to pass. Before us the fields and homesteads of Hedensfors stretched wide on either side of the road, in front and on the right down to the river, whose broad flood was just visible between its banks with a similar settlement on the other side. Beyond this, in front and everywhere, as far as the eye could range, undulated the eternal dark green of the wild forest of the north.

Arrived at the boat, we improvised a dance on the wharf to put a little warmth into us, for it was a bleak cold morning, with a keen north-west wind; and then dropped into the quaint little craft, and began to make ourselves snug for the journey. She was something like the Stockholm boats; much about the size and build of an ordinary Thames lighter, though not so heavy; with a hold fore and aft, and benches round the after deck, and a little snorting high-pressure engine to drive the plaything of a screw she had. We had some men

\* The steamer is off.

† The steamer's health.

on board on their way to the works, a peasant or two going to farms up the river, and a tolerable load of stores. As so as we had started, Nordmark prepared breakfast on deck, which consisted of ham, sardines, and rye cake, with some capital tea, which he boiled in the engine-room, and which we had to drink with yolk of egg beat up in it, in the absence of milk. That over, we lay down under our rugs, with our backs to the luggage, and did much tobacco.

The banks of the Luleå mostly slope down from the surrounding hills at a moderate inclination; and are, of course, except where cleared, covered with unbroken forest of pine and birch. Sometimes the hill-sides fall more steeply to the stream, and are then sure to be furrowed with timber-shoots. There are a good many settlements and isolated shanties on either bank, and their number is increasing considerably since the establishment of the steamers. It is curious to see how completely the clearing of the timber alters the character of the shore. You pass a long stretch of undisturbed gloomy forest, with its deep carpeting of moss, and suddenly at some bend of the stream all is changed. The bank shelves back gradually to the retreating pine-clad hills. Meadows of the richest pasture and brightest green, or patches of oats and potatoes, struggling with the adverse climate for a sickly maturity, surround some roughly built farm-house, with its still rougher outhouses. Women are working in the fields or milking the solitary cow; while the inevitable curly-tailed dog salutes the steamer with a passing tribute of barks. At the edge of the clearing (and perhaps this is the most curious effect of all) the bank has exactly the appearance of the most exquisitely kept grounds in England. Where the high timber has been felled and the underwood cleared, the young bushy growth of the pine, fir, and birch is dotted about with most picturesque irregularity upon the emerald turf, and, as it passes gradually back into the parent forest, gives the effect of the most perfect landscape gardening.

As we screwed merrily up the broad bosom of the Luleå Elf (sometimes half as wide again as the Thames at London-bridge), and the rustics came to the shore's edge to stare, we could not help wondering which the steamer, when she first came up, must have astonished most—the salmon or the natives; a question which, I suppose, can never be settled. At all events, the salmon have not decreased in number, and the natives now take to the "ångbot" as naturally as to the canoe. At every station of importance our captain (a russet-haired, hot-tempered little bull-dog) used to let go a long-drawn blast of the whistle, that made the "welkin" (whatever that may represent in Lapland) echo, and our ears ring; and generally a boat would come leaping, with its high-curved bow across the current, to put on board a passenger or two, perhaps to be towed herself as well, dancing at our stern for many a long mile, to some more northern settlement. We saw great quantities of duck during the whole trip; sometimes travelling with swift, steady flight overhead, sometimes rocking quietly on the ripple caused by our screw against the pebbly shore; and our captain was always ready to pull up and detach the boat in tow to pick up the results of a shot—when there were any. In fact, one could do anything almost with a steamer like this. I believe when the first explorations were

going on, and the engineers wanted to land anywhere, they used simply to charge the little *Hedensfors* slap at the sandy bank as high as she would go; knowing that when they came back she could be backed off with ease, or that, at the worst, it was a mere question of getting wet up to the knees to push her into deep water again. Altogether we rather enjoyed it. The most important place we touched at was Svartlö, where the Gellivara Company have an establishment and extensive saw-mills, which are very profitable. Here one of the noisy dogs, inseparable from a "Norrbotten Län"\* settlement, treated me to a novel trick. After barking round me, with others of his comrades, when I landed to look about, this villain used to come racing after me, and, brushing close past my legs, give a loud snuff as he did so. It was very nearly being dangerous for him; for I happened to have a small revolver in my pocket, and at the first start this odd proceeding of his caused me, I was tempted to give him a pill to cure him of such questionable manifestations; but finding on an equally unexpected repetition that it was nothing but bounce, I feigned to ignore his presence, and let him vent his mistrust of strangers several times in this way to my great interest and amusement.

It was a curious experience this steaming up so grand and wild a river,—our snorting little pioneer of commerce seemed so out of place, disturbing the silence of the pine-forest and the "ancient solitary reign" of fish and wild fowl; but any tendency to reflections of this kind, on either side, usually received such a stopper of savage banter, that it was no use attempting to be sentimental under any circumstances. So we lay side by side, swearing occasionally at the cold driving showers that the bleak north-wester drove against us from time to time, and with a sort of snarling mistrust of each other's tendencies to be poetical; smoking fitfully, and wishing we were out of it, after the manner of discontented Britons.

In due time we ran the little *Hedensfors* on to the boulder-paved shallows at the pier of Edefors, and this instalment of the Luleå Elf was done. Edefors is a noble, rough, flashing rapid, and the company have a canal to make here again (their last), about two and a half miles English long. Leaving Nordmark to look after the baggage, we shouldered gun and rods, and had a walk of a mile through the forest to the company's settlement in the depths thereof, about half way on the canalisation works, under the guidance of Lieutenant Berg (a government officer), the company's superintendent at this point. When we reached the clearing, the handsome lieutenant (for to every charm of manner he added one of those perfect faces which, as Hamley, in "Lady Lee's Widowhood," said, "no woman could look on without presently loving him to distraction") took us into his house, which was barely completed, and almost void of furniture; and here in a few minutes we sat down to a capital kind of dinner, served by the lieutenant's båtman and the prettiest of dark-eyed little fikas (not a bad judge the lieutenant!), which we enjoyed considerably. We had a dish of potatoes here, done in a manner that I recommend every one to try for once; and then let him blame his cook, and not me, if he doesn't like it. They were mashed or strained (after boil-

\* The Swedish name of Upper Sweden and Lapland.

ing, of course) very nearly into a pulp with cream, flavoured with cinnamon and nutmeg, and served with preserved cranberries, and behold, they were very good.

Our conversation here fell upon shooting, of which Lieutenant Berg was passionately fond; and he told me he had occasionally extremely fine sport with the capercaillie and ptarmigan. He had a Liège-built breech-loader, with the ordinary Lefauchaux cartridges, and assured me that he had loaded the cases as many as ten times; which surprised me not a little, till I saw the absurdly small charges these men use. They don't more than two-thirds fill the cartridge, and don't turn the edges over; and the report is, consequently, about as loud as a popgun, and I only wonder they ever kill anything at all. The fishing, too, according to his account, is extremely fine. I heard it said before I left England, and repeated by Englishmen in Sweden, that the salmon will not rise at a fly in the Swedish rivers; at all events in those which fall into the brackish waters of the Gulf of Bothnia. Now I cannot contradict this from personal experience; for when I got up here the salmon had all gone down the rivers again, and the fishing was at an end. But Lieutenant Berg said that a couple of Englishmen, who were at Edeforss a year or two before, had had splendid sport with the fly; and he could have no object in deceiving me. My own impression is that those who have tried have not gone high enough up. We know in our own country that salmon will not rise in the Wye, for example, till you get nearly to Monmouth, though they may be seen leaping by dozens in the pools lower down; and these rivers are so big, and the getting up them has been, until this year, so difficult, that I can well imagine even adventurous minds being deterred long before reaching any point where the stream could be moderately commanded, or presented the correct features of a salmon river. I can only say that anything more magnificently piscatorial than the upper part of the Great Luleå Elf it is not possible to imagine; and as for the supply, the salmon absolutely swarm in these waters. At Haparanda, higher up the gulf, the trade in salting and barrelling the salmon caught in the Torneå river (which is larger than the Luleå) is immense.

We went and had a look at the company's canalisation works here; and Lieutenant Berg showed us the hut of one of some Finns who were employed on the works, and a queer affair it was. A Finn always chooses sloping ground—the side of a hill—for his operations. He then digs out a big sort of fox-earth, and protects the entrance to it by a roof or penthouse, made of logs, and birch bark, and moss, set at a steeper angle than the slope of the hill, under which he creeps in and out. This was not a large hut, being only occupied by the man and his wife. On one side of the excavation some moss and juniper-boughs and a coarse blanket formed a bed; on the other, some clothes and cooking utensils completed the furniture of this human burrow.

It was up here, at Edeforss, that some rows among the men employed on the works had taken place; and so long as they were merely faction fights between north and south Swedes, it did not much matter if (as the Yankee engine-driver said of the railway accident) "a few went under, and the balance was bruised;" but as both sides were generally inspired by vodki, and might have become externally dangerous, a guard of soldiers had been sent for from some place down

south, and the worst savages captured and consigned to durance; and the whole thing was quiet when we were there.

At the top of the rapids we found our second steamer—the twin sister of the other—waiting for us, and were soon on board and stemming once more the stream of the Luleå Elf. It was but a short spell we had this time. Half way up we crossed the boundary-line between Sweden and Lapland, cut through the dense forest on either side. The duck here were very numerous, and often did not trouble themselves to rise; but merely scuffled along the water out of the steamer's way—though usually out of gun-shot also.

About five in the evening we reached Storbäcken. A rough pine-wood jetty on the left hand led to a sandy road that came through the forest from the interior to the river; and this was the last landmark on our trip of the civilising efforts of the Gellivara Company—the track to whose mines starts through the forest on the other side of the river.

From all that I could see and hear, the Gellivara Company, after a certain outlay, ought to become a highly profitable undertaking; and of its importance to the district there can be no question; and writing of them now, when their great works are suspended, their steamers stopped, their property seized, and their workmen destitute and starving, one shudders to see how wide-spread and universal have been the effects of the commercial collapse of 1866. The main object of the company appears to be to work and bring down to the sea the produce of the well-known (in Sweden) iron mines of the settlement of Gellivara, which is situated in Torneå Lappmark, about seventy miles from the river at Storbäcken (the point we had now arrived at), and consequently about one hundred and forty miles from the sea.

The mine itself consists simply of a large mountain (called the "MalMBERG," or, ore mountain), which is almost throughout its entire bulk a solid mass of iron ore of the richest and best character—one steep face of the hill actually glittering in the sun like a mirror. The expense of working is, consequently, very light; and for many years past the mountain has been excavated by the former proprietors to a small extent every year, and the ore actually carried on men's backs the seventy miles through forest and swamp to the river, and thence conveyed to Luleå in small boats. To remedy these difficulties of transport, the Gellivara Company proposed to construct a single line of railway from the mines to the river opposite Storbäcken; and to carry canals round the rapids at Edeforss and Hedensforss, and so send the ore down from the railway wharf in large barges, which the little steamers we had been travelling in (now used to carry men and stores up to the work) were to take down stream full and bring up empty. This, it is obvious, would require a considerable outlay and some two years of time; and it is also equally obvious that, while with these works executed the company might be a great success, without them it is nothing. Unfortunately, their money has failed them, and the time has beat them, and, for the present, this fine undertaking is in abeyance. In a lesser degree the Gellivara Company would be to Lapland what the Hudson's Bay Company have been to North America. Owing immense tracts of territory—not less than 1,250,000 acres in all—they have made clearings, built bridges and piers,



made roads, established saw-mills and steamers on the rivers, and given employment to hundreds of men, and an impetus to the enterprise of the country, the effects of which it is difficult to realise without personally seeing them; and one cannot but regret deeply for the country's sake, as well as the company's, its present unfortunate position. *Sperabimus meliora!*

We and our effects were landed on the pier, and the steamer disappeared round a bend in the river to the settlement—whistling vigorously. Not a soul was to be seen, and the silence of the forest in the calm grey evening, and the utter absence of life, made us feel for the first time that we were fairly off the track of civilisation. However, there was a farmstead close by; and a halloa or two brought a couple of straddling lads to look after our traps while we walked to the post-house of the village by a path on the right. Here we clamoured for "horshiss," as old Nordmark called them; but horses this time were not to be had. One had been taken by "a merchant" (every shop or store keeper is a merchant in Norbotten Land) to Jokkmokk, and the others were gone astray, like lost sheep, in the forest, and would take some time to catch. So securing the services of five stout fellows, who soon shouldered the konts and skins, we started off to walk about five miles English to the next settlement, where we were to stay the night, and where we should be sure of having horses caught for us by the morning.

This was our first tramp, and though it was not a specimen of Lapland walking, such as we had to do afterwards, still there was a pioneering appearance about our little band marching along the sandy road with the wall of pine-trees on either side, and led by J. and myself with rod and gun, that was decidedly picturesque. It was a keen frost; the air was still and bracing; and the feeling of exhilaration and freedom and the glory of health, made us two step out in a style that soon left our heavy-laden porters behind; and when a cry for halt rang after us through the echoing forest, we had time for a pipe before they caught us up again. A glow of evening light let in from a clearing on the right, and a gate across the road, told us presently that we had reached our quarters for the night—the settlement of Vuollerim. Red farm-houses, some three or four of them, with their grey shingle-built out-buildings, on the other side of a deep-sunk, sulky-looking tarn, round which the by-track to the settlement wound, stood picturesquely about the irregular ground; and afar we could hear the roar of some rapid on the "Little Luleå" river (a tributary of the great stream we had just left), the course of which we were now following. An offensive salute of barks from the canine guardians of the village of course greeted our arrival; and having learnt from the porters which was the best house in the place, we marched up to it, and were immediately inducted with much respect into the chief room. A roaring pine-log fire was soon blazing up the chimney, and Nordmark was in his element, unpacking the konts and making a muddle about the place, preparatory to giving us our tea.

These Lapland houses are all constructed pretty much alike. As land costs nothing here, and wood less, they are spacious mansions compared with the hovels that would be in England the portion of as poor a class as the Lapland squatters. They are usually built of

about one and a half inch planks, and the interstices tightly packed with some sort of mortar and moss; sometimes of double planking, the whole interior space between the two walls being then filled with moss. The chimney and hearth are built first, and the rest of the edifice added; the whole house standing upon a low thick foundation wall of roughly broken stones, rising some foot or two from the ground, upon which the floors rest. A kitchen (which is also the general living and partial sleeping-room), and the guest-room for strangers and state occasions, usually constitute the ground floor; other sleeping-rooms and lofts, reached by a ladder, the second floor, when there is one. The chimneys are built of a coarse clumsy kind of brick, for which there seems no difficulty in finding clay (such as it is) throughout the country. The constitution of the mortar is a mystery, as there is no lime, and moss appears to do the duty of hair. The fireplace usually occupies the corner of a room, projecting into it from ceiling to floor; the hearth is raised about two feet from the floor, and the chimney-opening is high, and nearly as wide as the hearth, and the whole structure invariably whitewashed. Logs are piled together, standing on their ends like an Indian wigwam on the hearth, instead of lying across one another as in an English farmhouse; and the application of a handful of resinous chips and a match sends a blaze roaring up the chimney in five minutes that you dare not come within yards of. The furniture, with the exception of looking-glasses and bedsteads (not always of the latter), is made by the builder, of rough-hewn deal. The beds are sacks, generally filled with reindeer-moss, and the sheets homespun. Reindeer-skins take the place of blankets, and the whole bed is covered with a light down-stuffed quilt, which is usually a *chef-d'œuvre* of patchwork and sampler ornamentation. The simplicity and cleanliness of most of these houses is not a little attractive. One prefers the rough-jointed, red-grained pinewood floor, ceiling, and walls, so clean and fragrant, the clumsy tables and chairs, so white and simple, to the fusty tawdriness of town-bought furniture and papered walls that one finds in more civilised agriculism; and where here and there whitewash has covered the ceiling, and hideous patterns disfigure the sides of the room, the result of a down-river visit to Luleå, one longs to tell the benighted squatter what an ass he has been, and what an object he has made of his house.

It is to these farm-houses that the traveller in Lapland has to look for shelter and hospitality, as, except at towns (Heaven save the mark!) such as Jokkmokk and Quikkiokk, where the spring fairs are held, there is nothing to be met with in the shape of tavern or guest-house. We did not get such good "logis" (as they call it) as I have described everywhere, though. Once or twice we had to put up with very queer quarters, as will be told in proper place; but, as a rule, we were agreeably surprised at our accommodation; and the promptitude with which, on the traveller's unexpected arrival, fires are lit, pots set to boil, coffee ground, beds made, and the whole household engaged in looking after his wants, might set a valuable lesson to the *maitre d'hôtel* of civilisation.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION, AND PARIS IN EXHIBITION-TIME.

PERHAPS a few unlearned notes of the recent experiences of a family party visiting this Exhibition of 1867 may not be unacceptable reading, if merely as conveying the sort of information which A., or A. and his wife and a piece of his family, contemplating the visit, may, after dinner, pump out of Paterfamilias B., who has just made it. I say unlearned notes, because the Exhibition is a subject which has given rise to the production, if not the display, of a vast amount of erudition, sound and good I doubt not, very often, however, inexpressibly boring to most people to read, and which, once for all, I disclaim any intention of attempting, sound or unsound, real, or fictitious and pretentious. Indeed, one seems to see the people who write this sort of thing, labouring at a kind of Exhibition penal servitude, working through the galleries and park, note-book in hand, retiring to Spiers and Pond's, not for wholesome refreshment, but there penning comments when they should digest, and, at the end of the day, hurrying off to a studio filled with an encyclopedical library, thence to extract by instalments, in time for post, all about everything which the Champs de Mars gas-holder and its precincts contain.

The key-note of the Paris Exhibition song was pretty exactly struck by a hackney-coachman, bribed to take us home from the Exhibition one day—our first, before we had gained experience of the way to get home—who, somewhat intoxicated with brandy, but much more so with the glorious vision before him of double fares, pointed with his whip exultingly to the swarming thousands, and, turning round to us, exclaimed, "Bon pour les Parisiens; malheureux pour les étrangers!" The candid ruffian! A case of *væ victis* indeed it is, if you absolutely and foolishly fall in the ranks of the beaten; but it is not inevitable so to fall, and, if only conscious of paying for Paris a little more than you paid last year, and will pay next year, pray think no more about it, and don't fret your heart out with an ever-present apprehension of being cheated.

There is one route for approaching or leaving Paris, remarkable for its interest and picturesque beauty, viz. by Havre, the Seine, and Rouen. If to see this be desired, it is to be recommended to be taken on the outward journey, because, for the return one, it is much on the chances that the traveller's last available half-day will have been engaged in Paris, and that he will rush for England by Boulogne or Calais.

It is part of the relation of these small but, it is hoped, not unprofitable experiences, to say that our party—two men, two ladies—found it an agreeable break in the journey, both going and returning, to stop a night at Boulogne. After an already sufficiently fatiguing run of travel, it is pleasanter, especially where ladies are concerned, than an anxious bolt off to commence another, to be met by a commissionaire and a carriage, to drive to a good hotel, and to find comfortable rooms ready, the dinner-table laid, and a quiet soothing sea view and sunset visible from your window. All which, and an eventual cigar as you sit on the beach in the twilight, may be had by bespeaking what you want by letter to the landlord of the Hôtel du Pavillon Impérial des Bains de Mer—not

Hôtel des Bains—an establishment which, as travellers may recommend what they like, is hereby recommended as unexceptionable. It is situated close to, but out of sight of, the town, facing the sea; the rooms are good, the cookery, the wines, and everything. Breathing-time, and the avoidance of the necessity for starts early in the day and for arrivals late at night, are advantages to travellers on pleasure bent.

Our case was—on the 28th of May, the tidal train by London and South-Eastern Railway from Charing-cross at one P.M., boat from Folkstone at 3.50, and arrival at Boulogne about six. N.B. To register luggage through from Charing-cross to Boulogne, and to take tickets for both railways and the intermediate sea passage from Charing-cross to Paris. This requires attendance half an hour before the departure hour from Charing-cross. The taking of the tickets is the first process. Similarly, attend at the Boulogne railway station and register baggage on starting on that journey. They give you a ticket with a number corresponding with one on each of the things, which duly turn up at destination. The custom-house examination on entering France seems to be greatly relaxed just now. It is performed as soon as the passengers land, and this is another advantage you gain by the halt at Boulogne—viz. that the custom-house examination takes place of a very limited number of passengers' luggage, whereas, if performed at Paris, it is of the luggage of a large number of passengers, occupying much time. I was asked whether ours contained anything contraband, replied no, and eight boxes and bags were swept off the counter unopened, and committed to the charge of the old and young women—how indescribably old some were!—whose privilege it is to be paid for hauling and carrying baggage to the hotels. Leave them to be paid by the landlord.

To end this part of the subject altogether, familiar to the experienced traveller—but I am writing for the day, and for the inexperienced, attracted out of ordinary life by the day's attraction—on returning from Paris, and intending to stop at Boulogne, take your railway tickets for Boulogne, or tickets for that run, the voyage, and the railway from Folkstone to London. You register your baggage to Boulogne, where they give it you, and on your departure thence for London, having got your fare-tickets—if not having got them through before—you register it again for Charing-cross, and there the custom-house officers, with not quite such polite facilities given as in France, examine it.

The following day the train was to start for Paris at 1.30 P.M., and a drive through the town, and visits to the ramparts of the old High Town, and to the Napoleon Column, filled up the time. The column, left unfinished by the French army, who subscribed for it, and destined it for a monument to the greatness of Napoleon, was completed by King Louis Philippe. The Emperor on its top stands with his back to England, surveying France, an attitude perhaps given to the statue not without an intended significance.

The cathedral of Boulogne, built with funds raised by the exertions of an enthusiastic ecclesiastic, and in building occupying many recent years, and recently consecrated with much ceremony, ambitious in its scale and architecture, is but a feeble work of art. Its interior is decorated with lavender-coloured and neutral-tinted designs, producing a cold effect. The crypt, which I had not time to see, is said to be fine.

One regulation at French railway stations is provoking. You are penned up in a stifling *salle d'attente* till the moment before the train starts, and then your party, say of four, like ours, rushes out on the platform pell-mell, with perhaps a hundred others, or two or three hundred, seeking places, and you may chance to find each one of you in a different carriage. I tried to obviate this by previous propitiatory address to the station-master. On more than one occasion I have found these men remarkable exceptions to French civility and politeness, exhibiting much of the republican ruffianism of 1848. Why, I know not; perhaps because some of the conditions of Jack-in-office life are not good for the morals of certain men and Frenchmen. I told this one we were four—was it possible to have a carriage locked up? Impossible. By our taking eight places it might be done. I remarked that I saw it was, of course, out of the question, and I added, by way of mere civil explanation and excuse, that in England sometimes, for a numerous party, it was done. "Mais," rejoined he, with a needless impertinence, "*nous ne sommes pas en Angleterre, nous sommes en France.*" "Nothing, sir," I said, "can be more evident." Now all this time a *coupé*, holding exactly four, was to be on the train, and was to be had for four extra francs each. Why, in the name of convenience and common sense, not have allowed us to engage it, if vacant, at once? It seems, however, this is not, as a part of the ordinary rules of stations, permitted. You may, by a special private application, as I afterwards found out, engage them; but this obstructive personage did not say a word of the *coupé* which we did, as it happened, eventually secure. When we were let out of our pen we looked in vain for four places together, until the *coupé* appeared, into which we darted, followed by indignant and expostulatory cries, as if we wanted to defraud the company. "Mais, messieurs! there are four francs extra each to pay." "Well, who ever said they wouldn't pay it? We will, thankfully."

The journey to Paris by this train is promised to be four hours and a half, for an arrival at six, but this was, in fact, nearly seven. If the *salles d'attente* are bad, the buffets on French railways, and the reasonably long halts to allow advantage to be taken of them, are admirable. So also the arrangements for prompt service, and the alacrity of the waiters. Twelve minutes was allowed at Amiens, and a hot cutlet is served almost within one.

There are many pretty and interesting pieces of country scenery on this much for dulness abused route—a route, right and left of which, up to the gates of Paris, I, for one, have enjoyed much pleasant touring. The extent of country is remarkable in the neighbourhood of Amiens, visible for, I should say, a thirty or forty miles' run, on each side of the railway, and how far extending laterally to me unknown, devoted to the growth and gathering of an under-water crop of peat fuel, cut from the sides and bottoms of ponds and lakes. It is stacked up with great care in small bricks, in various forms of heap, to dry, and the gathering and stacking of it was almost the only agricultural work we observed going on during the course of the whole journey. I am informed that the price per English acre of this lakey land is about twelve hundred pounds sterling. My travelling companion—henceforth E.—*au fait* on subjects of the kind, suggested that this country was thus used because of the difficulty of

draining it, also that it was not easy to understand how the crop came from the bottom of the water, away from the sides of the lakes, seeing that water plants require air-nourishment by communication, through some part of them, with the surface. Certain it is, however, that the crops and this land—or water—are considered as very valuable, and that people seemed to be cutting the fuel from the middle of the water, standing in boats and on strips of land left projecting into the lakes.

Within the last thirty or forty miles before Paris is reached, the line affords views of a country which must be considered beautiful and picturesque anywhere. At length the hill of Montmartre is visible, and forthwith the scene is Paris. After more of the *salle d'attente*, and a wearying waiting for the turning up of the baggage, it comes, and we are slowly rolling along through the beautiful new streets and boulevards which have been made to connect the Northern Station with the interior of the city.

Let no one go to Paris just now without previous arrangements made for rooms. The hotel-keepers will not absolutely promise you just what you ask for; but some of them will say you shall, at any rate, be lodged on your arrival, and be suited more exactly to your taste as soon afterwards as possible. Without such previous negotiation entered upon, you may, on arrival, spend half a day, or, worse, half a night, in driving about for rooms, and finding none. For a previous fortnight, with the aid of a friend on the spot, we had been preparing against such discomfiture. At first, the old-established hotels in the Rue de Rivoli were tried. Nothing suitable to be had there. Then, the Louvre being voted dull, we tried the Grand Hôtel, where at first they gave hopes, but ultimately would promise nothing; and glad we afterwards were that they thus drove us away, for living there is not like living domestically in a house, but like being insignificant and disregarded inhabitants of a city. Correspondence and telegraph at last settled it, that at the Hôtel de Rivoli they would at any rate find us something to begin with; and they did. It was a sitting-room and two bedrooms in an entresol at the back of the court, and a bedroom on the floor above. We had thought of an apartment on the first floor to the front, overlooking the Tuileries gardens, but the hot weather, and the relief from this in the shady situation of the rooms assigned us, decided us to remain there. They cost fifty francs a day, which was said not to be unreasonable. Other entresol rooms to the front cost the same. A fine first-floor apartment to the front, one hundred and thirty francs. The Hôtel de Rivoli, like many of its class, is a place where you soon become domesticated, and get to know, and have your wants understood by, everybody in the house.

Thus, one Wednesday evening, we had reached the city of the Exhibition. We were to leave it on the following Friday week, and I will try to relate what we did in the mean while, and how others may do the same or the like, more particularly with reference to the Exhibition, and, be it promised, I will by no means translate Galignani's Guide into a magazine article. There is, however, so much in the general aspects of beautiful Paris to impress the mind, and each year is so adding to these aspects, that, with the recollection of them before a man with a pen in his hand, and approaching near to the subject, they may not be altogether ignored. Nor may it be omitted, in a paper meant to be of use to those

who just now go to see the Exhibition and a something else, within limited time, to say a few words as to the way of seeing that something else to the best advantage of the seer.

"Doing" a place is an odious task. We did not "do" Paris, nor would we have "done" it had we had time; but there was not time to see all. Let people so circumstanced be content with as much as is good for them. The Exhibition we saw very sufficiently well, but did not "do," and at least some of us, who had not been there before, brought away very satisfactory and enjoyable recollections of the city and of some of its environs, though we did not visit all the churches and all the museums, nor, in short, tramping go the round of all the places which are set down as "Objects of special interest in Paris," or in similar phrase, in the authorities. Nor did we go to one place of public amusement. In fact, the feeling of obligation which some people impose upon themselves to do these things against time, and against common sense, and the ability to enjoy them, becomes absolutely penal.

A good many bold Britons, however, are, and have been, and will be, this year working on this treadmill, and a good many of them, according to specimens we saw, of that class upon whom such sights will be most completely and particularly thrown away. The Grand Prix de Paris of Sunday, the 2nd of June, brought over a tribe of wonderful young Englishmen—of the "er, ah, and aw" sort—clothed in tight trousers and short coats, who began their day with B. and S., and assuredly would not grace by their presence the service of the Church of England, or of any chapel of the Methodist persuasion, that afternoon. I had the good fortune to hear one of these ingenuous youths say to another, "Is there anything to be done in this place *in the daytime?*" Yes, my boy, there is, but it's not much in your line. You had better stick to the style of the Maison Dorée, the cafés chantants, and the Mabille. No, upon the whole, I think you are better out of Paris, and may as well take yourself, and your blessed drawl, and your ignorance and conceit, back to the place whence you and they came, and enjoy and develop yourself there as best you can.

Another form of the *nil admirari* which I once heard with equal delight was this speech: "Oh, you know, people only go to Paris for the sake of being able to *say* they've been there!" This of Paris! Paris the Beautiful, the Bright, the Gay, the Historical, the Learned, the everything of the best for the delight of all men and of all women!

Our Parisian friend Daniel—under which name he appears not for the first time in the pages of this magazine—met us the next morning, and after telling us of certain things not to be omitted in the Exhibition, and advising us to show the ladies the flower-market by the side of the Madeleine, said, "I abandon you to your fate—good-bye!" And to our fate we went.

Let no one omit to see the charming flower-market. There used to be one, and there probably is still, equally charming, on the Quai de l'Horloge, on the south side of the river.

The Place de la Concorde called forth the genuine and eloquent admiration of my friend E., who had seen all the great sights of Britain, but had never set foot on the Continent. And certainly the spaciousness of that square, its magnificent and, again, spacious surroundings, and the

solid and finished works of art which ornament it, are very impressive. Passing through Trafalgar-square the other day, all, by contrast, save the redeeming lions, seemed so utterly mesquin and miserable!

Along the quays by the north bank of the river, towards our destination. Façades of fine houses now border and traverse the Champs Elysées in all directions. I am old enough to remember it merely a wood on the banks of the Seine, with a few houses here and there skirting its central avenue, and the Place de la Concorde an ill-paved, dirty space, undecorated, and dimly lighted by oil-lamps hung from wooden posts, a place somewhat dangerous to cross by night, as also was the walk through the Champs Elysées. Now the Place de la Concorde is what it is, the finest and best-lighted square in Europe, and the Champs Elysées are a district covered not merely by a wood, but by endless avenues of houses, all on a scale that dwarfs our wretched London architecture into the merest poverty-strickenness.

The Exhibition building of 1855 is the prominent architectural feature of the district, after the gigantic Arc de l'Etoile. Its architecture is good, but its sky outline, rising conspicuously above the trees, exceedingly ugly.

Old offsets from these Elysian fields have been demolished nearly everywhere to make place for the grand avenue plan, and in vain I sought on our Sunday, after attending service at the Chapelle Marbœuf, for one familiar mansion in the Rue de Chaillot, with its unrivalled view from the drawing-room window over Paris, and its terraced garden. It had been pulled down, a large family mansion, with many others like it near. No. 63 or No. 64 I found standing, but in lieu of No. 66 there was a hill-side of chalky ruins, representing house and garden. This is just a specimen of the clearings and transformations going on. Everywhere throughout Paris has a system been carried out of driving broad, straight avenues of new streets and boulevards through the city—in great measure a military idea—such as the Rue de Rivoli continued down to the Place de la Bastille, the Boulevard de Sevastopol, and its continuation on the south side of the Seine by the Boulevard St. Michel, and of opening up the suburbs, which used to strangle and suffocate the place by a network of small tortuous ways. Places one used to seek out among little streets now present themselves to your eyes in large open thoroughfares and spaces. Notre-Dame itself, which in former days had to be hunted out in a labyrinth of houses, is now plainly to be seen from the Rue de Rivoli, from the point where, upon the latter, opens the Place de la Grève. On this, my friend Daniel, who is very much of an authority on the subject, makes this remark—viz. that, except as to their west fronts and towers, these Gothic cathedrals and churches are not meant to be seen from a distance, their lines of heavy buttresses being architecturally ugly, and the effect of their interiors being the point mainly aimed at, with, also, the aforesaid west fronts and towers.

The rebuilding of Paris has, no doubt, destroyed much of its former picturesqueness, and I have heard it said that, airy and imposing as are the new wide avenues, the great houses on each side of them are built without the courts of the old plan, and are consequently deficient in ventilation.

Presently, by crossing a bridge, and still westing a little on the other



bank, we reached the Exhibition, but did not, as it happened, enter, according to our intentions, by the principal entrance. We were, however, close to it, and all around was a thronging, a multitudinousness, the aspect of a something which all the world had come to see, which was most astounding and impressive.

The ground opposite the Champs de Mars, on the north side of the Seine, is, as all who know Paris know, a steep bank, and here it was that Napoleon I. designed to build a palace for his darling son, the King of Rome—the boy who died as the Duc de Reichstadt in Austria, never seen by his father after his fortunes fell, one of the most melancholy and affecting examples of the domestic miseries of great people that history affords—but the plan was frustrated by an avaricious cobbler, or some such small freeholder, who, after having been offered enormously more than his plot was worth, asked for still more, and the emperor gave up the negotiation. The steep ground has been formed into a flight of most gigantic stairs, by way of access and exit for the multitude, which was to be seen in the distance, swarming up and down it, like flies on a wall side.

We paid a franc each, and were free of the Exhibition for the day.

From eight to ten A.M. are the reserved hours, at two francs entrance for each person, and I presume must be those during which the beau monde frequents the place, for, on our visits, which always occurred after that time, there was ever a remarkable absence of distinguished-looking persons. It is not, however, worth while to make utter discomfort of the domestic morning for the sake of seeing the beau monde. In the park the upper classes patronise, I am told, the reserved garden at all hours. Of this, let me confess at once, I saw nothing. It escaped all of us, as did, no doubt, many other things. It is said to be prettily laid out, and is full of garden constructions inventions and elegancies.

A word here on the means of getting to and from the Exhibition. It is not so distant from the central quarters of Paris but that an active man may convey himself there and back on his own legs; but this may be said to be a waste of time and labour. There is a continual omnibus service at moderate fares. There are the batteaux omnibus on the river, calling at various stations, but this mode of conveyance is hardly to be recommended. Distances are on a great scale in Paris, and you lose considerable time in getting to and from the piers; also in waiting for the boats, and often they are full, and pass by without calling.

There is a railway, the one for Auteuil, departing from the Rue St. Lazare station, not far from the back of the Madeleine, sweeping round the west of Paris, inside the fortifications, and, after crossing the river south of Auteuil, reaching the Exhibition and landing passengers within its precincts, by a branch running up the left bank. The passage is three-quarters of an hour, which, with the losses of time in reaching and leaving the St. Lazare station and in waiting for a return train, makes this an undesirable route, except for once perhaps, as a sample of it. And there are the cabs, open and closed, and the voitures de remise, or private carriages hired for the day or half-day, one or the other of which conveyances we always used. There is always much difficulty, towards the end of the afternoon, in finding a disengaged cab for the return journey, and it should be taken by the hour and kept, else, on your exit from the Exhibition, you may wait and inquire in vain for a carriage.

Files of cabs will be seen in all directions, and all the drivers will sleepily tell you they are engaged. According to the municipal regulations, they are bound to take you if they are not engaged, but if they tell lies, as they do, who is to prove it? They will sometimes wake up at an offer of extra pay, and I thought we were cheaply delivered out of a difficulty of cablessness on our first day by paying four francs to be driven home. There do not seem to be cabs enough for the present emergency, and even in the middle of Paris there is frequently a difficulty in finding one. The fact is, they are all at the Exhibition, or engaged to go there.

Should you choose to obviate this by keeping your own carriage—i. e. hiring a *voiture de remise*—the ordinary charge for one for the day is just now fifty francs. The Duke of Hamilton's courier implored me not to give this, but I believe he had not had experience of the inexorable Paris prices of the day. Once the day's hire cost us eighty francs. It was on the day when the Emperor of Russia arrived. The next, the Sunday race-day, it would cost one hundred and twenty francs, which it was not our case to pay. Another day we had hired the carriage at sixty, and when it came we were told it would be ninety. We sent it away, for this was robbery.

At the Exhibition, if you have a private carriage, your coachman tells you his name, and where he will be found, and if a cab, he gives you a ticket with his number, and on your exit a commissionaire at the gate fetches your vehicle.

Fauteuils roulants, or chairs upon wheels, are a most useful Exhibition institution for invalids and weakly persons. They cost two francs an hour, are numerous, new, clean, and easy, and are drawn about by civil men, dressed in a uniform for the service, all over the place, save into certain interdicted parts.

Entering the principal entrance opposite the Pont de Jena, you reach the building under a velum or awning of green velvet, ornamented with gold, cross the machinery department, and, by a broad and lofty avenue, lighted by clerestory windows filled with stained glass, and containing beautiful things of all sorts, penetrate into the open garden, which is the centre or navel of the whole construction. This avenue is one of the few general grand effects which the place affords.

Every one knows that the plan of the Exhibition is an oval, flattened at the sides, filling up the greater part of the great oblong of the Champs de Mars, containing ring within ring of galleries, and, as said, an open garden in the midst of all.

The great outside gallery, or continuous hall as it may be described to be, is a spacious and lofty construction of iron, lighted by a series of large windows high up in its sides—a clerestory arrangement. Threading its middle, and following the oval line, is a platform gallery, at about one third of its height, reached from point to point by stairs. From this platform-gallery others of the few general effects may be viewed. The ringed galleries within this great outside gallery are considerably lower in height than it, and lighted necessarily from their roofs. Outside of all is a promenade, covered, but open to the park which occupies the rest of the Champs de Mars, and bordered, next the building, by a series of restaurants and cafés.

The same sort of things are exhibited throughout each ring or gallery,

or series of them, all round. Thus, the large iron outside gallery, or continuous hall as I have called it, contains *Instruments et procédés des Arts usuels*, such as machinery, steam-engines, punps, and the various objects which come within the above title, with here and there carriages, a huge organ, or some other large specimens. The next galleries show *Matières premières pour la Fabrication*, or raw materials, with some worked up. The next, *vêtements*, clothing; and in succession come, in ring within ring, *objets mobiliers*—a very comprehensive title, embracing furniture, and all that goes to social life, glass, china, cutlery, carpets, an almost innumerable variety, and approaching, and indeed reaching, in many of its details, the class of the fine arts, *Matériel des Arts libéraux*, being the tools and materials of art, photograph apparatus, bookbinding, papers, dyes, colours, a large and not easily remembered list, *Œuvres d'Art*, a most interesting series, pictures, statuary, mosaics, and all the variety of productions coming under the comprehensive title of Fine Arts. Last of all is displayed, on the wall of the covered promenade which runs round the *Jardin central*, a collection termed *Histoire du Travail*, the History of Labour, a title not exactly easy to understand from the objects exhibited, viz. architectural drawings, some busts,—a not very numerous collection, and a title designed apparently to catch various things which could hardly find a distinct classification elsewhere. The central garden is bright with green turf, flowers, and fountains, and in the middle of it is a circular building, in which are shown the weights and measures and time-keeping instruments of all nations.

Next, be it observed, that these concentric rings, thus filled, each, or each set, continuously all round, with the same sort of objects, are penetrated, from the outside park to the inside central garden, by four main avenues, and by twelve intermediate avenues of lesser size; also permeated by other numerous subdivisions of access.

Now, having assured ourselves that by following the rings all round we shall see the same sort of things, and see them over and over again if we remain in the same ring or rings, let us notice the arrangement of them under countries. This is prepared for us by slicing up the whole oval, from outside to inside, into wedges or cuts of space appropriated respectively to each country. Thus France and her colonies have nearly half of the whole, England and her colonies nearly a sixth, Belgium, Prussia, the Germanic Confederation, Austria, and the United States, each about a twentieth, while Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Spain, and various other countries, take much smaller strips. Russia and Italy each occupy about the half of what is given to, for instance, Belgium or Prussia. Taking, then, the ring of *Instruments et procédés des Arts usuels*, and beginning your inspection on the left of the principal entrance, you move from those of France and her colonies into those of Holland, Belgium, &c.; and if you pursue the ring, you pass through the same, of a variety of countries, until you enter England; and if you cross the principal entrance-avenue, you enter France again, France being to the left, and England to the right, as you enter the building. The same of *Matières premières, objets mobiliers*, and all the others. The name of the country, and of the class of objects, is shown at the entrance of each piece or section of the ring.

It is easy to see how, by using the concentric galleries, the sixteen

avenues, and the numerous smaller subdivisions of access, the visitor can work the whole Exhibition according to his own plan, taste, and fancy, visiting all the machinery, &c., of the whole world, one country after another, or all the Fine Arts of the same, or, similarly, any other class of objects, or, of any particular country, visiting its show of machinery, raw materials, clothing, mobiliers, art materials, and works of art, one after the other.

The official Catalogue Général (E. Dentu, editor, 2 vols., price 6 francs) is chiefly useful, unless the visitor means to work through the Exhibition minutely, for the pictures and some others of the works of art. Save these, everything is labelled that needs labelling.

Of course, if people choose to read up beforehand this catalogue, or the authorised English translation of it, published by J. M. Johnson and Sons, London and Paris, they will be the better able to work through the whole show; but one hesitates to advise such a course to ordinary visitors, as one making a labour of a pleasure, and savouring of the objectionable "doing" of things and places. The Exhibition may be understood and enjoyed without undertaking any such puzzling hard work. A good Plan is, however, of great use. A very excellent one has been published by A. Logerot, 55, Quai des Augustins, Paris, under the title of *Palais de l'Exposition Universelle*, with the arms of the city of Paris on the red cover. Transpose as a correction in it, on each side of the avenue leading to the Porte Suffren, the countries "Russie" and "Italie."

Respecting the official catalogue, it seems to be compiled on a very confusing plan, and why—oh why—is even this governmental publication full, in what relates in it to England, of those excruciating distortions of names of persons and places in which Frenchmen perversely delight? Why not have gladdened the heart of some English penny-a-liner by paying him to correct the manuscript and the press?

As the whole place is on a very extensive scale, some time and fatigue will be saved by prearranging, if possible, what you mean to do on each visit, and by driving to the gate nearest to where you mean to begin, and desiring the coachman to be at hand at the one nearest the point where you expect to leave off.

The park is not the least interesting part of the Exhibition. It is divided into parks of France, England, and other countries, and contains, besides a good deal of green lawn and banks, flowers, trees, and shrubs, a variety of buildings of many nationalities, and other constructions requiring space and an open sky; buildings, too, as receptacles for certain specialities, and as annexes to the main building, in which may be found ordnance, locomotives, carriages, and many other things. It must be said that the park has at present rather an unfinished look, and that some of the buildings, as the Turkish mosque and baths, are scarcely worthy of being shown in it.

We visited the Exhibition six or seven times, spending, on the average, four or five hours in it each time. It is not to be supposed that we saw everything, or the half or the hundredth of everything, to speak of seeing as seeing thoroughly. I can only indicate some specially noticeable things which we did see among others. There is, in a place like this Exhibition, a great pleasure to be derived from a mere general survey of the varying

picture as it unrolls itself before your eyes, just as a landscape is beautiful and enjoyable to the sight without one's botanising over all the plants it contains. Perhaps the best advice that can be given to any one intending the visit is that he should devote one day to making a general inspection by means of a quiet walk through the building and park, not stopping long at anything or attempting to go into any detail, but just noticing and remembering things he would like to look at again, and on subsequent days take care to see, at any rate, these well. This preliminary survey, with the help of a mid-day rest and refreshment at Spiers and Pond's restaurant, and a cigar afterwards under the shady side of the Turkish mosque close at hand, will be a very pleasant day. In it may be included an ascent by a lift in the machinery department to the roof of the building, whence its plan may be seen, and a good view of Paris. You pay a few sous à discrétion. Take care not to rest your foot on the frame into which the cage descends, as it is contrived to be a very effectual trap for guillotining your toes.

There is grand and beautiful machinery in the outer ring, and a magnificent locomotive engine, which E. pointed out to me, in a shed in the United States park; and what struck me particularly, as to foreign machinery and engines, unlearned as I may be in such matters, was the progress which other countries seemed to have made in the production of things of the making of which Englishmen have been, and hitherto justly, in the habit of believing that they enjoyed nearly the monopoly. It seems to behove us to look to our tools and our skill, and it greatly behoves our workmen not to disgust masters and capitalists by the prevailing blind and senseless outcry for unreasonable increase of wages and diminution of hours and amount of labour. This plague is causing many a man to think whether he cannot employ his money to better advantage than in paying English workpeople more than their labour is worth, and immunity from it is giving many a foreign manufacturer a fatal advantage over English establishments. Who would have thought of French and Swiss locomotives being supplied for English railways, which is the remarkable case? There is—to resume after this digression—somewhere I think among the machinery, but it may be in the park, a carillon manufactured for the tower of the cathedral of Buffalo, in America, the loud and merry tones of which, rung out from time to time, are worth listening to. In clothing, there are, among the vêtements, dresses and stuffs of wondrous richness, beauty, and costliness. Not for any remarkable beauty—*avis aux dames* this—but, for its cost, a small lady's hat may be remembered, made of ivory filigree-work and black lace, marked eight hundred francs. Probably the price was a trifle compared with that of many things within a few yards of it. The English glass including chandeliers, and the English china, and Majolica, and other such ware, are very beautiful. So also the Venetian glass, and, of the same country, the mosaics and inlaid marble, wood, and ivory tables, and other furniture. The picture-galleries and the sculpture will repay hours of inspection, and the adjoining antique works of art are most beautiful and interesting. Every one crowds round an affecting statue by Vela, styled "*Les Derniers Jours de Napoléon I*," in one of the avenues, in the section of Italy, bought by the French government. Rich and wonderful in every way are the whole sections of England and

France. But I find this task of selecting must be abandoned. There is an *embarras de richesses* in the Exhibition, and a similar *embarras* is carried away in one's recollections of it.

A few words of the park. The emperor's pavilion, situated to the left of the main entrance-avenue, is a marvel of rich furniture and decoration, presented by certain Paris tradesmen. The public are permitted to view its interior from the gallery surrounding it, to which you mount by flights of steps; and as it is all windows, all is plain to be seen. Near it a brick church, of pointed architecture, very well and knowingly done, to enter which an extra half-franc is paid, is well worth seeing. It blazes with the gold and colour of all manner of church decoration with which it is filled—stained glass, Madonnas, altars, vestments, crucifixes—it also contains statuary and other sculpture, and the tones of an organ add to the effect of the whole. The Russian stables are noticeable, and the Egyptian buildings, of which there are several of considerable size, among them a temple, learnedly built and coloured as in antique time, and approached by a flight of steps between an avenue of sphinxes and Oriental plants. This temple contains a most interesting collection of Egyptian antiquities, lent by the Pasha, and not very likely to be seen in Europe again. Another Egyptian building is a *caravanseraï*, in the hall of which native workmen may be seen plying their various trades, squatted in little fenced-off compartments, undisturbed by the gazing crowd.

Among outside matters, the ring of restaurants and *cafés* must by no means be forgotten. The greatest possible fun is to be had out of them. They correspond in position with the interior sections assigned to their various countries, and they are national in decoration, costume of waiters and attendants at the counters, and in viands and liquors. You may breakfast, lunch, and dine, and discuss all sorts of intermediate unconsidered trifles, à la Française, à l'Anglaise, à l'Italienne, à la Russe, à la Chinoise—the Chinese restaurant and *café* is apart in the park—and à la Chinoise probably includes bird's-nest soup, and is darkly reported to include also cat and dog. In fact, you may eat and drink in all the world's ways. There is a very popular place served by black waiters, where you may imbibe in perfect genuineness the whole list of ingenious compounds wherewith the United States liquor up.

But incomparably the best restaurant is the English one of Spiers and Pond. It is spacious, most handsomely decorated, the things to eat and drink are transcendental, the waiters alert and civil, and at the counter preside a bevy of English girls, many exceedingly handsome, with hair most elaborately dressed in various fantastic fashions, before whom imbibing admirers crowd all day like flies swarming about a honey-pot. Spiers and Pond come, I understand, from Australia, and supply the refreshment-rooms on many English railways. At a station on the Metropolitan Railway served by them, I noticed the other day just a small section, including a good-looking girl with a wonderful frisure, of the decoration of their Paris restaurant. One part of this decoration is a line behind the counter of variously coloured bottles and glasses, combined with flowering plants and bouquets, a very pretty effect of brilliancy and colour.

At certain places among these refreshment-shops you may taste the

various wines and drinks, specimens of which are collected for exhibition and invitation to purchase.

The restaurants and cafés are all day and every day full, and overflowing upon the covered promenade in an army of consumers sitting at little tables, everybody eating, drinking, and smoking as if it was the main business of life. This is really one of the most remarkable features and scenes of the Exhibition. A halt at Spiers and Pond's is a very pleasant episode of the day. You are hot, hungry, thirsty, and tired, and you get for your relief a capital lunch, including the best of wine, with ice, and a chair in a cool corner. And there is a life all around you and out in the park, intensely amusing and interesting. Complexions of every shade, from white to black, costumes of all nations, queer-looking French provincials, and soldiers of all arms, flit before your eyes, and now and then comes by a train of camels, mounted by dark-faced Arabs, whose faces look the darker by contrast with the white hoods that frame them, covered with the same white from head to foot in flowing garments, and armed with lance and yataghan.

I have come away without knowing whether all this is to be seen by gaslight. If so, it must be a sight worth seeing. The Exhibition building is closed at six, and so probably are the buildings in the park, but I rather think the park itself and the restaurants and cafés remain open up to a reasonable hour of night.

The sequel of the lunch is to find a shady place away from the crowd whereto to smoke, to wander about a little more inside or outside the great oval, and then to seek your carriage and drive home, seeing perhaps something you want to see by the way. And you have probably made a détour of your approach in the morning, and have so painted on your memory other parts of the picture you desire to carry away of this wonderful and beautiful city.

This was our usual day, completed by the pleasantest of dinners—thought to be more pleasant in a room opening by wide doors upon the court-yard than in our private room—and by a smoke *al fresco*.

On the subject of dinners, it may be information to say that the Hôtel de Rivoli charged us each, for good ones, as they were, from ten to twelve francs, and that their wines were unexceptionable, and not too dear. In Paris avoid water; it is strongly impregnated with chalk, and causes to strangers either constipation or the contrary. It makes some people very ill. A wholesome drink is to be met with everywhere, called syphon, which name means that it comes out of a bottle fitted with an apparatus of the syphon sort. The receptacle is of strong glass; water is charged with chemicals causing effervescence, the pressure of the gas forces the liquid up a glass tube, and on the pressure of a trigger out fizzes a very good imitation of soda-water, becoming, with the addition of good cognac, a pleasant and wholesome compound to drink.

The *al fresco* smoke suggests the mention, as a specially noticeable particular of Parisian life, of the way in which sitting out of doors in fine warm weather is there so completely and admirably provided for. Besides the large public gardens, the Champs Elysées, and other spacious places where the passion for resting out of doors may be indulged, no great distance can be passed anywhere in the city without the discovery of some pleasant green and shady corner, often near a fountain, where

seats and chairs are at hand; and if there is nothing else, there is the pavement, and there are the court-yards. The Boulevard cafés have in summer as many customers sitting outside as in—more. Our rooms at the hotel looked into the garden-court of another hotel, the St. James, all shade, flowers, and fountain, where, in the warm weather, people sat all day and late into the night, the prettiest sight possible, with the lighted-up rooms beyond, of which the court became a continuation, entered through windows opening down to the ground.

Of the Exhibition, I believe I have said all that it occurs to me to say, and it will now occupy not much more paper to note a few things seen and done—incidentally to the great chief purpose which moved us from the middle of England to Paris—worth noting, just to show that even within limited time something else besides Exhibition may be accomplished by visitors such as we were.

If one cannot traverse a city all over, and visit all its public buildings, one can at any rate see it, and many of them, from the tops of high places. Pray go, as E. and I did, to the top of the Vendôme column, and to the top of the Arc de l'Etoile, also to the top of the Exhibition building—and use your eyes.

A few judicious drives will do much for a visitor. One, on returning from the Exhibition, showed us, first, the remarkable engineering work of the viaduct on the Auteuil Railway, near Auteuil, the Bois de Boulogne, with its delightful groves, its lakes and cascade, the beautiful Avenue de l'Impératrice, the Arc de l'Etoile, and the great avenue of the Champs Elysées. By another I showed E. the quays, the Hôtel de Ville, and Notre-Dame, taking the route up the right and down the left bank of the river—a route affording certainly the grandest views to be had of Paris. This was done on our way to the Exhibition; and on another day we all approached it by the roundabout line of the Rue de Rivoli, the Hôtel de Ville, Notre-Dame—which we entered—the new Boulevard St. Michel, the churches of St. Etienne du Mont, and the Panthéon—their interiors also seen—and the Luxembourg and its gardens. Enter any noticeable church whenever you have the opportunity. They are open all day.

Three of us one morning accomplished Père la Chaise before breakfast, gaining there another general view.

One drive we took in the evening to see the Boulevards by gaslight. It was on Saturday the 1st of June, the day on which the Emperor of Russia had been conducted by the Emperor of the French, with much state, through these Boulevards, and the best route of Paris, to the Tuileries, and thence through the gardens to his lodgings at the Elysée Bourbon palace. Let me add a few words about emperors, soldiers, and priests, before resuming the drive. From the balcony in front of our hotel, I should say we saw that day ten thousand troops moved, and we saw also two emperors, and the heir-apparent of one, and his brother, all in one carriage. Having mentioned troops, I wish to say that no one can be in Paris without being struck by the remarkably healthy and cleanly appearance, and decent and superior deportment, of every soldier he meets, of all arms. It is most evident the army is a class exceedingly well cared for. To remark on another class of the population, ecclesias-



tics, they had, to my eyes, marked outward indications of improved prosperity of condition.

Our night drive was, before it grew dark, by the whole length of the fine vista of the Rue de Rivoli to the Place de la Bastille, and thence, after dark, by the Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, and the Place Vendôme. When we entered the lighted Boulevards it was an extraordinary sight. The hive of Paris, excited by the events of the day, was swarming; the carriage-road and footways were crowded, and one continuous line of light blazed along the whole long length of the Boulevards, from the restaurants, cafés, and shops, and from their first-floor windows. The scene looked like a bank, on either side, of gigantic flowers of light, heaped from the pavement half way up the houses, and out of these brilliant banks rose the trees, their foliage glistening emerald green in the light, while other colour was lent by flags hung out from the windows and balconies. This, as said, was the route by which the Emperor of Russia had entered Paris a few hours before. The lighted-up part of the Champs Elysées, where the cafés and places of amusement are, was another night scene we visited before returning home—curious to see.

Something saw we of the Tuileries gardens, of the courts of the Tuileries and Louvre, and of the interior of the latter palace. We saw the great picture-gallery—at least, as much of it as is standing—for great part is in course of reconstruction. Pictures we had no time to examine, but I took my party, in the sculpture-rooms, straight up to the *Vénus de Milo*, that incomparable statue, the best thing to be seen, as we could not see everything, and scarcely anything. And, *nota bene*, it is good to be able to say you have seen *the things*. Some horrible prig, when you get back to England, will ask you, “Did you see the *Vénus de Milo*?” and if you are obliged to say “No,” the beast says, “Pooh! my dear fellow, you have seen nothing—absolutely nothing.”

E. and I had prepared to enjoy the Tuileries gardens very particularly on the evening of Sunday, our day of rest and *dies non*. Seated at the edge of the grove which faces the palace, and two unexceptionable cigars lighted, we were contemplating the picturesque façade before us, the flowers and fountains, the gay moving crowd, just that scene which is one of the sights of the world, when down came a thunderstorm to extinguish the position.

A night view of the square of the Palais Royal I count for another Paris sight. If you have to choose between it and half a dozen of the “objects of interest,” choose the Palais Royal and its shops and gaslights.

One day we devoted to Versailles. Between Fontainebleau and Versailles, as both could not be seen, I advised in favour of Versailles, that very palatial place showing, perhaps, more of the past grandeur of royalty in France and of the greatness of the nation’s history than anything the stranger can be taken to see. Very pretty and picturesque is the railway journey there by St. Cloud.

I desire to record, for the benefit of those who may choose to live out of Paris on their Exhibition visit, that at a respectable and comfortable hotel, the Hôtel de la Chasse Impériale, on the Place d’Armes, at Versailles, where in years past I lived, with ladies, for six weeks, a sitting-room and two bedrooms would be charged, for the suite, eight francs,

and the board is reasonable and good. The railway fare on the right bank line—I know nothing of the left bank railway, but it is, no doubt, the same—is, first-class single fare, one franc and a half; one may guess what first-class return would be, and second class return must be under two francs. The gardens and palace are great resources, and the railways enable people to stay as late in Paris as they can wish. I doubt not similar accommodation would be found elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Paris.

On the evening on which we returned from Versailles a dinner was accomplished at the *Trois Frères*, an establishment where cookery is a real and refined science.

The evening before we left for England, E., Daniel, and I dined—again at the *Trois Frères*—with an English society, the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, holding their annual meeting this year in Paris. Monsieur Schneider, President of the *Corps Législatif*, General Moran of the Engineers, and other notabilities, were there. Before all other toasts the health of the Queen of England was drunk. Of course that of the Emperor of the French was. Here we heard of the lamentable attempt made that afternoon, after the review, on the life of the Emperor of Russia, a crime recklessly also involving the very closest danger to the life of the Emperor of the French.

Let a word be put in here as to the cleanliness of Paris, forming a striking contrast, as a result, between governmental and parochial management. Paris is swept clean every morning as your breakfast-table. Water flows in streams along the gutters, in the early hours, just as you see it at Cambridge all day, and men follow it with brooms, sweeping the dirt into the gully-holes. Everywhere in the principal thoroughfares dust is laid by water-spray lightly squirted on the roads, and not, as in London, by deluging water-carts making wet mud of it. One evening I was sitting smoking my pipe on the dwarf wall on which the railings of the Tuileries gardens are fixed, opposite the hotel, when I saw a man approaching, dusting with a housemaid's brush the top of the wall, and brushing between the railings, as your housemaid cleans furniture in your drawing-room. He said he did it every Saturday. In London such niches of dirt are never cleansed, from the moment when the mason gives his last touch to them, throughout the whole period of their stony existence. Excellent also is the lighting of Paris.

The following day, Friday, the 7th of June, took us back to Boulogne and the *Hôtel du Pavillon Impérial*, and the next to London. The journey was: Paris left at 12 mid-day, and Boulogne reached at 5.40 P.M.; Boulogne left the next day at 2.15 P.M., Folkstone at 4.45, and London reached at 7.5. And how dirty, dingy, dusty, dwarfed, and contemptible London appeared in my eyes after this brief vision of Paris the Fair no words can describe.

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## ABOUT INDEFINABLE BOUNDARY-LINES.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

THE insoluble problem of definitely declaring where one thing ends and another begins—of drawing the exact line at which they merge and mingle—of accurately determining where they interpenetrate, and lose their individual entity,—is a very Proteus in the diversity of forms in which it is constantly eluding our grasp, and as constantly turning up again on some new ground, reproducing itself under some new conditions, reasserting its immunity from capture in some new guise.

In theology, in ethics, in natural philosophy, in physiology, in political science,—everywhere the *vexata questio* remains *vexanda*. Very small boys at school, just beginning their Paley, can enter into the difficulty of deciding, what doctors cannot do, the degree of difference in worth of character between the worst (that is to say the least good) man that is saved, and the best (that is the least bad) man that is lost. And as with Paley's puzzle, so with cognate ones of indeterminable limits in every province of speculative inquiry. As with the junction-line between light and darkness, between night and morning—(which, by the way, Lady Macbeth suggestively intimates, in answer to her husband's "What is the night?" meaning the time, the hour :

Almost at odds with morning, which is which\*)—

so with the graduated scale, truly a sliding scale, of universal existence,

The mighty chain of beings lessening down  
From Infinite Perfection to the brink  
Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!†

The "hard and fast line" is not only a vexed question, in politics, of the present day, but, in every range of speculation, a question for all time.

Practically, and for practical purposes, men do draw a line, and must draw a line somewhere. But the lines are arbitrary after all. They may be the best and nearest we can manage to draw; but they are as imaginary as the Equator and Ecliptic on the face of our maps. That practical man the barber, in Mr. Dickens's story, found it indispensable to the dignity of his craft and the self-respect of his customers, to draw the line somewhere between those he would operate upon, and those he really could not; and he drew it at dustmen. In the summer of '59, while Mr. Disraeli, as Minister, was taunting the "Liberals" on their again hoisting the flag of exclusiveness, by selecting the Marquis of Hartington to represent them, in their dead-set against the Ministry,—a liberal but non-Whiggish review adverted to the long-established impression that Mr. Crossley, or some representative of a great Northern constituency, was to second the amendment on the Address: "But we felt certain it

\* Macbeth, Act III. Sc. 4.

† Thomson, *The Seasons*: Summer.

would not be so. The Whigs have not yet descended to manufacturers. Mr. Whitbread was a brewer, and a brewer has therefore a position in their party. But they draw the line at brewers."\* Charles Lamb saw the necessity of drawing a line of limitation on the dispensing of presents: hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, he professed to dispense as freely as he received them: "I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, 'give everything.' I make my stand upon pig."† Lady Teazle is all acquiescence in Sir Peter's reminders of the homely existence from which he lifted her, until he comes to her having then been content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse. She draws a line there, makes a stand there; exclaiming, "No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse."‡ Count Fosco cannot but make a stand at his white mice, when it comes to parting with his zoological collection: "Count, you have not included the mice," said Madame Fosco.—"All human resolution, Eleanor," he replied, with solemnity, "has its limits. My limits are inscribed on that document. I cannot part with my white mice."§ But, except in this practical, arbitrary way, it is often and often impossible to draw a line anywhere.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,  
In Man they join to some mysterious use;  
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,  
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,  
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice  
Where ends the Virtue or begins the Vice.||

*Quam prope ad crimen sine crimine*, how near to guilt without being guilty, has long been a favourite topic for discussion with the casuists. Casuistry delights in refining on the indefinableness of such boundary-lines.

Treating of John Wesley's adoption of a certain doctrine, Mr. Alexander Knox remarks, that so long as he, Wesley, imagined that the two states of Divine wrath and Divine favour were separated as if by a mathematical line, and that the transit from one to the other was to be effected by some sort of mental effort, it followed of course that he should exhort to the making of that effort; nor could he have consistently desisted from this endeavour until he became persuaded that there was really no such marked transition, as he had supposed.¶ With the Rationalists, observes Frederick Perthes' biographer—in reference to the religious conflicts of the period—good and evil differ only in degree; bad is synonymous with inferior good—good with inferior evil.\*\* Mr. Stuart Mill touches, in passing, on topics "among the most delicate in political ethics," concerned as they are with "that nice question, the line which separates the highest right from the commencement of wrong; where one person regards as heroic virtue, what another looks upon as breach of faith, and criminal aggression."††

\* *Saturday Review*, vii. 705.

† Elia's Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

‡ *The School for Scandal*, Act II. Sc. 1.

§ *The Woman in White*.

|| Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. ii.

¶ *Remarks on the Life and Character of John Wesley*, by the late Alexander Knox, Esq.

\*\* *Life of Frederick Perthes*, ch. xxii.

†† J. S. Mill, *Dissertations and Discussions*, ii. 375.

Questions of degree, which are often, as a luminous ethical writer observes, most important, must always be solved, he says, if at all, by the experimental and conventional process. "Why is it right to hang a murderer, and not right to burn him alive? Why may you transport a man for life, and not cut off his arms and legs? Why may you express indignation at an insult, and not spit in the face of the man who insults you?" Simply, on this writer's showing, because the dislike of society at large to violent measures has risen so high on the social thermometer, and no higher: the question being in fact one of compromise between opposite impulses, and not one of principle at all.\*

The boundaries of virtue, writes Dr. Arbuthnot, are indivisible lines; it is impossible to march close up the frontiers of frugality without entering the territories of parsimony.†

Balzac asks in one of his *Études philosophiques*: "Qui pourrait déterminer le point où la volupté devient un mal et où le mal est encore la volupté?"‡

What of men who had great virtues  
And great sins?  
Show me just the point and turning  
Where no longer Virtue wins,  
And Vice begins!§

One might apply the opening lines of Wordsworth's sonnet on his "friend Jones's" Oxfordshire parsonage, and say:

Where holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,  
Is marked by no distinguishable line.||

Organisation, remarks Dr. O. W. Holmes,¶ may reduce the power of the will to nothing, as in some idiots; and from this zero the scale mounts upwards by slight graduations. Coleridge\*\* happily compares certain graduations of this kind to the ascending shades of colour or the shooting hues of a dove's neck, that die away into each other, incapable of definition or outline.

A. K. H. B. commences one of his essays with an assertion of the tremendous difference between being Inside and Outside: the distance in space may be very small, he allows, but the distance in feeling is vast. And this he regards as a case in which there is an interruption of nature's general law of gradation. "Other differences are shaded off into each other. Youth passes imperceptibly into age: the evening light melts gradually into darkness: and you may find some mineral production to mark every step in the progress from lava to granite. . . . But it is a positive and striking fact, that you are outside or inside. There is no gradation nor shading off between the two."†† Charles Bonnet loved to speculate on the probability of the plant passing from the vegetable to the animal state; supporting this poetical idea by what a masterly French critic calls "des savantes observations sur les nuances successives,

\* Essay on the Morality of Destruction.

† The History of John Bull, ch. vii.

‡ Barry Cornwall: Questions to a Spiritual Friend.

§ Wordsworth: Miscellaneous Sonnets, vii.

¶ Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, p. 100.

\*\* The Friend, Essay xi.

†† The Common-place Philosopher, ch. viii.

‡ La Peau de Chagrin.

les dégradations imperceptibles qui rapprochent les divers règnes de la création :”\*

—Herb, plant, and nobler birth  
Of creatures animate with gradual life  
Of growth, sense, reason, all summ’d up in Man.†

To see, as Mr. Emerson puts it, how Fate slides into freedom, and freedom into Fate, observe how far the roots of every creature run, or find, if you can, a point where there is no thread of connexion. “Our life is consentaneous and far-related. This knot of nature is so well tied that nobody was ever cunning enough to find the two ends. Nature is intricate, overlapped, interweaved, and endless. . . . Where shall we find the first atom in this house of man, which is all consent, inoculation, and balance of parts?”‡ Wise artists, to apply a figure of John Dryden’s,

—mix their colours so,  
That by degrees they from each other go;  
Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,§

and so the other colours respectively shade away,

Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade,

as Thomson|| has it; from another of whose poems, an *In Memoriam* one, may be cited another fragment to our purpose :

—But where begin?  
How from the diamond single out each ray,  
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,  
Effuse one dazzling undivided light!¶

Those who have analysed the rays of light tell us that brilliant red shades off by imperceptible gradations into orange, the orange into yellow, the yellow into green, the green into blue, the blue into a pure indigo, and the indigo into a violet: no lines are seen across the spectrum thus produced; and it is extremely difficult for the sharpest eye to point out the boundary of the different colours.

Take, for variety’s sake, an illustration from *La Bruyère*. “Il y a dans la ville la grande et la petite robe; et la première se venge sur l’autre des dédains de la cour, et des petites humiliations qu’elle y essuie. De savoir quelles sont leurs limites, où la grande finit, et où la petite commence, ce n’est pas une chose facile.”\*\* Anything but facile, in effect, is the belief that

—all these notes and shades of difference  
That lie between the two points of excess,  
Have each an individual life distinct.††

It is not easy, incidentally observes that refined critic, Mr. W. Caldwell Roscoe, to draw the line where refinement becomes false by overstrained

\* *Villemain, Cours de Littérature Française, dix-huitième leçon.*

† *Paradise Lost, book ix.*

‡ *Essay on Fate.* § Dryden: *Astræa Redux.*

|| *Hymn Epilogue to the Seasons.*

¶ *To the Memory of Lord Chancellor Talbot.*

\*\* *Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. vii.*

†† *Proctor’s Dramatic Scenes, p. 343.*

conventionalities, or where, on the other side, the neglect of it melts into vulgarity (albeit the distinction is as true as that between the kindred manifestations of physical beauty and ugliness).\* In another essay the same writer has an illustration of what he calls "that fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries."†

Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,  
Assist me, God, their boundaries to know!‡

is Wordsworth's prayer.

Nature, we are often reminded, has no straight lines ready made; and in the same way, it is said by an Essayist on Social Subjects, morality has no straight lines ready made; and there is no wide gulf, like that which separated Lazarus and Dives, to separate what is bad from what is good. "Accordingly, drawing lines is a nice and a continual domestic occupation for anxious domestic moralists."§ And even then the case (casuistically speaking) is often decided by something that happens *ab extrâ* and *coupe court*, cuts short, what casuistry could not unravel or untie.

During one of the debates on Strafford's trial, Lord Falkland said: "How many hairs' breadths make a tall man, and how many a little man, no one can well say; yet we know a tall man, when we see him, from a low man. So 'tis in this; how many illegal acts makes a treason is not certainly well known, but we all know it when we see it."|| Theoretically the problem may be insoluble; practically, one may say of it, *solvitur ambulando*. It may be a Gordian knot—but such a thing is recognised as cutting the Gordian knot. *Spirituellement* M. de Sainte-Beuve says, that "la jeunesse, quand elle se prolonge, est toujours embarrassante à finir; rien n'est pénible à démêler comme les confins des âges (*Lucanus an Appulus, anceps*); il faut souvent que quelque chose vienne du dehors et coupe court."¶ Some

Arbiter 'tween black and white;  
Fusing all the shades of difference  
Into day or into night.\*\*

The thinker, it has been observed, in trying to appreciate the exact nature of the difference, gets hopelessly bewildered among the greys, and loses all clear perception of the two original colours.

If black and white blend, soften, and unite  
A thousand ways, is there no black and white?

Grown into a proverb almost is that couplet of Dryden's:

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.††

And Father Prout observes that to fix the precise limits where sober reason's well-regulated dominions end, and at what bourne the wild

\* Essays by W. C. Roscoe, p. 507.

† Ibid., 402.

‡ Wordsworth's "Maternal Grief."

§ Essay on Conscience.

|| Quoted in Sanford's Studies of the Great Rebellion, p. 342.

¶ Portraits Littéraires: Charles Nodier.

\*\* Proctor: Lines to a Myth.

†† Absalom and Achitophel, part i.

region of the fanciful commences, extending in many a tract of lengthened wilderness, until it joins the remote and volcanic territory of downright insanity,—were a task which the most deeply-read psychologist might attempt in vain. “Hopeless would be the endeavour to settle the exact confines; for nowhere is there so much debatable ground, so much unmarked frontier, so much undetermined boundary.”\* Sir Henry Holland, who refers to the passage of sleep into coma, through gradations which cannot be defined by any limits we are competent to draw,† comments on spectral illusions as forming the link in the chain betwixt sound reason and madness; these singular phenomena, while connected on the one side with dreaming, delirium, and insanity, being related on the other, by a series of gradations, with the most natural and healthy functions of the mind.‡ In another treatise the same thoughtful physician touches on “that line, hardly to be defined by the human understanding, which separates material organisation and actions from the proper attributes of mind,—the structure which ministers to perception from the percipient,—the instruments of voluntary power from the will itself.” Our existence, he adds, may be said to lie on each side this boundary; yet with a chasm between, so profound and obscure, that though perpetually traversing it in all the functions of life, we have no eye to penetrate its depths.§

Remarking, again, on what may be termed the passage between sleep and waking, and on the singular rapidity and facility with which these states often alternate with each other, Dr. Holland denies that either the sleep or the waking is perfect; but the mind is “kept close to an intermediate line, to each side of which it alternately passes.” Not that any such line, however, really exists; and it is merely a rapid shifting to and fro of conditions of imperfect sleep and imperfect waking, giving varied and curious proof of the manner in which these states graduate into each other.||

One other citation from the same eminent authority. He sets out upon his inquiry into the diversities of mental disorder with the precautionary statement, that such are the complexities of the mind in its healthy state, so great its natural changes, so various its relations to the body, and so obscure the causes of disordered action, that “we must be satisfied by classing the facts generally, without drawing those arbitrary lines which nature does not recognise, and which observation perpetually belies.”¶

Who will undertake, John Locke incidentally asks, to find a difference between the white of this paper, and that of the next degree to it? which is the Essayist’s variety of asking who can form distinct ideas of every the least excess in extension.\*\* That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, he takes to be probable on this account, that in all the visible corporeal worlds we see no chasms, or gaps.—So Plutarch, be it remarked by the

\* Reliques of Father Prout: Dean Swift’s Madness.

† Medical Notes and Reflections, ch. xxvii., On Sleep.

‡ Ibid., ch. xv., On Dreaming, Insanity, Intoxication, &c.

§ On the Brain as a Double Organ.

|| On Sleep, p. 435.

¶ Sir H. Holland, M.D., *ubi supra*, p. 216.

\*\* Locke’s Essay concerning Human Understanding, book ii. ch. xvi.



way, thought it to be impossible from the general order and principles of creation, that there should be no mean betwixt the two extremes of a mortal and an immortal being: there could not, he maintained, be in nature so great a vacuum, without some intermediate species of life, in some measure partaking of both. "And as we find the connexion between soul and body to be by means of the animal spirits, so these demons are intelligences between divinity and humanity."\*—But to return to Locke, and his denial of the existence of chasms, or gaps, in all this visible diurnal sphere of ours. All quite down from us, he goes on to say, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. "There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region; and there are some birds, that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes', and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish-days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both; amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together; seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog. . . . There are some brutes, that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men: and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them; and so on, till we come to the lowest and the most inorganic parts of matter, we shall find everywhere that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees."† This is said in the chapter on Names of Substances, near the middle of the treatise; and in the chapter on Degrees of Assent, which is very near the end, there is a parallel passage, on the gradual connexion, one with another, "without any great or discernible gaps between, in all that great variety of things we see in the world, which are so closely linked together, that in the several ranks of beings, it is not easy to discover the bounds betwixt them; we have reason to be persuaded that by such gentle steps things ascend upwards in degrees of perfection." It is a hard matter, he continues, to say where sensible and rational begin, and where insensible and irrational end; and who is there, he asks, quick-sighted enough to determine precisely which is the lowest species of living things, and which the first of those which have no life? "Things, as far as we can observe, lessen and augment as the quantity does in a regular cone, where, though there be a manifest odds betwixt the bigness of diameter at a remote distance, yet the difference between the upper and under, where they touch one another, is hardly discernible."‡ As George Herbert, in a quaint verse of one of his quaint hymns, words the same idea:

Thy creatures leap not . . . .  
 Frogs marry fish and flesh; bats, bird and beast;  
 Sponges, nonsense and sense; mines, the earth and plants.§

The notion of Empedocles (B.C. 450) was that the elements of things,

\* See Langhorne's Life of Plutarch.

† Locke, Essay concerning Human Understanding, book iii. ch. vi.

‡ Book iv. ch. xvi.

§ The Church, § xcii., "Providence."

having a tendency to separate themselves from their primal unity, by this means became perceptible as such, although the separation was not so complete but that each contained portions of the others.

All served, all serving; nothing stands alone;  
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.\*

The transition-point from inorganic to organic is sufficiently a mathematical point to be a vanishing quantity. Dr. Holland wrote, nearly thirty years since, that our knowledge does not justify our drawing any distinct line between what have been severally named physical and vital laws. "Such line may exist; but the attempt to define it at present rather marks our own ignorance, than any natural boundary between the laws which govern organic and inorganic creation." All great discoveries in physical science, he adds,—referring especially to some of then recent date,—have had the effect of altering this presumed boundary, and, for the most part, of extending the domain of physical into that of vital phenomena.† Leslie is applauded by Mr. Buckle, as approximating to the conceptions of the most advanced scientific thinkers of our day, in that he distinctly recognised that, in the material world, there is neither break nor pause; so that what we call the divisions of nature have no existence, except in our minds,‡—and that he was even almost prepared to do away with "that imaginary difference between the organic and inorganic world, which still troubles many of our physicists, and prevents them from comprehending the unity and uninterrupted march of affairs."§ Recurring to this topic, at a subsequent stage of his History, Mr. Buckle asserts the apparent probability, and that in the highest degree, to those who are capable of a certain elevation and compass of thought, that, between the organic and inorganic world, there is no real difference. That they are separated, as is commonly asserted, by a sharp line of demarcation, which indicates where one abruptly ends, and the other abruptly begins, he regards as a supposition altogether untenable. Nature, he affirms, does not pause, and break off in this fitful and irregular manner: in her works there is neither gap nor chasm. "To a really scientific mind, the material world presents one vast and uninterrupted series, gradually rising from the lowest to the highest forms, but never stopping. In one part of that series, we find a particular structure, which, so far as our observations have yet extended, we, in another part, cannot find. We also observe particular functions, which correspond to the structure, and, as we believe, result from it. This is all we know. Yet, from these scanty facts, we, who, at present, are still in the infancy of knowledge, and have but skimmed the surface of things, are expected to infer, that there must be a point, in the chain of existence, where both structure and function suddenly cease, and, after which, we may vainly search for life. It would be difficult to conceive a conclusion more

\* Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. iii.

† *Medical Notes and Reflections*, ch. xix.

‡ "We should recollect that, in all her productions, Nature exhibits a chain of perpetual gradation, and that the systematic divisions and limitations are entirely artificial, and designed merely to assist the memory and facilitate our conceptions."—Leslie on Heat, p. 506.

§ Buckle, *History of Civilisation in Scotland*, p. 511.

repugnant to the whole march and analogy of modern thought. In every department, the speculations of the greatest thinkers are constantly tending to co-ordinate all phenomena, and to regard them as different, indeed, in degree, but by no means as different in kind.\* Laggards in the march of inquiry are apt to assume the sort of distinctive classification on either side the line, that George Colman tells us *he* expected to find on crossing the Tweed. In passing through Northumberland, says he, you obtain more than a *soupson* of the Scottish borders; but a young traveller is always agog for wonders: "the moment, therefore, that we had crossed the Tweed, I gaped at men, women, and children, as if they had been oran-outangs; and my expectations were greatly let down on finding just the same sort of human beings, in appearance, at one end of Coldstream Bridge, as I had seen at the other."† Just so with the raw student who applies himself to the "differential calculus" of zoophytes and sponges,—of substances, to adopt Mr. Lewes's‡ proposed division, anorganic, merorganic, and teleorganic: the first including those usually styled inorganic; the second including those substances in an intermediate state, either wanting some addition to become living, or having lost some elements, and passed from the vital state into that of product; the third including only the truly vital substances. Curious disappointments, discoveries, and surprises of all sorts, await the novice who sets to work to explore

All natures,—to the end that he may find  
The law that governs each; and where begins  
The union, the partition where, that makes  
Kind and degree, among all visible beings. . . .  
Through all the mighty commonwealth of things,  
Up from the creeping plant to sovereign Man.§

According to Hegel's philosophy, when we look abroad upon Nature, we observe an endless variety of transformations, which at first occur without order, though on looking deeper we find that there is a regular series of development from the lowest to the highest. Thomson asks,

—who knows, how raised to higher life,  
From stage to stage, the vital scale extends?||

Hegel's theory is that the aforesaid transformations are the struggle of the *Idee* to manifest itself "objectively;" that Nature is a dumb Intelligence striving to articulate: at first she mumbles; with succeeding efforts she articulates; at last she speaks. An object "is elevated in the scale of creation in so far as it resumes within itself a greater number of qualities: inorganic matter is succeeded by organic, and amongst organised beings there is a graduated scale from the plant up to man."¶ Betwixt instinct and reason, exclaims Pope,

\* Buckle, An Examination of the Scotch Intellect during the Eighteenth Century.

† Memoirs of the Colman Family, ii. 69.

‡ Biogr. History of Philosophy. See the chapter on Cranioscopy.

§ Wordsworth, The Excursion, book iv.

|| The Seasons: Spring.

¶ See Mr. Lewes's exposition of the application of Hegel's method to Nature and History, Religion and Philosophy.

—what a nice barrier!

For ever separate, yet for ever near.  
Remembrance and reflection how allied!  
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!  
And middle natures, how they long to join,  
Yet never pass th' insuperable line.\* . . .  
Above, how high, progressive life may go!  
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!  
Vast chain of being! which from God began,  
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,  
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,  
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,  
From thee to Nothing.†

A French philosopher speaks of "ces immobiles limites, ces circonscripti-  
ons infranchissables, cet indéclinable empire qui subdivise la nature en  
trois règnes distincts, mais non pas séparés."‡ But in another place he  
expressly asserts that "la nature ne fait pas de sauts; Dieu se répand  
par degrés et comme de proche en proche." So, in his exposition of the  
philosophy of Leibnitz—as regards the everywhere existence of the monad:  
in minerals, it is cohesion; in vegetables, it is vegetation, that is to say a  
kind of soul; and so again "elle est l'âme dans les animaux. Elle est  
l'âme dans l'homme.—Il n'y a pas d'*hiatus* dans la nature. Il y a une  
échelle des êtres." For Leibnitz knew of, or at least suspected the exist-  
ence of those *êtres intermédiaires, le polype par exemple*, which compa-  
rative science has recognised since his day, and which give assurance of  
indissoluble unity to the frame of creation.§

Many of our best authorities reckon the Sponges among animals.  
And Mr. Gosse,|| who agrees with them in this, comes to the conclusion  
that the boundary between animals and plants is very difficult to trace,  
that they shade into each other imperceptibly, and that it is more than  
doubtful whether there is really any boundary at all. We must not, as  
one of his reviewers¶ observes, think of progressing up the scale of being  
as if we mounted the steps of a ladder, each step being distinctly and in  
every way in advance of the one before it. "On the contrary, the dif-  
ferent classes overlap each other." It is interesting to mark with Pro-  
fessor Maurice (one may again, after a lapse of years, cite him by that  
official designation) how earnestly Albertus Magnus of old inquired into  
this subject; how necessary he felt it to distinguish between the vege-  
table, the sensuous, and the intellectual life; and how almost equally  
anxious he was not to separate them rudely from each other, as if there  
were no relation between them. "One of the thoughts which seem to  
have taken greatest hold of him, is the thought of an inchoation of the  
higher forms of life in the lower, so that the vegetable shall always be  
the prophecy of the sensible, the sensible of the intellectual."\*\*\* It is  
suggestively remarked, by the way, in one of Mr. W. C. Roscoe's essays,

\* Here would modern philosophers have a bone (of contention) to pick with the poet.

† Pope, *Essay on Man*, Ep. i.

‡ Nourisson, *Progrès de la Pensée humaine*, p. 260.

§ *Id.*, *ibid.*, p. 476.

|| *Life in its Lower, Intermediate, and Higher Forms*.

¶ See *Saturday Review*, iii. 155.

\*\* *Mediæval Philosophy*, ch. v. § xxii.

that if we glance through the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we find that the most perfect forms of each division are not those through which it passes into the class next above it. It is not, he says, the horse or the foxhound which treads on the heels of man, but the baboon; it is not the rose or the oak which stands on the verge of vegetable and animal life, but the fern or the seaweed: something is lost of the typical completeness of each class as it approaches the verge of that above it.\* But this may seem over-subtle to the general. More obvious to the average understanding is Addison's remark how wonderful it is to observe by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; a progress so very gradual indeed, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it. "The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one above another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible."† Consistently with his approved character as a moral writer, Addison is careful to add to these considerations the consequence which he takes to be naturally deducible from them; namely, that if the scale of being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him.

But here we may conclude, without a conclusion, in the comprehensive style of Mr. Henry Taylor's hero :

Then I considered life in all its forms,  
 Of vegetables first, next zoophytes,  
 The tribe that dwells upon the confine strange  
 'Tween plants and fish; some are there from their mouth  
 Spit out their progeny, and some that breed  
 By suckers from their base or tubercles,  
 Sea-hedgehog, madreporc, sea-ruff, or pad,  
 Fungus, or sponge, or that gelatinous fish  
 That taken from its element at once  
 Stinks, melts, and dies a fluid;—so from these,  
 Through many a tribe of less equivocal life,  
 Dividual or insect, up I ranged  
 From sentient to percipient—small advance—  
 Next to intelligent, to rational next,  
 So to half-spiritual human-kind,  
 And what is more, is more than man may know.‡

\* Remains of W. Caldwell Roscoe, vol. ii. p. 403.

† The *Spectator*, No. 519.

‡ Philip von Artevelde, Part II. Act V. Sc. 3.

## JOHANN-SEBASTIAN BACH.

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF FORKEL, BITTER, AND OTHERS.

## I.

THE extinction of the Bach Society, but a short time since, was an event which reflects some discredit, either on the original founders of the institution, or on the public, whose support had been reckoned on, and was found insufficient to warrant a succession of concerts devoted entirely to Bach's music.

The few performances given by Professor Bennett formed, one would have supposed, ample grounds for their repetition. By common consent of those best able to pronounce an opinion, Mr. Sims Reeves never so distinguished himself as in the Passion music. The victory was more decided, and the triumph more genuine, from the fact of Bach's music presenting difficulties which no natural gifts, however great, could possibly, without the hardest labour and skill, have hoped to surmount. Mr. Reeves vanquished them all, and had there been a dozen performances of the music instead of one, might have had the satisfaction, not only of maturing his work, and giving it the finishing touches which each repetition would have enabled him to give, but of securing for his labour and energy a more widely diffused and hearty appreciation. Unless some musician of enterprise once more attempts to galvanise the defunct society into a brief existence, we may talk and read as much as we like about the "Great cantor of Leipzig," but we shall know nothing of his music.

Few of the great musicians who have passed away labour under such disadvantages as Bach, for the sad truth must be told, that coupling the meagre biography by Forkel with the two ponderous volumes before us, the interest awakened by the story of the great man's life, except to the mere musician, is very small indeed. Socially considered, Bach's career, although one of ceaseless activity and of paramount influence in certain circles, was still, from his own nature and habits of life, very limited in operations. He travelled very seldom, and, unlike his great contemporary, Handel, was never in England. "*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna,*" was Bach's motto, and he was content, for many years, to labour with a true German conscientiousness as a teacher, the aim and object of his teaching being to furnish his pupils with examples of music written, as he believed, on the soundest principles. It is difficult, in looking at some of Bach's music, to separate the teacher from the composer, and to say what was intended for the lecture-room, and what for posterity. His science was so deep that none but highly educated artists can appreciate the value of writings which were a kind of musical gospel to Mendelssohn himself, and so solid was his reputation as an organ-player, that, to this day, the faintest tradition of any playing formed on the teaching of Bach, or his numerous pupils, is the surest passport to the heart of any German musician.

However deficient in stirring anecdote and the air of romance, so significant in the histories of Haydn, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, it becomes

a duty to examine everything which can make the dry bones of Sebastian Bach speak, however inarticulately. If the result of a life, enlivened by few changes of scene and occupation, was the production of work stamped and certified by Mendelssohn as work for all time, we must be thankful to any one who, like Herr Bitter, has collected, with infinite pains, all the materials that can throw any light on the history of a great musician.

He was born on the 16th of May, 1685, at Eisenach, near Erfurd, where his father was court-organist. The father's small, but certain, income ensured for the boy, during his ten first years of existence, the comforts, if not the luxuries, of life. At ten years of age he was an orphan, with no higher ambition before him than that of succeeding, like so many members of his family, to some post as organist in some village church in the province of Thuringia. His elder brother, John Christopher, organist of Ohrdruff, became his guardian, and gave him instruction in music. The generosity, however, and the wisdom of the lad's guardian have been challenged. It seems that he possessed a mysterious volume, containing some MS. pianoforte compositions by Froberger, Kerl, Böhm, and other writers famous in those days. Young Sebastian in vain strove to prevail on his brother to lend him the treasure, and determined, by cunning, to possess himself, for a short time at least, of the sacred volume. One night, by the friendly light of the moon, he began to copy the work in his own bedroom, and after six months of continued petty larceny, he finished his labours. The brother was furious after discovering the offender, and pitilessly locked up once more both the original MS. and the copy. Young Sebastian, however, was, soon after this occurrence, left to shift for himself. The brother died in 1698, when Bach was about fourteen years of age. The boy had a good soprano voice, and had made the best of his scanty musical opportunities. With a companion of the name of Erdmann he went out into the wide world looking for employment, and found it at Lüneburg, where he was offered a chorister's situation in the St. Michael Gymnasium. Mitzler says that the injudicious use of his voice in various clefs hastened prematurely the end of his fine soprano, and that, for three years, he worked assiduously on the organ, piano, and violin, leaving his vocal studies to take care of themselves. His earnestness must have brought him friends, otherwise it is hard to account for the lad getting any means of livelihood. Poverty, however, never damped his zeal, and such spare time as he could give from his studies was occupied in walking expeditions to Hamburg, then famous for all kinds of music, and within easy reach of the young musician. The chief attraction to Bach was the organ-playing of John Adam Reinken. To creep into the church of St. Catharine, and listen to the old gentleman's fugue-playing, Bach would endure any amount of fatigue and privation.

A story is told by Kuhnau with an air of authenticity, which, if not impressive, is certainly amusing, as illustrating the straits Bach was put to as a penalty for his musical enthusiasm at this period. Returning as usual on foot to Lüneburg, very hungry and footsore, he picked up a couple of herrings' heads which had been flung into the road from a window. The famished lad began to eat voraciously, and struck his teeth on two pieces of money concealed in the Heaven-sent bloaters.

Apocryphal as this may be, it is certain that Sebastian was a poor starveling, and that tribute-money in a fish's mouth was an extreme rarity with him.

He left Lüneburg in 1703, and was employed in the court orchestra at Weimar as a violin-player, with a poor salary. The next we hear of him is as a successful candidate for an organistship at Armstadt. This was in 1703. The duties attached to his office were not onerous, and the work of self-education in the art of composition seems to have engrossed nearly all his time. Teachers he had none, except those of his own seeking in the works of Bruhns, Reinken, Frescobaldi, and others. His organ-playing soon became famous, but Handel, his senior by only three months, had achieved a great reputation by the publication and performance of the opera of "Alcina," before Bach had ever been heard of as a composer. In those days he worked for bread rather than fame, at the same time being careful to lay the foundation of his science broad and deep. Accordingly, we are told by Forkel that he arranged sixteen violin concerts of Vivaldi for the piano, as composition studies, and as a means of acquiring the art of modulation. There are but few works of Bach which can be positively set down to this period, but it is interesting to be assured that his first practical effort as a writer at Armstadt was a chorale, and in the "Capriccio auf die Erstfernung eines Freundes," written at the same time, are to be found signs of unmistakable creative powers. In 1704 appeared the first edition of the Freilighausen hymn-book, for which Bach had re-arranged, and, in some cases, re-written, no less than three hundred chorales.

As a player on the church organ, Beiske tells us that his scientific playing sorely perplexed the congregation and school-children, who had known nothing but the simplest accompaniments. The authorities were soon at issue with Bach, who was glad enough to get a month's furlough and speculate on the results of his quarrels with churchwardens. In the winter of 1705 he started on a walk of some sixty miles for Lübeck, on purpose to hear Dietrich Buxtehude, whose performances had tempted Handel himself, two years earlier, to make a similar pilgrimage. That great musician had been treated as a distinguished visitor; poor Bach, utterly unnoticed in the congregation of St. Mary's, waited at Lübeck until his pocket-money was exhausted, and returned to Armstadt, to find himself in hot water for having stayed away a month beyond his furlough, and with the old grievance of playing "strange variations" in divine service to answer for. The act of accusation contains, amongst other charges, the ludicrous one of Bach escaping to a pothouse "during the sermon last Sunday." He was glad enough to find himself in a better situation at Muhlhausen, and enabled to marry his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach, who bore him eight children, five of whom kept up the reputation of their family for sound musicianship.

In 1708, Bach went to Weimar on a visit, and his organ-playing so impressed the Grand-Duke, that he offered him the post of chamber and court organist. The offer was accepted, and Bach left Muhlhausen, where his first work of importance, a cantata dedicated to a local committee, was printed and published in 1708. At the head of the libretto are to be seen to this day the words "Jesu juva," and, at the end, a curious medley of languages in the following words in Bach's hand-



writing: "De l' anno 1708 da Giov. Bast. Bach. org. Mulhusino." It was at Muhlhausen that two pupils of Bach first served their apprenticeship. These were Schubart and Vogler. They both became famous, the first for such an admiration for his master that he followed him to Weimar, and became part of his household; and the second for organ-playing, which some connoisseurs of that time preferred to that of Bach himself. At Weimar (in the year 1710), Bach's genius developed itself in a congenial atmosphere. Like the two kings of German poetry who threw such lustre over the little court of Weimar, Bach paid his illustrious patrons by perfecting himself in an art which was destined to confer distinction on all who helped him to obtain that end. In August, 1712, Zachau, Handel's master, and organist of the Lieb Frauen church at Halle, died, and Bach not only thought seriously of succeeding to the vacancy, but, according to Chrysander, wrote an elaborate cantata, and played before the electors. His chances seem to have been good, but he struck for higher wages, and, after an interchange of letters haggling about the salary, Bach resigned in favour of Gottfried Kirchof, a former pupil of Zachau. He acted, probably, with good sense and judgment in the matter. To have resigned his place at Weimar, except under a promise of a larger salary, would have been simply an act of injustice to himself and his family. The electors, determined to wipe out any bitterness of feeling arising from an angry correspondence, invited Bach with two others, Kuhnau and Rolle, to examine and report upon their new organ. The report still exists, and it would seem we have a hint at the late differences and the amicable arrangement in the concluding paragraph. After suggesting new stops, bellows, &c., we read:

"Such are the matters which we, the undersigned, acting under a sense of conscientious duty and truthfulness, think right to recommend. In conclusion, we trust the work will redound to the glory of the Most High and the good name of our honourable patrons. May the worthy inhabitants listen to their organ in peace and quiet, to their edification, and may they find a help to devotion. May it last many, many years.

" JOHN KUHNAN,

" T. ROLLE,

" JOH.-SEB. BACH."

Bach's official appointment in Weimar led to an artistic triumph which greatly enlarged his reputation. In the year 1717, Jean Louis Marchand, the most celebrated Frenchman of his day for pianoforte and organ playing, came to Dresden on a visit to the court of Frederick Augustus I. He was thought to be unrivalled as an executant, and, by virtue of his supremacy on the organ, held no less than seven appointments in Paris. His conceit and overbearing conduct, however, drew down on him the displeasure of the king. Marchand was obliged to make tours on his own account, and his fine playing before the King of Saxony secured him once more a royal patron and a good appointment. The Frenchman was once again, as he thought, complete master of the occasion, but, unhappily for him, Bach had a friend at court, one John Baptiste Volumier, who longed to bring about a meeting between the two musicians, and, confident of Bach's superiority, feared very little for the result of a musical contest. An invitation was sent, and Bach accepted

it eagerly. Volumier took good care to acquaint the king of the arrival in Dresden of the famous organ-player from Weimar, and the king invited him to the very next state concert. Upon this occasion Marchand played some variations on a French air, and with his usual success; Bach followed first with an extempore prelude, and then, taking the same subject as Marchand, gave no less than twelve variations, off hand, in a style that made the conceited Frenchman despair. Next day Bach challenged him to a musical tournament of extempore playing. The king himself fixed the time and rendezvous, and a brilliant party assembled at the house of Field-Marshal Flemming to witness the contest. Bach was punctual to a moment, but Marchand, after the company had waited a long time, was found to have left Dresden on the morning of the day he so much dreaded. The conqueror enjoyed a triumph, but not of a substantial kind, for poor Bach was defrauded by the knavery of some court official of a hundred louis d'or which the king sent him. "It was an honour," says Burney, "for Pompey to be vanquished by Cæsar, and for Marchand to have yielded to none other than Bach."

The two hundredth anniversary of the Reformation was celebrated at Weimar with great rejoicings, and gave rise to Bach's cantata, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott." In the same year (1717) he was elected capellmeister to Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. The old organ in the castle is still remaining, although no longer used, as in Bach's time, for church purposes. Bach remained in Cöthen for six years, a great favourite with his patron, who became sponsor to one of his children, and listened to musical odes and serenades which Bach composed for royal birthdays. It is hard to account for the fact of Handel never meeting at this period with his famous contemporary. Halle is only a few miles from Cöthen, and it is certain that Handel visited his native town with a view to engaging artists for the Italian Opera in London. The meeting of these two men, each a Coryphæus in different branches of art, would have had the same interest for musicians that Rubens's visit to Velasquez had for painters. At Cöthen, Bach lost his first wife, and married a second, one Anna Magdalena Wülkens, the youngest daughter of one of the court musicians. She had been a pupil of Bach's, and became very useful to him in later years as a copyist. In the Royal Library at Berlin may be seen several specimens of her industry as a copyist, as well as pianoforte compositions written for her instruction by her tutor and husband. Her album contains great curiosities; amongst others, an air headed with the title "Edifying Thoughts of a Tobacco-smoker;" then a love-song by "Giovannini," which Zelter supposes to have been an Italianised nickname of her musical lover. Whether the great contrapuntist wooed his pupil by writing comic songs on the virtue of tobacco, seems to be a moot point; but all are agreed that the musical studies of Magdalena were assiduously cultivated, both before and after her marriage, by Bach himself. Shortly after the event Bach went to Hamburg, ostensibly to hear once more old Reinken play the organ, but more probably to look after the organship of the church of St. James, which was vacant at that time. Reinken, although nearly a hundred years old, sat out a two-hour performance of Bach on the organ of St. Catharine's Church, and afterwards addressed him in words which, coming from such an authority, must have been treasured up in the memory of the younger musician. "I

thought," said he, "the art had died out; it lives still, I see, so I shall die in peace." From some unexplained reasons Bach threw up his chances of the post at Hamburg, and the death of Kuhnau, the cantor of the Thomas Schule at Leipzig, turned his ambition to another quarter. His labours at Cöthen, although considerable, had been liable to frequent interruptions. The first part of a book of preludes and fugues, written "for the use of young people anxious to learn music," is said by Siebigke to have been written on the journey Bach was ordered to make with his patron and friend, Prince Leopold. His very amusements, however, were connected with his favourite study, for a musical clock constructed by Bach still exists, and it was made to play old German chorales.

## II.

BACH was elected cantor at Leipzig in the year 1723. He was then at the prime of life, in his thirty-eighth year, and lived to fulfil the duties of his new office for twenty-seven years. Whatever it may have cost him to retire from the service of a patron who thoroughly appreciated the value of his services, Bach's determination to go to Leipzig was a happy choice for himself and posterity. Leipzig, called by Goethe "ein klein Paris das seine Leute bildete," was famous for its university and the learned men assembled there. Commercial energy threw hand in hand with science and metaphysical studies. The advent of such a man as Bach conferred new dignity on a learned body already so distinguished. The duties imposed on the new cantor were onerous and important. He had to superintend the music of four churches, and the instruction of the members of the Thomas Schule. From Luther's days the scholars were looked upon as indispensable accompaniments in the churches, at funerals, and as street-singers. "Scholam musicam" (we quote from Gesner's History of the University Statutes) "voluere Thomam esse majores nostri, et quicquid in templis urbicis musicum est, per hujus alumnos transigi." In Bach's time the number of students was fifty-five; the payment for their education was almost entirely nominal, and the first professors in Germany had invariably been selected as the responsible teachers. The educational body consisted of seven; in rank, Bach, as cantor, stood third in the list, the rector and his deputy were first. His salary, at a rough computation, was about eight hundred and twenty thalers per annum, but varied very much according to the number of weddings, funerals, or special occasions for which his services were required. Some of the fees were rateably distributed amongst the cantor and his scholars, the large proportion of course falling to the cantor himself. The daily services at two of the churches, and the constant requirements of new music at two other churches under Bach's superintendence, were incessant taxes on the inventive genius and official activity of the new cantor. Although the great mass of Bach's most famous works written at Leipzig have not escaped a charge of formalism, the inevitable incident of an atmosphere charged with routine and conventionalism, it should be remembered that it was only at brief intervals that Bach was able to turn his attention to Caldara, Hassa, Graun, and Handel. A large number of the works of these celebrated men Bach copied with his own hand, with a view of introducing them in the

church services, and of counteracting a spirit of exclusiveness and one-sidedness, the sure sequel of a too frequent repetition of his own works. A great help to the reformation of the church music at Leipzig was found in Bach's friend and coadjutor, Dr. Deyling. This gentleman, a learned divine and forcible preacher, agreed with Bach that the music should bear some relation to that part of the service which circumstances had brought forward in special relief or prominence. For instance, if the preacher explained the Gospel of the day, Bach's music was written as a further illustration and development of his friend's meaning. A number of these short cantatas came into the hands of his two sons Friedemann and Carl Philip Emanuel, but few of them have been preserved. The title of two of them would seem to show that the exposition of particular texts was illustrated by the musician as well as the preacher. First, "Jesus took unto himself the twelve." Second, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." The congregations in the four churches at Leipzig may have appreciated the conscientiousness of their cantor, but the circle of Bach's admirers and worshippers was comparatively very small. The critics of the day paid him no attention whatever. He seems to have framed his sacred cantatas upon a written code of principles which squared with the severe orthodoxy of the Leipzig theologians. They can be seen amongst the archives of the Musical Society at Leipzig to this day, and are very curious specimens of the precision and cut-and-dried formulas which governed an original thinker.

What would M. Gounod think of the following principles; or, to come nearer home, Dr. Wesley, or any of our well-known organists? "Church music, which amongst Protestants should have the functions of a sermon, must not be too long. The object being the furtherance of devotion, and the chief aim to strengthen and instruct the congregation in the fear of God, if the music be at variance with this, divine service would become wearisome and useless. In winter, church music should be rather shorter than in summer, for the performer's sake as well as the congregation's, (!) seeing that bearing up against excessive cold must hinder rather than help devotional feelings. From experience, one should allow about twenty-five minutes for a piece of music consisting of 350 bars and in different 'tempi.' In winter, this would be quite long enough; in summer, an additional ten minutes might be allowed—the cantata might consist of 400 bars. Of course the words must be arranged methodically, so that the composer has neither too much nor too little. The following are the requisite movements for a sacred cantata: (a) The chorale should consist of from one to two strophes. A text from the Bible might be used, if not too long. (b) A recitative should contain from twelve to twenty lines. (c) An air, or fugued chorale. (d) A recitative. (e) An air. (f) A chorus, or fugue." There were elaborate regulations also respecting the air, or arioso: "(a) The air should consist of two parts, and at the end of the first part the subject should be finished. (b) The effect must in each part be one and the same. (c) The repetition of the opening part of the air is very appropriate. (d) Questions at the end of an air are inappropriate. Trochaics should be avoided in recitatives; iambs are better suited."

Bach's orchestral accompaniments to the vocal parts have nothing in common with modern usage. What other composer would have ventured

on an accompaniment to a soprano air with only three hautboys, a bassoon, and ground-bass, as we find in the air "Ich halt es mit dem lieben Gott"? His combinations taxed the abilities of all classes of orchestral players. For instance, in the cantata "There is no whole part in my body," we find in the introductory chorus an obligato for four trumpets, whilst the subject and melody is given to three flutes, and kept quite distinct from the other vocal and band accompaniments. His instrumental introductions, which have no distinct reference to the opening chorus, will always be examined with interest.

The symphonic element, in Bach's time, was unformed, and these are the first beginnings of the orchestra which was, in after time, to become such a mighty power in the hands of Beethoven. The peculiarity of his recitatives, with snatches of airs and melodies introduced, as it were, parenthetically, makes us, at times, forget that the form of the recitative has never been lost sight of. Of the melodies themselves, Forkel remarks: "It is not their peculiarity, but a consequence of their peculiarity, that to the musician they are never old or worn. Like Nature, which gave them birth, Bach's melodies are ever young and beautiful." Now, with all reverence for the great master, and respect for the authority of his biographer, we cannot believe this would be the verdict of mankind generally.

The exceptional character of Bach's worshippers is more reasonably accounted for by Rochlitz: "Bach must have the whole man with him, or none at all. He seldom flatters. He appeals sparingly to sensuality, deals more liberally with fancy, but still keeps her within limits; often he masters the feelings and keeps them fast, leading them spell-bound where he will. But, in most cases, he appeals to, and works on, the understanding. The man incapable of steady reflection cannot grasp the essence (*wesentliches*) and seize on the meaning of Bach's works." As instances of a devotional treatment of works stamped with the intention of making music minister directly to congregational purposes, let the student examine the introductory chorus in the cantata, "Abide with us, for the evening is far spent," or the mournful chorus, "Weinen, klagen, sorgen, zagen," and in happy contrast, but in meaning and individuality no less profound, the chorus, in five parts, from the cantata, "Let the heavens rejoice, and the earth be glad," which hails, with such jubilant strains, the Saviour's resurrection. The words of the various cantatas were probably revised and corrected by Bach himself. Although taken professedly from the Scriptures, whole passages are paraphrased, and arranged rhythmically, in metres adapted for the music. We give a literal prose translation of the cantata, "Awake, a voice is calling," written for the twenty-seventh Sunday after Trinity, and as an illustration of the Gospel of the day, on the story of "The Wise and Foolish Virgins:"

"*Chorus.* Awake, the voice of the watchman high on the walls is calling. Awake, thou city of Jerusalem. This is the hour of midnight; they call on us with clear voices, Where are ye, wise virgins? Arise, the bridegroom comes! Arise, and take your lamps. Hallelujah! Make yourselves ready for the wedding; ye must go out to meet him.

"*Recitative.* He comes, he comes, the bridegroom comes; ye daugh-

ters of Zion, come forth! His going forth is with haste from the heavens to the house of your mother. The bridegroom cometh; he boundeth like a young stag, and as a young roe upon the hills, and bringeth to you the wedding-feast. Arise, then, quick, and meet the bridegroom. Lo, behold he approacheth!

"*Duett.* (The Faithful Soul.) Whenever thou, my Saviour, comest, I stand waiting with burning oil. Open thou the door of the heavenly banquet-chamber. Come, Jesus.

"(Jesus.) I come—thy portion; I open the door of the heavenly banquet-chamber. I come, O faithful soul.

"*Chorale.* Zion hears the watchman singing; it makes her heart leap for joy. She awakes and arises heartily; her friend comes in majesty from heaven, strong in graces and mighty in truth; her light blazes forth, her star arises. Now come, thou worthy crown, Lord Jesus, Son of God; we follow Thee to the joyful chamber; we share with Thee the holy supper.

"*Recitative.* Come in unto me, thou chosen bride.

"(Jesus.) I have chosen thee my bride for ever. On my heart and my breast will I set thee as a seal. I will be a joy to thy saddened countenance. Forget, therefore, O spirit, the pain and woe thou must needs endure. At my left hand shalt thou rest in peace, and my right hand shall embrace thee.

"*Duett.* (Faithful Spirit.) My friend is mine own. Love shall not separate us; I will feed with thee on the flowers of heaven, where shall be fulness of joy and beauty for ever.

"(Jesus.) And I am thine. Love shall not separate us. I will feed with thee on the flowers of heaven; there shall be fulness of joy and beauty for ever.

"*Chorale.* Glory be to Thee, in songs of praise from men and angels' tongues, with harps and cymbals. Of twelve pearls are the gates of Thy city. We join with angels on high around Thy throne. No eye hath seen, no ear hath ever heard, such blessedness. Sing we, therefore, Hosannah! for ever, in joyful hymns."

From the above specimen, it will be found that the Book of Psalms, the Revelation, and the Church hymnals are woven into a general illustration of the Gospel, and St. Paul's words to the Thessalonians, "Let us not therefore sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober." In direct contrast to this work we have the cantata for the twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, "Aus tiefer Noth schrei ich zu Dir," suggested by the Gospel for the day, in which our Lord is entreated by the centurion, who had followed him to Galilee, to heal his son. The headings and titles of no less than two hundred and twenty-six sacred cantatas have come down to us as genuine works of Bach, and this list may be supplemented with two airs, "Stirb in mir Welt," and "Mir ekelt mehr zu leben," set, in both instances, for organ and instrumental accompaniment. These pieces were bequeathed by the Princess Amelia of Prussia to the library of the Joachimsthaler Gymnasium at Berlin; and it is probable that, although set for a single voice, they have been used in the church services as the cantata, although constructed on different principles.

## THE SHADOWS OF A SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLEMENT'S TROUBLE."

## PART II.

WITH heavy footsteps and a much heavier heart Father Clement went on to Charles Cavanagh's rooms. There was so much sin in the life of the young Oxonian, so much trouble in store for all those on whom the shadow of his sin must fall, and so much difficulty in the tasks which it now fell to Clement's lot to fulfil, that a heavy heart and a serious countenance were all he could take into Charley's presence. Charley was smoking and lounging in an easy-chair; some books lay on the table before him, as if he had been reading them; one was Euripides, another a lexicon, a third an English literal translation; the other books were in yellow paper covers, evidently French novels of a class which Clement most warmly disapproved of. But Charley was not now occupied with either Euripides or Paul de Kock; he was lazily watching the antics of a little bull-terrier which was running about the room, tearing every coat-tail and sleeve, table-cover corner and tassel, which it found in its way. While the little animal was amusing itself in a too lively fashion its master lay back in his chair, looking very pale, with dark rims round his eyes, and his manner was both languid and sulky.

"What a mischievous little brute," said Clement, referring to the dog.

"He is a beauty!" said Charley. "He is worth a great deal more than his weight in gold!"

"For all that," replied Clement, "he is both ugly and mischievous. Charley," he added, "you do not look well."

"No, I am very seedy."

"I suppose you were up late last night?"

"Just the same as usual."

"Charley," exclaimed Clement, "you keep very bad hours—you lead a very bad life."

"Indeed, Father Clement! And so that is your opinion, is it?"

"Charley, my dear boy, speak to me seriously. Are all these things that I hear of you entirely true?"

"I do not know what you have heard," said Charley.

"I have heard—Oh, Charley, how can I tell you what I have heard?"

"Don't be such a confounded fool!" exclaimed Charley, angrily. "If you have anything to say, say it out at once."

"I have heard," Clement said, sadly, "that you spend a good deal of your time at the Blue Bear."

"Oh, you have heard that, have you? Well, it is quite true."

"Quite true, Charley? And then you are on very intimate terms with that girl, Polly Smithers?"

"Rather," said Charley.

"And what do you mean to do?"

"I don't know. I shall see how things turn out."

"But, Charley," Clement expostulated, "you do not seem to see the heinousness of your sins. How am I to write all this to your Father?"

"I don't want you to write it at all."

"I promised to write to him every day. I am afraid your conduct will break his heart."

"Of course," said Charley, candidly, "I don't mean to say that I am not aware that I am a regular blackguard; I know all that just as well as you do, but the thing is, that I can't get out of it."

"You might give up your visits to that woman."

"Suppose I did, I must make her an allowance."

"I don't see why you need do so."

"The law would soon force me to it," laughed Charley; "and before many days are over I shall hear the fatal sentence of expulsion. I'm in for it now."

"Oh, Charley!" said Clement, with a groan, "this is most frightful. Are you not ashamed, afraid——"

"Yes, of course I am. I'm a scoundrel and a ruined man for the rest of my days. But it is too late now. Things must take their course."

As Charley spoke, a terrible fit of coughing came on, and Clement watched him with mingled horror and pity in his heart.

"Is there nothing to be done?" cried Clement, pacing up and down the room. "Can I devise no means of helping you?" He went wildly about the room, while Charley sat quiet and unconcerned, rather exhausted after the violent cough. "Health and honour gone!—misery and beggary before you!"

"No beggary," said Charley. "The estates are entailed."

Clement continued:

"Disease of body, destruction of soul——"

And then the door was flung open, and two very fast, slang-looking young men bounced in. Charley welcomed them with some animation, and as they immediately began to talk about horses, Clement quietly went away. He walked along the streets out into the country, endeavouring to work out the problem of Charley's future life, and his first thought was whether Charley could in any measure atone for his sins. And very soon out of the mist of trouble a distinct duty became visible to Clement; there was no doubt about it. It was an absolute necessity that Charley should marry Polly Smithers; it was the one reparation that he could make her. However dreadful such a marriage might be, it was Charley's plain duty to make it. It was his duty to the woman herself, and it was his duty to his unborn child, that no greater weight of shame might fall on that infant head than what was absolutely certain to be derived from such parents. Then Clement looked at all the horrors of this marriage: the terrible fact of the eldest son of the Cavanaghs being married to a barmaid; the impossibility of such a husband and wife ever living together; the expulsion of Charley from Oxford; the difficulty of providing for him, his wife, and child; the future unhappiness when the child of this profligate woman should be master of High Oakfield, if the child proved to be a boy; the crushing disgrace to all the Cavanaghs; the domestic quarrels and troubles certain to arise amongst them. And against all this long account of sorrows which would follow the marriage Clement had only one item to oppose—that it was Charley's duty.



It took some time to look on this question all round, and it was with many prayers, and I believe some tears, that Clement thought the matter straight out; and still he found only one remainder—"it is Charley's duty." This was now Friday afternoon: Clement went into his lodging, and wrote a long letter to Mr. Cavanagh, with all his fears, his grief, his arguments, and his one inevitable conclusion. He entreated Mr. Cavanagh not on any account to come to Oxford, as there would certainly be some scene and some explosion between father and son, which would only make the coming breach between them wider and deeper. Clement begged Mr. Cavanagh to offer special prayer in the Chapel, and to request Father Dolan to ask his people's prayers for a "family in affliction." This letter of Clement's was not concluded until after post-hour, so that Mr. Cavanagh could not receive it until Monday morning, and, if he answered it at once, Clement would have his answer on Tuesday afternoon. Meantime, his plain duty was to insist on Charley making by marriage the only atonement that lay in his power. Perhaps Clement may be blamed for adopting this horrible alternative, but he followed the dictates of his conscience; he could not, while at Oxford, consult Canon Foley, to whom he always went in his troubles, and so he had to rely entirely on his own judgment, and his judgment was, "It is Charley's duty." He tried to see Charley in the evening, but "Mr. Cavanagh was always out of an evening." On Saturday morning Clement found him at home.

That Saturday was a cool, fine day at High Oakfield, and it was the day of the pic-nic in Bellingdon Woods. Dog-carts and pony-carriages conveyed the merry party to the Woods. Mrs. Cavanagh went in her phaeton, and the two Misses Trevor, Aunts of Mrs. Sutton, went in their pony-chaise. The woods were full of beauty, leaves overhead and moss underfoot, and timid flowers that hardly ventured to peep up through the moss and grass. If there was trouble and sin at Oxford, there was none that day at Bellingdon. The children shouted and played, the elderly ladies gossiped and talked, the servants took toll of the hampers, the horses and ponies grazed at their will, and Mortimer Scott, with Ellen, wandered about the woods, every moment wading deeper into that river of Love which carries some along so gently, and swamps and drowns so many more.

Once in the course of the afternoon, while the children were making a great noise, and the servants were sowing plates and dishes broadcast about the moss, Lord Clairville walked past among the trees with one of his sons. He stopped a moment to look at Lizzie Cavanagh, a very beautiful girl, and then the Earl, with a laugh as boyish as that of any of the children, kicked the great gorgeous football far away among the trunks of the trees.

"The Earl is a very nice, kind man," said Miss Trevor.

"Rather queer sometimes," added her sister.

And then Miss Trevor wondered where Mr. Scott and Miss Cavanagh were, and Miss Arabella Trevor thought it hardly correct of them to stray away from the rest of the party.

"They are always talking German, those two," said Esmé Sutton to her husband, who smiled in reply.

Just then Ellen and her companion came in sight, and very shortly afterwards dinner was announced. When it began to grow dark, and the

stars could hardly be seen through the leaves, Mortimer and Ellen again wandered about the woods, and insensibly the conversation fell on marriage and homes. Scott was saying that there might be cases in which a man with every wish to marry might find it his absolute duty not to do so: such cases might be rare, but such cases there are.

"I hardly see it," said Ellen.

"Take the case," said Scott, "of a man who has to support a widowed mother or an invalid sister."

"Ah, but," said Ellen, quickly, "there might be enough for them all to live on, mother, and sister, and wife, and self."

"True, there might be. I will give a better instance. Take the case of a man who knows that there is a fatal hereditary disease in his family, such as consumption. Could such a man venture to marry?"

"I hardly know," replied Ellen.

"Again," Scott went on, "suppose the worse, the horrible case of a man who knows that there is madness in his family; that probably he and his children, if he should have any, will all be raving lunatics."

Ellen shuddered.

"Those are some cases, and there are many others which equally prevent a man from marrying. Many, many strange complications may interfere with our strongest wishes."

"But still I think that these difficulties may often be overcome," Ellen began to say; but before she could propound her theory, Miss Trevor sprang out of the darkness with an angry request that Miss Cavanagh would not keep every one waiting in the dark, as it was quite time to be on their way home. When the party were settled in their carriages, Ellen found herself in company with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton and Mr. Halling, while Mortimer Scott was shut into a brougham with Mrs. Cavanagh and Miss Arabella Trevor. Ellen did not talk on the way home; her thoughts were so pleasant that words would have broken rudely in upon them. True, she did not understand what Mortimer had said about men being prevented from marrying when they wished it, and she could not decide whether he intended his words to apply to himself. She therefore rested quietly in the present, waiting until he should speak more plainly.

Ellen was still staying at the Rectory, and when she had said good night and gone up to her room, Mr. Sutton observed to his wife that Mr. Scott's devotion to Ellen was becoming so marked as to excite the attention of every one in M——.

"Yes," said Esmé, "it is so. I expect he will very shortly settle it with her."

"He certainly ought, after the affair being made public."

"I am sure Ellen enjoyed her day in the Woods."

"No doubt," replied Mr. Sutton; "it was a great success, and went off very well, and it is getting late, and I am very tired and sleepy."

It appeared that Mortimer Scott delayed his proposal to Ellen; the Sunday went over quietly, and all day Monday he never came to the Rectory. When Mr. Sutton met Mr. Halling in the village, the latter said that his assistant was extremely busy.

"He is most attentive and hard-working, both among the rich and the poor."

"We like him greatly," said the Curate.

"Every one likes him; he is a thorough gentleman."

Mr. Sutton went down the village among his poor people with the certainty that Scott would keep up his character, and act like a gentleman in the affair which concerned the young guest at the Rectory. For it seemed likely that Ellen would remain some time longer at the Rectory; a few lines came from Mr. Cavanagh, saying that if it would not inconvenience Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, he would be glad that Ellen should delay her return home a few days longer. Poor Mr. Cavanagh, with his heavy heart, was glad to think that Ellen was out of the dreary house, which he feared would soon be infinitely drearier.

Clement's letter, containing the conclusion he had arrived at as to Charley's course of duty, was put into Mr. Cavanagh's hand on Monday afternoon, and as he read it alone in his study, it is not necessary that we should try to witness his agony of grief and rage. In that dreadful hour, which rolled like a thunderstorm over Mr. Cavanagh's head, no one in this world knows what tumult distracted his brain and heart, and crushed him down to the dust, and left him bruised and wounded, so that he would never again be whole and sound as long as he remained on this saddened earth. No human eye saw his misery until he went to seek his wife and tell her what he had just heard, and what could no longer be concealed from her.

In these first moments, his one ruling sentiment was that of anger, rage, fury, against all those who were conspiring to destroy the happiness of his remaining years.

"It is not only Charley," he cried, "but Clement! How dare Clement write to me that Charley must marry that girl! What does he mean by it? My son marry a barmaid; a barmaid's brat inherit my property! What right has Clement to give such abominable advice? If all the barmaids in Oxford went to the dogs, what would it be in comparison with disgrace falling on the Cavanaghs?"

Mrs. Cavanagh, from her tears and handkerchief, feebly took the part of Clement, and urged the claims of the woman who ought to be Charley's wife, and the poor babe whose misery would not be of its own earning. But Mr. Cavanagh would see nothing but the one fact that Charley was going to bring horrible disgrace on his family, and that Father Clement was urging him to do it. He could not see that the duty was as painful to Clement as any duty could possibly be; he only saw the horrible fiery trial for himself, and Clement as one who was heating the furnace seven times more than usual. He wrote a furious letter to Clement, pouring out abuse on his son, and on the young Priest who was already bowed down under the burden he was carrying.

"I will go to Oxford!" shouted Mr. Cavanagh. "Clement shall not prevent my going; he wants to have everything his own way, but I will have my way in this matter. I shall go to Oxford to-morrow morning."

"Charles!" said Mrs. Cavanagh, faintly, "for pity's sake do not leave me so suddenly; my heart is breaking about my poor boy, and if you go and leave me I shall die!"

She looked so ill and fragile, that her husband promised he would at all events wait over the next day.

"You can do no good there," said his wife.

"That is just what that fellow Clement says; but I should at least be able to abuse him to his face."

"Poor dear Clement!"

"Dorothea," said Mr. Cavanagh, "you had better send for Ellen to come home."

"Oh no, no, let her stay where she is happy. I wish Mr. Scott would marry her, and take her out of our troubles."

"Troubles! troubles!" exclaimed Mr. Cavanagh, going again over and over the sad story, until he was weary of his own vehemence. Even when he did not speak of it aloud, it was always in his thoughts, and he went about the house muttering to himself, and looking so altered and unhappy, that the servants whispered together that master had had a knock-down blow from some one. As for Mrs. Cavanagh, she was really ill, and was put to bed and nursed by her sister-in-law, Miss Bridget.

And while they were all grieving over the thoughts of Charley's marriage, the marriage was actually taking place. Urged by his strong sense of rectitude, Clement, on the Saturday, represented to Charley that it was his duty to make Polly Smithers his wife. Charley said he had no particular objection; he liked her better than any one he knew; and if Clement would manage it, he did not much mind. Charley's enfeebled intellect was under some degree of awe when Clement spoke of duty; the influence of the Priesthood in the Church of Rome had still some power over the young man, even in his most irreligious mood, and, like most men who drink, his will could be guided by that of any stronger will.

All the Saturday afternoon Clement went about making arrangements for the ill-omened marriage. He procured a license, engaged a young English clergyman to be at a church for the Anglican marriage service, and he obtained the use of a chapel where he might himself unite them by the rites of his own and Charley's faith. Polly Smithers laughed, and tossed her head, and seemed greatly amused at the whole affair.

"Where are we to spend our honeymoon?" she asked.

Clement said he would try and obtain a lodging in the house where he himself was staying. His landlady at first objected to the plan, saying, "Polly Smithers, indeed! Am I to have her lodging in my best rooms, and she to be Mrs. Cavanagh? I never! The poor young gent to be took in so; though I dare say it is all right in a moral point of view, and it's his duty to marry her, still, to be coming to my house of all houses, and me a lone widow, with never a son or a daughter to take care of me."

Clement appointed the Monday morning for the marriage; and, at the hour named, Polly Smithers and her aunt came to the church door in a fly. Charley lounged in a little later, in very shabby attire, and looking very downcast.

"A very unpleasant business," said Charley to Clement. "Let us get through it as quickly as possible."

The bride, in silks and ribbons, fluttered about the chancel, and asked of the nervous young clergyman who was to give her away?

"I am sure I do not know," he said, standing within the rails of the Communion-table.

"Charley, who is to give me away?" she said, appealing to the unfortunate bridegroom.

"Oh, anybody. Father Clement there."

So Clement gave this bride to that unwilling bridegroom. There was never a stranger wedding; the little old church was out of repair, and the

altar was hung with a very dilapidated crimson cloth; the young curate wore a crumpled surplice and a dirty hood, and was so nervous that his hands trembled and his teeth chattered. The bride was given away by a Roman Catholic priest; her only friend was a dirty, snuffy old woman. The bridegroom was the son and heir of an English country gentleman, while the bride was a barnmaid in a little roadside inn. Never was a stranger wedding; the very elements seemed mocking them, for heavy clouds came up and poured down torrents of rain and hail, and then the sun came out to stare and sneer at them.

The marriage in the English church was complete, and they all went on to the Roman Catholic chapel, where Clement, in a borrowed cassock and alb, performed the ceremony according to the usage of the Church of Rome; and then Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brabazon Cavanagh drove off in their fly to the house where Clement was lodging. The old "Aunty" returned to the Blue Bear; and Clement, on foot, slowly followed the bride and bridegroom. Now that the irrevocable step had been taken, he was frightened at his own temerity in incurring such a responsibility; he had as yet had no authority from Mr. Cavanagh; on the contrary, he expected that Mr. Cavanagh would be furious at the mere mention of the marriage. In his haste to force Charley into the path of duty, he had quite lost sight of worldly expediency; Charley would, doubtless, be shut out from his father's house, and the young Priest himself would very probably never again be permitted to pass through those beloved doors.

"Still," said Clement to himself, as he entered his lodgings, "I can never regret it, because it is right."

He found Charley in an arm-chair, looking very ill.

"Clement," he said, the moment the Priest entered the room, "I wish you would send for my dog, and my pipes and things."

"Will you have your furniture brought here?"

"Yes," said Charley, "certainly: let everything be brought here immediately. I shall never go inside the gates of my college again."

"Eh! how so?" cried his wife, from another arm-chair.

"My name is taken off the college-books; the edict is pronounced, and the 'Varsity' which has known me shall know me no more!"

Charley laughed, and the laughing brought on a fit of coughing.

"You must take care of him," exclaimed Clement to the wife; "I do not like that cough at all."

"That's good," she replied; "I thought he was to take care of me."

Clement said no more to her, but went to consult his landlady about sending for Charley's furniture, &c.: the widow found a man with a cart, who, furnished with an order from Charley, went for the various articles. While the man was away, Clement wrote to Mr. Cavanagh; he could write as beautifully as he could preach, and this letter would have seemed very beautiful to any eyes but those of the miserable father. Clement wrote so humbly of himself, so gently and feelingly for Charley, so sympathisingly for Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh, and yet so grandly and loftily of "duty," that his letter might have been some old heroic and elegiac poem of a heathen author, made more divine by the deep clearness of an earnest Christian heart. Clement's whole heart, with all its nobleness, its beauty, its wide catholic love, was poured out in this letter. As he folded and directed it, he said, sighing,

"Surely, surely, they will forgive us!"

The letter was posted, so that it might reach High Oakfield on the afternoon of the next day: and Clement had nothing more to do but to superintend the arrival of Charley's goods and chattels, and when they were safely housed he went out alone for a walk. His troubles went with him through the fields and lanes, so fragrant from the morning's rain; his troubles tinged his dreams, and came to him next day in the tangible form of a most irate letter from Mr. Cavanagh.

"I wonder how you dare," wrote Mr. Cavanagh, "give Charley such shameful advice as you say you have done. Are we all, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, to be sacrificed, immolated, in order to expiate Charley's folly? He has done foolishly, wickedly, but so do hundreds of men; I never knew any man sufficiently quixotic to repair his folly by inflicting infinitely worse evils on all his friends and relations. If Charley comes home free from this woman, I will receive him; but if he follows your detestable advice he shall never enter my doors as long as I live. As for you, Father Clement, whom I have trusted in and been deceived by, under no circumstances will I see you. You speak of your 'sense of duty;' let that console you in your exile from High Oakfield. Your letter has almost killed Mrs. Cavanagh; she is very ill."

This cruel letter put the last grain to Clement's heavy burden; he succumbed at last. His Cross seemed too heavy for his feeble strength, and he broke down at last: his landlady found him perfectly exhausted, quite hysterical, unable to eat, and only capable of lying in a state of sometimes stupor and sometimes strange excitement. Her first idea was that Clement was going to have an attack of brain fever, and she said she would send for a doctor, but he so earnestly entreated her not to do so, that she promised to attend to him herself, and call in no medical advice unless his illness grew much worse. She gave him all her care, and after lying two or three days miserably weak and unhappy, he at length began to recover his health and his usual calmness; and while he was in his half-conscious state of debility he was disturbed often by Mrs. Cavanagh's loud laugh and Charley's hollow cough. Clement had many troubles during his busy life, but these were the most frightful days he ever lived through; and with all their summer sunshine and flowers, they were frightful days to others beside Clement, days of intense pain to many at High Oakfield, and to poor Ellen Cavanagh in the quiet Rectory at M——.

During two or three days Mortimer Scott was not seen by any of the inhabitants of the Rectory, and Esmé Sutton wondered very much where he could be, and what he was doing: and when at length Mr. Sutton, on his way to the School, met the young surgeon, the latter had no special account to give of himself.

"Are you not going to see the ladies?" asked Mr. Sutton.

Mr. Scott hesitated.

"I hardly know; I suppose I ought."

"You certainly ought," said Mr. Sutton, laughing; "my wife thinks you must have vanished from M——."

"I am intending to do so."

"Intending to leave M——!" cried Mr. Sutton; "my dear fellow, you cannot mean it. I thought you and Mr. Halling got on so well together."

"So we do," replied Mortimer, quietly, "and my reasons for leaving M—— are altogether private and personal."

"I am very sorry; every one will be very sorry; we all hoped that you were to be a fixture here."

"Oh no, that is impossible: I shall go as soon as Halling is suited with another assistant."

"I am very sorry," reiterated Mr. Sutton; "I am sure Mrs. Sutton will be greatly surprised."

"I think I will go on to the Rectory, and tell Mrs. Sutton of my plans."

And Mortimer Scott went briskly through the village to the Curate's house.

He found Esmé and Ellen at work in the drawing-room, and when he came to the topic of his departure from M——, he saw Ellen lower her head while her face flushed crimson, and Esmé, almost equally red, asked quickly,

"Why is this?"

"I find it necessary to go," he said.

"You have something better in view, I suppose," said Mrs. Sutton.

"No, I have nothing else in view."

And he spoke with a touch of weariness in his tone.

"This strikes me as a great misfortune for M——." And Mrs. Sutton rose, and folded up her work. "Will you excuse me a few minutes, Mr. Scott? We are preserving our strawberries to-day, and I must go and look to them a little."

With a glance at Ellen's disturbed countenance, Esmé ran out of the room to give time and opportunity for Mortimer to make that proposal to Ellen which he must do at once if he were about to leave M——.

"I leave M—— with great regret," he said to Ellen, presently; "and the sorest point of my regret is that I have ever been here."

She gazed at him with wide-open eyes of wonderment.

"Yes," he went on, "if I had never come here I should have one sin the less on my conscience. I have done very wrongly; no one knows it better than I do—no one will suffer for it half so much as I shall. I thought I was invulnerable, I thought it was easy to mark out bounds and keep within them, but during the last few days I find that I have gone beyond them. And now I must return to London."

"But why?" said Ellen, hardly audibly.

"Ah! you should not ask me why!"

The expression of pain on his face was so terrible that Ellen gave a little gasp, and burst into tears. Instantly he was at her side with both her hands in his, and he begged her to forgive him, and let him go away in peace.

"But why go at all?" she said again.

"I must go, because, Ellen—because I love you!"

There was healing in the words, and Ellen grew quieter, and Mortimer went on:

"Without knowing it, I have grown to love you, and, I am afraid, you—Do not speak, I entreat you—do not let me know for certain how much harm I have done. Give me the benefit of a doubt, and let me go in peace, Ellen, for I love you, and I cannot marry!"

"Why—why?" she cried, eagerly.

"You ask me nothing but 'why,' and how can I answer? There are cases in which a man cannot marry. Forgive me, and let me go; I cannot do otherwise."

"Is there——" Ellen faltered.

He interrupted. "There is a reason, an impediment."

"Is it—insanity?" Ellen ventured to ask.

"No; it is not only a moral, but a legal impediment. Ellen, I am a brute, a scoundrel. I love you, and I am—already married!"

He thought to have seen her fall fainting, but she took new strength now, and stood up.

"You are a married man!"

"Yes. You know all now. You need not upbraid me. I think worse of myself than you can possibly do; but there are excuses for me, only I shall not make them for myself. Forgive me; no, do not forgive me, hate me, curse me, anything you like; you shall be troubled by me no more!"

He rushed wildly away, slamming the door after him so violently that Esmé came running in.

"Gone already! Why, Ellen, what is this?—what is the matter?"

"A very strange story," replied Ellen, with a hysterical laugh.

"Why, is Mr. Scott gone? I thought he would surely ask you to be his wife."

"He is married."

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Sutton. "Married? Impossible!"

Then Ellen told her friend all that Scott had told her; and Ellen was quite calm in the telling. Her deep ideas of right were so outraged, so indignant, that they overpowered more personal and painful feelings. A married man who acted as Mr. Scott had done must be a villain indeed; this was her one thought, and her righteous indignation sustained her in her sad trouble. The two friends sat together all the day very silent and very sorrowful; there was little to be said, and nothing to be done; Ellen's short dream of happiness was rudely dispelled, and was over for ever.

When Mr. Sutton came in his wife told him of Mortimer's extraordinary explanation, and the termination of his acquaintance with poor Ellen.

"I am not satisfied with this explanation," said the Curate, putting on his hat again. "If he is married, where is his wife, and why does he not talk of her? I am going this very minute to insist on full particulars."

Mortimer received Mr. Sutton quietly.

"You are quite right to ask for particulars. I can give them to you; though I could not to Miss Cavanagh. I am not quite sure where my wife is at present; I do not care to know. My solicitor in London sends her her allowance every quarter."

"Who and what is she?" cried Mr. Sutton.

"A woman of infamous character."

"And she your wife!"

"Yes, I was very young, walking Guy's Hospital, when I first met her. She had run away from home with a soldier, who soon deserted her, and when I met her she was very pretty, and in great trouble. Her



parents had cast her off, and she was penniless; she threw herself on my protection. I was afraid of wilful sin, and I married her to save her from destruction. But I could not live with her; she was violent in temper, coarse, vulgar, when not kept in awe by strangers; no fitting wife for me. After three months we separated, I promising to allow her a hundred a year if she undertook never to annoy me in any way. She has kept her part of the bond, and I have kept mine."

"Why do you not apply for a divorce?"

"I do not know; I am not certain that she has ever done what would entitle me to a divorce."

"And with this tie," cried Mr. Sutton, "you have dared to make love to Ellen Cavanagh!"

"I have no excuse to offer," said Mortimer, humbly, "I love her."

This was the miserable story that Mr. Sutton took back to the Rectory. Ellen heard it without any comment; she seemed apathetic, petrified, and went about the house silent and white as a statue.

"She will go mad, if she has nothing else to think of," said Esmé Sutton, fearfully.

And soon there came something else for Ellen to think of. She was suddenly summoned home, as both her father and mother were ill. And when she was alone with Mrs. Cavanagh she heard all the terrible tale of the wretched drama enacted at Oxford. This story of unhappy Charley's marriage, following immediately upon her own great trial, crushed all the brightness of youth out of her heart, and left her a cold, desponding woman.

Clement wrote every alternate day from Oxford, and in each letter he spoke of Charley being ill; and at last there came a letter which told them that the eldest son was laid up with inflammation of the lungs, and Mrs. C. B. Cavanagh was hourly expecting her confinement.

"My poor, poor boy!" cried Mrs. Cavanagh, sobbing bitterly. "My poor Charley in lodgings and ill, and his mother not with him! Ellen, I will go to him!"

"Mamma, you are not well yourself."

"I shall be better when I am doing something for my poor boy Charles. I shall go to-morrow morning."

Mr. Cavanagh was standing with his handkerchief to his face; the news that Charley was dangerously ill took much of the wrath and anger from the father's heart.

"You cannot go alone, Dorothea; Ellen must go with you."

"Oh no, Ellen must stay and take care of you. I shall take my maid; ring for Fuller; let her pack my things, I shall go by the 8.15 train; order the brougham at a quarter to seven. I shall see my poor boy, my poor, poor Charley."

Mrs. Cavanagh moved about quite strong under the excitement of active duties. Her husband only said, sadly,

"I cannot go yet; no, not yet."

Later in the day he said, anxiously, to Ellen,

"I wish one of our own doctors could see that poor fellow."

"Papa," said Ellen, "I dare say Dr. Smith would go with mamma to Oxford."

"I would give anything if he would. I think I will go down the town and ask him."

Mr. Cavanagh looked very feeble and ailing as he walked slowly along the village street, leaning on a thick stick; and when the bright sunlight fell on his head, his hair shone far more silvery than it used to be. He walked slowly to Dr. Smith's door, but when he asked for the doctor, he was told that he had gone to London for two or three days to see his mother, who was ill. Mr. Cavanagh was greatly vexed, and stood on the door-step debating what his next move should be.

"You might see Mr. Halling, sir, I should think," Dr. Smith's servant suggested.

"Yes, so I might," said Mr. Cavanagh. And he crossed the road and went on to Mr. Halling's little house.

"Is Mr. Halling at home?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Cavanagh was shown into the waiting-room, and after a few minutes he was ushered into the consulting-room, where Mr. Halling sat, surrounded by papers and books.

Mr. Cavanagh told his wishes, and asked if Mr. Halling would accompany Mrs. Cavanagh to Oxford and see poor Charley, and on his return to M—— call on Mr. Cavanagh with a true account of the boy's state of health. Mr. Halling replied that he feared it was quite impossible; in Dr. Smith's absence he did not think he could leave M—— even for a couple of days; there was low fever in the farther parts of the parish, and he really thought it would not be doing his duty to his patients at home if he left them to pay a visit to one so far away.

"There are first-rate doctors in Oxford," he said.

"Oh yes," replied Mr. Cavanagh; "that is not the point; but if a personal friend of mine were to see the poor fellow, I should be able to hear a trustworthy account of him."

Mr. Cavanagh looked anxiously at Mr. Halling, who sat tapping with a paper knife on the leather of his writing-table.

"I will tell you what I can suggest," said Mr. Halling; "my friend Mr. Scott, whom you know, might go with Mrs. Cavanagh. He is very clever and perfectly trustworthy, and you may rely on him as you would on myself."

"Very well," answered Mr. Cavanagh; "if Mr. Scott will go I shall be contented."

Mr. Halling sent a message to Mr. Scott, who was in the dispensing-room, and the young surgeon came in wondering what had brought Mr. Cavanagh to see him. He agreed to go to Oxford; touched by the unhappy father's nervous anxiety.

"Circumstances prevent my going there myself," said Mr. Cavanagh; "but if the boy can be moved, it may perhaps be as well to bring him home to High Oakfield. You must meet Mrs. Cavanagh at the station to-morrow morning, to go by the 8.15 train. She is not at all well; you must take care of her, and bring me word what you really and truly think of Charley's illness. You know, he is my eldest son."

Mortimer Scott promised to do as Mr. Cavanagh wished; he would have promised almost anything to Ellen's father. Ellen's mother was very well pleased to have Mr. Scott for her companion.

"Why, Ellen," she said, turning to her daughter, "my head has been so full of Charley that I have forgotten to ask you what has been going on between you and Mr. Scott."

"It is all over," said Ellen.

"All over—how is that?"

"He has explained his position, and it is impossible that we should ever be more than friends."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Cavanagh; "but, then, why did he ever act as if he intended a great deal more?"

Ah, why indeed? Why are men and women ever foolish, ever faulty? It seemed very strange to Ellen that Mortimer should escort her mother to see poor Charley: and it also seemed strange to Mortimer to find himself called on to do so: and at the same time that it was strange, it was also consolatory to be able to do something for Ellen's mother and Ellen's brother.

The journey to Oxford occupied several hours, and it was late in the afternoon when Scott, Mrs. Cavanagh, and her maid arrived at the little house on the outskirts of Oxford. They were shown into the widow's own sitting-room, and the worthy woman began immediately to tell what she knew of Charley's illness.

"He is very ill, ma'am, there's no doubt about that, and it's a kind of illness as people don't get over easily, and oftentimes not at all, though being young gives him more chance, and he's had the best of doctors in Oxford, and the best of nursing too, though not from his wife, which is on the sofa herself, and I did not ought to say it of myself being one of them, and Father Clement. Oh, my dear lady, if ever a angel or a archangel came down and went about in a long black coat and a collar that can't be opened in front, and I won't speak as to the back, not being his laundress, but his goodness and gentleness, and his being a nurse better than a paid one, is what I can speak to, and himself will tell you more about the poor sick gentleman than I can with every wish to do justice, ma'am." And as Clement came in, the widow retired.

He shook hands silently with Mrs. Cavanagh and Mortimer, and then he said:

"Charley is very ill."

"Dangerously? Oh, Clement!"

"Seriously, at all events; but he is young. Will you see him, Mr. Scott?"

"Yes," said Mortimer, "as soon as you think it advisable."

"He is asleep just now," said Clement. "I think, Mrs. Cavanagh, you had better not go to him until we prepare him for seeing you. It might agitate him too much."

"And then, about—his wife?" said Mortimer.

"Dr. Carter has just been here, and will come again about seven o'clock. And now," said Clement, turning to Mrs. Cavanagh, "what is to be done with Fuller and your boxes? They are all in the passage, but they cannot stay there."

"I suppose we can have a lodging," replied Mrs. Cavanagh.

"Not in this house; every room is occupied."

"Well, then, Clement, will you find me a lodging somewhere close by?"

Clement was worn out with trouble and watching, but without a word he went out to look for apartments, and soon found them in an adjoining street. Then he got the landlady's friend with the cart to take the boxes, and leave them under Fuller's care in the rooms he had chosen. When

he returned to his own lodgings, he heard that Mr. Charles had wakened, and Mr. Scott had gone up to see him. Mrs. Cavanagh was forbidden to go to her son, but was promised that she should be admitted to his room next morning. For that purpose she came again in the morning about eight o'clock, and the landlady, opening the door softly, said, in an under tone:

"Mrs. Cavanagh, ma'am, you was made a Granny at eleven o'clock last night, after you was gone from here, and there is mercy all round about us like the rain for the just and the unjust, and poor babies that has never done no wrong, and it seems hard on them to be looked down on for their mothers, which they looks down on us from Heaven, and no doubt as to being there when so innocent, and baptised even in a slop-basin, never used, and by the name of Clement."

From this incoherent statement, Mrs. Cavanagh gathered that her grandchild has been baptised hastily by Clement, receiving the name of the young Priest, and then, before wakening to the things of life, had fallen asleep again, saved by God's mercy from a troubled life.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Cavanagh; and then she was taken up to Charley's room.

I need not tell all the details of Charley's illness, how long and how severe it was, and how he came out of it with a constitution so entirely shattered that Dr. Carter and Scott could not hold out to him the promise of more than a few months, perhaps a year, of life on earth. What little strength was left him was carefully nourished by his mother and by Clement, whose labours both of love and duty were such as would have broken down any man of less determined and self-denying character.

Far stranger revelations than any he had yet known now came to light. When Mrs. C. B. Cavanagh was beginning to recover her strength, Scott suggested that he should see her, and save Dr. Carter's visit. Clement went with him into the room where she was lying on a sofa. Mortimer went up to the couch and stood beside her with outspread hands and eyes of bewildered astonishment.

"You! you!" he exclaimed. "Oh, my God, this is worse than all!"

Clement seized his arm.

"Scott, what is the matter with you? Are you mad?"

"I ought to be!" he shouted. "Woman, are you Charles Cavanagh's wife?"

"Don't make such a row, Morty," she answered. "It is very kind of you to come and see me."

"Answer me," cried Mortimer again. "Are you Cavanagh's wife, or are you mine?"

"Don't bother so," was the reply. "I suppose I am your wife. I don't know whether I am Charley's too."

"Scott, tell me, what is this? Is this woman your wife?" And Clement trembled with eagerness.

"She is my wife, to my sorrow."

"Thank God!"

"Do you thank God for my misfortune?" said Scott, fiercely.

"No, Heaven forbid; but I thank God that Charley is free. If she is your wife, she is not Charley's wife."

"This is bigamy—this is felony! Polly, I marvel that even you should repeat your crime. You took me in to marry you when I was but a

boy, and have you done the same to this young Cavanagh? Yes, the same, but infinitely worse. You were free to marry when I met you, but, being my wife, you were not free to marry any one else."

"I knew all that," she said; "but I had tasted the happiness of married life, and as I never saw you, I found out some one else to amuse myself with. What was your pitiful hundred a year to me? Hardly enough to buy me boots and gloves! I did not think you would find out what I have done, and I don't much care now that you have found it out."

"She must be made to care," thought Clement; and he led Mortimer away from the wretched creature who was his wedded wife, and entreated him never to see her again.

"The matter must be taken out of your hands," said Clement; and next day it was put into the hands of the police. As soon as she was fit to be moved she was arrested for bigamy, and the crime being proved, she received the severest sentence of the law.

"Charley, then, is free again!" said his mother. "He is not married after all!"

"No more married than I am!" put in the landlady; "and not so much, me being a widow, which always made me feel uncomfortable at that Polly Smithers living under my roof; though it's not the company of the wicked as makes oneself bad, but the nature of the heart being open to all sorts of wickedness, and good too, I dare say, coming like music from holy souls and holy lips; and Father Clement being a tune and a sunbeam in any house, and living, it seems to me, under the shadow of the Wings of the Most High, and such a kind of shadow as is not darkness, but brightness and warm light."

"You are right," replied Mrs. Cavanagh, with tears in her eyes. "Father Clement is beyond all praise; he walks as a child of the light, and such a bright pathway must lead up to Heaven."

Clement's pathway in this life, though often hard and rugged, was yet glorified by supernal light; angels perhaps saw, as men sometimes thought they did, the nimbus of a saint shining round his young head. But his bodily strength was sorely tried, and when he, with Charley, Mrs. Cavanagh, and Scott, returned to M——, Clement looked almost as ill as his young charge.

"You must go away somewhere," said Charley, now subdued and penitent, after long illness and much counsel from Father Clement—"you must go away and recruit yourself."

"No, Charley, not so long as you can possibly want me."

"It will not be long," said Charley. And after a pause, "My father has forgiven me, and you too."

"Yes," replied Clement, "he has entirely forgiven us both."

And then Clement went on to speak of other Forgiveness to be continually sought, and continually found; and it was very joyful to the young Priest to find Charley so altered, so brought to his right mind, by his long and fatal illness. The long illness reached its fatal termination rather unexpectedly; there had been a gradual sinking through the whole of one windy autumn day, and when the next morning broke they saw that the patient was dying. His father and mother, his sister Ellen, and Father Clement, were with him, when after a shudder, a groan, and a

short gasp, he left them. And when they knew that he was gone they touched his forehead with their lips, and Mr. Cavanagh, laying his hands on Clement's arm, went out from the chamber of death. He had, indeed, forgiven Clement.

And Mortimer Scott, then working in London, saw in the *Times* the announcement of Charles Brabazon Cavanagh's death, the boy who had been ruined by the same infamous woman who had blighted Mortimer's own life. Yet, strange to say, Mortimer now looked brighter than he had done for many months. The explanation of his returning peace of mind may be gathered from a letter he wrote to Mr. Sutton. After mentioning the sad announcement in the paper, he wrote thus:

"For my own part, I see a way by which I may escape from the entanglement which has hitherto bound me fast in misery and iron. My wife's bigamy with poor Charles Cavanagh affords me ample grounds for obtaining a divorce. I have already begun proceedings, and I have no doubt that Sir C. Cresswell will pronounce a decree nisi. I shall then be free again, and perhaps in years to come I may overlive my troubles, and meet with fresh happiness.

"I think you might preach a sermon on the 'Shadow of Sins.' The early sin of that unfortunate girl, her forsaking her home and going off with the soldier, has made all these gloomy shadows in my unhappy life, and worse shadows, even the shadows of death, in poor Charley's. I married her to save her from consequent misery, vice, penury; and all the rest of the dreadful story you know. What long blighting shadows thrown from that first far-off sin!

"But I shall soon be free again—free to work, and free to love; and I am sure you will rejoice to hear that there is at last a prospect of peace and happiness for

"Yours very faithfully,

"MORTIMER SCOTT."

Mr. Sutton shook his head. "I do not wonder," he said to his wife, "that poor Mortimer should rejoice in the prospect of a release from that miserable woman, and I am not much surprised that at the moment he should take the same view of a divorce that the world takes. But I am sure that Ellen will not take that view; she will take the view taken in the Gospel. No judge in the land can separate those who have been joined in marriage; death alone can pronounce a divorce which shall enable a man or woman to marry a second time. And I know that Ellen will think as I do on this point. If Scott renews his vows of love to her, it will only give her fresh pain. He speaks truly of the long, painful shadows from the old sin; Charles Cavanagh pays with his life for his many vices; Scott suffers years of agony; Ellen is broken-hearted; Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh are aged by this trouble more than by many years; and Father Clement's health is undermined by all that he has done and endured. If we could foresee all the dark and dismal consequences of every wilful sin, I believe that we should never sin wilfully; if we could see all the light and peace resulting from every victory gained over sin, I believe that we should always seek—and they who seek shall find—the Grace that gives the victory, and makes us more than conquerors."

## MAJORCA.\*

THE Balearic group appears to be in general less known than many more remote districts, but its beauty and many remarkable features ought to rescue it from this neglect. Situated between thirty-nine and forty degrees, the climate and vegetation correspond with those of Calabria and the north of Greece, but are made preferable by the frequent presence of soft sea breezes. Spain, whose name recalls only the decay of wealth and power, an ill-conducted government, neglect of agriculture and commerce, through want of energy, accepts all innovations tardily. Consequently these islands preserve many forgotten customs, and the new pictures of society furnished by them enlarge the ideas and give that renewed elasticity to mind and body so diligently sought by the naturalist in every corner of the world.

Dr. H. A. Pagenstecher has, with his friend, undertaken to point out the way to other explorers; and their journey assumed rather an adventurous character, for they possessed no books of information of more recent date than sixty years back, and their knowledge of Castilian consisted of such words as they could cram during the few days of preparation. The morning after leaving Barcelona, they sighted to the right a long chain of snow-clad summits, forming the north coast of the island of Majorca; later on they rounded Cape Formentor, going well with the wind between Majorca and Minorca, but without perceiving the latter. In the Bay of Pollenza they met a flock of seagulls and *Puffinus anglorum* fishing; and, after passing the Cabo del Pinar and the Cabo de Minorca, they dropped anchor in the large bay of Alcudia. They were aware that Alcudia had greatly diminished in importance, in consequence of the virulence of the marsh fever; but they also knew that it received a weekly packet-boat bearing the mails, and their notion of a town, harbour, and landing-place was framed from the experiences of civilised life. They could discover nothing, however, but a flat beach and a hut without windows, having two rowing boats resembling awkward pontoons beside it, their own being the sole vessel in a harbour that could have contained a fleet. It was like arriving at a distant Indian coast, to which no European had ever before penetrated.

The semicircular bay opens on the east between Cape Minorca and Cape Ferrux; it is seven and a half miles broad, with a depth of one hundred feet, gradually decreasing to the shore. The coast is composed of upper tertiary sand and limestone, which spread in broad segments towards the south and south-west of the island. The hills to the north and south of Alcudia and Pollenza display the zoological character of the rest of the island as they fall abruptly into the sea. They belong to the upper medial rocks, and in the northern branch is seen the ophite which caused the elevation of the island. In other parts there is upper transition chalk-stone, nummulite, and micaceous limestone. On the north-west coast, near the surface of the water, come Oxford clay, the liassic group, and neocombe.

\* Die Insel Mallorca, Reiseskezze. Von Dr. H. A. Pagenstecher, Prof. an der Univ. Heidelberg. Leipzig: Engelmann; London: Williams and Norgate.

In the hut, they found two men warming themselves by a fire in the centre of the floor. One of them was the custom-officer, who paid no attention to the travellers, while the other pointed out the walls of the town at the distance of about half an hour's walk, and helped to carry their luggage. The refuse upon the sides of the road was clothed in wild mignonette and flowering bearsfoot; the unploughed land luxuriating in the tall asphodel. Separated from the sea by a bar, the *Albufera Major*, or great marsh, lay before them. Half brackish and surrounded by a boggy declivity, it nourished nothing but bad fever, being interesting only for the abundance of eels and flamingoes. An English company was employed in erecting machines there, to complete the drainage of this marsh; and the ground thus regained from the sea was to be occupied in the produce of the cotton plant. A railway thence to Palma was already projected.

The little town of Alcudia is environed in a double-bastioned wall, built of a friable stone, easily pierced by shot, and revealing extensive breaches from the last earthquake. This, and the figs and acanthus growing rampant in the dry bed, give the character of an Oriental rather than European town. The interior was composed of narrow streets, miserably poor in every respect, the rows of low cottages, with deep-set diminutive windows and arched doorways, seldom interrupted by more habitable dwellings. The church and deserted monastery heightened the air of loneliness, at intervals enlivened by the appearance of pallid human beings. Yet Alcudia once competed with Palma, and in 1756 it possessed a thousand houses. Now it reckons only fifteen hundred souls.

"Our guide," writes the professor, "who spoke a few words of English, was to conduct us to the best hotel—no great difficulty, since there was but one. The *posada* was surrounded by a *parterre* with a floor of beaten sod, upon which stood several groups of workmen round an iron brasier, whilst in the background two or three women were preparing the meat upon an open fire, and in a corner reposed several fowls. We bade them give us whatever they had; but the other guests had to be served first, and the same utensils for cooking, the same knives, forks, and spoons, must do duty for all. After an interval of two hours, they spread before us a coarse but clean cloth, and placed upon it leek soup, eggs, roast veal, bread, and wine.

"In the mean time, we had engaged a chaise, resembling in every particular that which we had seen conveying the mail. It had two wheels and an axle; the roof was of cloth stretched upon hoops, and could be drawn backwards and forwards, or slung aside altogether, but in every way excluding the view. The seats, adorned with smart red cushions, were fixed longitudinally; and the driver, with his damaged eye, dirty blouse, and *sombrero* with queerly shaped tassel, sat almost upon the mule's crupper, smoking execrable tobacco. Thus did we rattle along, jolted mercilessly from side to side, and alternately drenched by rain and dried by sun and wind. The road ran between splendid corn-fields, seldom broken into different property or by other species of culture. Then followed hills clothed with trees, while behind rose snow-covered mountains. In the fields we frequently saw springs worked by mules. These animals raise, by means of lines of clay buckets, the water collected in spring for the parched fields of summer. Sometimes came pasture



land with large olive-trees forming a hedge, while in abandoned places appeared bushes of the dwarf palm. Around the cottages grew great clumsy prickly pears and barberry figs; and in the orchards were fig-trees planted in regular rows, and appearing at this time of the year weird and naked, with no leaf-bud visible. The road passed through the dry bed of rivers, the banks displaying the destructive power of torrents. Our surprise was much excited by the strange cloaks worn by the men we encountered. They were brown goats'-skins, the head and neck forming a cape for the neck, the fore feet shoulder-straps, and the remaining parts a cover for the back of the wearer, the tail dangling upon the ground. A party of such figures had a ludicrous effect.

"Inca is a town founded in the time of the Romans. Our traveller reached the inn, situated in the chief place, by traversing several narrow and uneven alleys. This fonda was a large, tidy house, having stately gables, and was conducted with some attempt at elegance. The lower room opened at both ends into the street, and had a billiard and small round table; the kitchen communicated with it by a door, and possessed a closed fireplace decorated with bright copper vessels. They ordered a fowl, which was brought in alive for approval, and, promising well, was at once killed. A bright airy corridor up-stairs served for a sitting-room, and the dormitory was provided with large clean beds.

"We took, in the twilight, a further inspection of the town; its modest houses produced a pleasing effect. It was here that we first noticed the custom, prevalent throughout the country, of allowing the whole basement to be seen, where the tradesman conducts his business, or the higher classes receive their visitors, in an almost empty room, with handsome chairs ranged against the walls. Sometimes a row of casks and wine-presses denoted the wine-merchant. Children played in the streets, but they did not beg, or otherwise annoy you. The wine growth, agriculture, and breeding of pigs seem to afford ample nourishment for the people. Roses had sprung up on the walls of the gardens outside the town, and branches of the peach-tree thrust out their thick red blossoms, while here and there a solitary Indian fig had survived from the preceding year. In returning, we climbed, through flourishing peas, beans, and fruit-trees, up to a palm-tree growing alone in the midst of a corn-field. In height it was about sixty feet, the sticks of former fruit still hanging from the crown. Dates are, however, uneatable in the Balearic Islands, serving as toys for the children and food for pigs. Our hostess prepared supper carefully; the fowl furnished soup, poulet au riz, and a stew of the liver, comb, and other portions. Besides these, we had some good fish and well-dressed salad.

"Notwithstanding our coachman's promise of seats in an omnibus with glass windows and four horses, we had to content ourselves with a vehicle of the same kind as the first, only in a little worse condition, drawn by a small grey horse, which started briskly enough, but had none of the endurance of the mule. Palma is fifteen miles distant from Inca. The mountains to the right retreat, and those on the left disappear altogether, rendering the aspect of the country monotonous. Afterwards the road becomes better and more animated. Occasionally we meet a man endeavouring to force his shy mule past our chaise; there a row of carriages resembling our own, but of more elegant form, and with glass windows

instead of a cover. Now we overtake a party of pedestrians, the men in their paletôt of goat's-skin, the women with their customary head-dress of fine white muslin or woollen stuff, called the rebozilla; and now a herd of pigs is scattered before us. The latter form a great and important source of the national wealth.

"Palma is seen from a great distance; the spire of the cathedral towers above the roofs and high fortifications, while on the other side emerges the castle, with a background of white mountains and the beautiful blue of the Bay of Palma. At the gates an inspection for the city duty was made, when our coachman contrived to hide a sack of provisions under our feet. He then drove our pony through several bustling streets, so narrow that the chaise almost scraped the houses. We had been directed to the Fonda de las Cuatros Naciones, but no one could tell us where it was. Our wanderings up and down the streets became absurd even to ourselves, and we followed the advice of a well-dressed lady and gentleman to try the Tres Palmidas. There we found that lodgings were only to be obtained for long periods, and that no room was disengaged, so we were reduced to the Fonda de los Vapores, an untidy inn in a miserable street. Two rooms were quickly cleared of lumber and soldiers' baggage, but this only made the filth more perceptible. We did not unpack our things, but ordered dinner, which was served in a nearly dark room, occupied by some dock-labourers. The things were not bad in themselves, but were rendered uneatable by the cooking. Our quest had shown us what palaces, commerce, broad streets, and fine shops Palma possessed; and it seemed impossible that a town having so considerable a harbour, and the seat of government, should afford so little accommodation. The fact was that it required no hotel: foreigners are rarely seen, the merchant captains remain on board their ships, and the Spaniards stay with their friends.

"To escape from dust, and the suffocating smell of onions and bad oil, we went down to the sea-side, to the Puerta del Muelle. Our first glance fell upon three dolphins, the smallest of which I purchased, and it is now safely lodged in the museum at Heidelberg. In our search after the requisite materials for preparing the skin, we encountered a gentleman, Don Pedro T——, who, upon our introducing ourselves, most obligingly promised to assist us to find a better lodging. So we had, perforce, to accompany him, with hands that the fishwoman's soap had not entirely freed from the smell of oil, and with pounds of alum and saltpetre in our pockets, from one friend to another. By this means we learned that the owner of the Fonda de las Cuatros Naciones had failed, that he had given up the hotel, retaining a small house only, which he let furnished. We were at once conducted thither, and M. Bonnafous, an old Frenchman from Limousin, led us through several suites of beautiful rooms, with rich carpets, furniture, and delightful-looking beds; but only to inform us that they were all taken. When he thought the honour of his house satisfied, he brought us to the only room disposable, a room about twelve feet square, with one window, opening on a suffocating court. But then we might have a little iron bedstead as well as the present enormous one, and the table for dinner and supper might be brought in, and vanish after the meals, while breakfast might be eaten in the corridor. All for the moderate charge of

thirty reals per diem. After the Fonda de los Vapores, we felt as if in Paradise in this neat, cleanly place, and we closed at once, upon the promise of an attic, with a perfect view of the bay, for a working-room.

"In the afternoon we sallied out for a walk, and as our dwelling was close to the Puerta del Muelle, we there left the town, having the fortress wall to the right. A high bridge is thrown over the mouth of the Riera, in the bed of which we observed a man filling, with difficulty, a water-cask; yet this stream is occasionally a blustering, devastating river, the overflow of which has torn up hundreds of houses, and drowned upwards of five thousand persons. We now approached the long line of windmills which covered the town. They are quite as ugly in reality as they are represented in the pictures of Palma; but they are indispensable, since Majorca has no stream powerful enough during the summer to drive a water-mill. Outside of the walls is a suburb, Arrabal de Sta. Catalina—a long street of houses built uniformly, with one dwelling above, a second below, to obviate the necessity of the workmen living packed together in cellars. The inmates were remarkable for cleanliness, respectability, and healthy aspect. Succeeding these came groups of habitations intersected by gardens, and supplied with bright-green shutters, the summer residence of the tradespeople. Passing under two great arches, a pleasant road leads through a park of even copse up to the Castello del Belver, leaving the powder-magazine to the right. The summit of the castle hill is rich in young pines, and beneath in bushes of lavender, lentisk, and laburnum. Upon the open patches the asphodel dispersed its powerful odour, and between flowered the orchid species, the brown arum, and the yellow chrysanthemum. Under the stones I found large flying beetles, the curious millepedes, cerambyx, the little scorpion, and several geckos, still inert from the cold, and easily imprisoned.

"On Sunday a military band performed upon the Rambla, where we met hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, the former in their mantillas, promenading to the music. Palma offers this amusement every Sunday, and we then understand the Spaniard's anxiety to possess a Rambla, or at least an Alameda, which, when empty, looks only very hot, very dusty, and very tiresome. The beauty of the women of Palma is proverbial; graceful figures, small hands and feet, abundant dark hair, fine features, and an expression in the eye which seems to combine the warmth of the south with the gentleness of the north, constitute their charms. In the evening we visited the theatre, a beautiful little house, the five rows of boxes and gallery gaily painted in red and white. The company of actors and dancers belonged to the class of the *cafés chantants*, but I could only follow the idea of the whole—a parody upon the *Trovatore*. The dialect of Majorca is more nearly allied to that of Valencia than that of North Catalonia, but it retains puzzling fragments of the Phœnician, the Greek, the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Vandal, and the Languedoc, with a general flavour of Castilian.

"A fishing-excursion in the Bay of Carmarina proved a failure; none of the scallops, the heteropodes, the pteropodes, nor the promised argonauta were to be seen. The cause was no doubt to be attributed to the previous storms and the influence of the cold. B. had been more fortunate, and after a delicious dinner, with three apples, as usual, to crown the dessert, he conducted me to a fossil oyster-bank (*Ostrea crassissima*) he

had discovered. On a little crest, covered with bushes in the lower part, and above with taller wood, I found some large sea-green *Scolopendra hispanica* and a great adder. None of our friends would believe that there were any of the snake tribe in the island until I showed them my booty, when they declared it harmless. A legend tells that an aged saint had banished such reptiles to the neighbouring island of Dragonera or Formentera.

"Another of our walks was to the San Bergo, in which direction the road lies along the top of the naked hill, so that for the whole way a view of the south coast from Majorca to the Cabo de Salinas is obtained. There are the pointed cliffs of Conejera, where Hannibal was born, the intervening space from Cabo Blanco and Cabo Regana filled in by the numerous islands of the Cabrera group. These islands have not collectively more than fifty inhabitants, herd-keepers and workers of the salt-mines. To the south rise arid rocks, the most beautiful the Islas Malgrat; and this broken, varied coast, the creeks, inlets, lighthouses, villages, and pine-trees, make a stupendous and impressive picture. The descent above San Bergo was almost dangerous from its pathless precipitancy, landslips, and loose stones.

"B. had spoken to me so frequently of the *agréments* of the barber's shop, that one day I accompanied him there. Here was none of the haste of our countrymen, but rather a dignified staidness; and in consequence of the number of customers, we had long to wait. The last comer was the porter who had conveyed our luggage, who, in common with the rest of his class, would give his last real to the hairdresser. This neatness gives the whole population a gentleman-like air. The patient is seated in a low stool with a high back, and a half-circular plate to keep the head motionless, as if he were to be guillotined or, at the least, photographed; the lather is applied thrice with a firm hand, the razor each time following round the chin. Now it is bathed with warm water permeated with some sweet essence, and, lastly, powder and flour of rice is softly administered to any injury. Then comes a careful examination of the hair, pomading, cutting, and curling. While the outer man is thus improving with every second under the hands of the artiste, the mind is wrapped in a delightful state of contemplativeness, in nowise disturbed by the circle of curious figures assembled, lolling upon the divans around, and chatting and reading the news. The whole scene, comprising as it did a poor hunchback, who, to please Heaven knows what fair one, was shaved once a day, recalled the Thousand and One Nights.

"On the 5th of April, at four o'clock in the morning, we left Palma, accompanied by our friends—Don Paolina V., the naturalist, carrying a huge hammer, Don Basilio, the travelling conductor, taking charge of the luggage, and Don Antonio, the obliging interpreter of language, manners, and history of the different localities. About a mile and a half from the town, the narrow path turns sharply to the north-west, to traverse a beautiful valley. On the brink of the water grew slender elms and Lombardy poplars, the sheltered gardens almost overcrowded with orange-plants and palm. In dryer ground stood olive-bushes, blossoming peas, beans, and corn. The valley of the Torrente de St. Gros, through which we passed next, ran at the foot of the Vall de Mosa, a spot consecrated by the Arabs, and where was a large Carthusian

monastery, the cells now devoted to a summer residence for visitors. We found the chapel closed, so we walked on to the hermit's lodging, which Don Basilio had fixed upon as our breakfasting-place.

"Our little table had scarcely room to stand between the hut, the protecting walls at our side, and the steep slope before us, up which the hermit's garden climbed. It lay like an interloper, crowded with figs, dwarf palms, leeks, and vegetables for the frugal subsistence of its owner. Below, the eye met the tumbling surf of the sea. The lively tints of the naked masses of rock, now grey, now glowing as if with a reflected fire, the dark green of the woods and mastic trees, the deep blue of the wide expanse of sky and sea, gave, in the sharpness of contrast, all the warmth of a southern landscape, but at the distance from which we viewed it showing only the softest lines and gentlest shades. The sea works its destructive power unceasingly upon the chalk cliffs; islands are separated, become crags, and finally disappear beneath the surface; in other places arches and grottoes are hollowed out, through which the sea dashes tumultuously.

"As we proceeded, we saw on the side of a valley the village of Deya, with cheerful white houses half concealed by fruit-trees, the fresh green of which shone conspicuously out from the dark massive foliage of the orange. Country houses and farms embedded in gardens succeeded, mostly adorned with palm-trees, the heavy golden flowers hanging from the summits. Upon the steep ascent above Soller, Don Basilio was completing a terrace, and we had an opportunity of watching the method of proceeding. A stream from the hills, useless for agriculture in summer, and in the winter inundating the country, formed a cascade upon the naked wall. To regulate this, they had to enclose it with high walls, and workmen were busied with the foundation of the terrace. The soil is first rooted out, and masses of rocks and stones overturned, some of which must be blasted with powder. By placing the larger pieces undermost, and piling up the smaller ones above, a wall, neither hewn nor having a foundation, is built. Great dexterity is required in the arrangement so as to present a neat and perpendicular exterior; the last coat can only be formed of a layer of the crumbs of red sand found clinging to the rocks. Thus a terrace is raised as high as a house, to become in a few years a luxuriant garden. Thomé, one of Don Basilio's tenants, was among the men, and he came forward with much anxiety to show his landlord the source of several springs. We could only see an ocean of pieces of rock, two small heaps of mould, and some drops of moisture; but he knew better, and the spring was considerable enough to water the plants once a week, which would enable them to strike oranges, where they must otherwise have contented themselves with olives.

"A more successful division of water between the winter and summer might be made, I am convinced, by planting the hills, which, from their steepness and the fierceness of the sun, carry off this necessity of man, of goats, and of mules. In the amphitheatre of hills above Soller, an immense and complete system of reservoirs would be practicable.

"The shrubs of myrtle, lentisk, laburnum, and other wild growth disappeared as we descended the hills, every inch of ground being cultivated. In sterile positions the broad olive and bread-fruit currant extended their sombre branches to protect the sprouting barley; in more

moist soil, orange-gardens followed one after another. The peasants were returning to the town from their work as we entered: the gay handkerchiefs bound round their heads like turbans, the wide jacket confined by a girdle over their baggy pale-blue trousers, bound round the knee, their tanned naked calves, and bast sandals, gave them the appearance of Turks. The mules had their panniers covered with soft sheep-skin; and the hinder part of the saddle composed of hard wood, instead of leather.

"The moon had risen high in the heavens, as at seven o'clock we entered Soller, the town and church-tower smiling from among the gardens filling the valley, and the evening air resounding with the melody of the nightingale. The fonda was quite cleanly, and the landlady had prepared a savoury supper. Soller numbers from five thousand to six thousand inhabitants. Its name is derived from Olla, and the valley certainly resembles a large jar. In the west opens a second smaller valley, separated from the first by several hillocks, in the bottom of which the sea forms the Bay of Soller, navigable only by small boats during fine weather. The waters of this bay escape into the sea by a narrow strait enclosed in perpendicular walls. The lighthouse and old watch-tower enthrone these heights on one side, whilst on the other a chapel is raised upon the ruins of a fortress. The ridge separating the bay from the sea serves as a harbour for fishing-boats, and the coasting-vessels employed in the transport of oranges to Cette, a journey of three days.

"Its beautiful situation and great orange-culture make Soller the most remarkable place in the island. Here no rude borra can penetrate, for the hills rise like walls several thousand feet high, and the inlet to the harbour is narrow and crooked, the valley being yet wide enough to admit the whole influence of the sun. This position gives it all the requisites of a winter residence for consumptive invalids. The extent of landscape, the charm of southern vegetation, the friendly, sociable manners of the inhabitants, and the cheapness of provisions invite such a project, if there were only inns, boarding-houses, and villas. Our friends thought that residence and food could be had for five or six francs a day. There is a post between Palma and Soller, and a communication between the island and Marseilles might soon be established, when it would be as easy of access as Mentone. In my opinion, Soller possesses all the advantages of Madeira and Cairo, with none of the disagreeables, such as the danger and expense of a long voyage.

"Next morning, our hostess prepared the national breakfast for us—a cup of concentrated chocolate and ensaimadas. The latter is a biscuit made of fine flour, baked in grease, and pulled out into the form of a concave shell, and thickly powdered with sugar. The biscuits are served hot, and are excellent with chocolate. Our first visit was to the church, encircled by a high wall with turrets and embrasures, and thus turned into a fortress. The inhabitants found a refuge there during the Moorish invasions, and arrows, stones, and boiling oil have been poured upon the besiegers from the walls of this sanctuary. We next went into our friend Basilio's orange-grove, which constituted a part of the former convent-garden. The blossom was here fully open, and dispersed its strong perfume around. One of the oldest plantations was four-and-

a-half feet in circumference, having a value of from four to five hundred francs. Such a tree bears annually three to four thousand oranges, which are sold at from sixteen to twenty francs a thousand, yielding a profit of sixty francs. As the fruit requires much light, and attains the greatest perfection on the outer branches, the trees are planted at a little distance apart. Each pip produces a number of young plants, all dissimilar. After six or eight years, these plants are thinned, and the strongest only preserved, which, in another four years, have formed a stem about seven feet high, and begin to bear. An orange-tree reaches a great age, and a removal of an old decayed root is rarely necessary. The fruit is gathered throughout the year, but the principal harvest is in spring, and the most beautiful and strongest blossoms were out during our visit. Every one of us ate a dozen or twenty of the sweetest and best fruit, without injurious consequences; but, for a continuance, the consumption of oranges spoils the teeth. Sheep grazed under the trees, occasionally helping themselves, for a change, to the fruit. The fallen oranges had been gathered up in heaps for the refreshment of a sow and her litter of young, and the ingenuity she displayed in detaching the sweet mass from the peel was astonishing. The fabrication, so extensively carried on in Mentone, of oil distilled from the peel of oranges and citrons, making use of the bad fruit by leaving a residue as provender for cattle, has not been introduced into Soller. This would take nothing from the soil, yet greatly increase the returns from the orange-tree.

"The harbour of Soller is about an hour's walk from the town, along a good road made in the valley by the side of the river. Numbers of the tiger-beetle flew about upon the sand, and, with the assistance of some boys and girls, we captured several. Upon the high road we met a stream of horses, mules, and donkeys, some drawing carts, but more commonly having baskets laden with a golden freight. In Majorca we find donkeys of two races—one, the donkey of Algiers, like our own, and a large brown fiery animal, called, upon the Continent, distinctively the Majorca race. They are of a chesnut-brown, have a beautiful form, a noble head and neck, and firm-set, elegant limbs, and are docile and tractable. At sixteen years of age they are in command of full strength, and remain in active service till twenty-five. A donkey carries two baskets, each with two hundred and fifty oranges; a mule takes a third basket. Of course, it is impossible to count such a mass of fruit; therefore the baskets are made of a standard size. Fifty millions of oranges are exported from Soller during the year, and a few citrons; but all other trade is destroyed by the Spanish system of taxation, and for any import but timber the harbour is hermetically closed. From the chapel of San Catalina the view is exquisite. In front it is wild and romantic, the rocks descending a depth of many hundred feet, and projecting, in some places, over the surf; to the north-west, the attention is arrested by an abrupt wall of rock, rising in fantastic peaks, among which is the ruin of an old Spanish or Saracenic fort. Behind, we behold with delight the rich vegetation forced by the hand of man from just such a barren spot."

We have no space to accompany our travellers through the pass of Biniaraix to the Colegio de Nostra Senora de San Luch, where they unluckily arrived upon a Friday, and a strict fast-day, and accordingly

had to content themselves with codfish, variously cooked, figs, nuts, and some merry games and conjuring tricks with the reverend rector. We will pass over, too, their journey through the drenching rain to Pollenza.

We must, however, accompany them in their visit to the cave of Arta. This celebrated grotto is about a mile and a half from the town, and can be reached by a good road. "Señor Epifaneo F., an acquaintance of our companions, sent us a char-à-banc, with two mules, to accomplish the distance. They went as fast as the best horses, although they did not keep together so well. In the valley of Arta, we came first to gardens and fields, then to large meadows, where were hundreds of horses and donkeys, and flocks of goats, resembling the hump-nosed Egyptian, cowering in every picturesque attitude. Here we took out the mules, and proceeded on foot towards the hill in which the grotto was situated. Under the pines, the brushwood was entirely of dwarf palm, but, notwithstanding its astonishing growth, there was only a thick mass of green covering the earth, and not one tall branch. The entrance to the grotto is overhung by an arch, a hundred and forty feet wide and ninety high, facing the sea, whence you survey the coast and hills covered with figs and poseidons. Stone steps fill the greater part of the vault, conducting to a second entrance, which measures thirty feet high, between two pillars of rock supporting the dome. We now traversed a wide passage, where a couple of wild doves flew out over our heads—a circumstance which we chose to regard as a lucky omen. Two intelligent guides met us here, who provided themselves and our driver each with a staff, to which three petroleum lamps were attached. While these were in preparation, we roamed about, and found distinct traces, not of antediluvians, but of visitors like ourselves, who had here refreshed themselves with fowl and veal cutlets.

"In the first room even, we stood still in surprise at the magnificence displayed. The chamber was fifty feet in height, and the walls covered with stalactite of the delicacy of porcelain. The stalactites coming downwards from the roof, and the stalagmites rising from the ground, formed innumerable pillars, modelled like the shaft of a palm or an acanthus, as if the southern nature, which the soil above produced, was also adapted to its hidden recesses. Sometimes many united columns of stalagmite stood alone, like a broken pillar, whilst in other places the stalactite pictured with its fine points a richly decorated dome. Our guides promised us far finer things, so we went on through a long suite of saloons, disclosing a variety beyond the wild imagination of a dream. One hall we thought, deceived perhaps by the obscure light, could have held the nave and choir of the cathedral of Cologne. The path throughout this labyrinth of stone was convenient; but the wooden steps were rotten and dangerous, as nothing had been done to them since the queen's last visit. Many of the passages were narrow, avoiding precipices that showed black unexplored depths. One passage, resembling a lane of tall houses, led to the flag-room, so called from the walls, at least one hundred and fifty feet high, being hung with flat pieces of stalactite in the exact form of large flags. On one side a path led upwards, which our guides scaled, concealing themselves behind the pillars in order to exclude all extraneous light. They then struck a row of stalactite pillars, which immediately gave forth a melodious sound; then another, which resembled the yelping and



howling of dogs. Amid the constantly changing pictures, the beautiful pillars with decoration of acanthus-leaves always appeared, their corners chiselled in fine trelliswork as if with garlands of flowers, while the shadows played upon the roof as the lights moved under them. One of the guides declared the cave was a hundred thousand years old; and when we explained that this could hardly be, as the earth was only created six thousand years ago, he persisted that it was older than the world. The floor was often composed of a fine dry powder, instead of firm stalagmite, in which we waded as if through snow. According to B.'s analysis, this substance is a pure oxide formation, from the dropping water deprived of the chief part of its chalk in the magnesian stalactite. Unfortunately, the reflection of the lamp destroys the pure whiteness of the walls; but every year an excursion by steamer from Palma is organised, when the interior is grandly illuminated, and fireworks played from the sides.

"The neighbourhood of Arta abounds in Cyclopedian monuments or Druidic altars, resembling the Noraghe or Nurhags of Sardinia. Near Son Sureda there are two Atalayas, or Talayots, as they are termed, the smaller one much dilapidated, and overgrown with shrubs and olives, dating from the times of the Romans. Its position, in the midst of a valley, discourages the supposition of its being a watch-tower or fortification; and we were told that the skeleton of a man, some gold coins, and an urn had been exhumed. The larger one at Bel-puig is a wall of immense rough blocks of stones, enclosing a space six hundred feet in diameter. On the east, two upright stones, with a flat one uniting them at the top, form an entrance. In the centre of this enclosed ground is a mound of stones scaled by a winding path; and in the southwestern corner is a small ring, formed by the crown of the surrounding terrace. This may have been the place of counsel, or the place of execution and sacrifice, while the people assembled in the surrounding space, consecrated as being the burial-place of some chief.

"Our tour round the island was now complete, and we returned to Palma on Wednesday. Our farewell visits were paid in vain, for all the inhabitants were in the streets preparing for the celebration of Good Friday. The vessels in the harbour were hung with flags, and every window and balcony decorated with carpets, banners, and garlands of leaves and flowers, while the soldiers, even those on duty, carried their weapons reversed. The streets were crowded with the sheep and goats that were to constitute the Easter feast, left as living playthings for the children during the intervening days.

"We had received an invitation to watch the procession, beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon, from Señor A.'s house. There we found the pavement in front of the habitation taken up with chairs, and the windows and balconies filled with smartly dressed persons; the women and girls of the lower classes in gowns of fine wool and silk, pretty mantillas, handsome necklaces, crosses, bracelets, and large gold buttons. The first division of the procession was a line of drummers, in scarlet lace and blue coats, beating a funeral march with muffled drums. Then followed the members of the fraternities by hundreds, mostly chosen from the working population. The head was decorated with a high conical cap, similar to that of a dervish, made of cloth sewn upon pasteboard. Over the face hung a loose linen mask, with apertures

for the eyes only. The body was clothed in a robe reaching to the ground, either of black or grey stuff, and bound by a knotted cord, to which hung the rosary: some trailed a chain besides. In this strange guise did the figures march along barefoot, two and two, according to the colour of their costume and the emblems they carried. Each held in his right hand a wax taper, proportioned in size to the income and devotion of the bearer, as the remnant is allotted to the church. In the left hand was a fine white lace handkerchief and some one of the symbols of Christ's martyrdom. Ladders, ponderous crucifixes, nails, crowns of thorns, lashes, hammers and pincers, spears, the reed with the sponge of vinegar, and the coat were there; all very variously represented and scattered among the assistants. This masked association is a terrible reminiscence. The ancestors of these men have, in these very robes, accompanied the Jews to the funeral pile, lighted by the holy Inquisition; and these emblems were to fan the angry flame in the hearts of the people.

"Now appeared the Roman flag with the letters S. P. Q. R., and numerous banners, pictures, and inscriptions. The next group was composed of peasants in holiday attire, likewise carrying crosses. They had round caps, short blue jackets faced with rows of silver buttons, and red waistcoats. A little boy, son of the Marques de Romana, and related on the mother's side to the house of Metternich, commanded a troop of children, with his hair powdered, a cocked hat under his arm, and a dagger and little lace handkerchief in his hand. The Roman legion came past fully equipped, displaying all their banners, and preceded by buglers. Behind them came the Saviour in chains, then a large corps of musicians, and all the civic and military companies in great gala. The pageant was approaching its great feature, and every one pressed forward. This was a doll, life size, dressed in a mantilla and velvet dress, impersonating the Virgin Mary, and borne past by four men, surrounded by soldiers with reversed arms. The spectators arose and bowed themselves. Now came all the chief clergy in magnificent vestments, ranged along the sides of a canopy, under which a man, assisted by two others, bore a cross, to which a figure of Christ was fastened. All in our vicinity sank upon their knees; and, as a mark of particular honour, the progress of the cross was stayed before the house in which we were. The pageant was closed by a company of soldiers, who played lively airs from the Italian operas. The evening passed off tolerably well, marked by no special rioting, fighting, or misuse of the Roman swords and crosses; but the barefooted men with their caps and chains were to be seen in all parts."

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# MYDDLETON POMFRET.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Second.

THE FLIGHT.

I.

A DINNER AT THE HÔTEL DES RÉSERVOIRS.

CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE, with his wife and Celia, had now been nearly three weeks in Paris. They had charming rooms at the Grand Hôtel.

Neither of the ladies had been in Paris before, and both were astonished by the magnificence of the peerless city. Captain Musgrave being very well acquainted with the French capital, took care they should see the best of its multitudinous sights. One day, having ascertained that the Grandes Eaux would play, he conducted them to Versailles. After inspecting the galleries of the palace, and admiring the superb terrace, the party descended to the Allée du Tapis Vert. It was thronged by a large and gaily dressed assemblage, a portion of which was promenading to and fro, while others were seated near the quinconces on the left, listening to the strains of an admirable military band.

Sophy thought the scene enchanting. The general air of gaiety pervading the groups, the exquisite toilettes of the ladies, and the varied uniforms of the numerous officers, conspired to give a lively character to the picture.

Both sisters, from their beauty, attracted considerable attention, though the remarks of the Parisian belles were not very complimentary to them. From what cause we will not pretend to say, but certain it is, that English ladies, however beautiful, do not appear to advantage among a crowd of French dames, even though

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the personal charms of the latter may be inferior to their own. The stiffness of our fair countrywomen, of which the French justly complain, becomes more conspicuous when brought into contrast with the graceful and easy movements of the French dames, and brilliant complexions, rich tresses, and regular features do not please so much as expressive countenances, animated looks, and piquant manner.

It is certainly rather a trying ordeal to be exposed to the sarcastic looks and not always whispered remarks of a crowd of sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued Parisian dames while passing in review before them, and to feel conscious that every particle of your dress, from boot to bonnet, is commented upon; that your looks and gestures are mercilessly ridiculed, and every movement derided. Celia stood this fire with wonderful intrepidity, but Sophy shrank from it. Though opinions might differ as to the charms of the English women, it was universally agreed that their companion was remarkably handsome—probably because he did not look like an Englishman.

Though Celia's beauty was not of the same high order as her sister's, she was more admired than Sophy, simply from her vivacity of manner. The severest female critic could not deny that Sophy's features were regular, that her eyes were fine, her tresses of a beautiful blond-doré, her figure perfect, and her toilette irreproachable. But all these attractions were neutralised by want of expression and rigidity of movement. Poor Sophy, it must be owned, had a singularly triste air for a bride. Yet there were some—at least among the male portion of the beholders—who thought that the gentle melancholy pervading her countenance was not without a special charm.

After walking down the allée as far as the Bassin d'Apollon, our friends returned to the assemblage collected around the band. Having procured chairs for the ladies, Captain Musgrave left them to themselves for a short time. It was at this juncture that Celia, whose attention had been occupied for a moment by what was going on around her, remarked that her sister had become deadly pale, and was gazing eagerly into the adjoining bosquet, as if in search of some object.

"You look alarmed," cried Celia. "What is the matter?"

"I have seen him," replied Sophy, with an irrepressible shudder—"there, among those trees."

"Seen whom?"

"Him I have lost—to whose memory I have proved faithless. I have seen Julian. He was there among the trees—not fifty yards off. I saw him quite distinctly, and the reproachful look he cast upon me went to my very heart. I could not bear it; but when I raised my eyes again he was gone. You look incredulous, but I saw him as plainly as I see you."

"Absurd!" cried Celia. "You will never have done thinking of Julian. You have seen some one resembling him, that is all. This is neither the time nor the place for the indulgence of such silly fancies. Dismiss the notion at once, and compose yourself before Scrope returns, or he will wonder what has happened."

Shortly afterwards Captain Musgrave came back with a chair, and seated himself beside them. Sophy stole an occasional timorous glance towards the bosquet, but no spectre could be descried within it. Occupied by what was passing around, Captain Musgrave paid little attention to her. By-and-by the assemblage dispersed in various directions to look at the fountains, which had begun to play.

After witnessing this magnificent display, our friends repaired to the Hôtel des Réservoirs, where dinner had been ordered. Many guests, numbering among them people of all nations, English, Americans, Germans, Spaniards, and Italians, were already assembled in the airy and agreeable *salle-à-manger*. At a large table near the door were seated a party of Americans of both sexes, well supplied with champagne. Next to them were some Germans, who had likewise made some progress with their dinner, and who were laughing and talking loudly. In the centre of the salon were collected a party of English excursionists, who were making themselves a nuisance to all the other guests by their continuous clamour to the *garçons*. More English folks were scattered about the room; but there was one party seated near an open window, which afforded a glimpse of other tables set beneath the trees of the garden, and to this party we must direct attention. It consisted of five persons, and an experienced eye would have at once decided, from their looks and manner, that they were Londoners, and belonged to the eastern side of Temple Bar. There was an air about the principal personage that proclaimed him a citizen. He was no other than Mr. Flaxyard, the well-known and wealthy draper of Cheapside, who had brought his family to Paris. Mr. Flaxyard himself was short and stout, in age between sixty and seventy, with a bald shining head, white whiskers, ruddy complexion, common-place features, impossible to describe, because possessing no particular character, and only to be adequately represented by a photograph. Mrs. Flaxyard, of the Acacias, Clapham Common (for she wholly ignored Cheapside), was taller, and perhaps stouter than her lord, and had been accounted a very fine woman, and perhaps was so still, though rather on a large scale. She had the advantage over Flaxyard of some twenty years in point of age; and this was something. Mr. and Mrs. Flaxyard were accompanied by their only son, Hornby, a young civic swell, who was rather above the business to which he was compelled by his governor to attend, and who was dressed in rather a loud style, especially in regard to necktie and vest, wearing a superfluity of chains, breast-pins,

and rings, and boasting a pair of light Dundreary whiskers; of which he was excessively vain.

To complete the character Hornby had assumed, he thought it indispensable to wear an eye-glass, except when engaged in business. Theophania Flaxyard (Tiffany she was called by the elderly parties, and Tiff by her brother) was described by Hornby as a very jolly girl. Saucy-looking features, a retroussé nose, bright blue eyes, which she used pretty freely, sunny locks, and splendid teeth, constituted Tiffany's charms. She was very fast in manner—much too fast for old Flaxyard, who frequently called her to order, but she paid very little attention to what he said, and always laughed at him. Tiffany had been brought up at a celebrated boarding-school at Clapham, and the finishing graces were imparted to her at a fashionable institution des demoiselles in the neighbourhood of the Champs-Élysées. Thus she considered herself a perfect Frenchwoman, and imagined she could talk, walk, and dress like a Parisian. If she had learnt nothing else, she had learnt to flirt and to base her notions of morals and conduct upon those expounded by French novels and French plays, to sigh for the most extravagant dresses, magnificent equipages, and a sumptuous mansion. But in spite of all the French varnish she had acquired, and which only brought out the defects of her native character more strongly, Tiffany Flaxyard was nothing more than a fast English girl.

With them was Mr. Rufus Trotter, the only son of a wealthy corn-broker, residing somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mark-lane. Rufus was the bosom friend of Hornby, and, like that young fellow, was an astonishing swell, wearing much the same style of attire, and embellishing his countenance with splendid beard of a glowing hue. Rufus was a very sharp fellow in his own estimation, as well as good-looking, and had rather ambitious views, being determined to get into the best society—not the best City society, but the best society to be found in Belgrave-square or Eaton-square, and he was also determined to get into the House of Commons (as several of his City friends had recently done), where he fondly persuaded himself he should cut a figure, but he had been prevented from doing so by heavy railway losses recently sustained by Mr. Trotter, senior.

Rufus was an admirer of the bewitching Tiffany. Not that he did not raise his eyes far higher—not that he did not feel sure he could marry an earl's daughter or a duke's sister, but somehow or other Tiffany had ensnared him. On her part, the fast young lady had by no means made up her mind to accept him, but liking admiration, she encouraged him. Still, she would have thrown him over without a moment's hesitation, if any one more eligible had turned up. The Flaxyards had been in Paris about a fortnight, on the way to Switzerland, and were staying at the

Grand Hôtel, where they had seen Captain and Mrs. Musgrave and Miss Leicester at the table d'hôte, and constantly encountered them in the court-yard and in the public rooms. The younger folks were anxious to make the acquaintance of such very stylish-looking people, and Captain Musgrave, who thought something might be made of them, and who, besides, was rather pleased with Tiffany's appearance, condescended to meet them half way. He first talked to the young men, then to Tiffany, who was quite ready to flirt with him, though she knew he had only just been married, and next presented his wife and sister to Mrs. Flaxyard and her daughter, so they all presently became good friends. The elder people were charmed with Sophy's beauty and amiable manner, and from various causes the younger folks got on very well together. Though not quite so fast as Tiffany, Celia was just as fond of flirting as that intrepid young woman, and she very considerably divided her attractions between Hornby and Rufus; but Sophy pleased them best, and young Flaxyard secretly regretted to his friend that he had not known Mrs. Musgrave before the captain was accepted. The new acquaintances had done Saint-Cloud, and Saint-Germain, and talked of doing Fontainebleau, but meantime they had agreed to dine together at Versailles, after witnessing the Grandes Eaux.

The ordering of the dinner had been entrusted to Hornby and Rufus, and with the aid of the host they had contrived to make out a tolerably good menu. After many greetings and explanations as to why they had not met before, the whole party took their places, Sophy being seated between old Flaxyard and his son, Celia next to Rufus, and Captain Musgrave between Tiffany and her mother.

The dinner was excellent, quite as good, old Flaxyard declared, as one they had partaken of a few days before at Durand's, and the champagne soon did its duty, and loosened their tongues. Celia laughed and chattered gaily with her two neighbours—now raising the hopes of one, now of the other. Old Flaxyard did his best to amuse Sophy, and Tiffany talked with a freedom to Captain Musgrave that almost surprised him, accustomed as he was to fast girls. They talked of all sorts of things; of the charming toilettes and superb equipages they had seen in the Bois, declaring they preferred the Bois a thousand times to Hyde Park; they talked about the galleries of Versailles and the charms of the Trianons; they talked of the grande-monde and the demi-monde, of high-born dames and actresses, of the fountains they had just seen, comparing them to those of the Crystal Palace, much to the disadvantage of the latter; the young men talked of Mabilles and the Jardin des Fleurs, the Bouffes, and the cafés chantants, and Tiffany laughed at what they said; and as the dinner went on, and more champagne bottles were opened, the

merriment of the party increased. There was one person, however, who, amid the general gaiety, continued absent and sad, ate little, declined champagne, and smiled not at the liveliest sallies.

A party of excursionists from the other side of the Channel, as we have said, occupied a central table in the *salle*. They likewise drank a good deal of champagne, and being probably unaccustomed to such potations, rather too lively an effect was produced upon them, and they soon became boisterous, talking and laughing so loudly as to become an annoyance to the rest of the room. The *garçons* looked aghast; the guests at the surrounding tables stared in astonishment, and shrugged their shoulders; and our young friends were so disgusted at this display of bad manners on the part of their compatriots, that they seriously proposed to eject the noisy fellows from the room, and were only dissuaded from the attempt by old Flaxyard, who was apprehensive that a tremendous row would ensue.

"It is owing to the misconduct of such fellows as these that we have acquired such a bad name on the Continent," remarked Captain Musgrave. "No wonder the French call us a nation of shopkeepers."

"Such fellows as those ought to stay at home, since they don't know how to behave," remarked Hornby. "They make one ashamed of one's country."

"Not so loud," cried old Flaxyard. "They'll hear what you say."

"I don't care whether they hear or not," cried Hornby. "They are quite welcome to my opinion about them."

"And what may be your opinion about us, sir, I should like to know?" demanded one of the excursionists, with a fierce look. "Not that it's of much consequence. Still I should like to know it. What say you, Jennings?—and you, Blewjones?"

"Yes, Jack Wigglesworth," rejoined the others, scowling at Hornby. "We should both like to know the fellow's opinion."

"Well, then, I've not the slightest objection to oblige you," replied the young man, in an impertinent tone, and totally disregarding his father's looks. "My opinion of you is, that you are an infernal set of——"

"Hold your tongue, Hornby!" cried old Flaxyard. "I'll have no more of this. You'll get into a brawl."

"You were about to tell us what we are, sir," said Wigglesworth, rising and approaching the table. "Pray, what are we?"

"Yes, what are we?" added Blewjones, and Jennings following him.

"Infernal snobs, since you want to know," rejoined Hornby.

"Perhaps a stronger term might suit you better, and if so I have one at your service," supplemented Musgrave. "It's quite clear you don't know how to conduct yourselves in public."



"We didn't come to Paris to be taught manners by fools like you," rejoined Wigglesworth, snapping his fingers. "If our society ain't agreeable, you can easily rid yourselves of it."

"We mean to do so," said Musgrave, significantly. "The sooner you make yourself scarce the better. Pay your bill and go, Wigglesworth. *Garçon*," he added, raising his voice, "*l'addition pour ces messieurs.*"

"*À l'instant, messieurs,*" cried the *garçon*, enchanted at the prospect of getting rid of the troublesome guests, while all the rest of the company seemed highly diverted by what was going on.

"What does he say?" cried Wigglesworth to his friends. "By Jove! I believe the fellow has ordered our bill."

"He's a cool customer, I must say," remarked Blewjones.

"*Voilà, l'addition, messieurs,*" said the *garçon*, presenting it to them.

"Perhaps you'll pay it, since you have taken the trouble to order it," remarked Wigglesworth to Musgrave.

"Let's look at the amount?" cried the captain, snatching the bill from him. "Just sixty francs. Not dear for so much champagne, Wigglesworth. Give the *garçon* three naps and as much more as you please, and then you'll be free to depart," he added, tossing back the bill.

Disconcerted by Musgrave's assurance, and finding himself and his companions the laughing-stock of the whole room, Wigglesworth paid the *garçon*, and the whole party of excursionists beat a hasty retreat.

"I hope nothing will come of this ridiculous incident," remarked old Flaxyard, as soon as they were gone.

"You needn't give yourself a moment's thought about it, my dear sir," remarked Captain Musgrave, with a smile. "They're not the sort of men to fight. They'll think twice before they send us an invitation to the Bois de Boulogne."

Another bottle of Larose was ordered, and when the *garçon* brought it he made an observation to old Flaxyard, which was not quite intelligible to that simple Briton.

"What does he say, Tiffy?" he called out to his daughter.

"He says that a gentleman outside desires to speak with you, papa," she replied.

"Bless me! that's strange. Won't the gentleman come in?"

The *garçon* replied that the gentleman would not come in.

"Are you quite sure there's no mistake?"

The *garçon* being quite sure there was none, old Flaxyard went out with him, and remained away so long that the Larose was finished before his reappearance.

## II.

## MR. FLAXYARD IS MADE USEFUL.

Now to see what old Flaxyard had been about. On going forth, in compliance with the summons he had received, he found in the court-yard of the hotel a tall personage, attired in black, whom the garçon indicated as the gentleman who had sent for him. The person was an entire stranger, but on seeing Flaxyard he advanced, and bowing gravely, addressed him by name, apologising for the liberty he had taken in sending for him. The stranger then led the way through an archway at the back of the court-yard communicating with the gardens of the palace, where they could converse without fear of interruption.

"You will think it odd that I should be acquainted with your name, Mr. Flaxyard," he said, "but I ascertained it at the Grand Hôtel. I have seen you with Captain Musgrave and—his wife."

It was only by a great effort that he could force himself to pronounce the last word.

Flaxyard merely bowed assent, not knowing exactly what to say.

"It is in reference to Mrs. Musgrave"—and the stranger again paused, and put his hand to his side—"it is in reference to Mrs. Musgrave, I say, that I desire to speak to you."

"Perhaps you will permit me to know whom I have the honour of addressing?" asked Flaxyard.

"When I tell you that I am named Myddleton Pomfret, and am a Madras merchant, I shall have conveyed very little to you, I fear."

"Pardon me, sir. If you are of the well-known house of Braebridge, Clegg, and Pomfret, I *have* heard of you."

"I belong to that house," replied the other, with a melancholy smile. "And now, Mr. Flaxyard, you can render me an important service, and though I have no title whatever to ask it of you, yet I am persuaded you won't refuse me."

"You pay me a compliment, Mr. Pomfret. Let me hear what you require."

"You can serve another as well as me, sir. You can most materially serve a lady in whom I think you feel some interest."

"If you refer to Mrs. Musgrave, as I fancy you do, Mr. Pomfret, I can only say that I shall be delighted to be of service to her."

"I do refer to her. Before proceeding further, I must entreat you not to misconstrue what I am about to say. I must also

entreat you not to ask for an explanation; which I cannot give, but to be content with my statement."

"This is asking a good deal," remarked Flaxyard, staring at him.

"I know it," rejoined Pomfret: "It is impossible for me to hold any communication with Captain Musgrave. Consequently, the message which I desire to convey to his wife through you must be made without his knowledge."

"Without the captain's knowledge, did you say, sir?" cried Flaxyard, startled. "This appears to me an underhand proceeding—a very improper proceeding, sir, in which I must decline to take part."

"Don't mistake me," rejoined Pomfret, almost sternly. "Circumstances render it necessary. Were a meeting to take place between myself and Captain Musgrave, it would be attended by fearful consequences. He has wronged me—wronged me deeply. I would call him to account, but my hands are tied."

"Whew! here's a pretty business!" thought Flaxyard. "I begin to perceive how matters stand. The poor gentleman has been jilted by a more fortunate rival. Well, I'm sorry for you, Mr. Pomfret—extremely sorry, I'm sure—but what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to give this letter to Mrs. Musgrave privately. You will easily find an opportunity."

"Very likely I might. But I decline to do it, sir," rejoined Flaxyard, with an offended air. "What do you take me for, Mr. Pomfret?"

"For a sensible, good-natured man, or I should not apply to you."

"Well, you are right so far," said Flaxyard. "I *am* sensible and good natured, but I can't allow my good nature to drag me into a difficulty. I can't countenance an improper act. I can't deliver a letter to a married woman behind her husband's back."

"Perhaps I may remove your scruples, when I tell you it is not a letter, but simply an envelope enclosing bank-notes."

"Worse and worse!" cried Flaxyard, now really horrified. "Upon my word, Mr. Pomfret, you must have a very extraordinary opinion of me to venture to make such a proposition. Give a lady money secretly. Nothing of the kind, sir."

"Yes you will, when I tell you that the money which you will thus convey to Mrs. Musgrave is indispensable to her. If you refuse, I must find other means. But I rely on your secrecy. I know I am dealing with a man of honour. You won't betray the lady."

"Betray her! certainly not," cried Flaxyard. "I shan't utter a word. But I don't choose to be made a go-between in an affair of this sort."

"Hear me before you decide. A moment may come—nay, most assuredly *will* come—when it may be necessary, as I have just hinted, that Mrs. Musgrave should not be without resources, and that her resources should be unknown to her husband. That is why I wish to send her this money. That is why I wish to employ you."

The energy of his looks and manner forced conviction of his sincerity upon his auditor.

"You seem to insinuate a great deal against Captain Musgrave," remarked Flaxyard. "Is he in difficulties?"

"Don't ask me," rejoined the other. "It is my business to protect the woman he has deceived, and I am obliged to adopt this course to accomplish my purpose."

"Well, I would willingly help you if I felt quite sure you are acting in a straightforward manner. But you must allow that your proposition is singular, to say the least of it."

"You will regret hereafter, if you don't accede to my request."

"Well, I'll run the risk. Something in your manner satisfies me of your sincerity."

"I felt I could not be mistaken in you," said Pomfret, with a look of profound gratitude. "Here is the packet. Tell her she need not fear that I will intrude upon her, but I shall ever be ready to aid her in case of need."

"I will give her the packet in the manner you enjoin, sir, and will not fail to deliver your message at the same time."

They then separated. Myddleton Pomfret walked rapidly towards the great gates opening upon the Boulevard de la Reine, and Flaxyard returned to the hotel.

"I see by your looks that you've got something strange to tell us, papa," cried Tiffany, as the old gentleman entered the salle. "Out with it."

"Something very odd and unexpected has happened to me, I must own," replied Flaxyard. "But I can't explain it just now. Indeed, I'm not sure that I can explain it at all."

"Why, what a provoking old body you are!" cried Tiffany. "I thought you had brought a challenge from Mr. Wigglesworth, or one of those polite excursionists."

"I've seen nothing of Mr. Wigglesworth, or any of his crew," he replied. "But depend upon it I won't let you into my secret, Tiffy. Order some more Larose, Hornby. This bottle is empty, I perceive. I've something for your private ear by-and-by, ma'am," he added in a low voice to Mrs. Musgrave.

"For me?" she replied, startled.

Sophy had become so nervous of late that the slightest thing startled her.

"Yes, to you, ma'am," he replied, in the same under tone.

"The gentleman who called me out sent for me in reference to you."

"Who is he? What can he possibly have to say to you about me? You excite my curiosity very strongly, Mr. Flaxyard."

"Excuse my answering any questions just now," replied the old gentleman, aware that Captain Musgrave was looking fixedly at him. "Don't give way to any emotion if you can possibly help it. The person who sent for me just now, and who has been talking about you, is Mr. Myddleton Pomfret, of Madras."

"Gracious Heaven! Is he here? Has he followed us to Paris?"

"Be calm, I entreat of you," whispered Flaxyard. "Your husband is watching you. You needn't be afraid of encountering Mr. Pomfret. He has returned to Paris."

But Sophy found it quite impossible to control her agitation, and presently rose from the table, and Mrs. Flaxyard and the other ladies withdrew with her. Captain Musgrave did not manifest any great uneasiness, but merely remarked,

"My wife is subject to nervous attacks, but she soon gets over them, and I have no doubt she will be better presently."

And so it proved. In less than a quarter of an hour the ladies reappeared, and though Sophy still looked very pale, she seemed to have recovered from her sudden indisposition.

### III.

#### MR. FLAXYARD'S SUSPICIONS ARE AROUSED.

THE bill being paid, the party proceeded in a couple of carriages to the station appertaining to the Rive Droite, and shortly afterwards they were speeding towards the terminus in the Rue Saint-Lazare.

Mr. Flaxyard took charge of Sophy, and by a dexterous little manœuvre, which did the old gentleman infinite credit, contrived to place her in a carriage separate from the rest of the party. All the other occupants of this carriage appeared to be French. They were thus enabled to converse without restraint; and almost as soon as they had started the old gentleman hastened to relieve her anxiety, by explaining what had passed between himself and Myddleton Pomfret. On concluding his recital he delivered the packet to her.

"I don't want to ask an impertinent question, ma'am," he said.

"But I suppose Mr. Pomfret is an old friend?"

"I have never seen him—merely corresponded with him," she replied. "He was a friend of my first husband, Julian Curzon, and as such took a strong interest in me. But I imagined his interest would cease now that I have married again—and contrary to his wishes."

"How am I to understand you, ma'am?"

"I owe you a full explanation, Mr. Flaxyard, and you shall have it. Mr. Pomfret returned from India for the express purpose of preventing my marriage with Captain Musgrave—but he arrived too late."

"Very strange! And you say you have never seen him?"

"Never. From a letter which I received from him I knew he was on his way to London, but I have heard nothing since. I have no idea what sort of person he is—whether young or old—and I have reason to believe that some descriptions given me of him were incorrect."

"I don't know how he has been described to you, but, according to my notion, he has a very interesting countenance. Though his beard is tinged with grey, he cannot, I conceive, be above five-and-thirty. But he appears to have suffered much, and looks out of health. He is tall and thin, and bears himself like a gentleman. Altogether, he is a very striking-looking person."

"It must be he! I have seen him!" exclaimed Sophy, who had grown pale at this description. "I caught a glimpse of him among the trees in the gardens of Versailles this morning. I only beheld him for a moment, but I was struck by his countenance, because I thought him so like——"

And she paused.

"So like whom, ma'am?"

"My first husband," she replied. "He is the very image of poor Julian Curzon."

"That's strange!" exclaimed Flaxyard. "And you say they were bosom friends. Odd they should be personally alike—very odd, ain't it?"

"I tell you I only saw him for a moment, for he disappeared in the bosquet. I thought it was Julian risen from the dead."

"Pray excuse me for alluding to the subject, but I have heard, I think, that your first husband met his death by accident?"

"You have heard the truth, sir," she rejoined. "He was drowned while bathing in the lake of Windermere."

"God bless me!—yes, now I remember the circumstance—very shocking indeed!"

"I witnessed the dreadful occurrence," said Sophy. "I saw him sink never to rise again, but I was denied the sad satisfaction of laying him in the grave."

"Am I to understand that the body was never recovered?" inquired Flaxyard.

"It was never recovered," she replied.

The old gentleman evidently wished to ask a few more questions, but he did not like to pursue the painful theme; and Sophy, whose thoughts were occupied by the past, maintained a mournful silence. At last, Flaxyard spoke.

"Will you allow me to ask you, ma'am, and believe that I am influenced by no idle curiosity in putting the question—but are you acquainted with Mr. Myddleton Pomfret's history?"

"I never heard of him until about a year ago," she replied, "when he wrote to me from Madras explaining that he had been poor Julian's intimate friend, and offering to pay his debts."

"Oh! then your husband was in debt at the time of the accident?" inquired Flaxyard.

"Deeply in debt," she rejoined. "But all his debts were discharged by Mr. Pomfret."

"An extraordinary act of friendship," remarked the old gentleman, dryly.

"You would indeed think Mr. Pomfret a devoted friend, if you knew all he has done for me—for no other reason save that I was Julian's widow. The interest he has taken in my welfare seems unaccountable."

"Not quite unaccountable," muttered Flaxyard. "You say Mr. Pomfret came from Madras in order to prevent your union with Captain Musgrave, but arrived too late. Didn't he write? Didn't he assign any reasons for his objection to the marriage?"

"He warned me against it, but reserved all explanations till his arrival."

"And you would not wait for him!" exclaimed Flaxyard, sharply. "Madam, you were wrong—very wrong."

"I now feel that I ought to have waited. But Captain Musgrave was impatient, and I yielded. The marriage was hurried on."

"Ah! it's a sad business!" cried the old gentleman. "I mean, it's a thousand pities you didn't await Mr. Pomfret's arrival. You might then have been saved from——"

"Saved from what? You quite frighten me, Mr. Flaxyard."

"You cannot doubt for a moment that so true a friend as Mr. Pomfret has shown himself must have had some very powerful motive to induce him to come all the way from India for such a purpose."

"Indeed, I thought so. But his motive was quite unintelligible, unless he had a personal interest in me."

"Well, what's done can't be undone, and you must make the best of it. But pray satisfy me on one point. Has Captain Musgrave any acquaintance with Mr. Pomfret?"

"Yes; they met in Madras, where Scrope was stationed. But they were not upon very good terms—in fact, they quarrelled. And it is certain that they entertain a strong antipathy to each other. This may account in some degree for Mr. Pomfret's objection to my union with one whom he regards as an enemy. Scrope was equally bitter; but I felt he was prejudiced, and my heart refused to believe all the ill he said of my benefactor."

"Have you reason to suppose, ma'am, that Captain Musgrave

and Mr. Pomfret met for the first time at Madras?" inquired the old gentleman, after a pause. "Had they no previous acquaintance?"

"I believe not," replied Sophy. "Indeed, I feel certain that Scrope knew nothing whatever about Mr. Pomfret till he met him at Madras?"

"Knew nothing of his antecedents?"

"I fancy not. I never heard him say so. Latterly I have never ventured to speak to Scrope about Mr. Pomfret, for he detests the mention of his name."

"Madam," said Flaxyard, "I cannot disguise from you that you are placed in an embarrassing position. You ought not to have married Captain Musgrave until you had heard what Mr. Pomfret had to say. That is the mistake you have committed, and I am afraid it may prove a grave mistake. I cannot acquit Mr. Pomfret of blame. He ought to have spoken out; but I can understand why he hesitated, and I feel persuaded that he has acted with the best intentions. I would rather not say what I think of Captain Musgrave's conduct. Though Mr. Pomfret has more reason to complain than any one, I think you have nothing to apprehend from him. Unless I greatly misjudge him, his sole desire is to serve you, and he will submit to any annoyance rather than injure you. No, no; you have nothing to fear from *him*."

"Mr. Flaxyard, you have made some discovery which you are unwilling to impart to me—I am sure you have."

"Do not press for any explanation, ma'am. I may be wrong in my suspicions, and I trust in Heaven I am so. But whatever comes and goes, I will serve you as a friend, and do my best to extricate you from difficulties, should any unhappily arise."

"You fill me with alarm. Speak plainly, I entreat of you. I would rather know the worst than be kept in suspense."

"Madam, I know nothing. Therefore I can tell you nothing. I have felt it necessary to caution you, because I have some vague suspicions, but they may amount to little."

Sophy asked no further questions, and scarcely another word passed between them till they reached the station.

The whole party drove to the Grand Hôtel, but the high spirits of the younger people were too much for Sophy in her present frame of mind. Pleading fatigue, she retired at once to her chamber.



## IV.

## CAPTAIN MUSGRAVE SHOWS HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE COLOURS.

**TERRIBLE** fancies, excited by the hints thrown out by Mr. Flaxyard, disquieted Sophy and banished sleep. One strange and painful notion possessed her. She felt as if she had unintentionally committed some crime, for which a fearful penalty would be exacted. At last, towards morning, worn out by agitation and fatigue, she fell into a profound sleep, from which she did not awaken till a late hour.

The Musgraves, as we know, occupied a charming set of apartments on the second floor of the Grand Hôtel, and on issuing forth into the principal room, Sophy found her sister alone, and seated at a table on which materials for breakfast were laid.

"Why, how late you are!" cried Celia. "Scrope has breakfasted long ago, and has gone out to see the guard relieved at the Tuileries."

"Did he leave any message for me?" inquired Sophy.

"Only that he shouldn't be back before noon. I fear, from your looks, you must have had a wretched night. Sit down, dear," she continued, anxiously; "if you can manage to eat a little breakfast it will do you good. I fear these French dinners don't agree with you. Take a cup of tea, if you can take nothing else."

Sophy drank the tea poured out by her sister, but she was quite unable to eat anything, and after a time the breakfast equipage was removed by the garçon.

About a quarter of an hour later a tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Flaxyard and her daughter came in. As we know, they were staying at the same hotel. They had got on their bonnets, and being about to order new dresses from a fashionable modiste in the Rue Vivienne, they wanted Mrs. Musgrave and Celia to accompany them. Sophy excused herself on the plea of indisposition, so they did not press her. But Celia was enchanted at the idea. Nothing she liked so much as a visit to a milliner's, so she got ready without a moment's delay. The three ladies then sallied forth, leaving Sophy alone—quite alone, indeed, for the lady's-maid she had brought from London had been sent back, and she was now without an attendant.

Half an hour passed by, and Sophy was still undisturbed. She was reclining on a fauteuil, vainly essaying to read *Galignani's Messenger*. All at once she was roused by the entrance of her husband. Their greeting was not like that of a recently married pair, and there was far more of fear than of love in the look which Sophy threw at her lord as he stalked into the room. Evidently something had displeased him. He merely nodded,

and then, without bestowing another look upon her, deliberately took off his gloves and placed them inside his hat on the table. This done, he flung himself upon a sofa opposite the fauteuil on which she was seated. For some minutes he kept silence, but at last he addressed her in an angry voice:

"How long is this sort of thing going to last? Because I don't mean to stand it, I can tell you."

"What sort of thing, Scrope?" she inquired, meekly.

"You know well enough what I mean—your sulkiness. I'm getting confoundedly tired of it. I didn't come to Paris to pass my time with a peevish and fretful woman, but to be amused. Ever since you've set foot in France you have become totally changed—changed for the worse, both in looks and manner. You don't make an attempt to be agreeable to me. Perhaps you haven't got the inclination. It appears like it. But I wouldn't advise you to carry the thing too far. I'm not the easiest-tempered fellow in the world, and may chance to retaliate."

"I've not the slightest intention to offend you, Scrope, and am pained to think I have done so," she rejoined, gently. "I know I have been dull and triste, but you must forgive me. Unhappily, my spirits are not under my control, and to-day I am far from well."

"It's a confounded bore to have married a complaining woman," said Musgrave, harshly. "I can't understand why you should be in low spirits, unless you regret the step you've taken. Most women, I fancy, contrive to look cheerful during the honeymoon."

"I don't deserve these reproaches, Scrope—indeed I don't," she rejoined, unable to repress her tears.

"No use whimpering," he said, almost savagely. "It won't have the slightest effect on me. I've told you I can't stand low spirits. To please me you must smile."

"How can I possibly smile at this moment, Scrope? You really frighten me by your looks."

"Do I? Then you're very easily frightened. Why can't you borrow a little of Celia's sprightliness? She's never peevish or out of spirits."

"Celia has not the sad things to think of that I have, Scrope," sighed Sophy. "She is thoughtless and light-hearted, and I hope may long continue so."

"Well, I can see very plainly that you expect to have your own way—but you're mistaken, I can promise you. If you have been disappointed, so have I. But we may, perhaps, get on together if we can come to a proper understanding: Of one thing you may be certain. I won't have any more nonsense."

"If you call my illness 'nonsense,' Scrope, I'm afraid I shan't be able to obey you. But I will do my best."

"I know what has caused this fit of sullens," he said, regarding her fixedly. "You have had some communication with Myddleton Pomfret. It is useless to deny it. I know you have."

She made no response, but cast down her eyes to avoid his searching glances.

"He is in Paris! Have you seen him?" he demanded, after a pause.

"I have not exchanged a word with him. But I fancy I beheld him yesterday in the gardens of Versailles."

"Ah! you own to seeing him. Of course you have heard from him. Give me his letter, I command you."

This was too much, and Sophy roused herself.

"You forget yourself, Captain Musgrave, in addressing me thus. I have received no letter from Mr. Myddleton Pomfret. But if I had, I would not show it you."

"Ah! you defy me. Well, we shall see how long you will hold out. This equivocation won't pass with me. I am certain you have had some communication with the fellow—curse him! I insist upon knowing what message he has sent."

"I decline to give an answer to the question. And I think it better we should have no further conversation together till you are in a better temper."

And she made a motion of retiring, but Captain Musgrave sprang suddenly to his feet, and detained her.

"Stop! I have not done with you yet. We must finish what we have begun. What do you know about this person?"

"Nothing more than I have told you," she replied, trembling.

"It is an infernal lie," cried Musgrave, fiercely. "You know who he is."

"I saw him only for a moment," she cried, distractedly.

"But that was enough. You could not fail to recognise him. I read your guilty knowledge in your looks. It is in vain to hide it from me. You recognised him, I say."

"Then it was not a mere fancied resemblance," she cried. "It was Julian! and living!"

"Ay, it was Julian," rejoined Musgrave.

"Oh," she exclaimed, in a tone of indescribable anguish, "this is more than I can bear. I shall go mad. But no! no!—it cannot be. Julian perished before my own eyes. I saw him plunge into the lake, and disappear for ever."

"Not for ever," rejoined Musgrave, with a sneer. "Was the body found? I ask you that. No; it was not likely to be found. The catastrophe which you thought you had witnessed, and which filled you with desolation, was nothing more than a clever device by which Julian hoped to escape from his creditors and from his wife. It succeeded to a marvel. No one even suspected the trick. While you were weeping—while others were searching for

him—he was far away, chuckling at his escape. If the affair were not too serious, it might move one's laughter."

"No more—say no more," she cried. "The frightful truth becomes clear. I see it all now. I ought to have seen it from the first. Oh, into what an abyss has my fatal blindness plunged me! By the irretrievable step which I have taken I have condemned myself to ceaseless misery. My breast will never know peace again. Scrope, you have much to answer for. You knew the truth, but concealed it from me. No consideration for two innocent persons moved you. You allowed me to commit a crime in ignorance which you were bound to prevent. And what have you gained by your wicked act? You have destroyed my happiness for ever. You have destroyed poor Julian's happiness. If you have any feeling left, you must shudder at your own work."

"You ask me what I have gained," replied Musgrave, who remained perfectly impassive during this address. "I will tell you. I have satisfied my revenge."

"Revenge for what? What injury has the unfortunate Julian done you that you should avenge yourself upon him in this dreadful manner?"

"I shan't gratify your curiosity by explaining the cause of my vindictive feeling towards Myddleton Pomfret, as I shall still call him," he rejoined. "Suffice it that he affronted me—deeply affronted me—and as I never forgive an injury, I determined on revenge. No opportunity for executing my purpose occurred while I was in India. But I abided my time. Not long after my return to England, chance threw in my way what I so eagerly longed for. I saw you, and was struck with your beauty—for you were beautiful then."

"Oh, that we had never met!" she exclaimed, in accents of despair.

"It was written that we should meet," continued Musgrave. "I saw and loved you. I knew nothing whatever about you then, and no other feeling was kindled in my breast save admiration of your charms. But next day I learnt more, and soon obtained a clear insight into your position. On my way to call upon you, St. Quintin acquainted me with your history, and, to my surprise, I learnt your singular connexion with the detested Myddleton Pomfret. From the first my suspicions were aroused, and though I had never heard a hint breathed on the subject while at Madras, I became convinced, on reflection, that your correspondent could be no other than Julian Curzon, whom the rest of the world—yourself among the number—supposed to have been drowned in Windermere. Was it likely that a man would pay his friend's debts without some extraordinary motive? Was it likely he would make a friend's widow so large an allowance

from purely disinterested motives? I understood his motives at once. But there was proof conclusive. Myddleton Pomfret's arrival in Madras was nearly coincident with the date of Julian Curzon's supposed death, just allowing time for the voyage out to India. All doubts, therefore, were removed from my mind. The revenge for which I thirsted was in my power. My enemy was delivered into my hands. Not only had I penetrated his secret—not only did I comprehend his motives, but I divined his plans, and I determined to defeat them—to defeat them so effectually that the mischief done should be irreparable. I saw that he intended to return to England when he had made a fortune, and avow what he had done. But he had not calculated upon what might happen in the interim. It was a pretty project—a kindly project—and deserved to succeed; but there were difficulties in the way. He had not taken my animosity into account. To be sure, he didn't think it probable that I should cross his path. But you will remember how his fears were excited when he learnt that you knew me."

"Ah! I now perceive the justice of his fears. I ought to have paid attention to his caution. But had you no compunction?"

"None. I have told you I never forgive an injury. When my enemy was in my power, was I to let him escape? Moreover, love with me is just as strong as hate; and loving you passionately, as I did at the time, I would never have surrendered you to another. These mingled feelings—either of which was strong enough to cause me to disregard all consequences—determined me to make you mine. I had no fear of a refusal on your part, for I felt sure that I had gained a sufficient influence over you, and that I had only to go on to triumph. My sole apprehension was, that Myddleton Pomfret should arrive in time to thwart my project. He nearly did so, but his evil genius stopped him on the way. My revenge was complete."

There was a pause, during which Sophy appeared overcome by emotion. At last she spoke.

"You have acted infamously, Scrope. You have led me into the commission of a sin which can only be expiated by a life's penitence. My own wretchedness is increased by the thought of the hopeless misery into which your vindictive cruelty has plunged a noble-hearted man. Better have killed him than inflict such pain. Had I been the only sufferer my anguish would have been more tolerable, but it is heightened by the knowledge of his suffering. Your plan has succeeded. The evil agents you have summoned have served you well. But your triumph will be short-lived. The ill you have done will recoil on your own head. Be sure that a terrible retribution awaits you."

"Bah! I laugh at such talk!" he rejoined, carelessly. "It may tell upon the stage, but it won't do in private life. If you

imagine I have any fear of Myddleton Pomfret, you are egregiously mistaken. But I peremptorily forbid you to grant him an interview on any pretence, or to hold any communication with him. Take care you obey me."

"I do not desire to see him," she cried. "Of all men on earth, I would most avoid him."

"Still he may attempt to see you, and I would have you be on your guard. You need apprehend no trouble from him. Very shame will restrain him from resuming his former name. Myddleton Pomfret he must remain, and no other. Julian Curzon is dead to the world."

"I have no fear of him," she rejoined. "He is too good—too generous—to molest me."

"Talk of him no more," cried Musgrave, impatiently. "His name sickens me. I have said enough, I think, to warn you. My stay in Paris will be brief. I shall proceed almost immediately to Nice."

"You will go where you please, Scrope," she rejoined. "But you must not expect me to accompany you."

"Not expect you to accompany me! But I do," he cried, sharply. "Do you suppose I mean to leave you behind? Don't think it."

"I am not your wife, Scrope," she rejoined. "You have convinced me that my first husband is alive."

"You are a fool," he cried, furiously. "If I choose to consider you as my wife, and to treat you as such, that ought to be enough. Your secret is in safe keeping. It is only known to me and to one other, and for good reasons he will never betray it. You *are* my wife, I tell you, so let us have no more nonsense on the subject. Go to your own room. Dry your eyes and compose yourself. Celia will be back presently, and she mustn't find you in this state. Away, I tell you."

Sophy looked at him as if she had something to say, but she left it unsaid, and withdrew into the inner room.

"I'm deuced glad it's got over," mentally ejaculated Musgrave as he was left to himself. "If I hadn't stopped the matter at the onset, there would have been no end of bother with her. Sooner or later she must have learnt the truth, and now she is aware that she is entirely in my power she'll be more manageable. If not—well, I won't think of that just yet."

Half an hour afterwards, when Celia returned, accompanied by Mrs. Flaxyard and Tiffany, they found him lounging on the sofa, smoking a cheroot and reading *Galignani*. To judge from his looks, no one would have suspected that anything had disturbed him. All traces of anger had disappeared from his handsome countenance. Little recked he of the anguish endured by poor Sophy, who was on her knees in the next room, praying fervently

for strength and guidance. Once, feeling curious, he had gone to the door, but finding it fastened, he gave himself no further concern about her.

On the entrance of the three ladies, he entered into a lively chat with them, and listened to the details of their visit to Madame Frontin's with the greatest apparent interest. Rather surprised that Sophy did not make her appearance, as she must have heard their voices and laughter, Celia went in search of her, and, after a little unexpected delay, obtained admittance to the inner room. Here she remained some minutes, during which Captain Musgrave continued his discourse with Tiffany. When Celia came forth again her countenance was changed in its expression.

"My sister hopes you will excuse her," she said. "She feels very unwell—quite unequal to conversation."

"Dear me! I'm excessively sorry to hear it," cried Mrs. Flaxyard, in a commiserating tone. "Is there anything we can do for her?"

"Let me go in to her," said Tiffany. "I'm sure I can manage to cheer her up."

"Thank you, my love, no," rejoined Celia. "She will be best kept perfectly quiet."

"Well, say all that's kind to her from us," observed Mrs. Flaxyard. "I hope we shall see her again later on in the day."

Hereupon the two ladies took their departure.

"Scrope," said Celia, as soon as they were gone, "I fear you and Sophy have had a quarrel."

"We have had a few words," he replied, carelessly. "That confounded Myddleton Pomfret is in Paris, and I spoke to her rather angrily about him. I hate the fellow, as you know. Go and see what you can do with her."

"Shall I tell her you're very sorry for being so cross?" remarked Celia.

"Yes, do. You had better have dinner in your own room to-day, for I'm sure Sophy won't go out. I am going to Vincennes. On my return I shall dine at Brebon's. I may look in at the Palais Royal, where they have a laughable piece. Au revoir!"

Putting on his hat and gloves, and lighting another cheroot, he went out, while Celia re-entered her sister's room.

## V.

### MR. FLAXYARD IS AGAIN MADE USEFUL.

THE sisters had been alone together nearly an hour, during which scarcely a word had passed between them, when a tap was heard at the door of the principal room, and going to see who

was there, Celia found Mr. Flaxyard. It was evident from his manner that the old gentleman had something important to communicate, and without preface he told Celia that he wished to see her sister.

"I am afraid you can't see her just now, Mr. Flaxyard," Celia replied. "She is very unwell. Can I convey a message to her?"

"No, thank you. I have a word to say to her in private. Pray tell her I am here. She will see me."

"I'm by no means sure of it. But we can but try," rejoined Celia, wondering what he could have to say.

With this she went into the inner room, and the result proved that the old gentleman was right, for almost immediately afterwards Sophy came forth. She looked pale as death, and it was easy to perceive she had been weeping.

"I am very sorry to intrude upon you, Mrs. Musgrave," said Flaxyard, in accents of profound commiseration, "but I know you will excuse me. I have just seen——"

A glance of caution from Sophy caused him to lower his voice, and he added:

"I have just seen Mr. Myddleton Pomfret."

"Has he said anything further to you?" cried Sophy.

It was now the old gentleman's turn to enjoin caution.

Glancing significantly towards the inner room, he replied, in a low voice:

"He has charged me to give this letter to you, madam."

Sophy trembled so violently that she could scarcely hold the letter which he placed in her hand.

"I promised to bring him an answer," said the old gentleman, watching her with deep interest.

With trembling fingers Sophy opened the letter, but a film gathered before her eyes, and prevented her for a moment from distinguishing the writing. At last she read as follows:

"I beg you to grant me an interview, and without delay. It is absolutely necessary that I should give you some explanation before leaving Paris. To-morrow I shall be far away.

"It might compromise you were I to present myself at your apartments, and there would be risk of an unpleasant encounter were I even to enter the hotel. I have, therefore, made such arrangements as I trust will prevent accident, and save you trouble.

"In the court-yard of the hotel you will find a carriage waiting for you. The coachman will drive you to the Bois de Boulogne, whither I shall precede you, and will set you down at a spot in the Allée de Longchamps, which I have described to him. Arrived there, you will alight. Enter the wood on the left, and you will find me.



"Do not refuse my request. It is the last I shall prefer to you. We shall only meet to exchange an eternal adieu!"

There was no signature to the letter.

So much was Sophy overcome by its perusal, that she would have given vent to her distress if the old gentleman had not checked her.

"Recollect that your sister is in the next room," he said, "and that there is a very thin partition between us."

When Sophy had in some degree mastered her emotions, he inquired:

"What answer shall I return to him?"

"I cannot write," she replied. "But tell him," she added, with a great effort—"tell him I will come."

"I am glad you have so decided," he replied, earnestly. "I am sure you need not fear to meet him. I will convey your message to him instantly."

So saying, he bowed and withdrew.

The noise caused by shutting the door announced his departure to Celia, who at once issued from the inner room. The liveliest curiosity was painted on her countenance.

"Well, am I to learn the meaning of this mysterious visit?" she cried.

"I am going out immediately—that is all I have to tell you," rejoined Sophy.

"Going out!" cried the other, in astonishment. "Where to?"

"To the Bois de Boulogne, to meet Mr. Myddleton Pomfret," replied Sophy, calmly.

"Well, I declare I never heard of anything so shocking!" exclaimed Celia, staring at her with the utmost astonishment. "And you look as innocent as if wholly unaware of the impropriety of the proceeding. What will Scrope say?"

"He will know nothing about it."

"There you are mistaken. I shall make a point of telling him."

"Do as you think proper. I shall go. You may accompany me if you choose."

"That renders the step less objectionable. Mind, I protest very strongly against it. But since you are resolved to go, you shan't go alone. I may as well tell you that Scrope is gone to Vincennes, and won't return till late, as he means to dine at Brebon's, and go to the theatre in the Palais Royal afterwards, so you needn't fear meeting him."

Scarcely noticing what was said, Sophy hastily made the necessary preparations for going out. Celia used equal despatch, and both sisters were ready at the same moment.

Though she had screwed her courage to the sticking-point,

Sophy felt considerable trepidation as she descended the great staircase. As usual, a number of persons were upon it, but there was not an acquaintance among them.

On gaining the court-yard she perceived a handsome dark coupé, standing a little in advance of the other equipages, and the coachman, who was evidently on the alert, seemed at once to recognise her. As she approached, he called out to a page in the livery of the hotel to open the carriage door.

No sooner were the two ladies seated inside the coupé, than without waiting for orders the coachman drove through the broad porte cochère, and then along the boulevard in the direction of the Madeleine. There is scarcely an hour in the day when this part of the Boulevard des Capucines is not crowded with carriages, omnibuses, and vehicles of all sorts, but the ladies met with no interruption, and were soon speeding along the gay Champs Elysées. Numberless carriages and equestrians were here to be seen, but Sophy was too much absorbed by her own painful reflections to pay any attention to them. She sat as far back as she could in the carriage. Celia, however, enjoyed the brilliant spectacle, and kept continually calling her sister's attention to some splendid equipage or to some marvellous toilette. But in vain; Sophy never raised her eyes.

At length the superb Avenue de l'Impératrice was traversed amid an undiminished throng of carriages, and passing through the Porte Dauphine, the ladies entered the crowded Bois.

Skirting the lower lake, they took a winding road on the right, which soon brought them to the Allée de Longchamps, along which they proceeded.

Presently they reached a thick part of the wood, and the coachman stopped at a spot on the left of the road.

"Here I am to meet him," said Sophy, looking very pale, but very determined. This is the place of rendezvous."

"Are you going to alight?" inquired Celia.

"Yes," replied Sophy, opening the door of the carriage.

Both got out, and striking into a little path which lay before them, entered the wood.

They had not proceeded far, when the tall dark figure of a man could be distinguished among the trees, about fifty yards off. It was evident that he had seen them, but on perceiving that Sophy was not alone had retreated.

"Wait for me here," said Sophy. "You cannot be present at the interview."

## VI.

## THE MEETING.

THE person whom Sophy expected to meet had retired into a side-path on the right, leading into a thicker part of the wood, and on reaching this path she beheld him about twenty or thirty paces off, moving slowly on in the opposite direction. The light sound of her footsteps caught his ear, and he turned.

It was he!

Yes, it was he, whom she had so long mourned as lost; whom she never expected to behold again on earth; and who was brought back only to be taken away.

Yes, it was he. Anxiety and the influences of a fierce climate had done their work upon him. He looked full ten years older than when he had disappeared. His lofty figure was wasted, but still symmetrical; his countenance bore traces of suffering, and seemed stamped with settled gloom, but it had not lost its noble outline. Changed he might be to others, but to her he was unaltered. While gazing at his features, and feeling those well-remembered eyes fixed upon her with an unutterable expression of tenderness, pity, and reproach, she ceased almost to breathe, and must have fallen to the ground if he had not flown to her assistance.

Return to entire consciousness, which did not take place under a couple of minutes, was evidenced by a profound sigh proceeding from the very depths of her breast. For a moment only did she look into his face. For a moment only did she feel the contact of his arm. A thrill of horror then pervaded her frame, and collecting all her energies, she withdrew from his support.

It seemed as if the unhappy pair had only come together to mingle their tears. He had much to say, but his voice was suffocated by emotion. Sophy spoke first.

"I dare not ask your forgiveness, Julian," she said, in accents that pierced his heart like points of steel, "for the irreparable wrong I have done you, though it was done unwittingly. I well know that forgiveness for a fault like mine is impossible, but as I know you to be just and generous, I feel you will not utterly condemn me."

"Condemn you, Sophy!" he cried. "I do not even reproach you. How can I do so when I alone am to blame? I do not attempt to exculpate myself. I am the cause of all the misery that afflicts us both. Had it been possible, the terrible truth should have been concealed from you. But it is necessary you should be made aware of the exact position in which you are placed, in order that a worse calamity may be avoided."

"What worse calamity can there be than that which I now en-

sure? For me there is no more hope in this world. I must expiate my offence in tears and penitence. Oh, why were you not more explicit? Why did you allow me to remain so long in ignorance of the truth? Why did you allow me to commit this crime?"

"I can offer no excuse," he rejoined, in a sombre tone. "As I am the author of the crime, so ought I to bear the punishment, and I hope Heaven will spare you, however severely it may afflict me. But I will try to explain the motives of my conduct, though I feel it to be wholly indefensible. The history of the last few years of my life will be quickly told, and it is proper you should hear it. Else you cannot judge me rightly."

He paused for a moment, and then went on:

"On that dread night which you cannot fail to remember, and which it pains me to recal, when I was environed by difficulties, and when I thought I had forfeited your love, my first desperate impulse was to end my woes by self-destruction. What, indeed, had I to live for? But suddenly, and as if by some merciful interposition, my ideas changed, and I was spared this crime at least. Picturing to myself how I would act if I could begin life anew, I came at last to the determination of carrying out the plan I had conceived. You know how I executed the project, or can guess, so it is not needful to enter into details."

"You executed it so well, that you imposed upon me as upon all others," she remarked. "But if you had taken me into your confidence, Julian, you would have spared me frightful suffering."

"Had I done so, my project would have failed. It was owing to your entire ignorance of the scheme that it succeeded so well. But do not imagine that I did not feel for you profoundly. I did. Nevertheless, my resolution remained unshaken. I had taken all necessary precautions, and concealed a change of attire in the cove bordering the lake. I had also a sufficient sum of money for any purpose. Within three hours after my plunge into the lake, I was seated in an express train, and on the way to London."

"And I had given you up for lost, and was with those who sought for your body," she rejoined. "Oh! Julian, if you had seen me then, you would have pitied me. You would not have left me."

"I should not. Therefore I fled. The plan I had conceived was to go out to India—to Madras—where I had a near relative, Mr. Bracebridge, a prosperous merchant, on whose friendship I could depend. I was obliged to halt for a day in London, in order to procure the necessary outfit for my journey, but I took care to keep out of the way of my old acquaintances. I put up at the hotel near the London Bridge station, and assumed the name of Myddleton Pomfret, which I have ever since retained, and which I shall now never discontinue. As soon as I had made all

preparations, I crossed the Channel, and proceeded, without stoppage, to Marseilles. If I had laid out my plan beforehand, it could not have been better contrived. All fell out well. Within twenty-four hours after my arrival at Marseilles the Overland Mail started for Alexandria. Again I was favoured. Not one among my fellow-passengers knew me. But the *Times* had been brought on board, and in it I read the account of my own 'accidental death,' and heard some comments upon it, which made me laugh bitterly. I learnt the estimation in which I was held. The voyage was speedy and prosperous, and in due time I arrived at Madras. I had not miscalculated my influence with Mr. Bracebridge. I concealed nothing from him. At first he was very angry, pointed out the consequences of the rash and inconsiderate step I had taken, and insisted upon my immediate return, but in the end he yielded to my entreaties, and consented to aid my plan. This he did most effectually by making me a partner in his house. His confidence in me was not misplaced. I wanted knowledge and experience, and, above all, habits of business, but I made up for these deficiencies by untiring industry, and soon mastered my new position. Mr. Bracebridge had reason to congratulate himself on possessing a good working partner, for in a couple of years I had helped him to double his business."

"During all this time did you bestow no thought on the unhappy wife you had deserted, and who mourned you as dead?" asked Sophy.

"You were never absent from my thoughts," he rejoined. "It was for you that I toiled—for you that I sought to realise a fortune. And as my endeavours promised to be successful, I persuaded myself that we should not long be kept apart. Fool, madman that I was to suppose you could, or would, wait for me! I should have returned sooner, but circumstances delayed my departure. Mr. Bracebridge was carried off suddenly by cholera, and the entire management of the business devolved upon me, for my other partner took no active interest in it. But though I could not return, I resolved no longer to defer the execution of my scheme—the first step being the payment of my debts. From a trusty correspondent, who, however, was wholly ignorant of my motives for making the inquiry, I had obtained constant information respecting you, and knew that you were residing in Yorkshire with your father in perfect retirement. I therefore wrote to you, and since you received my letters, it is not necessary to enter into further details respecting them. Neither will I attempt to describe my transports of delight at the sight of your well-known handwriting. Had you seen me press your letter to my lips, you could not have doubted my love for you."

Here he paused, and a minute or two elapsed before he could resume his narrative.

"I now come to a painful portion of my story," he said, evidently speaking with great effort; "but it must be told. At the time of his death, Mr. Bracebridge was a widower, having lost his wife some years before. He had only one child, a daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached, and he left her all his property, appointing me her guardian, and with his last breath committing her to my charge. I promised to watch over her, and I have kept my promise."

Sophy uttered a slight exclamation.

"When she sustained this heavy bereavement, Eva Bracebridge was not much more than seventeen, but in appearance and manner she was a woman. She had not long arrived from England, where she had been educated, and her surpassing beauty created an extraordinary sensation at Madras. Already she had received many offers for her hand, but she declined them. Naturally, I was thrown much into her society, and her vivacity served to dispel the gloom that frequently beset me. She often rallied me upon my melancholy, declaring that I looked like the Corsair or the Giaour, or some other of Lord Byron's moody heroes. 'Come, confess, what have you done, Mr. Pomfret?' she would say, playfully. 'Something dreadful, I'm certain.' It may sound like vanity, but I know you will acquit me of any such feeling, when I say that a suspicion sometimes crossed me that, most unintentionally, I had excited a tender interest in this fair young creature's breast. Had not my heart been engaged I could not have resisted her fascinations."

"Did you resist them, Julian?" said Sophy.

"You need not ask the question," he rejoined, coldly. "Prepare yourself. You will have need of all your courage for what I am about to relate. At this juncture the Bengal Rifles were quartered at Madras. Among the officers was one who was accounted exceedingly handsome, and who plumed himself upon his successes with your sex. He had already caused two or three serious scandals, which were much talked about, but which he fancied redounded to his credit. Mr. Bracebridge, who was very hospitable, like every Indian merchant, naturally invited him, and he was introduced to Eva. He could not fail to be struck with her beauty, and was at no pains to conceal the impression it produced upon him. Mr. Bracebridge kept almost open house, and having been once invited, the enamoured officer came when he pleased, and had abundant opportunities of practising all the arts he was a master of to win Eva's affections. But she cared nothing for him, and mortified him bitterly by her indifference."

"Oh, she did well," cried Sophy. "Would I had acted so!"

"In spite of Eva's manifest coldness to him—a coldness almost amounting to aversion—he persevered," pursued Pomfret, becoming

still more sombre as he proceeded. "He was unaccustomed to defeat, and persuaded himself he should triumph in the end. How was an inexperienced girl to resist him when so many artful women had succumbed? He was still occupied in the fruitless attempt when Mr. Bracebridge died, and, as I have already stated, Eva became my ward. Up to this point her beauty alone had influenced her admirer, but now she had the additional attraction of wealth, a large fortune being assured to her on coming of age, or on marriage, by her father's will. The prize must be won, but his chances of gaining it were even slighter than before, and at Eva's solicitation I begged him to desist from his suit, telling him it was utterly hopeless. He was very angry, and said, in an insolent tone, 'I see through your design. You don't like to part with the girl. You flatter yourself she loves you. But you're mistaken. I'll have her yet.' It was with difficulty that I controlled myself, but desiring, for Eva's sake, to avoid a quarrel with him, I made no reply to his taunts, and perhaps attributing my forced calmness to cowardice, he went away with a menacing and contemptuous look. I thought I had done with him. But the worst was to come. What I have now to tell will prove that I was justified in writing of him as I did to you."

"I doubt it not," said Sophy, sadly.

"Though Eva had seen but little of her father, she suffered much from his death, and I suggested her return to England, but she declined, saying she liked India, and would remain out for another year, or till such time as I could take her back, for I had often spoken to her of my own wish to return. To this I could offer no objection; but as I thought change of scene really desirable for her, I advised her to go to Ootacumand, on the Neilgherry Hills, where her poor father had possessed a charming retreat, which now, of course, belonged to her. She consented, but on the express understanding that I would shortly join her. Next day she set out on the journey, which was to occupy about a week. As it turned out, I could not have acted more unwisely than in recommending the journey. A detachment of the Bengal Rifles was stationed at a fort on the Neilgherry Hills, and the officer who had so long persecuted Eva with his addresses was proceeding in the same direction as herself, and at the same time. They travelled by the same route, stopped at the same places, but though they met daily, Eva would never exchange a word with her importunate admirer. He hovered about her palanquin, volunteered assistance when she crossed the deep bed of some mountain nullah, halted when her bearers halted, toiled up the steep ghaut by her side, but he did not succeed in winning a smile from her. On arriving at her destination she wrote to me complaining bitterly of the annoy-

ance to which she had been subjected, and entreating me to come to her, as she did not like remaining at Ootacumand without my protection. Thus urged, I could not refuse, and set out at once, with the fixed determination of calling the obnoxious personage to strict account."

Sophy made a low and inaudible remark.

"I made so much haste on the journey, that, late on the fifth day after quitting Madras, I arrived at Ootacumand. As it was past midnight, I left my attendants to shift for themselves, and went on alone to the bungalow, in which my ward was lodged. It was beautifully situated in the midst of a large compound, or enclosure, overlooking steep mountain precipices clothed with a thick jungle, which at this hour resounded with the prolonged howls, fierce yells, and savage roaring of various wild beasts. A glorious moon was shining—such a moon as can only be seen in that resplendent clime—and on entering the compound I paused to look around and admire the beauty of the scene, rendered doubly beautiful at that magic hour. I knew the place well. Twice before I had been there to seek health from the bracing air. On either side there were mango-groves, and nearer the bungalow, with its white walls and green verandahs glittering in the brilliant moonbeams, grew some tall palm-trees. The house was surrounded by a garden laid out in the Eastern style. The profound stillness of the night was only broken, as I have said, by the ceaseless howling of the wild beasts in the jungle; but I was too familiar with such sounds to allow them to disturb me. I remained standing under a tree for a few minutes, placidly contemplating the lovely scene. Suddenly my ear caught a slight sound, and I perceived a tall figure issue from the grove and proceed quickly towards the house. In another moment, and before I could recover from the surprise into which I was thrown by the unlooked-for incident, the person in question had gained the verandah and entered the house by an open window. I could not be mistaken in him. Instinctive dislike would have told me who he was, even if his military attire, tall stature, and peculiar bearing had not betrayed him. What was his object? I did not dare to ask myself, but I felt sure he was an unlicensed intruder. A thrill of fierce indignation shot through my frame. Speeding towards the bungalow, I passed through the open window and entered a room, which bore evidence from a hundred eloquent trifles that Eva had been there before retiring to rest. An inner door was open. In another instant I was in a gallery communicating with the sleeping-chambers. Hitherto I had seen no one, but the sound of my footsteps had alarmed the intruder, and just as I reached the gallery he came from out an ante-room. There we were face to face. The villain's countenance, made ghastly by the white moonlight, showed how terribly he was disconcerted by the



interruption. 'For what infamous purpose have you come here?' I cried, in a voice hoarse with passion. 'Speak at once.' 'I have no explanation to give to you,' he rejoined. 'Put any construction you please on my presence. I did not come here uninvited.' Exasperated beyond all endurance by this vile insinuation, I rushed towards him, meaning to fell him to the ground. But he was not unprepared for the attack. Stepping back, he drew a small pocket-pistol, and threatened to shoot me if I advanced. But I threw myself upon him, and in the struggle the pistol went off, the ball grazing my arm, and inflicting a slight hurt, which added to my fury. Seizing him by the throat, I should probably have strangled him if the report of the pistol had not alarmed the house, and brought several native servants instantly to the spot. In another minute, Eva, wrapped in a robe de chambre, appeared on the scene. 'Let me go,' cried the villain, trying vainly to free himself from my grasp. 'I will give you any satisfaction you like to-morrow.' 'You shall not go till you have apologised for this outrage,' I replied. And I forced him down to Eva's feet. What he said, while in this abject posture, I know not. But she entreated me to let him go, and I released him. As he rose to his feet he turned on me with an aspect of fiercest menace, and said, in a deep voice, 'We shall have an account to settle.' 'It shall be settled now,' I replied. 'Drive this fellow forth,' I added, in Hindostanee, to the native servants who were standing around. 'He is a scoundrel, and does not deserve to be treated like a sahib.' Several of them were armed with bamboos, and no sooner was the order given, than a shower of blows drove him from the place."

"How could he survive this degradation?" cried Sophy.

"He bore it meekly enough," rejoined Pomfret, with stern contempt, "for, despite his threats, I heard nothing more of him. Not one of his brother-officers would have supported him. But he felt that his secret was safe, because he knew that consideration for Eva, whose name was not to be mixed up in such an affair, would keep me silent. I thought I had done with him for ever. But I was wrong. Chance gave him an opportunity of vengeance."

"Alas! alas!" cried Sophy, "I, who would have laid down my life for you, have been made the instrument of his revenge. Oh, what a revelation you have made to me, Julian! Oh, what a weak, contemptible creature I appear in my own eyes! Oh, that I could have been the dupe of such a man!"

"Knowing what you now know, Sophy, imagine what my feelings must have been when you first informed me that you had made the acquaintance of one whom of all men I would have kept from your sight. Till then I was not aware that Captain Musgrave had returned to England, for after that night I had not concerned myself about him. A foreboding

of ill struck me, but, though alarmed, I would not attend to it. Eva was unwell. The villain's infamous conduct gave her a great shock, and she had not recovered from it. Otherwise, I should have come to England at once. But I had no serious apprehension, for I had too much confidence in you."

"How wofully was your confidence misplaced, Julian!" she cried.

"Your next letter tore the bandage rudely from my eyes, and showed me the imminence of the danger. My helplessness to avert the dire calamity added to the intensity of my suffering. I would almost have bartered my soul to annihilate the space between us. All my plans were destroyed in a moment, and by the hand of him I most detested. Eva chanced to be with me at the time, and was all anxiety to learn the cause of my distress, but I could not satisfy her. I told her I had received bad news—that a terrible peril threatened one very dear to me—and that my sole chance of averting it was by immediate return to England. I should start at once. She besought me to allow her to accompany me; but in that case I must have confided the secret of my life to her, and I was obliged to refuse. She taxed me with cruelty. But I was firm. I started by the first mail, and left her behind, half broken-hearted."

"She loves you, Julian," cried Sophy, with a pang keener than any she had previously experienced.

"I need not tell you of my anxieties during the voyage," he continued. "Alternately I was buoyed up by hope, or plunged into the depths of despair. My excitement was so great that I suffered from a nervous fever, which increased as I travelled from Marseilles to London. All the way I was constantly asking myself one question, 'Shall I be in time to save her?' Arrived at last at Hertford-street, I received the fatal response, and learnt that I was too late."

"Yes, too late!—too late!" cried Sophy, distractedly. "All this crushing misery might have been spared if you had but told me the truth in the letter which you sent me from Marseilles. What am I to do, Julian? In pity counsel me!"

"I dare not—cannot counsel you," he rejoined. "You must act as your own feelings dictate."

"Oh, this is cruel, Julian! I know that I am nothing to you now. I know that the fault I have committed is irreparable; but you loved me once, and by that love I conjure you to help me."

"My heart bleeds for you, Sophy," he rejoined. "But I repeat, I cannot advise you. Think well before you take any desperate step."

"I understand," she cried, bitterly. "You fear that I am about to throw myself upon you, and you repulse me. The suspicion is unworthy of you, Julian. I have no such thought. I shall never seek to pass the bar that separates us. But in this frightful extremity I have no one to appeal to but you. You see before you a poor, bewildered, terrified creature, who supplicates you on her knees for aid, and yet you will not help her."

"Rise, madam," said Pomfret, with forced coldness, and raising her as he spoke. "It is not fitting you should kneel to me."

"You rebuke me justly, Julian," she said, in a tone of resignation. "Heaven help me! I have no friend left."

"There you are wrong," he rejoined. "You have a true friend in me, and always will have one. But even I shrink from the awful responsibility of counselling you at a juncture like the present."

"My resolution is taken," she said. "I have left Captain Musgrave for ever."

"I neither approve the step, nor attempt to dissuade you from it. But whatever course you resolve upon, act with prudence. A terrible fault has been committed. Do not add another to it. You will inflict no punishment upon Captain Musgrave by leaving him. He is too heartless to feel your loss, and may be glad to be freed from the restraint."

"Not even to punish him would I remain with him," she cried. "I shall try to find out some secure retreat. You have furnished me with the means of flight, and I thank you for doing so."

"The crisis has come sooner than I anticipated," he said. "But on one point you need feel no uneasiness. You shall never want resources. The income you have recently enjoyed shall be continued."

"Impossible!" she exclaimed. "I cannot accept it. Without the money you have so generously sent me, I might be unable to carry out my design, therefore I will avail myself of it. But I can be under no further pecuniary obligation to you."

"As you will. But should occasion arise, you may depend on me. It is my intention to return almost immediately to India; but you know how to address me there, and can easily communicate with me."

"And you mean to go back to India at once?" she cried, unable to conceal her disappointment. "I thought you would have remained in England."

"What have I to do in England now?" he exclaimed, with mournful bitterness. "I have no longer any interest in the country. All whom I have known there suppose me dead, and I do not design to undeceive them. They have long since forgotten me, and would feel little pleasure at my resurrection. Could the dearest friend we have lost come to life again, we should accord

him but a cold welcome. However, I shall not try the experiment. Doubtless the change is in myself, and something may be owing to my frame of mind, but London seems strangely altered—altered for the worse—since I left it. I felt like an utter stranger in its streets. I have business to transact there which may detain me for a week or two, and then I shall set out for India—never, I think, to return.”

“May you be happy there, Julian!” she sighed.

“I do not expect much happiness, unless I can purchase oblivion,” he rejoined.

“But you have Eva to care for,” she remarked, trembling as she spoke.

“She will leave me soon, and then I shall be utterly desolate. But this painful interview must be brought to an end. Have you aught more to say to me?”

“Nothing,” she rejoined, sadly. “I will not ask you to think of me, for it were best to forget me. But be sure I shall never cease to think of you.”

“You are quite resolved to leave Captain Musgrave?”

“Quite,” she rejoined, firmly. “I shall go—I know not whither—but I shall not return to him.”

“You ought not to abandon Celia. Take her with you.”

“Such is my intention,” she replied. “When she is made acquainted with my sad position, I am sure she will attend me in my flight. She owes me some reparation; since, but for her persuasion, I should not have made this fatal marriage.”

He heard not what she said. Without a look—without a farewell word, he was gone.

A few minutes elapsed before Sophy found her way back to her sister, who was impatiently awaiting her.

A long and earnest conversation then took place between them. At first, Celia strenuously opposed her sister’s design, but eventually she yielded, and consented to accompany her.

A certain plan being agreed upon, they returned to the coupé, and, entering it, bade the coachman drive to the Parc de Monceaux. Arrived there, they alighted and dismissed him.

After remaining for a short time in this exquisite garden, they proceeded to the gates opening upon the Boulevard Malesherbes, where they engaged another coupé, and drove to the Hôtel du Chemin de Fer du Nord.

End of the Second Book.

## LULE-LAPPMARK.—A SKETCH OF LAPLAND TRAVEL.

## PART III.

NEXT day we were to find our way to Jokkmokk, and were rather glad that only one horse and cart (that would carry the luggage) was to be obtained; for the morning was fine and bracing, and I longed for an extension of our pilgrimage of last evening. Having bestowed a small gratuity upon the farmer for his hospitality—I think it was two rix-dollars (certainly not more)—and shaken hands with every member of the household, we formed procession, J. and I leading, Nordmark and the cart, with its attendant boy, forming the rear guard.

I may observe here that this custom of shaking hands the traveller must very scrupulously observe with these settlers; and if he proffers his hand first he will immediately rise considerably in their estimation, which it is always worth while to do. In this particular case it was, moreover, a seal of amity; for J., being absurdly sensitive on the subject of fleas, and having imbibed divers ill-founded prejudices from the work of some French traveller who called Lapland "le pays des culices," would insist overnight on sleeping on the floor in reindeer-skins instead of occupying one of the two beds which were prepared in the room for us—a proceeding which evidently gave considerable offence to the family, and was, moreover, a mistake; for I never slept more comfortably in my life, nor did old Nordmark, who, adopting the other bed, benefited considerably by the arrangement.

Our march was like that of the previous day. The road lay straight and fair before us, undulating like a ribbon up and down the hills, the crowded pine and fir stems rising high and dark as a Gothic aisle on either side; the dead intense silence only broken by the occasional cracking of a withered bough or the tapping of some hungry woodpecker in search of his luncheon. It is very difficult to convey the impression produced by a first experience of this endless Lapland forest. I say endless; because excepting where the chain of snow mountains runs north and south, separating Lapland and Norway, and rises above vegetation point, the whole country is covered with forest, forest, forest. Looking at the map, it is not easy to realise this; but it should be borne in mind, in following the track of our little tour, that this is so; and that the names which appear pretty thickly scattered along the lakes and rivers of Lule-Lappmark\* merely represent the smallest oases in this wilderness of pine and fir—often only a single house.

The timber in these northern latitudes is not large, and the trees are densely crowded. Where dips and dells occur, thickets of dwarf birch rise amongst the pine stems; and in the frequent swamps birch and a shrub looking like a large-leaved privet have it all their own way. The most unrealisable thing, however, is the extraordinary bed

\* The name of the province of Lapland to which my small travels were limited. There are also the provinces of Torne-Lappmark and Pite-Lappmark. They are all named from their distinguishing rivers, Lulea, Tornea, Pitea.

of moss underlying the whole forest. Turn off the track among the trees on either side, and you plunge knee-deep into a semi-elastic sea of club mosses, lichens, and all conceivable soft cushion growths; spotted with the wild sweet crops—yellow, red, blue, and black—of the cranberry, whortle, and juniper, that crowd thickly up, and fragrant with their aromatic odour. Pleasant it was too, after a severe burst up hill, to throw ourselves down, hot and panting, flat on our faces on this cool green spongy forest floor, and gather with hands and lips its wealth of juicy fruit to cool our mouths. Bird-life is not abundant. The hawk tribe are, however, numerous, and so are the woodpeckers, and a kind of jay called "Lapps-kata;" the fact being, I suppose, that the winter is too severe for most species, except such as nest in hollow trees and rocks, where they are, to a certain extent, sheltered. Nor in the open forest is the game at all frequent. Capercaillie ("tjäder") and the wood-grouse ("hjerpe") are all that are met with here; but on the higher ground of the mountain-sides, the "ripa," or ptarmigan, are numerous, and blackcock sometimes to be got.

We did not, however, on this day's march come across anything worth shooting. B. killed one woodpecker, a big black fellow with a red crest, and one of the jays above-mentioned as specimens; but after that we declined to waste any more cartridges on such carrion, and contented ourselves with pelting them with stones when we had a chance, like a couple of schoolboys. The effect of this was sometimes very amusing, for these birds were most confiding in their nature, and used to come quite close to have a look at us; and as such a thing as throwing a stone never entered into a Laplander's head, the rattle of a pebble about the ears of a woodpecker was a novel sensation for him. I never shall forget the absurd look of astonishment and indignation that one of the black ones, who was working up a pine-tree very busily tapping, gave us when a well-directed shot hit the bark within an inch of his beak. We both sat down on the bank and laughed till the forest echoed again, while he hung there staring at us in the most ridiculous manner. A second pelt made him cut round the trunk like a shot; and he kept the other side till we were out of sight, peeping at us in the most comical way every now and then under a bough. The jays in question are not at all like ours; being of a cinnamon colour, turned up with red and white. They go in flocks, and make an abominable chattering over their private affairs.

There was not much variety in the journey; but the deep draughts of oxygen one drinks with every breath in this glorious climate make everything enjoyable, even a tramp along a monotonous post-road in Lapland. We did actually meet one individual on the road, a Lapland settler in semi-Lapp costume, with one of the little gin-crack-looking rifles of the country on his shoulder, and a curly-tailed cur of unsociable disposition at his heels. These rifles—and the fowling-pieces (which are, however, very rare) are no better—are the most dangerous and extraordinary looking things imaginable. Where they come from I cannot imagine. Some say that the Polish and German Jews bring them up at the fairs, and exchange them for skins and mussel-pearls; some say they are made at Luleå and other Baltic towns; but their origin is shrouded in a more than Brummagem mystery. The stock,

which is like that of a boy's cap-gun, is of common wood, usually painted red—the machinery of the lock, scear spring and all, is outside—the cock, a rude and uncouth twig of hammered iron, bends the wrong way; the trigger is a peg; the barrel like a length of gas-pipe, but making up in thickness for quality of metal; and the whole weapon not above three feet long, and generally slung across the shoulders by a broad thong of coarse green serge. Yet with a wretched tool like this these fellows bag capercaillie and tree-grouse, and don't scruple to attack "bjorne" himself. The immunity of audacity is certainly a subject for reflection.

Passing Pajerim farm, where we rested and lunched in the open air under a gentle drizzle of rain, we reached about two o'clock a squalid settlement on the left hand of the road, on the borders of an uninteresting lake, and called in the native tongue Koskats, ten English miles from our starting-point. Here again the "hests" were on the loose in the woods, and the government post order had not yet reached so remote a spot; and there was rather a row between Nordmark and the head squatter, whose house we had marched up to through his patches of potato and oats, as to his liability to provide horseflesh for travellers. Eventually, after sending a small girl to fetch an old woman (without whom, it seemed, nothing could be done) from a neighbouring farm, we got three carts (all of the springless order) and three horses to pull them and their precious freights to the next stage. We had a second lunch here before starting—it is wonderful how one eats in Lapland—and were amused on asking for some water to mix with our claret, to have it furnished us in a birchwood pail, with a pewter ladle to dip it out with—cup, glass, or jug being unknown here. Koskats is a miserable place, but the chief settler is building a guest-room to his house, and the accommodation by next year may be better. The lake swarms with fish, upon which the people pretty much subsist, and B. endeavoured to get piloted to some distant duck during the wait for progress; but the birds were wary and the boat was water-logged, and it came to nothing but maledictions.

Nordmark got a rise out of us for the first few miles of the next stage, for which we never forgave him. Two out of three of the carts had planks laid across for seats; but the third had none, so the big roll of reindeer skins and coats was substituted; and this cart Nordmark cunningly adopted, on pretence of giving us a better horse in number two—number three having the luggage. The consequence was, that for half an hour J. and I jolted along the uneven sandy road, holding on for our lives, unable to smoke, and scarcely able to blaspheme; any attempt at conversation being a vain thing. All at once it struck B. that Nordmark and the man in charge of our cart and his, sitting beside him, who had taken the lead, were getting on uncommonly comfortably, inasmuch as both were smoking with apparent facility, and Nordmark attempting to sing; and having communicated his views to J., a halt was called. Simply acquainting old Nordmark that we desired to change carts, without giving any reasons, we made him and his companion dismount; and seating ourselves on the elastic bundle of hides, rattled along in a state of comfort that was like a change from purgatory to paradise, while we could look back and see

our late vanguard jumping about till their teeth chattered; N. evidently wishing he hadn't been such a fool as to take the lead, as we should probably never have noticed the difference of his condition and ours.

Evening was closing in with a keen frost, that made us long to be stretching out on foot to bring a little circulation into our numbed toes; when suddenly at a dip of the road through a stretch of unusually lofty pines, a loud rattle of wings overhead, and the flight of eight or ten big brown birds between us and the clear sky above into the trees on the right, brought a suppressed call of "Tjäder, tjäder!" from the peasant at Nordmark's side, and a lively thrill into our nerves that would have gladdened the soul of St. Hubert. To jump down, fling off overcoats, and, gun in hand, to steal cautiously through the deep moss, anathematising every twig that cracked to the tread, was the work of a moment. Disheartening sounded the heavy flap, flap, that told of the successive escape of one after another of the flock; but at last within reach of one too-trusting tjäder, up went the breech-loader to B.'s shoulder; the quick report was followed by the encouraging silence of a second; a falling rush through the fir-boughs, followed by a heavy thud, told of triumph, and we found our prize prostrate in a pool of feathers—a fine young hen bird, and our first head of Lapland game.

I don't want to make too much of killing a capercaillie, but, from my brief experience, I can only say that in Lapland it is not an easy thing. These birds are wary in the extreme, and uncommonly cunning too. They sit so motionless on a pine-bough, hidden by the hanging green fringe around them, that they are very difficult to detect; and when the heavy, woodcock-like flutter on the right overhead, while you are staring with strained eyes into a fir-crown on the left warns you of your error; before you can raise stock to shoulder the knowing bird has put half a dozen pine-stems between you and his nobility, and—don't you wish you may get him. It may seem unsportsmanlike to pot capercaillie out of a tree in this way, but it is very rarely that you get any other chance. You may now and then flush a flock of hens out of a moss-brake, and get a right and left at them; but this is the exception. The native dodge is to hunt them with the curly-tailed dog of the country, and get him to view a particular bird to perch; when he immediately, so to speak, "trees" him, and, barking incessantly at the foot of the pine, so rivets the tjäder's attention that the hunter can creep unnoticed within short range, and drop him to a moral certainty. But the more usual plan is to smash the capercaillie in a trap. We used to find these abominable engines all about the forest near any settlement. The construction is simple; being exactly on the principle of a boy's brick trap for sparrows, with stump and spreader; only that the falling doom is furnished by a fan of pine-logs some five feet long, and heavy enough to beat the life out of a bear. Everybody goes in for this poaching business, priest as well as peasant; but though we came across many of these rascally contrivances, we only on one occasion, I think, found a victim beneath, though no doubt many a capercaillie must be killed in this way.

Twilight had darkened into the nearest approach to night that the



time of year and the latitude allowed of before we drew up at Smeds ; where we were fain to stay, as it was too late to reach Jokkmokk. As it happened, we got very good quarters, the settler's wife being an old flame of Nordmark's, as he triumphantly told us about two hundred times. The guest-room was a model of pinewood cleanliness, and there was a separate apartment and third bed for our interpreter. We were excessively cramped and cold, for it was freezing spitefully, and were preparing for a pipe and a good scorch at the fire before tea, when our attention was caught by the blaze of a light on the river, that flowed close by the house, which I fixed at once as belonging to a leistering boat. So, ordering the "river burners"\* to be hailed to shore, and regardless of J.'s chaff, I donned coat and hat again, and went stumbling with old Nordmark down the stony bank to meet the boat. I found, to my amusement, that the party consisted of two small Lapland urchins, about five and six years old respectively, in a little crank, rotten canoe that a strong kick would have knocked into matchwood ; one supplying the motive power with a pair of diminutive paddles at the stern, and the other standing in the prow with a long, light, four-pronged spear in his hand ; while a rude iron apparatus, consisting of a kind of basket on the top of an upright stalk, rose immediately in front of him, the basket filled with lighted pine-knots that crackled and flamed high and clear in the calm air, bringing into bright relief the picturesque figures of the boys, and throwing a brilliant, flickering light over the dark river and strange wild shore and scene.

Nordmark having explained that I wanted to accompany them on their expedition, and that they were to return at call, I crawled over the heap of fuel that occupied the centre of the canoe ; and establishing myself in the bows, immediately behind the small spearman, we pushed off, my weight bringing the gunwale within two inches of the water.

The little Luleå Elf just here widens out into a kind of lagoon, with low boulder-strewn shores clothed with pines down to the water's edge, along which the forming ice tinkled as we passed. Silently we shot along to the fishing-ground, the sparks hissing in the water as they fell from the brazier at our bow ; now scraping over a long stretch of scarcely covered stones, varying from the size of a bucket to that of a billiard-ball ; now gliding over the broad back of some huge boulder, from whose sides the water fell to sudden gloomy depths that our blaze failed to plumb ; and that made one shudder to think how awful it would be for the little bandbox of a boat to start a plank, and for one encumbered with coat and boots to be engulfed with her, and, coming up from that dark abyss, to struggle, with water-logged clothes and numbed strength, to hold on to the slippery rounded rock, and sink at last back, with bleeding nails and stiffening limbs, into some water dungeon of the Luleå ; where you should lie wedged between the cold cruel stones, and be eaten by the pike, and the eel, and the gös, while the winter of the north came and held everything above, and below, and around in his icy grip ; till at last spring should arrive on the wings of the warm south wind and breathe upon him, and he

\* As the reader is probably aware, spearing fish by torchlight is called in Scotland "leistering," or "burning the river."

should melt and vanish ; and the waters of the everlasting hills, released, should come with a mighty power and swell, and sweep the great rocks from their seats, and release your bleached bones, that should be scattered and hurried hither and thither, and ground to paste in the snow-stained flood ; till it should give more trouble to the collecting angel of the future to get the scattered atoms together than ever occurred to the exegetical minds that invented the doctrine of the resurrection of the earthly body.

Gliding at last over a weed-grown sandy shallow, the little poacher began work in earnest, striking right and left at the motionless fish as they lay fascinated by the glare of our fire ; sometimes ineffectually, when his spear would stick deep in the sand, or rattle against the floor of rock underneath it, and he would laugh and chatter to me like a little jackdaw ; sometimes effectually, when he would have a desperate struggle with a transfixed pike or gös, and lift him at last into the boat, and laugh and chatter more gleefully than ever. It was a wild little expedition and a curious scene. The sky had become cloudy and dark for a Lapland night, and the irregular outlines of the hills rose black against it. All around us, water and shores were wrapped in a gloom that seemed to stiffen with the frost ; and the deadest silence spread over everything. I sat huddled up on the fuel pile, keeping the crank canoe as trim as possible, and only stirring to hand the small Triton, from time to time, fresh pine-knots to feed the cresset, or fling water upon the blazing embers that were drifted back upon us by the wind. One of these, by-the-by, nearly gave us some trouble. We had been favoured with a particular shower of them, and I thought they were all drowned or stamped out ; till, some five minutes afterwards, happening to look down, I saw a bright light under the little Lapp's feet, and, pulling him by his baggy breeches to attract his attention, we lifted up the bottom boards, and found a patch of the boat's side on fire and eaten in pretty deeply ; which made the urchin shake his head very seriously, as he dipped his foot in the water and trod on the blaze ; as much as to say that it was quite as well we had noticed it in time.

Nordmark's hail called us back to shore at the end of half an hour, during which time the lads had got a fair lot of fish, mostly pike, the largest about two and a half pounds. I found that this mode of fishing is very much followed in Lapland ; and this early practice makes an adult settler very dexterous with the spear. The net is of course used universally, and in all kinds of forms, but the line very rarely.

I was uncommonly glad of the fire and some hot tea when I got in, and did not make any the worse supper for my water frolic. We had some of the family feed with our own—a bowl of boiled salmon chopped up with potatoes, pallid and out of season, and salted till it was un-eatable. I must testify here to the extreme excellence of Hogarth's preserved provisions. Nothing can be better than the Irish stew, beef à la mode, or hashed mutton, and the flavour of the French beans is most miraculously maintained. Without them we should have been reduced to awful straits, as there is really nothing to be got at these settlers' houses except dried reindeer-meat (which tastes like old boots,

and is quite as tough), or fish when they happen to have any, milk, and rye-cake. Lest, however, we should be accused of taking things too pleasantly, I here avow at once that I consider we were guilty of the grossest luxury during the whole trip; and that I don't see the use of roughing it when you can have your comforts. The tour costs more undoubtedly; because, if you have provisions and cooking utensils you must have more bearers and more canoe accommodation; but when a man, jaded with office work and London life (each bad enough in itself, but together the devil), comes away to renovate his health and strength, I maintain that for him deliberately to incur hardships for which he is not in training, and, instead of keeping up the nutritious food to which his system is accustomed, to adopt of his own accord a rough and meagre diet, under the impression that the change of air will balance deteriorated nutrition and restore lost nerve-force and vital power into the bargain, is worse than a mistake. It is overdoing it; and that merely for vanity's sake, and because he thinks it fine to recount how he has had to rough it; and is pretty sure to be punished by an illness of some sort on return to full diet and sedentary life. I know that, even living pretty well as we did, and taking plenty of exercise, I not only never had so much as a moment's illness, but was in riotous health and strength the whole time; and yet, soon after I had returned to England and business, and had breathed for a week or so the abominable mixture provided for us in London under the name of air, instead of Lapland oxygen, I was seized with a violent feverish bilious attack, which, had my system been impoverished with bad food, would have prostrated me extremely.

We slept capitally here—J., I may observe, not disdaining to occupy a bed this time. In the morning we found that the hoar-frost had whitened the grass and covered all the pools with ice; while the gusts of the north-west wind were laden with a fitful drizzle of sleet. We here took boat for the first part of the day's stage, and embarked ourselves and our effects in two canoes for a seven miles' (English) pull up the little Luleå. Though thoroughly warmed by breakfast and a subsequent nip of schnaps—Nordmark, true Swede, had his, precedent—we found it, after about half an hour, desperately cold; and but for the incessant alarms of duck would have taken a spell at the oar ourselves. The wild fowl swarmed on this part of the river. In every creek of the lagoon-like reach above Smeds, divers, flappers, duck, and geese were paddling or pluming themselves; sometimes, as we edged towards them inquiringly, rising lazily and winging their trailing flight to more remote haunts; sometimes diving "all the flock at a stroke," and coming up before, behind, and all around us, and vanishing as instantly; till the excitement grew as wild as the firing. As we ploughed over the weedy shallows, the startled pike plunged away continually before us; while in every eddy of every rapid that we fought up, yard by yard, the great grayling and trout were playing and leaping like dogs. In fact, to judge from what I saw of it here and farther up, this river must be about perfection for the duck-shooter and general angler. We were not sorry when, at the end of a couple of hours, and in the thick of a blinding snow-shower, we pulled ashore on the left into a narrow creek and jumped out upon the

big black boulders that line the shore (and the bed) of every Lapland river. We here joined again the post-road to Jokkmokk, to which important town a short hour's tramp soon brought us.

By this time snow and hail had whitened everything around; the ground rang hard to our feet; and I thought (without knowing the exceptional heat of the year of grace 1865 in England) what a contrast the 1st of September in Sweden and Sussex must be; and wondered how my friends, whom I should have joined on that day fatal to partridges, would have liked such a taste of north-latitude weather in the autumn stubbles.

We were not profoundly impressed with Jokkmokk, and yet we ought to have regarded it with some respect, as the largest settlement in Lule-Lapmark. It is here that the great spring fairs of February and June are held, when the Lapland settlers come down and buy everything they want, and a good deal that they don't want; and the real Lapps come and sell peltry and pearls for belts and boots, and, what they like best, money; and get screechingly drunk, and go to church and have revival scenes, and dance and howl, and pitch into one another, or into the strangers or the priest (they beat one unhappy pastor to death with sticks one day for the good of his soul); and the Jews from Slavonia come up all that long and perilous journey, and chaffer and cheapen furs, and sell tawdry cheap prints and clocks and Moses-built garments and guns, and exhibit peep-shows, and hold bazaars, and utterly fleece and do the wretched natives according to the lights of Hebrew commerce and conscience. Well, now, when we arrived there, I counted just twenty-seven houses, red and grey, with chimneys; and out of about a dozen or so of these smoke was issuing; the rest being the little shut-up shingle huts, like those of old Luleå town that the outlying settlers occupy on their Sunday visits to the church! The place stands back from the road on the left, huddled together on a small eminence; the only houses on the right being the "gästgifvärvård," or guest-house, and the adjoining cottage of the attendant landlord. The church is an octagon-shaped red structure, with a conical roof and a detached belfry, and altogether a picturesque but most unecclesiastical-looking affair. Obtaining the key from the next house, we entered and took possession of our quarters, having the whole place to ourselves. Some kots and an empty spirit-keg lay in the chief room, belonging to a government surveyor, who was out in the woods; but he did not turn up during our stay. It was not a promising day for a canoe voyage up Lake Vajkjaur, which would have been our afternoon's stage; so we made up our minds to stay where we were, and watched the whistling hail and whitening ground through the windows with our backs to the fire, after the fashion of Englishmen.

We had a very important occupation before us, though; which was no less than the cooking of our slain tjäder. Nordmark, Swede like, wanted to cut him up and fry him first with butter, and then stew him afterwards with water, the villain! but we were not going to stand that. "Unaccustomed as we were" to kitchen work, we had him plucked and drawn, and then made skewers and trussed him ourselves; and fastening a piece of Lapp string (made of twisted reindeer sinew) to each point of the skewer passed through his shoulders, tied the other

two ends of the strings to the notch of a kont-yoke handle, so that the bird was suspended on a kind of isosceles triangle—the strings forming the long sides, and the skewer through him the base. Then laying the stick on the mantelshelf, so that tjäder hung down in front of the blaze (where, being slung rather on the slant, he looked like Leotard on the trapeze); we put our spirit-keg on the other end of the stick to keep it steady, and so improvised an admirable bottle-jack; for giving the tjäder a twirl, the strings twisted gradually together and then untwisted, and then did it again, making him revolve with delicious regularity. We put a stew-pan under him, and basted him with the gravy from a case of hashed mutton and some butter, administered with a wooden spoon; and in about half an hour he was done to absolute perfection. It was not by any means fun, though, cooking this precious tjäder; for B. having some floating ideas in his head about the necessity of a quick fire for game, insisted on its being maintained to such an extent that, though taking the duty of basting by very short spells (which were larded with extremely strong language at times, I regret to say), we were both considerably scorched about the face and hands, and awfully glad when it was over. Tjäder, however, repaid us. A more delicious dish I never tasted. To the flavour of the pheasant he, or rather she, for it was a hen, united the juicy tenderness of a young partridge; and big as she was we ate her all up, and Nordmark (who had never seen a bird roasted in his life, and was in raptures with the experience) picked the bones. We had several more tjäder after this, but were too lazy to go through the roasting process again, and the fine flavour of the capercaillie used to be lost in the stew-pan.

We passed the afternoon in smoking, reading, and practising with my small revolver at knots in the soft pinewood walls of our apartment. About five o'clock blue sky appeared, and as we had all the time heard the roar of some fall or forss upon the distant river, we sent old Nordmark for a guide, and I got my tackle out for the chance of a trout. Our guide came, a "merchant" of the place, an elderly and frouzy child of Israel, who led us down through bog and moss wet with melting snow, and over rocks and pine-roots, and through thickets of dripping birch, at a quick shambling pace that it tried our wind and limbs to keep up with; and in about twenty minutes we stood on an overhanging rock opposite the chief falls on the little Luleå river. We gazed our fill at this most picturesque cataract, and J. took a rapid sketch of it; while B., whose piscatorial ardour was excited by the sight of a manageable eddy a few yards below, strung rod and line together and jumped down over crag and boulder to the water's edge. The first cast was rewarded by a small grayling, the second by a trout of about half a pound; and for about an hour and a half it was cast and catch incessantly. At one deep promising-looking eddy some heavier fish were bagged; but the evening wind grew cold and biting, and we had got there too late. I think our biggest prize, a lovely trout, weighed about two pounds and a half; but we had some noble grayling, and it was quite clear that under favourable circumstances of weather, and with rather more stream than the exceptionably arid summer of this year had left in Lapland waters, magnificent sport with the grayling and trout was to be had in the wealth of ripples and

deep curling eddies to be found for a quarter of a mile below the Jokkmokk Falls; and the salmon, from all accounts, swarm there in their season.

Our walk home was anything but easy. We here had our first and worst experience of a quaking bog; and I decidedly never desire to pass another. But for the British character for pluck and coolness being involved, I would rather have walked ten miles round. It was not much of a distance—about fifty yards or so—but when for this length you have to cross a bottomless mixture of peat and mud held in solution by water, too thick to swim in, and too fluid to support your boots let alone your body, upon a path consisting simply of floating pine-stems laid butt to point, two and two, side by side; the pair you are balancing on sometimes, too, not meeting the next pair by a gap of a foot or more, it becomes beyond a joke. Yet, strange to say, though knowing that a slip of the foot, or the rolling round of one of the slippery logs, would almost certainly be followed by englutition and suffocation in the horrid quagmire, I felt nothing so much as a strong desire to laugh; which, as I had some interest in maintaining my balance, it was lucky I did not indulge. In crossing these swamps you take a stick, say six or eight feet long, in your hand, holding it quite lightly in the palm, and as you walk lay it gently on the surface of the morass step by step, and so get your balance. Lean but the least on it, and it sinks as if it were lead, and you are lost. It was a curious sensation to step, as we were able to do two or three times, on to neighbouring islands of peat of doubtful foundation; and putting the point of one's stick into the vegetable mixture, feel it sink unresistingly under the gentlest of pressures into the unfathomable beastly bog; and think how little chance one would have of recovering, in any world but the next, a false step made in this just then. We were reminded of the inimitable story of the Yankee, who, following with guarded steps the only track through an Arkansas swamp, came to a hat lying upon the moss close to the path, and, stooping to pick it up, was saluted by a voice from underneath it bidding him to "let that there hat alone."

"Almighty!" exclaimed he, "a fellow-creature in this distress!"

"Strannger," replied the voice from under the hat, "do you leave me be. I guess I've got into trouble in these 'ere bog fixes, and I'm a-standin' on tiptoe on my horse's saddle this minnit; but you go your ways, and mind your own bizness; I've been in worse fixes than this!"

Our merchant-guide had rather a narrow escape, for, as he was running nimbly along in his Lapp boots, showing off, his foot slipped; and had he not adroitly thrown himself a-straddle of the poles as he fell, he would have gone under to a certainty, and we probably, in endeavouring to save him, should have shared the same fate. He was very wet and smelt nasty when we raised him. However, we got over this peril of mixed land and water, not encountered by St. Paul, in safety; and were by no manner of means sorry for it.

## OLD HIGSON'S WILL.

## A TALE OF YACHTING LIFE.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE TWO HEIRS AND THEIR YACHTS.

THE blue sea, rippled over with the gentle breath of a southerly wind, glittered brightly in the rays of a noonday sun as numerous vessels of all rigs, easily distinguished from Shankline Downs, at the back of the Isle of Wight, were standing down channel with every sail which would draw set to catch the coy breeze. There were ships, some crowded with emigrants bound to Australia or Canada, and brigs, colliers, and other coasters, and brigantines going up the Straits for fruit, and three or four luggers beating across to the French coast, and there were cutters, and schooners, and yawls; indeed, every rig usually seen in those waters had one or more representatives. Among them were several yachts. We have, however, more to do with two fine cutters, each of about a hundred and twenty tons, and which, from their keeping close in shore, were evidently doing so both to make the circuit of the island and to enable those on board to examine the beauties of the coast scenery, not to be surpassed, perhaps, by many other parts of the shores of England. On board one of the yachts in question were several ladies, two of middle age, and three young and fair; indeed, it might have been difficult to have found three prettier girls together ashore or afloat on old Neptune's realm on that fine July morning. One was an invalid, for although the day was warm she had a shawl wrapped round her, and was propped up on the deck surrounded by soft cushions. One of the other young ladies was seated at her side, ready to render her any of those little services which an invalid so much requires. There were three gentlemen. One, who wore a yachting uniform, was apparently the owner, and the other two his guests. One of the latter was leaning over the side, and pointing out to the third young lady the various points of interest on shore, while the owner was engaged in conversation with one of the elderly ladies.

"Yes, indeed, I trust that the sea-air and thorough change of scene will have a beneficial effect on your daughter's health, my dear madam," said the gentleman. "I shall be more than amply repaid if such is the happy result of her stay on board the *Ione*."

"And I shall be for ever grateful, whatever is the result, for your generosity and the sacrifices you have made for us," answered the lady.

"On that point, pray, do not say a word. I have always taken great pleasure in yachting, but I confess that I have at present no satisfaction in doing what does not lead to some useful result. I should lose all the enjoyment I now feel if I had merely to sail up and down without any definite object in view; I am, therefore, much indebted to you and your daughters for affording me what I trust may prove a very useful one."

"It is very kind in you to put it in that light. I pray that the re-

sult may be equal to your expectations," said the lady, looking towards her daughter with an anxious glance.

On board the other yacht were also several ladies and five or six gentlemen. They seemed to be in high good humour with the world and themselves.

"Really this deck is made for a dance," cried one of the young ladies, making a gliscé across it. "It is as steady, too, as if we were in harbour. I could not resist dancing if I were asked."

"And I am sure that no dancing-man could resist the temptation of asking you, Miss Stunner," observed a stout, weather-beaten yachting-man who had overheard her. "But what will your chaperone, Lady Rowdy Dow, say to it? She has come to preserve order and sobriety, she told me, and if you once begin toeing and heeling it, good-bye to both for the rest of the cruise."

"Oh, fie, Captain Bulkhead! How ungallant in you to say that," exclaimed the young lady. "It shall not prevent us having our fun, I can tell you, though. I shall ask one of the other gentlemen if no one asks me, you'll see, and in ten minutes from this time we'll have the fiddle going. It was a bright idea, whoever conceived it, of bringing that blind fiddler. But I must to my task. Now, don't interfere with me, honour bright!"

The fair Sophy was as good as her word, and though Lady Rowdy Dow protested that she could allow no dancing, in less time than she had given herself she had induced the whole party to stand up. The fiddler began scraping away, and they commenced footing it right merrily. As to the beauties of the scenery, no one seemed to care very much about them. A quadrille and a waltz had been performed when the steward announced luncheon, and with scarcely a glance at Ventnor, off which they then were, they all dived below, led by Lady Rowdy Dow, where a substantial repast, with champagne and no lack of other wines, awaited them.

"I say, Bulkhead, will you take the foot of the table and attend to the ladies in your immediate neighbourhood?" said the owner of the yacht. "Lord Rowdy, please to look after Mrs. Bangup; I'll attend to her ladyship; and Jack, I know that you will do your duty. I commend Miss Stunner especially to your charge. Now I think that we are all right."

If eating and drinking could make people happy, and laughing and talking were a sign that they were so, the party on board the yacht ought to have been in a state of supreme felicity. At last they again went on deck, but some of the gentlemen found it far more difficult to direct their feet aright than they had done before.

"Very slow work it must be aboard the *Ione*," observed Captain Bulkhead, as he turned his glass towards the other yacht, which was still at no great distance off, the sailing qualities of the two vessels being apparently very equal. "They seem to do nothing but sit and stare at the shore. It's all very well in its way, but an occasional look at it ought to satisfy any reasonable creature."

But how come these two yachts to be where we have introduced them, and who are all those people on board? The reply to these questions involves rather a long story, and demands an independent chapter.



## CHAPTER II.

## MARMADUKE AND MARTIN: INCIDENTS IN THEIR PRIVATE HISTORY.

MARMADUKE DELAMERE had a very satisfactory opinion of himself. He believed that he was a genius—a man of infinite talent, wit, and humour thrown away; that his bright qualities were obscured; that he was in his wrong place; that he ought to be in the senate, or associating with people of fashion in the gay circles of London, or that he should have been in the Guards, or an attaché to the embassy to Paris or Vienna, instead of sitting on a high stool before an ink-stained desk, with a pen behind his ear, in a dingy counting-house in St. Swithin's-lane.

What a fate for a Delamere! though, to be sure, he was the fifth son of a younger son of the Honourable Adolphus Delamere. It all came of having an uncle, Tobias Higson, who would be his godfather, and insisted on his entering the office of Sniggins, Toppin, Higson, and Co.—the two former being mythical characters, or having so long departed this life that no one recollected anything about them, while the nameless Co. were the actual working partners of the establishment. His great consolation was that he had had an honourable for a grandfather. This enabled him to look satisfactorily down on his plebeian associates, as he deemed them, in the office—though the said associates, who were sons of reputable members of society, were not aware of the feelings with which they were regarded, but, on the contrary, were rather inclined to consider Delamere an ass, who would never rise much above the position of a copying-clerk, if he were even retained in the office. Of this, considering the opinion which the managing clerk of Sniggins, Toppin, Higson, and Co. entertained of him, there appeared to be some doubt. In whatever estimation the rest of the world might have held Marmaduke Delamere, his mother, at all events, considered him a very superior young man. What elegant poetry he wrote! what exquisite taste he displayed in the selection of his waistcoats and ties! how gracefully he waltzed! how well he did everything he tried to do! To be sure, he seldom attempted a much more arduous undertaking than those that have been mentioned. It was very much against her will that her dear Marmaduke had been forced into the office of Sniggins, Toppin, Higson, and Co., but Mr. Delamere, who was a sensible man of the world, would have it so. He was not going to allow a son of his to throw away so good a chance of advancing himself by any such foolish fancies. Beneath him! Not a bit of it. Some of the best people in the land had been clerks in counting-houses, or even merchants. It was impossible to say what old Higson might not do for him. He should like to know what else Marmaduke was fit for? He could not buy him a commission in the army—he had not talent enough to obtain one by study.

"Not that sort of talent, my dear, perhaps," observed Mrs. Delamere, in rather a scornful tone.

"I mean any practical talent, likely to be of the slightest use to him in the world, my dear," observed Mr. Delamere. "The boy is

well enough in his way, but he is not very far removed from a goose with regard to any ability he may possess calculated to advance him in life."

This was not the first time Mr. Delamere had expressed a similar opinion of his fourth son. The rest were already engaged in various pursuits, fighting the battle of life with steadiness, perseverance, and consequent success. Mrs. Delamere knew that her wisest course was to hold her tongue; for though Mr. Delamere was a worthy man and a kind husband, he was very apt to take his own way, in spite of whatever his wife might say. Accordingly, Marmaduke was sent to the office of Sniggins, Toppin, Higson, and Co., with a gentle hint from his father that if he did not behave himself, and make the most of the advantages he enjoyed, it would be the worse for him. Marmaduke knew from experience that his father meant what he said, and therefore, for a wonder, bore himself discreetly in the presence of his superiors.

He had a cousin in the same establishment, slightly his superior in point of age and standing in the office. Martin Bayfield was a fine gentlemanly young fellow, kind-hearted and universally liked by those of his own age. He took to business, not because he had any especial liking for it, but as he would anything else which was set before him to do. His companions considered that he would get on better than Marmaduke, but still did not look on him as likely to become much of a man. He, also, was a godson of old Higson's, who had volunteered to take him into his counting-house. He knew a number of people, and went a good deal into society, not, perhaps, of the class Marmaduke especially courted, and which he was pleased to call the *crème de la crème*—an expression he had heard his mother use, though he did not exactly understand its signification. Martin's friends were generally practical people, engaged in the pursuit of science or art, or of benefiting their fellow-creatures, who considered that life was given that something might be done during it, not aimlessly frittered away.

Marmaduke, therefore, did not hold his cousin Martin in much estimation. The only person, indeed, of his own age among his acquaintances whom he did respect was an old schoolfellow, Jack Adair. Jack was undoubtedly a fast man. He prided himself on being one, and his mother, Lady Adair, was rather vain of her son's notoriety in that respect. How he lived as he did it might be difficult to say. If he was asked, his reply was, "On my wits; they are, I am thankful to say, tolerably sharp, and they enable me to live well." People did say that Jack Adair was an adept with a billiard-cue, and not unknown in dens where play ran high; but whatever were his employments of that description, he was too wise to blazon them abroad, so that in decent society he was looked on only as an agreeable rattle with no great harm in him. Marmaduke admired him amazingly, and endeavoured to imitate his style, and though he, in common with many others, thought Marmaduke a donkey, he rather liked him; besides that, he thought he might possibly some day find him useful, should his emergencies at any time compel him to fly a kite or so—not an improbable event.

Once, and not long ago, Adair had come to the resolution of breaking through his old habits and mode of life, and of settling down steadily to some profitable and respectable occupation. He had fallen in love, but the object of his affections was not the sort of person such men as Jack Adair generally admire. Ethel Arundel was a quiet, refined, amiable, high-principled girl. Her beauty was of a high order. She was a blonde, soft and delicate; not the least of her attractions being that she seemed perfectly unconscious that she possessed any. Jack, after, as he fancied, paying her great attentions, such as could not but prove acceptable, made her a direct offer, when, greatly to his surprise, she positively and firmly refused him. He told her, and he believed it, that she would be the making of him; that the hopes of possessing her would be the motive to a complete change of life, an incentive to the performance of great and noble actions. In truth, he became wonderfully eloquent as to what he would do, though he had very little to say as to what he had done. She quietly replied, that she believed noble actions must be performed from very different motives to those he suggested. He asked her whether her affections were disengaged. She positively declined to give him an answer on the subject, and begged him to understand that nothing would ever induce her to accept his offer. Jack was very far gone. He felt the want of a confidant, and feeling the impossibility of saying anything on the subject to his ordinary associates, he confessed his weakness to Marmaduke, who would, he knew, afford him his utmost sympathy. Marmaduke was highly flattered at the confidence shown him—expressed his opinion that Miss Arundel could not possibly be so hard-hearted as she appeared—and that, in spite of what she had said, that she would ultimately yield. Something, however, whispered to Marmaduke,

“Perhaps her affections are engaged, and you are the happy man to possess them.”

He had paid her attentions, though he could not say that she seemed to appreciate them as much as she ought to have done. Still, he could not play false to Jack; yet, if she persisted in refusing his friend, why, he would go in for his chance.

Such was the state of affairs when the firm of Sniggins, Toppin, Higson, and Co. were thrown into a state of commotion by hearing that their respected senior, Tobias Higson, had suddenly departed this life. The general opinion of the younger clerks was, that Marmaduke would quickly be ousted from his situation. Great, therefore, was their astonishment, and that of others, when, after the lapse of some days, the will being opened, the lawyer announced to Marmaduke Delamere and to Martin Bayfield that their uncle had left each of them a sum yielding a clear income of five thousand a year, to be enjoyed provisionally, however; the capital was invested in the names of certain trustees. Each was to make the best use of the income left him, to spend the whole of it in a way becoming a gentleman. At the end of five years, should the income not have been spent, in the opinion of the trustees, in a satisfactory manner by either of the nephews, the larger portion was to be given to the other, three hundred a year only being retained by the unfortunate one. Neither of them was to be informed who were the umpires in the matter, nor were any rules

given them for their guidance. The income was to be spent in a gentlemanly liberal way, and, at the same time, to be usefully employed. The only possible way the nephews had of judging what would be considered the right mode of spending their incomes was, by considering the character of their uncle and the men he was likely to select as their judges or umpires.

Marmaduke was almost beside himself with delight when he first heard of the fortune left him. When, however, the clause respecting its disposal was afterwards communicated to him, his spirits fell considerably. To what annoying, what horrible supervision might he not be subjected. His mother was scandalised, she said, at the arrangement; it was unjust, cruel. She almost wished that old Higson had not left poor Marmaduke a shilling. Marmaduke, however, did not hold to that opinion. He hurried off to consult Jack Adair on the subject. Jack considered a minute.

"The clause is a great bore; there's no doubt about that; it will tie you down terribly; still, five years is a good bit out of a man's life. You have got the money secure for that time. And five times five is twenty-five, and twenty-five thousand pounds is a tidy sum if you saw it in a lump. Don't be afraid, my boy; I'll help you to spend it like a gentleman. Let me see, the summer is coming on. You'll have a yacht. You're fond of yachting, I know. I am, at all events, and I'll soon make you so. There isn't a better amusement, and that is gentlemanly, at all events. That matter is settled. I'll look out for a first-rate craft at once, and have your name put down at three or four of the leading yacht clubs. Then, for the winter, you'll keep a few hunters, and I wonder what old Higson would have said to your having a horse or two running for the Derby. That's a gentlemanly amusement, I should think. In the autumn I must secure you a moor in the Highlands, and a shooting-box, where you may ruralise with a few choice spirits, like myself and others, whom I must make known to you. I must get you into a few of the leading clubs; and as you have already begun to make your own way in society, you will require no help from me. The first thing, in my opinion, to be thought about is the yacht. Just give me a line authorising me to do the needful, and I will make all the arrangements necessary."

Marmaduke, as Jack well knew, had often talked of the delight of yachting, though, except during an occasional trip down the Thames in a steamer, or across to the Isle of Wight, he had positively scarcely seen a yacht, and had never been on board one. He, without hesitation, gave Jack the authority he demanded. Marmaduke had still a greater trial to go through. On his next visit to his late uncle's solicitor, he was informed that there was yet another clause in the will of the eccentric old gentleman. He was to take the name of Higson.

"What, exchange Delamere for such a plebeian name as that?" he exclaimed, unguardedly. "Impossible. It can't be necessary."

"As you think fit, sir. It is necessary, and you cannot touch a sixpence without conforming in all points to the will of your late relation," announced the man of business, in a dry tone.

His name was Higgs, so that the remark may not have been altogether pleasing to his ears.

"Well, I'll see about it," exclaimed Marmaduke, indignantly. "Is there any other clause in this—will to which I shall have to conform?" He was going to use an improper expletive, but restrained himself in time. "Perhaps the old cove may wish me to turn into a lawyer, or a parson, or some other equally delectable profession, or to continue quill-driving. Has Martin got to do all the things I have?"

"Your cousin and you are placed on precisely the same footing, Mr. Delamere," answered Mr. Higgs. "He has made no objections to any of the clauses of the will. On the contrary, his gratitude to your uncle is expressed in all he says."

"Oh yes, I know what all that means," muttered Marmaduke, turning on his heel. "He has determined to win. The fellow always was a sneak, but I'll beat him, notwithstanding."

"You'll let me know what you decide, Mr. Delamere?" said the lawyer, calling after him. "For if I understand you aright, you have not made up your mind to accept the offer made in your uncle's will."

"Of course—of course," answered Marmaduke, turning round. "It's only that — name sticks in my throat."

"At all events, you will let me know your decision," repeated the lawyer, rising to close the door which Marmaduke, in his indignation, had forgotten to shut.

He hastened to his mother to consult with her on this subject. She at first made some wry faces at hearing of the name, but she had a good supply of worldly sense.

"The name is not pretty, I grant, but I assure you, my dear Marmaduke, that people do not think much about names now-a-days, and there are a very large number of girls who would very readily marry you as Marmaduke Higson, with five thousand a year, who would positively decline, under present circumstances, to unite their fate to yours. Don't think about the name. It is a very good one in its way; old, I am sure—probably much older than Delamere—and people will always think of you as a Delamere. Delamere Higson does not sound badly, after all."

"Don't know. Can't say I like it," said Marmaduke. "Besides, suppose that, after all, I lose the fortune, I shall be saddled with the name, and nothing to show for it but a paltry three hundred a year."

"Oh, that must on no account be thought of!" shrieked Mrs. Delamere. "We must trust to your discretion and judgment to avoid so dreadful a catastrophe. You would break your father's heart, and I am sure you would mine, if you were to lose the property by any egregious folly. Surely it cannot be so difficult a matter to spend an income of five thousand a year properly, and that seems all that is required."

Encouraged by his mother, Marmaduke went back to Mr. Higgs, signed all the necessary papers which would enable him to draw his income, took the legal steps necessary to enable him to assume the name of Higson, and then hastened to the lodgings of his friend, Jack Adair, to consult with him further as to the disposal of his expected cash.

## CHAPTER III.

SHOWS HOW THE YACHTS WERE PURCHASED, AND INTRODUCES SOME HEROINES.

JACK ADAIR hurried down to Hampshire, and considered himself fortunate in finding a vessel just ready to launch in the yard of a celebrated builder, who had strong suspicions that the gentleman who had ordered her would not pay him. A third of the purchase-money down was a temptation. He was not aware that he was not likely to get much more out of Mr. Jack Adair, who, appearing as the purchaser, was able to mortgage her at any time that he might feel so disposed. He took good care, however, by a little hocus-pocus that Marmaduke Higson should be the ostensible owner. The name intended for the new yacht was the *Ianthe*.

"And a very pretty one it is. Let it be so," said Jack. "With regard to other points, I leave them to your judgment. I want her handsomely and comfortably fitted, so as to give plenty of accommodation to a large party, if necessary."

It so happened that the builder had two yachts of the same size on the stocks. The other was the *Ione*, which, having sold to a gentleman in London, he launched on the same day. They were both got ready for sea at the same time, and he at once wrote to their respective owners to inform them that he was prepared to hand the vessels over to them. Marmaduke, who had just been elected a member of the — Yacht Club, hurried down to take possession of his craft and to don his new uniform. He was highly delighted with his vessel, and very much disposed to take up his quarters at once on board. He had just poked his head up the companion-hatch, when who should he see standing on the deck of the *Ione* but his cousin Martin.

"What! have you taken to yachting, Martin?" he exclaimed. "I did not expect that, but I suppose that there isn't a more gentlemanly occupation, so it's all right."

"I did not think about that," answered Martin, in his usual quiet tone, which generally provoked Marmaduke. "I am very fond of yachting, however, and I had an object in view."

"Oh, of course," observed Marmaduke, with a sneer, which Martin did not think fit to notice. "And do you, too, belong to — Yacht Club?"

"Yes; I think these clubs useful institutions, which ought to be kept up, and I at once, when I determined to purchase a yacht, got my name put down as a candidate," said Martin.

"All very true. Then there are two Higsons in the club. I hope that they are proud of us," exclaimed Marmaduke.

As he was speaking, a compact, short, stoutish, but very healthy-looking, middle-aged gentleman, with white hair and florid complexion, made his appearance on the deck of the *Ione*, and gave a peculiar glance at Marmaduke.

"One of Martin's queer acquaintances," thought that gentleman to himself. "I should have thought that it was time for him to cut that style of thing now, but I doubt whether he will change at all. Hang

it! I wish I knew what old Higson really expected us to do. Since I have taken his name, I'd go and do it, whatever it might be. People may differ as to what is the right way to spend one's fortune as a gentleman. I am very much disposed to follow Jack's advice, to throw care to the dogs, and to take my fling in the way I fancy most. I shall have had something for my pains, at all events."

Marmaduke did follow Jack's advice.

The yacht was soon off Ryde Pier, when Jack joined her with two or three choice spirits he had in his company. They soon voted that female society would be pleasant on board, and the willing services of Lady Rowdy Dow were secured as chaperone general. Although her antecedents might not have borne too minute an inquiry, as she had the support of her husband, Lord Rowdy, she was considered unexceptionable in that character. Lord Rowdy Dow was a good-natured, easy-going, middle-aged gentleman, more like the description generally given of an alderman than a nobleman; her ladyship declared that she really liked him, he was so convenient; he gave her, indeed, a title, and position, and respectability, and let her do exactly what she liked. Marmaduke had known her in London, and had been at her parties, and she was now perfectly ready to patronise him and to make ample use of his yacht. She had formed the party who have been introduced on board the *Ianthe* taking a trip round the island. Indeed, so completely did her ladyship in a short time gain the upper hand of him, that he dared ask no one on board without first consulting her.

Mrs. Delamere was very intimate with the Arundels, and Marmaduke, who fancied himself in love with Ethel, hearing that they were coming down to Ryde, was very anxious to ask them on board. A sister of Ethel's was a great invalid, and her medical attendant had advised that she should be as much as possible on the water. Lady Rowdy Dow, however, had an especial dislike to Mrs. Arundel, who would not visit her, and took very good care, therefore, that the invitation should be so worded that it could not possibly be accepted. She suspected, indeed, his penchant for Ethel Arundel, and as she had a niece, a clever, somewhat fast young lady, for whom she intended him, she had no intention that the said penchant should be indulged.

Miss Elizabeth Barrackyard was the daughter of a military officer, and, as she had lived most of her life with the regiment, she was well up to the ways of the he kind, and prided herself on being able to manage them as she wished. She was a jolly, fat, and fair damsel with a considerable amount of beauty—not very delicate, perhaps; that, however, Marmaduke, who was near-sighted, did not discover. She was familiarly known by her military acquaintance as "Our Bet." She soon made her appearance at Ryde after her aunt had taken possession of the *Ianthe*. Jack Adair had been called away to London about some pecuniary matters. He was greatly annoyed at finding the mess, as he called it, into which Marmaduke had got. He had no intention that Lady Rowdy Dow should reign supreme on board the *Ianthe*, nor that Marmaduke should entangle himself, still less marry Bet Barrackyard. Jack saw that Marmaduke's only wise game was to marry an heiress. If he could secure one with a thumping fortune,

he might laugh at old Higson's will. Jack rubbed his hands with delight as the thought occurred to him, he of course intending to benefit largely by the arrangement.

"There's Susan Porridge—old Peter Porridge's daughter—just suit the noodle. Saw him arrive with '*my wife and my darter*' on the pier only yesterday, waddling along like a duck in a thunderstorm, and puffing and blowing like a grampus. Heard him say that he was going to stop at Ryde. Must look him up immediately. Must get rid of Lady Rowdy. Easily manage it. Invite the Porridges at an early hour, and tell her ladyship to come an hour afterwards. Observe that time and tide can wait for no one, and that if we don't sail with the tide we shall lose our trip. Get off without her and her friends the instant the Porridge party come on board. She'll be fearfully angry with Marmaduke, but that won't matter. I can easily back out of the scrape."

Such were the cogitations of Jack Adair as he sat on the companion-hatch of the yacht smoking his morning cigar. Marmaduke was still in bed. He had been at a party the night before, and had come on board not without the assistance of two of his men, who had picked him up on the pier very drunk. It was not an unusual fault of his, and it was not one in which Jack wished that he should indulge; indeed, his Mentor's wish was to make him appear as moral and correct as possible. In this he expected to be assisted by Captain Bulkhead, who was a very worthy old fellow, and, to all appearance, very easy-going. He had been invited by Marmaduke himself, not, however, without a protest, in the first instance, from Jack, who, notwithstanding, in a short time altered his opinion of the facetious, merry naval officer. His arrangements for that day were set at naught by the early appearance of Lady Rowdy Dow and a whole tribe of followers on the pier-head, where she sat with a pair of binoculars watching the *Ianthe* as a cat does its prey. The only chance Jack had of avoiding her was by pulling at once up to the club-house, but he felt sure that when he turned his glass towards her she had seen him. Could he protest that among such a galaxy of beauty as he saw assembled no single individual was visible? But unfortunately, besides her own party, only a few unattractive individuals were to be seen at the time, and it would not do just yet to break with her ladyship. Still he thought that, as it was high water, he would try to get up to the club without landing at the pier. He had not got far before he saw handkerchiefs waving frantically. When he turned a blind eye towards them, the stentorian voice, which he could not fail to hear, of Lord Rowdy Dow came booming over the waters. A broad grin passed over the countenances of the crew.

"They are a hailing us, sir," observed the coxswain. "I don't know whether it's the ladies, but they seems determined to make us see or hear them."

Jack saw that there was no escape, so he stood up in the boat and made signs with his hand that he was going to the club, and would be back immediately. "If they don't understand that, it is no fault of mine," he said to himself. "I only hope that they may go to look for me up the pier, and then I may slip by them and go on board and get under weigh."



He remained as long a time as he could at the club, and at length pulled back to the yacht. As he got close to her he saw that her decks were occupied, and on stepping on board he was greeted by shouts of laughter.

"We thought that we would save you and Mr. Higson the trouble of taking us off, so, seeing Lord Rigmores and Mr. Sniggs sauntering down the pier, we begged them to put us on board in their boats," exclaimed Lady Rowdy Dow. "So here we are; and what do you think, there was Mr. Higson himself fast asleep. My niece Elizabeth, who bounced thoughtlessly into his cabin, found him so. She says she was quite shocked, though we tell her we believe that she won a pair of gloves."

"I have no doubt that he will willingly pay them," said Jack, "when he awakes; but he was over-fatigued yesterday, and we did not expect visitors on board so soon. However, as your ladyship has come for a sail, we will get under weigh immediately, and take a cruise to the eastward."

"Oh, very delightful! Nothing we should like better!" exclaimed her ladyship, a sentiment echoed by most of her companions, who little knew the consequences they were bringing on themselves.

There was a fresh breeze blowing from the south-east, and a strong tide had begun to run out, which, meeting it, threw up a no inconsiderable chopping sea. At first all went smoothly enough. Marmaduke was dressing leisurely, and considering whether he should or should not fail in love with the fair Miss Barrackyard. Captain Bulkhead, having only just finished his toilette, came on deck, and seemed somewhat astonished to find it occupied by so many visitors. He looked to windward and then at Jack, in whose eye he saw a wicked twinkle. The cutter began to lift to the seas. More and more violently she plunged into them, throwing the salt spray over her bows. On she went; the wind increased somewhat, and she heeled over to it. Several times Lady Rowdy Dow seemed inclined to cry out, "Stop the ship!" She did say to Captain Bulkhead, "Could we not be landed on Southsea beach, just to take a walk? It might be very pleasant."

"You would be wet through, my lady, if you made the attempt. Better stick to the ship," answered the captain.

"But I shall be sick if I do," screamed her ladyship, looking unutterable things. "Oh, do help me to the side!"

"With all the pleasure imaginable," said the gallant officer. "It will do your ladyship a world of good, believe me."

Lady Rowdy Dow's example was followed by several other ladies and gentlemen. Miss Barrackyard was very far gone when Marmaduke at last crawled on deck. No lady appears to advantage under such circumstances. The beauty the fair Bet possessed was sadly marred by the malady from which she was suffering. Marmaduke thought her perfectly ugly. He was never made uncomfortable by a tossing sea, and was not much disposed to have compassion on those who were.

So far Jack was successful. He had unhooked Marmaduke from one lady, he must now attach him to another. Still he knew the stuff his friend was made of, and that he might very easily be again caught.

"I hope that it will be a long time before we have you aboard here,

you old harridan," he said to himself, as he handed Lady Rowdy Dow with many a smile into the boat, and remarked aloud, "I trust that your ladyship has enjoyed the sail, and that we may have the pleasure of seeing you at the usual hour on the pier—say eleven o'clock. You remember what I told you about the tides. You must be very punctual. Half-past eleven did I say? Ah! that will do."

The next morning Jack was at the pier at half-past nine to receive the Peter Porridges, to whom he gave a hearty welcome. Marmaduke, having been sober the previous evening, was up to receive them. The day was lovely, the water smooth. Several people who had been invited came on board, mostly nonentities.

"Well, I think that we have waited long enough for the Rowdy Dow party," said Jack, ostentatiously pulling out his watch. "We shall lose the tide if we wait longer." He swept the pier with a glass, and thought he saw them coming along it, so he exclaimed, "Yes, we have no time to lose. Higson, we must get under weigh. Captain Brown, make sail; we'll be off, if you please. Be smart about it, too."

The yacht was soon gliding along towards the mouth of the Southampton Water. Susan Porridge looked positively pretty, and enjoyed herself very much, and was very smiling and engaging, and thought yachting very delightful, and Mr. Marmaduke Higson a very charming person. If he was not equally enchanted with her, it was because he was too selfish to be enchanted with anybody. The wind fell as they were coming down the Southampton Water, after visiting that town, and Netley, and the new hospital, and then the ebb caught the yacht and swept her down towards the Needles instead of back to Ryde. Brown proposed anchoring, but Jack, who wanted to keep out, would not allow that. All were enjoying themselves, and Marmaduke and Susan were becoming better and better acquainted.

The rage of Lady Rowdy Dow may better be conceived than described when she found that the *Ianthe* had sailed without her. She vowed vengeance against Marmaduke, for Jack Adair was out of her power; but how she was to wreak it was the question. She soon found out that the Porridges had been preferred before her, and, having learned all about them, guessed at once Jack's object. She knew that he could not interest the fair Susan for himself, as he had a wife already. The lady was separated from him. Who was most in fault it was impossible to say, only it was known that neither party could obtain a divorce.

"I'll make the acquaintance of old Porridge, and I think that I shall soon convince him that Mr. Marmaduke Higson may prove a very unsatisfactory son-in-law," thought her ladyship.

Jack, however, was too well accustomed to all the ordinary moves made on the chess-board of life by the characters with whom he was most intimate, not to guess pretty accurately those Lady Rowdy Dow was likely to attempt. He was therefore prepared at once to checkmate her. He took good care, therefore, to warn old Porridge of her character, and abuse her in no measured terms—not more, possibly, than she deserved, but, of all people, the cuts came most unkindly from him.

"But if she is so bad as you say, how comes she to be visited?"

asked the innocent Porridge. "I thought people in high society were very particular."

"So some are, unless people have literary fame or a large amount of impudence, and then they defy the world. My advice to you is to keep clear of Lady Rowdy Dow, unless you would contaminate your wife and daughter."

After this the Porridges were constant visitors on board the *Ianthe*, and most of the regattas inside the island and to the westward. Marmaduke at last, instigated by Jack, proposed. Susan owned that she liked him, but that her papa insisted on inquiring into certain matters before he allowed her to accept him. Marmaduke assured her that all was right, and that her respected parent could not possibly have any objection; still he thought that, taking all things into consideration, that it would be better if she would run away with him. She, however, was firm in declining to do any such thing, and Marmaduke went to Jack for advice. Jack looked rather blue when he heard of this.

"We must brave it out, and perhaps the old fogo will be content with the copy of the will, which you can show him."

Porridge, however, after receiving the will, said he must take time to consider; when Marmaduke went to him for his decision:

"It's all right, Mr. Higson—all right. My daughter Susan is young, and so are you, and if at the end of these five years you are in the same position as you are now, you shall have her with all my heart; but if not, it would never do—never do at all. Three hundred a year wouldn't keep a wife; and whatever I give her must be over and above for the future, in case of a family, you see. I'll look after them, you see."

Marmaduke was completely taken aback. For some time he could make no reply. At last, acknowledging that what Mr. Porridge had learned was true, he begged that the marriage might not be put off to so far distant a time. Old Porridge was, however, inexorable.

"He began to smell a rat," he said to his wife. "He knew enough of these young men of quality, and of the tricks they were up to, to make him cautious. If he cared for Susan, he would be cautious. If not, why, there were as many good fish in the sea as he, and he'd be no great loss."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### DESCRIBES HOW MARTIN HIGSON SPENT HIS INCOME.

MARTIN HIGSON had seen very little of his cousin during the season. Their yachts occasionally passed each other, when, if near enough to distinguish the signal, they waved their hands in friendly acknowledgment. They rarely met on shore; when they did, their greeting was brief. Marmaduke generally parted from Martin muttering,

"He's always the same, staid and steady. I don't think that it would be possible to pick a quarrel with that fellow if I tried."

Martin saw that Lady Rowdy Dow and various other people of somewhat exceptionable characters were on board the *Ianthe*, and wished that his cousin had been more careful in selecting his society; but expostulations under any circumstances would have been useless.

He himself had had a very pleasant summer cruise. He had the satisfaction of seeing Bertha Arundel restored to health. Her brother, a lieutenant in the navy, whom he liked very much, had joined the party, and the very pleasant, cheery old gentleman whom Marmaduke had seen when the yachts were fitting out, had remained ever since on board. When the yachting season was over, Martin engaged a country-house belonging to a family who had long been absent abroad. It was in a populous district, with very few resident gentry, and an ultra-ritualistic clergyman, who had managed to empty his church of a large portion of those who once attended it. Those who did go were the children of the few gentry in the neighbourhood, and of the lawyer and doctor, and two or three farmers, who considered it fashionable to be High Church. The farmers themselves had stood aloof; but the wife of one of them, who played on the piano and read Byron, had become a very warm supporter of the new system. The parents of the white-robed choristers, and a few other poor, made up the congregation. The district was full of public-houses, of wretched hovels inhabited by ignorant and destitute families, and profligacy was rampant. Such was the district in which Martin, knowing its character, selected a residence. He got an experienced City missionary down to assist him in visiting the poor in his immediate neighbourhood, whom the clergyman of the parish seldom or never reached. He engaged a large room in an old farm-house for a schoolroom, where he also held services both on the Sunday and two evenings in the week. He got an intelligent school master and mistress, and assistant, and then went round and personally invited the surrounding peasantry to send their children. He sent the master, mistress, and assistant round also frequently for the same purpose. He introduced the usual amusements and rewards, and, as his school was known to be thoroughly unsectarian, a considerable number of children from the neighbourhood were soon collected at it. The rector, who had not before come near him, on discovering these proceedings, called to inquire by what authority he did these things. He was very gentle in his tone and manner, but thoroughly dictatorial in the substance of what he said.

"I saw that they were very much wanted, that no one had done them, and therefore I did them," answered Martin, firmly and quietly.

"I consider that you should have come to me to ask my permission before you made such changes, and introduced people into the parish who, as far as I can judge, are little better than dissenters—a class of people too numerous already in England—who, being beyond the pale of our Holy Church, I utterly detest and abhor."

"I can only say that I have acted according to the best of my power and knowledge for the good of those whom I found neglected, poor, and ignorant, living in the neighbourhood of my present habitation," answered Martin. "I saw that it was a work that should not be delayed. Every day the population were becoming more vicious and degraded from neglect, and many valuable months would have been lost had I waited to have a schoolroom built as well as a church, which must have been consecrated and endowed. These were my reasons for acting as I have done. I really cannot acknowledge that any excuse need be offered for what was so obviously my duty."

"I consider, sir—pardon me for saying it—that you are thus encouraging and fostering one of the greatest of sins—schism. You are directly teaching my parishioners to become schismatics, and I must caution them against having any connexion with you. They are of my flock, and I feel that it is my duty to see that none of them be lost," said the rector, gravely.

"I pray and hope that many may be saved by the means which have lately been established in this neighbourhood," said Martin.

"I mean, sir, lost to the Church, lost to the Anglican communion, they will become aliens and outcasts, no longer capable of enjoying the inestimable advantages and privileges which she alone is capable of bestowing," answered the vicar.

"I do not know what they may be," said Martin, with a slight touch of irony in his tone. "I found the people hereabouts ignorant and neglected, and consequently vicious and poor; I wished to improve their religious and moral condition, and I have simply employed the means most ready to my hand."

The rector was so much annoyed with Martin, that, forgetful of his usual courtesy of manner, he hesitated about putting out his hand when he took his leave.

Martin did not subscribe to the county hounds nor to the support of a race-course in the neighbourhood on hearing of the vice and profligacy which it encouraged; indeed, he dared to do a number of things which most gentlemen in the county would not do, and to leave undone many more which they did do. Curiously enough, Marmaduke and Jack had taken a hunting-box not far off. When Marmaduke heard of these proceedings of his cousin, he rubbed his hands with delight.

"We shall beat him yet," he exclaimed. "Those ungentlemanly ways of his will condemn him with any sensible man. That's not the way a gentleman should spend his money. Why, I hear that he has set up a conventicle, and got all sorts of Methodist parsons, and people of that sort, around him. It's a fact, for I made particular inquiries."

"Don't be too sure that that will tell against him," answered Jack. "I know what the ideas of some very first-class people are on those subjects. They may say that your cousin Martin is spending his money very properly."

"But he is not spending it on himself, and no one can say that I am not getting through mine in a gentlemanly manner. I keep hunters, and attend races, and bet occasionally, and shoot, and fish, and own a yacht, and belong to some of the best clubs," exclaimed Marmaduke; "and keep——"

"Well, never mind what else you keep. People have prejudices. You and I may be above them, but I find that it is hopeless to overcome them in others. We must yield to them," observed Jack. "Now, I tell you again that your safest game is to secure an heiress. The yachting season is coming on. You've let the last two slip by; don't be foolish again. Cut the Porridge affair—that will come to nothing, I see—come over with me to the Paris Exhibition while the yacht is fitting out, and then let us start in earnest. I have my eye on several nice girls who have, or will have, tidy fortunes, and I have laid my plans to get them down to Ryde or Cowes. Others, I have

no doubt, will turn up, so you will have your choice. There is a talk of a great naval review, to show the Sultan of Turkey what a number of big, useless, and ill-manned ships we've got; and there'll be the regattas, and other opportunities of inviting people on board without making your intentions obvious. You deserve to die in a workhouse if you don't succeed."

Marmaduke did not agree with his friend's last remark, but he was perfectly ready to enter into the plan he proposed.

#### CHAPTER V.

SHOWS HOW MARMADUKE HIGSON SPENT HIS INCOME, AND DESCRIBES THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE NAVAL REVIEW.

THE *Ianthe* and *Ione* were once more fitted out, and at anchor off Ryde Pier. Their respective owners were on board. Marmaduke had Jack Adair and two other fast friends with him, and Martin his somewhat eccentric old friend Mr. Jeremiah Pendergrast and young Tom Arundel. Mrs. Arundel and her daughter were at Ryde. A great change in their fortunes had lately taken place. A relative of their mother's had died, and left each of the girls nearly fifty thousand pounds, while by the unforeseen death of others Tom had become heir to a large property. As yet, however, he was not in the enjoyment of any part of it, so was glad, independent of other considerations, to spend the summer on board Martin's yacht. He had been up to that time indefatigably helping him in his works of charity among the poor of his neighbourhood. Mr. Jeremiah Pendergrast was acquainted, it seemed, with Captain Bulkhead. Marmaduke had invited the captain down to shoot with him, and had offered him a hunter, which was declined for the best of reasons, the naval officer replying that he had plenty of ways of expending himself without running the chance of breaking his neck. While he was at Harum-scarum Lodge, Marmaduke's place, Mr. Pendergrast paid him two or three visits. They had a consultation together, and afterwards the captain expostulated in a kind and friendly way with the master of the house on some of his habits and modes of proceeding. The advice he tendered was not taken in the best spirit, and in consequence of the replies made by Marmaduke, Captain Bulkhead was obliged to leave the house. Before leaving the neighbourhood, the captain called on Mr. Pendergrast. They had a long consultation on some matter of importance; Marmaduke heard of it, and jumped to the somewhat natural conclusion that the two gentlemen were the arbitrators of his fate. He and Jack discussed the subject, and what was best to be done.

"Hang it! I shouldn't have thought those two old fellows good judges of what gentlemen ought to do, or how they ought to spend their money," exclaimed Marmaduke. "The captain is all very well in his way, and a worthy fellow I used to think him, though, had I suspected what he was after, I should have seen him a long way off before I asked him on board the *Ianthe*. But old Pendergrast has, I should think by his looks, been quill-driving all his life, and what can he know about such matters?"

Satan leads people who are willing to be led into mischief, and then mockingly leaves them to reap the consequences of their sin. If they

are not willing, he has no power over them. Jack Adair, acting the part of one of his Satanic Majesty's emissaries, having got Marmaduke into a mess, was very much inclined to desert him.

"You see, Higson," he said (he always called Marmaduke, Higson when he was going to be disagreeable), "it is not what we think is gentlemanly, but what those your old uncle selected as umpires may consider so. I have been trying all along to impress this on you. I warned you from the first with regard to Bulkhead. You insisted that he was a very good fellow, and so I confess I thought him. Yet my first impressions were right, I fear. He turns out a mere spy on our actions—a very ungentlemanly employment, I consider it. Still he has seen more than he should have seen, and my opinion is that you will lose. Your only chance is to marry well while you are afloat. I give you this advice once more and for all: you had better send for your mother and sister to help you, for I'll be hanged if I can much longer. There's young Sir Joseph Trowson just coming of age. I was a friend of his father's, and I've always looked after him, going down to see him at school, and at his tutor's, and at college, till he got rusticated; and now, as he has some fifty thousand pounds in ready money, he will require my assistance to get through it. You see, Higson, my good fellow, that I can't stick to you much longer; so I say again, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'"

Such was the state of affairs at the commencement of the yachting season of the year 1867. A considerable number of yachts were fitted out early, and brought up off Ryde and Cowes, while Spithead presented a far more animated scene than usual from the collection of men-of-war which had come from all parts of the coast to perform in the grand naval review intended to impress the mind of the Sultan of Turkey with the power and grandeur of England's navy. It is just, however, possible that the Ruler of the Faithful knows as much about the real naval power of England as does any admiral of the British fleet.

The *Ione* was fitted out before the *Ianthe*. Martin took up his abode on board. He had no notion of having a comfortable vessel or anything else without making thorough use of it. Had he consulted only his own inclination, he would have made use of his vessel to take some distant trip, and to visit a number of interesting places. He, however, liked to give pleasure to others, and seldom went out without a pleasant party on board. Mrs. and the Miss Arundels were invited to come whenever they could. There were some merry Miss Gascoins and two or three gentlemen, school or college friends of Martin's.

Lady Rowdy Dow, who had come down with her niece, Miss Barrackyard, made a strenuous effort to get on board, and was very angry when she was foiled.

"I shall succeed better with the other Mr. Higson, and marry Elizabeth he shall—of that I am determined," she said to herself.

Martin felt very happy. Hitherto he had had no reason to believe, so he fancied, that Ethel Arundel preferred him to any one else; now he could not mistake the blush of pleasure which rose on her cheek when he approached, increasing when he spoke to her in that winning way which was natural to him.

The *Ione* was standing towards the fleet anchored at Spithead, and which already presented a very imposing appearance as they lay extending in a long line from west to east, consisting of lofty line-of-battle ships and frigates, relics of the good old days of yore, invulnerable iron-clads, turret-ships, and gun-boats. Still great is the change since even the last muster of England's fleet. To the west of the line were to be seen stately ships, whose names as well as whose appearance reminded us of the proudest days of England's naval glory. There lay the *Victoria*, three-decker, of 102 guns; *Duncan*, 81; *Donegal*, 81; *Revenge*, 73; *Saint George*, 72; *Royal George*, 72; *Lion*, 60; *Irresistible*, 60; *Dauntless*, 31; each, perhaps, three or four times the size of their old namesakes, with an immensely greater weight of metal. Then there was the *Mersey*, a wooden frigate, once one of the most powerfully armed in the navy, now so greatly surpassed that she would be almost helpless if engaged with others since built. There was the *Royal Sovereign*, cupola-ship, of mighty power, commanded by Captain Cooper Phipps Coles, the inventor of the cupola or turret style of arming. There was the *Pallas*, an armoured screw-corvette; the *Sutlej*, 35, screw-frigate, just arrived from the Pacific; the *Warrior*, the *Valiant*, screw-frigates; the twin-screw gun-vessel *Viper*, and some gun-boats.

The *Ione* stood as close to the ships as the wind would allow, to give those on board an opportunity of examining them. The day was lovely; the breeze just such as yachtsmen like when they have ladies on board, sufficient to send the vessel briskly through the water, and yet not to make it too rough to be pleasant. Martin thought that Ethel had never looked so beautiful and animated as she listened to his account of the strange sea monsters which they saw floating before them.

"It cannot be necessary for me to wait till the end of five years to propose," he said to himself. "Though I cannot make a settlement, I can insure my life; and should I ultimately fail to retain my present income, I will work like a Trojan to maintain her in comfort. I will tell her the exact state of the case. She shall understand the whole of it clearly, and then I will consult Mr. Pendergrast as to whether he thinks that we may safely marry at once."

Martin thought the plan of proceeding so good that he could not help putting it into execution at once. Ethel listened to his account of the will-matter very calmly, and though much interested, as if it only concerned him; but when he began to talk of his hopes and wishes her manner was very different. At first she said:

"Oh, Mr. Higson, surely you need have no fear about the matter; what better way could you possibly devise of spending your income? I do not think that any one can object to your having this yacht. We have, indeed, reason to be grateful to you for the use you have made of it."

After this she was at first very silent; she seemed taken by surprise, yet when she did speak she said nothing to make him unhappy, still less had he cause to complain of her looks or her manner. She merely asked him one question. He did not know, and he confessed that he would rather not know. He had not acted in the slightest degree differently to what he would have done had no such clause existed.



He desired simply to follow the dictates of his conscience. Under any circumstances he should have felt that he was the steward of the property committed to his charge, that he might make the best use of it in his power. He might not have spent the whole of it, that he would not say. Ethel looked up and smiled:

"I have no doubt, then, if the umpires are right-thinking men, that you will be considered to have spent the income according to the desire of the testator," she said, in a low voice; "I, at all events, am certain that it has been rightly expended."

The rest of those on board were too much engaged in watching the fleet to notice what was taking place. The fleet stretched out a considerable way to the eastward, and then stood back under all sail.

"Gaze your fill at the spectacle, young people—gaze your fill!" exclaimed Mr. Pendergrast. "After this year you may, perhaps, never see such a one again. By the time another British fleet is collected in these waters, all those magnificent line-of-battle ships—vastly superior as they are to any Rodney, Howe, or Nelson led to victory—will have disappeared, or be looked upon as mere useless ornaments."

The *Ione* ran back towards Ryde before the fleet put about. Those on her deck, therefore, had the opportunity of seeing the ships as they emerged one after the other in line out of the smoke created by their own fires, gradually becoming more and more distinct, till the whole fleet hove in sight, and returned to their respective anchorages. Martin felt very happy as he escorted his friends on shore, when they gladly accepted his invitation to come on board for the review.

#### CHAPTER VI.

DESCRIBES THE NAVAL REVIEW, AND HOW MARMADUKE HIGSON'S YACHTING WAS BROUGHT TO AN END.

MARMADUKE HIGSON was enjoying to the full the *dolce far niente* of yachting life, as his yacht lay off Ryde. Jack Adair had deserted him. He had important business, he said, and must go. Hitherto Jack, who had talents for business which would have secured him an honourable independence in any mercantile pursuits he might have undertaken, had looked after all Marmaduke's affairs—that is to say, he had taken care that he should have an ample supply of money whenever money was necessary, but had systematically left unpaid all bills which he could avoid paying. Jack knew nothing of this. Hitherto all had gone on smoothly. The yacht was in good order, and well managed, and he did not trouble himself about anything further. He was awoke up one morning out of this blissful state of existence by the appearance of the master, Captain Brown, in his cabin, with a bundle of ominous-looking papers in his hand.

"What are those scraps of paper?" asked Marmaduke, eyeing them with no pleasant look.

"Just accounts, sir, for things we've had for the yacht; and they say that they must be settled. Mr. Adair told me to give them to you. You'd do it off-hand."

"What's the amount?" asked Marmaduke.

"Four or five hundred pounds, sir; but I'm not quite certain," answered Captain Brown.

"Four or five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Marmaduke, aghast. "What can it all be for?"

"Why, there's the sail and ropemaker's accounts, they come to a pretty goodish bit of money. You see, sir, we've had a new foresail, and we split our second jib, and the running gear is new of necessity. I never take charge of a gentleman's yacht when I cannot trust to that. Then there's the blacksmith's account, and we've had sixty pounds of paint, and oil and turpentine in proportion; and we sprung our topmast and square topsail yards, and we got a new bowsprit, for I didn't quite like its looks. Then we had to get a few fathoms of iron chain, and there was grease, and oakum, and other stores, and a dozen new blocks, and paint-brushes and paint-pots, and some buckets and mops; and two of the boats wanted repairing, and fresh oars. Lord bless you, sir, bills are quickly run up for a yacht."

Marmaduke groaned. It was a self-evident truth. He took the papers. With Brown's assistance he cast up the totals. It was not worth while to look over the accounts themselves. He knew how to draw a cheque, so he drew one on his bankers, and told Brown to get it cashed, and to pay the different amounts. It was the easiest way of settling the matter. He did not consider what balance he might have left at his banker's. He knew that he had entered into a good many expenses on shore, and he feared that they might not have been settled. He had a good stock of wine on board, not yet paid for. To stave off all these disagreeable thoughts he applied to it pretty frequently.

One of the days that the fleet sailed out to exercise, Marmaduke had got what he called happy pretty early in the morning, when Lady Rowdy Dow and her niece, and a good many of her select friends, appeared on the Ryde Pier. Marmaduke, finding himself solitary on board, had landed to pick up a genial companion or two. He intended only to ask gentlemen. Seeing, however, Lady Rowdy Dow, he said to himself, "I'll ask the old girl on board. I rather think that I have shown her scant courtesy of late. The invitation—extended to the whole party—was very readily accepted. Bet Barrackyard looked very blooming, and highly pleased.

Away sailed the *Ianthe* in company with a number of other yachts, with a gay party on board. Who could suppose that her owner was not one of the happiest of men? He looked gay enough as he whispered into the ear of the fair Elizabeth and chatted freely with Lady Rowdy Dow. Marmaduke had a good luncheon prepared, and no stint of liquor. Lady Rowdy Dow partook of the latter largely, but she had a strong head, and it only made her a little more frisky than usual. Marmaduke, following her ladyship's example, imbibed pretty freely, but he had a weak head, and consequently very soon did not know exactly what he was about. He had only a notion that he had thought Bet Barrackyard very charming, that he had pressed her hand, and said something rather particular, and that she had said yes, and sunk into his arms in the cabin, and that just then Lady Rowdy Dow had come down the companion-ladder—perhaps she had been watching for the auspicious moment through the skylight. She congratulated

the young couple warmly ; highly approved of the match, and saying something about

Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing,

observed that she should call Lord Rowdy down to confirm all she had said.

"Then I'm in for it, Bet; in for it, old girl," said Marmaduke, in a maudlin tone. "It can't be helped; it might be much worse. When shall it be, eh? To-morrow, or next day? The sooner the better."

The young lady replied that she had no objection ; she would ask her aunt if it could be so soon. She had kept a fortnight's residence ; she didn't want any fuss with a wedding-breakfast, and all that sort of thing ; she could soon find some bridesmaids if they were necessary, and the whole affair would be settled. Marmaduke, in his then condition, was highly delighted ; and when he went on deck, to the amusement of some of his guests and to the disgust of others, was highly demonstrative with the fair Elizabeth, who, however, took all his attentions as her due. The visitors on board the *Ianthe* were also, like our friends in the *Ione*, watching the fleet, as the proud ships under sail and steam moved back to their moorings. They were all anticipating a still more delightful day for the grand review, when the Queen of England and her Oriental guests were to be present. Clouds, however, began to gather in the hitherto clear sky, and the wind, hitherto coming from the east, and, if not balmy, blowing at least with gentle force, shifted to the south-west, and came in fierce and fitful gusts. Sunday it blew stronger, and Monday and Tuesday stronger still, with occasionally pretty heavy showers of rain. At length the eventful day arrived. The morning broke dark and lowering. For a time the rain kept off, but soon dense storms swept up the Solent, and heavy squalls, which compelled the numberless yachts cruising here and there to keep under snug canvas. The monster ships lay at their anchors—three-deckers, ironclads, cupola-ships, and gun-boats of various sizes and forms, any one of the ironclads, with their tremendous artillery, capable of sending to the bottom the whole of the mighty fleet Nelson led to victory off Trafalgar. Flags flew from the mastheads of the ships, and steam yachts lay within the mouth of Portsmouth harbour to receive royal and other visitors. Then, as soon as the Pacha of Egypt arrived, the guns from the fleet began to belch out their thunders. Still more furiously they fired away when the Sultan of Turkey reached the yacht destined to show him the display of naval power England had prepared for his amusement. Then, again, when Britain's Christian Queen met her Mahomedan guests on the green sea, once more the guns with redoubled energy sent forth peal after peal. Then the yachts with the royal standards steamed along the line of ships which remained all the day at their anchors. Then the Sultan sent a message to the English admiral to express the pleasure he felt at what he had seen—a pleasure which would have been considerably lessened had he been compelled to go out to sea on that stormy day to witness the evolutions which had been proposed for his amusement.

Next the gun-boats got under weigh, and took up positions before

Southsea Castle and Fort Monckton, at which they fired away furiously for some time, till people grew tired of the sound, and finally the ships lighted up their ports and tried to let off fireworks, but the wind blew them out, and dense showers coming on prevented the illuminations from being seen at a distance.

The *Ianthe* had come out with her usual guests on board, but Lady Rowdy Dow, in spite of the luncheon in store, soon cried out that she must be put on shore again. Most of the rest of the party followed her example, and even Miss Barrackyard, though she held out to the last, at length gave in, and landed with her aunt. She begged him, however, to follow as soon as the review was over, which of course he promised to do.

Scarcely, however, had he returned on board and ordered luncheon, than a shore-boat came alongside, and a roughish-looking man, in a very rough coat, stepping unceremoniously on deck, walked briskly up to him. Exhibiting a silver oar, which he produced from under his coat, he said :

"Sorry to stop your cruise, sir, but I have this warrant out against you for certain debts owing to several gentlemen of respectability. If you choose to pay the money, well and good. If not, you must come along with me."

"Pay! Why, I haven't got five pounds on board, but I'll give you a cheque on my bankers to settle the matter."

"Sorry, sir, that I can't take a cheque, seeing as how your bankers haven't got five pounds either," answered the man.

Marmaduke considered whether he should call on his crew to assist in putting the officer of the law below, and carrying him off to the coast of France. The attempt was too hazardous. It was more than possible that they might not obey him. He agreed to accompany the stranger, and putting on his thick Flushing coat as he left the yacht, he told Brown that he expected to be back in a day or two. The boat stood for Portsmouth. A heavy sea was running. A violent squall struck her as she was more than half way across. The eyes of all, both on the shore and on board the vessels, were turned towards the fleet. No one was watching the small boat battling with the waves. In an instant, without a moment's warning, over went the boat, and the hapless beings were thrown struggling among the foaming seas. In vain the boatmen who were the lightest clad endeavoured to regain the boat—the strongest swimmer would have had but little chance in that short chopping sea—the rest sunk almost immediately. With a despairing cry the first gave up the contest, and the boat, unnoticed, drifted down with the tide.

When Marmaduke did not return on board his yacht, Lady Rowdy Dow became very irate, and declared that he had cruelly jilted her niece. Jack Adair observed that he was doing the wisest thing he could under the circumstances—keeping out of the way of his creditors. The truth is not yet generally known. Martin's marriage with Miss Arundel was announced before the end of the month, and Mr. Pendergrast and Captain Bulkhead were known to have congratulated him warmly on the wise choice he had made, and to have assured him that, in their opinion, he had spent his income in every way properly and becoming the character of an English gentleman.

## JOHANN-SEBASTIAN BACH.

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF FORKEL, BITTER, AND OTHERS.

## III.

THE motett is a very ancient form of contrapuntal music, quite distinct from the cantata, but one much in vogue many years before Bach's time. It was originally unaccompanied by instruments, and the subject carried on by a number of voices without break or resting-point, uninterrupted to the end of the piece. The result was in most cases a chaos of sound and fury. Mattheson, Handel's contemporary, has in a curious jumble of metaphors recorded his dislike to the motett treatment. "At first motetts were unaccompanied by any instrument except the organ, and that was often omitted. It was a mere chase of unvocal and interminable fugues. Everything went at full speed, *da capella*, hewing and slashing vigorously, and no quarter given; passion and sentiment were not to be seen for miles. A word followed by a stop would be broken into fragments, and come to an end in the middle; there was no melody, no delicacy—nay, more, no sense; everything depended upon two or three unimportant words, such as 'Salve, Regina misericordiæ,' and the result was frequently a poor imitation of the ordinary fugue, one voice aping the other without rhyme or reason." In process of time a greater latitude was allowed, and instruments of various kinds were introduced to strengthen and support the voices. But there still remained this peculiarity, that the instruments were allowed not a note less or more than what was given to the singers. As the laws of harmony were extended, and contrapuntal treatment became better understood, these defects were cured, the first principles modified though not entirely given up, and the interweaving of a chorale, or concluding the motett with one, was generally appreciated and approved of by composers. The majority of Bach's motetts fulfil these new conditions, although the form in which he clothed his motetts is undoubtedly found in some of the works of his predecessors, particularly those of John Christopher Bach. The number of Bach's works in this style cannot be ascertained. Seeing that there was seldom a service without the performance of a motett, and that a motett was constantly used at funerals, it is probable he wrote a large number. Towards the end of the last century there was a complete collection of the motetts in the library of the Thomas Schule.

On the occasion of Mozart's visit to Leipzig in 1788, and performance on the organ of the St. Thomas Church, Doles, Bach's second successor as cantor, surprised his illustrious visitor with a performance of the motett with double chorus, "Sing to the Lord a new-made song." Mozart was so delighted that he made inquiries after the other motetts; the scores were placed before him, and he passed several hours in examining them. There seems little doubt, although the question has been mooted, that the eight-part motett, "I will not leave thee until thou bless me," must be ascribed to Bach. The original manuscript is not in existence, and the supposed score at Berlin is very old, the paper and ink both faded,

more than is usual with the oldest works of Bach. The name of the author was probably on the preface, which is moth-eaten and unintelligible; nor can the handwriting be set down for a certainty either to John Sebastian or John Christopher Bach, who frequently had the credit of writing this fine work.

The motetts are now seldom heard in their entirety. They had a special significance in their time, and appropriateness in the service of the Lutheran Church; for their simplicity marked them as true accessories to devotion, and to this day they are works of rare interest to any connoisseurs and artists who will give them a trial. It must not be forgotten that Doles, himself a distinguished musician, and at the time of Mozart's visit an old man (he was born in 1715), thought fit to introduce Bach's music to Mozart in the shape of a motett. Bach had been dead thirty years, and the pupil would be doubly jealous of his master's reputation before a musician of Mozart's eminence, visiting the very spot where Bach had lived and worked. There is an affecting story quoted by Stallbaum in his inaugural address on biographical incidents in connexion with the cantors of the Thomas Schule, which, without vouching for its authenticity, we give on the above authority. Struck with blindness, and his life actually ebbing fast away from him, Bach is said to have dictated to one of his younger sons the motett in eight parts, "Come, Lord, come; my body is weary, the toilsome path weighs me down too sorely." It is well known that the chorale, "Wenn wir in höchsten Nothen," was dictated shortly before his death by Bach to his son-in-law, Altnikol, and most probably Stallbaum has confounded truth with fiction. It is unlikely that the sightless dying man would abandon the principles which were the groundwork of his artistic labour and invent musical variations, to the composition of which he would have applied himself in the days of health and energy with the practical aim of their being used in the church services. Nor do we think that such a fact would have escaped the notice of Forkel, whose materials for writing Bach's life were supplied by a son of the musician himself. The motetts, although printed, are, generally speaking, amongst the least known works of Bach.

#### IV.

SOON after his appointment—the date of which has never been determined—Bach received the title of Capelmeister of the Duke of Weissenfels. His marriage with the daughter of one of the court orchestral players must have helped him to a favourable notice of the court at Weissenfels. In honour of the birthday of Duke Christian, he wrote a cantata styled "Frohlockender Götter Streit," in which Diana, Endymion, Pan, and Pales figure as the chief characters. The opening words are, "What pleases me is the merry chase;" the duke and Louise Christine are described as "Thyrsis and Chloë feeding on flowers and clover." In a word, the great earnest Bach had to stoop to the exigencies of the time, which forbade him, although the grave cantor of Leipzig, to surrender the duties and obligations of a courtier and dependent. We need not pause here to inquire into the reasonableness or otherwise of our forefathers' love of titles and handles to their names, our work being neither a mirror of their times nor a critique on their manners and customs;

but that men of great gifts and earnestness of character should yield to the pressure of the atmosphere around them is no novelty, even in the time of our present enlightenment and civilisation. The whole tenor of Bach's life shows him to have been by no means indifferent to garters, ribands, and orders; having elected to live and die in the land of his birth, the ambition to be recognised above the rest of his compeers gave a more than fictitious value to what in so many instances is little more than an alphabetical distinction. Bach's frequent visits to Dresden, on his own account professionally, as well as to see his son and hear the opera, brought him constantly before the Saxon court. From the year 1717, when he gained his famous victory over Marchand, Bach had been in good odour with royalty, nor did he ever miss any opportunity of paying his homage to his patrons, or exhibiting his powers before them. With his former lord and friend, Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen, Bach kept up an intimate acquaintance. On the 24th of June, 1725, the prince, then a widower, married Charlotte Frederick Wilhelmina, Princess of Nassau-Siegen, and in honour of her birthday, in the ensuing year, Bach composed the cantata, "Schweift freudig euch empor," which was subsequently remodelled into an Advent cantata.

His invention was shortly afterwards taxed to produce music of an entirely different character. In the autumn of 1727 there died at Pretsch Queen Christiana Eberhardine. Her splendid disinterestedness in refusing to accept the crown of Poland, as the price of a renunciation of the Lutheran faith, had won for her the title of "The Pillar of Saxony," and the whole country determined to show the sincerity of the national affection for her memory. Every person of distinction in and around Leipzig hastened to pay their respects to the departed queen. A journal of the time speaks of a costly catafalque erected in St. Paul's Church, and the number of significant emblems laid upon it. The magistrates, the "Rector Magnificus," the professors of the university, all were to be seen in the funeral train, besides a number of foreign ambassadors and diplomatists. Whilst the church officials were arranging the numerous mourners, and getting them into their seats, copies of a funeral anthem, by John Christopher Gottscheden, were distributed to all present; and after a prelude on the organ, the anthem by John Sebastian Bach was heard. This was composed "in the Italian fashion," with *clavé di cembalo*, played by Bach himself, "*organ, violes di gamba, lutes, violins, flutes douces, flutes traverses.*" "One half was given before the oration; the other half, after." The ode itself was superior to the every-day platitudes and common-place effusions which were usually offered to Bach by the poetasters and librettists of the day. These, with Picander at their head, seldom rose above the dead level of mediocrity, so that Gottscheden's funeral oration deserves honourable mention. Forkel alludes to this, and a similar work, with enthusiasm, sincere, no doubt, but curiously expressed. "Among many occasional pieces which Bach composed in Leipzig, I mention only two funeral cantatas: the one of which was performed at Cöthen, at the funeral ceremony of his beloved Prince Leopold; the other in St. Paul's Church at Leipzig, at the funeral sermon upon the death of Christiana Eberhardine, Electress of Saxony. The first contains double choruses of uncommon magnificence, and of the most affecting expression; the

second has, indeed, only single choruses, but they are so delightful, that he who has begun to play one of them will never quit it till he has finished it." It is difficult to assign a reason for the mistake of the journalist who pronounces the style of this cantata to be Italian; it is one of Bach's most finished compositions. How sorrowful the contrast of Leipzig with the universal joy but a few months previous! Bach had worked for both occasions, and directed in person at the feast and funeral. It may well be questioned whether his majestic music exercised on the audiences of the time anything more than a passing impression.

In recording the progress and influence of Bach, we may be permitted to point to another sphere of his intellectual activity, in which he laboured with a success proportionate to that which rewarded his exertions in other branches of art. Posterity, as well as the band of pupils he formed at Leipzig, will owe Bach a debt of gratitude as a teacher. It has been mentioned before, that during the long period that elapsed from Bach's departure from Weimar, in the year 1717, up to the time of his entering on the duties at the Thomas Schule at Leipzig, we find no record of any pupils except his two eldest sons. It was only immediately after his arrival in Leipzig that this faculty developed itself. It was in Leipzig that the rich fruits of his industry and experience were to be reaped by a school destined to impress on all who followed the stamp and character of their founder's artistic peculiarities. But, gifted as his pupils were, it is not without some kind of justification that Kieseweller, in his history of South European music, writes, in connecting Handel and Bach together, "They have begun and concluded a period of their own." We may here mention what is known to have been Bach's method of teaching—a method which entitled him to turn out able and distinguished pupils. This will necessarily include some account of his own playing, for which both on the piano and organ Bach had a great reputation. It must be remembered that the old four-octave clavichord (*cembalo*), in almost universal use in Bach's time, was in many respects very inferior to the pianoforte of our own days; it had, however, its own special advantages in a fulness and greater compass of tone. The register-stops and manuals, which could be coupled, gave the player a handle more powerful than any stringed instrument, and all kinds of combinations were attainable. Bach preferred the clavichord to other instruments; if in tone inferior to some of them, it had its advantages in being better calculated for the improvising of his subtle thoughts and exquisite fancies. By dint of long practice, experience, and the most elaborate study, he had formed a system of playing which he sedulously endeavoured to impress upon his pupils. Forkel, whose words we are quoting, describes Bach's method with precision, but in language ill calculated to attract other than musical students.

"The first thing Bach did in giving a pupil a lesson in playing was to teach him his own method of fingering. According to Sebastian Bach's manner of placing the hand on the keys, the five fingers are bent, so that their points come into a straight line over the keys, lying in a plane surface under them, in such a manner that no single finger has to be drawn nearer when it is wanted, but that every one is ready over the key which it may have to press down. From this manner of holding the hand, it follows—first, that no finger must fall upon its key or (as often happens)



be thrown on it, but must be placed upon it, with a certain consciousness of the internal power and command over the motion; secondly, the impulse thus given to the keys on the quantity of pressure must be maintained in equal strength, and that in such a manner that the finger be not raised perpendicularly from the key, but that it glide off the fore part of the key by gradually drawing back the tip of the finger towards the palm of the hand; thirdly, in the transition from one key to another this gliding off causes the quantity of force or pressure with which the first tone has been kept up to be transferred with the greatest rapidity to the next finger, so that the two tones are neither disjoined from each other nor blended together. The touch, therefore, is, as C. Ph. Emanuel Bach says, neither too long nor too short, but just what it ought to be. The advantages of such a position of the hand and of such a touch are very various, not only on the clavichord, but also on the pianoforte and the organ. First, the holding of the fingers bent renders all their motions easy. There can, therefore, be none of the scrambling, thumping, and stumbling which is so common in persons who play with their fingers stretched out or not sufficiently bent. Secondly, the drawing back of the tips of the fingers, and the rapid communication thereby effected of the force of one finger to that following it, produces the highest degree of clearness in the expression of the single tones, so that every passage performed in this manner sounds brilliant, rolling; round. It does not cost the hearer the least exertion of attention to understand a passage so performed. Thirdly, by the gliding of the tip of the finger upon the key with an equal pressure, sufficient time is given to the string to vibrate; the tone, therefore, is not only improved but also prolonged, and we are thus enabled to play in proper connexion even long notes, or an instrument so poor in tone as the clavichord is. All this together has, besides, the very great advantage that we avoid all waste of strength by useless exertion, and by constraint in the movements of the hands of the player. In fact, Sebastian Bach is said to have played with so easy and small a motion of the fingers that it was hardly perceptible. Only the first joints of the fingers were in motion; the hand retained even in the most difficult passages its rounded form, the fingers rose very little from the keys—hardly more than in a shake—and when the one was employed the other remained still in its position. Still less did the other parts of his body take any share in his play, as happens with many whose hand is not light enough. To all this was added the new mode of fingering which he had contrived. Before his time, and in his younger years, it was usual to play rather harmony than melody, and not in all the twenty-four major and minor modes. As the clavichord was what the Germans call "gebunden," so that several keys struck a single string, it could not be perfectly tuned; people played, therefore, only in those modes which could be tuned with the most purity. From these circumstances it happened that even the greatest performers of that time did not use the thumb till it was absolutely necessary in stretching.

"When Bach began to unite melody and harmony, so that even the middle parts did not merely accompany, but had a melody of their own, when he extended the use of the modes, partly by deviating from the ancient mode of church music, partly by mixing the diatonic and chromatic scales, and learnt to tune his instrument so that it could be

played upon in all the twenty-four modes, he was obliged to continue another mode of fingering, better adapted to his new methods than that hitherto in use, particularly with respect to the thumb. Some persons have pretended that Couperin taught this mode of fingering before him, in his work published in 1716, under the title, of 'L'Art de toucher le Clavecin.' But, in the first place, Bach was at that time above thirty years old, and had long made use of his manner of fingering; and secondly, Couperin's fingering is still very different to that of Bach, though it has in common with it the more frequent uses of the thumb. I say only the more frequent, for in Bach's method the thumb was made the principal finger, because it is absolutely impossible to do without it in what are called the difficult keys; this is not the case with Couperin, because he neither had such a variety of passages, nor composed or played in such difficult keys as Bach, and consequently had not such urgent occasion for it. From the easy, unconstrained motion of the fingers, from the excellent touch, from the clearness and precision in connecting the successive tones, from the advantages of the new mode of fingering, from the equal practice of all the fingers of both hands, and, lastly, from the great variety of his figures of melody, which were employed in every piece in a new and uncommon manner, Sebastian Bach at length acquired such a high degree of facility, and, we may almost say, unlimited power over his instruments in all the modes, that there were hardly any more difficulties left for him to vanquish. As well in his unpremeditated fantasias as in executing his other compositions, in which it is well known that all the fingers of both hands are constantly employed, and have to make motions which are as strange and uncommon as the melodies themselves, he is said to have possessed such certainty, that he never missed a note."

What we have already said respecting Bach's admirable performance on the clavichord may be applied in general to his playing on the organ. The clavichord and the organ are nearly related; but the style and mode of managing both instruments are essentially opposed to one another. We again appeal to Forkel, a thoroughly competent and reliable authority on the subject of Bach's organ-playing:

"Besides his particular artistic skill in bringing into relief the various harmonies distributed through the score, Bach employed the obligato pedal, of the true uses of which few organists have any knowledge. He produced with the pedal not only the lower notes, or those for which common organists use the little finger of the left hand, but he played a real bass melody with his feet, which was often of such a nature that many a performer would hardly have been able to produce it with his five fingers. To all this was added the peculiar manner in which he combined the different stops of the organ with each other on his mode of using them. It was so uncommon, that many organ-builders and organists were frightened when they saw him use them. They believed that such a combination of stops could never sound well; but were much surprised when they afterwards perceived that the organ sounded the best so, and had now something peculiar and uncommon which could never be produced by their mode. This peculiar manner of using the stops was a consequence of his minute knowledge of the construction of the organ and of all the single stops. He had early accustomed himself to

give to each of them a melody suited to its qualities, and this led him to new combinations of them, which otherwise would never have occurred to him. The union and application of the above-mentioned methods to the usual forms of organ-pieces produced J. S. Bach's great and sublime execution on the organ so peculiarly adapted to the church as to fill his hearers with holy awe and admiration. His profound knowledge of harmony—his endeavouring to give all the thoughts an uncommon turn, and not to let them have the smallest resemblance with the musical ideas usual out of the church—his entire command over his instruments both with hand and foot, which corresponded with the richest, the most copious, and uninterrupted flow of fancy—his infallible and rapid judgment, by which he knew how to choose, among the overflow of ideas which constantly poured in upon him, those only which were adapted to the present object—in a word, his great genius, which comprehended everything, and united everything requisite to the perfection of one of the most inexhaustible arts—brought the art of organ-playing to a degree of perfection which it never attained before his time, and will hardly ever attain again. Quanz (Frederick the Great's teacher on the flute) might truly say of him: 'The admirable Bach has at length, in modern times, brought the art of the organ to its greatest perfection; it is only to be wished that, after his death, it may not decline, or be wholly lost, on account of the small number of those who still bestow some pains upon it.'

When Bach seated himself at the organ, which he was often requested to do by strangers after the service was over, he used to choose some subject, and treat it in all the various forms of organ-composition, the original theme supplying the groundwork of his extemporary playing. First, he used a theme for a prelude and a fugue with all the stops; then he showed his art of using the stops for a trio, a quartett, &c., always upon the same subject. Afterwards followed a psalm tune, the melody of which was intermingled in the most diversified manner with the original subject, in three or four parts. Then came the finale, a fugue with all the stops, in which either a fresh treatment of the first subject predominated, or perhaps one or two other subjects were intermingled. This is the art which old Reinken of Hamburg considered as being already lost in his time, but which, as he afterwards found, not only lived in Bach, but had attained through him the highest degree of perfection. He had a deep and accurate knowledge of the requisites for a perfect organ, and up to a very late period was a favourite examiner of candidates for places as organists. In pronouncing an opinion on the instrument or the players, Bach's rigid impartiality and conscientiousness brought him many an enemy. The late Danish music director, Adolf Scheibe, once, in his younger years, submitted to his examination on the election of an organist, but Bach having pronounced an unfavourable opinion, the defeated candidate afterwards sought to revenge himself, in his *Critical Musician*, by a violent attack on his former judge and examiner.

On examining an organ, the first thing Bach did was to pull out all the stops, and to play with the full organ. He did this to see, as he said, "if the thing had good lungs." Afterwards he proceeded to examine the single parts. If he approved of the instrument, Bach would play for hours, after finishing his examination, to the delight and wonder of

his hearers, convincing his audience that he was really "the prince of all players on the harpsichord and organ," as the late organist, Sorge of Lobenstein, once called him in a dedication. Such were some of Bach's excellences as a practical teacher and professor. After impressing on the scholars his own method of handling the instrument, he insisted, according to Forkel, on their practising for months together nothing but simple passages for all the fingers of both hands, with constant regard to their clear and clean touch. Without some months' discipline in this method none could get excused from these exercises, and, according to his opinion, they ought to be continued at least from six to twelve months. But if he found that any one, after some months' practice, began to lose patience, he would good-naturedly write little connected pieces in which those exercises were combined together. Of this kind are the "Six little Preludes for Beginners," and still more, the "Fifteen two-part Inventions." He wrote both these works off hand, during the hours of teaching, to supply the momentary want of the scholar. Afterwards, however, he improved them into beautiful, expressive compositions. In due time he set before his scholars his more difficult compositions, which, as he well knew, would best afford opportunities for testing their progress, and in order to lessen the difficulties, he would first play them the whole piece which they were to study, saying, "So it must sound." Bach's method of teaching composition was equally sure and excellent. He did not begin with dry analytical studies, as was done by other teachers of music in his time; still less did he detain his scholars with calculations of the proportions of notes, which, in his opinion, were not for the composer, but for the theorist and the instrument-maker. He proceeded at once to writing in four parts, and insisted particularly on the writing out of these parts separately, because thereby the idea of the pure progression of the harmony becomes more distinct. He then proceeded to choral melodies in psalm tunes. In the exercises, he at first set the bass parts himself, and made the pupils supply only the alto and tenor parts. By degrees, he let them fill in the bass. He everywhere insisted not only on the highest degree of purity in the harmony itself, but also on natural connexion and flowing melody in all the parts. Every connoisseur knows what models he has himself produced in this kind: it was his ambition as a teacher to make his pupils aim at such excellences in their exercises.

Besides this, he took it for granted that all his pupils in composition had the ability to think out their subjects musically beforehand. Whoever lacked this gift was honestly dissuaded by Bach from applying to composition. He therefore refrained from beginning, as well with his sons as his other pupils, the study of composition till he had seen attempts of theirs in which he thought he could discern this ability, or what is called musical genius. He rigorously kept his pupils to certain definite rules. 1st. To compose entirely from the mind without an instrument. Those who wished to do otherwise he called, in ridicule, "Harpicord Knights" (Clavier Ritter). 2nd. To pay constant attention, as well to the consistency of each single part in and for itself as to its relation to the parts connected and concurrent with it. No part—not even a middle part—was allowed to break off before it had entirely said what it had to say. Every note was required to have a connexion with

the note preceding. Did any one appear, of which it was not apparent whence it came nor whither it tended, it was instantly banished as suspicious. This high degree of exactness in the management of every single part is precisely what makes Bach's harmony a manifold melody. He considered the parts as persons who conversed together like a select company. If there were three, each could sometimes be silent and listen to the others, until it again, in its turn, had something to the purpose to say. But if in the midst of the most interesting part of the discourse some uncalled-for and importunate notes suddenly stepped in and attempted to say a word, or even a syllable only, without sense or vocation, Bach looked on this as a great irregularity, and made his pupils understand that such licence was unpardonable. With all his strictness in this point, he allowed his pupils in other respects great liberties. In the use of the intervals, in the turns of the melody and harmony, he let them attempt whatever they liked, only taking care to admit nothing which could be detrimental to the musical euphony and the perfectly accurate and unequivocal expression of the intrinsic sense, for the sake of which all purity of harmony is necessary. As he himself attempted everything possible, he liked to see his scholars do the same. Nor did he confine himself, as his predecessors, merely to the purity of harmony, but paid attention to the other requisites of a truly good composition—namely, to unity of character through a whole piece, to a diversity of style, to rhythm, melody, &c. Bach's method of teaching composition is elaborately explained in Keinerberger's "Art of Pure Composition." Not only Bach's professional pupils, but amateurs who availed themselves of his teaching, became famous from having studied under such a master. His two eldest sons, Friedemann and Emanuel, with Ludwig Krebs, all became renowned as artists. The latter was a great favourite with Bach, who instructed him for nine successive years, and made a gloomy joke on his name, saying "Er habe nur einen Krebs in seinem Bache gefangen" (he had only caught one crawfish in his stream), intending his witticism for a compliment to the high qualities of his ablest pupil. Schneider, Keinerberger, one of the greatest theorists of the last century, Abel, court musician to Queen Charlotte of England, and many others, were more or less distinguished followers of the great cantor. The last of Bach's scholars, Kittel, organist in Erfurt, was alive in the early part of the present century.

## V.

BOTH Mitzler and Forkel agree in the fact of Bach having written five compositions for Passion week; of these, however, only two are come down to us—the well-known selections from St. Matthew and St. John. A third oratorio, from St. Luke's Gospel, exists in Bach's own handwriting. The MS. of this work is at Munich. There is a copy also at Berlin, with the words "di J. S. Bach in Leipzig" affixed to it, but the authenticity of this work has been seriously questioned, as well as two other oratorios, of which no genuine account can be given. Of the two compositions now remaining, the selection from St. John is the oldest. Although the date of its commencement is not certain, we know that the final touches were given after the Passion from St. Matthew was com-

pleted, in the year 1729. The poetical portions of the text seem, if not to have emanated from Bach's own pen, to have been written under his special directions. The words bear some resemblance to those written by Brocke, of Hamburg, who supplied a libretto on a similar subject to Handel, Telemann, Kaiser, and Mattheson. The score of Handel's composition had been copied by Bach himself; nor was the half-dramatic treatment of the sacred story an invention of the composer. Performances on the stage of the last solemn scenes of our Saviour's life were common in Italian churches many years before operatic music was thought of. The sacred drama, "l'Anima e Corpo," by Emilio del Cavaliero, was given in the year 1600 in the church of Valicella, at Rome. Passion plays, Passion processions, were common in several parts of Germany, and had existed from very ancient times. The Passion music formed, like the sacred cantatas, a part of the liturgy used in the Lutheran service. On a Good Friday, even in the smallest church, the sufferings of Christ were represented with musical or dramatic accompaniments; so that Bach's great efforts, if not entirely original, were concentrated on consolidating and stamping with his genius elements of imperfect and inchoate art. The division of Bach's work, in two parts, shows that the first half was given before, and the latter after, the sermon on Good Friday. The historical narrative is given in the shape of recitative to the tenor. The characters introduced as speaking are Christ, St. Peter, Pilate, and the servant of the High Priest. Choruses are made up of the Jews and chief priests. In both the oratorios traces of similar treatment are found, but the Johannes Passion is simpler and easier of grasp than the more matured and nobler sister-work, written, as we think, in the full zenith of its author's powers.

The technical requirements for a proper vocal performance of these works are considerable; the recitatives in particular lose all their force and meaning, unless entrusted to a master of his art. It is much to be regretted that we have no accounts of the performances given under the directing hand of Bach himself. The names of the singers deserve to have been recorded, whoever they were; but assuming the competency of the tenor for the part assigned to him, it may safely be asserted that the glories of tenor singing at that period could not have been wholly monopolised by Beard, the Englishman, whose name is so closely linked with Handel, as the first exponent of his immortal music. The St. Matthew Passion must certainly be reckoned as the greatest of all Bach's works. In many respects, as a work of human genius, it stands on heights unapproachable by composers of ecclesiastical music. It was probably written in the year 1728, the fifth year after Bach's official appointment at Leipzig. The original score remains without the almost invariable appendix of the author, "S. D. G.," and no date can be traced on the manuscript. It is certain, however, that on Good Friday, in the year 1729, it was performed at the afternoon service in the church of St. Thomas, at Leipzig. For one whole century this oratorio was shelved—a curious commentary on the fickleness and changeableness of public taste. To Bach, of all others, may the line with truthfulness apply,

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

Certainly, but for Mendelssohn, the musical world of Prussia would have

known next to nothing of Sebastian Bach ; but that true disciple of Bach unearthed the treasure so long concealed, and on the 12th of March, 1829, the Passion music was given by the Berlin Academy, under the direction of Mendelssohn himself. The lyrical portions of the work, the words of which are taken from the 26th and 27th chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, were composed by Christian Fredrich Henrici, who lived and wrote in the first half of the last century under the name of Picander. Bach added the chorales, though the amount of supervision he exercised over the arrangement of the entire libretto is unknown. It cannot be doubted that the whole scope and design of the Matthew Passion is on a far grander scale than the oratorio from St. John's Gospel. The lyric element preponderates in the first work, whereas the latter consists of a simpler series of airs, a few recitatives and chorales, with fragments taken from the sacred narrative. In the former work the Christian Church is made the exponent of the feelings and thoughts suggested by the spiritual contemplation of the sufferings of Christ. (Picander's text personifies the Church in the character of "The Daughter of Zion," and "The Faithful.") Like the chorus of ancient tragedy, the Church follows the development of the whole history as though she were a spectator, and the scene itself were passing before her eyes. Often words of comfort, sorrow, or encouragement are given by solo voices ; but the grander aspirations of Christianity, called forth by the Redeemer's sufferings and atonement, find their expressions in full choruses. In the consummate arrangement of the choral portions of the work we recognise the hand of a master and the genial inspiration of a great spirit. Picander's words remind us only too frequently of the time in which they were composed. To a librettist of our own time such writing would be a great anomaly. Rammler's fine poem, "Der Tod Jesu," which Graun set to music, stands altogether on a higher level than Picander's setting ; and yet after allowing for a great deal that is out of fashion, and sometimes ungainly and void of beauty, there is still a margin left for passages full of religious edification. Picander's first number, marked as an aria, is curious enough :

Come, daughters, help me to wail and lament !

See !  
Whom ?  
The Bridegroom—  
Behold him !  
How ?  
As a Lamb.  
See !  
What ?  
His patience !

And yet we must acknowledge that this strange series of questions and answers suggested one of the most wonderful musical creations the world ever listened to. ¶ Again, such words as these,

He is ready to drink the cup, the bitterness of death, in which are poured the sins of the world, which stink so horribly, since it thus pleases the merciful God,

looked at from a modern point of view, present neither poetical nor musical features. The dramatic element is equally curious :

So my Saviour then is taken prisoner!  
 Moon and light  
 Are extinguished for sorrow!  
 Are thunders, are lightnings, hid in the clouds?  
 Open thy fiery abyss, O Hell,  
 Crush, smite, overthrow, dash to pieces  
 The false traitor! &c. &c.

In spite of much patent weakness, the poem has the undisputed merit of having been the groundwork for one of the greatest and noblest works of all times. In considering the orchestral treatment of the work, we cannot resist quoting Hiller's words. "It resembles," says he, "a delicate veil, beneath which there beams forth a noble but tear-bedewed face." It has positively nothing in common with the treatment in fashion with any composer of any date. Bach's instrumentation is not the broad convenient base on which the vocal parts repose, and by which they are supported, but the instruments become independent working powers, moving here and there in perfect freedom, and yet, by virtue of the masterly contrapuntal powers of the writer, are never at issue and always in harmony with the work itself. The greatest simplicity is observable. The recitative of the Gospel narrative is only accompanied by the ground-bass and the clavier. It is only as an accompaniment to the words put into the mouth of our Lord that the long-drawn chords of the stringed quartet are heard. In the choruses, more fully instrumented than the other concerted pieces or solos, we have the string quartet with flutes, hautboys, and organs. No wind-instruments are used; hence the wonderful unity, simplicity, and purity throughout the whole work. Nor can it be inferred that the instrumental effects in the Passion music are monotonous, colourless, or fatiguing. It would be a dangerous error to suppose that the impression made by musical masterpieces should depend mainly on the extraneous means employed in their production. These must be subordinate to the inner spirit of the work of which they are the lights and shadows; hence, dealing with an apparently narrow circle of instruments, Bach's varieties are exquisite. For example, in the accompanied recitatives two flutes are heard wailing above the short symmetrical notes of the bass, or two hautboys with an organ bass; in either case the combination of the three instruments is one of the rarest art. The touching violin obligato, which so unexpectedly succeeds St. Peter's denial of our Lord, the hautboy solo in the famous tenor song "Ich will bei meinem Jesu leben," give a wonderful colouring and distinctive charm to those pieces, and yet seem to arise necessarily from the situation. The great masters of harmony and instrumental effects, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, are for all time; but no one before Bach ever ventured on such slender means to obtain effects hitherto unknown to music. And the most perfect specimens are presented, as in the St. Matthew Passion music, in which Bach shook off those influences and peculiarities which are here and there to be traced in his less perfect works.

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## ABOUT VAST EFFECTS FROM LITTLE CAUSES.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,—

this verse to Pope\* (“this verse to Caryl, Muse!”) is due. Our greatest agitations, quoth Montaigne, have ridiculous motives and causes: “what ruin did our last Duke of Burgundy run into about a cartload of sheepskins!† And was not the engraving of a seal the first and principal cause of the greatest commotion this machine of the world ever underwent?‡—for Pompey and Cæsar were but the off-sets and continuation of the two others.” Montaigne, indeed, professes to have seen in his time the wisest heads in France assembled with great ceremony, and at the public expense, about treaties and agreements, of which the real decision absolutely depended upon “the ladies’ cabinet council, and the inclination of some woman body.” The poets, he adds, very well understood this, when they put all Greece and Asia to fire and sword for an apple. “Ask why such and such a man risks his life and honour upon the fortune of his rapier and dagger: let him acquaint you with the occasion of the quarrel; he cannot do it without blushing, so idle and frivolous is it.”§ Too much acrimony in the bile of a fanatic, observes a yet more free-thinking French philosopher,—blood too much inflamed in the heart of a conqueror, a painful indigestion in the stomach of a king, a whim that passes in the mind of a woman,—are sometimes causes sufficient to bring on war, to send millions of men to slaughter, to root out an entire people, reduce cities to ashes, and spread desolation far and wide upon the surface of our globe. “Spare diet, a glass of water, an opportune purgation, would sometimes have been sufficient to save kingdoms.”|| The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipzig; on each of which occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion.¶ A trifling incident in the social experiences of one of his heroes is related by Fielding, in detail, with the apologetic addendum, that, in reality, there are many little circumstances too often omitted by injudicious historians, from which events of the utmost importance arise. “The world may indeed be considered as a vast machine, in which the great wheels are originally set in motion by those which are very minute, and almost imperceptible to any but the strongest eyes.” The fall of an apple from a tree suggested the doctrine of gravitation; and the same apple, it has been suggested,\*\* served up

\* Rape of the Lock, canto i.

† See *Mém. de Phil. de Comines*, v. 1.‡ Referring to the civil war between Marius and Sylla. See Plutarch, *Life of Marius*, c. iii.§ *Essais de Montaigne*, l. iii. ch. x.

|| Mirabaud.

¶ “On the third day of Dresden, too, . . . the Emperor’s energies were impaired by the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions.”—Hayward’s *Art of Dining*.\*\* Introduction to the *Round Table essays*.

in a dumpling, may, for aught we know, have assisted the philosopher in his notions of heat; for who has not witnessed similar causes and effects at a dinner-table? Hajji Baba cites the name of Basūs as that of an Arabian woman, who occasioned a war—the “war of Basūs”—which has since become an eastern proverb, to express great events from petty causes. Two of the Arabian tribes, he tells us, fought for above forty years, because a camel, belonging to this woman, broke a hen’s egg: the owner of the egg wounded the camel with an arrow,—an arrow pierced him in return, and the tribes were instantly in arms.\* So with the battle of Godden, celebrated in the Triads of the Isle of Britain,—which was fought on account of a bitch, a hound, and a lapwing, and in which seventy-one thousand men were slain.†

Discord, dire sister of the slaughtering power,  
 Small at her birth, but rising every hour,  
 While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,  
 She stalks on earth, and shakes the world around;  
 The nations bleed, where’er her steps she turns,  
 The groan still deepens, and the combat burns.‡

If vast causes sometimes appear to produce insignificant effects,—if the parturient mountain occasionally travails of a ridiculous mouse,—if the prologue promissory of a great drama on the stage of life results in a pickle-herring farce,—*il y en a aussi de pièces tragiques dont les plus grands événements sont toujours causés par des bagatelles.*§ The relations of events to each other, as a historical reviewer observes,—their connexions, causes, and effects—constitute what we call the philosophy of history; and that philosophy must often be contented to seek for the explanation of historic facts in obscure and remote causes; it must stoop to take heed of those passions which sway, though they are not seen to guide, events, and must note those seeming trifles which not unfrequently produce or accelerate the most important consequences. “The mere scandal of a Court may be history to posterity, for it may reveal a secret source of influence which, little marked by contemporaries, affords a clue to results of the greatest magnitude.”|| Mr. Carlyle moralises, in his latest history, on the mighty effect of a small Ear, Jenkins’s Ear, kept about one in cotton; re-emerging, with a vengeance; kindling a war; “dangerous for kindling other Wars, and setting the whole world on fire—as will be too evident in the sequel. The Ear of Jenkins is a singular thing. Might have mounted to be a Constellation, like Berenice’s Hair, and other small facts become mythical, had the English People been of poetic turn.”¶ So again had he moralised, long years before, on that cast of an insignificant camp-kettle over Grandpère Mirabeau’s head, when left for dead in the field of battle, but for which, asserted Mr. Carlyle in the *Westminster*, there had not only been no article “Mirabeau” in this *Review*, but no French Revolution, or a very different one; and all Europe had found itself in far other latitudes at this hour; as any one with a turn for such things might easily reflect. “Nay,

\* Hajji Baba in England, ch. xxv., notes.

† Appendix to Michelet’s *Histoire de France*, tome vi.

‡ *Iliad*, iv. 508 sq. § Madame de Motteville.

|| *Saturday Review*, ii. 56.

¶ Carlyle, *History of Friedrich II.*, vol. ii. book x. ch. vii.

without great difficulty, he may reflect farther, that not only the French Revolution, and this Article, but all revolutions, articles, and achievements whatsoever, the greatest and the smallest, which the world ever beheld, have not once, but often, in their course of genesis, depended on the veriest trifles, castings of camp-kettles, turnings of straws; except only that we do not see that course of theirs.\* *Petit, fatal événement, qui eut d'incalculables conséquences*, exclaims M. Michelet,† of a trivial incident in the intercourse between Henry VIII. and Francis I. That great consequences, like great folks, generally owe their greatness to small causes, and little incidents, is one of the sententious reflections of Richardson's‡ ready-writing Miss Howe. And that the greatest revolutions of affairs are effected often by trifling occurrences, is a verdict of Cicero's,§ in one of the most elaborate of his orations.

Eheu, quam brevis pereunt ingentia causis!

exclaims Claudian.—When Arnulf besieged Rome in A.D. 895, a trivial accident betrayed the imperial city into his hands. "A hare startled by the noise ran towards the city, followed by a hooting multitude. The Romans mistook this for a general assault, were seized with a panic, and many threw themselves over the walls." The Leonine quarter was easily taken, and the whole city submitted to the conqueror.|| As Polybius says, *Φέροι μὲν ἐκ τῶν τυχόντων πολλάκις τὰ μέγιστα τῶν πραγμάτων.*

A neglected little stop-cock of two inches diameter turned out to be the cause of that explosion accident on board the *Great Eastern*, which led to coroner's inquests and sensation articles in 1859. The whole mighty ship, it was then remarked by the press, was absolutely at the mercy of that unknown and contemptible scrap of brass. "It was an entire and perfect success, all but that little stop-cock. . . . The lesson is the more impressive, the more contemptible the agent. For want of the one horseshoe-nail in Franklin's apologue, what rending of kingdoms and dissolution of proud estates follows!"¶

What dire effects from little causes spring!

Terrific consequences ensue in one of Mr. Disraeli's politico-satirical novels, on the mere fact of a diplomatist turning blackleg. Stocks fall, smash go the country banks, Portland-place is deserted, the cause of infant Liberty is at a dismal discount, the Greek loan disappears like a vapour in a storm, there is a change of ministry, and the country is in despair. All for so petty a cause. "The secret history of the late distress is a lesson to all modern statesmen. Rest assured, that in politics, however tremendous the effects, the causes are often as trifling."\*\* Clarendon's mention of women beginning for the first time to take a part in public affairs, is significantly prefaced by this parenthesis: "to show us from how small Springs great Rivers may arise."†† Who does not know, Hartley Coleridge asks, that the order of Jesuits owes its foundation to the personal vanity of Ignatius Loyola, and his ambition to be

\* Carlyle, *Critical Essays*, vol. iv., "Mirabeau."

† *Histoire de France au XVI<sup>m</sup>e Siècle: Réforme*, p. 163.

‡ *Clarissa Harlowe*, vol. iii. letter iv. § Philip., viii. 10.

|| *Milman's Latin Christianity*, book v. ch. vii.

¶ *Saturday Review*, viii. 329.

\*\* Vivian Grey, ch. xiv.

†† *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon*, part i.

like the Homeric warriors—*bene ocreatus*? Had loose boots or cossack trousers been the fashion, Loyola, it is submitted, might have died without the odour of sanctity, and the name of Jesuit had never been heard for reproach or for praise. "To such slight occasions are mighty agencies indebted for their first motion."\* Hartley's good uncle, Robert the Rhymer, has rhymed on the same text, of dandy Loyola's wearing a shapely boot on his shattered leg, and so, with peril of his life, subjecting the else recovered limb to the surgeon's edge-tools again.

Long time upon the bed of pain he lay  
Whiling with books the weary hours away;  
And from that circumstance and this vain man  
A train of long events their course began,  
Whose term it is not given us yet to see.†

How intensely prosy Southey could sometimes be as a poet, this extract may serve to show.

The Modenese cavalry, as Sismondi relates, entering Bologna one day by surprise, carried off from a public fountain a bucket, which thenceforth was preserved in the tower of Modena as a glorious trophy. The war which followed gave Tassoni the subject of his mock-heroic poem, *La Secchia Rapita*; though the vengeance taken by the Bolognese was anything but burlesque.‡ *Hæ nugæ seria ducent in mala*. In vain a royal philosopher maunders:

Good lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;  
When for so slight and frivolous a cause,  
Such factious emulations shall arise!§

*Parvula scintilla sæpe magnum suscitavit incendium*. Small things, observes a French *savant*, are those which the vulgar do not perceive; but when such things have produced serious effects, the many in question pause, quite disconcerted, before the irrevocable event which might so easily have been prevented.|| It is only with a qualification of the *semper* that, in a general sense, the canon holds good, *Semper causæ eventorum magis movent* [excite more interest] *quam ipsa eventa*.

It has been stated, if not proved, that Ludovico Sforza's zeal in urging Charles VIII. to invade Italy arose from his taking umbrage at the refusal to concur in his plan for a deputation to Rome—which refusal arose from the desire of Pietro de Medici to display his costly jewels, and of Gentile, Bishop of Arezzo, to manifest his consummate oratorical skill. "Thus the vanity of a pedant, and the pride of a scholar, were to convulse the world from the gulf of Taranto to the Pyrenees."—Lord Chesterfield, who is very fond of expatiating on the motive power of petty causes, expresses his fear that, were most historical events traced up to their true origin, we should not find them much more noble, or disinterested, than what *he* alleges to have been the cause of the Reformation—namely, "Luther's disappointed avarice." Father Prout, by the way, pronounces it to be a remarkable fact, though overlooked by most historians, that the

\* Hartley Coleridge's *Essay De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis*.

† Southey, *A Tale of Paraguay*.

‡ Sismondi, *History of the Italian Republics*.

§ First Part of King Henry VI., Act IV. Sc. 1.

|| M. Littré, *Memoir of Carrel*.

“Reformation” originated in a clap of thunder. “A German student was so terrified by the bolt (which killed his comrade) that he turned monk, and, having had originally no vocation for that quiet craft, afterwards broke out, naturally enough, into a polemical agitator.”\* Chesterfield—to return to his lordship’s general position, and generalisation on the subject—avows the contempt with which he looks upon those refining and sagacious historians who ascribe all, even the most common events, to some deep political cause.† When historians pretend to give us the causes and motives of events, we should, he says, compare those causes and motives with the characters and interests of the parties concerned, and see whether we cannot assign others more probable; “and in that examination do not despise some very mean and trifling causes of the actions of great men; for so various and inconsistent is human nature, so strong and changeable are our passions, so fluctuating are our wills, and so much are our minds influenced by the accidents of our bodies, that every man is more the man of the day, than a regular and consequential character.”‡ In another letter, ascribing the better half of the Duke of Marlborough’s greatness and riches to his possession of “the graces,” his lordship avows in a parenthesis his opposition to “the custom of profound historians who always assign deep causes for great events.”§

A year later, again, we have the noble earl warning his son anew against those “closet politicians” and “speculative, cloistered pedants,” who “never fail to assign the deepest motives for the most trifling actions; instead of often ascribing the greatest actions to the most trifling causes, in which they would be much seldomer mistaken.” These pedant historians, he observes, read and write of kings, heroes, and statesmen, as never doing anything but upon the deepest principles of sound policy: but those who see and take notice of the ways of these distinguished personages, discover that they have headaches, indigestions, humours, and passions, just like other people; every one of which, in its turn, determines their wills, in defiance of their reason. And my lord enforces his wise saw by an ancient instance. Had we, he says, only read in the life of Alexander, that he burnt Persepolis, it would doubtless have been accounted for from deep policy: we should have been told, that his new conquest could not have been secured without the destruction of that capital, which would have been the constant seat of cabals, conspiracies, and revolts. But luckily we are informed at the same time, that this hero, this demi-god, this son and heir of Jupiter Ammon, happened to get extremely drunk with Thais—whom my lord designates by an epithet for which the printer substitutes a dash—and by way of frolic, destroyed one of the finest cities in the world. “Read men, therefore, yourself, not in books, but in nature. . . . Observe their weaknesses, their passions, their humours, of all which their understandings are, nine times in ten, the dupes. You will then know that they are to be gained, influenced, or led, much oftener by little things than by great ones;”|| the practical moral being, that, consequently, you will not think those things little which tend to such great purposes.—Two or three years later we find the

\* Reliques of Father Prout, p. 453.

† Lord Chesterfield’s Letters to his Son, April 26, 1748.

‡ Ibid., Aug. 30, 1748.

§ Ibid., Nov. 18, 1748.

|| Ibid., Dec. 5, 1749.

earl harping on the same well-fingered string: "We must never seek for motives by deep reasoning, but we must find them out by careful observation and attention. . . . Trace them up, step by step, from the character of the person. I have known 'de par le monde,' as Brantôme says, great effects from causes too little ever to have been suspected. Some things must be known, and can never be guessed."\*

Swift, too, was fond of propounding the same doctrine. It is a common-place in the curiosities of history, that on the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough being supplanted by Mrs. Masham, the fortunes of Europe were changed by the indolence of one waiting-woman and the cunning of another. Now it happens in one page of the Journal to Stella, that the casual mention of Mrs. Masham's name is immediately followed by the exclamation: "O, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned."† In one of his political tractates the Dean mentions his having been assured by men long practised in business, that the secrets of court are much fewer than are generally supposed; and he professes to hold it for the greatest secret of the court that they are so: because "the first springs of great events, like those of great rivers, are so often mean and so little that in decency they ought to be hid."‡ In another disquisition of the same polemical character, Swift records a "foolish circumstance," the momentous issue of which "has often," he says, "made me remember the common observation of the greatest events depending frequently upon the lowest, vilest, and obscurest causes; and this is never more verified than in courts and the issues of public affairs, whereof I could produce from my own knowledge and observation three or four very surprising instances. I have seen an old bed-maker, by officiously going to one door when gratitude as well as common sense should have sent her to another, become the instrument of putting the nation to the expense of some thousand lives and several millions of money. I have known as great an event from the stupidity or wilfulness of a beggarly Dutchman, who lingered on purpose half an hour at a visit when he had promised to be somewhere else."§ A curious and entertaining treatise might be written, as Archdeacon Hare suggests, *de vi quæ residet in minimis*; even important historical events have been kindled by the spark of an epigram or a jest.||

Leigh Hunt traces to such trifles as a heavy supper and an impaired digestion, an overwhelming multitude of deplorable effects. It was not such a droll impossibility after all, he contends, that the Edinburgh wits imagined, when they talked of cutting a man's throat with a pound of pickled salmon; much slighter dishes having performed as wonderful exploits. "I have known a hard egg to fill a household with dismay for days together; a cucumber has disinherited an only son; and a whole province has incurred the royal anger of its master at the instigation of a set of woodcocks."¶ Goldsmith's man in black and his affianced widow, at the diuner-party on the eve of wedlock—and "never was antiquated

\* Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, Sept. 19, 1752.

† Swift, Journal to Stella, Dec. 27, 1711.

‡ Free Thoughts upon the Present State of Affairs. 1714.

§ An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry, ch. ii. 1715.

|| Guesses at Truth: Second series.

¶ The Scer, part ii. essay lvi.

passion so playful, so harmless, and amusing, as between this reverend couple"—are then and there separated and sundered at once and for ever, by a petty difference as to how to carve the turkey. She is for beginning with the leg, he with the wing. Each is tenacious of his and her opinion and practice, and warm words ensue. The feud culminates with her declaring, in the "heat of debate," as the Parliament phrase goes, "I don't care a fig whether you are for the leg off or on; and friend, for the future, keep your distance." "O," replied the other, "that is easily done; it is only moving to the other end of the table; and so, madam, your most obedient humble servant." Thus was this courtship of an age destroyed in one moment; for this dialogue effectually broke off the match between this respectable couple, that had but just concluded. The smallest accidents disappoint the most important treaties.\* *Fortuna parvis momentis magnas rerum commutationes efficit.*

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,  
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
. . . . . who twin, as 'twere, in love  
Unseparable, shall within this hour,  
On a discussion of a doit, break out  
To bitterest enmity . . . . .  
. . . . . by some chance,  
Some trick not worth an egg, † &c.

To a change "at first sight so trivial as the suppression of small notes, and the substitution of sovereigns in their room," Sir Archibald Alison, after the approved manner of his financial theories, traces the determination, in small capitals, OF THE FATE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: thenceforward, he asserts, a series of causes and effects set in, which no human power was afterwards able to arrest; among the consequences being Catholic Emancipation, Negro Emancipation, the Repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws, Free Trade, and an entire alteration in our foreign alliances, policy, and system of government, home, foreign, and colonial. ‡

Not that Sir Archibald is, after all, so belated in his philosophy as to accept the vulgate version of merest accidental trifles being the engendering causes of great events. In his previous History he had formally ruled, that great changes in human affairs never take place from trivial causes; that although the most important effects are, indeed, often owing apparently to "inconsiderable springs," the train has been laid in all such cases by a long course of previous events, "and the last," as he loosely words it, "only puts the torch to its extremity. A fit of passion in Mrs. Masham arrested the course of Marlborough's victories, and preserved the tottering kingdom of France," &c. &c. Superficial observers, he goes on to say, lament the subjection of human affairs to the caprices of fortune or the casualties of chance; but a more enlarged observation teaches us to recognise in these apparently trivial events the operation of general laws, and the last link in a chain of causes which have all conspired to produce the general result. "Mrs. Masham's passion was the immediate cause of Marlborough's overthrow; but that event had been prepared by the accumulating jealousy of the nation during the whole tide of his

\* The Citizen of the World, letter cxxiii., and last.

† Coriolanus, Act IV. Sc. 4.

‡ See Alison's Continuation of History of Europe, vol. iii. ch. xxi. § 17 sq.

victory, and her indignation was but the drop which made the cup overflow."\* It is a prodigious mistake, says the historian of the Revolt of the Netherlands, to refer that great event to sources so insufficient as the ambition of a few leading nobles, and the embarrassments of a larger number of needy gentlemen. "The tumults of the Netherlands were long in ripening; when the final outbreak came, it would have been more philosophical to inquire, not why it had occurred, but how it could have been so long postponed."† It was in the highest spirit of philosophy, Mr. Buckle contends, that Montesquieu declared the Roman Republic to have been overthrown, not, as is commonly supposed, by the ambition of Cæsar and Pompey, but by that state of things which made the success of their ambition possible: Events which had been long accumulating, and had come from afar, pressed on and thickened until their united force was irresistible, and the Republic grew ripe for destruction. "It decayed, it tottered, it was sapped to its foundation; and then, when all was ready, and it was nodding to its fall, Cæsar and Pompey stepped forward, and because they dealt the last blow, we, forsooth, are expected to believe that they produced a catastrophe which the course of affairs had made inevitable before they were born."‡ Mr. Buckle, at the same time, sees quite plainly, and admits quite explicitly, that the great majority of men will always cling to Cæsar and Pompey; that is to say, they will prefer the study of proximate causes to the study of remote ones.

According to M. Mounier and his followers, the whole mystery of the French Revolution, as Lord Brougham remarks, was contained in the accidental derangement of the Finances, the convocation of the States-General, and the vacillating conduct of the Court and the Ministers towards the *tiers état*. The Abbé Baruel and Professor Robison had few followers in their assertion that the revolution resulted from a plot, from the machinations of a sect which conspired against church and state. But M. Mounier had many backers, in his argument that the convulsion which shook all Europe to its centre was the result of comparatively trivial and accidental circumstances. Jeffrey began his labours in the *Edinburgh Review* by a paper in which he examined and refuted this doctrine—and of which Lord Brougham writes with the utmost admiration, while himself maintaining, on the same side, that not all the errors of the Neckers, the Briennes, the Maurepas, the Calonnes, could have dislocated any portion of a system which had not been prepared to crumble in pieces by the ravages of time, or the undermining of the public opinion, or the ferment of popular discontent, and the universal prevalence of a love of change.§ And yet Lord Brougham in his later years declared a later French Revolution, that of 1848, to have been "the sudden work of a moment . . . prompted by no felt inconvenience—announced by no complaint"—"the work of some half-dozen artisans, met in a printing office," "a handful of armed ruffians, headed by a shoemaker and a sub-editor."|| That 1848 was not exactly one with 1789, all would allow;

\* History of Europe, vol. v. ch. xxxi.

† Motley, Rise of the Dutch Republic, part ii. ch. i.

‡ Buckle's review of Mill's Essay on Liberty.

§ Lord Brougham on the French Revolution, in vol. v. of his Historical Sketches.

|| Lord Brougham's Letters to the Marquis of Lansdowne, on the late Revolution in France. 1848.



but the attempt to narrow the issue of the former to such petty accidents, was hardly so philosophical as the noble lord's estimate of *the* Revolution. Montesquieu's view is of constant application. According to his view of history, as expounded by Mr. Buckle again, no great alteration can be effected, except by virtue of a long train of antecedents, where alone we are to seek the cause of what to a superficial eye is the work of individuals. In various parts of the History of Civilisation this philosophy is taught by examples. The Great Rebellion of the seventeenth century, for instance. To attempt to trace it to personal and temporary causes, Mr. Buckle contends,—to ascribe this unparalleled outbreak to a dispute respecting ship-money, or to a quarrel about the privileges of parliament, can only suit the habits of those historians who see no further than the preamble of a statute, or the decision of a judge. "Such writers forget that the trial of Hampden, and the impeachment of the five members, could have produced no effect on the country, unless the people had already been prepared, and unless the spirit of inquiry and of insubordination had so increased the discontents of men, as to put them in a state where, the train being laid, the slightest spark sufficed to kindle a conflagration."\* To a philosophic mind, he elsewhere observes, the actions of an individual count for little; to a practical mind they are everything. "Whoever is accustomed to generalise, smiles within himself when he hears that Luther brought about the Reformation; that Bacon overthrew the ancient philosophy; that William III. saved our liberties; that Romilly humanised our penal code," &c. &c.—smiles, because he knows that such men, useful as they were, are only to be regarded as tools by which that work was done which the force and accumulation of preceding circumstances had determined should be done.†—Take, again, this writer's remarks on the fall of the Jesuits. In the eighteenth century, he says, all that was required for their destruction was some trifling accident, that might serve as a pretext to justify what the nation had already determined. So, with a smile at those "historians" whose historiettes attribute the destruction of the Jesuits to the influence of Madame de Pompadour, Mr. Buckle decides that to ascribe this great event to the bankruptcy of a trader, or the intrigues of a mistress, is to confuse the cause of an act with the pretext under which the act is committed. The Jesuits "stood in the way of the age, and the age swept them from its path. This was the real cause of their abolition: a cause not likely to be perceived by those writers, who, under the guise of historians, are only collectors of the prattle and gossip of courts, and who believe that the destinies of great nations can be settled in the ante-chambers of ministers, and in the councils of kings."‡—In another place, the historian of Civilisation incidentally observes of Voltaire, that the weakest point in his otherwise profound view of history, was his love of the old saying, that great events spring from little causes; "a singular error for so comprehensive a mind, because it depended on confusing causes with conditions;" and one that was avoided by Montesquieu and Turgot.§

Respecting the confusion of cause with condition, an illustration may be cited from Mr. Lewes; who remarks that when we speak of Henry I.

\* History of Civilisation, i. 600.

† See Mr. Buckle's review in *Fraser* (No. 353), of Mill on Liberty.

‡ Buckle, History of Civilisation, i. 782 sq.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 807, note.

as having died from eating lampreys, we mean, that in a certain condition of his organism the introduction of lampreys was the antecedent to a whole series of sequences terminating in death; although we are perfectly aware that the salmon was not the "cause," but only one integer in the sum of causes.\* The king's organisation was in a "cracky" state; and, as the Latin poet has it, a very slight degree of force is enough to break a thing once cracked:

Et minimæ vires frangere quassa valent.†

Accidental trifles only occasion vast catastrophes when things have long co-operated to that end.

It must be so: for miracles are ceased:  
And therefore we must needs admit the means  
How things are perfected.‡

Applicable to the subject are some interesting remarks by Leslie the painter, on the elder Disraeli's article§ on Poets, Philosophers, and Artists made by Accident; the writer of which begins truly enough by saying, that "accident has frequently occasioned the most eminent geniuses to display their power," and then gives about a dozen instances. If he means that but for those accidents the powers of such men might have remained unknown to themselves, and therefore unused,—or that men differently constituted, meeting with similar accidents, would have done what they did, he is, Leslie submits, mistaken. We learn to talk, argues the latter, by the accident of hearing others talk; but, without a natural capability of speech, we should remain dumb as our cats and dogs do, though they hear us speak. "Gibbon, it is true, might not have written his 'Decline of the Roman Empire' but for the accident of hearing the bare-footed friars singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter; but he would have written something else in which the same powers of mind and turn of thinking would have been displayed. The accident did not make Gibbon an historian, it only directed him in the choice of a subject." Neither is it to be supposed that Sir Joshua Reynolds would not have been a painter, and every whit as great a one, had he never seen "Richardson's Treatise."|| And so on with other accidental causes—occasional, proximate, and approximate.

Life, according to Fielding's philosophy, may as properly be called an art as any other; and the great incidents in it are no more to be considered as mere accidents, than the several members of a fine statue, or a noble poem. By observing minutely "the several incidents which tend to the catastrophe or completion of the whole, and the minute causes whence those incidents are produced, we shall best be instructed in this most useful of all arts, which I call the art of life."¶ Once in an early chapter, and again towards the close, of the same "history," Fielding declares there is no exercise of the mind of a sensible reader more pleasant, than the tracing of the small and almost imperceptible links in every

\* See Mr. Lewes's exposition of Hume's Theory of Causation.

† Ovid.

‡ King Henry V., Act I. Sc. 1.

§ Curiosities of Literature.

|| Memoir of C. R. Leslie, vol. i. ch. vii.

¶ See the so-called *exordium* to Fielding's "Amelia."

chain of events, by which all the great actions of the world are produced.\* But there is constant need of keeping in mind Locke's monition to students of history, that the "flourishings and decays of commonwealths depend not barely on the present time for what is done within themselves, but most commonly on remote and precedent constitution and events, and a train of concurrent actions amongst their neighbours as well as themselves."† Lamartine makes it a charge against Dumourier, that, nursed in the levity of courts, he was too much accustomed, by his diplomatic habits, to attribute great results to trifling causes.‡ Guizot rebukes the notion of representing the crusades as a kind of accident, as an event unforeseen, unheard of, born solely of the recital of pilgrims on their return from Jerusalem, and of the preachings of Peter the Hermit. "It was nothing of the kind. The crusades were the continuation, the zenith of the grand struggle which had been going on for four centuries between Christianity and Mohammedanism."§ Barante contends that "faire dépendre d'une fistule le sort d'une grande monarchie, mettre à la merci du moindre accident de santé le gouvernement, les institutions, l'avenir d'une nation, c'est une raillerie dirigée contre la Providence, ou bien la condamnation de toute sagesse humaine." Voltaire is full of *ces choses-là*. Pascal, in a quite opposite feeling, speaks of the grain of sand *dans la vessie de Cromwell*. Seeking to reduce accidental facts from the dignity of causes to the level of "occasions," M. de Barante takes his stand against "la plaisanterie un peu usée des grands événements dus aux petites causes." He argues that although what is vast, durable, essential, in the progress and revolutions of peoples, is unquestionably hastened or retarded by such or such a circumstance,—and that a necessary and fatal *terme* may be reached by one way or another, according to some chance, or individual determination,||—yet are there moral laws which preside over the development of nations; and with Mr. de Quincey he would probably agree, that, as all brilliant or epigrammatic anecdotes have a semblance of falsehood, more especially false are "all those anecdotes which, for the sake of raising wonderment, trace great wars to trivial domestic brawls."¶ Mr. Carlyle calls the flight of Jenny Geddes's stool "a cardinal movement" (as wrongs long compressed do require but some slight fugling-signal), which set all Scotland into uproar and violent gesticulation; the first slight stroke of a universal battle and wrestle, with all weapons, on the part of all persons, for the space of twenty years or so,—one of the later strokes of which severed a king's head off.\*\* But he is not the man to confound accidental with substantial and essential cause; and in another treatise he can scout some of the many vain imaginings of this or that trifle producing the French Revolution. "On what Damocles' hairs must the judgment-sword hang over this distracted Earth! Thus, however, it was that Tenterden Steeple brought an influx of the Atlantic upon us, and so Godwin Sands."†† Within the last year

\* Fielding's "Amelia," book xii. ch. i.

† Life and Letters of John Locke.

‡ Histoire des Girondins, l. xxxvii. § 22.

§ Guizot, Histoire de la Civilisation, leçon viii.

|| Barante, Etudes Historiques, t. i. pp. 135 et. 147.

¶ De Quincey's essay on War.

\*\* Carlyle's Critical Miscellanies, vol. iv., Art. "Baillie the Covenanter."

†† The Diamond Necklace, ch. vii.

of the last century we find S. T. Coleridge, in one of his political disquisitions, exposing as too common the mistaking for the causes of the then latest revolution in France, the accidents which determined the manner and moment of its explosion. "The arrival of Bonaparte from Egypt, his ambition, his temerity, and his good luck, were indeed indispensable as occasions and subordinate agents; but would of themselves have been as powerless, and of as rapid extinction, as the sparks from a sky-rocket let off in a storm of rain." The real causes of the usurpation, Coleridge contended,\* must be sought for in the general state of the public feeling and opinion, &c.,—as in the genesis and progress of the French Revolution itself, considered as a whole. Ramond, the so-called Painter of the Pyrenees,—best known, perhaps, on this side the Channel by the series of appreciative papers devoted to him by M. de Sainte-Beuve, in the *Causeries du Lundi*,—used to speak with disdain of those who were for referring the origin of so prodigious a convulsion to this or that particular object of their dislike or aversion. The hour of revolutions strikes, he said, when once the passage of time has altered the value of the forces which concur in upholding social order; when once the modifications these forces have undergone are of such a nature as to upset the balance of powers.—Sénac de Meilhan, again, from another point of view, used to deny the direct influence ascribed to authorship on the Revolution,—the causes of which, he maintained, were purely and simply political; and he would illustrate his doctrine after this sort: when a man is assassinated in his own house by a robber, the *principe* of this crime is greed of money; the *cause* of the event, is the robber; and if the door of the house chanced to be open, in that circumstance *l'occasion* favoured the assassin. The veritable causes are those but for which the event would not have happened, whatever concatenation of circumstances there might have been.† Montesquieu's teaching had been read, marked, and learnt by some, at least, of his countrymen,—that in every State there are general causes, moral or physical, which raise, or sustain, or lower it; that all accidents are subject to these causes; and that if the hazard of a battle, that is to say a particular cause, has ruined a State, there was a general cause by virtue of which this State must needs perish through a single battle; in one word, *l'allure principale entraîne avec elle tous les accidents particuliers*.‡ On the other hand, there has never been wanting a succession of objectors to this doctrine, who appeal rather to Machiavel, as continually reminding us, in the midst of his reflections, how largely chance enters—that is to say, causes to us unknown—into the origin and issue of historical affairs; and who think that had Montesquieu been less of a closet philosopher, and seen more of actual history by personal observation, he would oftener have said, *A combien peu ont tenu les grandes choses!* So "our grave professors of history, of the present day," are characterised by the most eminent, perhaps, of living French critics, as disciples of Montesquieu, of a sadder sort—*mais plus tristes que lui*—who seek out and claim to assign the reason of every fact, the profound explanation of whatever takes place, and who reject

\* *Essays on his own Times*, vol. ii. p. 313.

† *Des Principes et des Causes de la Révolution en France*. 1790.

‡ Montesquieu, *Considérations sur la Grandeur et la Décadence des Romains*.

from this *mobile* stage of life everything unlooked-for, repudiating "le jeu des petites causes souvent aussi efficaces que les grandes."\* But the exaggerated estimate of *petites causes* warranted such a reaction.

Fond as M. Michelet is of minute curiosities of causation, he is no systematic adherent of the *trivial* school of philosophers or philosophes; and in alluding to "the famous story of the seizure of fleeces," he says that Comines chose to set it down as the cause of a war, in order to deduce from it the "false and common-place philosophy of great effects from trifling causes."† Philosophically examined, the disputes of mankind will generally, Hartley Coleridge asserts, be found to be less silly, and more wicked, than is generally supposed. "When Young called Satan a dunce, he was a dunce himself."‡ It is a very poor philosophy, observes an essayist on the American civil war, which takes a cynical delight in tracing great historical events to trivial sources—a favourite's vanity, a court intrigue, the baffled ambition of a political coterie. But never, he affirms, was it more utterly out of place than in ascribing to petty personal motives and individual agency a convulsion which had its roots in a radical diversity of interests, character, and institutions between two nations tied together by a chain close enough to gall and irritate, but too feeble to unite; and which had been prepared by a long series of insults and injuries, sectional struggles, and years of gradual alienation.§ A single and mere shaking of the tree will not bring down the fruit unless the fruit is ripe. When it is so, then, to apply the words of an old French historian, "il ne faut que le moindre incident pour les faire tomber d'un côté ou d'autre."|| It often happens, as a biographer of Dr. Bentley remarks, that the immediate occasion of a rupture is a comparative trifle, and people incline to wonder that men who have submitted to so much for the sake of peace, should buckle on their armour at last for so little; not remembering, that each successive demand, be it large or small, goes to prove the inutility of concession; that human patience has but a certain capacity; and that the last drop makes the cup overflow.¶ So with general movements of whatever kind—in art, or free thought, for instance; where it is seldom otherwise than futile, an able thinker maintains, to attempt to trace to any one man, or to any one place, the first impulses of those great tides of opinion which from time to time have ebbed and flowed among mankind; there being generally deeper and more mysterious energies in operation to produce such mighty results than the will of any individual, however gifted. Such an agent represents rather than originates. "Many a thinker has thrown out hints which, if taken up, would have revolutionised the world; but, so long as the seed sown fell on ground that was not prepared, it took no root. . . . All great changes of opinion are the growth of years and the result of numberless co-operative and converging forces. When the time has come, and men's minds are ripe for it, the new sentiment shows its universality by mani-

\* Sainte-Beuve sur Joinville.

† Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. vi. l. xviii. ch. i.

‡ *Biographia Borealis*: William Roscoe.

§ See a review of B. J. Lossing's *History of the Civil War in the U.S.*, in vol. xxii. of the *Saturday Review*.

|| Mézeray.

¶ *Life of Richard Bentley*, in vol. i. of *Northern Worthies*.

festing itself in a thousand forms and places at once."\*—In short, the principle is of almost inexhaustible application. To take one instance more. If consumption, observes Professor Kingsley, latent in the constitution, have broken out in active mischief, the wise physician will trouble his head little with the particular accident which woke up the sleeping disease. "The disease was there, and if one thing had not awakened it, some other would."† All consumption, incidentally remarks Mr. de Quincey, though latent in the constitution, and indicated often to the eye in bodily conformation, does not therefore manifest itself as a disease, until some form of "cold," or bronchitis, some familiar affection of the chest or of the lungs, arises to furnish a starting-point for the morbid development.‡

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MAGDALENE OF SCOTLAND.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

LISTEN, gentle dames and damsels, to a sad and tender lay,  
 Shrined in crystal tears of sorrow through the ages past away,  
 An echo from the passing-bell of hope crush'd in its prime,  
 A feather shed in pity from the quivering wings of Time—  
 'Tis of a royal maiden who was nursed in foreign clime.

'Tis of a sweet fair tendril of Queen Claude the Good of France,  
 The theme of Ronsard's melodies, the idol of romance;  
 So beautiful, Heav'n soon recall'd the flower lent awhile  
 The stormy passions of the age to soften and beguile,  
 A few brief summers only was that young life's transient smile.

King James has cross'd from Scotland to claim his promised bride,  
 With a body-guard of nobles, and a gallant train beside,  
 And of all the *preux chevaliers* for whom a scarf was wove,  
 None bore a crest more lofty, or a maiden's heart could move,  
 Than the monarch of the storm-girt isle, who sought the Court of Love.

"Sir and brother," quoth King Francis to his young and royal guest,  
 "Honour binds me to thy wishes—I would bow to its behest,  
 But the daughter of my promise is an infant still in years,  
 Frail and weakly say the leeches, though a healthy huc she wears,  
 Like her mother—may the Virgin assoil her in our tears!

\* From an article on the Prospects of Art in England, published in the first number of a defunct quarterly, which, alike by the colours it hoisted without, and the spirit it evinced from within, bade fair to be the Red Rover of the trimestrial press.

† Kingsley's Lecture on Great Cities.

‡ So Mr. de Quincey cites Sir Everard Home's recorded experience, as a first-class surgeon, of many an indolent tumour in the face, which for thirty or more years had caused no uneasiness whatever, suddenly changing to receive the slightest possible wound from a razor in shaving. What followed? Once disturbed, the trivial exerecence became an open cancer."—Confessions of an English Opium-eater.

"Leave the maiden to our keeping, and another shall be found,  
That can better be transplanted to a less sun-favour'd ground ;  
My cousin Vendôme hath at Loire a rare and precious flower,  
A peerless maid of beauty, fit to grace a monarch's bower :  
Take her—a hundred thousand crowns shall be the lady's dower !"

Sadly the monarch listen'd, and still linger'd, loth to part,  
*True* love, the earliest, had touch'd the mainspring of his heart,  
Yet wayward and romantic, capricious, light, and gay,  
To the castle of the Bourbon duke, disguised, he takes his way,  
To see the far-famed damsel who was call'd the Queen of Day.

There was revelry and feasting in the castle of Vendôme,  
Noble ladies, knights, and peasants, from afar and near had come ;  
Among the guests of low degree King Jamie takes his place,  
But a meanly garb but ill conceals his form of comely grace,  
And the lineaments of majesty are throned upon his face.

The princess knows the monarch, for love pierces all disguise ;  
His portrait, sent from Scotland, had been her treasured prize.  
Leaving quick the brilliant circle, she advances to his side,  
And with a timid greeting, and a blush of virgin pride,  
She leads him through the wond'ring throng, that rev'rent opens wide.

To her father straight she brings him, and soon the trumpets ring,  
And a thousand voices hail the name of Scotland's gallant king ;  
The duke, with goblet raised on high, a silence doth command,  
"Gracious ladies, valiant knights," he cries, with voice and features bland,  
"Pledge the royal guest who comes to seek the Lady Mary's hand !"

Then rose the shouts exultingly, re-echoed o'er and o'er,  
Through the castle, through the vine-clad slopes that bound the town of  
Loire,

From the many lusty throats that own'd allegiance to Bourbon,  
Throughout a land as beautiful as sun could shine upon,  
But a shadow smote a human heart, *it was a kingly one !*

Ah, Magdalene, 'twere well indeed no voice could reach thy ears,  
To tell how recreant love had been, and wake regretting tears ;  
To see that gay betrothal would have made thy bosom wring,  
But the jewels scatter'd broadcast by a weak and faithless king  
Were not worth a throb of such pure love as from thy heart could spring !

King James has left the ducal court, but perjured in his vow,  
The thought of gentle Magdalene brings shame upon his brow ;  
He wanders through his native land, but wearisome it seems,  
No sunshine of a heart at rest upon his pathway streams,  
And visions of his early love steal sadly o'er his dreams.

But youth is ever buoyant, and he seeks her once again,  
"She can ease my bitter grief," he says, "my trouble and my pain."  
So the lover seeks King Francis, and he pleads his suit so well,  
With a daughter's tears to help him—deeper far than words can tell—  
That the nuptials are decided—'tis the first stroke of a knell.

All Paris puts on holiday, as only France can wear,  
With skies transparent over her, a climate soft and clear ;  
There is feasting in the palace, in the abbey, and the hall,  
Men are madly bent on pleasure, feet are nimble at the ball,  
But—the Fates are busy weaving for the bride a royal pall.

If through Scotland, courteous reader, you should haply chauce to stray,  
 Among its noble mansions, take fair Broomhall on your way,  
 You will see a grand old painting of the lovely Magdalene;  
 At the altar she is standing, bride-array'd, a blushing queen—  
 More eloquent the canvas than a bard could sing, I ween!

Features small and chastely delicate, complexion soft and fair,  
 All the charms of sixteen summers, richly brown and braided hair;  
 James is near, a kingly presence, with a bright unclouded brow,  
 Listing ev'ry word with rapture of the timid whisper'd vow,  
 But Francis, faintly smiling, wears an anxious look, I trow.

Through the gorgeous aisles of Notre-Dame the long procession threads,  
 Kings, priests, and knights, with maidens wearing chaplets on their heads;  
 And sweet, in sooth, the choristers swell forth the wedding song,  
 The trumpets sound, the bells ring out a clarion loud and long—  
 "*Largesse! largesse!*" is shouted by the billow-heaving throng!

Here droops my pen, for Ronsard's lyre has tuned the deathless lay  
 With homage such as heav'n-born thoughts and dreams alone could pay,  
 And bold Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, in quaintly rhyme,  
 Has made the theme melodious throughout the lapse of time,  
 Leaving to meaner lyrists but the echo of their chime.

On these scenes of cloudless splendour, on the sunny land of France,  
 Queen Magdalene, through tearful eyes, has cast a farewell glance;  
 To a bleak, chill home she hastens, but it waits her as a bride,  
 And all the world is bright to her with Jamie at her side—  
 He is her true heart's mirror, her treasure, and her pride!

But the stormy winds of ocean have tried her fragile frame,  
 Five days the waves have toss'd her, ere to Scotland's shore she came,  
 But she bears her weakness hopefully, and kneeling on the strand,  
 "God bless the King, my husband!" she exclaims, with lifted hand,  
 "God bless his loving lieges, and each homestead in the land!"

Ev'ry Scottish pulse is throbbing for the tender-hearted queen,  
 Ev'ry sword would leave its scabbard for the lovely Magdalene;  
 All praise her sweet demeanour, artless, winning as a child,  
 An angel in a land whose sons were reckless, ruder, and wild;  
 All said no earth-born creature could smile as she had smiled.

And thus it was, while pleasure with delusive glow could warm,  
 And spread around her presence such a strange and hallowing charm,  
 Life was flickering, wasting surely, and its sands were falling fast,  
 And though a queen—predicted, when her horoscope was cast,  
 Still a *crowless* one, for pageantry and gilded state were past.

The cries of revelry without fall listless on her ear,  
 Her eyes are feebly closing on the form she holds most dear,  
 The chords of life are loosening, death hovers o'er the scene,  
 So droops the lily mournfully, for forty days a queen—  
 So passes to a changeless throne the saintly Magdalene!

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## HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLEMENT'S TROUBLE," &amp;c.

## PART I.

THERE was great excitement in the little village of M—— when it became known that Lord Clairville, the wealthy owner of beautiful Bellingdon Woods, was about to give a large ball : his eldest son, Lord Bellingdon, had just been married in town, and to celebrate the happy event the Earl issued cards for a ball. Every young lady in M——, with one exception, was in raptures of hope, and hourly looking out for the coveted invitation ; and Mr. Cavanagh's old red-brick house contained at least one such eager, anxious girl. Elizabeth Hoade Cavanagh, aged nineteen, five feet five in height, and a remarkably beautiful girl, was most hopefully looking forward to this ball as the great event of her life, for she had never yet been at any festivity gayer than one of the quiet M—— dinner-parties.

The invitation for "Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Cavanagh" came in due course, and Elizabeth could not, and did not care to, conceal her childish delight.

"A real large ball!" she cried ; "music and dancing, and partners and everything! I think I shall have a white tulle dress with puffs and white satin ribbons, and looped up with blush-roses and forget-me-nots."

"I dare say it would look very well," said her mother, from a sofa where she was lying ; "but, Lizzie, we have not yet said that we mean to go."

"But you will go!" cried Lizzie, a little frightened at her mother's tone. "Oh, surely, Mamma, you will not disappoint me so horribly as not to go!"

"I suppose we must not refuse Lord Clairville's invitation; I dare say it will be a very gay affair."

"And my first ball," said Lizzie, standing opposite the chimney-glass, and looking steadily at her own reflexion. "I am sure I shall look very well in clouds of white tulle and roses and forget-me-nots."

"You vain child!" said Mrs. Cavanagh, smiling. "If you are going to think so much of yourself and your appearance, I do not think I shall take you to the ball; it would encourage you too much in your vanity. Ellen and I can go, and you can stay at home."

"I, Mamma?" said Ellen, startled—"I go to the ball?"

"Certainly," said her mother—"certainly."

"I never go to balls," replied Ellen.

"You have not had many opportunities, but you are not so old or passée that you need stay at home."

"Mamma," said Ellen, quietly, "I do not care for gaieties, and I would rather stay at home."

She was quite prepared to encounter her mother's opposition, as she had encountered it in more than one previous instance, for Ellen had quitted the Roman Catholic faith, in which long generations of Cava-

naghs had hitherto lived and died, and had joined the Church of England. This decided and undutiful step had caused a breach between Ellen and the rest of her family, and she never felt herself to be on quite cordial terms with them. And yet this alone would not have made her so cold and apathetic, but her naturally reserved nature had received a terrible chill and blight; it was now rather more than a year since she had come out of her reserve, and given all her first warm love to a man who, after winning her heart, told her that she must take it back again, for he was already married. The shock to Ellen was one from which she had never recovered; it had left a distrust of all things pleasant, and a distaste to all society and amusement.

"Of course," said Mrs. Cavanagh, "you can please yourself about going to the ball; and if you do not go, we shall only have Lizzie's dress to think of."

"Are you going to put off your mourning?" Ellen asked her sister, for they were still in slight mourning for their eldest brother, who had died of consumption after an irregular life at Oxford.

"I shall put it off for that night, at least. Mamma, I shall ask Papa for a ten pound-note for my dress."

"Very well, my love; you can ask him, but I am not sure he will give it to you."

"Oh yes he will," said Lizzie, waltzing out of the room to seek her father.

For a few minutes Mrs. Cavanagh sat silent, and Ellen remained with her eyes on her book. Mrs. Cavanagh spoke.

"Lizzie is a very beautiful girl; I am sure she will look lovely in a ball-room."

"She is very handsome," Ellen answered, "and will be very much admired."

As she spoke, Father Clement, the Chaplain, came in.

"Who is it," he asked, "who is so handsome and so much to be admired?"

"We were speaking of Lizzie."

"Yes," he said, "she is a beautiful girl."

"She is prettier even than Dora," said Mrs. Cavanagh.

"Dora has grown stout since she has been married," Ellen remarked.

"Ah, but," said Father Clement, "there was a charm about Dora, a childlike innocence, and an unconsciousness of her own beauty."

"I am afraid," Mrs. Cavanagh remarked, "that Lizzie is very conscious of her own beauty."

"So I fear," said he. "We must strive to counteract it."

"The world will do that," said Ellen, rather bitterly.

"Rather," said the Priest, "it will be done for her by a Father's Hand, in trials perhaps, but in tenderness always."

His eyes rested on the carpet with an abstracted haze about them; he was, perhaps, thinking of trials which had been sent to him by his Father's tender Hand.

"And, Clement," said Mrs. Cavanagh, "Ellen says she will not go to the ball."

"I do not blame her decision."

"Her friends the Suttons will be there."

"I think not," said Ellen, quickly. "Mr. Sutton's parish duties keep him from needless amusements, and Esmé is so occupied with her baby that she has no time for anything else."

Lizzie's voice was now heard singing in the hall, and then she came in with a crisp bank-note in her hand, and she and her mother went into a committee of laces and ribbons, which soon sent both Clement and Ellen out of the room.

Ladies' Committees were for a few weeks no rarity at M——; almost every drawing-room in M——, like that at High Oakfield, was the scene of animated discussion on tulle illusion, and various other pretty things equally in the nature of illusions. And illusions, very sad, very pitiful, filled one poor little heart in the drawing-room at the Laurels, where dwelt the two elderly Misses Trevor. Their niece, Maud Gear, was staying with them; her sister Esmé had been on a visit with them when she met Mr. Sutton, the Curate of M——, whom she afterwards married. The Misses Trevor were very fond of Esmé Sutton; so fond, that they were willing to extend their love to her sister, and accordingly invited Maud to come and stay with them at the Laurels. But they soon found that Maud was not at all like Esmé. Poor Maud had delicate health, and was generally ailing; her ill-health had stunted her growth, and she was a little crooked and high-shouldered, and walked rather lamely. Like most persons who are at all crippled, she was wonderfully fond of bright colours and showy dress, and now, when her aunts asked her what sort of dress she would like to have for Lord Clairville's ball, she said immediately,

"I have set my heart on an amber silk, trimmed with Maltese lace, and I will have blue convolvulus with gold leaves for my hair."

"A very handsome dress, no doubt," said Miss Trevor.

"But, Maud," said Miss Bella, timidly, "will it not be rather bright—rather showy?"

"Rich and gorgeous," said Maud.

"Still, my dear, you are not tall, you know; you are rather small."

"Well, Aunt Bella, I always think small people can wear bright things much better than big people, because there is not so much of us."

And Maud laughed, and her aunts laughed, and ordered the dress she desired, though they thought that such a very small, almost deformed, girl would be more suitably attired in simple dress. But Maud was delighted, and they were silent. And Maud built up her illusions on the foundation of her amber gown, and pictured to herself all the young noblemen in the ball-room coming to dance with her, and the Earl himself fascinated by her brilliant conversation. Probably most of the young ladies who were invited to the ball indulged in some such fancies and day-dreams; and no doubt very many of them were greatly disappointed.

"It is impossible that I should be disappointed," thought Lizzie Cavanagh, as she surveyed herself in the cheval-glass, clothed with a haze of tulle and a garland of flowers. "I certainly do look lovely, and I only hope that the other girls there will not have such beautiful things as I have. I am sure I shall create a sensation."

And then she went down to the drawing-room, where Clement and Ellen were sitting, one on each side of the fireplace.

Clement looked up, dazzled, as the young girl entered; ball-rooms had never had any attractions for him even before he was a Priest, and he had seldom seen a young girl in full dancing attire. Lizzie did indeed look radiant; her straight classical features, her full dark blue eyes, her glossy golden hair, and her elegant figure, with its graceful drooping white shoulders, were all seen to the utmost advantage in the snowy dress and the scarlet cloak which she had thrown across her shoulder, and which was slipping down. Dora had been very lovely, and Ellen in moments of excitement could warm into beauty, but Lizzie's loveliness was something exceptional; it was like that of some heroine of a poet's dream. At least, so thought Clement.

"I mean to make lots of conquests," said Lizzie.

"If so," said Clement, "I hope they will add to your happiness." And he thought of Dora, who was not quite happy in her marriage.

"They will amuse me, at all events," she said, turning towards her father and mother, who now came in dressed for the ball. Mrs. Cavanagh still wore black, and intended to wear it all the rest of her life. But Lizzie said, lightly, "Mamma, I shall wear colours now; they suit me much better than dingy blacks and violets."

"Poor Charley!" said Ellen, in an under tone.

"Soon forgotten!" Clement added, turning to the fire.

"And now, Father Clement, please to put my cloak on and prepare me for the drive."

He obeyed, laying the red cloak over the fair round shoulders, and then placing over all a warm soft Shetland shawl. When Lizzie was thus wrapped up, he looked at Mrs. Cavanagh's muffles, and gave her his arm to go out to the carriage. Ellen watched them as they went out of the room, and thought, sorrowfully, how vain Lizzie was, and how likely to grow into an unprincipled flirt; and when Clement came back, he said:

"One cannot be harsh with Lizzie on the night of her first ball, but we must endeavour to counteract those tendencies."

"And how?" said Ellen.

"I should try to substitute the interests of other people for her own, and give her work that should occupy her mind."

"Work!" said Ellen; "you are always talking of work, as if you thought that every one must work."

"I do think so," said Clement. "I think that every one is bound to work in some manner, rich as well as poor. I do not think that any life can be called 'Godly' or 'Godlike' unless it is a life of work. As far as we are able to conceive of God's existence, we always think of Him as working, as guiding, ruling, directing everything both in Heaven and in earth, as creating, redeeming, and sanctifying, but never as supine or inactive."

"And yet," rejoined Ellen, "a contemplative life is a noble life."

"Believe me, it is not so noble a life as the active: let us 'show our Faith by our works.' A merely contemplative life may be as selfish and egotistical as the life of the spendthrift or drunkard."

"But then," argued Ellen, "is there not beauty and usefulness in such books as this?" And she held up a volume of a German philosophical author.

"Certainly, a great deal of beauty," replied Father Clement. "Have you a translation of any passage?"

Ellen gave him a slip of paper.

"You see here," he went on, "the author talks of souls living each in its own appointed sphere, ever widening that sphere by circling round and round it in quest of new spheres; and sometimes such a soul, eagerly peering into the outer universe, will come in contact with another soul of wider range, may even sometimes catch the hem of God's garment as He walks through His worlds or comes flying on the wings of the wind."

"Do you not like that?" said Ellen.

"Pretty well. I should like it very much if it were put in practice."

"The practice seems to me to be in the exalting of the soul and the widening of the sympathies of the heart, by putting them in mystical communication with other hearts and souls, and circles of higher intelligences than our own."

"My dear Ellen," said Clement, laughing, "you are really so very mystical and poetical that my lower intelligence cannot keep pace with yours. You talk as if we were all soul; you seem to forget that we have bodies also. Were we entirely spiritual creatures, your practical ideas would really be practical. But, as we are at present composed both of souls and bodies, those are not practical things which concern the soul only; in really practical matters, our bodies must do something as well as our souls. Of the intellectual Levite, the spiritual Priest, and the good Samaritan, which was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves?"

"Of course," said Ellen, candidly, "the good Samaritan was the most practical of the three."

"And I think it is for us to go and do likewise."

"I wish I could!" exclaimed Ellen.

"And why should you not?"

"I do not know how. I am much more used to think than to do. Will you tell me how to begin?"

"I am afraid I cannot," replied Father Clement, stiffly; "for, since you have withdrawn from the Church to which I belong, I have no authority over you, or right to give you advice."

There was in Clement's tone and his haughty turning from her so much of anger and reproof that Ellen's heart sank, and a sensation of cold chill fell upon her. Clement was unkind, and the very moment he had spoken he could have thrust his right hand between the bars of the grate, if by so doing he could have recalled his words. Words of bitterness had fallen from lips that should only have preached the Law which is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb; and he found in his heart the old leaven of malice and unrighteousness, and anger and intolerance, which he had so often thought he had quite cast out. He did not say all this to Ellen, but he added, in a grave though gentler tone:

"I have no doubt, if you apply to Mr. Sutton, he will show you many methods of putting your high aspirations into practice."

"Esmé is practical," said Ellen.

"And yet," rejoined Clement, "her nature is not of so high an order as yours. She is practical merely; but if you choose to do it you may unite lofty ideals with useful realities."

Then they were silent a little while, until Ellen said :

"I wonder if Lizzie will ever be practical and useful."

"Ah," he answered, with a sudden contracting of his forehead, "I fear Lizzie will require a good deal of hard teaching before she learns that the pretty things of life are not the real things, and that everything that is not absolutely good is absolutely evil. I remember that Mr. Cavanagh was once quite vexed with me for saying that a life could not be empty, and that if there was no good in it there must be some evil. It is the fact: and I see it more and more every day. I sometimes fancy I can see things as I shall see them when I stand in the dark valley out of the glare of the world. I often think how sadly I shall look back upon my unused life, and when I am on the threshold of the next world, which time I believe is not very far distant, I shall see my past like a weary journey, where I found no flowers to love, no fruits to taste, no temples to worship in, no burdens to lift, no fellow-travellers to help, no infants to bless, no Cross to cling to, to clasp, to adore, none of these—and yet they were all there! But my blinded eyes saw them not."

While Clement was talking thus with a strange sort of anticipated retrospect, he was walking up and down the room with hasty steps, and his words were low and quick, as if they were internal reasonings which came from his lips spontaneously.

"He is very mystical," Ellen thought, "but then it is a Christian mysticism."

Then she went back to her German philosopher, and between his sentences she tried to think of some practical work that she could do: and she determined that she would follow Father Clement's suggestion and speak to Mr. Sutton on the subject. And while she was thus working out a solution for one of her difficulties, Clement was still grieving for his unkind, inconsiderate words to Ellen, and thinking how dark they would look when placed in the brilliant light which will stream from the Judge's Throne on all words and deeds done by men in the flesh, whether they be good or evil. For, true to his theory, Clement felt that his rebuke to Ellen, not being kind and good, had of course been unkind and bad. And he was also much distressed to find that he was apt to take a hard view of Lizzie's follies. Thus he found in his own heart evil enough to make him unhappy without any looking out for evil in others.

Ellen put away her books and bade good night to Clement. She took her candle into the room where her little sisters were asleep, and saw that all there was safe and quiet. She saw no light as she passed the bedroom of her brother Roger, and knew, therefore, that he too was settled for the night. Then she went quietly to her own room, and in less than an hour her candle was also extinguished for the night.

As soon as Ellen had gone up-stairs, Clement went out to the servants' hall and told the butler that he had better take some tea-things to the dining-room; at which order the butler looked surprised, but obeyed. Then Clement went into the housekeeper's room, where Mrs. Fuller was dozing by the fire.

"You had better all go to bed, Fuller," he said; "I am going to stay up until Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh return home."

"Oh no, sir," said Mrs. Fuller, "don't do that, and me here. You go to bed, sir, and let Thomas sit up, or me."

"No, Fuller, I prefer to sit up; I am going to read. I have ordered a tea-tray to the dining-room, and I shall have a kettle boiling on the fire, and please give me a tea-caddy, for I am sure they will be cold, and will be glad of a hot drink when they come in."

"Ah, sure, Father Clement," said Mrs. Fuller, "it is you who think of these things when it ought to be me: and why should you make tea, and you a gentleman, and me a woman and a housekeeper?"

"Never mind why, Mrs. Fuller, but please do as I tell you."

And on Mrs. Fuller promising to obey, Clement returned to the dining-room, where the butler had already taken the kettle and the tea-tray.

It was past three o'clock when the absent ones returned home. Clement heard the wheels coming up the short avenue, and hastily made the tea, and then with a lamp he went to open the hall door for them. Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh both looked very tired, but Lizzie was as bright and radiant as when she left home five hours previously.

"Oh, Father Clement!" she exclaimed, throwing off her cloak in the dining-room, "it has been the most delightful ball! I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. I danced everything, and I might have danced twice as much, and when we came away I was engaged for five more dances."

Clement smiled gravely, and poured out a cup of tea for Mrs. Cavanagh, who said:

"How thoughtful of Fuller to have tea ready for us; I am very cold after the drive."

Lizzie took the tea Clement brought her, but did not even thank him, she was so full of her night's adventures.

"I danced four times with Mr. Clair; he is Lord Clairville's second son, and a very handsome man. He took me into the picture-gallery, and showed me portraits of his ancestors; and there was one lady of the time of Charles II., who, he said, must have been very like me. She was a most lovely creature."

"Indeed," said Clement, dryly.

"And I am sure there was no prettier dress than mine in the room. Lady Ann Clair had on a pink satin dress trimmed with swansdown, but she is a quiet little thing without any style or manner. And it was most absurd to see Maud Gear in bright yellow, with strings of blue flowers, and she such a little cripple. And such an impertinent little upstart, too. She actually asked me to introduce her to Mr. Clair, but I said I hardly knew him myself, and I did not think he cared for dancing. So she said, 'Of course, you do not want your conquest imperilled.' And the nasty spiteful thing looked like a venomous, envious—, and the next thing I saw—would you believe it?—she had made Miss Trevor ask Lady Ann to introduce him to her—I mean introduce Mr. Clair to Maud Gear!"

Lizzie paused for want of breath, and when she looked at Clement's face it was very grave, without any smile at all, and her father was yawning, and her mother looked very weary.

"Well, good night," cried Lizzie, "and I will tell you all the rest tomorrow;" and away she went to her own room. And the others silently went up-stairs, all three thinking that it was a great pity that Lizzie's

beauty should lead her into such sins of vanity and arrogance. And piece by piece, during several successive days, Lizzie made known how greatly her vanity had been flattered by the occurrences of the ball.

"Mr. Clair said he should come and see me, so I dare say he will be here in a day or two. He is a very handsome man, Ellen; and, Roger, I wish you could catch something of his manner; he is very quiet and gentlemanly, and yet very amusing. He told me a great many stories about various people; most people seem to have stories attached to them. And he says I really must go to town next season, so if I can go no other way I shall get Dora to invite me on a visit. He says Dora has two very particular friends who call on her almost every day, and when Mr. Mulleyns comes in and finds them there, they say, 'Oh, my dear fellow, so glad you've come, I've been waiting all this time to see you. I do hope and trust your cold is better.' And then they shake hands with him and go away, and Edgar Mulleyns really thinks they come to see him, and not Dora at all."

"For shame, Ellen!" said Clement, loudly; "how can you bear to tell such scandalous falsehoods of our dear Dora?"

"I do not tell it, Father Clement, it was Mr. Clair who told it."

"How dare he tell such vile falsehoods? and I wonder how you can bear to repeat them."

"Upon my word," said Lizzie, shrugging her shoulders, "I do not see why they must be false; I remember Dora having a great flirtation with a certain Captain Pratt."

Clement grew scarlet.

"At all events, it is not your place to calumniate Dora."

"I only told what I heard," replied Lizzie; "and I wonder how that frightful little Maud Gear liked the ball."

"You had better call on her and ask her," said Roger Cavanagh.

"Indeed, I shall not," said Lizzie.

"I am going to see Esmé Sutton," Ellen said, "and I dare say I shall hear from her what Maud thought of the ball."

But Mrs. Sutton had heard very little of the ball, and had not seen her sister since that eventful evening.

"I am told," said Esmé, "that Lizzie was the most admired girl in the room, and that Lord Clairville's son was evidently much struck by her beauty."

"I suppose so," replied Ellen; "and I am afraid it will do her no good. She is very vain of her beauty, and I suppose Mr. Clair's admiration will increase her vanity."

"I believe Mr. Clair will be very well off," said Esmé; "he has an old aunt who is going to leave him five or six thousand a year. It would not be a bad thing for Lizzie to be the Honourable Mrs. Reginald Clair, with an income of 5000*l.* per annum."

"It would be very good in a worldly point of view," Ellen replied; "but then what sort of a man is this Mr. Clair? Is he upright, religious, good tempered?" And Ellen's mind recurred to Mortimer Scott, who had been all these, and who was not an earl's son, but a hard-working young surgeon.

"I have heard nothing about his moral character," said Esmé; "but, my dear Ellen, what have you yourself been doing lately?"



"I have been thinking that I must try and work."

"What kind of work?"

"Anything that would be useful."

"Useful to yourself?"

"Oh no, useful to others. So far I have nothing to show as the result of my life's occupations but a volume of translations from German authors. I want to enter on some work that shall be really and practically useful to others."

"To the poor and ignorant," said Esmé.

"Yes, or to children, or to the sick, or the sinful, or the unhappy. Esmé, I do not care what I do, but when I hear Father Clement talk, as he sometimes does, of his life being imperfect and useless, I turn to myself and say, 'Oh, what can my life be?'"

"Father Clement is a man in a thousand."

"And I am a woman in a thousand; I suppose not one woman in a thousand leads so objectless a life as I do."

"And now you want to work?"

"Yes."

"Ellen," said Esmé, after a pause, "I will confide in you. We are going to leave M——"

"You are?"

"Yes; my husband, and I, and baby. Mr. Sutton has an offer of a curacy in London, somewhere near Euston-square, a very poor district; the pay will be a little better than this, and there will be a great deal more work. The rector has written to say that he will come home and take charge of M—— himself, and Mr. Sutton has written to accept the curacy of S. Lucian's. I expect we shall go there in about three weeks."

"I am very much surprised," said Ellen. "I did not think you had any idea of leaving M——"

"Well, we are going to leave; and I wish you would come to town with us, and stay with us a little while, and see what real work is, among the poor, and the ignorant, and the vicious."

"I should greatly like it," said Ellen; "but do you know where you are going?"

"Yes, we are going to a little furnished house, which has been occupied by the last curate."

"And I wonder who will come here?"

"Mr. Fulword is himself coming," replied Esmé, "for a time at least."

As Mrs. Sutton spoke, her sister, Maud Gear, came in, very gaily dressed, but limping as she walked. And no more was said about work or the deeper things of life, for Maud, like Lizzie Cavanagh, had at this time no thoughts for anything but the ball at Bellingdon Woods. She chattered about it, about the dresses, the supper, the ices, the champagne, and especially about Mr. Clair.

"He is no end of a swell," she said, "and up in all sorts of London news. Lizzie did not want me to be introduced to him. I dare say she thought she had made a conquest of him. But he danced with me, and took me for an ice, and he said he would come over some day and see me."

"Did you dance much?" asked Esmé.

"Yes, a good deal."

"Round dances?" inquired Ellen.

"Well, no, I only dance square dances. Round dances are so very fatiguing."

"I suppose Lizzie Cavanagh was very much admired?" said Mrs. Sutton.

"I really do not know," replied Maud. "The gentlemen did not tell me what they thought of her, and I had quite enough to do with all the men who wanted to dance with me."

"Then you enjoyed it very much," said Ellen.

"I did indeed; and I expect to see several of my partners in the course of a day or two. One man said he should bring his drag over some day and mount me on the box, and see how I should get his team along."

"Nonsense, Maud," said her sister.

"Fact, I assure you. And another man betted me a dozen of gloves that I will not be able to frighten Aunt Tilly by a ghost."

"How do you mean?" exclaimed Esmé.

"It is a secret, so keep it dark, both of you. I am to make up a ghost with sheets, or clothes, or something, and frighten Aunt Tilly with it, and then I shall win a dozen of gloves from my friend."

"I hope sincerely," said Mrs. Sutton, "that you will not do anything of the kind; practical jokes always end badly."

"But it would be glorious fun to frighten that old frump out of what little wits she has. She is a stupid grumbling old thing."

"I request, Maud," said Mrs. Sutton, sternly, "that you will not speak of our aunt in this manner. She is my aunt as well as yours, and I cannot hear her spoken of so disrespectfully."

"Oh, well," cried Maud, laughing, "you may have your aunt all to yourself and welcome. I don't know how much she has to leave, but I resign my share of it to you; and, for all that, I mean to get the gloves out of Mr. Walsham, and a rise out of old Aunt Tilly."

Ellen was quite angry with this spiteful girl, but could not express her indignation, because it was not fitting for her to administer reproofs to Esmé's sister in Esmé's presence. But as she could not sit by to hear any more of Maud's conversation, she bade good-bye to Esmé, and with a cold "Good morning" to Miss Gear, she went her way homewards. She was in a very angry and rather uncharitable frame of mind when, looming through the soft autumn mist, she saw the heavy figure of Father Dolan approaching. He was a heavy man in more ways than one; heavy in appearance, heavy in a weighing-machine, heavy in society, and, moreover, his opinion carried great weight among his flock at M——. When he came up to Ellen he spoke to her, and turned and walked a little way with her. To her surprise, he asked her if she thought Clement was quite well. Ellen said she supposed he was well, as he never complained of being otherwise.

"But," said Father Dolan, "he has more than once alluded to his own decease; he speaks of death, which he believes to be not very far distant. I have been thinking whether he has any internal and insidious disease which eludes observation, and is not visible to the eye of an ordinary observer."

"I think, if he were ill, he would go to Dr. Smith or Mr. Halling."

"Perhaps he would. But still I think that he is not quite well; he sometimes speaks rather morbidly of his inactive life and his wasted energies, he who does so much among my little flock as often to leave nothing for me to do myself. For my own part, I believe Father Clement would be much better for having some change of scene and occupation. He has had little change since the time immediately after his ordination, when he spent nearly a year in the south of France. I intend to suggest his going to London this winter. I can give him some work to do there, for a confraternity and for a mission."

Father Dolan concluded rather pompously, and, shaking hands with Ellen, went into a cottage, while she walked on faster now that the autumn twilight was deepening into darkness. She thought little of what Father Dolan had suggested as to Clement's health, but she thought with him that a change would be very good for the young Priest. And she went on to think that perhaps Clement might be going to London at the same time with the Suttons and herself, and that would be very pleasant: that is to say, provided she obtained leave from her parents to go to town.

They readily gave her leave to go, glad that she should have some amusement, for there were very few amusements that she ever cared to take. And so it was settled that Ellen should go to town with the Suttons when they went.

"I want to go to town, Mamma," said Lizzie, coaxingly.

"My dear, that is not in my hands. Your Papa settles those things. We have not been to town since before Dora was married."

"That is a long time, and I was then only a child; my amusements were music-masters and drawing-masters, and a French governess—such an ugly woman."

"Ask your Papa about London," said Mrs. Cavanagh; "if he likes to go I shall be quite willing."

But Mr. Cavanagh when applied to, was not at all willing to go to London; he said that his expenses increased every day. There had been poor Charley's debts to pay off, and Fitzgerald's outfit had been expensive, and he could not now live on his pay at Dover, and his father allowed him a hundred a year. Then Roger's education was not finished, and if Mr. Cavanagh gave him Acrefield Farm, as he purposed doing, it would be equivalent to making him a present of four hundred a year.

"No, Lizzie, I cannot take you all to town; but if Dora will let you go on a visit to her, I will gladly pay your expenses."

Lizzie was pretty well satisfied with this promise; but delayed writing to Dora on the subject until she should have seen Mr. Clair again.

One windy day he came to call at High Oakfield; he was riding, and sent his horse round to the stable while he went to see the ladies. Lizzie grew flushed and excited during his visit, and he talked a great deal of nonsense, which seemed to amuse her. Ellen sat by in silence.

"I am really going to town," said Lizzie. "Papa has promised I may go."

"That is all right," said he; "and I shall often see you there, I suppose; only you will hardly notice me among the crowd of your worshippers."

"I am afraid you will forget me among so many ladies."

"Oh no," he said, "I never forget, when I have any good reason for remembering. Where shall you be? In Belgravia?"

"I think I shall stay with my sister, Mrs. Mulleyns, in Hyde Park-square."

"By-the-by, Mr. Clair," said Ellen, breaking in, "Lizzie says you told her something the other night about my sister, Mrs. Mulleyns—something that did not sound altogether to my sister's credit?"

"I really forget what I did say," replied Mr. Clair, carelessly. "So many things are said every day about people, and very often they are not true."

"Then you should be very careful," Ellen rejoined, "not to repeat what is probably both untrue and injurious."

Mr. Clair laughed. "I am not responsible for stories that I do not invent, and it would be a very dull world if no one said anything that they could not take their oath to."

"It would be a much safer, better, happier world," said Ellen, rather sharply.

Mr. Clair laughed very merrily at Ellen's high moral tone, and then turned to Lizzie and talked again about the ball.

"I had seen you before that night," he said; "I remember seeing you some time ago, when you were hardly more than a child."

"I do not remember seeing you," said Lizzie.

"I dare say not. It was one day when there was a pic-nic at Bellingdon Woods, and I and my father were walking past while the children were playing with a football; and you were with the children."

Lizzie did not remember much about the pic-nic, but Ellen did remember it, and very sadly, for it was that day in the Woods that showed her how much she liked Mr. Scott, and their mutual liking had had no result, except that it went near to break their hearts. While Ellen sat abstracted in these sorrowful recollections, Lizzie and Reginald Clair were talking and laughing as if no trouble had ever existed in the world.

They were thus chatting when Mrs. Cavanagh came in to make acquaintance with her daughter's friend. She was at once prepossessed by Clair's appearance and manner; he was young, slight, and fair, and of easy, gentlemanly manners.

"You had better stay and dine with us," she said.

"Oh, thank you," he replied, hesitating; "I am afraid I cannot to-day. I have another visit to pay, and we have some friends at Bellingdon, so I think I am bound to go home to dinner. I am so sorry."

"Then come some other day," said Mrs. Cavanagh; "we shall be very glad if you will come any day next week. Shall we say Tuesday?"

But Reginald Clair would not say Tuesday, because, as he explained, he was due at the hunt.

"Then say Thursday."

Thursday was fixed, and Clair rode off in the wind, and Lizzie stood watching him trot up the avenue.

"He is very nice-looking," she said.

"He is," replied her mother.

He rode away, through the village, along the high road, to the Laurels, where he was told that the Misses Trevor and Miss Gear were at home.

"Here you are, then!" cried Maud, raising herself with some difficulty from a sofa. "I thought you would come sooner or later. Let me introduce my Aunts, the Misses Trevor."

With a sort of sweeping introduction, Maud shut her Aunts out of the conversation, so that they could do little but look on. The conversation was not intellectual.

"Are you going to see the Cavanaghs?" Maud asked.

"I have just been there."

"Ah! you are just like all men."

"How so, Miss Gear?"

"Why, you think nothing to compare with a pretty face. You care nothing for manner, or style, or cleverness."

"I beg your pardon, I care a great deal. I have ridden over to-day to see you, and I called at High Oakfield as I was passing."

"They are curious people," said Maud. "They have a Roman Catholic Priest living in their house."

"Capital!" said Clair. "I shall tackle him, and give him a dose of Dr. Cumming."

Then Maud pronounced her opinion of Lizzie's inordinate vanity, and Ellen's stupid dogged silence, and Roger's tiresome boyishness, and the impertinent noisiness of the younger children. And the Misses Trevor sat by astonished; they were accustomed to do all the fault-finding and grumbling required in M——, and they did not understand Maud taking up their line in this unauthorised, independent manner. But it did not last very long, for Clair said it was growing late and dark, and he had a long ride home.

"Then about the drag?" said Maud.

"Whose drag?"

"Captain Bailey promised to let me drive his drag."

"Did he, really? A very rash promise."

"You must remind him of it when you see him."

"I will do so," answered Mr. Clair.

"And then," Maud continued, eagerly, "Mr. Walsham has a little bet with me. He must come and see me about it. Please remind him of it."

Clair promised, and rode off again, leaving a very pleasant impression on Maud's mind, and a very disagreeable one on the minds of her Aunts.

"A very ill-behaved young man," said Miss Trevor.

"I never wish to see him again," said Miss Bella.

Maud wished extremely to see him again, and was greatly disappointed that during the rest of her visit at the Laurels he did not come to see her any more. She was, however, a little consoled for his non-appearance by a visit from Mr. Walsham, who was spending a few weeks at Bellingdon, and who thought he might as well amuse himself at the Laurels as anywhere else. He was a perfectly common-place young man, without any idea beyond that of getting through the day somehow. He found Maud alone in the drawing-room the first day he called at the Laurels, and she reminded him of the bet.

"Oh, ah!" said Mr. Walsham, "to be sure. Are you going to win the wager?"

"Of course I am," said Maud. "I have arranged the plan in my own mind, and I shall manage to get Aunt Tilly to invite you to dine here some day, and then in the evening, after dinner, I shall put my plan in execution. You will have to help me."

"Oh, come, that's too hard," he said; "that would really be fighting against myself."

"I shall not want you to do anything but just to say 'Yes' and 'No' when I speak to you."

"I think I can do that much," said Mr. Walsham.

"Yes, I think you can do that much," Maud assented; and in preparation for her plan she induced Miss Trevor to ask Mr. Walsham to dine with them in a day or two. And as he promised to do so, Maud quietly and secretly followed out her plan for frightening poor Miss Tilly, and winning a dozen of gloves.

No plans were laid down by Lizzie Cavanagh for fascinating Reginald Clair, but the result came about as surely as if she had made the best possible strategic arrangements. He never left her side for one moment on that evening when he dined at High Oakfield. He talked to her, and for her, during the whole of dinner-time, and showed by every possible means in his power how much he admired her, and how willing he was that every one should see his devotion to her. There was no one else there but Canon Foley and Father Dolan; and they, with Clement and Mr. Cavanagh, supplied what was wanting to the conversation in intellectuality. And Clair, to whom tact stood in the place of many higher qualifications, began to find that he would be at a disadvantage unless he too could talk with some air of thoughtfulness and originality. After the ladies left the dining-room he became very quiet, partly because Lizzie was gone, and partly because he was considering how he would distinguish himself when he returned to the presence of the beautiful Miss Cavanagh.

Clement was now sitting next to Mr. Clair, and beyond a few commonplace remarks these two young men found nothing to say to each other. After a while Clement quietly left the room, and went through the grounds to the little private Chapel, of which he had the key. The sensation of utter weariness which now often came over him was very oppressive just at this moment, and as he knelt in front of the Altar he laid his head languidly on the railings, and thought how pleasant it would be to sleep so, with his head laid on the Altar rails, or resting on the Altar itself, or better still, lifted and soothed by the loving hands of the High Priest of the Christian Altar. And then he said to himself, "It shall be so one day;" and further than that I cannot venture to follow his thoughts, for the heart of a true and holy man is itself a Temple, and into its Sanctuary none but himself, as its special Priest, may dare enter.

While Clement was away thus on his knees, his friends in the dining-room were talking of him, Father Dolan asking if Mr. Cavanagh noticed a certain thinness and delicacy and haggardness which had lately crept over him. Mr. Cavanagh said he had not noticed it; indeed, of late, Mr. Cavanagh did not notice things going on round about him in the

same genial way that he used to do. Since poor Charley's death, Mr. Cavanagh had become an old man. But Canon Foley said he had noticed that Clement did not look well, and he had made those arrangements he had been contemplating, and Clement was to go to town almost immediately.

"He likes the prospect immensely," said Father Dolan.

"A queer, hare-brained, misty sort of fellow," said Mr. Clair.

And by-and-by, when they all met in the drawing-room, Mr. Clair began to lead up to his intended display of intellect.

He commenced by asking Lizzie how they, as Roman Catholics, managed to be on such cordial terms with all the Protestant people of their neighbourhood.

"I hardly know," said Lizzie. "I believe we never dispute on religious subjects."

"That is the wisest plan," said Mr. Clair; "for, after all, what are differences of Faith but various Chapels in the one great Cathedral?"

Clement thought he had heard this illustration before, but he made no remark on it, for Lizzie said,

"There seem to be a good many people who are not in the Cathedral at all, but quite outside in the open air."

"And the open air is itself a Cathedral," Mr. Clair went on, "where we worship not only Nature, but Nature's God. Why should I tie myself down by creeds and commandments when I can go out and see for myself the Maker of them all? Every creed has some good and some evil in it, but in the religion of the universe it is all good, and I can 'sit as God, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all.'"

"I say," exclaimed Roger, "you know the Soul who said that came to grief afterwards, and all her palace of Art was worthless just because she had no creed."

Mr. Clair condescended to give Roger a glance but no reply, and pursued his line of argument:

"What are creeds but dry useless formulas? Apostles', Nicene, Athanasian, what are they all but petrified bigotry? There are wider, larger hearts among Caffres, and Zulus, and South-Sea Islanders than are possessed by many Right Reverend Bishops, and Eminences, and Holinesses of the Christian Church. For the Church is only one little strip of the world, one narrow, restricted, hard-hearted aisle of the universal Temple."

Clement could endure this no longer.

"The Christian Creed, the Holy Catholic Church," he exclaimed, in deep tremulous tones, "is as wide as the world which it is intended to save, and as tender as its divine Founder."

Mr. Clair had hardly expected to meet with this determined opposition, and very wisely beat a retreat, saying,

"I cannot presume to argue with you, Father Clement, who are a Priest, brought up, as I may say, in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and bound to Creeds all your life; but while you are ready to die for every clause of your belief, I am determined to live not by rules of Fathers or Schools, but by the light which is spread over the whole world."

Roger under his breath uttered the one word, "Bosh!" and Clement answered, gently:

"I should think the Christian Faith was wide enough even for you."

And after that a long silence ensued, until Mr. Cavanagh introduced a fresh subject.

Although Clement allowed the discussion to drop that evening, he took occasion soon afterwards to warn Lizzie that such sentiments as those held by Mr. Clair are just what lead men to rationalism and infidelity; and a man who thinks himself bound by no creed will probably soon think himself bound by no law, and from easy reasoning will pass to easy morality, and perhaps to actual vice. "He is not a nice friend for you, Lizzie."

"It is my own look-out," said she.

"Ah, no," replied Clement—"not so. Any danger that threatens any one of the Cavanaghs is a trouble to me, and it is my bounden duty to watch over you and guard you from it."

"You need have no fear on my account," said Lizzie.

Clement was very glad that he was to be in London at the same time with Lizzie, as he thought he might, in some measure, keep guard over her. Mr. Clair continued his visits to High Oakfield, and announced his intention of doing so also in town. And this made Father Clement very uneasy; and he had other causes for anxiety, especially the increasing feebleness which was creeping over Mr. Cavanagh. But Clement did not consider old age as an evil, or even the near prospect of death as a trouble; his anxiety was not for Mr. Cavanagh, but for Mrs. Cavanagh when she should be left a widow, and for the young children when they should be left orphans. Just at this time Fitzgerald's regiment was ordered to India, so that the eldest son would not be within reach if any serious illness should attack his father.

With all these troubles in his mind, Clement went rather sorrowfully to London, having Lizzie under his care; and with them went also Mr. and Mrs. Sutton and their Baby, and their maid Lucy, and Ellen Cavanagh. They were a rather large party in the train, carried through the wet, misty winter air into the darkness and fog of the metropolis. The change from quiet M—— to bustling London was at first sufficient to occupy the minds of our friends without any need of more personal interests, and Lizzie found plenty of new ideas in Mrs. Mulleyns's house, and Ellen plenty of work in Esmé Sutton's little home; and as for Clement, he was sent to town for the express purpose of working, so that his time could not fail to be fully occupied.

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# MYDDLETON POMFRET.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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Book the Third.

EVA BRACEBRIDGE.

I.

THAT NIGHT.

THAT night Captain Musgrave did not re-enter his rooms at the Grand Hôtel till late.

An evening to himself had convinced him that a bachelor's life was far more congenial to his tastes than that of a Benedict. After dining well at Brebon's, and passing two or three hours very much to his satisfaction at the lively little theatre of the Palais Royal, he repaired by way of the Rue Richelieu to the boulevarts, and thinking it too soon to return to his hotel, as the night was extremely fine, and the boulevarts still crowded, he extended his stroll.

While passing the Café Napolitain, he was hailed by our young acquaintances, Hornby and Rufus, who were seated outside the café, refreshing themselves with ices, so he stopped and took a chair beside them. They had just come from the Concert Musard, which did not offer them half as much attraction as Mabilie, and then they began to narrate their adventures during the day, to which Musgrave vouchsafed to listen, while smoking an excellent cigar supplied him by Hornby.

"After all, there is no place for amusement like Paris," remarked the captain; "but a married man is cut out of so many pleasant things that he might as well be anywhere else. I shan't prolong my stay beyond a day or two, but be off to the shores of the Mediterranean."

"Awfully dull work there, I should think. Won't suit you," said Rufus.

"It will suit my wife," replied Musgrave. "Paris don't agree with her."

"I was glad to see her out this afternoon," observed Hornby. "I had heard from Tiff that she was unwell."

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"I've been at Vincennes, and wasn't aware she had been out," rejoined Musgrave, surprised. "But I'm glad to hear it. Where did you see her?"

"In the Bois, with Miss Leycester," replied Hornby. "They were in a dark coupé. They didn't see us, but we saw them plainly enough, and tried to attract their attention, but the coachman was driving rather quickly, and had gone by in a minute."

"Later on we caught sight of them in the Parc de Monceaux," said Rufus. "But, unluckily, we were unable to join them."

The trio occupied their seats for some time longer, but neither of Captain Musgrave's companions guessed from his manner that he was angry at what they had told him.

When they returned together to the Grand Hôtel it was not far from midnight. Having made some arrangements for sight-seeing on the morrow, to conclude with a dinner at Riche's, they separated on the second landing of the great staircase, Hornby and Rufus mounting to a higher story, and Captain Musgrave proceeding to his own apartments.

No presentiment of ill crossed him as he unfastened the door and let himself in. He was rather surprised to find the room buried in darkness, but concluding that his wife and Celia had long since retired to rest, he struck a match and lighted a candle, when his eye fell upon a letter lying on the table.

It was addressed to himself, and in his wife's handwriting. He opened it with some misgiving. The very first words startled him, as well they might. Thus he read:

"We have parted for ever.

"After what passed between us this morning, when I learnt from your own lips the frightful position in which you have placed me, you could not expect me to remain with you longer. Were I to do so, I should be equally criminal with yourself. I have sinned in ignorance, but now that my eyes are opened, I will sin no more.

"The exultation which you manifested at the success of your vindictive scheme changed the feelings which I had previously entertained for you into horror and aversion. Henceforth, I can only regard you as the destroyer of my earthly happiness.

"Since it is impossible you can make reparation for what you have done, you can never hope for my forgiveness. Still, for the sake of another who is yet more deeply injured than myself, I shall keep silence as to your infamous conduct, unless forced in self-defence to speak out.

"Every present, however trifling, that you have made me is left behind. I wish to have nothing to remind me of a period of shame and dishonour. Would I could wholly obliterate it from my memory!

"It will be useless to follow me, or to attempt to discover my retreat. Were you to find me, you would gain nothing. Neither prayers nor threats will induce me to return. I will die rather than hold further intercourse with one who has so wickedly, so cruelly betrayed me.

"If I can, I will hide my sorrows and my shame from the eyes of the world, and will strive by a life of penitence to make my peace with Heaven.

"I know it is idle to appeal to your compassion, but regard for yourself may prevent you from troubling me further. Though cruelly used and deeply wronged, I nourish no vindictive feelings against you. But desperation may make me dangerous.

"Celia knows all, and accompanies me in my flight."

Captain Musgrave read this letter with mingled emotions of alarm, vexation, and rage. Anger, however, predominated over the other feelings.

Throwing down the letter, he gave vent to a deep imprecation, which he levelled against the heads of his unfortunate wife and Myddleton Pomfret; entertaining not a doubt in his own mind that the latter was the instigator of Sophy's flight.

"This is an infernally vexatious occurrence," he exclaimed, pacing to and fro within the room, "and upsets all my plans. Were it not for this cursed Myddleton Pomfret, she might have gone away and welcome, for I have quite lost my liking for her. In the lesson I gave her this morning I rather overdid it. I meant to frighten her, but it appears that I roused the little spirit she possesses. A worm they say will turn, and I suppose it will. Women are so difficult to understand. My influence over her has been counteracted by Pomfret, now she has found out who he is. She has left me to return to him—that's the long and the short of it. My only surprise is that he should be idiot enough to take her back. That Celia should have accompanied her surprises me more than all the rest. I didn't think the girl had been such a confounded fool."

It then occurred to him that he ought to ascertain that his wife and her sister were really gone. Accordingly, he went into the inner room. Subsequently to Sophy's hasty departure, the chamber had been put in order by the servants of the hotel, but several dresses hanging from the rails, various articles of feminine requirement on the toilette-table, trinkets, caskets, boxes, large and small, piled up in a corner—all plainly told that she had taken nothing with her. Captain Musgrave was not easily affected by trifles. But the sight of these objects gave him a sharp pang.

"Why the devil did she leave me?" he cried. "Or if she

must go, why couldn't she take her dresses with her? The sight of them makes me sick."

After enduring another pang, and persuading himself that his sensibilities were over-acute, he repaired to the chamber lately occupied by Celia, and found it in much the same state as the other—dresses lying about, articles on the toilette-table, shoes and brodequins of most diminutive size. She, too, had left all her things behind her.

"It's plain they've gone off in a desperate hurry," thought Musgrave, as he gazed around. "I'm sorry to lose Celia," he added, heaving a sigh; "she was an uncommonly lively girl. I fancied she would have kept her sister right. But women are all alike."

With this sage reflection he returned to the principal room, and in order to calm his nerves and assist in the consideration of the best course to be pursued, he lighted a cheroot. After weighing the matter over, he came to the conclusion that it was not worth while disturbing the house at that time of night. So, prudently resolving to defer any steps he might deem it proper to take till the morrow, he sought his couch, and fell asleep much quicker than most men, similarly circumstanced, would have been able to do.

## II.

### NEXT MORNING.

"WHAT do you think, my dear?" cried Mrs. Flaxyard, as her husband entered the room. He had gone out before breakfast to take a bath at one of the floating establishments on the Seine. "What do you think? I'm almost afraid to tell you. Our charming friend, Mrs. Musgrave——"

"Well, what of her?" interrupted Flaxyard, impatiently.

"Let me finish, and you shall hear. You'll scarcely believe it, though, when I tell you, for she's the very last person one would have expected to commit such a foolish act."

"What the devil *has* she done?"

"Nothing to make such a fuss about," interposed Tiffany, with a laugh. "Only eloped from her husband—that's all."

"The deuce she has! Well, I'm not surprised at it."

"If you're not surprised, Mr. Flaxyard, I am," said his lady. "I thought them the happiest couple I ever met. Why, they haven't been married a month!"

"It's a thousand pities they were ever married at all," cried old Flaxyard, dryly.

"That's easy to say now, pa," remarked Tiffany, "but I have heard you express a very different opinion. You said Mrs.

Musgrave was a most lovely and amiable creature, and the captain a most fortunate man."

"That was before I learnt—before I perceived, I mean—that they were not quite so happy as they appeared."

"I'm sure Captain Musgrave is very fascinating," said Tiffany, "and deserves a better wife than he has found. The faults must have been entirely on her side. Don't you think so, ma?"

"I'm not quite prepared to say that, my dear. But it shows how one may be deceived by appearances."

"You don't know what you are talking about, you silly girl," cried Flaxyard to his daughter. "My belief is that Mrs. Musgrave has only left her husband."

"Well, ain't that eloping from him?"

"Not exactly. She may have had good reasons for the step she has taken. Mind, I don't attempt to justify her, but it may be so. What has happened to Miss Leycester?"

"That's the strangest part of the affair," rejoined Tiffany. "She has gone with her sister."

"What, Miss Leycester eloped too! Now I'm satisfied. That confirms my view of the case."

"If I'm not greatly mistaken, pa, you could give us some explanation of this mysterious affair if you thought proper."

"Perhaps I might, but I don't choose."

Just then there was a tap at the door.

"Entrez!" vociferated the old gentleman.

Conceive his astonishment, when, in answer to the summons, Myddleton Pomfret stepped in.

The two ladies had never seen Mr. Pomfret before, but were both greatly struck by his distinguished appearance, and wondered who he possibly could be. He bowed gravely to them, but did not advance far into the room.

"Bless my soul, sir, is it you?" cried Flaxyard. "You are the very last person I expected to see."

"I must apologise for intruding upon you at this hour," said Pomfret, again bowing to the ladies, "but I have something important to say to you."

"We'll leave you with the gentleman, my dear," said Mrs. Flaxyard, rising.

"Ay, do," replied her husband. "Go down to breakfast in the *salle-à-manger*, and I'll join you as soon as I can."

"Who is it, pa?" whispered Tiffany, who had never removed her eyes from the handsome stranger.

But no notice being taken of the inquiry, she was obliged to leave the room with her curiosity ungratified.

"Well, sir," cried Flaxyard, as soon as they were alone, "I needn't tell you what has happened. She's gone. But pray understand that I won't stir another step in the matter. I am sorry I have had anything to do with it."

"You won't object, perhaps, to my assuring you that I am not an accessory to Mrs. Musgrave's flight," rejoined Pomfret. "I shall also take it as a favour if you will signify to Captain Musgrave that I am at the Hôtel Wagram, should he desire to communicate with me."

"Sorry I can't oblige you—must decline. I won't affect to deny that I have some idea who you are. Don't be alarmed—your secret is perfectly safe with me. I sympathise with your unfortunate position, and I sympathise yet more strongly with poor Mrs. Musgrave, but I won't be dragged into the affair. It doesn't concern me in the least. Allow me to say that I came to Paris with my family for recreation, and not to be mixed up in a painful case with which I have no concern. A fortnight ago I knew nothing whatever of Captain and Mrs. Musgrave. And you, sir, are a still more recent acquaintance. I should like to be of service to you if I could—but I can't. However, I may tender you a little friendly advice, and since it is well meant, I hope you won't take it amiss. You're wrong to come here at this juncture. Keep out of Captain Musgrave's way. No need to provoke a quarrel—you understand."

"Keep out of his way!" cried Pomfret, so fiercely that he made the other start. "It is for him to keep out of my way. I came here for no other purpose than to let him know, through you, where I am to be found. I won't allow him to assert, as he might do, that I shun him. I will take care that he shall know where to find me—if he is so inclined."

With this he turned to depart. Just then, a key was heard in the lock; the door opened, and in came Hornby, followed by Musgrave.

The latter recoiled for a moment, but quickly recovering himself, sprang towards Pomfret, and a collision must have occurred if Flaxyard had not thrown himself between them.

"Keep the peace, gentlemen! keep the peace!" he cried. "No fighting in this room. Shut the door instantly, Hornby," he added to his son.

"How comes it that I find this person in your room, sir?" said Musgrave to Flaxyard. "I did not know you were acquainted with him."

"I have only recently made Mr. Pomfret's acquaintance," replied the old gentleman, with a puzzled look, "and he has done me the honour to call upon me."

"For what purpose?"

"Really, I cannot answer that question, captain."

"Tell him," interposed Pomfret.

"Well then, since I must speak, I believe Mr. Pomfret's principal object in coming here was to beg me to let you know where he is to be found."

"He need not have taken the trouble. I am aware that he is staying at the Hôtel Wagram, and I am about to send a friend to him."

"Perhaps I may be permitted to observe that I am charged with the message," remarked Hornby. "I shall be happy to wait on Mr. Pomfret at any hour that may suit his convenience."

"Hold your tongue, sir," said Flaxyard to his son. "Gentlemen," he added to the others, "for the poor lady's sake—for your own sakes—this matter must not proceed further. You will both understand why I urge a pacific arrangement. If you desire it, I am ready to act as umpire between you. But I must insist that the discussion be conducted temperately."

"It's all very well to talk about conducting a discussion temperately," said Hornby to his father. "Some allowance ought to be made for the feelings of an injured husband. No wonder Captain Musgrave should feel exasperated when he sees before him the individual whom he supposes to have been the instigator of his wife's flight."

"I have yet to learn that Captain Musgrave is an injured husband," said Flaxyard. "I hope not. I believe not."

"I don't know what you consider an injured husband, sir," cried Musgrave, fiercely. "I feel certain that Mr. Pomfret is the contriver of my wife's flight, and I am almost equally certain that she has taken refuge with him."

"I shall content myself with saying that I neither counselled Mrs. Musgrave's flight, nor aided it," said Pomfret, sternly.

"Are we to understand, Mr. Pomfret, that you are entirely unacquainted with Mrs. Musgrave's retreat?" inquired Hornby.

"I am entirely ignorant of it," was the reply.

"There, captain, I think you ought to be satisfied," remarked Flaxyard. "You have Mr. Pomfret's distinct denial that he knows anything about Mrs. Musgrave's disappearance."

"Pardon me, sir, I am far from satisfied," rejoined Musgrave. "I attach little credit to the denial. Perhaps Mr. Pomfret will explain the nature of the interest that he takes in my ill-advised wife? I understand that he represents himself to be a friend of her first husband."

"Pray favour us with an explanation on this point?" added Hornby.

"Will you be quiet, sir, and not make mischief?" said his father, in a low tone.

"I could give such an explanation as would confound him who ventures to ask for it," said Pomfret, in reply to Hornby. "He may thank me for the restraint I put upon myself."

"You talk of restraint," cried Musgrave, furiously. "What prevents me from tearing the mask from your face, and showing you as what you are?"

"Self-consideration prevents you," rejoined Pomfret, sternly.

"Pray have done with these bitter taunts and provocations, gentlemen," interposed Flaxyard. "I don't ask you to make friends. I don't ask you to do so. But consider the sad consequences of any indiscretion, and let silence be observed."

"You counsel well, sir," said Pomfret. "And as I cannot command myself, I will withdraw."

"I applaud your determination, sir," said Flaxyard, attending him to the door. "For Heaven's sake not another word!" he added, gently pushing him out.

"You flatter yourself you have put an end to this dispute, Mr. Flaxyard, by getting rid of the fellow?" said Musgrave, as the old gentleman re-entered the room.

"Yes, captain, I rather think I have. Take my advice, and don't make any more fuss about the matter. Reconcile yourself to the loss of your wife as well as you can. I dare say you'll get over it in time."

"Very likely I may. There's philosophy in your counsel, at all events."

"Then my services are no longer required?" remarked Hornby, with a slight look of disappointment.

"Of course not," replied his father. "There are cogent reasons why the matter should not proceed further."

"I don't quite see them," rejoined Hornby. "Were I in Captain Musgrave's place, I shouldn't feel inclined to let Mr. Pomfret walk off so easily."

"Captain Musgrave has come to a very wise determination."

"Then if I should ever marry, and my wife should happen to run away, you would advise me to take it patiently?"

"Don't trouble me with any nonsensical questions, sir."

"Mr. Flaxyard, you are a wise man," said Musgrave, after a moment's reflection. "If I can help it, I won't furnish any paragraphs for the newspapers; and as to the Divorce Court, that's the very last place in which I should like to figure."

"I felt sure you would come to that conclusion," remarked Flaxyard.

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Flaxyard and Tiffany came in. On seeing Captain Musgrave, they both set up a cry.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Flaxyard. "How sorry we are for you, to be sure!"

"Never was there anything so dreadful!" cried Tiffany. "I haven't half recovered from the shock."

"You needn't be sorry at all. Nothing dreadful has happened," said Flaxyard, winking at Musgrave and Hornby. "An absurd story has got about, which I know you've heard. Nothing can be further from the truth. Yester-afternoon, while Captain Mus-



grave was at Vincennes—at Vincennes, wasn't it, captain?—Mrs. Musgrave received a telegraphic message, requiring her presence in London this morning. It was a matter of life and death. What was she to do?"

"Consult her husband, of course," replied Mrs. Flaxyard.

"But she couldn't consult him. He wasn't in the way. He wasn't expected back till late. To be in time, she must go by the night mail. So she went, and took her sister with her."

"A very independent step. I rather approve of it," remarked Tiffany. "But didn't she leave any message?"

"Of course she did!" cried Flaxyard, again winking at Musgrave. "But the garçon didn't deliver it. Those garçons are so abominably stupid and dilatory."

"She left a letter in the room, but I didn't chance to find it," said Musgrave. "She and Celia went off in such a hurry that they scarcely took anything with them. They gave me a terrible fright, and I passed a dreadful night, as you may suppose."

"No wonder at it," cried Tiffany. "Pa would have gone wild if ma and I had left him in such a manner. Wouldn't you, you dear old darling?"

"Don't try me," said the old gentleman.

"Well, I'm truly rejoiced at this satisfactory explanation," cried Mrs. Flaxyard. "I must own that it did appear to me inconceivable that so superior a woman as Mrs. Musgrave could act in such a way. But when do you expect the dear lady back?"

"I can scarcely say," rejoined Musgrave. "Her return depends on circumstances."

"How we shall laugh at the mistake when we see her!" cried Tiffany. "The idea that she should have eloped! How droll it seems! I shall never get over it."

"Well, captain, since you're left quite by yourself, I hope you'll pass the day with us," said Mrs. Flaxyard.

Musgrave bowed, and said he should be delighted. And so it was settled, in spite of the significant looks of old Flaxyard and Hornby.

### III.

SIR NORMAN HYLTON.

OF the many admirably-conducted hotels that now accommodate the herds of tourists who flock to Switzerland, commend us to the Beau-Rivage at Ouchy.

With its great central hall, cool on the hottest day in summer; its broad stone staircases; its airy chambers, the windows of which look upon the broad expanse of Lake Lemane and the stupendous range of Alps on the opposite shore; its internal comforts of all

kinds, amongst which the capital cuisine and capital cellar ought to be enumerated; its gardens sloping down to the lake; its shady walks which lead you to baths, where you may plunge into Leman's dark blue waters; its ever-lively little port; with all these, and many more attractions in the way of balls, concerts, sailing-matches, and the command of all sorts of excursions either by steamer or rail, to Geneva or Coppet, to Vevay or Chillon, no more delightful séjour can be found than is offered by this splendid establishment.

Generally, the Beau-Rivage is full to overflowing. Russian princes, German nobles, wealthy Spaniards and Americans, to say nothing of our own compatriots, take possession of the best apartments, and remain there. Thus you may esteem yourself fortunate if you can secure an upper room, the casements of which command the glorious view of lake and mountain to which we have just adverted.

At the time when we are about to visit the Beau-Rivage, the Swiss season was at its height, and never had such an army of tourists invaded that picturesque country. They came from all parts, but the English far outnumbered the others, for the great Mr. Cook had marshalled his legions and led them on from Chamouni to Lucerne, from the foot of Mont Blanc to the kulum of the Rigi. The managers and proprietors of the vast hotels at Zurich and Lucerne, at Basle and Geneva, were driven half frantic by the countless hosts that besieged their doors. That year, Germany being out of favour with Englishmen, Switzerland reaped the benefit of the stream thus diverted from its channel. Had the Beau-Rivage possessed thrice its number of rooms it would still have been unequal to the demands upon its space. But though there were necessarily frequent departures, the hotel was always full—too full, in fact. Crowded were all the breakfast-tables, crowded was the early table d'hôte dinner, crowded the later repast.

Gay groups thronged the wide verandah in front of the hotel on those fine summer evenings, or wandered about the grassy slopes till it was time to take coffee, or collect together to hear an impromptu concert got up by some musical amateurs in the reading-room. Plenty of professional music there was besides. Almost every evening an excellent band enlivened the visitors, and twice a week a ball took place in the great hall.

Bathing betimes in the blue lake to repair the fatigues of the evening, and procure an appetite for the ferraz and trout and white honey that awaited them at breakfast; boating on the lake during the day, fishing, sketching by such as were of an artistic turn, excursions in the steamers to either extremity of the lake, or across it to Evian, to visit the jewellers' shops on the Grand-Quai or the Rue de la Corraterie at Geneva, or the

secluded beauties and grand scenery of Vevay and Villeneuve. Returning in time for an excellent table d'hôte dinner, strolling afterwards on the gazon, or under the trees, with no end of flirting, singing, and dancing—such was the pleasant life led by the company at the Beau-Rivage.

Of course, the society was a good deal mixed. Amongst the three hundred persons brought together in this way, there must naturally be specimens of various classes, but the majority, if not exactly of the higher ranks, consisted of such persons as one is in the habit of meeting during a Swiss tour—lately married couples, who were spending the honeymoon on the Continent; English parsons with their spouses; English country gentlemen with their wives and blooming daughters; rich merchants with ditto, the daughters not quite so blooming; M.P.s just set at liberty; young men of all kinds and all professions, young barristers, young officers, young mercantile men, civil engineers, clerks in government offices, and others.

The ladies, however, outnumbered the men in the proportion of three to one. Paterfamilias on his travels seems always accompanied by more daughters than sons.

Prince and Princess Woronzoff were staying at the hotel, and these illustrious personages conducted themselves with remarkable affability, dining habitually at the table d'hôte, and without the slightest form and ceremony, mixing on equal terms with the other guests, and not unfrequently taking part in the little musical soirées. The princess was an accomplished musician, and sang divinely. The prince spoke all languages, and conversed with equal ease with German, Frenchman, or Englishman.

Besides these, there were some German nobles, who were not distinguished by equal affability. Of course there were many Americans among the company, the most noticeable of whom was the great Mr. Sankey, of New York. Mr. Sankey, who was reputed to be enormously rich, was a widower, and possessed a daughter of extraordinary beauty. To all the bachelors staying at the Beau-Rivage, Melissa Sankey was an object of great attraction, and wherever she appeared she drew after her a crowd of admirers. She was attended by Mrs. Sharpe, an elderly lady, who watched her with the vigilance of a duenna. If Melissa could be said to have shown a preference for any one, it was for Sir Norman Hylton, a young English baronet, who had been staying at the Beau-Rivage for about a fortnight, having been detained there, it was thought, by the charms of the lovely American damsel.

Sir Norman was about four or five-and-twenty, and had succeeded to the baronetcy about a year ago, on the death of his uncle, Sir Langley Hylton. His property, situated in one of the most beautiful parts of Surrey, had been very much encumbered, so that he was only in possession of a very moderate income;

but though by no means rich, and quite unable to maintain his title in the way he desired, Sir Norman was a perfect gentleman, pardonably proud of his ancient lineage, high-spirited, liberal-minded, and generous as far as his means would allow. Perhaps he might have some idea of repairing his fortunes by marriage. We won't pretend to say. Certes, he had a very graceful person as well as a title to offer to any heiress in exchange for her wealth.

Sir Norman Hylton was tall—very tall, indeed, for he stood above six feet—exceedingly well proportioned, and sufficiently good-looking. He had a lofty forehead, keen grey eyes, and well-cut features. A dark brown beard heightened the manliness of his expression. Sir Norman was a keen sportsman, and fond of all athletic exercises, a bold horseman, and a first-rate shot; he had stalked deer in the Highlands, and killed salmon in Ireland, Scotland, and Norway. For a few years he had been in a crack cavalry regiment, but had sold out on the death of his uncle. Out of the wreck of his family possessions Sir Norman had contrived to preserve a decayed old mansion, situated on a woody eminence overlooking some of the loveliest scenery in Surrey, and surrounded by a park full of magnificent timber, which its owner refused to cut down. Sir Norman was not a member of the Alpine Club, but he had come to Switzerland with the intention of doing something in the way of an ascent before repairing to the moors of Scotland to shoot grouse; but he got detained, as we have shown, at the Beau-Rivage, and gave up scaling mountains for the present.

Sir Norman being the best-looking Englishman that Melissa had seen, she was determined to captivate him, and she succeeded. The mode of life at the Beau-Rivage was favourable to flirtation. Sir Norman was as much with Melissa as Mr. Sankey and Mrs. Sharpe would permit. He made excursions with her in the morning, sat next her or opposite to her at the table d'hôte, flirted with her in the garden, or listened enraptured to her melodious strains.

But after all this display in public, he found he had made little real progress in her regard. When he asked her if she would like to be lady of Hylton Castle, she only laughed at him, and said she never intended to leave New York.

"What is your old castle like?" she asked, with an air of languid interest. She had not been in England, and fancied that all old castles must resemble those described in romance.

Sir Norman told her that the old mansion stood upon a woody eminence, at the base of which flowed a river. The park was not extensive, but it was picturesque and beautiful, and boasted some of the finest chesnuts in England—trees four centuries old. Moreover, there was a long double avenue of limes planted in the

time of Henry VIII. He could not say much for the house. It was partly in ruins. But it had the recommendation of being haunted.

"Of course you intend to rebuild your old mansion?" said Miss Sankey.

"Probably, when I marry," he replied. "But I don't mean to fell my trees to repair my house."

"Then you expect your wife to find the means to do it, I suppose?"

"I don't think she could lay out her money better. I wish you could see the old place, Miss Sankey—such great, crazy, unfurnished rooms, and such a terrace overlooking the river. You'd be delighted with it."

"I should be frightened to death. I wouldn't sleep in a haunted house for the world. Your description of Hylton Castle doesn't tempt me in the least. I prefer a house in Fifth Avenue."

"Ah! but you should see my old chesnuts! and my grand avenue of limes!"

"I don't care for old trees," she replied, shaking her charming head. "And I don't mean to build up an old house."

Sir Norman perceived that he had made no impression, and concealed his disappointment with a laugh. From that moment he gave up all hopes of winning the fair American girl, and he afterwards learnt that several other aspirants to her hand had been treated in like manner.

#### IV.

##### AN ARRIVAL.

VEXED with himself for the time he had lost in this unprofitable chase, Sir Norman made up his mind to start for Interlachen, when, as he was standing in the great hall, looking on the bustling scene caused by the departure of certain guests and the arrival of others, he noticed a large number of trunks and boxes being brought in, which he felt certain from their shape and size had come from India, and he was wondering whom they could belong to, when his speculations were set at rest by the appearance of the owners of the luggage.

These were a tall, distinguished-looking man, and a young lady of remarkable personal attractions. She was a brunette, with a rich southern complexion, eyes of Oriental splendour, fringed with long silken lashes, splendid jetty tresses, ruddy lips, and pearly teeth—a perfect contrast, in all respects, to the late object of Sir Norman's idolatry, who was a blonde, with pale yellow hair and blue eyes. The new comer's figure was rather petite, but faultless in its symmetry, and Sir Norman, who scanned it critically as her companion was talking to the host, thought he had never

beheld such tiny feet. He was puzzled to make out her relationship to the gentleman with her. She could scarcely be his daughter, for though his beard was grey, he could not be much above thirty. She might be his wife, but Sir Norman doubted it.

While traversing the hall the new comers passed near Sir Norman, who now felt almost certain that he had seen the gentleman before, though he could not recollect under what circumstances. He therefore bowed, and said:

"Your features are quite familiar to me, sir, though I cannot give you a name. If the dead could come to life, I should say you were my uncle's old friend, Julian Curzon. You are certainly wonderfully like him."

"I am not aware that I had the pleasure of your uncle's acquaintance, sir," replied the stranger. "I am Mr. Myddleton Pomfret, of Madras."

"Never heard the name before. Pray excuse my presuming to address you. Your astonishing likeness to a departed friend must plead my excuse. But since I have gone so far, allow me to introduce myself as Sir Norman Hylton."

Pomfret bowed courteously, and in return presented Sir Norman to the young lady, describing her as his ward, Miss Eva Bracebridge, who had just returned from Madras.

"Miss Bracebridge only arrived at Marseilles a few days ago," said Pomfret, "and I brought her on to Switzerland to recruit after the voyage."

"You could not have come to a more charming place than this," remarked Sir Norman, delighted to have achieved an introduction to the young lady. "But perhaps you are familiar with all the beauties of Lake Lemman?"

"No, I am half ashamed to confess that I have never visited Switzerland before," she replied, smiling. "I asked Mr. Pomfret to bring me here, and though I believe he has business which ought to take him to London, he kindly consented."

"I never refuse your requests, my dear," observed Pomfret.

"Don't say that," she cried. "Sir Norman shall hear what you did, and then he will be able to judge whether you are as amiable as you pretend to be. Would you believe it?" she added to the young baronet. "My guardian, who is bound to take care of me, left me behind at Madras, though I begged and prayed of him to take me to England. Even now I can't understand why I was thus abandoned—but so it was—and you may imagine how forlorn and disconsolate I felt when deprived of my best friend. He had talked of coming back, but I wouldn't wait for him, so I started by the first mail, and here I am, as you perceive."

"I am quite sure your unexpected arrival must have been a great gratification to Mr. Pomfret," remarked Sir Norman.

"I am not quite sure of that," rejoined Eva. "He happened

to be at Marseilles when the *Delta* arrived, and you may conceive his astonishment when he discovered his deserted ward among the passengers."

"Nothing astonishes me that you do, my dear," said Pomfret, smiling kindly at her. "You are giving Sir Norman a very erroneous notion of the affair, and he ought to know that I half suspected you would arrive by the *Delta*, and I therefore went to Marseilles under the conviction that I should meet you—and so I did."

"Well, I believe that's the correct version of the story," she said. "You can have no idea, Sir Norman, of the awful responsibility my guardian has incurred, and how happy he would be to be relieved of it. You see, he doesn't contradict me. He'll give me a shocking bad character, if you ask him."

"Not worse than you deserve," said Pomfret, smiling. "But come! The landlord is waiting to conduct us to our rooms."

"I hope you have got good rooms," remarked Sir Norman.

"The best in the house," interposed the landlord, who spoke English perfectly. "The apartments are on the ground floor. You know them, Sir Norman. They have just been vacated by an Austrian general."

"Oh, then you are well off," cried the young baronet.

Splendid rooms they proved, exquisitely furnished, lofty, spacious, with windows opening upon the verandah, and commanding a view of the lake and the Alps. Eva was enchanted, and ran first to the windows to look out at the view. Then surveying the charming salon, she exclaimed,

"I cannot fail to be happy here."

Though Mr. Pomfret, as may be supposed from what we know of his history, would have preferred a secluded life, he thought it necessary, on Eva's account, to mix with society, and he therefore informed the host that they would dine that day at the table d'hôte.

As usual, the dinner was very numerously attended, two long tables being required by the guests. But very good places had been reserved for the new comers. Eva's appearance created a decided sensation. It had already been rumoured that a remarkably pretty girl had arrived at the hotel, and as she came in, leaning on the arm of her guardian, all eyes were directed towards her, and it was universally admitted that her beauty had not been overrated.

"Who is she?" was the general inquiry. The answer was, that she was Miss Bracebridge, and that the gentleman with her was Mr. Myddleton Pomfret, but beyond these points little information could be obtained. However, her beauty was so transcendent, that it excited universal admiration, and she at once eclipsed Melissa Sankey, who had hitherto reigned supreme.

Prince Woronzoff, who, like all the rest of the company, was struck with Eva's beauty, and who formed her vis-à-vis, paid her particular attention. Sir Norman, who had contrived to secure a place near her, held a very animated conversation with her, and announced his intention of prolonging his stay at the Beau-Rivage.

Totally unconscious of the sensation she had caused, and of the triumph she had achieved, Eva could not fail to be gratified by the attentions shown her, and she thought Prince Woronzoff and the princess charming, and Sir Norman extremely agreeable. The only person who did not, or would not, admire her, was Melissa. Eva, on the contrary, inquired the name of the fair American damsel from Sir Norman, and declared she was the loveliest creature she had ever beheld.

The effect produced by Eva on her first appearance was not lessened as the guests at the Beau-Rivage saw more of her, and became more familiar with her beauty. She joined in all the amusements that were going on, not perhaps because she cared for them—though she was of a very lively turn, and not indisposed to gaiety—but because Mr. Pomfret wished her to take part in them. It was soon found out that her tastes were musical, that she played on the piano quite as well as Princess Woronzoff, and her talents were called into requisition. She valed admirably, but she would have no other partner but Mr. Pomfret. She strolled about the gardens in the evenings, but Mr. Pomfret was always with her, and she never quitted his side. Still, his manner towards her was such that it did not even excite Sir Norman's jealousy. Before a week had elapsed, the young baronet had become tremendously spoony.

## V.

### MORE ARRIVALS.

MEANTIME, there had been other arrivals at the Beau-Rivage. Amongst these were our acquaintances the Flaxyards, who had been making excursions among the mountains and valleys of the Bernese Oberland. Rufus Trotter, having sprained his ankle, had been left behind at Thun. Tiffany took a prodigious fancy to Eva, and an intimacy soon sprang up between the two girls, in spite of their dissimilarity of character. Tiffany spent half her time with her new acquaintance.

One morning, when they were alone together in the charming room we have described as opening upon the verandah, and looking upon the lake, Tiffany thus broke out:

"I'm sure you must be the happiest person in the world, dearest Eva. I was only observing yesterday to Hornby—who, by-the-by, has lost his heart to you, though you don't care a pin for him



—that if there is anybody I should like to change places with, Eva Bracebridge is the person. Those are the very words I used. I won't praise you to your face, sweet girl. I won't repeat all the pretty things I hear said of you by everybody, from Prince Woronzoff downwards. I won't tell you how much you are admired. But I *will* tell you why I think you the happiest person in the world."

"Well, do tell me," replied Eva, smiling. "But before you begin, I may remark that you are quite mistaken. I am not so very, very happy as you seem to imagine."

"Then you ought to be, dearest. You know I'm a very free-spoken girl, and don't mind what I say. It isn't because you are young, and rich, and beautiful enough to turn men crazy, that I set you down as the happiest person I know, but because you have got such a very handsome fiancé. Nay, don't blush, dearest, or look cross. I'm not going to take him from you. I only meant to convey to you my opinion that in choosing Sir Norman Hylton you have chosen well."

"You surprise me more than I can express," cried Eva. "How can you have got such an absurd notion into your head? I haven't the least idea of choosing Sir Norman. I never gave him a serious thought."

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed Tiffany, with a look that seemed to imply, "You expect me to believe this, don't you?"

"I see you are incredulous," said Eva. "But I cannot allow you to continue in so strange a misapprehension. I like Sir Norman very much. He is very gentlemanlike and agreeable. But as to marrying him, that is another question entirely."

"Are you serious, dear?"

"Perfectly so."

"Then I must tell you that everybody thinks you are engaged to him."

"Everybody is wrong; and I beg you will contradict them—on the best possible authority."

"Well, I can't say I'm glad to hear it. But perhaps an engagement may come about yet."

"Don't think so for a moment," rejoined Eva, gravely. "What you have said convinces me that I have allowed Sir Norman to pay me too much attention."

"Oh, a little innocent flirtation is of no consequence. I shall never forgive myself if anything I have said should occasion a coolness between you and Sir Norman."

"I certainly would break off his acquaintance if I didn't fear that I should displease Mr. Pomfret. He is extremely partial to Sir Norman, and might be hurt if I treated him coldly."

"Well, let us change the subject. How fortunate you are in your guardian! Generally speaking, one's notion of a guardian

is of a stout old party, awfully ugly and ill-tempered. Now, your guardian is exceedingly handsome. I shouldn't object to be a ward under such agreeable conditions."

"Mr. Pomfret was poor dear papa's partner," said Eva; "and when papa died he appointed him my guardian. You may praise him as much as you please, and you can't praise him too highly. You don't know half his good qualities. I'm sure I cannot be sufficiently grateful for his unwearied kindness to me. I was never vexed with him, except when he left me behind at Madras. But I quickly followed him."

"Quite right. He had no business to leave you. As your guardian, he is bound to watch over you till you are fairly settled. I dare say he wants to get you married."

"Perhaps he may, but I don't intend to oblige him."

"Is he a widower? He has the air of one."

"Oh no, he has never been married. But I fancy from the melancholy to which he is subject, and which he finds it impossible to shake off, that he must have met with some great disappointment. Knowing him as well as I do, I can hardly imagine that any woman could jilt him, but I suppose something of the sort must have happened."

"Well, he's very foolish to take such a matter to heart. Pride would make me despise a man who jilted me."

"Mr. Pomfret has very acute sensibilities. I know that he suffers, but I don't know the cause of his suffering. And I am also quite sure that he does not deserve to suffer."

"Well, it's a great pity, seeing he is so amiable and handsome, and all that sort of thing, that he can't find somebody to take compassion upon him, and cure him of his griefs."

"Where there has been a profound attachment, such as Mr. Pomfret *may* have experienced, there can be no second love. A wounded heart cannot be healed."

"Excuse me if I doubt the truth of that adage, dear. Mr. Pomfret, I am persuaded, is capable of loving again. He looks like a man to inspire a great passion."

"He ought to have some one to love him. But I fear he has suffered too cruelly ever to trust our sex again. Mind, I never heard a word escape him of reproach or complaint. He is not embittered. But his heart is steeled."

"Still, I don't think his case incurable," rejoined Tiffany, with an arch look. "Somebody, I am persuaded, will find out the true remedy. And now just let me mention a circumstance, which I think you ought to know, though pa bade me not to allude to it. When we were in Paris, a few weeks ago, we made acquaintance with a newly married couple, Captain and Mrs. Musgrave, who were staying at the same hotel with us. Without the slightest reason given, they separated—or rather Mrs. Musgrave left her

husband. Some explanation of the occurrence was attempted by Captain Musgrave, but I am certain that his wife left him. However, he didn't seem to mind it at all. One would almost have thought he was glad to get rid of her."

"Poor thing! How could she have married such a man?" cried Eva, who had listened with painful astonishment to this story.

"I don't think he ill-treated her," pursued Tiffany. "He seemed very fond of her; but something extraordinary must have happened to cause such a sudden separation."

"I dare say the poor lady made some discovery. If you are not aware of it, I must tell you that Captain Musgrave has a very bad reputation in India. He has caused unhappiness in more than one family."

"Oh dear! what a dreadful man! No doubt, as you say, something shocking came to his poor wife's ears, and caused her to take this foolish step. But what I was going to tell you, dear, is, that somehow your guardian was mixed up in the matter, though in what way I can't tell. I fancy he wrote a letter to Mrs. Musgrave—at all events, Hornby told me that Captain Musgrave attributed his wife's flight to Mr. Pomfret's interference."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Eva. "Mr. Pomfret has not mentioned the matter to me."

"Then don't say anything about it to him, dear. I know I ought not to have told you."

"But since you have told me so much, pray tell me how the matter ended?"

"Why, it began and ended with the separation. There was a terrible row between Captain Musgrave and Mr. Pomfret, at which pa and Hornby assisted; but nothing came of it. I can't give you any more particulars, or I would. But both pa and Hornby thought that Mr. Pomfret came off with flying colours. Don't you think he must have had a powerful motive thus to espouse Mrs. Musgrave's cause?"

"Who was she?"

"A Mrs. Curzon—a young widow. Her sister, Miss Leycester, was with her at the time of the occurrence."

"I never heard of her, but I sincerely commiserate her; and I am quite sure Mr. Pomfret had good grounds for his interference."

"Oh, there can be no doubt about it. It is to be hoped that Captain Musgrave won't find his way here. When we left him in Paris, about ten days ago, he talked of coming on into Switzerland, but I dare say he has changed his plans."

"I hope so," said Eva, with a look of alarm.

An interruption was here offered to the conversation by the entrance of Pomfret and Sir Norman, who came to ask the girls

to take a stroll in M. Haldiman's grounds, and they readily complied with the invitation.

Just as the little party issued forth into the garden, the loud quick ringing of a bell proclaimed the approach of a steamer, and they walked down to the little port to witness the arrivals. Before they could reach the landing-place, the *Leman* was half emptied of its occupants.

There were tourists of all ages, all classes, and all countries; ladies in dust-coloured dresses and hats with green veils, and men in all sorts of travelling costumes, most of them provided with alpenstocks and umbrellas, gibbecières, or haversacks, and shod with stout mountain boots. Besides these, there was another class of travellers, attended by couriers and ladies'-maids, and who brought ashore with them piles of boxes and trunks. Most of them hurried off to secure seats in the omnibuses to Lausanne, though a few shaped their course to the Beau-Rivage.

Almost all the passengers had gone by, the engines had begun to work again, and the *Leman* was preparing to cast off, when a traveller, who had been giving some directions about his baggage to a porter, came forward and approached the group.

It was Captain Musgrave.

He had seen the party, and would have avoided them if he could, but since that was impossible, he marched haughtily on. Up to this moment Musgrave had not been aware of Eva's return from Madras, but he instantly recognised her, and her presence added to his confusion. On noticing him, Eva instantly turned aside and addressed Tiffany, who pretended not to observe him, though she glanced at him furtively. A dark cloud gathered over Pomfret's brow as the detested personage approached.

Musgrave raised his hat slightly while passing the group, but took no other notice of them. Curious to ascertain what he would do, Pomfret kept his eye upon him, and remarked that he mounted the garden-path leading to the hotel, and that the porter followed him with his luggage.

## VI.

### A DECLARATION.

ENTERING M. Haldiman's delightful grounds adjoining the hotel, our friends took their way along a shady path, which ever and anon afforded them glimpses of the broad expanse of the lake and the mighty range of Alps beyond it. The shade of the trees was delightful after the glare of the sunshine. Sir

Norman paused for a moment to point out a lovely view to Eva, and while she was contemplating it the others passed on.

Here was an opportunity which the young baronet would not let slip. It is said that it requires more courage in a man to propose—unless perfectly certain of being accepted—than to mount a breach, and Sir Norman felt a most unwonted trepidation assail him, but he was determined to ascertain his fate.

“Forgive me, Miss Bracebridge,” he said, abruptly, and in faltering accents, very different from his usual mode of address—“forgive me if I venture to put a question to you. You cannot fail, I am sure, to have observed the effect produced upon me by your charms. When I first beheld you I was struck by them, and the admiration then kindled has become passionate love.”

She made no reply, but moved on.

“For pity’s sake stay a moment, and hear me out,” he cried, now growing really impassioned. “I love you to distraction, Eva—I must venture to address you by that adorable name—you alone can make me happy, and if I should be fortunate enough to win you, the business of my life shall be to prove my sense of the prize I have obtained. I have not the vanity to suppose that I have produced any such impression on you as your charms have produced on me, but I hope you are not entirely indifferent to me.”

“I cannot allow you to delude yourself, Sir Norman,” she said, with a seriousness that almost froze his blood. “Your love is thrown away upon me. Highly as I esteem you, you can never be more to me than a friend.”

Again he stopped her.

“Stay!—one word more, I implore you, and I have done,” he cried. “Pardon me if I venture to ask the question, but are you—are you engaged to another?”

“This is not a fair question, but I will answer it. I am not.”

“Then you do not condemn me to utter despair. If there is no obstacle in the way, let me try to win your love. Your guardian approves of my suit.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Eva. “Have you spoken to him on the subject?”

“I have. And he has afforded me this opportunity of making a declaration. Since you refuse to listen to me, I must get him to plead my cause with you.”

At this moment Mr. Pomfret and Tiffany were seen returning along the walk in a very leisurely manner.

Eva flew towards them, followed more slowly by Sir Norman, whose countenance, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it, betrayed profound mortification.

An indefinable smile passed over Tiffany’s face, showing that she

suspected what had been taking place, and a significant glance was exchanged between Pomfret and the young baronet.

"What have you been about?" cried Tiffany, archly. "We thought we had lost you."

"An enchanting view of the lake detained us for a moment," remarked Sir Norman.

"Oh, do point it out to me!" said the young lady.

"With the greatest pleasure," he replied.

So they walked on together, leaving Eva and her guardian alone.

"I fear from appearances that Sir Norman has been unsuccessful," he said. Finding she did not contradict him, he went on. "I fancied you liked him. I know all about him, and consider him very eligible. He is of a very old family, and though not rich, has quite enough. He is far above the average of young men, and well calculated, I firmly believe, to make you happy."

"He told me you would advocate his cause," she rejoined, in a tone of pique. "To please you, sir—mind, merely to please you—I have tolerated his attentions, but I always intended to refuse him; and if you had thought proper to consult me, I should have told you so."

"I did not desire to influence your decision, and therefore left him to take his own course. But I am really concerned to find you have refused him."

"I suppose I am able to judge what sort of person is likely to suit me," she rejoined. "I agree with you that Sir Norman is very gentleman-like and agreeable—amiable, indeed—but I don't care enough for him to marry him."

"You are a strange, wilful creature, and I begin to think will give me a vast deal of trouble," said Pomfret, with a half smile. "A most unexceptionable person accidentally turns up, and without a moment's consideration is rejected. I despair of meeting with another with half Sir Norman's recommendations. I may possibly find a wealthier man, but as you yourself have money enough, that is immaterial."

"Why are you in such a hurry to get me married?" she cried, reproachfully. "Are you tired of me?"

"It was your father's dying wish, when he committed you to my charge, that I should see you married to some worthy man, and I am anxious to fulfil the injunction."

"You needn't give yourself any more trouble about me. I don't intend to marry at all."

"Nonsense!" he cried. "You are far too young to come to any such determination. All that can be said is that you have not yet met with the man whom you could marry."

"I am not so certain about that," she rejoined. "But I have no desire to change my present state, and I may well be deterred

from doing so when I hear of so many unhappy marriages. Apropos of unhappy unions, I have just heard of one that has excited my sympathies. I allude to the case of the unfortunate lady who was rash enough to wed that dreadful Captain Musgrave. Pray what led to the separation? I know you can inform me."

"I would have kept this painful matter from you if I could," he rejoined, becoming deathly pale, "but since you have learnt that I was forced to take some part in it, I am bound to give you an explanation. It was to prevent this ill-starred union from taking place that I hurried from Madras; but before I reached London the mischief was beyond repair. Foreseeing what would inevitably happen, and still desirous of aiding the unfortunate lady, I followed her to Paris, and communicated with her through the medium of Mr. Flaxyard. Subsequently, I had an interview with her, when she announced to me that she had determined to leave her husband for ever. I did not attempt to dissuade her from the step, but left her to act as she deemed proper. On ascertaining that she had carried out her purpose, I placed myself in Captain Musgrave's way; but little came of the meeting, and the affair was hushed up. I cannot tell you what has become of the unfortunate lady. I have made no inquiries about her. In regard to her previous history, and my own connexion with her, I must remain silent. Never again, I beg of you, let the subject be referred to."

He spoke with such unwonted sternness, that Eva felt quite frightened, regretting that she had sought the explanation.

"Forgive my indiscretion," she said. "I will never seek to penetrate your secrets. But I may breathe a prayer for the unfortunate lady."

## VII.

### A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE.

ALL sorts of stories were circulated about Captain Musgrave, but though few of them were to his advantage, he managed to get on very well with the general company at the Beau-Rivage. His remarkable coolness and assurance—some people went so far as to call it impudence—stood him in good stead. He made himself conspicuous at the table d'hôte dinners, rattled away in conversation, flirted with everybody who would flirt with him, assisted at the musical soirées, and valed admirably at the balls. He was the horror of the elderly parties, but the admiration of the young folks, with some of whom, we regret to say, his bad reputation lent him a certain charm. Mr. Flaxyard tried to fight shy of him, but

this was not an easy matter, and the old gentleman was obliged to give way, since his wife and family were against him. Musgrave, indeed, had contrived to ingratiate himself with Mrs. Flaxyard, and she refused to see any harm in him. Tiffany liked to flirt with him, and Hornby felt quite proud of being intimate with such a tremendous swell.

Ever since Musgrave's arrival, Mr. Pomfret and his beautiful ward had ceased to dine at the table d'hôte, or to take any part in the public amusements of the house, confining themselves entirely to their own rooms, where they received such society as was agreeable to them. Eva's seclusion, whatever might be its cause, was a source of great regret to the general company. They missed her charming face at the table d'hôte, they missed her graceful figure in the garden, but, above all, they missed her at the concerts and balls. None knew the exact cause of this sudden disappearance of their brightest luminary, but everybody connected it with Captain Musgrave.

To Eva this change was no great deprivation, for she had grown rather tired of the incessant gaiety and racket of the place. She had a piano in her own room, with plenty of music and plenty of books, and quite as much society as she cared for. Indeed, if we are not greatly mistaken, she would have been quite content with no other society than that of her guardian. Poor Sir Norman had not been altogether banished from her presence. Notwithstanding his rejection, he still persevered in his suit, probably because he received secret encouragement from Pomfret.

It was a lovely evening. After a burning hot day, the sun had set gloriously behind the mighty Alps, dyeing their snowy peaks with crimson, and rosy patches still lingered on the summits of some of the loftiest of the range, though their sides looked spectrally white. A gentle breeze was stirring just sufficient to fill the lateen sails of the barks which were winging their way like butterflies to the little port. A steamer was seen in the distance, and the sound of its paddle-wheels could be heard in the stillness. Nearer to Ouchy, and yet perhaps a league from shore, a crowd of gay-looking little barks might be seen decking the waters. At the rear of the hotel might be seen the cathedral and castle of Lausanne, crowning the vine-clad slopes. Numerous modern châteaux, with here and there a feudal tower, embellished the woody landscape. The background formed by the magnificent range of the Jura offered a picture wholly different, but little less beautiful, than that presented by the Savoyard shore. Mirthful talk and light laughter arose from the various groups scattered about the garden, or collected in the bosquets, or under the trees, and these were the only sounds, except distant shouts on the lake, that broke the stillness.

Eva was alone in her bower, the windows of which were



now left open to admit the cool evening air. Her guardian had gone that day to Geneva, and had not yet returned. She had been contemplating the splendid sunset, and had noted all the wonderful changes which the giant mountains had undergone, from rose to ghastly white; had gazed upon the wide glistening expanse of the lake, had admired the picturesque effect of the old round tower near the little port, and then, satiated with these beauties, had taken up a book and seated herself in a fauteuil near the window. She had not been thus employed long, when she heard a footstep on the verandah, and the next moment the light and pretty figure of Tiffany appeared at the casement.

They had not met there before that day, and a cheerful greeting took place between them.

"Why are you standing there?" cried Eva, noticing that Tiffany did not enter. "Come in!"

"Not just now, darling. I want you to step out for a moment. I've something to tell you."

"Then you must contrive to tell it here," laughed the other. "I shan't go out till Mr. Pomfret returns."

"How silly you are!" cried Tiffany. "What are you afraid of? I tell you I've something particular to say to you."

"Well, what is it?" asked Eva, rising and approaching the window.

"I desire to be a peace-maker, dearest," rejoined Tiffany. "There is a person in this house who has offended you, and I have promised to intercede for him. He is deeply penitent, I can assure you, and will beg pardon on his bended knees, if allowed. May I tell him you forgive him?"

"On no account," replied Eva. "I did not suppose you would undertake such an errand. I cannot be mistaken as to whom you allude, since there is only one person in this house who has offended me. With him I will never exchange another word."

"Don't be very cross with me, darling," said Tiffany, coaxingly. "Captain Musgrave really is very sorry for what he has done. I couldn't resist his piteous entreaties—and so consented to bring him here."

"You have done very wrong!" cried Eva. "But I won't see him," she added, in a determined tone.

"Grant me only a moment, angelic girl!" cried Musgrave, springing forward. He had been standing at a short distance, listening to what was said. "Let me try to exculpate myself."

"I won't listen to a word, sir," rejoined Eva, with a spirit that could scarcely have been expected from her. "By this inexcusable intrusion on my privacy you have added to your previous offences. I insist upon your immediate departure."

"I refuse to go till I have obtained your forgiveness!" he cried. "You cannot conceive how wretched I have been."

"Do be good natured, darling. Say you forgive him, and I will take him away at once!" cried Tiffany.

"Never!" rejoined Eva. "If you persist in remaining here, I shall ring the bell for assistance."

"Don't be foolish, dearest!" cried Tiffany. "Say a kind word, and he shall go."

Most opportunely the door opened at this juncture, and Sir Norman came in.

"Oh! you are just in time," cried Eva, springing towards him. "I claim your protection."

"Against this fellow?" demanded the young baronet, glancing fiercely at Musgrave, who, though greatly disconcerted, still stood his ground. "What is he doing here?"

"He has come to ask Miss Bracebridge's pardon—that's all," responded Tiffany.

"Then let him go at once," cried Sir Norman, in a menacing voice, "or I will throw him out of window." Stepping up to Captain Musgrave, he added, in a low determined voice, "Don't compel me to use violence before these ladies."

"Come away!" cried Tiffany, who was now greatly alarmed. "I've been the cause of all this."

"Before I go, will you hear my explanation, Sir Norman?" said Musgrave.

"Explanation is impossible. No gentleman would act thus. You are unworthy the name."

Musgrave's dark eyes flashed fire, and he raised his hand with the intent to strike Sir Norman, but the latter, who was a most powerful man, caught the uplifted arm, dragged him to the open casement, and thrust him forth.

## VIII.

### A DUEL.

ABOUT an hour after the occurrence just related, Sir Norman was quietly reclining on a divan in the large and well-appointed smoking-room of the hotel, enjoying a cup of coffee and a cigar, when Hornby Flaxyard came in. As there chanced to be no one else in the smoking-room at the time, Hornby was able to enter upon his business without difficulty.

"You can guess my errand, Sir Norman," he said, after formally saluting the young baronet, who rose at his approach. "I confess that it is not a very agreeable one to myself, but perhaps I may be able to arrange it."

"I don't see how, sir," rejoined Sir Norman, haughtily. "I

conclude you are sent to me by Captain Musgrave. I expected a message from him. Let me say at once that I refuse to make any apology."

"I am sorry for it," said Hornby. "I hoped a little reflection——"

"Don't force me to make any remarks upon Captain Musgrave's conduct," interrupted Sir Norman, sternly. "I have treated him as he deserved."

"Since that's your opinion, Sir Norman, the difference can only be settled by an appeal to arms. Captain Musgrave, though grossly outraged, under the particular circumstances of the case, would have been content with an apology, but since you refuse him that amende, he will require another sort of satisfaction—and with the least possible delay. A meeting must take place between you and my friend to-morrow morning."

"Be it so, sir. Any hour and place will suit me—the sooner the better. To-night, if you wish it. Fortunately, I have a case of pistols with me."

"My principal is equally well provided. In regard to the place of rendezvous, we propose, if quite agreeable to you, to cross over into Savoy, where the ordinances are less strict in regard to duelling than here. A steamer to Evian leaves Ouchy at nine to-morrow morning. Will that be too early for you, Sir Norman?"

"Not a whit," he replied. "It will give me plenty of time for my accustomed swim in the lake, and I can breakfast on board the steamer, or at the Hôtel des Bains, at Evian, when this little affair has been adjusted. I shall ask Mr. Pomfret to accompany me, and I don't think he will refuse. You may count upon me."

Hornby then bowed and left the room.

Having finished his cigar, Sir Norman was just going out in quest of Mr. Pomfret, when that gentleman entered the smoking-room. When informed of what had occurred, he was not at all inclined to allow Sir Norman to act as principal in the affair.

"This is my quarrel," he said. "I am the person affronted. It is for me to punish the offender—not you."

"Pardon me," rejoined the young baronet. "I have clearly the priority. If I fall, you can avenge me. Meet him I must, and shall. And I calculate upon your presence."

Pomfret made no further objection, and shortly afterwards they separated for the night.

Next morning, Captain Musgrave, who, according to his own account, had passed an excellent night, and who seemed perfectly unconcerned, breakfasted at eight o'clock in the *salle-à-manger* with Hornby, and did ample justice to the delicious *ferraz* and the other good things set before him. Hornby was not half so cool, and not feeling quite up to the mark, was obliged to fortify his coffee with a teaspoonful of cognac.

Having finished breakfast, they went forth into the garden, taking with them a small bag, which contained a case of pistols.

As the steamer in which they intended to embark could now be descried about a mile off, coming up from Vevay, they lighted their cigars, and walked towards the landing-place. To watch them, and listen to their laughter—as Tiffany did from an upper window of the hotel—you would have thought they were bound on a pleasurable expedition.

Scarcely had they passed through the gates than Sir Norman and Pomfret came forth. The former carried a haversack, which answered the same purpose as his adversary's carpet-bag. Pomfret's countenance wore a stern and sombre expression, but the young baronet seemed perfectly easy and unconcerned. He had been up for more than a couple of hours, and had invigorated himself by a bath in the cold waters of the lake.

While crossing the gazon, Sir Norman cast a glance towards the room where the incident of the previous night had occurred, and he fancied he could discern a figure partially screened by the white muslin persiennes. By the time they had reached the place of embarkation the steamer had come up, and they immediately went on board. Captain Musgrave and his friend had posted themselves in the fore-part of the vessel, where they could smoke their cigars, so our friends went aft, and sat down beneath the awning. There were a great many passengers on board—many of whom were coming from Italy—and a lot of luggage.

The steamer having little to do at Ouchy, was soon off again, and as it rapidly receded from the shore, a beautiful view was obtained of Lausanne, with its terraces and vine-covered slopes. Sir Norman's gaze was not directed towards this charming prospect, but to the casement we have just alluded to, in front of which Eva could now be clearly distinguished. It was a lovely and most enjoyable day. The Alps were entirely free from cloud, and the snowy peaks of the Dent de Jaman, the Dent du Midi, and the more distant Mont Velan, stood out sharp and clear.

The surface of the lake was smooth and bright as a mirror, and the deep blue waters, when showering down the paddle-wheels, took most exquisite hues. On all sides the view was enchanting, and the noble Jura mountains, clothed to their summits with woods, and with their sides covered with vineyards, offered a charming contrast to the snow-crowned Alps. The only person, indeed, whose sombre looks did not harmonise with the scene, and upon whom the bright sunshine and clear atmosphere did not produce an exhilarating effect was Myddleton Pomfret.

Never before had his features worn so stern an expression. He looked not around—neither towards the stupendous Alps, nor to

the riant Jura mountains—but kept his eye fixed upon the blue waters through which the vessel was speeding, as if he would pierce their depths.

What were his thoughts? Was he thinking of another lake far away amid the bleak northern hills—a lake that could not compare in size, or beauty, or grandeur, with this lovely inland sea, but which had charmed him in days gone by, when his heart was light? Was he thinking of the happy hours he had passed on that far-off lake with one now lost to him for ever? In the bitter disappointment caused by crushed hopes, did he now regret that when plunging into that lake, he had only simulated self-destruction? Did he feel half prompted to throw himself into the blue waters on which he now gazed, and so end his woes? We shall not examine his breast, but to judge by his looks, such might have been his thoughts.

The steamer was now half way across the lake, and the Savoy shore was beginning to display its beauties more fully. The picturesque little town of Evian, with its tall spire, its garden-terraces, its chesnut-groves, its vineyards, and its hotels near the landing-place, was now clearly distinguishable. In places the banks of the lake were rocky and precipitous, and on the right could be seen a fine mediæval château amidst its woods. Sir Norman now thought it necessary to rouse his friend from the reverie into which he had fallen.

Shortly afterwards, Hornby Flaxyard came up, and after formally saluting them, led Pomfret to the stern of the vessel. Here they continued in earnest discourse till the steamer was within a short distance of Evian, when Hornby rejoined his principal.

In the conference which had just taken place, it was arranged that the selection of a spot adapted to the purpose required should be left to Hornby.

Accordingly, when the parties landed, Hornby and Musgrave at once marched off, and the others followed them. Instead of mounting the eminence on which Evian is built, they pursued a road on the banks of the lake, and ere long came to a footpath leading inland. Without hesitation they took this path, which conducted them to a fine grove of chesnut-trees. Having passed through this grove they came upon the exact spot they sought—a secluded meadow watered by a clear mountain stream.

In another minute the parties had gained a retired part of the field close to the brook, and shaded by trees, and the seconds at once proceeded to make the needful preliminary arrangements. The pistols were produced, and after some little discussion it was agreed that those belonging to Sir Norman should be used. The ground was then carefully chosen, and the distance measured.

During these proceedings the principals had looked calmly on,

but had scarcely made an observation. Captain Musgrave continued to smoke his cigar, and merely bowed his head in assent when his adversary's pistols were selected. Sir Norman manifested equal composure. At last, the arrangements were completed.

Then, and not till then, did Musgrave fling away his cigar, and address himself seriously to the business in hand. Taking the pistol, which was delivered to him by Hornby, he placed himself as directed. His dark frock-coat, buttoned up to the throat, displayed his fine figure to advantage.

Like formalities had been observed on the other side, and the two antagonists stood face to face. Throughout, Sir Norman had maintained an undaunted demeanour, unmarked by the levity and affected nonchalance that characterised Musgrave's deportment. On receiving his pistol, he glanced significantly at Pomfret.

The seconds then retired. It had been arranged that the signal should be given by Hornby, and that the antagonists should fire when the handkerchief was dropped.

Never, perhaps, on a similar occasion were the feelings of a second more deeply interested on behalf of his principal than were those of Pomfret in regard to Sir Norman. Willingly would he have exchanged places with him. In expectation of the signal, Sir Norman had now drawn himself up to his full height, and his lofty figure and gallant bearing excited Pomfret's admiration.

The handkerchief fell, and both pistols were discharged.

At first, the lookers-on thought that neither was hit, but they presently discovered their mistake. For a moment Sir Norman maintained his erect position. Then dropping his pistol, he put his hand to his side, and fell heavily to the ground.

Almost as much pained as if he himself had been struck, Pomfret hurried with Hornby to the young baronet's assistance.

End of the Third Book.

## LULE-LAPPMARK.—A SKETCH OF LAPLAND TRAVEL.

## PART IV.

WHEN we arrived——But I forgot to say that before leaving Smeds in the morning my mackintosh coat was found to be missing, having been left the preceding night in the cart I and J. arrived in, and which had gone back to Koskats before daylight. The only messenger to send for it was a little sturdy daughter of the settler's, a child of about ten or eleven years old; who undertook, without the least hesitation, to walk back to Koskats for it and bring it on to Jokkmokk, to be sent after us—a journey of twenty-eight English miles! So, when we arrived at our hostelrie, as I was about to say, we found the coat there. The little girl looked flushed and rather pulled about the eyes; but did not seem over-tired, and would insist on waiting upon us in the evening in aid of the "gästgifvärvård" folk. She had picked up on the sandy road also the brass screw butt-cap of my trout-rod, which I suppose had jolted off during our ride. We told Nordmark to give the little flika a couple of rix-dollars for her pluck; and I bestowed on her also a pair of pretty German-gold earrings (a supply of which I had brought to Lapland to meet similar feminine contingencies), and her gratitude was absurd. She lifted up her great blue eyes to mine, and put out her little rough fat hand for a shake, with such soft, touching thanks in Swedish, that I felt inclined, but that her dignity would have been awfully insulted and my modesty brought in question, to have lifted her up in my arms and have kissed her, loud and long, with the chastity of an uncle. Nordmark told her the earrings were to be worn on the day of her betrothal to her "fästman," or sweetheart; and she left the room, blushing with the consciousness of semi-puberty, and clutching the tinsel ornaments as eagerly as if they were jewels of gold. She was discovered next morning at an early hour sitting lost in rapture over them; and she will certainly be the greatest female swell in those parts for many a long day.

A leash of the trout and grayling fried made an admirable feed for supper; and we were soon soundly dreaming.

Next morning we had about five miles English to go along the post-road which terminates abruptly on the shores of Lake Vajkjaur, and there to take canoe. As a matter of precaution, and seeing that we had already had some few difficulties through taking things for granted, it seemed good unto us that a fleet-footed one, a messenger, should go before us, and cross the lake to the settlement called Vajkjaur, over against the place of embarkation, and hire galleys and rowers in readiness for our arrival. So, before we were yet dressed, old Nordmark came in, with triumph in his countenance, to announce that he had caught a real Lapp, who had come down from the lakes with one Lieutenant Widmark, another government surveyor; and, desiring to return unto his own people, would do our bidding if he

were allowed to cast in his lot with us, and be conveyed back again across many waters to the land of his forefathers. So he was ordered to be produced, and presently entered. This Lapp boy (he was about seventeen, if I remember right) was short and square built, his hair was straight and black, his face and hands something between walnut and mahogany colour, his cheek-bones high and prominent, his nose short, his mouth straight and wide, his teeth beautifully white and regular, and his eyes dark, and glittering like a snake's. He was clad in a frock of reindeer-leather, opening low from the neck to the chest, and bound along the edges of collar and skirts with broad blue coarse braid, with an under-waistcoat of the same material edged with red, dark serge knickerbockers, and Lapp reindeer-leather shoes, whose long serge straps were bound tightly round and round the leg up to the knee, and ornamented at the ankles with blue binding and tassels—the whole much the worse for wear. Round his waist he had the invariable reindeer-leather belt of the Lapps, which had a number of brass rings hanging to it, kept bright with sedulous care, and on his head a tall blue cloth nightcap bound with red, which he doffed in our presence; and standing bare-headed, with head thrown back, arms rigid by his sides, and his right foot advanced as if in act of battle, looked as only a savage, be he beast or man, can do—a picture of Nature's own unsoftened handiwork.

"What a magnificent little brute it is!" said J. "Isn't he splendid? Nordmark, tell him I am going to take his ugly portrait, and he isn't to move an inch."

So the Lapp boy stood, being sketched, half afraid half proud, till J.'s facile pencil had mirrored him in broad telling lines on a page of his sketch-book; when he came forward with the ashamed curiosity of savage humanity to view his likeness; and, having inspected it with a kind of uncomprehending grin, departed to run like a deer upon his appointed mission.

We got a cart to convey our effects, and walked through the forest, which was pleasantly broken just here with pretty glens and sweeps of level swamp, now nearly dry with the drought of summer, and dotted about with flowers and dwarf shrubs. On arrival at the lake there were many boats drawn up, but no Lapp and no rowers, neither the voice of any that answered. Clearly we were sold; and our only resource was to pitch into Nordmark for not having thought to send forward the previous night; which we did till he nearly wept. We could see the settlement on the other side; but, after straining our eyes for a long time without any apparition of the desired aid, we went down the lake to the head of the little Luleå river, which flows out of it, to fish. It blew great guns from the bleak north-west, and the broad lake was covered with black curling waves, which were lashed into foam against the rocks that appeared here and there above the water, where the stream began to flow and quicken. Not tempting to fish in by any means; nor was the jumping and balancing on the slippery wet round boulders, to cast one's fly, agreeable or easy. In fact, after catching one good trout and one grayling, we gave it up as impracticable. We got ferried across the furious stream, by the man who had come with the cart, to an island



that divided the narrowing waters of the lake, to see if it was at all quieter on the other side; but things were no better there, and after an ineffectual stalk of some shy duck, we returned to Nordmark and the baggage.

A native who was building a house near by had discovered him, and the pair had unloaded the cart, and Nordmark was actually, of his own accord, meditating lunch. So we built a glowing fire, and roasted our trout and grayling over it, after the approved fashion, with a spit of green wood supported on two uprights; and uncommonly good they were. While engaged in this interesting work, lo! there arrived the canoes and strong men to row us; and presently we had to leave the shelter of the woods and the warmth of the fire, and pack ourselves in one canoe with some of the luggage, and Nordmark and the rest in the other. Birch boughs, and a reindeer-skin upon them, were laid for us to lie on. Another reindeer-skin was rolled up for a bolster, Nordmark having the third, and the kots we had with us ranged behind this, to shelter us from the wind; and so we lay, snugly ensconced under coats and rugs, and in a few minutes were dancing over the wild black lake.

It was not quite amusing, this first bit of Lapland lake-work. Our canoe was laden, as one of us observed, "within three inches of sudden death;" and the spray and water dashed over us with a frequency and success, that rendered tolerably continuous baling necessary for the preservation of something more than comfort. The wind blew bitterly right down the lake, and all we could do was to hug the left-hand shore as much as possible, and keep in shallow water, in case of a founder; while our more lightly-laden consort drove a pretty straight course in safety across the deeps—dear old Nordmark sitting huddled up in a heap behind his share of the luggage, with his cap pulled down over his eyes; clenching his pipe between his teeth, and grinning with discomfort as the spray flew over him.

It was a long pull and a strong pull, and took many a rest for wind, before we reached the beach at the head of the lake; where the track led through the forest (which I need not say surrounded us on all sides) to the next lake: between the two (as between each pair of lakes all through the country) there flowing a fierce impetuous river. Of course B. immediately wanted to fish; and an inquiry as to the capabilities of the stream receiving a highly satisfactory affirmative, we started off with one of the bearers in advance; and turning out of the path to the left, scrambled down to the river, which, running between high pine-clad banks, was sheltered from the wind. Huge lumps of rock, blackened and rounded by rain and flood, over which we had to climb, formed the border of the river, whose deep stream was broken by masses no less large. Between one of these and the shore, a heavy sullen eddy swept round and round in a kind of troubled ellipse, within easy reach of the rod. Scarcely had I shaken my flies into the water, to wet them and straighten the gut, when a fierce dash at the dropper, and the whizzing of the reel, as the line flew madly through the rings, assured me of a tight hold and the tug of war. He was a powerful fish, and the strong stream helped him; but a pliant rod and salmon-gut proved too much for his efforts,

and, after a five minutes' struggle, he was successfully ladled out with the landing-net—a noble trout of nearly four pounds. The next was his very twin-brother, perhaps a shade smaller: then followed three or four great grayling, at sight of the first of which the attendant bearers (for Nordmark and the rest had joined us to see the fun) set up an unanimous guttural shout of "Harr-r-r-r!"—the Swedish name for the grayling, and which they give with a rattle of "r"s at the end most extraordinary to hear. I tried an eddy below, but "she was not so much good," as Nordmark correctly remarked; and returning to the first, secured, after some further minor catches, as my last prize, the grandest trout of all—a noble, thick, strong fish, of at least four and a half to five pounds' weight, and who fought for his liberty for eight or ten good minutes. Darkness of that comparative character belonging to northern latitudes now began to fall; and we went stumbling up the hill-side through the, here, ancient forest, over moss-grown stones and fallen pines, to the track again. Arriving at the shore of the next lake, we found our porters (who had left us at our angling to go on ahead) seated round a jolly great fire, which greeted us acceptably; for it was bitterly cold, and froze keenly.

I should have mentioned, that for the last two days I had become conscious, during our pedestrianism, of some mischief done to the tendons above the heel of my right foot, which I traced back to a slip while indulging in gymnastics at Råbäcken; and this evening it was unmistakably painful and swollen, and it was lucky for me that for some days there was nothing but lake-work before us, or I should have broken down.

The lake on which we were now launched is called in the native tongue Purkijaur ("jaur" meaning "lake"); and it had become so late that all hope of getting beyond the next settlement was out of the question. We had heard bad accounts of the accommodation, and it was with some misgivings that we got out of the boat on the right-hand shore, after about half an hour's pull, and marched up in procession to the largest farm-house. The usual chorus of curs greeted our approach; and the door being opened, we found ourselves in a large, dirty, evil-smelling room—walls and ceiling blackened with smoke, floor unwashed, and the whole aspect of the place that of unqualified poverty and squalor. A large grimy fireplace near the door, with a hearth projecting far into the room, occupied nearly all one side. In the recess beyond it were a couple of beds, in one of which a man lay smoking. The settler, and one or two loutish-looking lads, were lounging round the fire. Of two ugly women of surpassing uncleanness, one was attending to some culinary operations in progress on the hearth, and the other doing something to a dirty baby. A swarm of Lapland brats of various ages were sprawling about the floor, and stopped in their play to stare, finger in mouth, at the intruders. Clothes, spears, nets, household utensils, and logs of dried reindeer-flesh hung about the room; while, on a particular peg, out of reach of the children, were stuck, by the hole made through the middle of them for that purpose, a string of large round flat cakes of black rye-bread.

The prospect of sharing this, the solitary apartment, with its present tenants, whom we could see, and probably divers others who would presently make themselves more felt than seen, was not agreeable; and it appearing that there was another, though smaller farmhouse, which gloried in an extra room, we sent one of our rowers to inquire about it, and sat down on the only two chairs and did the pipe of patience, while Nordmark explained our business and all about us to the listening family. The men were much astonished at our sport, but more so at our flies, which they crowded round us to admire, and, as we gathered from Nordmark, were an utter novelty to them; and the whole scene, lit up by the flickering blaze of the fire, would have formed a fine example of a Lapland interior, for an artist in search of novelty. To our great satisfaction, we found we could occupy the room at the other house; and so took leave with ceremonious hand-shaking all round, and a gift of tobacco to the farmer.

Our new accommodation was small and unclean, but, at all events, we had it to ourselves; and a good fire and tea reconciled us to anything. Shunning the single bed, we had clean hay strewn on the floor, and, laying our reindeer-skins on it, rolled ourselves up in our rugs, and slept soundly, though frouzily, through the night. Our *réveillé* at six next morning is only worthy to be mentioned for a remarkable speech of our dear old interpreter, which, as a good specimen of his English, I will put on record. The red-armed flika had lit the fire, and left the door open by universal desire, when Nordmark gave utterance to the following incomprehensible remark:

"It ish the thing to lay shtill now. If you shall throw him off, she is not sho well!"

We couldn't imagine for some time what he meant; and I declare we both thought that some awful Lapp ceremony was about to be performed; and that the people of the house were coming to sit cross-legged upon our beds and utter incantations, and that we had better take it quietly. The shout of laughter we broke into when we found that he only meant that, as the door was open, we had better not throw off our covering till the fire had burnt up!

Our india-rubber bath here excited the utmost astonishment; and I hardly know whether the process of inflation and emptying, or the use to which the strange-looking machine was put, was viewed with most wonder, by a people among whom bathing is unknown, and washing of any sort rare. There are always compensations of some sort to every discomfort; and ours this morning was a splendid bowl of wild raspberries fresh gathered, and another of luscious cream—welcome extras to our breakfast.

We took fresh rowers here to the top of the lake, whence a walk of three miles and a half through the forest, to the southern shore of Lake Randijaur, awaited us—the channel between the two being, as usual, impassable for canoes. One of the men started off with us as a guide; and, though carrying some sixty pounds on his back, pelted along the rough path at a pace that, though we loaded him with our coats in addition, and followed in light marching order, made us fain to call sundry halts for wind before we got to the end.

As we reached the place of embarkation, a huge buzzard-kite came flapping heavily overhead, and settled on the very top of a tall pine. J. stalked him with the gun and a cartridge of No. 2, but he was off before J. was half way to him. The sight of these birds must be wonderfully keen, for the forest was dense, and J. dodged from stem to stem like a backwoodsman in a rifle-duel. I tried to fish here at the top of the river, and caught a few trout, but could not find a good eddy; and the stream was so broken by immense lumps of rock, that it was equally difficult to get along either by boat or on foot.

Randijaur is a fine sheet of water, and the scenery here began to show some grander features of rock and hill. The day was cold but fine; and we lay stretched in the bottom of our canoe, reading, smoking, and chatting, or chaffing old Nordmark—our amusement varied by an occasional shot at some passing duck, while our rowers worked with the regularity of a steam-engine. Our crew was varied this time with the female element—a middle-aged “party,” who had been down to Luleå in her lifetime, and considered she had seen the world, and was susceptible of jokes. We had also a couple of lads, who talked Lapp—the first we heard of it—and how we did hate them! Of all horrid lingual sounds the Lapp language must, I should think, be the worst. More like the chattering of apes or jackdaws than any human dialect, it has the additional infliction of a special intonation in a high falsetto key; and the incessant jabbering kept up by the whole party was enough to make one’s head ache.

We camped ashore for lunch, broiling some of my fresh-caught trout on the beach. About three in the afternoon, as we neared the top of the lake, we caught a glimpse, through a gorge in the high rocky cliffs that appeared to bar our farther advance, of the picturesque range of snow mountains that divides Lapland from Norway, and at foot of which lay Quikkjokk, whither we were bound.

At the head of Randijaur is a splendid cascade—the stream between this and the next lake flowing down a steep rugged descent, like a staircase of rock, and presenting a tumbling mass of white foam, whose roar was faintly audible as we landed some half mile to the right. Another short portage and march brought us to Parkijaur, a smaller sheet of water, but whose shores presented increasing boldness of crag and cliff, and whose waters were glitteringly bright and clear. Evening drew in as we neared its northern shore, and the colours of the calm sunset-sky were more exquisitely delicate than we had yet seen. From the deepest azure overhead, to fainter and yet fainter blue; and then, from an indescribable mixed tint, they melted by gradation, too sweet and fine to mark, into a peculiar clear pale green, that belted the whole horizon round; save where the waning glow of the set sun flushed the thin long clouds in the north-west with scarlet; and where, in the due north, grew stronger and stronger each minute that strange white glow, like the reflexion from a sea of quicksilver, that marks, in these high latitudes, the earth’s positive electric pole. The intense clearness of the crisp frosty air lent an almost unearthly beauty to the soft strange tints of sky and cloud; and unromantic as we were, we shifted our positions in the canoe that we might watch the hues, as they changed and faded before the coming dusk.

There was daylight enough left, however, for us to fish and shoot up the stream between Parkijaur and Skalka, the next lake; and we joined the porters at the path's head with a tolerable bag.

It was almost twilight when we pushed off the rugged shore; and as we gained the mid-channel of the lake, a view of surpassing loveliness grew upon us. The waters of Skalka lay dark and still around. On either side the cliffs rose, jagged and pine-fringed, against the liquid blue-grey sky. Far, far in front, between them, where they deepened from dark green to purple, crossed the horizon a range of mountains of the intensest claret-colour; while behind these, peak over peak, towered high into the evening sky the glittering snowy spires of the Fjällen-bergen. A sight more beautiful, or more impracticable to render with the brush or pen, I never saw. No artist would have had the audacity to lay the colours on as we saw them. A yet grander sight was, however, in store for us that night.

In half an hour or so, our keel grated on the beach of a small island on the right side of the lake, called Björkholm, where we saw lights gleaming in farm-house windows, and our boatmen's shout was answered from the settlement with another, the sound of which was half drowned in the usual chorus of curs. Before we reached the house, a grand fire was blazing in the spacious guest-room; and we certainly had not been there ten minutes when the settler's wife brought in coffee, good and hot, and actually cups to drink it out of, and little rusks of home make, that were pleasant eating after the monotony of biscuit.

When Nordmark brought our supper, we found ourselves in for a regular experience of "y' manners and customs of y' Lapps;" for the whole household, men and women, some seven or eight in all, ranged themselves against the side of the room, and stood silent and attentive while we fed. Among them was a Lapp woman who tended the cows; and, except that her skin frock was rather longer, and her hair worn in plaits, one could see no difference between her costume and that of the Lapp boy who accompanied us. She was desperately timid, and her glittering eyes wore an unmistakable expression of terror when we went up to examine her dress. The only particularly noticeable thing about her was, perhaps, her belt, from which hung an unusual number of large bright brass rings—the use of which we could not get to learn, either from her or her small countryman; but that might have been the fault of old Nordmark's thick-headedness. When we had finished, they filed silently out, except one of the flikas and the mistress, who began to prepare the two beds, that stood on opposite sides of the room, for our reception: these were beautifully clean; the room was large and equally clean, and there was actually a small looking-glass of tolerably reflective capacity. Of course we had but wooden bowls to wash in, and I need hardly say that the use of certain other conveniences, usually found in bedrooms, was utterly unknown—either here or anywhere else that we stayed. We made inquiry on the subject *once*; but the look of bewilderment with which Nordmark was met in reply was quite enough for the rest of the trip.

We were standing, pipe in mouth, with our backs to the fire during

the bedmaking process, when the extreme brightness of what we thought was the moonlight seen through the windows made us put on our hats and open the door. It was the aurora borealis. I saw it now for the first time in its beauty. A short inspection satisfied J., who said he should have nothing else to look at all the winter, and Nordmark had seen it a hundred times before; but I am not ashamed to confess that I stopped out a good hour in the biting north-west wind, gazing untiringly at this most lovely and wonderful of the phenomena of nature. Streams of vivid vapour-like light, on which the moon's rays were reflected with all the colours of the opal, shot from the northern horizon high up the sky with a light fluttering noise, trembled awhile, and then vanished, to spread in a broad low belt from north-west to north-east, that, even as one looked, wreathed and rolled and faded here like vapour, and grew there into nuclei and patches of more brilliant light; then seemed to be swept away before the wind, to spring again in a fantastic zig-zag from the north-west high overhead, and spread across the zenith like a luminous smoke, through which the stars shone with a steel-like glitter. Watching the scene attentively, I formed a theory about the northern lights which, though perhaps not worth much, I do not remember to have met with before. The impression it conveyed to my mind was that of a vast misty gauze curtain, shot with glowworm light, suspended across the arch of the sky from north-west to north-east; in which, as in some dusky silken texture shot with gold, the folds of the drapery must be stirred to show the light in it. The coruscations that night, and every other that I watched the aurora borealis, were always more brilliant when the gusts of the wind came fiercest; just as if their breath shook the curtain and sent the inwoven fire shooting and playing fantastically up the folds, to fall back again as it swung to rest, and hang irregularly along the still trembling fringe; and when at last the wind went north, and the curtain of vapour was actually rolled up from the horizon to the zenith, with the lights flickering and flashing in it, till it lay right overhead from side to side of the heavens, exactly like a furled sail—now too dense and bright for the stars to pierce it—and then dissolved, and the play was over for that night, I felt more than ever confirmed in this idea; and pretty certain of one thing, that the aurora borealis, whatever it is, is, at all events, actual matter, electric and luminous, and sufficiently solid to be subject to the action of the wind.

It froze sharply that night, but morning broke calm and bright, with a hot sun. Our toilet was a matter of nearly as much interest to the household as our eating the previous evening; and nothing but absolute nudity availed to banish the curious gazers, who were continually coming in, one after another, on various pretexts;—the old woman, who caught J. contentedly splashing in the bath, bolting like a bird, and calling out to the *flika* to be sure and get in some more wood and make a great fire; for the English gentleman was in the cold water, and would certainly die!

Björkholm, as its name imports, was once a birch-grown island; but the soil being found to be unusually fertile, it was soon entirely cleared by its first settlers, and now produces the best crops of any farm on the lakes. Sheltered as it is, too, from the north and east by

the high rocky shore that rises from the water's edge close behind it, it enjoys an almost immunity from the frosts of autumn, so dreaded by the Lapland settler; who often sees the entire result of his year's labour cut off in a single night, and this sometimes for two or three harvests following. We had put up at the best house, of course; but all on the island seemed thriving and contented.

We were all packed in one large canoe, this time with an odd mixed lot of rowers, headed by the hospitable settler—a couple of his children, boy and girl, taking one oar. The Lapp was to relieve them when they gave out; but he apparently had never had an oar in his hand before, and broke the time, caught crabs, and impeded our progress so much, that we abused old Nordmark savagely for having fluked such a duffer into the crew.

The day was deliciously warm, and the scenery of Lake Skalka far more varied and charming than any we had yet seen; and we lay basking in the sun and smoking with the keenest sense of enjoyment. On Skalka we met the only boat that we came across on the whole voyage. It contained three people, returning down lake from Quik-kjokk; and the chat, as we passed some hundred yards apart, sounded pleasantly in the sunny silence.

"Who have you there?"

"Engelske herrar!" (English gentlemen.)

"Jasö!" in a tone of intensest interest and surprise.

"Adieu!" we shouted. "God save King Carl!"

And the words echoed clear and ringing across the water, where King Carl's own royal person had passed in canoes like ours; when, as Crown-prince of Sweden, he visited this *ultima Thule* of his wild domains.

The lake narrows very much at the top, and, owing to the drought of the season, the middle of the channel between this and Lake Tjamotis was a bare field of huge black rocks, between which the water slowly trickled; while on either side was a deep strait, through which it poured with tremendous power and volume. Our men chose the left-hand channel, as being the least dangerous; but it was not without the greatest exertion that we got through safely. Three times had the boat's head to be run ashore for wind and rest during the struggle, though we lightened her of our party, by getting out to fish the first time she touched. At last, after we had unsuccessfully thrashed for half an hour two or three deep savage-looking eddies, which I really believe were too fierce for fish to live in them, they got her through, and we went on our way again.

On the left shore of Tjamotis the Lapp was to join his own people; but he was very nearly losing all chance of doing so except in Abraham's bosom hereafter. The boat was being slanted to the right after some ducks, when, while J. had the gun to his shoulder, and was just pulling the trigger, the ass of a Lapp, who was forward, must needs shove his head over the side of the boat to look round at the birds! Another instant of time, and three inches more distance, and the top of his skull would have gone, as well as the top of his high blue cap. There was a special look-out kept over him that day by his protecting angel, beyond all doubt.

We got some delicious milk from the farm where we put him ashore,

and found to our satisfaction that it went uncommonly well with vodki, making an impromptu milk-punch of very good flavour.

Our view of the snow mountains over Quikkjokk grew grander as we passed up Lake Tjamotis, till at last the rising cliffs of the shore shut out their proud heads from our sight. We reached the settlement of Niavvi at its northern end in the afternoon; and, pending the portage of our effects, we bolted, as usual, to the river, gun and rod in hand. The lake shore was nearly level, and the water shallow and gravelly at the edge; and the nearest eddy formed by the rushing stream from Lake Saggat above, was a very far cast. It was very tantalising, for every swirl and eddy far into the lake was absolutely alive with huge trout and grayling, feeding greedily on a sort of large dun fly that was thick on the water. I waded in as far as I could trust my Lapp boots, but it was of no use, I could not reach the cast; so had to go back to the houses, and get a boat and a small boy to help me—J. having disappeared up the river after some wild fowl or other. I was soon fast in a heavy fish, but found it so dangerous to attempt to play him in the rickety canoe in such heavy water, that I made the boy put me ashore, and landed my captive from the beach. I kept on at this work, hooking and landing, for nearly an hour; and got such a quantity of fine grayling, weighing from two to six pounds apiece, that it was as much as I could carry. The lad, too, managed the landing-net, after once seeing me use it, as adroitly as the most practised fisherman. Wading in up to his knees, when he had put me ashore, he used to stand perfectly still with the net in the water, till I could work the struggling fish round to his feet; when he would slip the net under him with extraordinary quickness and bring him to land, and grin from ear to ear with delight. We left the greater part of our capture for the benefit of the natives, only taking on enough for our supper.

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## TWO ROYAL WIDOWS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

### I.

FAR up in the north of Scotland there stands upon a green peninsula, near the banks of the Dee, a castle dating from the middle ages. On the south rises the noble Craig Gowan; on the north, a broad, majestic ridge of wild, uncultivated hills protects the structure from the menacing storm.

One fine summer's day, sixteen years ago, a quietly dressed lady was seated on a camp-stool on the north side of the turbulent stream. Upon her lap rested a sketch-book, in which she was tracing the castle before her, when a herd-boy came along the path driving his flock towards the artist. The sheep, however, stopped, and would not be induced to pass so unaccustomed an object, and the boy, impatient of the delay, ran up to the lady, calling out, "Get oot my gate, leddy, and let the sheep pass." The lady rose up, smiling, and stepped aside. Still the herd would not go on, and the boy shouted, angrily:



"Gae back, I tell ye, will ye, and let the sheep pass?"

At this moment a servant hurried up, and said:

"Boy, do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"I dinna ken, and I dinna care," replied the lad; "it's the sheep's path, and she has nae richt to sit hersel' doon there."

"But it is the Queen," the servant answered.

"The Queen?" cried the lad, amazed. "Is't the Queen? Weel, but why disna she put on claes that folk may ken her by?"

Yes, it was Victoria of England, our gracious Queen, on whose kingdom the sun never sets, to whom this naïve compliment from the young herd-boy's lips was paid, and who went out of the way that his flock might proceed quietly. In the summer of 1848, the Queen and her late consort first occupied the castle of Balmoral, situated among the hills of Aberdeen, and celebrated in history and in song. On the spot so often chosen by the warlike Highlanders as a meeting-place, and where once the Earl of Mar had raised the standard of rebellion, and mustered his adherents against the King of England, there England's sovereign settled in the midst of her subjects; her Majesty having at once discharged the two companies of Scotch soldiers sent by the Duke of Wellington to Mar Castle.

The Queen and her family spent many pleasant days in their new abode. Prince Albert would often follow the chase as far as the dark Lochnagar, which was within the estate, or he would ride out to inspect the farming and agricultural improvements he had begun, mixing at all times as freely with the people as the Queen herself did. Ever since the court had resided at Balmoral, the Highland clans assemble there once every year to perform their national games and sports; the most curious feature of the fête being the dance with torches. A platform hewn out of the rugged hill formed the theatre; at one end of which a wooden floor was made, enclosed on three sides by a palisade, and on the fourth provided with a canopy, under which the royal party stationed themselves at nightfall. At the corners of this square, four stout Highland-men were posted, with torches in their hands, while six pipers stood facing the throne. Twenty-four Highlanders, also bearing torches, mingled in a weird, fanciful dance, uttering at intervals the thrilling war-cry of their ancient clan. The torches lighting up the deep yawning valley, the brilliant court and the savage warriors, made the scene appear like a return to semi-barbarous times.

Meanwhile, the old castle became too small for its royal inmates, and a complete reconstruction was accordingly planned in the year 1853. A small colony of temporary huts rose up round the castle to accommodate the masons, stone-cutters, and bricklayers, and the handsome granite building increased in size day by day, when from some unknown cause a fire broke out among these lath huts. Prince Albert was soon on the spot, standing in the lines of workmen between the river and the conflagration, handing bucket after bucket of water until the fire was extinguished. The Queen, too, was no idle spectator. Not alone did she incite the assistants to renewed exertions by her presence, but she directed them with a calmness and precision peculiarly her own.

Following such times of excitement, of gay festivity, and of unforeseen calamity, came peaceful days such as the Queen loved, the brightest among them being the Sunday. Opposite the castle, on the north side

of the Dee, is the little village of Crathie. To its simple church every Sunday morning a devout couple repaired, carrying prayer-books in their hands; they came across the bridge from the castle, followed by several children and two or three servants in the royal livery. At first, the congregation stared not a little at "the Queen" and "Prince Albert," but in a short time they had made so close an acquaintance with them, that they looked upon them as old friends. In the afternoon, it was the Queen's custom to go unattended, excepting by one of her children, into the cottages of the poor and the sick; examining the linen and the beds, inquiring about the children's education, and questioning the boys and girls as to their industry or their attention to the sermon. She comforted the feeble and the sick, and read aloud to them from the Bible. With the idle she remonstrated. When she returned she made notes of all she had seen, and substantial evidences of her visit would in a few days adorn those poor cottages. During the week she visited the school, and thus became acquainted with the children, who having once heard her say to the Prince, "What do you think of this, Albert?" called her "Dear Mrs. Albert." While the Prince provided a model farm for the peasants of Crathie, she founded a model village school.

Numberless such traits have won the Queen great popularity. "The Queen ha' been in my cottage," said a labourer of Balmoral, just returned from giving evidence in a court of justice, "and she speaks so nicely, and draws such pretty pictures for the bairns, I would a hundred times rather speak to her than to yon mon in the muckle grey wig." And just as she visited the labourer, and drew little pictures for his children, so did she think of her soldiers in the Crimea and Scutari, sending them a large provision of the best syrup and several tons of ginger cakes. At another time, when she went to be photographed for the poorer population, she wore a plain silk dress, that she might as much as possible resemble one of themselves, and at the same time be a pattern to them of simplicity. The toys given to the children at the orphan asylums and hospitals were always chosen by herself, the value of the presents being enhanced by words of kindness.

The 14th of December of the year 1861 was to annihilate the happiness of the royal pair. The noble German, who once said of himself that he was not only the husband of her Majesty, but the instructor of her children, the Queen's private secretary, and her permanent minister, was torn from her side by an early death. Sad and disconsolate, the path lay before her—a path of duty and of labour, which she would enter upon with God's blessing and a full confidence in the loyalty of her subjects. We recognise in her portrait the same features we once scrutinised narrowly in Glasgow, in 1849. In the material points the face is the same: the soft, expressive features, the well-formed forehead, and the honest eyes, form a countenance never beautiful, but equally removed from commonplace. Round the mouth is stamped a gentle sorrow, in lines drawn only too sharply; the hair, fast softening into grey, is hidden under the widow's cap, and the neck is encircled by a narrow widow's collar. But without these insignia of woe the widow would be recognised. An extraordinary benevolence, a quiet motherly look, characterise her thoroughly womanly features. She stands before us a simple, noble woman, such as she has shown herself so frequently in her intercourse with her subjects.

England's Queen came for the first time out of strict retirement on

the occasion of the opening of parliament, on the 6th of February, 1866; the attendant pomp and ceremony being, by her desire, dispensed with as much as possible. Her robe of dark velvet, and cap à la Marie Stuart, attached by a plain diamond brooch, added to the expression of a grief which had survived the four years that had elapsed since the death of the Prince Consort. Most characteristic of her gentleness and of the strength of her domestic feelings is it, that at the close of the ceremony she went up to the Princess of Wales, seated almost at her feet, and kissed her affectionately. From that day she has taken part in public affairs. But her pleasure in visiting the cottages of the poor, in soothing pain and grief, outweighs everything, and although she no longer appears robed in deep mourning, yet her whole demeanour shows that her life is consecrated to a great sorrow. This, however, does not prevent her being, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, the mother of her people. God save the Queen!

## II.

On the 29th of November, 1823, Prussia's crown prince presented to his father, Frederick William III., a daughter, in the Bavarian Princess Elizabeth Louisa, to whom he was just united. For thirteen years the old monarch mourned his wife Louisa, the lovely Rose Queen, and he now seemed to revive in the happiness of his children. He made the princess sit next him at table, that he might converse with her, sympathise with her, and chase away any trifling care. His delight was excessive when she entered the Protestant Church and received the holy communion, together with her husband; his eyes filled with tears as he folded her in his arms, and kissed her on her return. On Christmas-day, 1825, he bestowed Charlottenhof, near Sans Souci, upon the young pair.

The life of Frederick William has never yet been written as such a life deserves; but, throughout his career, the powerful though secret influence of his wife can be detected. Elizabeth's character was little understood during the time of her reign as queen. Her mind in its truth and purity refused to descend to the flattery, to the idle and frivolous conversation required by the mass. For sixteen years she was permitted to enjoy her married life before the diadem of royalty was placed upon her head; but whatever might be the harassing difficulty of the times, the domestic happiness of the royal couple remained undisturbed. When the king's brow darkened, the queen knew how to dispel the cloud with womanly tact. One day, annoyed by the carelessness of a servant, he burst into passionate vindictive. The queen allowed her eyes to wander round the room, as if in search of some object. "What do you want? What are you looking for?" he asked. "I am looking for the king," she replied, calmly. All impatience was gone. Frederick William IV. had understood his wife, and told her so by a grateful smile and quiet nod.

"It was a pleasing picture to see them together," says one who knew them. "The king, lively, witty, and full of humour; the queen, quiet, thoughtful, and unchanging; the king's features and deportment mobile, and often excited; the queen always unimpassioned, without being cold, for a gentle amiability smiled in her large, open, beautiful eyes."

During the king's illness in the autumn of 1857—an illness that ter-

minated fatally on the 2nd of January, 1861—Elizabeth's piety and devotion was first appreciated. The remembrance of those three years of ill-health is still fresh in the minds of the people, the few days that he spent at Sans Souci appearing as bright spots when contrasted with his frequent absences in Italy. Life grew darker and more painful, but, still faithful in joy and sorrow, Elizabeth tended him untiringly by night or by day. The difficulty of movement she experiences in her old age is, no doubt, attributable to her excessive efforts in nursing her sick husband. How he had loved her, he could only express at the close of his life by a look, but his last articulate words, in answer to her agitated inquiry, "Have you no word, no token for me?" were, "My dearly loved wife!" In his will he writes, "In the tomb I wish to rest by her side as near as possible."

Ever since the death of her consort, the widowed queen has lived in peaceful retirement; a life by no means of gloom, for she believes, with a clear faith and joyful assurance, that he in whom her heart was bound has passed to an eternal and imperishable joy. Everything that the king loved, the lonely wife preserves. Every honoured friend and servant receives frequent invitations from her.

Her chief occupation is to visit the widows and children in their affliction, to relieve and alleviate their distress. Three days in each week are set apart for the discharge of the business of charity, when she receives every petition addressed to her, reads it, and investigates it, giving liberally where no want of worth is proved. Besides these charities, which extend over every province in the kingdom, she has established asylums for young children, asylums for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb. The queen had passed her happiest days in Sans Souci, so she has there established her home. The church containing the earthly remains of her husband is there, and she often seeks this spot, dearest to her on earth. Kind hands have worked white carpets to spread over the steps leading to the tomb, so that her feet may not rest upon the cold marble, and in a quiet niche a chair is placed, with an embroidered footstool before it. Around the vault itself are the green boughs of the palm, while every other space is filled with flowers full of deep meaning.

The queen lives in the same rooms she had occupied in her husband's lifetime, and near it is his former work-room, which was also the scene of his death. Not a piece of furniture, not a picture, has been removed from the old-accustomed place. Upon the writing-desk stands the king's portrait, so successfully painted by Otto; flowers adorn the table, while the view from the windows is the pride of Sans Souci. Quitting the flowers and orange-trees, entwined together with ivy planted by the Empress of Russia and her children, the eye rests upon green turf and blossoming fruitful fields, still farther off on town and country, and on Havel, where the sun shines upon blue floods studded with white sails. In the king's room, also, nothing has been altered. The only good portrait of the queen, obtained by Stieler, of Munich, has its place here, and upon the writing-desk stands the bust of King John of Saxony, whose queen, the twin-sister of Elizabeth, so resembles her, that the two sisters have been mistaken for one another even by the old servants. In one corner, where the wire bell of the first Frederick, with its red wooden handle, is suspended, stands the king's

bed, with the wreath of palm to denote his dissolution. Near it are placed the chairs in which he was wheeled into the garden, his darling creation. His stick, cap, and gloves, have each of them found a permanent resting-place as tender mementoes.

The order of the day is strictly regulated by the queen. At nine o'clock in the morning prayers are read during the summer months at Sans Souci, by the court preacher, Heym, and during the winter at Charlottenhof, by one of the candidates for the cathedral staff. Every member of the household has the option of joining in these prayers or remaining absent, but it is considered by all a privilege to attend. After these devotions, the queen remains in her study, reading, writing, or examining the letters and petitions sent to her, till one or two o'clock in the afternoon, at which time any one may obtain a hearing. Towards two o'clock she takes her daily exercise in the open air with one of the ladies of the court, and wherever these excursions may lead her, she meets the skilful hand of Frederick William IV., who had done so much towards the embellishment of Potsdam. Before dinner, which is served at four, the queen returns to receive any persons renowned either for their services in the state or for intellectual acquirements. After dinner, she converses with her guests until five o'clock, when she retires to her room, remaining there until half-past eight, at which hour she partakes of tea with the ladies and gentlemen of the court, intimate friends only being admitted.

When King William lived at Babelsberg, he often came to take tea with her; and on particular days the children of Prince William Charles are allowed to see the queen, when she enters into their little sports with maternal solicitude. After tea, which lasts until half-past eleven, one of the ladies frequently reads aloud to the queen, who is employed in needlework, her majesty remaining sitting up to a late hour, answering her correspondents, about which she is most scrupulous.

When autumn has shaken the last leaf from the saplings of the great Fritz, the mighty trees of Sans Souci, the court of Queen Elizabeth repairs to Charlottenhof, and Lorchen, the beautiful parrot given them by Queen Augusta, and the pet of the family, is carefully wrapped up and taken with them.

King William IV. had prepared a comfortable home in Charlottenhof. The windows look out upon the lovely green of a splendid orangery, laden with golden fruit for winter enjoyment. There Queen Elizabeth receives her relations from Berlin daily, spending many hours in visiting collections of art, schools, and benevolent institutions. Here, too, there is a Christmas distribution of presents to poor children invited and welcomed by the widowed queen.

For two years, unhappily, the queen has been unable to move without assistance. She is now conveyed in an easy-chair from room to room, and carried up the steps into her carriage. Her sufferings are severe, but no complaint escapes her. She waits patiently for the hour which shall change the twilight of this day into the dawn of the next.

## PARKS AND GARDENS.

WE know little of the first garden, except that it was planted with "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." The tree of life plays an important part in the religious poetry and art of the ancient Orientals. It is seen in the sculptures of Egypt and Assyria, as it exists also in the poetry of the Hindhus. Allusions to gardens are very frequent in Scripture. The plain of Jordan is described as the garden of the Lord, and there was a garden over the brook Kidron. The description of a garden as given by Solomon was that of an enclosed space with springs and fountains; an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices. This, although it would require some critical explanation to be understood by the unlearned, is, taken as a whole, a very comprehensive idea of one of the most favoured gardens that it is almost possible to conceive.

Living in a climate where out-of-door life is so enjoyable, parks and gardens have ever been favoured by the Easterns. With the Egyptians of old, the garden seems to have been an object of even greater care than the house. A careful examination of their paintings shows that these gardens were laid out in a very formal style. The flower-beds are rectangular; the raised terraces run in straight lines; arbours of trellis-work occur at definite intervals, covered with vines and other creepers. Some of the ponds are stored with water-fowl, and others with fish. Vegetables are depicted in great variety and abundance. In almost every representation of a banquet we find that flowers were regarded as the chief ornaments, and fruits as the principal delicacies. But no flower or fruit raised in the Egyptian garden was more valued than the lotus. We meet it everywhere. The Egyptian ladies wore it as an ornament in the hair; they wore necklaces of its petals in their bouquets, and they were rarely to be seen without one of these flowers, either in bud or bloom, in their hands. Hence, also, the maidens in attendance upon Solomon's Egyptian bride were called by figure of speech *Shushannim*, or "the lilies," just as the capital of Susiana was called *Shush*, "the Lily."

It is probable that the celebrated hanging-gardens of Babylon, planted to gratify the longings of a Persian princess after her native woods, were constructed according to the Egyptian fashion. The terraces, to the number of twenty, rose, thickly planted, one above the other, watered by lofty wheels, turned by the flowing Euphrates. There were gardens of the same epoch in the hilly regions, as at the spot still called the region of gardens—*Bahgistan*—at Van, at Susa, and at many other places. The word "paradise" is especially of Persian origin, and was applied alike to hunting parks and to gardens—enclosed spaces—still common enough in the unchangeable Orient, which are divided by long avenues, decorated with pavilions and fountains, watered by clear streams, and planted with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs. Such paradises abounded in Asia—not a Persian satrap but had his park. Xenophon notices that of Belesis on

the Upper Euphrates. Tissaphernes, Plutarch tells us, called his park after Alcibiades, out of regard for the hero of that name. Homer's description of the gardens of Alcinous—

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,  
From storms defended and inclement skies;  
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,  
Fenced with a green enclosure all around—

is too long for quotation, but it is an accurate word-painting of what pleasure-gardens are to the present day in the East, varying with the climate, most fertile in pomegranates in the vale of Damascus, more adorned with roses around Shiraz, shaded by drooping palms at Baghdad.

The Chinese, who claim an antiquity coeval with that of Egypt and Chaldea, had also their parks and gardens of great extent, and of semi-fabulous fertility and beauty, and that even in the midst of cities, as occurs in the present day in Peking. The people hence complained of the four-leagued enclosure of Siwan Wang (B.C. 368), just as a park within a city, unless open to all, is objectionable in the eyes of townspeople, whether Chinese or Yankees. The king found his garden too small; the people declared it to be too large. A century afterwards, Chi-Hang-Ti gathered together in a park, thirty leagues in extent, models of all the feudal palaces which he had destroyed in the empire. He was the Richelieu of his day, and aggrandised the throne upon the ruins of feudal power and magnificence. Japan has not yet had its Richelieu, and the gardens of the Daimios still enclose whole portions of towns or cities. Wu-Ti, a great conqueror of the Han dynasty, had a park fifty leagues in circumference, dotted with palaces, kiosks, grottos, and all kinds of decorations. Thirty thousand slaves were employed to keep it in order. The ambition of his successor lay in another direction. He wished to make one garden of all China. "If my predecessor," he said, "had used the money he spent upon his park in reclaiming uncultivated lands, many thousands of people would not now be in want of rice." The Chinese have evidently had some wise monarchs, whose history does not as yet constitute part of our scholastic education.

The most beautiful gardens of the Greeks appear to have been, not on the mainland but on the islands. In the latter, the contrasted configuration of the soil, and the perspective of the sea, which never wearies upon the eye, added to the graceful aspect of the verdure and the brilliancy of the flowers. There, as in the orchards of Alcinous and the "paradises" of Persia, were hundreds of fruit-trees of all kinds and descriptions, grape-vines festooning trellis-work, and in the absence of shrubs distilling odoriferous gums and spices of more southerly climates, a perpetual summer was ensured by cypresses, laurels, and their congeners. If the Greek gardens were not so formal as those of Egypt, the decorative architecture was nearly as much so; and much as we deprecate what has been ludicrously termed the "Dutch system," it is impossible to deny that a certain severity of form in the disposition of the garden suited the aspect of both Egyptian and Greek temples, palaces, and monumental buildings. It is impossible to imagine Philæ, islanded in the waters of the Nile, to have been ever otherwise than beautiful; and the space between the palm-grove on the Nile and the valleys of the tombs of the kings and

queens at Thebes, with the colossal statues rising in the midst, must have been far more striking than the modern Shubra.

The ancients, like Solomon in the Lebanon, and Laertes when he had ceded his crown to Ulysses, not only worked themselves at their gardens round their homes, but they more particularly embellished their temples with sacred woods and gardens. Herodotus, and many who follow him, take pleasure in describing the beauties of the sacred groves of old. Among the most celebrated was that consecrated by Xenophon to Diana near Olympus, and that of Daphne near Antioch. The latter is still a beautiful spot, with picturesque rocks, abundant live waters, and a perfect wilderness of laurels, box, and other shrubs embosomed in a forest of trees.

The taste and creative genius of the ancients, be they Egyptians, Assyrians, Hebrews, or Persians, are said to have had little influence upon classical antiquity in the matter of parks and gardens, but it is impossible not to imagine that Caius Marius, the horticultural correspondent of Cicero and the friend of Augustus, and to whom was delegated the landscape planting of the *Viminalis Collis*, of the *Mons Palatinus*, and the *Esquilina*, borrowed some ideas from his predecessors. The gardens of Pompey, of Lucullus (who brought over the cherry from *Cerasus*), of Sallust, of Cæsar, of Mæcenas, and of Nero, are quoted as being within the circuit of the city, but the delight of the wealthy Romans was to erect their villas and fashion out their gardens amid rocks and falling waters, and, above all, they liked to see the blue waters of the Mediterranean washing the base of their porticos and colonnades, while they were shaded above by evergreen oaks and stone-pines, and which at Ravenna constitute a real forest.

The innumerable villas of Tusculum (*Frascati*) enamelled the slopes looking towards Rome like so many green and white flowers. Cicero had a well-known retreat there, previously the property of Sylla, where a Greek *Palæstra*, a Lyceum decorated with statues, a little Academy with an amphitheatre, and double-headed *Hermæ*, with heads of bronze and marble bodies resting on pyramidal pedestals, recalled to the author of the *Tusculani* his beloved Athens, and flattered his taste as an artist and as a man of letters. Horace inhabited, for the most part, a villa on the slopes of the Tiber, now known as *Tivoli*.

But the example of the poet, "at ease reclined in some grassy retreat, where the lofty pine and hoary poplar delight to interweave their boughs into an hospitable shade, and the clear current with trembling surface purls along in meandering rivulet," could not reclaim his contemporaries from the luxurious tastes introduced by Lucullus and Scipio from Asia. In the villa of Lucullus at Tusculum, and that of Varro at *Casinum*, new forms of trees pleased the eye, and the songs of birds of unfamiliar plumage gratified the ears. Pliny the younger possessed several villas on the Tiber, at Tusculum, at *Prænestæ*, a maritime villa between *Laurentia* and *Ostia*, and a Tuscan villa at the foot of the *Apennines*. He has left us detailed descriptions of the two latter. In all those villas there were the same porticos and colonnades adorned with shrubs and statues, the same *piscinæ*, the same aviaries, trellises with vines, gardens, grass-plots, and waters, dotted with pavilions and summer-houses, and backed by sombre woods.



Adrian, who had wandered in Greece, on the Nile, and to the farther Euphrates, gathered together the plans of edifices, monuments, and statues which he had seen or collected in his campaigns in the celebrated Villa Adriana. The various edifices constituting this garden ranged along the summit and sides of a hill between Rome and Tiber, and it has since, albeit despoiled by Constantine, and ravaged by Goths, Lombards, and Guelfs and Ghibelins, supplied marvels of art to the principal museums of Rome. The remains of this wondrous villa, although the site is in part occupied by the churches and houses of the modern Tivoli, still fill the tourist with surprise, marked as they are by long avenues of cypresses, through which fragments of ruin peer here and there, extending over a space of some seven miles in circumference.

Constantine improvised, on one of the finest sites of the world—now known as Seraglio Point, at Constantinople—another Adrian's villa, but embellished with Oriental luxury. Justinian and Justin II. piled baths and retiring-rooms around the Chrysotriclinium, a vast throne-room whose cupola rested on eight apses, and crowded pavilions and pleasure-houses, paved with marbles and mosaics, in the vast gardens. Constantine VII. (Porphyrogenetes) has left a description of the home of the Byzantine emperors, from which it appears that there were seven peristyles, eight courts planted with trees, four large churches, seventeen refectories, five throne-rooms, ten galleries, and nine palaces. What a hideous abomination of mud walls and unsightly and incongruous habitations! The abodes of aged concubines and cooks, with latticed windows overlooking silent courts, the entrance to which is forbidden by withered, yellow-faced eunuchs, replace the magnificence of the Low Empire in the days of the Mussulman polygamist!

The middle ages made but few innovations in the matter of villas and gardens. The feudal barons were more busy constructing castellated mansions, around which the houses of the serfs grouped for protection, than in laying out places of innocent pleasure and recreation. The fair châtelaines dwelt in their towers, with a bird and a page for all company, whilst their lords were engaged in war or in hunting. The Merovingian kings had, however, a vast hunting-park at Compiègne, a garden at Saint Germain des Prés watered by a canal drawn from the Seine, and the Thermæ of Julian, their next favourite home in Paris, had a kind of garden after the more formal Roman fashion. Childebert interested himself in the cultivation of fruit at Saint Germain des Prés, and Fortunat, a contemporary chronicler, assures us that the royal touch communicated an additional flavour to the apples and pears. Charlemagne had a list drawn up of the royal gardens, as he had of the wines of France, and also of the plants which he wished to be cultivated in them. The garden of Saint Louis occupied a limited space on the island known as La Cité. The gardens of Charles V. were not only planted with trees, but also adorned with flowers. These were, for the most part, grown in rectangular beds, and they were but of a common description. Roses, carnations, salvias, lavender, rosemary, and southern-wood were among the favourite plants from the sixth to the sixteenth century. We find descriptions of mediæval gardens in the "Lai de l'Oiselet," in which the fragrance of the flowers is spoken of as capable of reviving the dying, and in the "Roman de la Rose" we have trees, flowers, fountains, and

birds, deer, rabbits, and squirrels, heaped together with the description of spices and fruits of all descriptions.

Boccaccio has left us a similar description, but less confused, of an Italian garden in the fourteenth century, supposed to be that of the Villa Rinuccini. The garden was formal enough, consisting mainly of avenues radiating from a common central fountain, with trellis-work and shrubberies, chiefly of roses, flower-beds, and grass-plots, and no end of animals and birds.

England, which two or three hundred years afterwards inaugurated a first and a complete revolution in the planning of parks and gardens, knew nothing better at that epoch than to copy the Italians and the French, adopting in some instances the still worse taste of the Dutch, of parallelograms of tulips, hyacinths, and other flowering plants. Walpole alludes to a tapestry in Warwick Castle, in which a garden is represented analogous to the frescoes of Herculaneum, with little square beds flanked by trellis-work and espaliers, and with fountains, vases, and caryatides in regular rows; a strict adherence to symmetry pervading the whole, such as is still to be met with where there is no sense of Hogarth's line of beauty—the circular or waving.

The good King René d'Anjou is said to have designed a garden near Angers for his wife Isabelle, which is claimed by some as having anticipated the English fashion. Monsieur Lefèvre\* gives an imaginary sketch of "La Baumette," as this garden was called, which would show that it is only so far English that it is a wilderness, not a garden. In the description given of it, we read, however, of avenues of trees, and of beds of roses and pinks, which were probably equally rectilinear. René had a garden more favoured by nature at Aix, and here he is said to have introduced the mulberry and sugar-cane, and to have ameliorated the Muscat grape. The architectural part of the garden rose in a succession of terraces, disposed in an amphitheatre; birds and flowers enlivened the open galleries, and at the base were extensive fish-ponds.

The Arabs, with their love of water, of a meridional exuberance of vegetation, and of a fantastic architecture, introduced great changes in taste in the fourteenth century. They created the "Huertas" of Valencia and of Murcia, charming plains irrigated by canals, the beds of which are still to be seen. The Alcazar (Al Kasr) of Seville, and the patio or court of the cathedral, have preserved their Moorish physiognomy. At the Alhambra of Granada we have water everywhere. It flows in fountains, cascades, and canals all through the courts and galleries, and irrigates clumps of orange-trees, cypresses, cherries, and acacias, and long avenues of poplars. Every house in Granada had its patio or court, with fountain and orange-trees. In the garden of Ziza, at Palermo, a pavilion, decorated with mosaics and surmounted by a brilliant cupola, was surrounded by a spacious street of water, solidly paved, whilst a long colonnade with small open pavilions—temples or summer-houses—adorned a park of two miles in circumference.

The most beautiful gardens in Italy were indebted in main part to nature for their charms. They were generally on the slopes of hills, and whether the villa itself dominated, or lay at the foot, still there were

\* *Les Parcs et les Jardins.* Par André Lefèvre. L. Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.

always terraces, stairs, falls of water, which imparted life and movement, and sufficient turnings and sweeps to break the uniformity of outline which so long survived the hanging-gardens of Babylon, and the classic gardens of Greece and Rome. The sixteenth century—the era of what is termed “Renaissance”—combined the beauties and defects of the villas of Adrian and Pliny, symmetry of lines being subordinated to the varied outline of nature, whilst it superadded the finical fancies of petty contrivances and details, as of trees clipped into fantastic shapes. Bernard de Palissy described what he calls “le jardin délectable,” and the potter’s taste can be readily imagined—a series of pavilions and terraces crowded with grotesque decorations, and walls enamelled with bright-coloured reptiles. Nymphs in marble pouring water on the passer-by, trees so clipped as to catch the lightest breeze in aerial flageolets, and reservoirs so curiously disposed for surprise as to sometimes involve the explorer in the midst of their waters. This may have been “the era of a vigorous offset of the Græco-Roman art, triumphing after the lapse of a barbarism that stifled it,” but it was also the era of much that was exceedingly false in point of taste, and yet which subsequent times have never entirely got rid of.

The Boboli garden at Florence is quoted as an example of perfect taste. Here shady groves with sheets of water and grassy glades occupy the base, whilst terraces with pines and cypresses, statues and vases, rise above. This is generally admitted to be at once regal and conventional. Florence possesses, indeed, a great number of these historical villas. Such are the Poggio Impériale, approached by a superb avenue of cypresses; Del Giojello, where Galileo passed his declining years; Villa Mozzi, the home of the Cozmos; Careggi, where Savonarola visited Lawrence de Medicis on his death-bed, and refused him absolution; Rinuccini, now Palmieri de’ tre visi, the asylum of Boccaccio’s heroines during the plague of 1348; Pratolino, now in decay, the home of that terrible Venetian, Bianca Capello. The tragic history of this heroine, and of Lawrence of Medici, had, however, its dénouement at the Poggio a Caiano, a charming grand-ducal villa, watered by the Ombrone.

Pisa and Padua are also proud of their botanical gardens, said to be the oldest in Europe. The Dukes of Urbino had their park at Pesaro, and Genoa still exhibits to tourists the garden of its illustrious Dorias, where the fallen columns and invading weeds cannot, at all events, deprive the place of the beauty of its site. Site is, indeed, everything, and there is none around Rome to compare with Tivoli. Its clear flowing waters, its cool shades, its grotto of syrens, attracted Mæcanas, Quintilius Varus, and Horace. Zenobia died there in retirement, but the sad decay of the Papal States have allowed the place to become a mere mass of ruin and an unwholesome marsh. So also of the Villa d’Este, designed in 1549 by Pirro Ligorio for Cardinal d’Este, and said by President de Brosses to surpass Frascati, abandoned and neglected ever since 1730. The Tusculan hills are, however, still one vast garden, divided by four or five princely families. And what gardens! That of Piccolomini can no longer be referred to, but to the east of it are the secular plane-trees of the Villa Falconieri, on the heights the Casino del Ruffinella, and below the Taverna and Conti, belonging to the Torlonias, and Mondragone to the Borghese, with its four hundred windows, its vast kitchens, and mag-

nificent avenue of evergreen oaks; lastly, to the west, the celebrated Villa Aldobrandini, a mountain cut up into terraces, covered with verdure, with grottos, and cascades. The Villa Borghese has a large park, four miles in circumference, and is now a public walk. The Ludovisi, with its laurel hedges, its groves of evergreen oaks and its avenues of centenary cypresses, is also much admired. The gardens of the Quirinal are spoilt by cypresses cut out in the form of vases, and box-trees clipped in artificial forms. The view from the balustrades, however, comprises the whole city, St. Peter's, and the Janiculum. A vast parterre, begun by Nicolas V. and embellished by Julius II., adorns the garden of the Vatican; beyond is the Villa Pia, with its toy of a ship, the guns of which "fire water," and the rigging and sheets are flowing streamlets. Julius had a handsome villa erected by Vignole, the gardens of which have disappeared. Sheds now rest against the ruins, the bases of the columns are buried in manure, washerwomen beat their linen on the marble balustrades, and ducks waddle about the cascades. Next to the slopes of hills, the Italian terraced gardens seem well suited for island decoration. It is impossible not to admit that the terraces raised on arches, with their orange-trees, pomegranates, and vases with flowers, raised on the Isola Bella by Prince Vitalien Borromeo in 1670, have a fairy-like aspect. The interior is not so agreeable as the exterior promises, but the views are charming. What can be more beautiful than the exuberant vegetation on the borders of Lago Maggiore, with its screen of snow-clad mountains?

France had as far back as the sixteenth century parks and gardens, which are said to have claimed comparison even with some of the best of the kind in Italy. Such were Folembay, with its park a league in circumference; Vallery, with its lake and heronry, and a gallery with twenty-nine arches. But Beauregard and Bury were vast quadrangular enclosures, subdivided into lesser squares, and flanked by wooden arcades, with a pavilion at each angle. At Montargis the inevitable little squares were planted with dwarf-trees. Blois was enriched with avenues of elms and terraces of grape-vines on trellises. Chantilly, afterwards embellished by Le Nôtre, existed at the same epoch, as did also Verneuil, Anet, and Gaillon. The three last surpassed all others by the charms of their sites and the advantages which were taken of them. Each had its terraces commanding a varied and beautiful prospect, like the garden of Saint Germain-en-Laye, with its graceful galleries opening upon the wooded sweeps of the Seine. Although Fontainebleau has undergone many changes, it still unquestionably retains the stamp of the early Renaissance. The chief features have ever been the great fish-pond, with its rows of elms, and the difference in level between the court of the fountain and the grand parterre. Henri IV. did a good deal for Fontainebleau, but, excepting the octagonal pavilion on the fish-pond, little remains of so remote an epoch. He also added the park and canal which unites the gardens to the forest.

Olivier de Serres describes "the art of tracing vegetable designs," so justly ridiculed by Pope and Walpole, as having attained "its highest perfection" at this epoch. At Fontainebleau, Saint Germain, the Tuileries, Monceaux, and Blois, plants and flowers were laid out in letters, heraldic devices, and coats of arms, or trimmed into the form of

men or beasts, of boats, ships, and buildings. At the Tuileries were squares, lozenges, and circles, and above all the royal device H, made up of two sceptres crossed by a sword (France and Navarre).

But this was nothing to what was met with in some Dutch and Flemish gardens. A whole stag-hunt was cut out in box at Haarlem, and the abbot of Clairmarais (where are still the floating islands, near Saint Omer) had flocks of green storks, geese, and turkeys, while the abbot of Dunes had for keepers of his preserves gendarmes in boxwood.

The gardens of Rueil, which are said to have inspired Le Nôtre when in quest for a plan for Versailles, were the most richly decorated of any others in the first half of the seventeenth century. They cost Richelieu some thirteen hundred and twenty-six thousand francs. A triumphal arch in imitation of that of Constantine led to a superb orangery—a luxury introduced into France by the Medicis. Park, parterres, pavilions, and cascades have all alike disappeared. Abandoned in the eighteenth century, the place was utterly destroyed in '93.

Le Nôtre constitutes by himself an era in the history of landscape gardening. It is admitted that there is little difference in his system and that of the Italians, or of his predecessors at Gaillon and Rueil, but if his genius was not inventive, he displayed great skill in combining previously existing plans, and adapting them to new sites. With the Romans of old, the garden was part of the villa; with Le Nôtre it was a kind of prolongation of the palace. As a question of art, the French argue that this system is much superior to the English, which can be separated from the edifices without the loss being felt; and they further add, that the supreme aim of all art is not to imitate nature, but to accommodate its charms to the thoughts and to the service of man—a definition which would apply better to cookery than to landscape gardening, painting, or sculpture. The artist may combine the beauties of nature, or display them to the greatest possible advantage, but he cannot improve upon nature, and woods and forests do not grow in squares or parallelograms, no more than box-trees grow in the shape of hideous monsters. It is certain, however, that the French prefer the long rectilinear disposition of walks, avenues, and meadows; for while Versailles, Saint Cloud, and Meudon are crowded, Ermenonville and Morfontaine are deserted. But Ermenonville has mere poetic associations, whilst Versailles is redolent of regal and imperial magnificence, and that may have something to do with it. The same man will go to Versailles and admire it, and will go to Ermenonville and love it. But even the great works of Le Nôtre are abandoned now-a-days, except on grand occasions, as when the waters play. Victor Hugo has depicted in melancholy verse the grass-grown paths, the grey pedestals, and the moss-clad Neptunes, whilst Alfred de Musset has laughed at the hoary satyrs, the winking Tritons, and the slimy nymphs; and Lefèvre says that "it seems as if the works of man, when they survive the state of things which created them, retain only a mortal regret for that which communicated to them the appearance of life."

Les manteaux relevés par la longue rapière,  
Hélas ! ne passaient plus dans ce jardin sans voix.

One of Le Nôtre's first great works was the garden at Vaux, for Fouquet, the unexemplified magnificence of which so excited the jealousy

of Louis XIV. as to have been one of the chief causes of the persecutions of the unfortunate "surintendant." The king, who was as liberal with the money of the French as of their blood, sought his revenge at Versailles. But even this garden, expensive as it was, was nothing to the aqueducts. When that of Marly was not found to suffice, thirty-six thousand soldiers were employed to bring the Eure to Versailles, and they perished by thousands. Among other gardens planned by Le Nôtre were the great Trianon,\* Marly, Clagny, Saint Cloud, Meudon, the Tuileries, Chantilly, Sceaux, the terraces of Saint Germain, and the park of Turin. The plans for Greenwich Park, St. James's Park, and of the Villa Panfilii at Rome, are also attributed to the brave old gardener, who, when over eighty years of age, was pushed in a chair side by side with the "Grand Monarque," and who, when first introduced to the Pope, rushed up to him, embraced him on both cheeks, and declared that he was delighted to see him looking so well!

The successors of Le Nôtre continued, during the greater portion of the reign of Louis XV., firm in their adherence to the classical system; but this system was destined to pass away before the English, or, as Monsieur Lefèvre delights to call it, the Anglo-Chinese system. Walpole declares that Milton inaugurated the natural system of gardening in his description of Eden. Some attribute it to Bacon, others to Addison and Pope; be this as it may, it was certainly Kent (1685 to 1748) who first carried out the system into practice upon a large scale.

Monsieur Lefèvre does not like the English, nor English gardens. In the first place, the English, he declares, did not discover the system, and "their excessive vanity, which renders them often by far too credulous, must be mistrusted. Where does the country enter more into the composition of gardens than in the villas of Tuscany, of Pliny, of Tivoli, and of Frascati, or even at Versailles, Saint Cloud, or Meudon?" Then, again, the English park is never finished; nothing is necessary in it; reason plays no part in it; and therein lies its absolute inferiority, as compared with the Italian villas and the French gardens. The objections are against nature, not against English gardens. Whatever Tivoli, Frascati, or Meudon have of English in them, they owe to nature, to the natural beauties of the site, or to the natural growths. But the English system never objected to turning these to artificial advantage, whether by terraces or temples, by water or perspective. Monsieur Lefèvre prefers art to nature. Well, let it be so. There are no limits to human vanity, yet it certainly appears to be carried to the extreme when man's works are preferred to the Creator's. We are proud—and we have reason to be so—of our hundred renowned parks and gardens. In many of these, as at Kew and Kensington, we have the linear and curved styles combined; in the Horticultural Gardens, at Kensington, we have many of the follies of the old style revived—even to paths with variously coloured fragments of stone.

Germany is crowded with parks and gardens, in which the two styles are combined. The façades of the palaces or châteaux are generally symmetrical; the gardens and parks beyond are in the natural, pic-

\* The "little Trianon," so beloved by Marie Antoinette, is, it is to be observed, essentially an English garden.

turesque, or landscape style. It is questionable if such a combination adopted by Paxton at Chatsworth and at the Crystal Palace is not the most effective and imposing of all styles. Vincennes and the Bois de Boulogne, near Paris, belong to the same category. Sans-Souci, near Berlin, contains two or three châteaux, and Italian, French, and English gardens; and at Schœnbrun, Charlottenburg, Babelsberg, and in the Thiergarten and Lutsgarten, we have also the usual combination of the artistic and the natural. The Cascinas of Italy, the Alamedas of Spain, the Praters of Germany, and the Champs Elysées of Paris, are like our St. James's, neither parks nor gardens (except in part), but walks and drives, with avenues and clumps of trees—a kind of urban apology for what would exist if there was a clearer atmosphere and less traffic.

Among other mixed gardens, Vienna boasts besides its Schœnbrun, its Hofgarten, its Luxemburg, and its Lundenburg; Dresden, its Grosse-garten; Munich, its Nymphenburg; and St. Petersburg, its Tzarkoë-Selo. Bayreuth, Leipzig, Dessau, Dusseldorf, Hamburg, and a hundred other continental towns, also boast, and with justice, of the beauty of their parks and gardens. The gardens of Wœrlitz (Anhalt-Dessau) are especially renowned in Germany, as is also the park of Wilhemshöhe, at Cassel. Almost all these parks and gardens attest that the love of nature, so trammelled by art in ancient and classical times, and so contemned in the pompous days of Louis XIV., will always reign predominant, and whether united to a certain amount of architectural display or not, will carry the day wherever parks and gardens are loved for their own sake and not for their artificial accompaniments.

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## THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, ESQ.

THE distance between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, to be united by the great Suez Canal, is about one hundred miles, and more than half of that distance has already been excavated, whilst the works to be completed on the southern half of the canal are much less formidable than those already finished on the northern half.

The canal, in fact, unites four natural lakes, which have always existed in the Isthmus, and the largest and deepest of these, called the Bitter Lakes, extends to within less than ten miles from Suez. The channel of the canal, through the Bitter Lakes, only requires to be deepened at the northern entrance and at the southern exit. In the body of the lakes there is water sufficient for the largest vessels.

The other lakes, through which the canal passes, are Lake Timsah, Lake Beelah, and Lake Menzaleh. Lake Timsah is the smallest of these, and has long been drying up. It is situated near the centre of the canal, south of the town of Ismailyeh—a town which is situated in the heart of

what was once a desert, and which has been called into existence by the canal and its consequent works only. Lake Beelah is five miles north of Lake Timsah; and Lake Menzaleh is several miles north of Lake Beelah—a ridge of sand only separating its northern shore from the Mediterranean.

The canal is intended to be, when completed, one hundred feet wide and thirty deep, and the works to ensure its completion are on the most gigantic scale. On the Mediterranean side, a harbour had to be constructed, Port Sayd, under the most unfavourable circumstances. The workshops at the port are on a very large scale, and well repay a visit. One of the most interesting sights to be witnessed there, which M. La Roche, the company's engineer, was kind enough to show us himself, was the preparation of large blocks of artificial stone which are being thrown into the sea to form the breakwater at the entrance of the harbour. These blocks are made of sand from the harbour bed, and of hydraulic lime from France, well mixed together with water, and then put into wooden cases and rammed with sand. The wooden casing is removed after two days, and the blocks are left to dry in the sun. This operation it requires two months or more to complete. They are said to weigh about five tons each, and, when ready for use, they are lifted, by a travelling crane worked by steam, on to trucks, passed on to a tramway, and pushed by a locomotive down to where the lighters are ready to receive them. They are transferred to the lighter by another travelling crane, and when the lighter has taken them out to sea, a crane, worked by steam, deposits them in the position they are to occupy.

The breakwater, which is being constructed by means of these blocks, will be nearly three miles long when completed. It forms the western side of the harbour. More than ten thousand of these blocks are said to have been already constructed, and it will take five or six thousand more before this breakwater is complete.

Dredges are constantly at work deepening the harbour, and the superfluous earth and sand, that which is not required either for block-making or for embankments, is carried out to sea, and deposited several miles away, in a north-easterly direction.

Two side basins have been constructed, within the port, upon the western side, for shipping, and, although a great deal has been done to render Port Sayd a harbour fit to contain large vessels, there is no doubt that a great deal remains to be done, and that the difficulties to be surmounted are of the most formidable description.

On how large a scale operations have already been conducted in the formation of this canal, it is almost impossible to give an idea by simple description; but, when the reader reflects that two large towns, each containing several thousands of inhabitants, have been absolutely called into existence by the canal works, he will be better able to appreciate the gigantic nature of the enterprise, and the energy called into activity to overcome the difficulties encountered. These two towns are Port Sayd, on the shore of the Mediterranean, and Ismailyeh, about half way between Port Sayd and Suez.

Where Port Sayd now stands, all was sand and desolation seven years ago, when the canal operations commenced. Every necessary of life had to be conveyed by boat from Damietta, thirty miles off; and now every comfort, and most of the luxuries of life, are obtainable in Port Sayd, in



greater abundance, and with more facility, than in that ancient city—the city of Damietta.

A good deal of the foundation of the town consists of earth and sand dredged up from the bed of the harbour. The streets are regularly laid out, and they are kept as clean as it is possible to keep them, considering that Egyptians and Arabs inhabit most of them. There is a very comfortable hotel, with a long line of wooded apartments facing the sea. The hospital is presided over by the British vice-consul, a physician. A convent, in which sisters of charity live, who do much good in visiting the poor, adjoins the hospital. The sisters of charity, likewise, keep a school for girls, both for boarders and day-scholars. There are places of worship, both Christian and Mohammedan. But the great wonder of Port Sayd is, in truth, the extent and variety of the company's workshops, the machinery, the activity, bustle, and regularity of the work, the variety of races—Egyptian, Arab, French, English, Armenian, Levantine, Italian, and Greek—all working harmoniously together.

The town of Ismailyeh, called after the present viceroy, is totally different from Port Sayd, but is not less wonderful. It is situated, as I have said, about half way between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and, like Port Sayd, owes its origin entirely to the canal. The fresh-water canal, from the Damietta branch of the Nile, originally extended as far as a town called Zagazig, more than fifty miles west of Ismailyeh, which was then looked upon as the limit of civilisation and habitable villages towards the east. All beyond was sand, desert, and desolation, with wandering tribes of Bedouins to make the desolation dangerous. One of the first operations of the canal company was to continue the fresh-water canal to the east, and from a spot near the present Ismailyeh, then all desert, it stretches away towards the south to Suez.

The fresh-water canal has, doubtless, had much to do with the foundation of Ismailyeh in its present position. The town is on the north side of the canal, with the Lake Timsah not far off on the south. It is regularly laid out with good, straight, broad streets, and cannot contain less than three or four thousand inhabitants. It has its French quarter, its Greek, Arab, and mixed quarters, with a Roman Catholic church, a Greek church, and a Mussulman mosque. The hotel is a large upper-storied building, about two hundred and fifty yards from the canal, and it is really extraordinary how comfortable the proprietor contrives to make the European traveller in that out-of-the-way place in the desert.

The fresh water, conducted by the canal from Zagazig to Ismailyeh, has been the cause of the cultivation of a good deal of land in the neighbourhood of the latter town. Wandering Bedouins have given over their wandering habits, and settled to agriculture; and the fresh water, which has caused all this, is not only conducted by the canal to Suez, but sent also, by means of iron pipes, northward to Port Sayd, to supply that rising town. The soil around Ismailyeh appears to be excellent, and to want fresh water only to enable it to produce anything and everything.

From Port Sayd to Ismailyeh, communication is now daily carried on by means of small steamers on the salt-water canal, and from Ismailyeh to Suez, in the other direction, by means of small steamers also, on the fresh-water canal. The entire distance is accomplished in about twenty-

four hours, but exertions are being made to render the transit more rapid, and it is said that the time will be reduced to sixteen hours.

The deepest cuttings in the canal are in the neighbourhood of El Geish, north of Ismailyeh, and for five miles in that direction to Lake Beelah. In some parts the perpendicular depth here will be a hundred feet, when the canal is excavated to its full extent. At present there is a great deal more to be done before it becomes fit for the passage of large vessels. South of Ismailyeh also, as far as Serapeum, there are some heavy and deep cuttings in progress, the work being peculiarly difficult when drift sand-hills have to be penetrated, as in this portion.

Where the land is very low, as in the excavations through Lakes Beelah and Menzaleh, the earth or sand excavated has been thrown down on either side to form firm and permanent banks; and in order to save time in the removal of the earth, long copper channels were fixed at an incline to the dredges, supported by props on a lighter alongside, and again, if necessary, on the bank. The earth fell from the scoops into the channels, and was conveyed at once a sufficient distance away from the water's edge.

The chief contractor, M. S. Vallée by name, has invented a new machine on a large scale, which does the work more effectually than the methods formerly in use, although it has not yet quite superseded them. It has one great advantage, that it is easily made available for a number of dredges. It is like a huge iron quadrant, strongly built, the outer edge of the segment of the circle being uppermost, the centre resting on a revolving bed. Along the chord of the arc is placed a tramway, on which trucks are drawn by a strong wire rope. An engine is attached to the traversing bed to work the whole machinery. The machine can be turned round where it stands, or it can be transported to any distance required on rails on which it rests, and which can be brought into connexion with others. The earth excavated by the dredges is then dropped into lighters having wooden cases prepared for the purpose, each about four feet square. When all have been filled, the lighter is taken alongside the emptying-machine, each case is lifted from the lighter, put on to the truck on the machine, carried along the tramway, and the contents shot out at the other end away from the canal. By this means a lighter may be emptied in a few minutes.

The original agreement between the government of Egypt and the canal company ceded to the latter in perpetuity a considerable tract of land on either side of the canal, and, when the fresh water was obtained from the Damietta branch of the Nile, the canal company proceeded forthwith to cultivate these tracts where possible. This interfered with the pasha's cotton and sugar monopoly. The English also were by no means pleased at the French company obtaining so much influence in Egypt, or so permanent a hold upon so large a tract of country, and upon so large a proportion of the population as promised ultimately to be settled there. Negotiations were, therefore, commenced two years ago, which ended in the pasha's purchasing the land capable of cultivation on both sides of the canal which was not required by the company, for two millions of pounds sterling, and this supply of ready money has been most seasonable, for the exchequer of the canal company was nearly drained, whilst half the works remain to be completed. The fresh-water canal was also

ceded to the pasha, and the narrow strip of land left to the company on each side of the canal is for the future to be used for building purposes and storehouses only, not for cultivation by means of the *fellahs* or peasants.

There can be no doubt of the advantageous nature of this arrangement to both parties. The government of Egypt is thereby enabled to add largely to its revenues by bringing into cultivation the extensive valley between Zagazig and Ismailyeh, where the soil, as I have already stated, is excellent, and fresh water is only required to fertilise it. Its authority is now supreme over the Arabs, who have settled there for cultivation, and all fear of subsequent jealousy and clashing of interests between the company and the Egyptian government in the future is removed.

The rapid improvement of all the towns leading to the canal in every direction is one direct result of the operations already carried on. Zagazig, for instance, a few years ago was a very ordinary Arab village, dirty, small, with a few mud-huts, a few palm-trees, a few cattle, and a population of half-starved diseased Arabs and Egyptians. "Nous avons changé tout cela!" the French may well exclaim. Good buildings have been erected where all, a few years ago, was tumble-down wretchedness and filthy squalor. Factories for pressing cotton and constructing simple machinery, mills for grinding corn and extracting oil, have been erected, and the town bears that busy, bustling aspect which denotes that its Oriental lethargy has well-nigh gone, and has been superseded by the energy of the West.

In Suez, too, the canal works have already effected a wonderful revolution. A magnificent dry dock has been constructed, and the most extensive dredging and breakwater-making operations are in progress. The dry dock is more than four hundred feet long, and nearly a hundred broad, whilst large basins for the secure anchorage of ships and steamers are being formed in front of it. Steam power resounds on every side, on shore and on the water; the iron horse snorts, and pants, and labours incessantly. The new piers are being connected with the railway to Cairo, and with the town of Suez by branch lines of railway. The Egyptian government, shamed into activity by the gigantic works carried on by the canal company, is constructing piers and basins of its own at Suez, and what was, ten years ago, one of the laziest and filthiest of Eastern cities is now all life and energy, whilst the constant European supervision exercised over the works prevents the Arab and Egyptian from indulging in their usual licence for the accumulation of filth.

The completion of the canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea is, therefore, a question simply of time and money. There are no physical difficulties yet to be encountered greater than those which have already been encountered and overcome. Immense sums of money have already been spent upon it, and immense sums must still be spent upon it, before it can be rendered fit to accomplish the intended purpose—that is, the transit of large vessels from sea to sea. Already goods can be conveyed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, and *vice versa*, by means of the fresh-water canal from Suez to Ismailyeh, and of the grand canal from Ismailyeh to Port Sayd, but goods can also be conveyed from Suez to Alexandria more conveniently by rail, and more quickly too. The full purpose of the Grand Suez Canal will not be attained until large

vessels are able to pass through it from end to end, so that steamers from Liverpool, London, Southampton, or Marseilles may pass on, without unloading in Egypt, through the Red Sea, to Bombay, or Galle, or Calcutta, or China, or Australia, as may be desired; and not till then can the canal become remunerative.

For sailing vessels it can never be made largely available, because the Red Sea is a long narrow gulf-like sea, subject to the monsoons, so that for one half the year sailing vessels could only sail up it, and for the other half of the year down it, without a ruinous loss of time caused by the incessant tacking necessary, and considerable danger.

Again, during the blowing of the khamsin, or the simoom, the canal will be liable, constantly liable, to have its works, its locks, &c., rendered temporarily useless by the deposit of large quantities of drift sand. Hedging back the sand by means of palisades on both sides of the canal may do something towards preventing its flowing or sinking into the body of the excavations, and the vegetation, encouraged on both sides of the embankment, may also do something towards preventing the drift sand being so troublesome as it might otherwise be; but the work will always be liable to great dangers from the nature of the desert around it, and no one has experience sufficient, nor is it possible for any one to have this experience for many years, to enable him to say what the effect of the peculiar circumstances under which it is constructed will be upon its completion and its subsequent working.

That it is a great, a grand work, is indisputable—a work worthy of a great people to undertake, and which a great people only could push to completion—a work which, if left to Egypt and the Egyptian government only, would probably never be constructed. Whether it will ever pay its constructors as a commercial speculation remains to be seen, and is, in my opinion, very doubtful.

Nothing can exceed the kindness of the French authorities, and of M. de Lesseps in particular, in affording every facility for strangers properly introduced to inspect the works. There is no concealment, no exclusiveness. The work is cosmopolitan, and it is carried out by the French engineers and overseers in a cosmopolitan spirit.

It is a curious fact that the valley between the towns of Zagazig and Ismailyeh, through which the fresh-water canal passes, is called both by the French employés and by the natives in the neighbourhood the valley of *Goshene*. The Arabs did not seem to know anything of the origin or extent of this appellation, nor does it appear to have formed the subject of any investigation. I do not believe it to be a name descending from a remote antiquity, but simply a modern coinage, perhaps introduced by the French themselves, and adopted by the natives. If it could be proved to be an appellation of remote antiquity, handed down through all the historical periods of Egyptian history, from the days of the Pharaohs to those of the Moslem viceroys, it would be a fact of the highest interest, as well in an historical as in a philological point of view.

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## A GROUP OF IRISH GRIEVANCES.

WITH all their political and other errors, it must in candour be conceded that the Irish really have grievances, although the greater are very often ingeniously set aside for the lesser, by which means just complaints are not unfrequently misrepresented. But the natural sense of justice in an unbiased mind (setting aside the specious arguments and sophistries of parties) is able to recognise a few clearly defined causes of the depressed state of the country.\*

The principal of these "grievances" may be briefly summed up as—  
 1st. The endowment of the Anglican Church, which never was an Irish Church in the same sense that it is essentially an English Church.  
 2nd. The want of a protective tariff, so as to enable Ireland to develop her own resources.  
 3rd. The present poor's-rate system, instead of a poor's-rate at large, equalised.  
 4th. The want of corporations for all towns of a certain class, and especially county towns.  
 5th. The complicated and unsatisfactory educational system.  
 6th. The alienation in troublous times of public commons.  
 7th. The franchise as it now exists, subjecting tenants to subservience or persecution.  
 8th, and lastly. The anomalous "Irish peerage."

The "land settlement," "the railways," "the fisheries," "agriculture," "the banks," &c., are clearly of another description of "questions," inasmuch as they seem to be derived from secondary causes.

With regard to the first grievance, the fact that Ireland is able to maintain a State Church, which drains her of above half a million sterling annually, while at least four-fifths of the people support another church by voluntary contributions, is quite enough to account for their being "the worst clothed, fed, and housed of any people in Europe."

Admitting, therefore, the urgent expediency of, at any rate, a partial disendowment of the Anglican Church, the question arises, would it not be advisable, instead of transferring this large revenue to another church, rather to expend it for secular purposes, such as the establishment of industrial schools on a liberal basis; and even the support of schools of art in the county towns, by which means the people should be gradually (as in the case of adults who have not had the benefit of learning to read and write) educated by the eye?

In Jamaica, on a smaller scale, we have seen the evil resulting from a lethargic State Church existing independent of the sympathies of the people, and yet appropriating to its own uses at least a fifth of the net revenue of that unhappy colony, while at the same time the people supported their own pastors on the voluntary principle.

In Ireland it may be said that the Romish Church† has had all along

\* Keeping out of view the idleness of the poorer classes.

† The Romish Church is, however, considerably behind the spirit of the age when it insists that all landowners in Ireland shall be of their creed. It looks like that narrow spirit of petty retaliation which has from first to last been the bane of Ireland.

In Ireland we look for a religion, but, instead, we find only the political beast with its leopard spots, and many sectarian heads speaking what (when tested by

dangerous democratic tendencies; but, on the other hand, we ought not to forget that the native gentry having been dispossessed to make way for Cromwellian adventurers, whose aim it was to crush rather than to sustain the priesthood, nothing was left for the latter but to cast in its lot with the masses, while, as a rule, political rectors, disdainful of popular support, while under the protection of powerful landlords, studied rather to found a petty county gentry, with the proceeds of their livings, than to identify themselves with their flocks, and give a fair share of their incomes in charity. Such rectors, secularising their position, had not even sometimes the excuse of philoprogenitiveness, but pursued the demoralising scheme in the pure spirit of insatiate avarice, while the vanity of their helpmates sought to enforce a kind of left-handed female jurisdiction amongst the parishioners.

The second cause of complaint may be rebutted, by a reference to the relative position of Scotch commerce, which has successfully competed with English, even after it was nearly annihilated by the nefarious Darien conspiracy. But local circumstances must have their weight; and Ireland, separated from the other two kingdoms by a barrier of nature, sufficient, even at the most threatening periods, to avert Spanish and French invasions, cannot be fairly compared with Scotland, whose railway system has opened up a free communication with its neighbour.

But the merchant community of England rules the imperial politics, and producing men of the highest talent for business, it can scarcely be surprising that its influence should entirely swamp the efforts at fair competition of a pastoral people like the Irish, famous rather in arms than in those hard-headed, and perhaps ungenerous, but deeply calculated schemes, which add rather to the wealth than the moral welfare of their promoters.

In Ireland, owing to the command of the carrying trade, and other advantages enjoyed by the English merchants, her efforts are stifled in the bud by a vigilant rival; and thus her attempts at establishing independent packet companies, or working her own mines, are best understood by their results, as "seen in her deserted iron-works," and the "Galway" experiments, in connexion with her mercantile marine. On the other hand, Ireland has often failed to appreciate advantages until they were lost. Thus, instead of profiting by an early establishment of the East India Company in Wicklow (as their neighbours turned to such good account the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes), they actually, in a spirit of jealousy, forced the Company, by petty conspiracies, to abandon the soil.

the purity of the Gospels) sounds not unlike "blasphemies," or the imputing designs and doctrines incompatible with a Divine origin, to their author. Thus men sit unconsciously at the feet of Gamaliel with scales on their eyes, and listen to intellectual sophisms, which, in matters spiritual, are surely the abomination of desolation.

As the clerical profession, affording as it does peculiar opportunities of acquiring undue influence, has been excluded from the House of Commons, it is now time to consider whether this be really politic, and whether it would not be wiser, taking certain views into the question, to admit a representative for each ecclesiastical division or diocese, allowing to Scotland her fair proportion, and not excluding the Roman Catholic of Ireland, while at the same time in number reducing the representative bishops.

While on the commercial grievance, we may glance at the question of the purchase of Irish railways, which must, of course, be regarded as one of those specialities for which Ireland has become so remarkable; for, otherwise, why should not virtually bankrupt British railway companies demand the same relief?

Such a purchase in Ireland would give the government a greater control of the country in times of agitation, but would expose the general public to inconvenience, as there can be little doubt, that if government became proprietor, disaffected employes would take advantage of the opportunity of an outbreak to desert their posts; which perhaps would not be the case were they the servants of private Irish companies.

Again, government would be relieving a large portion of the moneyed Irish of their stake in the maintenance of order; and these persons, released from the risks of "rolling stock," might greatly weaken the executive by their double-dealing at a critical moment.

If government, however, were able (on the French principle of national loans) to induce the poorer classes to become shareholders by increasing the number of railway shares, and reducing the cost of each to a minimum, such a purchase might be eventually turned to considerable account politically; but then there is always the danger of dealing with an uneducated and romantic people, who might prefer to abandon their shares in the iron horse, while, on some vague rumour, hastening to tender their allegiance rather to the O'Donoghue on his enchanted steed, which, by the way, is not regarded as an altogether improbable *autara*.\*

Again—but this grievance affects a different class—the present system of poor's-rates in certain county towns necessitates a charge of twenty-seven per cent. on ratepayers, while large neighbouring proprietors, by converting their estates into pasturage, depopulate them, and force a starving agricultural population to seek refuge in the towns,† where, after a year's residence, they become chargeable on their adopted parishes, and on a poorer class of people, who are compelled (as shown by statistical returns) to support them, while the wealthy absentee or resident proprietor has perhaps scarcely two per cent. to pay for the same rates. In other words, the industrious community supports the poor, while the neighbouring landlords, as a rule, shuffling off the responsibilities attached to the possession of land, seem to evade their fair proportion of a national tax, in order to live beyond their legitimate means, and to assume a lordly position (we allude, of course, to the landed gentry, and not to the peerage) unsuitable to their real social status, as compared with the liberal gentry of England and the aristocratic lairds of Scotland.‡

Instead of the present system, a much better has been proposed, but whether it will succeed against the mass of those who can see nothing beyond their own narrow interests, is another question.

A poor's-rate, equalised throughout the whole kingdom, would fall lightly on those who struggle to maintain a competence, while the rich would scarcely feel the additional burden.

\* Vulg. "*avatar*."

† Instead of handing over the income from the dog-tax to the counties, should it not be transferred to the boroughs?

‡ Prenderghast's Cromwellian Settlement.

At present, when Irish paupers are deported from England,\* heavy expenses are incurred (as may be seen by the last poor's-rate returns) in restoring them to their, so to speak, native "unions," whereas, by equalising the rate, all such travelling expenses would, along with other great inconveniences, be saved, and the pauper deported from Liverpool would simply be shipped to Dublin or Belfast, instead of perhaps being transferred from one official to another, until at length he reached some obscure destination in the wilds of Galway.

The stranger in Ireland must also have noticed the serious defect of county towns having no corporations, in consequence of which there are no "market prices," but a slipshod traffic, injurious both to producer and consumer, while the local rates are the subject of discussion amongst illiterate town commissioners, who squander the public funds without consideration or discretion, and on a hap-hazard principle, which is ever liable to be swayed by personal motives and family intrigues.

An idea is gaining ground that the taxation of Ireland is insufficiently developed, and that the revenue might be increased, and the poor at the same time relieved, by some salutary alterations, which will suggest themselves to the reader of the national balance-sheet.

The recent dog-tax, which has so considerably added to the revenue of Ireland within the past year, indicates what might be expected from an application of other British assessed taxes, which would touch not so much the comforts of the poor man as the superfluities of the rich. Thus, "mensevants," "carriages," "horses for riding," "other horses and mules," "horse-dealers," and "armorial bearings," would, one and all, add greatly to the means of ameliorating and equalising the present distorted system, and as regards the classes which would be injured by such a change, they would simply be placed on a footing with their assumed equals in England. The plea that a remission of such taxes induces "residence," has proved utterly fallacious; the poorer gentry and middle classes (when emerging from trade) ought surely to pay for the blazonry on their panels, if for nothing else. This pomp of spurious heraldry is, in fact, one of the minor reproaches against the Irish, and an assessed tax† would probably have a beneficial effect in checking the spirit of idle pretension, and thus, perhaps, indirectly encouraging a proper appreciation of industrious pursuits and attention to business. At present, however, a man who, if in London would probably occupy an apartment in Northumberland-close (or some such locality), would, in an Irish provincial town, consider it incumbent on him, as a gentleman, to have a good hack and follow the hounds; and if married, the denizen of Smith-street, Chelsea, would likely require a carriage, a groom in livery, and a fiery exhalation of feudal honours, radiant with "or" and "argent."

No; to relieve the Irish working classes by a reduction of the tax on some necessary of life, would surely be wiser than the gratuitous remission of taxes which can only be leviable on the affluent, who, unchecked as

\* Parliament has just granted 70,000*l.* in aid of Irish unions.

† Considering how successfully this tax is evaded in England and Scotland, it might, if practicable, be an improvement in the collection of the revenue to charge it on the authorised heraldic bodies of the three kingdoms, who would probably be more competent to enforce it.



in England and Scotland, by such means assume a local importance which does not rightly belong to them.

With regard to the agrarian (or allodial?) rights of the people, the Curragh of Kildare has afforded within the last year, in the course of litigation, some curious information on the subject of ancient commons, but we do not think that the question has been properly investigated throughout the length and breadth of the land; and it is highly probable that during troublous times, and especially near towns which had no corporations, considerable tracts of "commonage" have been surreptitiously enclosed by neighbouring proprietors, and thus alienated from a community which, without education, and distracted by party strife, has been unable to look after its own rights, if even, under such unhappy circumstances, there were burgesses competent, in a legal point of view, to do so. At this moment, while the poor Irish are hounded for "trespass" in all the petty provincial courts, not a word is said of the extensive commons, healthful open spaces for exercise, &c., of which they have been gradually deprived, until they and their children have now simply the choice of the river or the road!

Not very many years ago the noble demesne lands of many a member of the "landed gentry" in Ireland was the public common. But as the adjoining towns had no corporation, and to acquire popularity amongst a starving population required but little trouble in the depth of winter, some proprietors quietly encroached on the people's inheritance, and even ("adding insult to injury!") won their golden opinions by giving them employment in building walls around their usurpation, and thus they have been effectually excluded from all participation in common rights.

This system of spoliation on a large scale is, in fact, producing its own antidote, even in our own days. The fact that these open spaces are necessary to the community at large, is amply proved by the "people's parks"\* now so frequently presented to the public by munificent donors, who thus afford a striking contrast to the sordid avarice of those who, taking advantage of a poverty and ignorance nurtured by themselves, encroach on ancient privileges.

The injured public in such cases generally want cohesion in opposing the barefaced rapacity of an individual, just as in warfare one head generally copes successfully against divided commands.

A remarkable instance of the force, however, of public opinion in uniting masses, by an instinctive attrition, against the machinations of the subtle spoiler, occurred not long ago in the south of England, where, in a certain ancient city, a road was ingeniously contrived, so as to divide the public playground, in order that disheartened cricketers might remove their wickets altogether; but in this instance the people showed a proper spirit, and "righted themselves"—the best law, as some say, when law has degenerated into a practical obstruction of manifest right and justice.

Thus also, on one of the shores of a northern frith, not long ago,

\* That there should be no misconception as to our meaning, it may be as well to explain that "the people" sometimes are the offenders, as in the recent invasion of the crown rights in Hyde Park, where legal arguments, degenerating into moots, led to a singularly unfortunate "situation."

there used to be a certain ancient village common; but the villagers had been practically deported, during a course of years, by the gradual removal of cottages, which, instead of being repaired by the two neighbouring proprietors, were simply pulled down. Thus the public was at last represented by about four families—the butcher, baker, and cobbler (or snab, as he is called there); and these, with the two powerful landlords, were the only persons “interested.” The former then, according to the powers of the act of parliament, united in allowing the latter to enclose the only place of public recreation, so that, in after years, when the denizens of the enclosed land are multiplied, they will be obliged to purchase breathing-places of the successors of these very landlords, who, moreover, will thus have manufactured, out of an appropriated “common,” a useful constituency for political purposes, while the timid “snab” and his humble coadjutors will, for themselves or their descendants, be none the better of their obsequious complaisance; and perhaps rightly so, for, after all, who can sympathise with the “needy knife-grinder”?

Thus, too, “Epping Forest” and “Hampstead Heath” have been lost to the sons of labour in the metropolis, for the benefit of those who seem to feel no compunctious visitings of nature on the subject.

We come, now, to the educational system. While the vexed question of denominational schools is still raging, we know of a library and valuable museum in a small provincial town, which, contrary to the intention of the liberal donor who bequeathed it to the public, has remained under lock and key for years in some dismal rooms, which would have gratified the Arachnian taste of Nero; while the trustees, fearful of responsibility—or perhaps in the spirit in which so many ancient Irish commons have been enclosed—refuse admittance, as it were, to the lawful owners, while at the same time deluging the ignorant masses with cheap tractarian literature—masses, be it remembered, in the extremity of destitution.

Lately\* an honourable member justly remarked: “From the moment you entrust the masses with power, their education becomes an absolute necessity.” A national education on broad principles, divested of all denominationalism, such as America (U.S.) recognises, and which even Prussia and other continental powers make the basis of their military promotion from the ranks. But we, or our democrats, insist on crowning the column before the base has been secured; hence the anomalies produced by clumsy concessions to popular clamour.

Very recently, the Boston correspondent of the *Times* observed, in regard to the work of education in the United States: “It is, in fact, entirely an experimental one down to this very hour. Mistakes and defects in it are constantly being discovered and pointed out, even by those who have the greatest interest in being blind to them. Old pieces of the machinery are every now and then removed, and new ones inserted in their place. The national anxiety for the education of the young springs from two practical causes—indirectly from the action of the voluntary principle in religion, and primarily from the necessity of education as a security to the government. Much credit may be due to the charitable intentions of the community, but the prevailing motives for

\* Mr. Lowe, on the third reading of the Reform Bill, July 16, 1867.

the sacrifices they make are those which are indicated in the reasons just given. In a country where native born citizens are entitled to vote when they become adults, with but few restrictions, it is vital to the safety of the republic that they should be prepared and fitted for their future position and responsibilities. Webster was never tired of impressing upon his countrymen that the only sure guarantee for the welfare and stability of democracy was to be found in the careful education of the young. It is of little consequence, says the educated American, how many people you admit to the suffrage, so long as you can rely upon their all voting intelligently upon proper reflection and information. To enfranchise large numbers of persons who have not proved themselves to be qualified to form rational opinions upon public affairs, and whose antecedents are a presumptive evidence of their unfitness to be entrusted with a share of political power, is an act which, even in a democracy, would excite discontent and many misgivings. This is proved by the strong and general opposition which exists in the United States to negro suffrage—an opposition so strong that the people who advocate its adoption in one section of the country refuse altogether to hear of its enforcement in their own."

The difficulties of even such a government as that of Austria, in these respects, affords a fair comment on the ultramontaneism of Ireland, while a recent and curious parallelism between the education question in the colony of Victoria and in Scotland is instructive. In the former place, the mixed national and denominational system has proved a total failure, and, as such, has drawn forth some pithy remarks from a member of the local government, and a corresponding rejoinder.

Speaking of religious sects, the Attorney-General, in the course of his address, said: "I own that I don't think there is a more melancholy spectacle than that which is presented by those religious bodies (the churches of Victoria), when viewed simply as companies or corporations. Whether you look at the spirit with which they work, or the object they desire to attain, their existence appears to me to be one of the darkest blots upon our civilisation. These sects are animated, I am compelled to say, by a spirit of intense bitterness and hostility to one another—bitterness and hostility which are usually exhibited in inverse proportion to the extent of the differences by which they are separated; and when you look at the objects they seek to effect, the spectacle is equally melancholy. They seem to desire merely to collect together real and personal property, and they seem to measure their prosperity by the results they can show upon their annual balance-sheet as compared with their rival sects. They believe that the energy they show in collecting property is a mark of vitality; but they do not show that vitality which ought to characterise a Christian community, of which they are merely atoms."

This evoked a reply from the Bishop of Melbourne, in which his lordship warmly denied that the churches had evinced any spirit of intense bitterness and hostility to one another, or that they cared more for the augmentation of their corporate property than the spiritual work in which they were engaged.

The effective representation of the people being indissolubly bound up with the educational system as practised elsewhere, let us consider the two in their relative bearings.

The representative system of Ireland is certainly a grievance, but not in the light generally represented, for the people themselves would, in many instances, be glad of a "disfranchisement clause"—a shrewd thought ably discussed by the *Saturday Review*; but those who make their livelihood by distracting the people are not likely to take the common-sense view of certain cases advocated by the writer referred to. Without any disparagement of the lower orders of Irish, it must strike many observers, acquainted with their idiosyncrasy, that they would be much happier if there were an abatement of the "election" nuisance, and a greater extension of imperialism, or, in other words, a direct increase of the royal authority. On the other hand, if manhood suffrage be a necessity of the times, the advent of which has only been heralded by the present Reform Bill, then we may prepare to accept such a change in our institutions; at the same time insisting that a corresponding temporary disfranchisement of individuals should follow convictions of felony, and even misdemeanour, or the award of a punishment of fine or imprisonment for any period whatsoever. Thus we might, to some extent, guard against the abuses consequent on this extension of political powers, even to the so-called "dangerous classes."

The present residential qualification is incompatible with such an extension of the suffrage, and it must in all fairness be admitted that it places votes in the hands of attorneys and land-agents, and the least enterprising class of petty voters are but dummies, played by these lawyers in the interests of others. While the intelligent printer, railway engineer, or master of a vessel's avocations may preclude him from availing himself of a vote, the dull greengrocer, whose thoughts have never leaped over his own counter, profits by the quibbles which at present guard the registration of votes, and makes a profit by his dull local vegetation.

But, after all, the barefaced villany of petty traders in crime can scarcely be said to be more injurious to public morality than the successful "operations" of men of higher intelligence, who deal with crime as a science, just as De Quincey wrote his agreeable essay on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts."

We now come to the question of an alien, or—equally objectionable—a mixed "Irish peerage," which satisfies no one, and is an anomaly not only injurious to the country, as affording an object of ambition to local party leaders, but also to the political interests of the Scotch nobility, while it adds no honour to that of "the United Kingdom," inasmuch as it is confounded with an inferior grade, and creates a social confusion which should as much as possible be avoided in these days of transition, when great changes are mooted and violent "upheavals" threaten to displace ancient and well-defined "formations."

Sir C. O'Loughlen has already moved that no more Irish peers be created, as such creations have simply the effect of spoiling good country gentlemen, factitiously raising them above their proper level, and thus leaving an inferior class to undertake the responsibilities which they quit.

Then, again, there are Irish peers who have no connexion whatever with Ireland—as, for instance, some Scotch earldoms, which are only earldoms in Ireland, and not the accredited representatives of the title

of the Thanes made immortal by Shakspeare. But the question is a wide one, and can but lightly be touched on in these remarks. Irish peers are not permitted to be returned as the representatives in the Commons for Irish constituencies, but we fail to see any real cause of complaint in this exclusion or limitation, when we consider that the "Irish peerage" was originally a political institution and not a national body. Consequently, it is nearly worn out, and should rather be regarded as a lease terminated, than as a freehold injured by the encroachments of others. The lease towards its close has not been so profitable as when first granted, and its nature being that of a politico-commercial speculation, its quasi failure must be taken, as in the ordinary course of human affairs. Not so the Scotch peerage, which labours under double fetters forged by a selfish and corrupt commissioner\* and statesman at the period of the Union, and acquiesced in by the then short-sighted nobility of that kingdom.

In conclusion, let us hope that the established clergy of England—in every respect so entirely different from their nominal brethren of Ireland—will not politically oppose a quiet dissolution of the Anglican Church in the latter kingdom, on conditions which would give no advantages, so far as the State is concerned, to other creeds and churches.

The day is gone by when antiquated axioms are to rule modern governments. There are admirable working systems which could be substituted in Ireland for the present anomalies; and that, too, with an *increase to the royal authority*, which would more than compensate the unhappy island for any complimentary concessions of a spiritual nature, and which are, after all, much of the complexion of Lysander's corrupt estimate of human nature :

Ἐκέλευε τοοὺς μὲν παῖδας ἀστραγάλους  
 τοὺς δ' ἀνδρας . . . . .

Men, now-a-days, judge very much for themselves, and even the Catholic laity shrink from the socially retrogressive, and politically aggressive, opinions of Dr. Ullathorne, when, before the recent commission on the working of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, he indiscreetly affirmed dogmas entirely out of date, and incompatible with an age of progress.

"We regard the Anglican dioceses as non-existent," and "We do not think we can invade that of which we take no notice"—a puerile sophism surely unworthy of the occasion, considering *how* it would be treated if carried into the *criminal* procedure of our law courts! Indeed, the Romish laity do not see any grievance in the statute referred to, but Protestants are sometimes more fantastical in their liberalism than they are required to be. It is a fashion of the day in England, because it enables very mediocre intellects to "put on the trick of singularity." The same persons, if associated with the commonalty of the aggrieved isle, would probably fly violently to the other extreme, in order to make themselves again conspicuous in the minority.

\* Earl of Lauderdale.

## ABOUT FORTUNE COMING SINGLE-HANDED.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

THE best of good news reaches King Henry IV.—the entire defeat of his confederate foes, and complete prostration of their powers. But it finds him sick and failing. The glorious news is come too late to recruit and restore him. He had waited for it, and longed for it, and now he is too feeble and exhausted to exult in its advent. Hence the piteous plaint of the careworn, heart-sore monarch :

And wherefore should these good news make me sick?  
 WILL FORTUNE NEVER COME WITH BOTH HANDS FULL,  
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
 She either gives a stomach, and no food—  
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
 I should rejoice now at this happy news ;  
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—  
 O me ! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Swoons.\*

From which deadly swoon the king only revives to sink into others, more and more deadly unto the perfect death.

And as with the father at a mature age, so with the son in his early prime. As with Henry the Fourth in the Jerusalem chamber, so with Harry the Fifth in the flush of conquest at Vincennes. Agincourt won, the treaty of Troyes signed, and the English victor wedded to Catherine of France,—now, says History, with his great possessions in France to cheer him, and a son born to give him happiness, all appeared bright before King Henry. “But in the fulness of his triumph, and the height of his power, death came upon him, and his day was done.” Fortune came to greet him with one hand full of gifts ; but the other was empty, and cold ; so cold that the icy touch of it was death to him. As far as might be, with the one hand she took away what with the other she gave.

Will Fortune *never* come with both hands full? Philosophic Duke Vincentio reasons thus with life—in the like vein with dying Bolingbroke :

—Thou hast nor youth, nor age ;  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth  
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
 Of palsied eld ; and when thou art old, and rich,  
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,  
 To make thy riches pleasant.†

\* Second Part of King Henry IV., Act IV. Sc. 4.

† Measure for Measure, Act III. Sc. 1.

There is an evil which the Preacher, the son of David, King of Jerusalem, has seen and noted, under the sun; and it is common among men: a man to whom God hath given riches, wealth, and honour, so that he wanteth nothing for his soul of all that he desireth; yet God giveth him not power to eat thereof, but a stranger eateth it: this is vanity, and it is an evil disease.\*

Such is the condition of life, muses a great English moralist, that something is always wanting to happiness: "In youth we have warm hopes, which are soon blasted by rashness and negligence, and great designs which are defeated by inexperience. In age, we have knowledge and prudence, without spirit to exert, or motives to prompt them; we are able to plan schemes, and regulate measures; but have not time remaining to bring them to completion."†

A great French one muses to much the same purpose, in the mood of Duke Vincentio: "Quand on est jeune, souvent on est pauvre: ou l'on n'a pas encore fait d'acquisitions, ou les successions ne sont pas échuës. L'on devient riche et vieux en même tems; tant il est rare que les hommes puissent réunir tous leurs avantages: et si cela arrive à quelques-uns, il n'y a pas de quoi leur porter envie: ils ont assez à perdre par la mort, pour mériter d'être plaints."‡ In another chapter of his "Characters," La Bruyère remarks that "Les choses les plus souhaitées n'arrivent point, ou si elles arrivent, ce n'est ni dans le tems, ni dans les circonstances où elles auraient fait un extrême plaisir."§ M. Frédéric Soulié, if not exactly a great French moralist, was at any rate in his time a distinguished French writer; and he exclaims,—putting into small capitals the proverb which forms the title of his book,—“O sagesse des nations! que tu as inventé une admirable exclamation, lorsque tu t'es écriée: SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT! SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT!” But M. Soulié hesitates not to pronounce this “une accusation contre la Divinité. Eh bien! s'il plaisait à Dieu à t'écouter et donner, soit au jeune homme l'expérience du vieillard, soit au vieillard la puissance du jeune homme, le monde serait un composé de monstres sans pitié d'une part, et de victimes de l'autre.”|| As cynical a conclusion as if Swift had drawn it. And Swift's own experience as well as disposition—predisposition—affirmed but too bitterly the moral of Shakspeare's text. It was during the heyday of Swift's predominance at Twickenham, and Dawley, flattered and besieged by the Popes, Gays, Arbuthnots, Bathursts, Bolingbroke—consulted as an authority by statesmen, resorted to as a counsellor by authors, quoted as an oracle by wits,—that tidings reached him from Ireland which cast a blight upon all his hopes, and compelled him to withdraw from the bright circle in which he now lived, and moved, and had his being. “The pleasure of popularity,” says Johnson,¶ “was interrupted by domestic misery.” Stella was wasting away; so far gone that her recovery was no longer looked for. Swift's letters on this subject are called by Scott a true picture of an agonised heart.

The Dean had long learnt by heart what Bolingbroke said to him, of

\* Ecclesiastes vi. 1, 2.

† Johnson, The Rambler, No. cxvii.

‡ Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. vi., “Des Biens de Fortune.”

§ Ibid., ch. vi., “Du Cœur.”

|| Si Jeunesse savait, si Vieillesse pouvait, ch. vi., “La Maison des Fous.”

¶ Lives of the Poets: Swift.

fame, in one of his letters from abroad: "When it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner."\* One of their friend Pope's *Pensées* is, that "when we are young we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed."†

Horace Walpole writes to the Miss Berrys: "I have been threescore years and ten looking for a society that I perfectly like; and at last there dropped out of the clouds into Lady Herries's room two young gentlewomen, who I so little thought were sent thither on purpose for me, that when I was told they were the charming Miss Berrys, I would not even go to the side of the chamber where they sat. But, as Fortune never throws anything at one's head without hitting one, I soon found that the charming Berrys were precisely *ce qu'il me fallait*."‡ Only, Fortune had not even in this case, with a pair of such charmers, come with both hands full. The old gentleman, their devoted admirer, had been threescore and ten years looking for them, or the like of them; and now he was well-nigh on to fourscore; and as old Adam says in Shakspeare,

But at fourscore it is too late a week.§

In an article on the comparative mortality in various trades and professions, in the *Edinburgh Review*, it was remarked of the potentate who stands on the highest pinnacle of human greatness, surrounded, it would seem, with every condition favourable to comfort and longevity, fenced about from casualties which constantly beset the paths of ordinary mortals, that his would appear indeed a charmed life: "yet the hard fact will stare us in the face, that the sands of life run far quicker with him than with any other of the educated classes."|| How constantly in diaries, letters, and biographies are we meeting with such allusions as this of Romilly, in his private journal, to "the Duke of Roxburgh, just put into possession of his title and of his magnificent domain, but having unfortunately obtained full possession of them only in the full maturity, or rather in the rapid decline of life"—so that Sir Samuel found him surrounded with enjoyments only when the sense of enjoyment seemed fast wearing out.¶ Or this, again, of Sydney Smith, to "Lord Valletort possessed of Mount Edgecombe, and bent double with rheumatism! there is a balance in human conditions!"\*\* Such end

Crowns oft ambition's most successful aim;  
Passionate longing grasps the ripen'd fruit,  
And finds it marr'd, a canker at the core.††

Scarcely have the heralds proclaimed that

Arcite of Thebes has won the beautiful bride,‡‡

when Fortune smites with her other hand, the empty one, this exultant

\* Bolingbroke to Swift, Oct. 9, 1729.

† Thoughts on Various Subjects.

‡ Walpole's Letters, vol. ix. p. 411.

§ As You Like It, Act II. Sc. 3.

|| *Edinb. Rev.*, Jan., 1860.

¶ Diary of Sir S. Romilly, Sept., 1812.

\*\* Letters of Rev. Sydney Smith: To Sir G. Philips, Sept., 1838.

†† Mrs. Southey's Poems: William Gilpin.

‡‡ Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, book iii.



victor. Death follows the blow. The loss of Emily, only just gained by his prowess in the lists, is what embitters to him the loss of life :

To die, when Heaven had put you in my power!  
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour;  
What greater curse could envious Fortune give,  
Than just to die, when I began to live!

How many of the early doomed have thought that thought, as they watched their sun going down while it was yet day! Like Rodolphe Topffer, for instance, *ce romancier sensible et spirituel*, as M. de Sainte-Beuve calls him, whose vital powers gave way just when public recognition of his merits was coming upon him with the gladdening influence of a new sensation. "C'est à ce moment de satisfaction légitime et de plénitude, comme il arrive trop souvent, que sa destinée est venue se rompre: une maladie cruelle a, durant des mois, épuisé ses forces et usé son organisation avant l'heure."\* Corneille's Sévère is not all alone marked out for disappointment, when it extorts from him the bitter cry,

Qu'est ceci, Fabian? quel nouveau coup de foudre  
Tombe sur mon bonheur, et le réduit en poudre!  
. . . . Je trouve tout perdu quand je crois tout gagner;  
Et toujours la fortune, à me nuire obstinée,  
Tranche mon espérance aussitôt qu'elle est née.†

*Toujours la fortune.* Will Fortune *never* come with both hands full? †

*Toujours la fortune.* The charges and complaints against whose humorous ladyship are sometimes vexatious and frivolous enough. As when Pyrrhus, distracted which of two promising enterprises and glorious opportunities to choose—whether to become master of all Sicily, or to put for the throne of Macedon,—“complained greatly of fortune,” says Plutarch, “for offering him two such glorious opportunities of action at once”—so afflicted was he to think, that in embracing one, he must necessarily give up the other.‡ For once Fortune had come with both hands too full: *hinc illæ lachrymæ*—supposing, which is highly supposable, that tears were shed.

It is an inevitable law, as Dr. Boyd says, that you cannot have two inconsistent good things together. You cannot, for instance, as he puts it, have at once your field green as it is in spring, and golden as it is in autumn; nor can you at once live in the little dwelling which was long your home, and which is surrounded by the memories of many years, and in the more beautiful and commodious mansion which your increasing wealth has enabled you to buy. “You cannot at once be the merchant prince, wealthy, influential, esteemed by all, though gouty, ageing, and careworn; and the hopeful, light-hearted lad that came up from the country to push his way, and on whose early aspirations and struggles you look back with a confused feeling as though he were another being.”§ Take your stand with Crabbe on the beach of that sea-side Borough of his, and mark this among other mark-worthy figures there sketched by his graphic pen :

\* *Derniers Portraits Littéraires*, p. 475.

† Corneille: *Polyeucte*, Acte IV. Sc. 6.

‡ Plutarch's *Life of Pyrrhus*.

§ *The Common-place Philosopher*, ch. vi.

Lo! where on that huge anchor sadly leans  
 That sick tall figure, lost in other scenes;  
 He late from India's clime impatient sail'd,  
 Where, as his fortune grew, his spirits fail'd;  
 For each delight, in search of wealth he went,  
 For ease alone the wealth acquired is spent—  
 And spent in vain; enrich'd, aggrieved, he sees  
 The envied poor possess'd of joy and ease;  
 And now he flies from place to place, to gain  
 Strength for enjoyment, and still flies in vain.  
 Mark with what sadness, of that pleasant crew,  
 Boisterous in mirth, he takes a transient view;  
 And fixing then his eye upon the sea,  
 Thinks what has been, and what must shortly be:  
 Is it not strange that man should health destroy,  
 For joys that come when he is dead to joy?\*

Theophrastus is said† to have thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. Three days only before the battle of Oudenarde, Colonel Brace, in Mr. Thackeray's story, had heard of his elder brother's death, and was heir to a baronetcy in Norfolk, and four thousand a year. "Fate, that had left him harmless through a dozen campaigns, seized on him just as the world was worth living for, and he went into action, knowing, as he said, that the luck was going to turn against him."‡ One of Lord Lytton's student heroes muses bitterly on the medical sentence of mortality that seems to hang over him just when first he sees his way to literary success: "Now, when I see before me the broad and luminous path, am I to be condemned to halt and turn aside? A vast empire rises on my view, greater than that of Cæsars and conquerors—an empire durable and universal in the souls of men, that time itself cannot overthrow; and Death marches with me, side by side, and the skeleton hand waves me back to the nothingness of common men."§

David Hume saw year after year glide by without bringing him the public recognition he believed himself to deserve—till he was becoming, to use his own words, "callous against the impressions of public folly." At length, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, when his constitution was on the point of breaking up, he saw "many symptoms" of his "literary reputation breaking out at last," just when he knew and felt his time must be getting short. Compare or contrast with his experience that of Rousseau, who thus writes in his Confessions, in the decline of life, when, however, his body seemed to have been gaining strength, as if *pour mieux sentir ses malheurs*: "Et maintenant que j'écris ceci, infirme et presque sexagénaire, accablé de douleurs de toute espèce, je me sens, pour souffrir, plus de vigueur et de vie que je n'en eus pour jouir à la fleur de mon âge et dans le sein du plus vrai bonheur."||

Of that eminent physician, Dr. Gooch, we are told,—as of so many and many others of all professions, eminent and obscure, we might be told,—that no sooner was he freed from the dread of poverty which had

\* Crabbe, *The Borough*, letter ix.

† See Bolingbroke's *Letters on Retirement*.

‡ *History of Henry Esmond*, ch. xiv.

§ Ernest Maltravers, book vi. ch. vi.

|| *Les Confessions*, 1<sup>me</sup> partie, livre vi.

haunted him in early life, than his health became sufficiently impaired to fill his mind with gloomy anticipations.\* Of so many and many a household might be recorded what "George Eliot" records of that fatal day at the Mill on the Floss, when the miller was struck down, just as prosperity seemed to dawn upon him: "Sad ending to the day that had risen on them all like the beginning of better times! But mingled seed must bear a mingled crop."† Pleasure, like Punishment, as Lord Lytton has it, hobbles after us, *pede claudo*: what would have delighted us yesterday does not catch us up till to-morrow, and yesterday's pleasure is not the morrow's. "A pennyworth of sugar-plums would have made our eyes sparkle when we were scrawling pot-hooks at a preparatory school, but no one gave us sugar-plums then. Now every day at dessert [Guy Darrell *loquitur*] France heaps before us her daintiest sugar-plums in gilt *bonbonnières*. Do you ever covet them? I never do."‡ It is to the son of him who thus writes that we owe the lines, to the same purport,

—To most of us, ere we go down to the grave,  
Life, relenting, accords the good gift we would have;  
But, as though by some strange imperfection in fate,  
The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.§

Referring in 1817 to the loss, a year before, of his darling Herbert, Southey writes to a friend: "I have not recovered, and never shall recover, last year's affliction; and my worldly prospects are improving when I have no longer a heart to enjoy them."|| Francis Jeffrey, a rising advocate, but newly made widower, declares the only pleasure he has now upon earth to be in doing what he thinks his "sweet Kitty" would have praised him for: "Almost the only pleasure, indeed, I had before was in receiving or in anticipating her praises."¶ And to his brother he writes, on the same subject,—that he finds no consolation in business, and nothing but new sources of agony in success. "The ear is closed in which alone I wished my praises to be sounded, and the prosperity I should have earned with such pride for her, and shared with her with such delight, now only reminds me of my loneliness."\*\*

Imlac, in Dr. Johnson's Tale of Abyssinia, tries to cheer up the pensive sage with bidding him enjoy the praise which all agree to give him. "Praise," said the sage, with a sigh, "is to an old man an empty sound. I have neither mother to be delighted with the reputation of her son, nor wife to partake the honours of her husband."†† To Samuel Johnson himself, that fat, frouzy, raddled old wife of his was, in Macaulay's phrase, beautiful as the Gunnings, and witty as Lady Mary; and her opinion of his writings was to him more important than the voice of the pit of Drury Lane Theatre or the judgment of the *Monthly Review*. "The chief support which had sustained him through the most arduous

\* Lives of British Physicians: Dr. Gooch, p. 324.

† The Mill on the Floss, book v. ch. vii.

‡ What will He do with It? book vii. ch. i.

§ Lucile, canto v.

|| Letters of Robert Southey, vol. iii. p. 70.

¶ Jeffrey's Letters. To Mrs. Morehead, Aug. 23, 1805.

\*\* Id., to Mr. John Jeffrey, Jan. 28, 1807.

†† Rasselas, ch. xlv.

labour of his life was the hope that she would enjoy the fame and the profit which he anticipated from his Dictionary."

But she is in her grave ; and oh,  
The difference to him !

For while he wrote the last Rambler she was given over by the physicians ; and three days later she died—leaving her husband almost broken-hearted. "She was gone ; and in that vast labyrinth of streets, peopled by eight hundred thousand human beings, he was alone."\* When the Dictionary did come out, the stalwart toiler's spoilt old Titty had been three years in her grave. He evidently alludes to her in that sternly pathetic sentence in his letter to Lord Chesterfield, about patronage being deferred in his case till he was solitary, and could not impart the gratification. Boswell quotes on this occasion some lines by Malone :

Vain—wealth and fame, and fortune's fostering care,  
If no fond breast the splendid blessings share ;  
And, each day's bustling pageantry once past,  
There, only there, our bliss is found at last.†

Gibbon—never too much given to sentimental reflections—intimates the same belief, when he says of the Emperor Heraclius coming home, after the exploits of six glorious campaigns, to enjoy peaceably the sabbath of his toils,—that, being met by senate, clergy, and people, "with tears and acclamations, with olive-branches and innumerable lamps" (the copulatives are so like Gibbon), he entered the capital in a chariot drawn by four elephants ; "and as soon as the emperor could disengage himself from the tumult of public joy, he tasted more genuine satisfaction in the embraces of his mother and his son."‡—Plutarch says of Caius Marcius, that whereas others were valiant for glory's sake, he pursued glory because the acquisition of it delighted his mother. For when she was witness to the applauses he received, when she saw him crowned, when she embraced him with tears of joy, then it was that he reckoned himself at the height of honour and felicity. Epaminondas, they tell us, had the same feeling, and declared it the chief happiness of his life that his father and mother lived to see the victory he won at Leuctra. "He had the satisfaction, indeed, to see both his parents rejoice in his success, and share in his good fortune ; but only the mother of Marcius was living"§ at the time that Caius Marcius won for himself a name—the more imposing though familiar, or because familiar, name of Coriolanus.

Diderot, with all his faults, had a heart : he was tenderly attached to his family, and quite charming is that *souvenir* of his, imparted by the middle-aged man in a letter to Mdlle. Voland : "Un des moments les plus doux de ma vie, ce fut, il y a plus de trente ans, et je m'en souviens comme d'hier, lorsque mon père me vit arriver du collège, les bras chargés des prix que j'avais remportés, et les épaules chargées des couronnes qu'on m'avait décernées, et qui, trop larges pour mon front, avaient laissé passer ma tête. Du plus loin qu'il m'aperçut, il laissa son

\* Biographies, by Lord Macaulay : Samuel Johnson.

† Malone's Prologue to Jephson's tragedy of Julia.

‡ Gibbon, Roman Empire, ch. xlvi.

§ Plutarch, Life of Coriolanus.

ouvrage, il s'avança sur sa porte, et se mit à pleurer. C'est une belle chose qu'un homme de bien et sévère, qui pleure!"\* Dr. Boyd recognises something "intensely affecting" in the letters which the kirk-minister of Cults (it was a very poor living) sent to his boy, David Wilkie, in London, saying that he could, by pinching, send him, if needful, four or five pounds. "But before Sir David became the great man he grew, old Mr. Wilkie was in his grave: 'his son came to honour, and he knew it not.' No doubt it was better as it was; but if you or I, kindly reader, had had the ordering of things, the worthy man should have lived to see what would have gladdened his simple heart at last."†

Noteworthy in the correspondence of a brother-artist of Wilkie's, William Etty, is the frequent reference to his old mother, whenever success elates him. When he was elected a Royal Academician, in 1828—beating his competitors by eighteen to five—"I am overwhelmed with joy," he writes. "Oh! that my poor mother was here. She was anxious about the event as myself." To another friend he jubilantly writes: "I have reached one of the highest pinnacles of my ambition, and am now waving my cap (with an eagle's feather in it) on that pinnacle; am too overjoyed to talk common sense . . . ; a joy doubled on my mother's account. My best regards to Mrs. Bulmer. I hope she will go and see my mother," that the latter "may have some one to whom she can speak her joy." The expected sympathy from his mother not reaching Etty by post so promptly as he looked for, he writes to chide for the delay: "You, that I expected to be the first, are now one of the last. . . . You, whom I most wished to hear from, say nothing." In a later epistle to an attached friend, he avows, "One of the very pleasantest parts and consequences of success, to me, is the reflection of its pleasure from the hearts and faces and feelings of those I esteem. Fame herself would lose half her charms, stripped of those fascinating ornaments."‡ In that chapter of Lord Lytton's penultimate fiction, in which Mr. Vance explains how he came to grind colours and save halfpence, in earlier life, the narrator exclaims, with as much bitterness as is in him: "No matter. They are dead now—all dead for whose sake I first ground colours and saved halfpence. And Frank Vance is a stingy, selfish bachelor."§—In one year John Constable had a son born to him, and painted his best large upright landscape, and became legatee of twenty thousand pounds from his father-in-law. But in the same year he lost his wife—a bereavement he seems never to have got the better of; and when, not long afterwards, he was elected an Academician, though gratified at the honour, he could not help saying, in Johnson's spirit if not in his very words, "It has been delayed till I am solitary, and cannot impart it."|| So with another distinguished R.A., the late William Collins. His election, when it came, was hailed by him as no common honour; but with the pleasure were mingled sombre recollections of the "old boyish studio in Portland-street"—when his father used to cheer him, through all obstacles, gaily

\* Lettres de Diderot, 1760.

† Essay on the Moral Influences of the Dwelling, by A. K. H. B.

‡ Life of Etty, vol. i. pp. 243, 244, 245, 257.

§ What will He do with It? book vi. ch. ii.

|| Leslie's Memoirs of John Constable, R.A., 1844.

predicting Academic honours for him, and confident he should himself live to witness their attainment. And now, when the honours had arrived, and the "poor author's" favourite day-dream had brightened at last into reality, bereavement had "made that father absent from the family board, and voiceless for ever among the rejoicings of the domestic circle."\* So the "poor author's" grandson, more prosperous in authorship, Mr. Wilkie Collins, writes of the occasion.

If Cortes, on landing in Spain after his career of conquest in a New World, was saddened by the news of his father's death†—upon whose welcome and congratulations he had been counting with but too eager a confidence—on the other hand he was happy in finding his aged mother yet alive,‡ and able to accompany him on his return to New Spain, with his magnificent retinue of pages and attendants—in striking contrast to the forlorn condition, as Prescott describes it, in which, twenty-six years before, he had been cast loose, as a wild adventurer, to seek his bread upon the waters.

Recording the admiration and flatteries won by Sybil, at the banquet where she "messed" with ladies of high degree, Lord Lytton, in his historical romance,§ observes, that there had been a time when such honour and such homage would have indeed been welcome; but now, ONE saw them not, and they were valueless. The absence of one may make all the difference. As in Southey's lines :

Such consummation of my work will now  
Be but a mournful close, the one being gone,  
Whom to have satisfied was still to me  
A pure reward, outweighing far all breath  
Of public praise.||

During Moore's visit to Ireland in 1830, he was one day escorted home, with his wife and sister, by "almost the whole congregation" of Dominick-street Chapel, after his acting as "collector to a Catholic charity sermon." And in the fulness of the little man's heart, this entry in his Diary is characteristic enough : "The greater part of them followed us the whole way to Abbey-street (in perfect silence, it being Sunday), and then took leave of us at the door. Was delighted to see that my poor mother was at the window, and witnessed our escort."¶ A few days previously Moore had been rapturously applauded as a speaker at a public meeting; and the Diary has its surge of *amari aliquid* to dash the joy, as he bethinks him of his dead girl, Anastasia, "and the delight she would have felt in witnessing my success had she been spared to us."\*\*\*

Exultant at the success of his play, in 1858, Leigh Hunt, newly a widower, and well stricken in years, writes to an intimate friend: "But there were mourning blots in my joy, especially when I got home, and could not go direct into one particular room."†† A. K. H. B. refers in one of his essays to his having once, at a public meeting, heard a speech by an eminent man, whom he had never seen before, but upon the grave

\* Memoirs of W. Collins, R.A., vol. i. p. 160.

† Prescott's History of Conquest of Mexico, book vii. ch. iv.

‡ Ibid., ch. v.

§ The Last of the Barons, book xi. ch. i.

|| Southey's Poems, Inscriptions, No. xlv.

¶ Diary of Thomas Moore, Sept. 19, 1830.

\*\* Ibid., Sept. 15.

†† Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, vol. ii. p. 210.

of whose young wife, dead many years ago, he remembered to have read an inscription, in a certain churchyard far away. "I thought," says the essayist, "of its simple words of manly and hearty sorrow. I knew that the eminence he had reached had not come till she who would have been proudest of it was beyond knowing it or caring for it. And . . . I thought I could trace, in the features which were sad without the infusion of a grain of sentimentalism, in the subdued and quiet tone of the man's whole aspect and manner and address, the manifest proof that he had never quite got over that great grief of earlier years."\*

There was no guile or false pretence about Mendelssohn when he assured his father (writing from Düsseldorf in 1835) that the approbation and enjoyment of the public, to which, says he, "I am certainly very sensible, only causes me real satisfaction when I can write to tell you of it, because I know it rejoices you, and one word of praise from you is more truly precious to me, and makes me happier, than all the public in the world applauding me in concert." Before the year was out, that beloved father was no more. But Mendelssohn tells a friend, "I shall now work with double zeal at the completion of 'St. Paul,' for my Father urged me to it in the very last letter he wrote to me, and he looked forward very impatiently to the completion of my work. I feel as if I must exert all my energies to finish it, and make it as good as possible, and then think that he takes an interest in it."† In another letter he says that his father's dearest wish was progress: "he always directed me to press forwards, and so I think I am doing his will when I continue to labour in this sense, and endeavour to make progress without any ulterior views beyond my own improvement." Accordingly, when, at the Düsseldorf performances of "St. Paul," the people gave him a flourish of trumpets or applauded, it was very welcome for the moment, he writes, "but then my father came back to my mind, and I strove once more to recal my thoughts to my work."‡

A similar feeling is noticeable on the part of the late Baron Alderson, in his college days. His intimate friendship with his eldest sister, Isabella, was blighted by her death; and the senior wrangler that was to be thus expressed his sense of her loss, amid the excitements and incitements of his splendid career at Cambridge:

E'en 'midst the contests of the classic shade,  
When Learning hailed me for her favourite son,  
I felt a void—for she, alas! was dead  
Whose smile had more than graced the triumph won.

But as the examination drew near, even from the untimely death of her who had been his earliest companion and friend he drew, says his biographer, an additional motive for endeavouring to distinguish himself, in the thought of the pleasure his success would have given her if living. "Do you know," he writes to another sister, "that I have taken into my head what I hope will be a still greater incitement to me to endeavour to distinguish myself—that at any rate, if she will not feel any addition to her happiness now, yet she would if she were alive have felt it so—and that it is a sort of sacred duty I have to perform."§

\* Essay concerning Future Years.

† Cf. Mendelssohn's Letters, Second Series, pp. 83, 95.

‡ Ibid., pp. 112, 114.

§ Life of Baron Alderson, p. 12.

*Nil sine te me prosunt honores*: Horace's words are applicable in another sense than the original one. When Madame de Staël's Oswald hurries away from the almost fanatical admiration of the gazing crowd, whose hearts he has won by his gallantry at the fire, his thoughts revert at once to the father he has so recently lost. "Sweet as was the first sense of the good he had just effected, with whom could he share it, now that his best friend was no more? So wretched is the orphan, that felicity and care alike remind him of his heart's solitude."\* And if ever that wretchedness was feelingly felt, in middle life, and by recognised genius, it was by the writer of that passage, Necker's devoted and inconsolable daughter.

Lord Lytton's Maltravers in the club-room catches his own name in the columns of a paper put into his hand: that work which in the fair retirement of Temple-grove it had so pleased him to compose—in every page and every thought of which Florence Lascelles had been consulted—which was so inseparably associated with her image, and glorified by the light of her kindred genius—was just published. And now, Florence was dying, if not dead. The publication had been delayed for trade purposes, and Maltravers had all but forgotten the existence of the book. "And now, in all the pomp and parade of authorship, it was sent into the world! Now, *now*, when it was like an indecent mockery of the bed of death—a sacrilege, an impiety! There is a terrible disconnexion between the author and the man," Lord Lytton goes on to say—between the author's life and the man's life; the eras of visible triumph may be those of the most intolerable, though unrevealed and un conjectured anguish. "The book that delighted us to compose may first appear in the hour when all things under the sun are joyless. This had been Ernest Maltravers's most favoured work. . . . How had Florence, and Florence alone, understood the beatings of his heart in every page! And now!——"† Mr. Disraeli insists that few great men have flourished, who, were they candid, would not acknowledge the vast advantages they have experienced in early life from the spirit and sympathy of woman. How many an official portfolio, he exclaims, would never have been carried, had it not been for her sanguine spirit and assiduous love! How many a depressed and despairing advocate has clutched the great seal, and taken his precedence before princes, borne onward by the breeze of her inspiring hope! "A female friend, amiable, clever, and devoted, is a possession more valuable than parks and palaces; and without such a muse, few men can succeed in life—none be content."‡ When the parks and palaces are possessed only after she is gone, what is their worth? Relatively—absolutely—any way, what are they worth to the possessor now? Mr. Hayward rightly pronounces it absurd to say that merit is sure to be appreciated if the aspirant will bide his time; for the time may never come, or come too late—when his faculties have been deteriorated by disuse, and his spirit is broken by disappointment—when "all he had wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds."§ "Joseph, if our father could see

\* Corinne, book i. ch. iv.

† Ernest Maltravers, book ix. ch. vii.

‡ Henrietta Temple, book iii. ch. iv.

§ *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1844. Art., "Lord Eldon, and the Chances of the Bar."



us!" was Napoleon's exclamation to his brother, on the day of his placing on his own head the imperial crown. Jeffrey, in the flush of exultation at being appointed Lord-Advocate, writes to a friend who he hopes will come and see him, "You will find me glorious in a flounced silk gown, and long cravat,—sending men to the gallows, and persecuting smugglers for penalties,—and every day in a wig, and most days with buckles on my shoes. I wished my father had lived to see this!"\*—To his father the first Earl of Malmesbury delighted on all occasions to refer the successes of his future life: "While my father lived," he says, "the strongest incentive I had to exert myself was in the satisfaction I knew he would derive from any credit I might acquire; and the many and distinguished honours I have since received have suffered a great diminution in my estimation from his being no longer a witness to them."† Patrick Fraser Tytler, the historian of Scotland—or rather, one of the historians, be it said, in remembrance of such names past or present as Dr. Robertson and Mr. John Hill Burton—thus writes to his friend Basil Hall, soon after losing his excellent father: "How often have I thought, what exquisite delight it would give me, should I ever arrive at any excellence in my profession, to plead before *him*‡ to whose instruction and love I owed it all."§ There is force and feeling in M. Jules Simon's note of interrogation: "Quel est l'orphelin, fût-il déjà en cheveux blancs, qui, venant de faire une noble action, ne revoit pas, au fond de sa pensée, le sourire reconnaissant de sa mère?"|| "O my dear," exclaims the aunt of Lady Grandison, to Richardson's beatific heroine, in the hour of her beatification, "had your papa, your mamma, lived to this day!"—"I will imagine," she replies, "that I see them looking down from their heaven. They bid me take care to deserve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am *what* and where they are."¶

\* Life of Lord Jeffrey, vol. i. p. 306.

† Diaries, &c., of James Harris, first Earl of Malmesbury.

‡ Lord Woodhouselee, one of the judges of the Court of Session.

§ Memoir of P. F. Tytler, p. 83.

|| La Liberté, par Jules Simon, t. i. p. 280.

¶ History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. vii. letter viii.

## HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLEMENT'S TROUBLE," &amp;c.

## PART II.

THE change from a quiet country village to the city of London is always exciting; even to those who know the metropolis well there is excitement in once more entering the busy hive and joining in the perpetual hum which rises from its workers; while to those who are strangers to London, the bustle of its life is marvellous. It is they who appreciate, more than Londoners themselves, the wonderful rush of life in our great capital.

The family at High Oakfield went on very quietly while those three of its members were absent; Roger was installed in Acrefield Farm, and his mother had the pleasure of furnishing his house; but beyond that they had no excitement during the short mild winter. But at the Laurels there was excitement, and of a very unpleasant kind. Maud Gear was resolved to win the gloves from Mr. Walsham, and was resolved, moreover, not to return to York without being engaged to be married to some one. She was one of those many girls who think that the chief object of a girl's life is to be married, forgetting how much good work, how much of the best work of the world, is done by single women. And to attain to the dignity of a married woman, Maud cared little what means she employed. To ignore her bodily defects, and to render herself conspicuous by fast slang talking and very doubtful jokes, this was what Maud thought would help on her plans for obtaining a home of her own. She did not scruple to employ exaggerations and evil-speaking; she talked about Lizzie's follies and Mr. Clair's sins, both of omission and commission, in such unmeasured terms, that gentle Mrs. Cavanagh grew red and incoherent with anger, and Mr. Cavanagh told Miss Gear that he would be obliged to her if she would for the future abstain from visiting at his house. But if this had been all, Maud might have gone back to York not much the worse for her visit to M——; unfortunately it was not all. She carried out her intention of frightening her aunt, but not with the result she had anticipated. There was in the garden at the Laurels a small hexagon summer-house, which, of course, at this time of year, was not used; and Maud found it very easy to arrange a sheet with an ugly mask, just inside the door of the summer-house, so that by putting the door ajar, any person coming up to it would be suddenly face to face with a horrible apparition. This she settled to her satisfaction, and after dinner she made her way to the summer-house and lighted two candles to shine through the eyes of the mask. Then, by a concerted plan with Mr. Walsham, she asked him to go into the garden and look at the stars, which were very brilliant that frosty night.

After a few moments, Maud called through the open window, "Do come out, Aunt Tilly, and look at the stars, they are most beautiful;" and Miss Trevor replied, "In a moment, my dear."

Maud and Mr. Walsham moved nearer the summer-house, so as to lure

Miss Trevor towards the ghost, and, while they were talking in an under tone, they heard steps, and Maud saw her aunt approaching very near to that which was to frighten her. But Maud was not prepared for what followed.

Her aunt walked straight to the open door, and then Maud heard a loud terrified shriek, and instantly the frightened lady fell down on the gravel pathway in a dead faint; and, to Maud's infinite horror, she found that it was not Miss Trevor, but poor sickly Miss Bella who had fallen into the cruel snare. The cry from her sister brought out Miss Tilly and the servants, but it was some time before Miss Bella came out of her faint and could be carried in and put to bed.

"I am very sorry for this," said Mr. Walsham, as he and Maud waited in the drawing-room while Miss Trevor was seeing to the comfort of her terrified sister.

"I am very sorry it has turned out so," replied Maud; "it is no fun to frighten Aunt Bella; and, besides, I lose my bet."

"I hope the poor old lady will not really suffer from the fright." And Mr. Walsham fidgeted about the room very uncomfortably.

"You led me into it," said Maud.

"Oh, Miss Gear, it was your own proposition."

"I should not have thought of it but for you."

"I assure you such an idea never entered my head; it was entirely your own doing."

"No, Mr. Walsham, it was your remarks on Aunt Tilly that made me think I should like to frighten her."

Then they were silent again, and very uncomfortably; and when Miss Trevor came back, she said she could not have believed that two grown-up people like Maud and Walsham would be guilty of such a cruel wicked trick. "Of course," she continued, turning to Mr. Walsham, "one does not expect young gentlemen of the present day to have either good sense or good feeling. But as for you, Maud, I certainly thought you knew better. However, it will not be in your power to do us much more mischief, as you will return home the day after to-morrow. I only hope the terror and the cold will not kill your aunt. And any expectations you may have had about our money, you may now give up altogether." And Miss Trevor went away again.

Maud began to cry.

"Poor Aunt Bella, I wonder will she die! And the money I was to have from them, I shall never have it now! And I am to be sent home in disgrace! and it has been you who led me into it!"

Maud sobbed and cried, so that Mr. Walsham grew more and more uncomfortable. He tried to stop her crying, for, like most men, he could not endure the sight of a woman's tears.

"Pray, do not cry," he said; "it is very distressing."

"I am miserable," said Maud, "and you do nothing to comfort me."

"I do not know what to do," he said, helplessly.

"Everything is gone wrong," Maud sobbed, "and if you cared for me as I thought you did, you would know how to comfort me."

"I am sure I would if I could," poor Mr. Walsham answered.

"Ah! if you only cared for me ever so little."

"I assure you I care for you very much indeed; so pray, Maud, be pacified, and don't cry so."

Maud laid her head on his shoulder, saying, "Ah, if you really care for me——"

Mr. Walsham was more uncomfortable than ever; he did not know what trouble Maud might be leading him into; but as her sobs became less frequent, and her tears ceased to flow, he was tolerably satisfied on the whole.

"And I shall not go back to York in disgrace," said Maud, beginning to smile, "and it is very curious that my sister Esmé was engaged to be married while she was on a visit here."

"It is very late!" exclaimed Walsham, in a tone of utter, inexpressible vexation; "I really must go: good night."

"Good night," said Maud, sweetly; "will you come here again to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, yes, of course," said Walsham from the hall, where he hurried on his coat, and set off on his long walk back to Bellingdon, not by any means so pleased with the occurrences of the evening as Maud was.

But Maud was destined to disappointment. She was told next morning that Miss Bella was very unwell, and was keeping her bed, and Miss Trevor could not leave her sister, but sent down a five-pound note to Miss Gear, and word that the pony-carriage would be ready next morning to go over to the railway station. Thus Maud saw that she was to go away in disgrace; still she considered that to go away engaged to be married was balm for a great many wounds. And in this also she was doomed to disappointment, for there came by post a note from Mr. Walsham, in which he said:

"I am afraid that, perhaps, you misunderstood my expressions of concern about you yesterday; you must remember that my regard for you is only that of an ordinary friend. And even if it were otherwise, it would be impossible for me to be more than a friend to you or any lady, which you will understand when I tell you that I have nothing but my pay as a clerk in a government office. I trust Miss A. Trevor will soon recover, and that you will have a safe journey to York."

Maud tore the note into little bits, and threw them on the fire, and she chafed and raged up and down her bedroom at the frustration of all her plans. Their immediate result was that she went home under a dark cloud, and the final result was, that when the Misses Trevor departed this life they bequeathed all they possessed to Esmé Sutton, and not one penny to Maud Gear, who was seen no more in M——.

The discreditable things that Maud had said about Mr. Clair were repeated in Mrs. Cavanagh's letters to Clement, and he endeavoured to keep some kind of watch over Lizzie, but he found such a watch to be impossible. He was located in Southwark with a great deal of work to do, and Lizzie was staying at Mrs. Mulleyns's house in Hyde Park-square. It was only occasionally that Clement could spare time to go so far, and when he did he was generally told that the ladies were out. On one occasion he found Dora alone with two elderly gentlemen, whom Clement perceived to be of the genus "horsey;" and he further discovered that these were the men of whom Clair had spoken to Dora's disadvantage. But it was so evident that their visit was to Edgar Mulleyns, and not to his wife, that Clement's mind was set at rest about Dora.

"You are quite happy, Dora?" he said, one day.

"Perfectly. Edgar is very kind and good, and I make allowances for him, as you once told me I must do, and I am more careful than I used to be, for I know my own short-comings, and I have my two little pets for occupation and company."

For this Clement thanked God on his knees; his old tenderness for Dora never quite left his heart; she was always to him the dearest of all the Cavanaghs, though he would not confess even to himself that he, a Priest, could feel more tenderly for one woman than another. But Father Clement was a man as well as a Priest. He heard that Mr. Clair was often in Hyde Park-square, and at theatres and concerts with Lizzie, and Dora said she quite thought that there was some sort of engagement between them.

"I am told," said Clement, "that he is a great flirt, and that his evenings are spent in various places which I need not mention to you."

"I hardly think that," answered Dora; "and, besides, if he marries and settles down, that will be all right."

"I hope he will not make Lizzie unhappy. I am half afraid."

The fact was, that Lizzie was sometimes greatly elated and sometimes sadly depressed, but the calm evenness of steady hope was not hers. She was herself as much in the dark about Mr. Clair's intentions as either Dora or Clement; and this suspense went on until it became almost intolerable, and she knew not how to end it. Dora offered no advice, nor did Ellen when she and Lizzie met, which was not often, for the Suttons' district and house was near Euston-square, and Ellen was much occupied.

Soon after they came to town, Mr. Sutton asked Ellen if she would allow him to show her volume of translations from the German to a friend of his. Ellen readily gave them to Mr. Sutton, and heard no more about them for some weeks, until one evening he told her that they had been read by a friend of his, a partner in a publishing firm, "and he wishes to publish them," added Mr. Sutton.

"You cannot mean it!" exclaimed Ellen. "What, publish my little book!"

"Yes; and he told me to offer you five pounds for the copyright. I very much wanted him to give ten pounds, but he said he could not give more than the five pounds, because you are an unknown author."

"It is splendid," said Ellen. "I never thought I could earn money. And, Esmé, that five pounds will buy the mangle for Mrs. Robinson, and set her up as a laundress:" for Ellen had been working in Mrs. Sutton's district, and began to know what real London poverty is.

Her success gave Ellen new energy; to read, to write, to work, either among books or among the poor, became her great happiness; she no longer lounged about in thoughtful idleness, trying to settle all sorts of abstract questions before she came to any practical determination. Ellen's faults had hitherto been rather those of wrong-seeing than wrong-doing. She hesitated sadly until she saw the right, but when once she saw it, she vacillated no more, but did it. Her strength of determination was sorely taxed during her stay in town.

Mr. Sutton came in one day, saying that he had met Mr. Scott in the street.

"He is coming to call here."

Esmé saw Ellen's burning face, and said, quickly :

"Does he know that we are—not alone, that we have a friend staying with us?"

"Oh yes, he knows," replied Mr. Sutton.

And the following day Mr. Scott paid his threatened visit. Ellen hardly knew how to meet him, but he, by meeting her with easy politeness, set her at her ease, and as he talked to Esmé, Ellen had time to recover her calmness. She heard him tell Mrs. Sutton about his rapidly increasing practice, about his house near Bedford-square, about his divorce, and about his hope that very shortly he might be like other men, with domestic ties and pleasures. And Ellen guessed pretty well what all this meant, and what it would lead to. She was not mistaken; she was alone with Mortimer Scott a few minutes before dinner, and he again referred to his house.

"A nice little house," he said; "I am furnishing it very prettily. I think you would like it. Oh, Ellen! our past has been very sad and very much astray, but now we can put it all right. I should not have dared to write this to you, but I heard you were coming to town, and now that I see you it is so easy to speak, it would be so difficult not to speak. I love you the same as ever, I believe you loved me, I believe you love me still; there is now no impediment. I entreat you to be my wife—my most dearly loved wife. Ellen, why do you not answer me?"

"It cannot be," said Ellen, faintly.

"Why not—why not? Do you not care for me now?"

"Oh yes."

"Then why do you say it cannot be?"

"I do not think you are free even now."

"But I am free—freed by the laws of the land."

"But not by the laws of the Gospel. No," said Ellen, taking courage, "as long as that unfortunate woman lives, I cannot consider you to be quite free."

"But," he expostulated, "you know that in the opinion of judges, and, indeed, of all the world, I am as free as if I had never contracted that wretched marriage."

"I know all that," said Ellen, tearfully; "but yet as long as she lives I cannot——"

"And this is your decision?"

"Yes," she said, "it must be my decision for the present."

"For the present," repeated Mortimer, with a little distant gleam of hope; and then Mr. and Mrs. Sutton coming into the room, he was not able to say any more on the subject. But he went away that night not altogether without hope; for he was aware that his divorced wife was leading so profligate and dissipated a life as must at last put an end to her miserable existence. And Scott could not even profess to feel sorry for the woman who had hitherto blighted all his life.

Clement rejoiced to hear that Mortimer Scott had renewed his proposal to Ellen; for though he thought Ellen entirely in the right as to her rejection of the offer, still, like Mortimer, he thought that perhaps the time might come when difficulties would be removed, and all might be put straight, as things so often are put straight if we only leave them alone, and do not try to do the straightening for ourselves.

The hopes which Clement entertained for Ellen's lot in life he could not extend to Lizzie's prospects; the Honourable Reginald Clair did not act in the honourable straightforward manner in which Mortimer Scott, M.R.C.S., had acted. On the contrary, Mr. Clair seemed to avoid anything at all like an explanation with Lizzie; he was perpetually with her, so that it was said among their friends that they must be engaged, but still he said no word to her of decided, definite import. Clement spoke to her on the subject, and she replied that she was very weary of the whole thing, and must conclude it one way or the other.

"That is what I should advise," said Father Clement; "if you can end the suspense, do so at once, for this is not like waiting to see your way out of difficulties which you cannot control; but here you are kept in the dark by the dishonesty of a man whom you can force to an avowal of his meaning. If you have courage to do it, do it at once."

"I will, Father Clement," Lizzie replied, "and I cannot think that he will let me give him up after all his expressions of admiration and regard."

"Poor child! I hardly know which way I shall be most sorry for you. But have it settled one way or the other: I shall be very glad to know the result. I shall not see you for some days, as I am going to be very busy; I suppose you and Dora will come to the great meeting at the St. James's Hall. I am to speak there, and I have to think over my subject, and decide what I am to say."

"Oh, you can speak on the spur of the moment."

"No," said Clement, "that would be a very slovenly way of doing my Master's work, without thought and without preparation. The subject is important, and I must give it due consideration."

Lizzie, thus left to herself, found it hard to devise a plan for making Mr. Clair speak plainly; that he should speak, she was determined, for she felt that to have the matter settled any way would be better than to go on in this state of uncertainty. Mr. Clair had promised to go with Dora and Lizzie to the meeting at the St. James's Hall, which was to be held for the consideration of some Roman Catholic charities, and the best methods of making them popular and prosperous. Mr. Clair had said that he had no scruples in supporting Roman Catholic charities; he held that one charity was as good as another, and one faith as true as another; his charity was wider than the charity of most people, certainly wider, he added, with a laugh, than that of Father Clement.

"If you or I," said Mrs. Mulleyns, "were one half as true, and good, and humble as Father Clement, we should be fit for a place in the Calendar of the Saints."

"I believe you!" said Mr. Mulleyns; and Mr. Clair laughed again, very unpleasantly.

Reginald Clair with the two ladies found their appointed places in the Hall; and while Dora was ready to give her undivided attention to the discussion, her companions were engaged in private and profitless conversation. Lizzie, with a beating heart and tremulous voice, was watching for Clair to say something that would enable her to test his sincerity. And he soon gave her the opportunity. He said he had seen Mr. Walsham a day or two previously, "and he told me all that occurred with Miss Gear and old Miss Trevor."

"Miss Trevor is quite well again," said Lizzie, "and I think it was the most shameful practical joke I ever heard of."

"That little Maud Gear led him on to it, as your amiable sex invariably leads ours on to mischief."

"I cannot allow you to say that!" exclaimed Lizzie; "men, being of stronger will than women, should rather lead us to good, than allow us to lead them to evil. Besides," she added, with the logic usual to her sex, "I do not believe that women are in the habit of leading men to do wrong—at least, not most women. I am sure if I could lead you to right, I should rejoice over it more than I can tell you."

"Thank you for the compliment," said he, smiling, and looking into her beautiful blue eyes, which were misty with tears that she could not quite repress. "I believe you do lead me to good in some ways. You have brought me here to-day, and I am going to give my guinea to the charity, just like any 'good Catholic.'"

"Ah, but I should like to lead you always to all sorts of good things. I am sure you might do much better than you have yet done."

"I quite agree with you; but I do not think it will ever be. And as to your leading me always in good things, I cannot see how that can be. You cannot be always at my side, can you?"

"I do not know," said Lizzie, looking down.

"Of course it would be most pleasant. You know what I think of you; I need not tell you in words, but it is quite out of the question that I should ever bind myself to any one course of action or mode of life. I am essentially erratic in nature, and I should never be able to accommodate myself to orderly habits. I could never be a master of a house, or head of a family."

"But you have often spoken," Lizzie said, sadly, when a round of cheers which greeted the Archbishop had died away—"you have often spoken of one life being bound up in another, and of one heart expending itself in the service of another."

"Oh yes," he answered, lightly, "but not in the way that suggests itself to you; such bonds as home and marriage would only make me long for freedom; if I remain unfettered, I can be constant; but the moment I am tied down by rules, I rebel. I hold that the world is free to all of us to take our pleasure in it, and if I could find a lady unconventional enough to think so too, we might retire together to some unknown region, where we should be equally free to remain together or to part company. But you see such an alliance would not be permitted by the society we live in, and, therefore, I cannot put any such plan in execution. But in the same way in which I despise the formality of creeds and dogmas, I equally despise those laws which restrict our inclinations, and bind us in chains worn by no other animal but only by man, who 'calls himself a little lower than angels.'"

"They are God's Laws," said Lizzie, reverently, and very much perplexed by what Mr. Clair had been saying. His words had been interrupted by resolutions from the chair and cheers from the audience, and she had as yet only taken in the one fact that Reginald Clair's love for her was not to have the result which she had hoped.

"Then you mean," she said, while a noble orator was engrossing all feminine ears but her own—"you mean that you never intend to have a home?"



"In other words," he answered, with a laugh—"in ordinary words, 'I am not a marrying man.'"

"Yet you have made me think you were!"

"I am sorry if you have thought so," he said, gravely, for he saw her eyes full of tears, which she could not at all repress. "I have never concealed my ideas on moral subjects. I should have thought you might guess what they would be on this subject. I am sorry if I have misled you."

"You must be a great flirt," said Lizzie, angrily.

"I never flirt. If I admire a lady, I do not think I am bound to avoid her, or deprive myself of the pleasure of talking to her, dancing with her, &c."

His tone was gay and careless, but Lizzie in her first deep sorrow could now make no rejoinder. She sat still, with her eyes fixed on the back of the next seat, and her mind so abstracted that she did not even notice when Clement came on the platform and addressed the large audience. But Dora clasped her hands in ecstasy, and lost not one word that he spoke. He spoke words as old as human nature, and as new as that human nature which took visible form yesterday in the new-born infant. He spoke of sin and sorrow. He spoke of the darkness of the crowded alleys of England's great towns, and the spiritual darkness of our ignorant thousands of fellow-creatures; of the crippled limbs of the children of poverty, of the deformed souls of the sons and daughters of vice; of the two familiar antithetical expressions of "going to the Devil" and of "coming to Christ." Next he spoke of the light of summer mornings and blue skies and glistening stars, of the Light of the World, and the lesser lights of knowledge, industry, cleanliness; of Him who waited for men to come to Him, and to whom all men were now bound to come, because He had first come to them. And from these general considerations, couched in beautiful burning words, Father Clement passed to the consideration of the charity in aid of which the meeting was convened, and the rest of his address was as lucid and practical as the former part had been stirring and touching. All his hearers were touched, and when he concluded he was greatly cheered, Dora adding her gentle approval to the general applause. Lizzie was roused from her painful reverie by seeing Mr. Clair somewhat excited, and hearing him exclaim:

"Capital—capital; he is a splendid fellow for preaching, is Father Clement."

Clair looked at Lizzie as he spoke, and she put her hand to her eyes, saying, in a pained voice:

"I did not hear what he was talking about."

"I am afraid you are not well," whispered Clair, as unconcernedly as if he had not done his best to take all gladness from her young life.

"I am quite well," she said, and sat out the meeting.

After Clement's speech there was no other of any importance; and when some resolutions had been put and carried, the audience began to disperse. Mrs. Mulleyns, looking at her sister, saw that something had gone wrong, and partly guessed what it was. Mr. Clair silently conducted them down-stairs, and when he had put them into the brougham, he took off his hat, and walked away to his club. Lizzie could keep up no longer; she leaned back in the carriage and sobbed bitterly; she could

not bring herself to tell Dora all that Reginald Clair had said, but Dora gathered enough from her broken sentences to understand the main points.

"Poor child—poor darling!" said Dora, pitying Lizzie's sad distress; "he is an unprincipled wretch, and you must try and forget him." Which was a very hard task to set Lizzie.

"I cannot blame myself in any way," said the weeping girl. "He did all he could to make me like him. I am sure I do not deserve such a trial as this."

"Are you sure," Dora asked, "that in the first instance you did not yourself lead up to this? Did any fondness for admiration make you inclined to seek his attentions without considering how they were likely to end? Before you allowed yourself to like him, did you seriously determine that his character was quite what you approved?"

"Oh no," answered Lizzie, a little piqued at Dora's tone of half-blame. "I saw he liked me, and I found it very pleasant, and so it went on gradually until I hardly knew where I was. I am sure no one, not even Father Clement, could blame me. And I do not see why he should any longer be called the Honourable Reginald Clair, if people only knew—and I wish they did know. I wish I could tell them!"

Dora was glad that Lizzie should grow angry; it would help her to bear her trouble. It was like applying caustic to a wound, making it smart, but healing it in the end. And Dora thought that some softer method should also be tried for healing Lizzie's heart; something more in the nature of a salve or a balm—such a salve or balm as Clement's gentle words and wise directions would be certain to afford. Like all the Cavanaghs, Dora, in any trouble or difficulty, turned instinctively to Clement's care and wisdom.

He often wondered at the power which seemed given him to help all who applied to him. As a poet feels that his thoughts and verses are not of his own invention, but come to him from some source of inspiration which is outside and beyond himself, so the young Priest knew that his advice, his assistance, his stirring admonitions, were not of his own making. He felt himself often painfully weak and terribly in want of help from others, but he knew that the strength of his mission was glorified in his weakness, and the brightness of the spiritual lamp shone all the more clearly because of the thinness of the vase which contained it. After his successful work for the charity, and his applauded speech at the meeting, he was humiliated beyond measure in his own heart; he found there a mixture of satisfaction at his success, and of vanity at the applause showered on him. And knowing as he did that no praise could be really merited by his feeble efforts, he was mortified and cast down at discovering that he had actually taken credit to himself for what he had done and what he had said. "I am growing worldly," he thought, very bitterly. "I am growing to love the praise of men. This busy London is too busy and too noisy for me; it drowns the voice of conscience. I had far better return to High Oakfield, and spend my life among those duties which leave me time to watch myself. My work in London may be useful, but others can carry it on as well as I, and my life at home is far healthier for myself."

Clement was living in a house inhabited by several priests, and he had

a small room in which he could read, write, or occupy himself as he pleased, without fear of interruption. This night after the meeting he spent a long time in self-examination and contrition for his proud and vain thoughts. So long a time, that it was far on in the cold winter night before he lay down to rest. And even when he did lie down, he did not go to sleep for some time. His sleep was disturbed by disagreeable dreams; and about half-past four o'clock it was violently broken by a loud ring at the door-bell. He sprang up with a vague sensation that something must be the matter, and hastening down-stairs as soon as possible, he found himself the first at the hall door, where stood a boy from a telegraph-office. Clement had brought down his candle, and found the telegram addressed to himself; he signed the boy's book hurriedly, and opening the brown envelope, read: "Roger Cavanagh, High Oakfield, to Father Clement, London. My father is ill, do not alarm the girls, but bring them down instantly. Paralysis. Carriage shall be at station."

Here was a blow! Mr. Cavanagh attacked by paralysis; the beginning of the end; the forerunner of death! There was now no time for thought; it devolved on Clement to break the news to Dora, Ellen, and Lizzie, and to take them down to M—— instantly. Clement was greatly fatigued from the hard work he had done during his stay in London, and he had this night had only a couple of hours' sleep; but such selfish considerations were put aside, and he prepared for his sorrowful task. He hastily threw a few things into a black bag, and asked his friends to forward the rest to High Oakfield. He bade them good-bye, and took a cab to Mr. Sutton's house. It was nearly six o'clock when he arrived there, and the servant was just opening the shutters.

"Lor, Father Clement!" she exclaimed, "is it you?"

"Lucy, is Miss Ellen up? Go and tell her that I particularly want to see her."

"Well, I never!" said Lucy, as she went to Ellen's room.

In about a quarter of an hour Ellen came down, fearful of some impending evil; and when she saw Clement's haggard face and weary eyes, she cried out:

"Oh! what? Papa? Mamma?" And she stood staring and waiting for some dreadful news.

"There is illness at High Oakfield," he said, calmly. "Roger has sent a telegram that his father is ill, and it is right that his daughters should be there to attend to him."

"Is it only illness, Father Clement, nothing more?" asked Ellen, trembling.

"Nothing more at present, but it may be serious. He has had a touch of paralysis."

"My poor Father! I shall be ready in a few minutes."

"I have to go and see Dora and Lizzie," said Clement, "so will you meet us at the station to go by the 9.25 train? Have some breakfast before you go."

"Yes," replied Ellen, "I will be there. Don't frighten Dora and Lizzie. And, Clement," she added, following him as he was going down-stairs, "you look ill yourself."

"I'm all right," cried he, without looking back; "remember 9.25."

Then he drove to Mrs. Mulleyns's house, where no one was up, but after a time the servants roused their mistress, and Dora came down in her dressing-gown. She was much distressed, but took the news calmly.

"How can I go?" she questioned. "Edgar will not mind my going, but I hardly like leaving the children. But I dare say nurse will take good care of them, and if I can help poor Papa in any way I am bound to go. Is it likely to be very serious?"

"I fear so."

"Do you think he will die?"

"Probably not of this attack. You know this disease generally gives two warnings, and the third time it kills."

Dora was crying quietly, but she had other ties besides those at High Oakfield, and she did not cling so much to her parents as her unmarried sisters did.

"I must pack a trunk, and give orders, and get ready," she said, going away. "Sit by the fire, Clement; you seem cold, and cook must send up some breakfast immediately."

Clement was very cold, and sat by the fire without moving till Lizzie came down. She had waited to dress herself in becoming costume, and while her face showed signs of recent tears, her hair was faultlessly arranged.

"Dora says Papa is ill. Oh, Father Clement, how hard it is that so many troubles should come on me just at one time!"

"How 'so many troubles'?" said Clement.

"Papa's illness, and about that man."

"Who? Mr. Clair?"

"Yes."

"What has he been doing?"

"He has come out in his true colours: he is a vile wretch."

"I warned you not to trust him," said Clement; "I feared you were preparing trouble for yourself."

Lizzie talked very indignantly about Mr. Clair's conduct, and appeared to feel that trouble much more acutely than the news of her father's dangerous illness. Clement felt so weary and worn out that he argued little with her. Only when she said, "I am sure I have not deserved such trials," he answered, "We deserve more troubles than our Father ever sends us: and they do not always come because they are deserved; they are more often signs of God's Love than of His Anger. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

"You are so cold and unsympathising," said Lizzie. And Clement, whose heart was full of sorrow, and pity, and sympathy, and love for the whole of suffering humanity, turned away from her in some disgust, and leaned on the chimney-piece.

While Lizzie was packing her boxes the servants brought breakfast, and Dora returned to partake of it. She could eat little, and Clement less; but the hot strong coffee made him feel better. The weather had turned much colder, and snow was beginning to fall.

"We shall have a cold journey," he said.

Lizzie came down again, and ate her breakfast; she had more appetite than the others. Edgar Mulleyns also came down, and said that he was

deuced sorry about the old gentleman, and he hoped Father Clement would not let them lose their train. There was some danger of it, for Lizzie had so many boxes, and so many bonnets, and gowns, and mantles to fit into them, that her packing was a long affair. But they were in time, and at the station they found Ellen waiting for them; and a very quiet sad party they were, as they went down through the white-clad country to M——. The brougham and a cart for the luggage met them at the station, and, in reply to Clement's first question, the coachman said that his master was a little better: he was quite sensible, and could make a sort of noise something like talking, but his left side was all stiff and useless. With this preparation they drove home. The house had a little recovered its quietness. Mrs. Cavanagh and her youngest girl, Florence, were in the sick-room, and Mary, who was nearly grown up, had been directing the terrified servants. Roger told all that had happened, and he said that Dr. Smith and Mr. Halling had hopes of a partial recovery, but there would be a fatal termination sooner or later.

Dora and her sister relieved their mother from much of her fatigue, and as days and weeks went over, Mr. Cavanagh recovered his speech to a great extent, but his left side remained almost useless; by the aid of wheel-chairs, crutches, and the arm of either Roger or Clement, the poor invalid was able, when the spring came like a dawn of hope, to move about the garden and grounds. And to wait on all Mr. Cavanagh's fancies and wants became almost Clement's entire occupation. The strain upon him grew most irksome; only his youth sustained him. He was ill, and he knew it, but he saw no way of growing better unless he deserted his post, and he was not the man to do that. He took quinine and other tonics as Mr. Halling ordered, and he was dispensed from keeping any fasts; but he felt persuaded that there was internal mischief going on, and he thought that any infection, or even a bad cold, would be too much for him, and would send him to that rest which he was quite willing to go to.

But the spring, sweeter than any medicinal cordial, brought new strength to both invalids, and brought many other things. It brought Mr. Cavanagh's unmarried sister, Miss Bridget, from her sojourn in Italy to take her turn at waiting on her brother; it brought a nephew of Clement's from his native Santa Cruz to England, with the intention of preparing himself for the Roman Priesthood; it brought a sort of resignation to Lizzie, who again wore her bright clothes and prepared for fresh conquests; and it brought Mortimer Scott to High Oakfield.

He came with a narrow band on his hat, for his wife was dead, and Ellen now gave that assent which she had before refused, and their marriage was fixed for the 6th of April, the Tuesday after Easter week. Mr. Cavanagh was at Church on Easter Sunday, and on Ellen's Wedding Day he was able to go to the Parish Church and see his daughter united to the man she had loved so long, and who had loved her so faithfully.

Perhaps Lizzie was a little sad when she saw how wisely Ellen had given her heart, and thought how foolishly she had wasted her own, but she comforted herself by the assurance that there would certainly be plenty of admirers and offers for the beautiful Miss Cavanagh, and she would again spend a month with Dora during the London season, which was now beginning.

That 6th of April was very bright and genial; the long lawn at High Oakfield was green and smooth, the recesses on each side of it were gay with spring flowers and budding shrubs, and lovely bouquets were on the table prepared for the few wedding guests. There were no speeches at the breakfast, and Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Scott went away early on their trip to the Lake country. And after they were gone, as the Cavanaghs walked up and down the grass, the paralytic leaning, as usual, on Clement's arm, it came into Clement's heart to preach them a little sermon, and to say how straightly out of crookedness Ellen's happiness had come to her.

"Not by any working of her own," he said, "nor by any efforts of Mr. Scott's, but simply because they both waited patiently for the Lord. Mortimer Scott needed to be punished for the indiscretion of his boyhood when he married a woman whom he could neither love nor respect, and Ellen needed to be roused from her apathetic indolence; and so one mutual trouble was sent to them to purify their hearts and make their lives more useful. Then when sorrow had done its work, and they grew humbler and holier than they had been, this great happiness was sent to them to comfort them and make them know not only that God is just, but that He is also merciful. And as far as we can see there is no cloud over their lot; but sunshine is on them as on this beloved lovely garden, and, indeed, on all of us. And let us all pray for the continued happiness of Mortimer and Ellen—she, an intellectual woman, and more, a useful woman, and he, an honourable gentleman."

And Clement ended, for the faintness to which he was subject came over him for a moment, like a shadow falling on the bright landscape around him.

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#### A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

My lover was the noblest man of all:  
 Of many a noble soul in Padua  
 The bravest and the noblest. Who like him  
 Spoke words that fired the hearer when he heard—  
 Did deeds that wrung the praises from his foes,  
 Ay, and their envy too? For so it chanced,  
 Two factions tore the state with mortal feud,  
 Malice, and murder. Not a man went forth  
 But kept his eyes astrain, his hands alert,  
 His poniard sharply pointed. As for me  
 (Like poor *Giulietta* of the *Capulets*),  
 My lover was the mark'd and special foe,  
 The hatred of the house that gave me birth:  
 Dear *Gésu*, how they hated! Yet by stealth  
 We kept a tryst or two. They heard of it!  
 Trust me, in Padua, if a mouse creep forth

At midnight, keep his tryst, and tumble back  
 In the small hours of the morning, not a soul  
 Next day but hears it in the market-place.  
 This roused their vengeance, and to make it sure  
 They gave my hand—confirmed it with an oath—  
 To Agostino; whom I knew right well  
 To be both base and treacherous, loved of none,  
 Or man or woman. Thus the matter stood.  
 One day the priests came to me, and began  
 To argue. Have you never heard a priest  
 Argue? Maria, how my flesh did creep!  
 I can't remember half the things they said,  
 So subtly were they spoken! but at length—  
 You see, I am a mere child still!—it seemed  
 Almost a virtue to be vile: almost  
 A vice to shun the villany they proposed.  
 So, to be brief, I lent myself at last  
 (They pledged God's favour for it!), and agreed  
 To bring Giovanni to a rendezvous  
 That very night, beside the palace walls,  
 Under the lime-trees. There—he being secure  
 (As not foreboding falseness from a soul  
 He had taken to swear his oaths by)—all the while  
 Three trusty witnesses with ears apriek  
 In the lime-trees—I, for my part, was to draw  
 His plots and purpose from him, word by word.  
 I undertook the business. Could I stand  
 Out and refuse their bidding—three such priests,  
 Back'd by our Mother Church? I laid my plans  
 Calmly and warily.—What's that you say?  
 Just hear the rest of the story.—So the hour  
 Came round, too quickly; and I took my place  
 At the time appointed: Father Angelo  
 Perch'd slyly in an angle of the wall  
 To watch us. Punctual to a fault he came,  
 Close muffled as I warned him, with his face  
 Hid from their curious gaze. He cast his arms  
 About me, strain'd me closely, and—just then  
 The moon peep'd round the corner of a cloud,  
 And caught us—how I blush'd! He held me tight,  
 Spite of the moon, and murmured in my ear  
 Words—how should I remember?—lover's words,  
 That may mean much, or nothing. Do you think  
 I mark'd them, with my bravoes overhead,  
 Biting their sharp stilettoes with their teeth  
 To keep the laughter in? I paused awhile.  
 You'll say I shrunk to call them? Next I drew  
 His ear down close to hear me, and—perhaps—  
 It may be—once—one little kiss: you see  
 His face just touch'd! I scarcely think I kiss'd!  
 We'll say his cheek kiss'd me. And then we spoke  
 In whispers. Trust me, they had heard enough  
 Of love! So then I set me to my task,  
 Drew all his secret from him, word by word.  
 He pour'd his tale out as a man that pours  
 The best flask of his cellar for his friend  
 To pledge him with before they say Addio.  
 Why not? *we* said Addio, for were not these

The last farewells between us, ere his soul  
 'Seaped from my hands to God's? I raised my voice,  
 And spoke that they might hear me: "Is this all?  
 All—every word of the story?" Thereupon,  
 Sans ceremony, down my bravoës dropp'd,  
 Like three ripe peaches dropping from the wall,  
 And while his answer wither'd on his lips  
 (Did he suspect me false then?)—one, two, three,  
 They stabb'd him! You may fancy how I scream'd!  
 They stabb'd him twice again, to make all sure,  
 Then left me with my dead. I think one tear  
 Escaped me—one was genuine, as I sate  
 Wailing my fate. But up the Padre came,  
 And took me to confession. "Is he dead?"  
 His voice unshaken (as befits the voice  
 Of one who served his mistress—that's the Church!).  
 "Ay, dead, dead, dead!" I answered with a groan.  
 So to confession. All my lover's tale  
 I told him—plot and counterplot—as, thus  
 Giovanni purposed—thus Giuseppe swore—  
 And thus was Giulio's counsel. Then he stood  
 And gave me absolution; and I saw  
 A light was in his eyes, of triumph won,  
 And vengeance close at hand. But as for me,  
 I think mine eye was bright—I know my heart  
 Laugh'd inwardly, albeit my body shook,  
 As shook those lime-trees when the moon stole forth  
 And caught us kissing. So I got me home,  
 And ere the quick sun's earliest beams had touch'd  
 The top vanes of the churches, we were safe:  
 My lover, still the noblest man of men—  
 Giovanni and I!

You guess the rest of the tale?  
 'Twas Agostino that was kissing me  
 Under the lime-trees. I had spread my nets  
 Warily, promising I know not what  
 Sweet things, and luring him with honeyed lies.  
 (Leave a woman alone for that!) Poor fool,  
 I pitied him; but what was I to do?  
 I had but two to choosc from, so I chose  
 Giovanni, and hold him in Verona's walls  
 Safe to this day, uomo degli uomini!

LEWIS GERSTEAN.

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## JOHANN-SEBASTIAN BACH.

ADAPTED FROM THE WORKS OF FORKEL, BITTER, AND OTHERS.

## VI.

In the year 1728, Bach was employed in writing a funeral cantata in honour of his early friend and patron, Duke Leopold of Anhalt Cöthen. Years had passed since Bach had been in his service, but the death of a patron who had guided and befriended him in the early part of his career made a deep impression on him, and his gratitude found vent in a funeral cantata, for which Picander supplied the libretto. Forkel tells us that this work contained double choruses "of great magnificence and of the most affecting expression," and it is known that Bach went to Cöthen personally to superintend the performance. Unfortunately however, seeing that the work, like so many others of the great master, has been lost, we are left to speculate on the worth of what is said to have been a worthy pendant to the cantata on the death of the Queen of Poland, to which we have before alluded. The death of Professor John Henry Earnesti in 1729 had materially affected Bach's career. Earnesti, who had been rector and professor at the Thomas Schule, was succeeded by John Matthias Gesner, one of the most famous philologists of the day, and up to the time of his new appointment rector of the Gymnasium at Anspach. His zeal and ability contributed materially to bring the Thomas Schule to the height of excellence it afterwards attained to, and he proved a firm and sincere friend of Bach himself.

The same year that witnessed the production of the Passion's music ought to have been made memorable by the meeting of the two most famous men of their day, Handel and Bach. It was in June of that year that Handel came to Halle on a visit to his mother, then in her seventy-eighth year, blind and paralysed. Bach was at Leipzig, but he sent his eldest son, Friedemann, to Halle with an invitation to Handel to come and visit him. Chrysander and others, from the eagerness in which they defend Handel's flight to England almost immediately after he had received Bach's letter, would seem to show that Handel's conduct calls for explanation and defence. It is certain that the first overtures in the way of friendship came from Bach, and it must ever be a subject of regret with musicians that the two men were not brought professionally and socially together.

Bach's position at Leipzig was not of that independent kind that some people would naturally associate with the office of cantors. Any instance of want of punctuality with the pupils, or supposed arbitrary behaviour, brought down on him the anger of the "Rath"—a committee of management for which Bach probably felt considerable contempt, but whose follies met with apparently respectful consideration, as the dispensation of funds for the support of the church music of the place was at their disposal. Bach drew up a formal statement, insisting on certain improvements which the advance of art, since the time of his predecessors, now imperatively required. "Music," says he, "has made progress. The public taste has wonderfully altered. New forms and means must be

employed to keep alive the interest of an audience." (His constant visits to the Opera House at Dresden had taught him probably these liberal sentiments.) And yet it surprises us, with our modern ideas of orchestral requirements, to read of the means employed by Bach for the production of his colossal works. In the choruses he only requires four voices to a part. The instrumental solos in the Passion music and masses, the trumpet obligatos in the Magnificat, require soloists of the first order; and those conversant with the vocal difficulties of the choruses will shudder retrospectively at the exertions of the unhappy chorus-singers, so brave, so earnest, but so few.

In the autumn of 1731, we hear of Bach's taking one of his often-repeated trips to Dresden to hear the Italian opera. On one occasion he delighted the congregation of the Sophien Kirche by a performance on the organ, and a poetaster of the name of Kittel, who wrote under the sobriquet of Micander, launched out into an extravagant rhapsody, which appeared in one of the daily papers. Although we are not told of the effect produced on the cantor by reading such gross flattery, it is not otherwise than agreeable to find a Dresdener with entire appreciations of Bach's organ-playing.

At Whitsuntide, 1732, the re-opening of the Thomas Schule was celebrated with great solemnity. Bach supplied a cantata, for which Wrinkler, an "alumnus," had written words. It seems quite certain that the school buildings and cantor's residence as they now stand have remained in the same condition since the time of this festival and musical commemoration. The next work of importance in which Bach was engaged was a short "mass," consisting of two numbers, the Kyrie and "Gloria." He sent them to Frederick Augustus II., who had in the February of 1733 succeeded his father on the throne of Saxony. It is curious that the death of Frederick Augustus should have paralysed for a time all public interest in music, and that a comparative immunity from the duties of his office should have enabled Bach to begin a work which ultimately ripened into the famous B Minor Mass. Bach's influence at Dresden was probably of eminent service to his eldest son, Wilhelm Friedemann, who at the age of twenty-five started on his profession as one of the first organists and contrapuntists of his time. He was appointed organist of the Sophien Kirche after an open competition with several other candidates. The examiners elected him unanimously to a post for which he received annually eighty thalers, with the curious addition of three casks of beer, or five thalers in money as an equivalent. The honourable independence thus won by Bach's eldest son must have been a source of great gratification to the father, who, during Friedemann's thirteen years' tenure of office, constantly visited Dresden. In the autumn of 1734, Bach composed a cantata styled "In adventum Regis," a congratulatory ode, addressed to Frederick Augustus II., who had, not without great opposition, been chosen to succeed to the crown of Poland. In the preceding year Bach had written a musical dramatic interlude in honour of the new queen's birthday, but a short time before the coronation of the royal pair at Cracow, the ancient royal city of Poland. The candidate of the opposite party, the dethroned Stanislaus Lesczynsky, withdrew to Dantzic, where he waited in the expectation of receiving help from France. The ode in question seems to have been a great success,

and allusions are made in a history of the ceremony to the "vortreffliche Abend Musik," which undoubtedly refers to the cantata in question.

A far more important work in the same year, 1734, was the Christmas oratorio. It is doubtful whether it should be regarded as an independent composition, or one of a connected series of church cantatas. The form of the individual numbers and their purpose and meaning, as introductory subjects for the sermons at the Christmas services, would seem to point to the latter view as the correct one. Bach himself, however, has applied the word "oratorio" to this work, and the title in his own handwriting runs thus :

Oratorium  
Tempore Nativitatis Christi.  
Feria I.

Pars 2, 3, 4—Oratorii Tempore Nativitatis Christi.

The repetition of the word "oratorium" must be taken to intimate the author's wish to preserve the unity and cohesion of the various numbers. The words are selected from St. Luke and St. Matthew, interspersed with chorales, the author of the words of which is not known. The subjects treated of are our Saviour's birth, circumcision, and the adoration of the Magi. Originally the oratorio was divided into six parts. The first three were given on the first three days of Christmas, the fourth on new year's day (the feast of Circumcision), the fifth on the following Sunday, the sixth and last on Epiphany Sunday. Several of the numbers, eleven in all, were taken from secular works, and adapted by Bach to this so-called oratorio. The works which are known to have furnished these intercalated pieces were "Der Drama per musica," composed in honour of the Queen of Poland in 1733, and "The Choice of Hercules," written the same year in honour of a prince of Saxony. The gaps in the history of the uneventful and quiet systematic life of the composer are more frequent from the time of his writing this oratorio than in the preceding years. Public criticism of musical compositions was in those times very scanty and uncommon, and we are left with very poor materials to continue a biography. The original of a curious document still exists at Mühlhausen, interesting as showing the simple worth of the old cantor interceding on his son's behalf with the "Rathsherr" of a German provincial town for the vacant post of organist to the church of the blessed Virgin. After a string of epithets and a list of titles, in number, if not importance, resembling the Duke of Wellington's, Bach's letter to "Tobia," the "Rathsherr of Mühlhausen," runs thus :

"It is reported that there died very lately John Getzehem, organist of Mühlhausen, and that up to the present date the vacancy has not been filled up. My youngest son, John Gottfried Bernhard Bach, has become such a proficient in music, that I consider him eligible and competent to fulfil the duties of the organistship. Wherefore I most humbly entreat your worship that you will use your powerful intercession in my son's favour, and thus confer on me and my son substantial happiness.

"Your most obedient servant,

"JOHN SEB. BACH,

"Formerly organist at D. Blas, in Mühlhausen."

This letter of recommendation was successful. Gottfried obtained the post, which he held for two years, and the father had the satisfaction of seeing another of his sons invested with official duties in the Lutheran Church, duties which had become almost a tradition in the Bach family.

From the records and archives of the Thomas Kirche for this year, 1738, we learn that the cantor fell out more than once with the commissaries of the "Consistorii" in respect of the church music used at the afternoon services; and another offence complained of was the omission of music for the Nicene Creed, and the substitution of music of a novel character. Bach's old friend Gesner had, in the year 1734, relinquished the rectorship of the Thomas Schule for a professorship at Göttingen, and his successor, Ernesti, although intimately acquainted with Bach before he succeeded to this office, was constantly at war with him afterwards. The rector refused to confirm some appointment made by Bach; the cantor retorted by refusing to conduct the chorale at the marriage services. Of such sort were the petty squabbles which were of frequent occurrence at Leipzig, and prevented the entire stagnation and monotony of the regular system.

In 1736, three years after the presentation of the B Minor Mass to King Frederick Augustus III., Bach was nominated, by a special order from the cabinet, "court composer to the King of Poland" ("seiner Geschicklichkeit willen"). The Dresden newspapers announce his appointment in the following terms:

"On the 1st of December, 1736, the illustrious Saxon, Weisenfels Capellmeister and musical director, Johann-Sebastian Bach, played from two to four o'clock in the afternoon on the new organ (one of Silbermann's) in the Paulus Kirche, in the presence of the Russian ambassador, Von Keyserlingk, and a large concourse of artists and others, who listened to the performance with great admiration. His majesty was graciously pleased to appoint Herr Bach as his composer, on account of the great skill and ability he had shown in the art of composition."

## VII.

### CHORALES—B MINOR MASS.

FROM the slight sketch we have given of some of Bach's compositions for the churches may be gathered evidence of the master's strong predilections for the old sacred tunes, which afterwards were developed into chorales, the distinguishing features of Bach's most famous works. It must not be forgotten that at the age of nineteen Bach, in his situation as cantor in Arndstadt, was actively engaged in revising the Freylinghausen hymn-book, the first edition of which had appeared in 1704. A second and supplementary part, added to the original book, appeared several years afterwards, with a preface by Frederick Schultze, to this effect:

"The melodies in this hymn-book have, in several instances, been entirely re-written by Herr Johann-Sebastian Bach, Capellmeister at Leipzig, who has introduced other improvements in the settings of the old tunes." Winterfeld has satisfied himself, after much patient research,

that Bach composed for this work thirty-six entirely new chorales. Independently of this collection, he left behind a considerable number, which were, after his death, collected and published by his son, Philip Emanuel, and his pupil, Kirnberger. Including those chorales which belong to the Passion music and funeral anthems (*Sterbenlieder*), forty-seven bear the unmistakable mark of their great author. The son did not send into the world his father's music without declaring his own conviction of what that music was worth. "These chorales," says he, "I put before profound theorists, as well as those anxious to learn the art of writing for voices, as models of arrangement of part-writing for the voice; and the style is to be imitated, instead of making chorales begin with stiff counterpoint." In spite of this assertion, there have been musical authorities of no mean eminence who have quarrelled with Bach's four-part chorales. The Abbé Vogler, and his pupil, M. von Weber, were amongst his detractors; the former actually proposed to improve some of them. The world of music has certainly refrained from endorsing the opinion or the judgment of these critics. They should never forget, in endeavouring to form a proper estimate of the value of Bach's chorales, the time and circumstances under which they were composed.

Music, in those days of Germany, was by no means what it now is, the common property of the nation. It was confined very mainly to the professors of the art. The German Lied, as we now know it, was then but just in embryo. The opera was certainly in existence, and Hasse and his famous wife Faustina were winning laurels at Dresden within easy reach of the cantor at Leipzig. With all this, music was the luxury of courts and palaces, the circle of its operations narrow and confined. An earnest, thoughtful element lay veiled by the externals of religion, the simplicity and piety of former ages was to a great extent prevalent in the humble citizens of many a German town, and the few hints we have thrown out of the church arrangements at Leipzig are enough to show that orthodoxy and what we should call good churchmanship were appreciated and practised by numerous classes. The chorale was admirably adapted for those times, and found a home both in the cathedral and the cottage. Familiarised by all classes, it was welcome to the homely circle, and identified as a "household word" when listened to in the churches and chapels on Sunday. It is no vision of fancy which represents to us whole congregations joining in the sublime chorales which relieve the weightier parts of the Passion music. If the old forms were a little altered, the traditional melodies in many cases remained. "In this," says Mosevius, "consists the great artistic genius of Bach, that he not only employed all the means within his grasp, both ancient and modern, for expressing his musical sentiment, but he was in reality a century in advance of his time, seeing that his invention and power of adapting resources hitherto unknown by his predecessors are unrivalled." Zelter, too, in his correspondence with Goethe, remarks that the true tradition of church tune was transmitted from Luther to Sebastian Bach. Mention has already been made of the "Short Mass," written in the year 1733, and presented to Frederick Augustus shortly after he succeeded to the throne of Saxony. A number of similar pieces have been with less certainty ascribed to him, although the mass in twelve parts for double chorus and two bands is most probably a work of Lotti, in parts altered

and adapted for church purposes by Bach himself. His duties as cantor required him to make an immense collection of cantatas, and arrange them for divine service every Sunday. The whole circle of feasts and fasts had its appropriate musical accompaniment, and the introduction of the Latin words was an admitted necessity for a proper conduct of the service. Hence we find several pieces of Bach's own music doing double duty. For instance, in the grand B Minor Mass Bach drew on his small works for the following numbers:

19. *Deo Gratias*, and "*Dona nobis Pacem*," from the cantata to the Leipzig Rathswahl. 1731.

19. *Crucifixus*, from the cantata "*Weinen und Klagen*."

21. *Agnus Dei*, from the "*Praise God in his glory*."

22. *Qui tollis*, from the introductory chorus of the cantata "*Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow*."

Other writers have done the same thing, if not to such an extent as Bach. The beautiful air, for instance, "*Lascia ch'io pianga*," from *Rinaldo*, appears as a sarabande in Handel's *Almira*; the chorus of Greek virgins in the first act of Gluck's "*Iphigenia in Aulis*" appears again in the "*Iphigenia in Tauris*."

The date of the completion of the B Minor Mass, one of the most finished specimens we have left of Bach's labours, is not known. The division of this work into twenty-five numbers, the difficulties of a performance requiring three full hours, as well as the extremely complicated character of the music, practically shut out this work from the Roman Catholic service. Bach was too severe a Lutheran in life and principle to treat this mass in any other spirit than that he had been accustomed to. The form and shape of the work he had to some extent built on other models, and in its totality the mass is almost an oratorio. With the *Magnificat* in D, one of the ripest and noblest of Bach's works, and the four *Sanctuses*, far less interesting compositions, and probably written in Bach's early days, we close our few remarks on the most famous of Bach's sacred writings.

In an old catalogue of Breitkopf and Härtel mention is made of the firm being in possession of the score of a work, in twelve parts, called "*Salve Regina*," but nothing now is known of it. The almost incessant duties cast upon Bach of writing vocal and instrumental works for the church, as well as giving instruction to pupils, left him but slender opportunities for music of a secular kind. His disposition, naturally grave and serious, would yield frequently to the cheerful influence of the society around him. Mitzler tells us that in the year 1736 two musical meetings were established at Leipzig, in some ways like the musical associations and choral gatherings of the present day. One of these gatherings was held once a week, under Bach's direction, at Zimmerman's coffee-house, in the Catherine Strasse, on Friday evenings, from eight to ten o'clock. The second was under the direction of Johann Gottlieb Görner, the manager of the choir of St. Paul's church. The members consisted of students and connoisseurs, many of them excellent musicians, and frequent opportunities were given to amateurs of displaying their power before an audience well capable of judging the worth and quality of the art set before them. Bach wrote several fugitive instrumental pieces for the society. Besides the cantatas "*On Contentment*," the "*Contest*

between Phœbus and Pan," and the Coffee cantatas, "Birthday and Inauguration Odes at the Installation of New Professors at Leipzig" were frequently the subjects for his lighter inspirations, and occasionally, as we have before remarked, were introduced in compositions of anything but a secular character.

From the traces of dramatic element discoverable in the "Phœbus and Pan," it has been inferred that the cantata was represented and acted with theatrical accessories. The libretto of this curious work was furnished by Picander in the year 1732. The characters are Phœbus, Pan, Momus, Mercury, Tmolus, and Midas, who talk in language very inferior to that given to Mr. Planché's deities in a Christmas or Easter extravaganza. With the exception of two six-part choruses, one at the beginning and the other at the end of the work, the whole consists of an uninterrupted succession of dialogue in the shape of airs and recitatives. Such was the apparatus reckoned in Bach's time sufficient to keep alive the interest of an audience. One of the most characteristic pieces is the opening chorus of the "Winds," although it is by no means clear what *Æolus* and *Eurus* have to do with the contest between Phœbus and Pan. They are entreated to withdraw to their cave, the poet possibly wishing to clear the atmosphere and have a fair field for the rival lyre of *Apollo* and the flute of Pan. When the winds are got rid of, Phœbus begins. It cannot be wondered that this and others of Bach's secular works have become, to all intents and purposes, obsolete. Modern audiences could not submit to the infliction of performances so meagrely varied with concerted pieces. The most favourite operas by Handel and Hasse were made up almost entirely of airs; the opera of *Nero* alone contains seventy-five, and in fairness it must be admitted that Bach was more modest in his requirements. In the year 1725 appeared a cantata, entitled "*Æolus appeased and made happy*," for four voices, three trumpets, drums, two corni di caccia, two flutes, two hautboys, two violins, viola, violoncello, continuo, violone grosso. The words were by that indefatigable librettist, Picander; and the ode and music were intended originally as a compliment to a Dr. August Müller, one of the most famous and popular lecturers at the Leipzig University. He was twice rector of the university, and was forty years old at the time when he became the subject of a musical ovation. What the learned professor had to do with *Æolus* and his winds cannot be gathered from this curious poem. The opening chorus of winds being of a stormy tendency, *Pallas* begs of *Æolus* to shut them up again in a bag—seeing that the fête is to be on the tops of *Helicon*, and that wet weather would be a general damper. As Leipzig lies on a flat plain, and that, excepting the university, there is nothing suggestive of the dimmest allusion to *Helicon*, this passage is conspicuous for a want of suggestiveness. Equally curious is a recitative of *Pomona*, who appeals pathetically to *Æolus*, trusting that the red cheeks of the apples will, if nothing else, move him to graciousness and courtesy. The contest between Phœbus and Pan, taken in connexion with this work, proves Picander to have had special predilections for skyey influences, and for introducing the winds on every possible occasion.

Entirely different in character are the two comic cantatas which Bach has left us. The "Coffee Cantata" consists of a dialogue between two persons, father (*Schlendrian*) and daughter (*Lieschen*), carried on in

recitatives and airs, an introduction by a tenor, and a chorus, or rather trio, to wind up the whole work. The young lady sings enthusiastically the praises of a beverage which, in Bach's time, was still a luxury with the upper circle; her father entreats her to be moderate, and declares that, unless she gives up drinking coffee three times a day, she shall not have his consent to the marriage. Upon promising partially to abstain, with a mental reservation that the marriage contract shall contain a special clause to the effect that she shall drink as much as she likes, Lieschen conciliates her father. The "Bauern Cantata" is a very little more dignified in character than its predecessor. Picander furnished the words. It opens with a symphony and music to a rustic dance in two-four time. The scene is a village green fronting an alehouse at Klein Zschoschen. The village band plays under the lime-trees, and a general gala day, with fireworks to follow, is in honour of the new lord of the village, who succeeds to his title and property. Two rustics escape from the crowd of dancers, and discuss the qualifications of the new comer and his magisterial influence. The beer has been flowing very freely, and the tenants are inclined to speak well of him; not so, however, when they come to talk of the steward or tax-gatherer, an underling whose arrival is as much dreaded as his employer's is welcome. The simple and lively Volkslieder are employed with much humour on a scene which reminds us of a picture by Ostade or Teniers; and "the pleasant vein of humour" which the speaker alluded to in Bach's funeral oration can be reckoned no flattery by those who appreciate Bach's secular compositions.

#### ORGAN COMPOSITIONS.

We have mentioned in our short sketch of Bach's career the absolute mastery acquired by Bach over that grandest of all instruments, the organ. His numerous organ pieces, the delight of real students, awaken a special interest, from the consideration of their being originally written for that instrument, which Bach may be said to have appropriated before all others. His functions at Leipzig were well calculated to keep his playing up to the mark. Solos and extemporised preludes were everyday occurrences in the Lutheran services, at which Bach assisted. A great deal of Bach's organ-music has been lost; but the fugues, passacaglia, and organ fantasias that remain testify to the earnestness and incessant activity which the composer brought to bear on this all-important branch of his art. Forkel believes that not more than a dozen preludes and pedal fugues have come down to us. The mistake, which may at the time have been endorsed, even by Bach's own sons, who dictated in a great measure their father's biography, seems to have arisen from the probability of Bach's works having been scattered or not in print, at the time Forkel published his work. Certain it is that, since Forkel's work appeared, a number of organ compositions have come to light, and found their way into the catalogue of Mitzler and others.

The pianoforte pieces, which were first collected and printed as the first part of an entire work in 1731, seem to have been published in a detached form from the year 1726 to 1730. The volume contained minuets, capriccios, sarabande, gavotes, passe-pieds, and giges, of



which MM. Halle and Pauer have occasionally given specimens. A second part appeared in print at Nuremberg in the year 1735, and contained, amongst other novelties, a concerto framed on Italian, and an overture on a French model. In the royal library at Berlin there is a pianoforte piece with thirty variations on the two old national songs, "Ich bin so lange nicht bei Dir gewesen, Ruck' hier, ruck' her," and "Kraut un Rüben haben mich vertrieben," which were written under the following circumstances: Count Kaiserlingk, formerly Russian ambassador at the court of Dresden, was an ardent musical connoisseur, and often visited Leipzig. He had in his service a young man of the name of Goldberg, and chartered him as a pupil of Bach's both in organ and pianoforte playing. The count suffered from sleeplessness, and Goldberg was obliged to play to him in the night-time. Bach, by the count's desire, undertook to write pianoforte music of a sufficiently cheerful character to compensate for the count's want of sleep. The commission was executed, and the result was the variations in question, which so pleased Bach's employer, that he called them "his own variations," and made the musician a present of a hundred louis-d'or, with a piece of plate in the bargain. Bach is said never to have received such good pay for any single work before. The "Wohltemperirte Clavier," with the forty-eight preludes and fugues, arrest the attention of a reader scanning the long list of Bach's pianoforte works. We should mention also the six "grosse suiten," which are called "the English," either because they were first printed in England, or commissioned by some London publisher. A capriccio, "Sopra la lontananza del patre diletissimo di J. S. Bach," written in 1704, when Bach's second brother, Jacob, left Germany to enter the Swedish service, remind us that Mendelssohn's songs without words, more than a century afterwards, are not the first works which tell their story without the aid of the human voice. There are six movements, and a motive suggested for each:

1. Arioso adagio.—The flattery of friends endeavouring to detain the traveller.
2. Allegro.—A picture of the various accidents which may befall him in foreign lands.
3. Adagiosissimo.—A universal lament of the friends.
4. Allegro.—The friends come together and take leave.
5. Allegro poco.—Aria del postiglione.
6. Fugue, in imitation "di Posta."

These compositions for piano, with instrumental accompaniments, are little known in England, and the unaccompanied violin solos, but for Herr Joachim and the Monday Popular Concerts, would have been sealed treasures to our connoisseurs. Bach wrote six sonatas for the violin and six for the violoncello, which are quoted by the theorist Kirnberger, a pupil of Bach's, as masterpieces of contrapuntal ingenuity.

#### CHARACTER.

But very little is known of Bach except in his musical capacity. He is believed to have been very happy in his domestic life, and reckoned by all a sincere friend and a good citizen. By common consent he won from his countrymen the title of "prince of organ and pianoforte players," and the immeasurable superiority he evinced in more than one branch

of his art probably made envy and professional jealousy simply ludicrous. Like Handel, whose temper once provoked him to actual combat, Bach could at times enact with spirit the part of the enraged musician. On one occasion Görner, the organist of the Thomas Kirche, played some wrong notes in Bach's hearing. The latter tore the wig from his own head and hurled it at the head of the unfortunate player, exclaiming, "You had much better have been a cobbler." Spite of his own exalted position as an artist, he was habitually modest, and took a keen interest in the works of his fellow-labourers, giving them a helping hand whenever the opportunity offered. In quartett parties he played the tenor. He was fond of accompanying on the piano, and if in good humour, and in the presence of a good-natured composer, would show his wonderful contrapuntal skill and mastery of invention by extemporising from a figured bass. If he happened to be in any strange church and heard the organist give out a subject for a fugue, he would tell one of his sons how the player ought to treat it; if the result corresponded with his prophecy, he impressed the memory of such a lesson on his pupil. Towards foreign artists and connoisseurs who came to visit him he was invariably kind and hospitable.

A certain Conrad Frederick Hurlebusch, born at Brunswick, and afterwards a man of good standing at Amsterdam as an organist and piano-forte-player, once paid Bach a visit at Leipzig, not to hear him, but to be heard by him. He was an overbearing, whimsical man, so taken up with his own performances, that unless his hearers professed themselves struck dumb with astonishment he was out of humour directly. He played, in the style of Couperin, very pleasingly; but his compositions, which were numerous, had no depth or meaning. Bach led him to the piano, and heard with great patience his guest's performance of a shallow composition, a minuet, with variations. Hurlebusch, believing Bach to be enraptured with his music, presented the eldest son with a printed collection of his sonatas, telling him to study them earnestly and improve himself. However astonished the father may have been at the conceit of a stranger presuming to dictate to a pupil in his master's presence, he refrained from observations on the bad taste which had so little appreciated the musical worth of the young man thus addressed. Handel's acquaintance, as we have before said, he failed, through circumstances, to make. Hasse, the Capellmeister of the Royal Opera at Dresden, was amongst Bach's warmest admirers. Hasse and his celebrated wife Faustina were frequently at Leipzig, and heard the great master on the organ and piano. Widely different as the dramatic music at Dresden was from the lofty style at St. Thomas Church, Bach was a delighted and constant listener. He would say to his eldest son, who accompanied him on these expeditions, "Friedemann, what say you to another hearing of the beautiful 'Liederchen' at Dresden?"

It is but little known that Bach, whose inventive spirit in his early days at Cöthen had busied itself in the manufacture of a musical clock, was the discoverer of two instruments. The first of these, a "Lauten Clavicymbel," was suggested, in 1740, to Silbermann, who constructed it on Bach's plan. Owing to the great difficulty of tuning it, this instrument has not been kept up. The second was the "viola pomposa," long

in use during and after Bach's time, but now entirely superseded by the violoncello.

In the course of our narrative, we have had more than once occasion to mention the name of Mitzler. Lorenz Mitzler was a man of repute as a philosopher and mathematician. Originally a pupil of Bach's, he was reckoned among the learned men at Leipzig as entitled to a very leading opinion on all matters connected with music. In the year 1738 he founded a society for the express purpose of furthering the interests of art, and certainly it would have been expected that the very first successful candidate would have been that great musician whose name and fame were already identified with Leipzig.

It was not until nine years had elapsed since the founding of the institute that Bach was admitted a member. The rules of admission were stringently adhered to; exercises on counterpoint and musical theory were submitted to the secretary by the candidate, and proof of his aptitude as a practical as well as a profoundly read musician. The society, however, reserved to itself the power of electing as honorary members persons of acknowledged musical greatness and eminence, without calling on them to give extra proof of their powers. Both Handel and Graun were admitted on the strength of their reputation; not so Bach, who submitted to an examination both in theory and practice.

Conformably to the rules of the society, he presented the library of the institute with a portrait of himself, by Hausman; it is the identical picture which now hangs in the concert-room at the Thomas Schule. No better proof of Bach's modesty could be brought forward than the fact of his having submitted to this ordeal when in his sixty-second year, and without taking umbrage at the glaring inconsistency of the electors, who had had abundant proof of the stuff that Bach was made of. The fact of posterity gaining an authentic portrait by this transaction alone reconciles Bach's admirers to this unworthy treatment of the cantor.

Mr. Hullah alludes in his lectures to the stay-at-home predilections of a writer whose works, had their author travelled and learned more, would assuredly have become more catholic in aim and character. Bach's travels and voyages were certainly limited chiefly to inland operations. His wanderings to Luneburg, as a poor lad of fourteen years of age, will be remembered; but the most eventful journey he ever took was his last, in the year 1740. Philip Emmanuel, Bach's second son, entered the service of Frederick the Great as "Cembalist" at the court concerts. The king, an ardent connoisseur, flute-player, and even composer, knew Bach by fame and name, and repeatedly expressed a wish to become personally acquainted with him, telling the son at different times he wished to have a meeting. As no results followed from these observations, the king at last asked Emmanuel Bach why his father would not come to Potsdam. The son, of course, apprised his father of the king's question; but Bach, immersed in business occupations, and thinking probably that the monarch's courtesy was little more than a passing compliment, put off from time to time his visit to the court. Meantime the king grew more importunate, and Emmanuel was obliged to let his father understand that he must conform to the royal wish. Accordingly, the old cantor, accompanied by his eldest son, Friedemann, started at the beginning of May,

1747, for Potsdam. The king had chamber music every evening before supper, and Frederick played concertos on the flute. At an appointed hour, Kügler says, Frederick entered the concert-room, carrying under his arm the music, which he used to arrange on the desk himself. Friedemann Bach used to talk of this meeting of the king and his father. One evening the whole orchestra was assembled, and Frederick II. was tuning his flute, when an official entered the room and brought in a written despatch, announcing the arrival of two strangers. Still holding the flute in his hand, Frederick read the note, and then turning towards the band, addressed them: "Gentlemen, old Bach has arrived," and put the flute aside. Bach, who was at his son's lodgings, was invited immediately to the castle. He had no time given him for doffing his travelling-clothes and putting on a court suit. With many excuses for his attire, he appeared before the great prince, who received him with unaffected cordiality, and cast a look of rebuke at the members of the court, who were diverting themselves at the embarrassment of the old man, with his complimentary answers and excuses.

The flute concerto was given up for that evening. The king lead his famous guest through all the rooms of the castle, and begged him to try any of the seven Silbermann's pianos, which he set great store by. The members of the orchestra followed the king and the musician from one room to another. Bach, after trying the instruments all round, begged the king to give him a subject for a fugue. Frederick wrote down a theme, and Bach extemporised in a manner that astonished his royal patron, who then expressed a wish to hear a fugue in six parts. Bach immediately took a subject of his own, and excited a man not given to inordinate praise to exclaim with enthusiasm, "There is but one Bach!" This he repeated more than once, as he stood behind the cantor. On concert days, at Potsdam, Frederick took him to the neighbouring churches, and made him play on the organs in the same way as he made him play to him on the pianos when visiting the castle. He was invited also to report upon the new opera-house, and suggest anything that occurred to him with reference to its acoustic properties.

Bach returned from his trip in high delight, and committed to paper the subject which the king had given him for a fugue. This was afterwards engraved, and dedicated most humbly as a musical offering "To his Imperial Majesty of Prussia."

Bach's dedicatory preface runs thus:

"**MOST GRACIOUS KING,**—Herewith I present to your majesty, in all humility, a musical offering, the noblest part of which originated from your own hand. With a deep sense of your royal kindness, I remember the graciousness with which your majesty was pleased some time ago, when I visited Potsdam, to place before me a written subject for a fugue, and desired me to play before you. It was my duty respectfully to obey. I soon, however, discovered that for want of necessary preparation the performance was not commensurate with the excellence of the subject put before me. Accordingly I determined to work out in a more complete manner the truly royal theme, and then to publish the same. This end has been to the best of my power accomplished, and none can blame the intention of aggrandising, even in a small degree, the fame of a

monarch whose power and greatness, in warlike as well as peaceful times, is also discernible in the art of music. May I venture most respectfully to request that your majesty will condescend graciously to accept this little work, and deign to receive it into your royal favour?

"Your majesty's most respectful and obedient servant,

"THE COMPOSER.

"Leipzig, 7th July, 1747."

Bach's last work, "Wenn wir in höchsten Nothen sein," a chorale, was written when blindness and the infirmities of a somewhat premature old age were beginning to tell upon him. He had one domestic sorrow which weighed heavily on him. His youngest son, David, born in 1736, was half-witted, and unable, from natural infirmities, to make his way in the world. The eldest daughter by the first marriage, Carolina Dorothea, never married. Wilhelm Friedemann, thirty-eight years old at the time we speak of, had in the year 1733 been elected organist at the Sophien Kirche, at Dresden. In the year 1746 he had resigned this for a more profitable post at Halle, and Bach had tried unsuccessfully to get Altnikol, his son-in-law and pupil, elected at Dresden.

Carl Philip Emmanuel had long quitted the parents' roof and entered the service of Frederick the Great. The old man might look with pride upon both of these sons, although in former years Friedemann had given his father some trouble.

Johann Christopher Bernhard died in 1739, as organist at Mühlhausen. Two other sons, Frederick and Christian, were of the ages of eighteen and thirteen at the time of their father's death. Of the fifteen sons, these were all that remained to Bach, and only three of the six daughters, one of whom was married to Altnikol. A curious letter has been preserved referring in terms to his daughter's marriage, and giving us a glimpse of the domestic habit of the great cantor. The letter is addressed to Johann Elias Bach, of Schweinfürt, a cousin of the composer. It is directed

MONSIEUR J. E. BACH,  
Chanteur et Inspecteur  
des Gymniastes de la Ville Impériale,  
à

Franqué à Saalfeld.

Schweinfürt.

"Leipzig, 2nd November, 1748.

"RESPECTED COUSIN,—Your letter of yesterday assured me of your and your wife's good health. My best thanks for it, as well as for the costly barrel of must (unfermented wine). I regret to add, the cask has in the carriage or transit suffered great damage; when it was opened here yesterday by the custom-house officer, it was three-parts empty; the official declares that not more than six quarts are left. Pity that the smallest drop of your handsome present should have been lost. In thanking you heartily for your present, I must confess that I am not in a condition to make any kind of suitable return. However, 'Quod differtur non aufertur' (Bach's Latin version of the German proverb, 'Aufgeschoben ist nicht aufgehoben'), and I hope to find some opportunity of paying at least an instalment of my debt. I must regret that the distance between us prevents our becoming personally acquainted

with each other. Otherwise I would press you to be with us at the occasion of my daughter Lizzy's wedding with H. Altnikol, the new organist in Naumburg. The distance, however, and the inclemency of the season, forbid me the hope of seeing my cousin amongst us. I pray you, however, to be with the young couple in spirit, although you cannot gladden them with your presence.

"Your cousin and servant,

"JOH. SEB. BACH.

"P.S. M. Bunbaum was buried six weeks ago. However good-natured you may be in sending me presents of wine, I ought to let you know that the taxes of the place considerably abate the value of your gift. After various payments made to the exciseman and other officials, I find that every quart of wine costs about five groschen. These deductions make yours a costly present."

The year of his daughter's marriage, 1749, was a sad one for the great composer. We can scarcely call the death of his youngest son, David, an affliction; but the gradual decay of his own bodily faculties began to break him down completely. Incessant copying of music damaged his eyesight, which from boyhood had never been good, and had been almost hourly severely tried. He completely lost his eyesight only one year earlier than Handel himself; and in that state dictated his last notes of music to his son-in-law, Altnikol. He died a few months after his great loss, of a fever, on the 28th of July, 1750, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Johannis, at Leipzig. No tablet or stone marks the place where he lies; and Bach, like Mozart, sleeps with no sign of distinction, like the hundreds of dead around him. The last we hear of him is in a printed memoir in the town library of Leipzig. "A man of the age of sixty-seven, Herr Johann-Sebastian Bach, Capellmeister and Cantor of the Thomas Schule, was buried, his body being carried to the grave in a hearse, on the 30th of July, 1750." There is no kind of mention of his death in the papers of Leipzig.

Bach's widow, Anna Magdalena, and two unmarried daughters were left in great penury. She appealed, not in vain, to the authorities of Leipzig for assistance. Her death took place in the year 1754. The last of Bach's family, Regina Susanna, who was alive in the beginning of this century, was also obliged to appeal to the public sympathy. Amongst a number of musicians who contributed liberally and heartily, stands the honoured name of Beethoven. Seventy-three years after Bach's death, on the 23rd of April, 1843, a statue was inaugurated under the auspices of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and erected opposite the Thomas Schule, the residence of the cantor and the arena of his splendid labours. One grandson of Bach's (Wilhelm Johann) was present at the uncovering of the statue. A more enduring monument has been raised to the glory of Bach in those imperishable works which were the delight of two such pioneers of art as Beethoven and Mendelssohn. It is with no derogatory spirit towards the last of these two great men that we affirm that many noble thoughts and fancies which abound in his works were first cradled in the less widely known music of Sebastian Bach. To have had one such a worshipper as Mendelssohn cannot be reckoned the least among the glories of Bach's life and labours.

# MYDDLETON POMFRET.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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Book the Fourth.

HYLTON CASTLE.

I.

AFTER THE DUEL.

SIR NORMAN HYLTON, we are happy to state, was not dangerously hurt.

His adversary's bullet grazed his side, inflicting a painful wound, but fortunately did not touch a vital part. By the care of Myddleton Pomfret he was transported to the Hôtel des Bains at Evian, where, later on in the day, his wound was dressed by a skilful surgeon summoned by Pomfret from Lausanne, and in less than a week he had sufficiently recovered to allow of his removal to the Beau-Rivage.

Naturally, the duel caused a vast deal of talk at the Beau-Rivage. None except those immediately concerned in it, who kept their own counsel, knew exactly how the affair originated, but everybody knew that Sir Norman had acted as Eva's champion, and by common consent agreed that she must reward him with her hand.

Much interest was felt for Sir Norman. Daily bulletins were brought from Evian by the captain of the steamer; and though these were always favourable, and showed rapid progress towards recovery, several persons crossed the lake to make inquiries at the Hôtel des Bains. Such was the curiosity excited by the affair, that a large party, under the conduct of Hornby Flaxyard, visited the scene of the encounter, and listened to that gallant young gentleman's description of the meeting.

Old Flaxyard, however, was anything but pleased by the part played by his son in the affair, and would fain have broken off all intimacy with Captain Musgrave, but such a course was no longer practicable. Wife, daughter, son were against him. They all liked Musgrave, and would not hear of a moment of giving him up.

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So the poor old gentleman yielded, though with a very bad grace. He grumbled incessantly, and often wished himself back at Cheapside and Clapham, vowing internally that he would never again bring his family to the Continent.

Though Musgrave had come off triumphantly, and though his conduct throughout the affair was unimpeachable, the circumstances that led to the meeting, so far as they were known, were not very creditable to him, and many of the company at the Beau-Rivage began to look shy upon him. Not knowing how to resent such treatment, he thought it prudent to retreat. So he proposed a visit to Baden-Baden to the Flaxyards, and though the old gentleman was decidedly averse to the plan, he was overruled in the end, and the very next day the party started for that grand resort of gamblers and demireps.

Musgrave's departure was an immense relief both to Myddleton Pomfret and Eva. During the captain's stay at the Beau-Rivage, Eva had almost been kept a prisoner in her own apartments, and so obnoxious was he to Pomfret, that that gentleman would have quitted the hotel if anxiety for Sir Norman had not detained him. Till the young baronet was completely reinstated, Pomfret would not leave him. The kind-hearted fellow crossed over daily to Evian, accompanied by the surgeon from Lausanne, and ere a week had elapsed his care was rewarded, and he had the satisfaction of bringing back with him his friend.

Sir Norman's arrival by the steamer being expected, a crowd had collected at the landing-place to offer him a welcome, and congratulations on his recovery. A wounded man is sure to excite the sympathy of the gentler sex, and Sir Norman, feeble, pallid, and unable to walk without assistance, was far more interesting in the eyes of the young ladies than he had been when full of health and vigour.

Followed by the surgeon, and leaning on the arm of Myddleton Pomfret, he gratefully acknowledged the many kind inquiries addressed to him, and while doing so looked around—but looked in vain—for one whom he hoped might be there to greet him. Not perceiving her, he moved slowly on to the carriage which was waiting to convey him to the hotel.

His anxiety to behold Eva was not long ungratified. As soon as they alighted, Pomfret led him to those pleasant rooms which we have already described. There he found her, and the meeting was far more agreeable than if it had taken place amid a throng of curious spectators.

Eva's reception of her champion was so cordial, so unlike her previous manner towards him, that Sir Norman persuaded himself that her heart was at length touched. Never before had she addressed him with so much warmth, never had she regarded him with so much interest. It was worth while to be wounded, he thought, to obtain such a compensation.



The interview was brief, for the surgeon, who was present, thought proper to abridge it, but it was in the highest degree satisfactory to Sir Norman. Pomfret also entertained the impression that a favourable change had been wrought in his lovely ward's sentiments towards the young baronet.

Both were wrong. Undoubtedly, Sir Norman's gallant conduct had raised him in Eva's estimation. He had risked his life in her behalf, had bled for her, and she could not be insensible to so much devotion. She felt profoundly grateful to him, but that was all. This she told him frankly at another interview, when, emboldened by her change of manner towards him, he ventured to renew his suit. The blow being unexpected, came upon him with the greater force. His distress was so evident that she could not help compassionating him. Yet she could not possibly excite hopes that could never be realised.

Pomfret, who had stepped out upon the verandah, in order to leave them alone together, now returned. A glance at the pair sufficed to show him how unsatisfactorily matters had been going on, and he looked reproachfully at Eva. She did not, however, stay to be questioned by him, but, making some slight excuse, hastily withdrew.

Seating himself on the sofa beside Sir Norman, Pomfret expressed his annoyance at the unexpected turn which the affair had taken, and earnestly besought his friend to desist from a pursuit which seemed certain to end in mortification and disappointment.

"It is plain I have failed," rejoined Sir Norman, sighing deeply. "And yet I do not see why I should have failed so signally. Without vanity, I may say that I have generally contrived to make myself agreeable to any girl whom I have particularly desired to please. But all my efforts to win Eva's love have proved ineffectual. I am just where I was when I began—a friend, but nothing more. There must be some one in the way. Tell me frankly, my dear fellow, has she an attachment?"

"I have no reason to suppose so. I have been constantly with her since her father's death—even before that sad event—and have never known any one who has seemed to engage her affections. She has had many admirers, and has refused several advantageous offers made her at Madras."

"Still I adhere to my opinion. She may have formed an attachment, and have concealed it from you."

"Why should she do so? There can be no motive for concealment from me. I am not a flinty-hearted father, but a good-natured guardian, whose consent could be easily obtained, for I will not suppose for a moment that she would fix her regards on any person whom I could not approve. I have always encouraged her to consult me. If she had any secret attachment, I must have detected it."

"My dear fellow, you give yourself credit for far more penetration than you really possess. Take my word for it, your ward is in love. That is the reason why she is insensible to my suit. Think again. You say you are constantly with her. Some one, I am convinced, has forestalled me. Who is it?"

As he put the question, he looked fixedly at Pomfret, but the latter bore the scrutiny unmoved.

"You tell me I am wanting in discernment," said Pomfret, with a half smile, "and very likely I am, for I have seen no one for whom Eva has shown a marked preference. However, whether you have a rival or not in her affections, it is clear that she does not appreciate you as she ought, and as I would have her do. Since I cannot force her inclinations, the only course left me is to take her away. I have stayed longer at this place than I intended, chiefly on your account."

"Don't let me drive you away," cried Sir Norman. "I promise you not to intrude further on Eva, or attempt to renew my hopeless suit. If I were able to travel, I would relieve you from any uneasiness on my account by instant departure, but I must, of necessity, remain here a few days longer."

"I am anxious to be off," said Pomfret. "I have business in London which ought to be attended to, and which I have neglected. I hope we shall meet again at no distant date, and under happier circumstances. It is idle for me to say that I should have been delighted to give my ward to you, but since she is obstinate, and will have her own way, my little matrimonial project, which I am certain would have tended to her happiness, must fall to the ground. Don't be downcast, my dear fellow. After all, yours is a very mild case."

"A mild case! Few men, I fancy, could suffer more than I do now. What can be harder to bear than unrequited love? What more painful than to discover that another is in possession of the heart you seek to win?"

"You are wrong, Sir Norman. There is suffering far harder to bear than that which you are compelled to endure. What is unrequited love to the loss of one bound to you by sacred ties who has been snatched from your arms by a villain? Your suffering, I grant, may be sharp for the moment, but it will pass away, and leave no trace behind. But wrongs such as I have described for ever torture the heart, and stir the brain almost to madness."

He betrayed so much excitement, and spoke with such passion, that it was evident the case he described was his own.

Sir Norman looked at him earnestly, and said,

"I can conceive the misery of one who has been deeply injured, but at least he may have the satisfaction of revenge."

"Even that satisfaction may be denied him," cried Pomfret.

"But let us not pursue the subject further. Few men escape

without some laceration of the heart, and he is happiest who has least sensibility."

"Do you mean to remain in London, may I ask?" inquired Sir Norman.

"My plans are uncertain. Much depends on Eva. I am perplexed how to act for the best in regard to her. A marriageable ward is as great a plague as a marriageable daughter."

"The easiest way of getting rid of the difficulty would be to marry her yourself," said Sir Norman, with a certain intention. "Pardon me, I did but jest," he added, startled by the effect produced by the suggestion. "I am excessively sorry that I have pained you."

"Your remark has pained me," said Pomfret, "but I am not sorry you have made it, because it affords me the opportunity of stating positively that I look upon Eva as a daughter. I have no other feeling towards her. And she regards me in the light of a father. I need scarcely add, that I should never dream of marrying her. But if none of these obstacles existed, there is yet another, to which I will not refer, but which would be sufficient to prevent my union with her."

"Say no more, my dear fellow," cried Sir Norman. "I am sorry to have forced this explanation from you. The slight insight which you have given me into your history interests me deeply, but I will make no further inquiries about it. On one point only I should like to be satisfied, but do not answer me if you have any objection to do so. Is Captain Musgrave connected with the painful circumstances to which you have adverted?"

"He is," replied Pomfret, sternly. "He is the cause of all my misery. And you would have done me a good turn if you had shot him."

"I meant to kill him, but his hour, I suppose, was not come, or the devil befriended him. But if he has wronged you, why do you not avenge yourself upon him?"

"My hand is tied," rejoined Pomfret. "Don't ask me why. I cannot explain. The time will come when I shall be able to settle accounts with him, and I will then pay him off in full."

"Don't put off the settlement too long," said Sir Norman. "But we have had enough of him. Let us turn to something else. I will now explain why I asked whether you are going to stay in town. You have often heard me speak of my old tumble-down house in Surrey?"

"Yes. Hylton Castle. I have seen it. It is just the sort of place that would suit me."

"That's lucky. I was about to offer it to you for two or three months, if you choose to occupy it. I shall probably remain upon the Continent for some time. You will find two or

three old servants there who will attend to you, but I cannot promise you first-rate accommodation. I think Eva might like the place, and I should wish her to see it, though I shan't be there to welcome her."

"Will you let me the house as it stands till Christmas? If so, I'll take it on your own terms."

"I would far rather lend it you, but since you won't be under an obligation to me, I agree to your proposal. I'll let it you till Christmas. But before deciding, had you not better consult Eva? She mayn't like the notion."

"We'll hear what she says," replied Pomfret.

With this he summoned the young lady, and acquainted her with the plan. She looked quite surprised, and asked Sir Norman if he was really serious.

"Serious! to be sure I am," he replied. "I have agreed to let my house to Pomfret, and he may consider that I have conferred a great favour upon him, for I wouldn't let it to any one else. Don't fear any intrusion on my part. I shan't come near the place unless you choose to invite me, but as I have just told Pomfret, I think you will like the old house."

"Oh, I can't fail to like it. It's very kind in you to give us the opportunity of passing a few months in such a charming old place as Hylton Castle."

"I feel quite sure the park will please you, for it has great beauties—a fine grove of old chesnuts, and a magnificent double avenue of lime-trees—but you mustn't expect too much from the house. It's in a sad ruinous state."

"I don't mind that. I dare say some portion of it is habitable."

"A few rooms are in tolerable repair. But I ought to warn you that one of them is haunted."

"Delightful!" she exclaimed. "You couldn't have conferred a greater favour upon me. I shall now be able to indulge my romantic notions to the full. I have always longed to live in an old ruined castle."

"I must not allow you to deceive yourself. This is not exactly an old castle—merely an embattled mansion."

"Well, it's picturesque, I'm quite sure. And then there is a ghost—that's enchanting! Where is the haunted chamber?"

"I should spoil your pleasure if I were to give you any information on that point. I won't even tell you in what form the ghost appears."

"Have you ever seen the ghost yourself?"

"More than once; but I must positively decline to give you any particulars. I won't frighten you too much beforehand."

"You won't frighten me at all," she rejoined, gaily. "Of all things I should like to be the heroine of a ghost story. Unfor-

tunately, I am not at all superstitious, and, therefore, am unfitted for the part."

"Perhaps your incredulity may be shaken at Hylton Castle."

"We shall see. If I should have a mysterious adventure there, Mr. Pomfret shall send you an account of it."

"And you really think you can pass a few months in quiet seclusion in the country?" remarked Pomfret.

"Certainly I can," she replied.

"Oh, you will find plenty of society in the neighbourhood if you choose to cultivate it," said Sir Norman.

"Not on my account," said Eva. "I prefer seclusion. I don't care for town-life in the country. I don't want dinners, visitors, and balls. I can amuse myself very well in the garden—if there is a garden—and by roaming about the park."

"Just the sort of life I should like to lead!" said Sir Norman, gazing at her tenderly.

"But you never have led it, I suppose?" she rejoined. "You never have remained for six months at your old house, I will venture to say."

"Very true; but I *could* be perfectly content to remain there under certain circumstances."

With this he arose, bade adieu to Eva, and begging Pomfret to give him his arm, returned to his own room.

He did not see her again before she left the Beau-Rivage.

## II.

### AN EXPLANATION.

IN a few minutes Pomfret came back.

As he entered the room, Eva ran towards him, exclaiming, "Oh, I'm so charmed with this idea of the old house!"

"I'm glad you think the prospect of a secluded life agreeable. If you are tired of it, you can easily make a change by moving up to town. It will be a great satisfaction to me that you should be quietly settled during my absence."

"Your absence! What do you mean, sir?" she cried, quickly. "Surely you are not thinking of returning to India? If you have any such design, I beg you will let me know it. I won't be left behind. I now begin to suspect that this arrangement in regard to Hylton Castle is nothing more than a device to keep me quiet. But I won't be so taken in. If you return to Madras, I shall go with you."

"My dear child, that would be ridiculous, and I can't possibly allow it," returned Pomfret. "I shan't be away more than six months, and a considerable portion of that time will be occupied by the voyage out and the voyage back. If you don't like Hylton

Castle I will make other arrangements for you, but I can't consent to your return with me to Madras—unless you will promise to stay there."

"No, I won't give any such promise. You know very well that I don't want to live in India. I prefer England. But I think you are treating me very unkindly in not allowing me to do as I like."

"Only a few moments ago you declared that nothing would please you so much as to have a few quiet months at Hylton Castle. Now you have suddenly changed your mind."

"But I didn't imagine I was to be left quite alone there."

"I don't mean that you should be left quite alone. I will take care you have an agreeable female companion."

"Some stupid old lady, I suppose. I would rather be alone than have such a companion."

"Well, you have relations. Invite some of them."

"I don't want to invite them. I have seen nothing of my relations. As you know, when I left school I came out at once to India, so I had no time to become acquainted with any of them. They are quite strangers to me."

"Still it is only right and proper that you should keep up an intimacy with your own family. There is no reason for estrangement. On your arrival in London you must call upon them, and then you can select some one among them to whose charge I can commit you during my absence."

"I will do whatever you desire. But I should infinitely prefer going with you. You seem to care nothing for leaving me behind," she added, in a reproachful tone.

"You do me an injustice. I shall be very sorry to part with you. But it cannot be helped. I am obliged to return to Madras. I have many business matters to settle there. Indeed, I have your poor father's affairs to arrange."

"You are quite sure you will come back in six months?"

"It is my fixed intention to do so now, and unless I am prevented by unforeseen circumstances I shall certainly return at that time."

"I shall be wretched while you are away. I was never so miserable as when you left me at Madras, and now you are going to abandon me again. I have been so much accustomed to be near you, that I cannot bear the thought of separation. A secluded life at Hylton Castle would have been delightful to me if you had been there; but left with people whom I care nothing about, I shall be dreadfully moped."

"This is mere childish fancy," said Pomfret, gravely. "Since I cannot always be with you, you must look to others to supply my place. I really think this separation will be serviceable to you, and prepare you for the part which, ere long, you must play in life. Perhaps on my return I may find you married; or, at all

events, engaged to be married. I promise my consent beforehand."

"You are very cruel to tease me so," she cried, the tears springing to her eyes. "You know very well that I shall not be married, or even engaged. If you wait till I ask your consent, you will have to wait a long time."

"You think so now, and mean what you say," he rejoined, with some bitterness; "but I have little faith in a woman's resolutions. However, you are perfectly at liberty to change your mind, and, indeed, I hope you will speedily change it. Now attend to me," he added, taking her hand. "I have a delicate question to put to you, but as your guardian I may be permitted to ask it. Sir Norman accounts for your indifference to him by the supposition that you are attached to another. I told him that I was quite sure he was mistaken, but he adhered to his opinion."

As the words were uttered, Eva flushed deeply, and then became deathly pale.

"You display unwonted emotion, my dear child," he said, regarding her with tenderness. "I begin to think Sir Norman is right in his conjecture."

"He *is* right," she rejoined, casting down her eyes and speaking in low tremulous tones, "and I am surprised you have not made the discovery before."

"I must, indeed, have been blind. But I had no suspicion of anything of the kind. How long have you had this attachment?"

"How long? Ever since—I cannot tell when it first began."

"Why did you keep it a secret from me? I have ever been anxious for your happiness, and I persuaded myself that I had your entire confidence."

"You have always had my confidence, except on this point," she replied, still without raising her eyes, "and I did not dare to disclose it to you."

"I look in vain for a motive for such constraint."

"The motive is not hard to find. But now that I have spoken," she cried, summoning up all her courage, and looking at him steadfastly, "shall I make a full confession to you?—shall I lay bare the secret of my heart?"

"No," he replied, hastily checking her. "No. I would rather not be the depository of such a secret. You say you had a motive for restraint. The motive must still exist. Do not allow yourself to be carried away by a sudden impulse—to make a disclosure which you may hereafter regret. Keep your secret. I can counsel you just as well without knowing more, and I would say to you, if you have fixed your affections on some one who is unworthy of your love—"

"Oh no! he is not unworthy of my love," she interrupted—"far from it. He is only indifferent to me."

"In that case you must conquer your passion. To nourish affection for one who is indifferent to you is a weakness of which I should not have deemed you capable, if you had not confessed to it. Whatever the effort may cost you, stifle the feeling. Summon feminine pride to your aid. You need not despair of a cure, if you are resolute."

"Have you found it easy to pluck out a passion that has taken deep root in your breast?" she cried. "I think not. Can you assure me that you are perfectly cured? Your looks convince me to the contrary. Yet you bid me do that which you cannot yourself perform."

"I advise you for your own happiness," he said, in a broken voice. "My case is not your case. I cannot obliterate the past. I cannot forget that I have loved—ay, and been beloved in return; but I love no longer."

"Are you quite sure of that?" she demanded, sceptically.

"Quite sure," he replied. But there was something in his tone that contradicted the assertion. "Promise me you will follow my advice, and conquer this silly passion," he added.

"I will do my best. At all events, I promise that you shall hear no more of it. I regret that I have said so much."

"Nay, it is well that you have spoken," he said, regarding her with tender compassion. "When the heart is too full there must be an outlet. You will be all the easier for this partial disclosure. Whoever has unconsciously won your heart—and I do not desire to know his name—he deserves pity, for he has lost a priceless treasure. But enough has been said on the subject. This is our last day at this lovely place. Do not let us waste it."

And he led her to the verandah.

For some time they stood there, gazing on the magnificent scene in silence. During that interval calmer thoughts succeeded to the tempest that had just agitated either breast. At last Pomfret spoke:

"To-morrow we must bid adieu to this enchanting lake, and to those mighty mountains. Perhaps I may some day return hither, but if not, the beauties of the spot are not likely to be effaced from my recollection. I shall always be able to conjure up this glorious picture in my imagination."

"Since you like the place so much why not remain here?" said Eva.

"Because I am not destined to know repose," he rejoined. "I cannot remain inactive. Were I to do so, my thoughts would kill me. Much as I love this place—much as I admire its beauties—I cannot stay here. I should tire of that lovely lake, of those stupendous mountains—of all about me—of myself most of all. I must mix with active life. I must forget myself in the turmoil of business. As I have said, the recollection of these scenes will cheer me and delight me, but I must quit them."



That evening Pomfret passed an hour or two alone with Sir Norman, during which they came to a perfectly satisfactory understanding as to the rent to be paid by the former for Hylton Castle.

Sir Norman gave Pomfret a letter which he had written to his bailiff, Mr. Beecroft, and another addressed to his housekeeper, Mrs. Austin, in which he informed them both that he had let his house, grounds, and park to Mr. Myddleton Pomfret till Christmas, and enjoined them to obey Mr. Pomfret's orders, and do all in their power to contribute to his comfort during that term.

Next day, Pomfret and his fair ward proceeded to Geneva. Thence they travelled on to Paris, breaking the journey by a night's rest at the old capital of Burgundy. Three days—sadly too little, Eva thought—were devoted to Paris, and then they went on to London.

### III.

#### MR. BOOTLE BROOKE SHELMERDINE.

WHEN the Flaxyards arrived at Baden-Baden, a certain Mr. Bootle Brooke Shelmerdine was staying at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, where they put up. We must say a few words about this young gentleman, since he is destined to play a little part in our story.

Mr. Bootle Brooke Shelmerdine was the only son—the only child, in fact—of a Lancashire cotton-spinner. Fifty years ago, John Shelmerdine, Bootle's worthy sire, had been a factory lad in Manchester, but he had now got a large mill of his own at Bury, with a noble mansion and grounds in the neighbourhood of that thriving but ugly town.

John Shelmerdine kept a large establishment, men-servants in livery, carriages and horses, and lived like a prince. Why should he not? He could well afford to do so, for though not exactly a millionaire, he was rich, and had only one son. Many men who have risen from nothing, and have not had the advantage of a liberal education, are narrow-minded, and don't know how to spend their money, but John Shelmerdine was an instance to the contrary. In early life he had received little or no education, but he contrived to make up for his deficiencies to a certain extent as he went on, and he fortunately possessed good sound common sense, and remarkable judgment and acuteness. He saw clearly the road that would lead to success, and steadily pursued it. Everything prospered with him. Before he was fifty he was a wealthy man, and had purchased a large estate on the road to Haslingden, and erected the mansion called *Bel-field*, to which we have just alluded.

In point of birth, Mrs. Shelmerdine was very superior to her husband, and rather looked down upon him. She belonged to the

Bootles and Brookes of Cheshire, and had married plain John because he was rich, and could make a good settlement upon her. John Shelmerdine was very proud of his wife because she was a lady, and submitted humbly to all her whims and caprices; and he was also proud of his son, because he thought him a very fine gentleman, and because he resembled his mother.

Very lucky was Bootle in having some one to make a fortune for him, for we doubt if he would have made one for himself. He had not a tithe of old John's natural ability, and was totally wanting in the judgment and discrimination that had conducted to his father's eminent success. Bootle had no taste for business of any kind. He did not care even to have a profession. He would not go into the church, though urged to do so by his father, nor into the army to please his mother. Law and medicine equally repelled him: the first was too dry and laborious, to the second he entertained a decided aversion. He was quite content to be a cotton-spinner, provided his father would look after the business, so he was taken into the concern, and allowed to do as he pleased.

He went to the counting-house now and then, talked to the book-keepers, who laughed at him in their sleeve, and after passing an hour or two in doing little more than reading the newspapers, or conducting some stranger over the mill, he rode back to Belfield, or made some calls in the neighbourhood. But as Bury and Manchester—John Shelmerdine, being closely connected with the latter important city, was constantly there—offered no great attractions to Bootle, he passed a considerable portion of his time in town. Indeed, he might be said to live in London during the spring and early summer. He had three or four clubs to which he could resort for society. When the London season was over, he yachted; and when tired of yachting, he went to Scotland; when he had had enough of the moors, he went upon the Continent; and, returning towards winter, took up his quarters at Brighton, where he rode out with the harriers.

Thus it will be seen that he did not spend much of his time at Belfield, nor bestow much of his society upon his worthy father. He saw more of his mother in London in the spring, and at Brighton in the winter, than he did at home in Lancashire. Bootle Brooke Shelmerdine had received the education of a gentleman, and had been at Eton and Oxford. But he had as little ambition as energy, and did not desire to distinguish himself. Anything that gave him trouble, bored him. He would not go into parliament, because attendance at the House was a bore; he would not join the volunteers, because rifle practice was a bore. So little capable was he of mental exertion, that he thought it a bore to write a letter. Yet he was not a bad fellow, and had few of the vices into which idle young fellows are apt to fall. He was not extravagant, and his demands

on the paternal exchequer were never excessive. In personal appearance, Bootle differed as much from his father, who was short, stout, and hard-featured, as he did in character. Some people thought him good-looking, and he would have been so but for the vacant expression of his features. His manner was languid and indifferent, and he spoke in a drawling, affected voice. He was rather tall than otherwise, and stooped slightly, as if it was too much trouble to hold himself erect, and sauntered rather than walked. With his blonde locks and fair complexion he looked exceedingly juvenile—almost boyish—the only evidence of his manhood being a slight silken moustache.

Within a very few weeks of his introduction to the reader, Bootle Shelmerdine had never for a moment entertained the idea of a wife. Marriage was a frightful bore, and he shuddered at the bare notion of it. He had seen plenty of pretty girls in town, at Brighton, and even at Manchester, but none of them had produced the slightest impression upon him.

It was reserved for Tiffany Flaxyard to convince him that he was not so indifferent as he supposed to the attractions of the fair sex. He saw her on her arrival, and was at once taken by her—perhaps because she was so fast, and he himself was slow. There was something about her that struck his fancy. Gazing at her at the table d'hôte, and listening to her converse, he thought her an amazingly fine girl.

At the same time he became a little jealous of Captain Musgrave, who sat next her. He afterwards beheld her at a ball at the Conversations Haus, charmingly dressed, full of spirit and fun, waltzing and flirting with Musgrave. He grew more in love, and more jealous. His jealousy stirred him on, and roused him from his wonted listlessness. Thus Musgrave unintentionally aided Tiffany in her conquest. Quickly perceiving that she had found a new admirer, she put in play all her little artifices to lure him on. Bootle was entangled in her meshes before he had even exchanged a word with her. For the first time in his life he took a little trouble. He introduced himself to Hornby, and very soon got introduced to Hornby's sister. Finding that the young man was really smitten, and having ascertained that he had very good expectations, Tiffany laid herself out to complete her conquest.

As Musgrave spent all his time at the gambling-tables, the field was left open to Bootle, who was now constantly with the Flaxyards, breakfasted with them, sat next his charmer at the table d'hôte, and accompanied her to Lichtenthal, Eberstein, and the Alte Schloss. During these excursions many favourable opportunities for a declaration occurred, and Tiffany was at all times quite prepared to give it due consideration. But Bootle, being a slow man, could not make up his mind. He seemed always on the point of proposing, but never did propose. Tiffany, who did

not like such "shilly-shally work," as she termed it, was determined to bring him to the point; and while they were at Eberstein, gazing at the beautiful valley of the Murg, and he was hesitating in his usual style, she quite disconcerted him by laughing in his face, and telling him plainly that she knew what he meant to say.

"No use in being bashful with me," she said. "If I didn't like you I'd tell you so in a moment. But I *do* like you—so there's an answer to the question which I know you're dying to ask me."

"Then I may consider myself——" stammered Bootle, whose confusion prevented him from going on.

"Consider yourself the happiest of men," supplied the young lady. "Speak to pa as soon as you please. Ah! here he is," she added, as the old gentleman came up, and broke out into raptures about the picturesque beauties of the Murg-thal.

"Never mind the Murg-thal just now, pa," said Tiffany. "Your consent is wanted to make two young people happy. Be so good as to perform the part of an amiable parent at the close of a farce—join our hands, and give us your blessing."

"Bless my soul! what does the girl mean?" exclaimed Flaxyard, staring at Bootle. "Am I to understand——"

"How exceedingly dull you are, sir," said his daughter. "You are to understand that Bootle has proposed. But of course I couldn't say 'yes' without your consent."

"I haven't exactly made the proposal in due form, sir, but——"

"It comes to the same thing," said Tiffany. "All now rests with you, pa. What have you to say?"

"Why, that I give my consent with all my heart," he replied. "I won't say that the announcement has taken me by surprise, because I have noticed what has been going on—ha! ha! Since you have succeeded in gaining my daughter's affections," he added to Bootle, "you shall have her. I'm sure you'll make her happy, and, from my own experience, I can confidently affirm that there is no true happiness except in the married state."

"That's the correct thing to say on the occasion, but it's rather hackneyed," laughed Tiffany. "Tell Bootle you'll come down handsomely. That will be more to the purpose than a commonplace observation on conjugal felicity."

"Well, so I will come down handsomely, my dear," replied her father. "I hope the arrangement will be as agreeable to your own family as it is to mine," he added to Bootle.

"I dare say it will," replied the young gentleman. "I suppose I must write and tell them about it. But it will be a confounded bore. I hate writing letters of any kind."

"I can't take this trouble off your hands, or I would," said Tiffany. "Stay! I have it. Send them a telegram. That will do as well."

"A brilliant idea, upon my soul!" exclaimed Bootle. "I should never have thought of it. By Jove! you're a wonderful girl."

"Yes, I flatter myself I am," she rejoined.

Brilliant as the plan appeared to Bootle, neither old Flaxyard nor his wife approved of it; but, in spite of their objections, it was acted upon. A telegraphic message was sent to Bury. It was necessarily brief, but to the purpose, and ran thus:

*"Engaged. Fine girl. Lots of tin. Handsome settlement expected."*

To this came a prompt reply:

*"Glad to hear it. Who is she? How much tin? No difficulty as to settlement."*

So far as it went this was satisfactory, but further information being required, Bootle was obliged to send another message, and enter a little more into detail.

Old Flaxyard, who was delighted with the proposed match, undertook to give his daughter thirty thousand pounds, and this liberal offer being communicated to John Shelmerdine, he telegraphed the following decisive response:

*"All right. Choice approved. Will make corresponding settlement. Love to the young lady."*

Thus the preliminary arrangements of the intended marriage of the slowest man going were settled with lightning-like rapidity. Had Bootle employed the post instead of the wires of the telegraph, he would have been a month about it. We recommend a like course to other contracting parties. Besides its expedition, the telegraph saves a world of discussion. In the present instance, we will almost venture to say that if long letters had passed between Bootle and his mother, the engagement would have been interrupted, if not broken off altogether.

Mrs. Shelmerdine did not at all like the choice made by her son. The very name of Flaxyard repelled her, though she admitted that Shelmerdine was not much better. And she was astonished that Bootle had not looked higher than a draper's daughter. The girl might have money, but in his case that was not half so important as a good connexion. With Bootle's expectations he might have married into a titled family. She could easily have arranged such an alliance for him, and would have done so, if he had consulted her, but she had never supposed he would

marry in such a hurry. Tiffany Flaxyard (was there ever such a dreadful name!) must be vulgar and underbred. How could Bootle, whose tastes were refined, be captivated by such a person? The thing was inconceivable. The girl must be artful, and no doubt the girl's mother was a designing woman. Poor Bootle! he had been nicely taken in.

In such terms as these she gave vent to her disappointment, and in such terms, though probably more at length, she would have written to her son—had time been allowed her. But the electric telegraph did the business before she could interfere. John Shelmerdine did not take the same view of the arrangement as his wife. He ascertained that Flaxyard was a highly respectable, wealthy man, and saw no reason why Flaxyard's daughter should not suit Bootle. So he gave his consent, as we have seen, and this done, no more could be said. Mrs. Shelmerdine had to reconcile herself to the match as best she could.

To save himself the trouble of description, Bootle sent his mother a photograph of his intended, taken at Baden, and very like the original. On seeing it, Mrs. Shelmerdine almost screamed.

"What a pert, disagreeable-looking creature!" she cried. "I told you she must be underbred. Look at her and judge for yourself. There, sir—there's your precious daughter-in-law, and a nice creature she is!"

And she tossed the portrait to him.

"Well, I can't find any fault with her," said John. "She's a smart sauey-looking lass, and looks as if she had plenty to say for herself."

"She has talked Bootle into making her an offer, that's what she has done. I will never believe he can admire such an impudent piece of goods as this."

"Why not?" cried John. "I'm sure the girl's uncommonly pretty."

"Mere vulgar beauty. One of your odious fast girls. Talks slang, I'll be bound. I shall never be able to endure her. She's not a lady, and Bootle ought to marry a lady."

"Well, my dear, I can't say whether she's a thorough-bred lady or not, as I have never seen her; but I must maintain that she's pretty. She'll do all the talking for Bootle, and that's some recommendation."

"Yes, there's no fear of that," replied Mrs. Shelmerdine.

While this arrangement was going on, Captain Musgrave had come to grief at the roulette-tables, as will be seen from the following letter addressed by Hornby to his friend Rufus Trotter:

"On our arrival at Baden-Baden, Musgrave could never keep away from the rouge et noir and roulette tables, and being rather lucky at first, talked of breaking the bank, and all that sort of thing.

But ere long all his winnings vanished, and every stiver he possessed went with them. Being in a desperate fix, he begged me to lend him a few hundreds till he could get a remittance from England. I got him what he wanted from the governor, and off he set at once to the Conversations Haus, and lost the whole of it. Again he applied to me, and I was fool enough to lend him three hundred more. This was swept away in no time by the croupier's rake, and as I chanced to be standing near the table, watching his game, he asked me for twenty pounds. Moved by his desperate looks, I emptied my pockets for him, to give him a last chance—but he lost it. Next day, he tried it on again, but I had now had enough, and refused point blank, adding that I must trouble him to repay me the money I had already lent him. He replied very coolly that he should suit his own convenience, and walked away. Knowing he was regularly cleaned out, I fancied he couldn't leave Baden-Baden, but he did contrive somehow to discharge his bill at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and started that very night for Paris. People say that a *petite dame* took compassion upon him, and helped him out of his difficulties. As far as I am concerned, I have heard nothing of him since, and conclude that I have lost my money.

"P.S. I must tell you another thing, old fellow. You have lost your chance with Tiff. She is engaged to Mr. Bootle Brooke Shelmerdine, of Belfield Hall, Lancashire."

On his return from Baden-Baden with the Flaxyards, Bootle took the trouble to run down to Belfield, and then discovered for the first time how strongly his mother was opposed to his engagement. Her objections, however, weighed little with him, though he listened quietly enough to them. Eventually, Mr. and Mrs. Shelmerdine came up to town, for the purpose of making the acquaintance of the family with whom they were to be connected, and put up at the Palace Hotel, Buckingham-gate, where rooms had been engaged for them by Bootle.

Here Mrs. Shelmerdine sat in state, and received her intended daughter-in-law and the Flaxyard family.

Sorry are we to say that the unfavourable notion that Mrs. Shelmerdine had formed of Tiffany was not removed by the young lady herself, but rather confirmed. Tiffany's manner, we may infer from the effect she produced, was better calculated to please men than women, for when Mrs. Shelmerdine asked her spouse what he thought of Bootle's choice, he replied that she was an uncommonly fine girl, and that Bootle was a lucky dog.

On the whole, John Shelmerdine was very well pleased with his new connexions, and the Flaxyards, especially the head of the family, were equally well pleased with him. The two elderly gentlemen talked over matters in a straightforward, business-like

manner in the back room of the shop in Cheapside, and soon came to a perfect understanding. Old Flaxyard was delighted to learn that his son-in-law's expectations were much greater than he had supposed. If all went well, John Shelmerdine said, Bootle would one day be a rich man, and, meantime, he would not be badly off.

As a matter of course, the Shelmerdines were invited to dine at the Acacias. But the description of the entertainment must be postponed to another chapter.

#### IV.

##### A DINNER-PARTY AT THE ACACIAS.

THE country residence—if Clapham-common can be properly styled the country—of our worthy friend Mr. Flaxyard was a good-sized respectable-looking house, deriving its name from a couple of fine acacia-trees with which the smooth-shaven lawn in front was ornamented.

The Acacias was not remarkable for beauty of architecture, but was plain, rather old-fashioned, and roomy; reared, we should conjecture, about fifty years ago, when Clapham was not so much over-built as it is now, standing a little back, defended by a low wall from the road, and approached by a couple of gates with a broad gravel drive leading to the door, having stables and out-buildings at the side, and a good garden at the back.

Such was the external appearance of the Acacias, and we may add that the internal accommodation of the house more than answered to its outward promise. The house was larger than it looked, and contained better rooms than might have been expected, and those rooms were handsomely, not to say splendidly, furnished.

On the day after the arrival in town of the Shelmerdines, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, an omnibus stopped at the gate of the Acacias and set down the owner of the house. Now, Mr. Flaxyard had more than one carriage—he had a well-appointed phaeton for the ladies, and a brougham for himself—and Hornby had a dog-cart in which he always drove to Cheapside—but the old gentleman generally used the 'bus. He had peculiar notions, and did not like either phaeton or brougham to stand at his shop door. On the day in question he had come home earlier than usual, as he expected the Shelmerdines to dinner, and though he had an excellent and trustworthy butler, Mr. Burgess, he liked to look after his wine himself. The door was opened for him by a stout, respectable man-servant, not in livery—Mr. Burgess, in fact—and, after saying a few words to him in the hall, he proceeded to the drawing-room, which was on the ground floor, and here he found his wife and daughter.

“Well, ladies, what do you think?” he cried. “I've a surprise



for you. I've made a slight addition to our dinner-party, and have invited a gentleman whom we met on the Continent."

"We met so many gentlemen on the Continent, that I can't pretend to guess whom you mean, my dear," remarked Mrs. Flaxyard.

"I'll tell you who it is, ma," said Tiffany. "He has invited Mr. Myddleton Pomfret. I heard Hornby say he is in town."

"Quite right, Tiff," said Flaxyard. "Mr. Pomfret is the identical person I have asked."

"And is he really coming?" inquired his wife. "I fancied, since the unpleasantness at the Beau-Rivage——"

"Oh, that's all got over," interrupted Flaxyard. "I saw Mr. Pomfret on business to-day, and he was so very friendly that I couldn't help inviting him, and he promised to come. I told him all about your engagement to Bootle, and that he would meet your intended and his family, and at the same time I took good care to explain that we had no longer any acquaintance with Captain Musgrave. So he promised to come."

"Well, I'm very glad of it," said Tiffany. "I like Mr. Pomfret. But why didn't he bring Eva with him? I should have been delighted to show her my darling little Bootle. I wonder what she would think of the dear boy? Perhaps she would be one of my bridesmaids."

"Write and ask her. She is in the country—at Hylton Castle, near Dorking."

"Hylton Castle! Why, that's Sir Norman's place!" exclaimed Mrs. Flaxyard. "What on earth is she doing there? Is she married to Sir Norman?"

"Not yet, my dear. Mr. Pomfret, it appears, has taken Hylton Castle till Christmas, and that's the reason why his ward happens to be there."

"Well, it's the oddest thing I ever heard of," cried Tiffany. "I shouldn't wonder if she and Sir Norman do come together after all."

"Sir Norman is still on the Continent, and not likely to return. I asked Mr. Pomfret the question myself. Pray what have you done with darling Bootle? I thought I should find him here."

"The dear boy has been here all the morning, but he went up to town after luncheon," replied Tiffany. "Hornby will bring him back in his dog-cart. By-the-by, pa, some people are coming in the evening. We mean to get up a little dance."

"Very well, my dear; it's all right."

"I shall be very glad when it's all over," said Mrs. Flaxyard. "I do feel so dreadfully nervous about Mrs. Shelmerdine."

"How silly you are, ma!" cried Tiffany. "Why need you trouble yourself about her? I know you think she snubbed you yesterday; but I'll take good care she shan't snub me."

Wishing to avoid a discussion, Flaxyard betook himself to the cellar; and from the liberal preparations which he there made,

it was evident that he did not intend to stint his guests. He next took a walk round his garden, visited his greenhouses, conferred with his gardener, and then returned to the house.

Meanwhile, Hornby and darling Bootle had arrived in the dog-cart, and after a little chat with the ladies, had gone up-stairs to dress for dinner.

At a little before seven the sound of carriage-wheels on the drive in front of the house, and the loud ringing of the door-bell, announced an arrival, and shortly afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Shelmerdine were ceremoniously ushered into the drawing-room by Burgess, where the host and hostess, with Tiffany, now attired in a charming dress which she had brought from Paris, were waiting to receive them.

Mrs. Shelmerdine was very richly arrayed, and it was rather amusing to see in what a stately manner she comported herself towards her new connexions. She did not even kiss her intended daughter-in-law, and made Mrs. Flaxyard feel more nervous than ever. John Shelmerdine's manner offered a marked contrast to that of his wife. He was cordiality itself, shook hands warmly with Mrs. Flaxyard, clapped old Flaxyard on the back, and did not neglect to kiss Tiffany, and very heartily too.

Other guests followed quickly, most of them being denizens of Clapham. There were Alderman and Mrs. Cracknall, the Rev. Mr. Barker and Mrs. Barker, Tom Titterton, a distinguished member of the Stock Exchange, Mrs. Pritchard and Miss Celsia Pritchard, Mr. Stonehouse, an old acquaintance of the reader, and Rufus Trotter.

All these were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Shelmerdine, and felicitations of course were offered on an approaching happy event, and these felicitations were renewed when darling Bootle made his appearance with Hornby.

At last, Mr. Myddleton Pomfret was announced. His fine figure and striking countenance could not fail to attract attention, but there was one person upon whom he produced a remarkable effect. This was Mr. Stonehouse. His keen grey eyes followed Pomfret with an expression of the strongest curiosity, and he watched him narrowly while he was talking to Mrs. Flaxyard and Tiffany, and telling them how much delighted Eva was with Hylton Castle. As soon as he could manage it, Stonehouse drew his host aside, and said to him:

"Who is the tall gentleman just come in? I didn't exactly catch his name."

"He is Mr. Myddleton Pomfret," replied Flaxyard. "We met him when we were abroad."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Why on earth do you ask such a question, Stonehouse? Do you think I can be mistaken on the point? Mr. Pomfret is a

Madras merchant, a partner in the well-known house of Bracebridge, Clegg, and Pomfret."

"Bless my life! that makes it still more extraordinary," said Stonehouse. "I tell you what, Flaxyard, but for the assurance you have given me, I could have sworn that this gentleman was no other than Julian Curzon, who was drowned some years ago in Windermere. I shall take it as a particular favour if you will introduce me to him."

The introduction took place. Pomfret bowed courteously but distantly. When he spoke, Stonehouse absolutely started, and exclaimed:

"The very voice of Julian Curzon!"

Pomfret's admirable self-possession did not desert him at this trying juncture.

"I see you are struck by my likeness to my poor friend Julian Curzon," he said. "I have often been mistaken for him."

"I don't wonder at it," cried Stonehouse, looking quite stupified. "The likeness is astonishing. Excuse me, Mr. Pomfret. I knew Julian very well—I may say intimately—and I knew most of his friends—at least by name. But I don't recollect hearing him speak of you."

"Perhaps not," rejoined Pomfret, haughtily. "But I have often heard him speak of you, Mr. Stonehouse, and in no very complimentary terms."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Flaxyard, who was listening to the discourse; "you've brought this upon yourself, Stonehouse."

"Well, that wasn't particularly grateful of him," remarked Stonehouse, "seeing he was under considerable obligations to me. He always applied to me when he was in difficulties; and as he was generally in difficulties, that was pretty often; and I never refused him assistance. I lent him a good deal of money, Mr. Pomfret."

"I am quite aware of it," rejoined the other; "but I fancy you received good interest for the loans."

"Oh yes, I can't complain of that," said Stonehouse. "I had to wait some time for my money, but I got it in the end. I believe I have to thank you for the payment, sir."

"I do not desire your thanks," said Pomfret, sternly. "I had my own reasons for paying you."

"I should like to be informed of them," observed Stonehouse.

"No, no—not now," interposed Flaxyard, uneasily. "Some other time, if you please, gentlemen."

"Mr. Stonehouse shall be welcome at any time to my explanation," said Pomfret; "but I think, if he reflects a little, he will easily understand *why* I thought proper to pay him."

So saying, he turned abruptly away.

"You have offended him, I fear, Stonehouse," said Flaxyard.

"Can't help it if I have," rejoined the other. "He has been deucedly rude to me."

Very opportunely at this moment, dinner was announced by the butler, and each gentleman leading out the lady assigned him, the whole party repaired to the dining-room.

As a matter of course, the host took Mrs. Shelmerdine, and Mr. Shelmerdine had the honour of conducting the hostess to her chair. Alderman Cracknall brought out Mrs. Barker, and was placed on the left of the hostess. It is almost superfluous to say that darling Bootle sat next to dearest Tiffany. With the disposition of the other guests we do not concern ourselves.

The dinner was excellent, but served in the exploded style of some twenty years ago. Had the ladies been allowed to have their own way it would have been served à la Russe; but Flaxyard, who yielded to his wife and daughter on most points, was firm in this, and would not consent to the innovation. He would not have flowers on the table; he would see his dinner; he would compel Mr. Shelmerdine to dispense the turtle soup, and to carve the boiled turkey and the game. He would have all the entrées and the side dishes ranged before the guests, and—horror of horrors in Mrs. F.'s eyes!—he would have the cloth removed in order that the brilliancy of his table, which reflected every countenance like a mirror, might be admired.

Nevertheless, the dinner, though somewhat heavy and substantial, was excellent of its kind, and admirably cooked. The clear turtle soup, coming as it did from Mr. Paynter, was perfect; the turbot and smelts were equally good, and the saddle of mutton was in the finest possible order, done to a turn, and carved, we are bound to say, in most efficient style by the host.

Old Flaxyard piqued himself on his carving, and it was pleasant to watch him during the process. He declared that he did not like to be at the mercy of a butler. Servants never help you properly, and either give you too much fat or too little, he said. Undoubtedly, there is something to be said in favour of having the joint before you and carving it yourself, provided you are a dexterous hand, and know what you are about. If the wing of a chicken with a slice of Montanches ham is brought you from the sideboard it is all very well, but not quite so satisfactory if you get only a drumstick. Still worse, if you are badly helped to mutton.

Excellent as were the viands, we must say that the best part of our old friend's dinner was the wine. The Johannisberg was superb, and came from the cellars of Prince Metternich; the sherry was marvellous—it had belonged to Marshal Soult, and cost three guineas a bottle; and what shall we say of some rare old Madeira, which Mr. Burgess handed round just before the sweets? Words are wanting to praise it sufficiently.

Throughout the repast, Mr. Stonehouse, whose curiosity had been strongly excited, kept his eye upon Pomfret. He was favourably placed for this scrutiny, being seated opposite to him, and could hear all he had said. The more closely he observed Pomfret, and the longer he listened to him, the more certain he became that it must be Julian Curzon. Impossible, he thought, that two persons could be so much alike. And yet how to account for Julian's reappearance! Determined to unravel the mystery, he commenced by addressing a few inquiries to Tiffany, who happened to be next him, but she was so much occupied by darling Bootle, that she scarcely attended to what he said, and the little he gleaned from her rather perplexed him than otherwise. Pomfret was by no means unconscious that he was the object of this scrutiny, but he did not seem to heed it, and regarded Stonehouse with haughty contempt.

"If he should turn out to be Julian Curzon, I'll expose him," thought Stonehouse. "His insolence deserves punishment."

Watching his opportunity, he called across the table, "We were talking just now of poor Julian Curzon, Mr. Pomfret. His widow seems to have been more unfortunate in her second marriage than in her first. I understand she was separated from Captain Musgrave within a month. One might almost say that a fatality was attached to her."

"Dear me! I hope not, Mr. Stonehouse," said Mrs. Flaxyard. "I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Musgrave in Paris, and a more charming person I never beheld."

"So I thought her," said Stonehouse, keeping his eye upon Pomfret as he spoke. "I saw her at Bowness just before the sad occurrence that deprived her of her first husband, and most beautiful she looked, I can assure you. I can almost fancy I see her as she embarked one morning upon the lake with poor Julian. That was the very day before the accident."

"Perhaps you won't dwell too much upon that, Mr. Stonehouse," remarked Pomfret. "The subject is painful to me."

"Then I'll drop it, of course," said Stonehouse. "But pray can you inform me what has become of Mrs. Musgrave? I understand she has not returned to her father."

"I can give you no information concerning her," replied Pomfret, coldly.

"Mrs. Musgrave is greatly to be pitied," remarked Mrs. Flaxyard. "But I must say she was lucky in getting rid of the captain. He's a confirmed gambler. Have you heard that he lost all his money at the gaming-tables at Baden-Baden, Mr. Pomfret?"

"Yes, I have heard something about it," he replied.

"Everybody abuses Captain Musgrave now," said Tiffany, "but

I can't help taking his part. I must say that I thought him very agreeable."

"I rather think you did," remarked darling Bootle, in a low tone. "I thought you would have broken your heart when he went away. For my part, I shouldn't have grieved if he had blown out his brains, as that German baron did."

"He had too much sense for that," laughed Tiffany. "You are still jealous of him I perceive, darling boy."

"Jealous! not I. But I could never understand what you could find to admire in him. To my thinking, he is about as handsome as a nigger, though not half so well bred."

"He has acquired the art of pleasing, and practises it with tolerable success," rejoined Tiffany. But seeing that her lover looked annoyed, she added, "I won't tease you about him any more, darling boy. So far from caring for his society, I thought him a bore, and I shouldn't have tolerated him at all if he hadn't been Hornby's friend."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," returned Bootle. "I certainly didn't like his attentions."

"He wouldn't be kept at a distance. But if you hadn't been as blind as a bat you would have perceived that I was only amusing myself with him. I couldn't have a serious thought about him. It was a very different case when a certain person addressed me," she said, significantly; "then I felt serious enough, because I knew *he* was in earnest."

"I should never have proposed to you at Eberstein if Musgrave had been there. Perhaps *you* recollect that occasion?"

"Perfectly," she replied, with a secret laugh. "My pleasantest memories will always be associated with Eberstein. After that pretty speech, I hope you'll be content, and not exhibit any more jealousy."

Just then Mrs. Flaxyard made a move, and the ladies arose and prepared to withdraw.

"I wish you would take me with you," said Bootle, gallantly, to Tiffany. "I shall count the minutes till I rejoin you."

"Amuse yourself by thinking of Eberstein and the Murg-thal in the interim, darling boy," she said, as she retired.

## V.

## A WALTZ, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN the gentlemen reappeared in the drawing-room, they found it full of company. Tiffany had just played a brilliant piece on the piano, but she sat down again to please Mr. Shelmerdine, who was enraptured by her performance, though Mrs. Shelmerdine told him she played too much like a professional. The rest of the company, however, were loud in their applause. After a little more music, vocal as well as instrumental, Hornby proposed a waltz, and the motion meeting with general concurrence, Miss Celsia Pritchard sat down at the piano, and played a lively little prelude, while Hornby, Rufus, and several other young gentlemen were engaging their partners.

It was at this juncture, when a buzz of lively conversation, intermingled with light laughter, resounded through the room; when old Flaxyard and John Shelmerdine—both of whom had drunk a good deal of '34 port—were expressing the warm regard they felt for each other; when Mrs. Flaxyard was vainly trying to conciliate the haughty Mrs. Shelmerdine, who did not attempt to conceal her weariness, and had just inquired whether her carriage was come; when darling Bootle was standing by the piano chatting to Tiffany, and looking supremely happy—it was at this moment, we say, that the butler announced Captain Musgrave.

Captain Musgrave! Impossible! Old Flaxyard, his wife, Tiffany, and, above all, Hornby and Bootle, thought they could not have heard aright. But their doubts were dispelled the next moment, as Musgrave entered the room. His appearance caused an extraordinary sensation among the company, as well it might. Luckily, Myddleton Pomfret was not exposed to the annoyance, having left earlier in the evening. Mr. Stonehouse also was gone. The cup of happiness was dashed in an instant from Bootle's lips, and a bitter rage succeeded.

Musgrave did not seem in the slightest degree embarrassed by the glances of astonishment directed towards him, or by the observations made. He was got up in faultless style, and looked exceedingly well. With inimitable coolness he crossed the room and made his bow to the hostess, who was so confounded that she could hardly find words to address him.

"I am afraid you will think this visit an intrusion on my part, Mrs. Flaxyard," he hastened to say, "and perhaps I have presumed too much upon our intimacy at Baden-Baden, where you were good enough to receive me at all hours; but I have only just returned from Paris, and having accidentally learnt that you had

friends dining with you, I ventured to present myself in continental fashion."

"Your visit is certainly unexpected," she rejoined, scarcely knowing what to say.

Having gone through this ceremony, Musgrave approached the piano, bowed to Tiffany, smiled at Bootle, who replied by an angry scowl, and then proceeded to shake hands with old Flaxyard, who was so astounded that he was unable to draw back.

"What confounded assurance the fellow must have," remarked Bootle to Tiffany. "I hope Hornby will kick him out."

"I don't know what brings him here," she replied, laughing. "But I think it great fun."

"I can't see the slightest fun in it," rejoined Bootle. "I think it an infernally impudent trick."

By this time Hornby had recovered from the surprise into which he was thrown by Musgrave's unlooked-for appearance, and now advanced towards him. But even he was not proof against the captain's coolness.

"Charmed to see you, my dear Hornby!" said Musgrave. "I owe you ten thousand apologies. You know why I left Baden so abruptly? Couldn't help it. Quite ashamed to have been so long in your debt. My chief object in coming here this evening is to repay you."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hornby, still more surprised, and quite disarmed by the other's wonderful assurance.

"Yes, indeed! I called at your place of business this morning, but wasn't fortunate enough to find you within. Hearing that you would certainly be at home in the evening, and being most anxious to discharge my debt, which has really weighed on my conscience, I came here. In this pocket-book," he added, giving him one, "you will find bank-notes to the amount of the sum I owe you."

Hornby was now quite overcome.

"Upon my soul, my dear fellow, I have done you a great injustice," he cried.

"I know you have looked upon me as a swindler," laughed Musgrave, "but I am not quite so bad as you thought. I never left a debt of honour unpaid."

"Well, I am bound to say you have acted most honourably in my case," said Hornby.

Proceeding to the piano, Musgrave then addressed himself to Tiffany, who, in spite of Bootle's dark looks, received him very smilingly, and began to laugh and chat with him as of old.

Darling Bootle had now become frightfully jealous. He walked away from the piano, and sat down beside his mother. Apparently, Tiffany was so much amused that she paid no attention to the dear boy.



"Do let me have the pleasure of waltzing with you once more," said Musgrave to Tiffany.

"I don't know what to say," she replied. "I should like it. But Bootle is very jealous."

"Oh, you must teach him betimes what he may expect as a married man."

Several couples now began to whirl round the room. Tiffany enjoyed a waltz of all things, and she was so excited by the spectacle that she yielded to Musgrave's solicitations. His arm had just encircled her waist, and they were about to start off, when Bootle came up, looking very red and very angry.

"Sit down, Tiff," he said, authoritatively.

But the injunction was disregarded, and he was driven aside by Musgrave, who had started off with Tiffany.

"That girl will never suit you, Bootle," said his mother, as he returned to his seat.

"I don't think she will," he rejoined. "I wish I hadn't gone so far with her."

"If she cared for you, she wouldn't dance with that man," continued Mrs. Shelmerdine.

"I won't stand it. She knows I hate him. The fellow has a mocking grin upon his countenance. I believe they're laughing at me. I was a fool to propose to her."

"It's not too late to retreat," said Mrs. Shelmerdine. "And it's the wisest step you can take. Seize the opportunity given you. Leave the management of the matter to me. I'll get you out of the scrape."

As soon as the waltz was over, Musgrave, who foresaw that a scene was likely to occur, bade good night to his partner, bowed to Mrs. Flaxyard, nodded to Hornby, and disappeared.

Seeing Mrs. Shelmerdine rise with the evident intention of taking her departure, Tiffany hurried towards her, and said:

"Dear me! you're not going to run away? It's quite early. I must have a gallop with you, Bootle."

"Not to-night," he rejoined, sternly. "I'm going."

"Why, you silly fellow, you're not angry with me for waltzing with Captain Musgrave, surely? You shan't go till we have had a dance together of some sort."

But Bootle would not be appeased.

By this time Mrs. Flaxyard had come up, and vainly sought to induce Mrs. Shelmerdine to stay a little longer. Mr. Flaxyard was then summoned, and offered his arm to the lady to conduct her to her carriage.

"Well, this is very naughty of you, Bootle," said Tiffany, detaining him. "I shan't forgive you, unless you make a very humble apology to-morrow."

"I don't know that you will see me to-morrow," he rejoined, with a cutting look. "I should say it's not very likely."

"Do you hear that, ma?" cried Tiffany. "Darling Bootle says we shan't see him to-morrow."

"Good gracious! Why not?" cried Mrs. Flaxyard.

"I fear I shall be obliged to detain him during the morning," remarked Mrs. Shelmerdine.

"But you'll all come and dine here," said Flaxyard, "quite in a friendly way."

"I see nothing to prevent it," said John Shelmerdine, with a cheery laugh. "We shall be very happy—shan't we, dear?"

"I hope Mrs. Flaxyard will be kind enough to excuse us. We have an engagement."

"An engagement!" cried John, surprised. "I know nothing about it."

"Oh yes we have," rejoined his better-half. "You've forgotten it. I'll remind you of it presently."

"But Bootle won't like to stay away."

"The darling boy has just said he can't come," remarked Tiffany.

"Can't come! How's this?" cried his father, looking at him in surprise.

"My dear, the carriage is waiting," observed Mrs. Shelmerdine.

"Let it wait," rejoined John, bluntly. "Something is amiss, I perceive. What is it, my love?" he added to Tiffany.

"I really can't tell, sir. You had better ask Bootle."

"Well, Bootle, my boy, what is it?" said his father, turning to him.

"Nothing material," he replied. "I've changed my mind, that's all. I don't mean to be married just yet."

"Oh! good gracious, Bootle! what have I done to deserve this?" cried Tiffany. "How have I incurred your displeasure, darling boy?"

"By waltzing when I told you not," he rejoined, in a severe voice.

"Don't make yourself ridiculous, sir," said his father. "This is the silliest lovers' quarrel I ever heard of. Make it up directly."

"I don't think it a silly quarrel," observed Mrs. Shelmerdine, in her stateliest manner. "I entirely approve of Bootle's conduct. He objected to Miss Flaxyard's waltzing with a particular gentleman, but, in spite of his objection, she persisted. I don't wonder he is offended."

"Yes, I *am* deeply offended," said Bootle.

"You are a fool," cried his father. "Go and waltz with her yourself, and let us hear no more about it."

"Excuse me, Mr. Shelmerdine," said Tiffany, in a faint voice. "I don't feel equal to another waltz—even with darling Bootle."

"Be firm," whispered Mrs. Shelmerdine to her son, fearing he might give way. "I must wish you good night, Mrs. Flaxyard."

"Stay a minute, my dear madam," said old Flaxyard. "Do let us set these young folks right. A word will do it. I'm sure Tiff's very sorry."

"Well, if she will admit that," said Mrs. Shelmerdine.

"No, I won't say I'm sorry, simply because you ask me," rejoined the young lady, sharply. "I think if any one ought to beg pardon, it's Bootle, not me."

"I think so too," laughed John Shelmerdine.

"If Bootle does, he's no son of mine," said Mrs. Shelmerdine, with dignity.

"Bootle has no such intention," said that young gentleman.

"Well, I'm exceedingly sorry that an evening so pleasant as I have found it should terminate in this manner," said John Shelmerdine; "but let us hope that all will be amicably settled in the morning."

"I entirely echo that wish," said old Flaxyard, "and I only regret that we cannot arrange the little difference now. But I dare say they both will have come to their senses in the morning."

Poor Mrs. Flaxyard was very much distressed by the occurrence, and tried to interfere, but in vain. Hornby was equally unsuccessful in the attempt he made to pacify Bootle, who was as obstinate as he was stupid.

While taking leave of Tiffany, John Shelmerdine told her that his son was a silly fellow, but she needn't have the slightest uneasiness; he was sure to come round. Old Flaxyard conducted Mrs. Shelmerdine to her carriage, and Bootle, after making a formal bow to Tiffany, followed them out of the room.

No sooner were the Shelmerdines gone than Hornby observed to his sister:

"I tell you what it is, Tiff—that waltz with Musgrave has lost you a husband."

"Don't think it," she replied. "I shall have him here tomorrow morning to beg pardon."

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## LULE-LAPPMARK.—A SKETCH OF LAPLAND TRAVEL.

## PART V.

It was a rough walk to our next place of embarkation at the head of the stream, and my right heel creaked considerably. We had to wait here some time, till they could get the fresh boats to us—the channel being extremely shallow from the summer drought. A single large canoe took us all again this time; one of the oars being pulled by a couple of chubby flat-faced flikas, about eighteen or nineteen years old, and as strong as young seals.

Evening drew in ere we were half way up Saggat, and we beguiled the time and woke the silence of the gloomy lake by singing, as we had done often before; Nordmark leading the way with his favourite ditty, "I wish I was with Nancy" (which he used to sing with the most doleful and stomach-rending accent imaginable), and following it up with two or three Swedish ballads of lugubrious cadence, to tunes that, as poor Albert Smith said, had "wooden turns" to them. We found the best song of all to be the Yankee one of "John Brown's bones," with its grand "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" refrain, as we could add impromptu verses to any extent; and we shouted out the rich old melody till the rocks echoed, and even our Lapland rowers tried to join chorus.

It was ten o'clock when we reached Quikkjokk, having lost our way once, and got aground in one of the countless, shallow, sandy channels that divide the many birch-grown islands of Lake Saggat at its northern end. It was sensibly warmer up here under shelter of the surrounding hills; and we were by-and-by made aware of the fact in a very unmistakable manner. Sending a messenger up to the village, the guest-house was soon ready for our reception; and we found three rooms at our disposal, which we promptly appropriated, and, after a hearty feed, were soon soundly snoring. Awakened by the bright sunshine streaming into the room and various domestic noises around the place, I presently became conscious of a violent itching about my face, wrists, and hands; and soon discovered that I was peppered on all available parts of my skin by the infernal mosquitoes. These horrid pests are the Lapland traveller's curse. Luckily for us, the frosts of the last week had killed most of them, and numbed the venomous energy of what were left; but they were vicious enough and numerous enough still to be a horrible annoyance. It was impossible to read in bed. I don't know which was the more irritating—the shrill trumpet that announced the enemy's presence, or the succeeding silence that told of his having found some unprotected vantage-ground for his bloodthirsty operations. Out shooting or fishing up here, it was the same. Stoop down to the grass, and the villains came straight at you without any preliminary manœuvres; and the keen smart and the spot of blood on wrist, or face, or neck was the first intimation of diabolical torments of itching, to be prolonged over many a succeeding day. One could always smash the brutes when once they had got their cursed probosces

into one's skin, and were drinking themselves as drunk as leeches with one's life-blood; but then it was too late. See one settle on your wrist, and drop the other hand upon him as swiftly or as quietly as possible, before his long black lancet was fast in your epidermis; and, at the first pressure of the air under the coming blow, he was off like a shadow. The wretches! I believe a Lapland mosquito to be the incarnation of cunning malice. The thing the natives use to keep them off is tar-oil; but that is horribly irritating to the unaccustomed skin, and stinks atrociously besides. It was only up here, where Quikkjokk lies warm and sheltered in its amphitheatre of surrounding mountains, that they persecuted us; but J., who had a month before accompanied my friend T. on the march to Gellivara, said that their party were nearly driven mad with them the whole time. The fact is, that a month makes an immense difference; and while we in the beginning of September had travelled thus far with immunity from their attacks; had we taken the same trip in early August, we should have experienced what the Yankees call "particular hell!" I fancy, by all accounts and by what we suffered in a small way, that the Lapland mosquitoes must be a particularly vicious species; and the curious thing is, that the farther north you go, the worse they seem to be. Anglers on the Alten river, that falls into the North Sea near the North Cape, are frightfully tormented with them; and they say that the Tana river still farther north, and the finest salmon river of Upper Norway, is utterly unfishable; owing to the swarms of these savage pests that haunt its banks.

I went out before breakfast next morning and bagged a few trout of most exquisite colour and symmetry, in a little rocky brawling stream that fell into the lake north of Quikkjokk; but the drought of 1865 had narrowed the river to a comparative trickle, and left the embouchure at the head of the lake so shallow, that all the heavy fish had quitted the neighbourhood for safer sporting grounds. Breakfast over, we set out to survey the environs, and anything more charming than the situation of Quikkjokk it is difficult to imagine. Viewed from the top of the Vallispiken, an adjoining mountain, which we forthwith climbed, the village lies below on the left on gently undulating ground, sloping to the lake; its dark red houses and church and grey shingle huts contrasting charmingly with the intensely emerald grass of the surrounding clearing. An amphitheatre of pine and birch clothed hills surrounds it on three sides, from east to north-west; while to south and south-west the long irregular sheet of Lake Saggat stretches away—a blue mirror in a black frame of rock and gloomy forest. Right under us, the shallow head of the lake lies like a map, an archipelago of lovely islands, patched with trim scoops of pasture, and grown with juniper and drooping birch, whose green tresses dip over their sandy yellow shores into the glittering clear water of the canals between them. Fair and chart-like lies the view beneath our feet, so seemingly the result of the most consummate landscape art, that the eye instinctively seeks hither and thither for the lordly mansion, with its lawns and garden sweeping to the water's edge, to which the lovely scene below must be the appanage.

Viewed from the lake south of the settlement, the site of Quikkjokk.

kjokk is even more romantic. Right round in front from north-west to east rise the grand rounded hills, hemming in the lake and village; the closest, their slopes clad with the sweet verdure of the birch, their tops crowned with the dark green fringe of pine and fir; the next, gloomy with the eternal pine shade (more dark by distance), topped with rugged crags of storm-worn rock, the home of bear and eagle; while behind these, tier behind tier, tower into the clouds the glittering snowy summits of the Fjällen mountains. Not that I mean to claim any particular majesty for the mountains of Lapland. It does not take much elevation to cover a hill with perpetual snow up here. Four thousand five hundred feet (the height of the Vallispiken, over Quikkjokk) is quite enough to guarantee an eternal white crown to any ambitious elevation of Mother Terra. But the singular symmetry and beauty of these hills, rising as they do in regular gradations of slope from the lake to the sky, I have never seen surpassed.

We stayed here some time shooting, fishing, and mountain-climbing. Tjäder are tolerably abundant in the surrounding forest; and on the mountains the riper (ptarmigan) run before one like chickens. Duck of all kinds, geese, and hoopers frequent the shallows of the lake. Bears are plentiful, according to the accounts of the peasants; but the chase is long and arduous at this time of year, and we were without rifles. The settlers choose the winter-time to hunt them, when they are hibernating in their snow *caches*, and can be settled off-hand by a clip on the skull with an axe. Wolves do not seem to trouble this district much, apparently preferring the Finland route to Russia. An occasional wolf-skin is all one meets with up here. Foxes, blue, white, and red, seem abundant, and their skins are sold cheaply enough. I saw the ruddy skins of such big fellows of the right kind as would make an M.F.H.'s mouth water. Those queer little animals, the lemmings, come down here at times on their unaccountable pilgrimages—armies of them—from the steppes of Upper Lapland, and devour every green thing; but none arrived while we were there. The rivers have plenty of trout and grayling, and Saggat contains splendid perch, besides the usual stock of pike, trout, and gös. Altogether, Quikkjokk would not be at all a bad place for a shooting-box.

The area of cultivated land is limited to the glacier moraine upon which Quikkjokk stands, and some of the islands in the lake. The soil is what a distinguished African traveller calls "humus," light and fertile, spread over a heap of drift, detritus, and boulders. It supports a fair stock of cows, and grows oats and potatoes. As there are no roads, there are no horses.

The village itself is insignificant. What on earth "the Old Bushman" of the *Field* could mean by speaking in his "Winter and Summer in Lapland" of the "gentlemen's houses," I can't imagine. There are but the priest's house and the *gästgifvarevård*, with the distinctive gentility of red paint; the rest are the grey shingle cottages of the small farmers and the Sunday shanties of the outlying settlers. In fact, Quikkjokk, walled in as it is by its barrier of ice cliffs, looks like the *ultima Thule* of habitation; and, in winter, I should think it must justify the title. Except the government engineers and the wandering Lapps, hardly a man has crossed the snow plateau into

Upper Norway. We did meet one inhabitant, who told us a vague romance of some relative or ancestor who had done it, and established to those who believed him the existence of more lakes and a further portion of the habitable world beyond; but I fancy he was claiming the monopoly of a joint-stock myth. The government engineers had undoubtedly a hard time of it when making the survey for the beautiful map of Lapland that the government have published. Night after night they had to lie, rolled in deer-skins, on the hard snow or bare rock; but the chief trouble of Lieutenant Widmark, who gave us the account of their service, seemed to be that he had not discovered the right sort of hat or cap for the snow work—one, in fact, that should shade his eyes in the day, and keep his ears warm at night. How they escaped frost-bite I cannot understand.

We saw several real Lapps at Quikkjokk, and a strange little race they are. Lower down the lakes, and also here, they are sometimes employed during summer by the Laplanders—that is to say, the settlers—as cow-herds, swine-herds, and farm servants; the men and women indiscriminately. Here, however, they mostly roam about in charge (at this time of year in a desultory kind of manner) of their herds of reindeer; living an unsocial nomad life, rarely more than one family hutting together—Arabs, with all the dirt and none of the romance. They subsist during winter almost entirely upon the reindeer, drinking its milk and eating its cheese and flesh, for long periods often without any kind of bread; and they must certainly be specially organised to stand such a diet, for reindeer milk is, I suppose, the richest lacteal product known, and to drink even a little of it neat tries a strong stomach. They, however, drink a great deal of coffee, such as it is, which they buy at the spring fairs at Jokkmokk. They are said to be great hoarders of money, but to have the singularly absurd habit of often forgetting their *caches*; so that rain and frost and thaw soon dissipate their paper wealth. From what I heard, however, I imagine they prefer dissipating it themselves in a stronger medium than water; for they are a set of drunken little rascals whenever they get a chance. They are mostly strong religionists, which is, no doubt, owing to the missionary enterprise of the Swedish priests; who, as a rule, seem to be earnest men in these remote and dreary spheres of labour.

I could not learn much of the early traditions of the Lapps, nor was what I gathered of their ceremonies and customs at all interesting. They believe in ghosts, but this may be a mental condition induced by Christianity. On the whole, I fancy their original religious ideas must have much resembled those of the Greenlanders. Their summer dress I have already described. In the winter they wear long reindeer-skin coats with the hair outwards, trimmed with fur, over their other costume; reindeer-skin boots; and cover their ugly little heads with reindeer-skin hoods over their coloured caps. Men and women dress alike to all appearance, only the women wear their hair differently; and they are, altogether, an untempting lot.

While we were at Quikkjokk a Lapp came in with some reindeer, which, as they were tethered up close to our lodging, we went to inspect. With their broad noses, broad feet, and general heavy build,

they seem to have much of the ox about them, as if meant in some way for beasts of travail; but they are what the Scotch would call bonnie brutes; and their eyes, even for the deer tribe, are magnificent. Several of the stags had fine branching heads, but mostly covered with moss; and they would have looked better later in the season. One of the settlers—the landlord of the caravanserai, in fact—a bumptious offensive beast, whom we found out afterwards to be a knave besides, got out a reindeer sleigh, and began making an exhibition of himself to show us how one gets in and out of these queer little contrivances; but he upset himself at last, and looked foolish, to our great satisfaction.

One morning Nordmark went to visit the priest, who was a cousin of his by some remote link—the Swedes are as ingenious as the Scotch in claiming relationships—and from him we heard a good deal about poor Wheelwright, “the old Bushman” of the *Field*, whose “Winter and Summer in Lapland” must be familiar to most of my readers. He was very popular amongst the people during his stay here in 1862-63; though his great claim to their respect seems to have been an admirable capacity for taking his liquor—a talent which, in the eyes of a north-country Swede, would outshine any amount of moral virtues, and which surrounded his memory with a pathetic halo down in Luleå also. Of the accuracy of his observation as a naturalist, and of the value of his work as a contribution to the characteristics of the flora and fauna of Lapland, there is no question; and he has done as good service as Campbell in “Frost and Fire” has in his department of geology, in drawing attention to this little-known, though I admit not particularly attractive corner of the *orbis habitabilis*. His papers in the *Field* were always amusing as well as interesting, whatever the subject; and his kind and genial disposition made him everywhere liked in life and regretted after death. Peace to his memory.

I was sorry when we had to leave Quikkjokk, for it was a place of much beauty and many resources. But we had determined to penetrate as far as the great falls of Njommelsaska (or the Hare’s Leap), and these lay away to the south-east of us, a difficult and tedious way, and the date of my return to Luleå was fixed, to catch the *Volontaire* again for Stockholm. We felt very obstinate about clearing up the real truth as to the cataract of Njommelsaska, of which we had heard most romantic accounts, and which, as we were always informed, and still verily believe, no Englishman had ever succeeded in reaching, and very few natives, in fact, had ever seen. Even Campbell, a man not easily daunted, confesses in his “Frost and Fire”—the scenes of Lapland travel in which are extraordinarily graphic and real—that he tried to get to Njommelsaska and failed; being utterly routed by the weather and the difficulties of the route. So we had made a melodramatic resolve to do or die, and to perish in the attempt, rather than give in.

Accordingly, while it was yet early in the morning, after a night of vile torment with the mosquitoes, we once more embarked upon the waters on our downward course, under a gloriously sunny sky, in two canoes. For our punishment, we had again in each boat some horrid proficient in the Lapp tongue, which they, by the instigation of the demon of discord, used as their medium of conversation. We chatted



as loud as we could to obscure the hideous accents, but without avail. At last, "Tell those — fellows to jabber less and row more, Nordmark," broke from the overtaxed patience of one of us. This made them indignant. "Sare," appealed old Nordmark in their behalf, "they say they shall talk and row too very well." We hadn't any answer to make to this, except, by judiciously insisting on the divergence of our boat from the parallel course we were holding with the other and a slight increase of speed, to leave Nordmark and his crew behind; when we repressed conversation in the objectionable tongue in our presence with a stern hand.

After a row of about twenty miles we reached Njavvi again, and here I set to fishing afresh, and J. stalking duck down the river. This time, accompanied by a boy with the landing-net, I went farther up the stream between the lakes, and so avoided having to take a boat; for I found two or three splendid deep runs, with at least a ton weight of grayling and trout in each, jostling and leaping over one another in pure sport, within easy cast of the shore. I caught an immense quantity of fine fish in an hour, some of the grayling weighing as much as seven and eight pounds apiece; and very ugly fish they are at that size, though good enough to eat. Of course, never having seen such a thing as an artificial bait before, fish in these waters are a disgracefully easy prey; but there is something very exciting in the insane eagerness with which they dash at the fly. I found, however, that after a certain number had been caught, the shoal would drop lower and lower down the stream, the larger fish tailing off farthest; till at last they would be out of reach altogether, and I had to try another pitch. *Experientia docet!*

When Nordmark came to pay off our crew for the pull down from Quikkjokk there was rather a row. We had employed one of the men a day or two before on some expedition or other; and the landlord above referred to (whose name was Mannberg, and who was this man's brother, or uncle, or something of the kind) had charged us two rix for his services, which were duly paid. The man now applied for his remuneration, stating, I have no doubt with perfect truth (for he was a simple, honest fellow), in answer to our objections to pay twice, that his kinsman had never paid him, and that there was very little chance of his doing so. Nordmark, however, who, like most couriers and interpreters, would not allow anybody to do us but himself, was equal to the emergency. He drew up a letter in pencil on a page out of his account-book (wherein every item of our expenditure was always carefully entered), which was, as he gave it us, as nearly as possible as follows, in Swedish:

"The English gentlemen say to Steen Mannberg, that you shall pay to Jan Peterssen two rix-dollars rix-mynt" (this was elaborately legal), "which they have already paid to you for the same Jan Peterssen; and they say it is a — of a shame that you have done this thing; and for that you have done it they shall put you in the English and Swedish newspapers!" This curious epistle—or rather order for two rix-dollars on a doubtful bank—old Nordmark cunningly addressed not to the individual in question, but to his relative the priest, who, being the spiritual pastor and master of the population of Quikkjokk,

had the power to make Mr. Mannberg's life a burden to him unless he did immediate justice to his defrauded kinsman. So Jan Peterssen departed in peace, and the strife was stayed.

J. had been outmanœuvred by the duck, and returned to the boat empty; but an unlucky old raven taking it into his stupid black head to come and perch on a tall tree by the lake shore to have a stare at us, J. incontinently potted him as an example; whereupon he fell to the ground with a great thump and expired, croaking feebly. He was a prize to a small boy belonging to the settlement, who took him away by the tail in triumph.

We left the greater part of the fish for the benefit of the natives, taking only a brace or two for ourselves, in deference to the remonstrances of J., who had begun to regard the partial monotony of fish diet with slight feelings of aversion; and embarked in one big canoe on the waters of Tjamotis again. We had a sail this time, and, with a favourable wind and good oarsmen, made the thirty-four miles to Björkholm by ten at night.

Next morning was fine, with a hard frost, and by mid-day we were half way down Parkijaur; when, on turning a bend in the lake shore, we saw a dense smoke rising over the settlement of that name at its lower end. We all thought the place was on fire, and it was only on reaching the beach that we found the conflagration confined to the intervening forest between the lake and the houses, which it had tolerably well cleared. While the porters carried our loads along the smoking path, encumbered by the whitened and charred trunks of the fallen pines, I must needs push through the thick yellow smoke and over the hot embers, half choked with the resinous reek, down to the river on the right, to try my luck, as usual, for the trout. It was fishing under difficulties, however, and I was not particularly successful. The whole side of this stream, which was very wide, and flowed at a slope apparently equal to about an angle of 22 deg., was encumbered with huge black boulders about the size of haycocks, very wet and slippery from the spray, with pretty deep water running between them. I nearly broke my neck several times in jumping from one to the other, and how I got off without hurt I don't know. I found, however, a few pretty pools, where the fall of the stream was less steep; and got a dozen or so of beautiful trout out of them, deep, thick fish, exquisitely marked, and which cut as red as salmon when cooked afterwards.

I nearly got into severe grief here; for presently the side of the river became impassable, except at the risk of drowning, or having more probably one's brains dashed out by the water against some of the masses of rock; and I had to try and get up the bank and regain the path. And now I found that to make way through a freshly burning forest is by no means pleasant. Here the trees were really in flames; and when I had to catch hold of a burning bough to pull myself up from the water-side, and dash through the stifling smoke with my head bent down, pushing aside the branches that were either crackling in flame or dropping in red embers about me, and reached the settlement parched, singed, and as hot as if I had been baked, I began to think that even if I had chosen the least of the two

perils, a taste of that by water, even with the danger thrown in, would not have been unacceptable.

There were a couple of fine girls at one of the houses in Parkijaur settlement; who, as is usual, with such exceptions in places where plainness is the prevalent type of female beauty, would have been considered very handsome anywhere; but we had not time for more than a rapid act of admiration and a brief interlude of chaff; for the day was waning, and we had far to go ere nightfall.

Our course from Parkijaur lay down Randijaur Lake again, and we did the nine or ten English miles at a good pace; the female-who-had-seen-the-world again forming part of our crew, and contributing considerably to the amusement of the voyage. It was here that our down route to the great cataract diverged from our upward course through the chain of lakes; for instead of making for the southern corner of the lake, and so on down Lake Parkijaur, as we had come, we kept the northern shore to the eastern outlet, which led to the north-western creek of Lake Vajkijaur and the clearing of Klubbudden, leaving the settlement called Lulekets on the right. When we touched land, we found the usual channel between the two lakes flat, shallow, boulder-blocked, and a thing of nought as respected fishing; so we meekly accompanied the portage procession to the next place of embarkation. The distance, we were told, was about a quarter of a Swedish mile; but, as usual, it turned out to be a good deal more; and the sun had sunk behind the pine-clad hills at our backs when we reached the sandy shore of Lake Vajkijaur, where our fresh boats lay. It was a grey calm evening; the shallow waters of the creek lay as smooth as a mirror before us; and when some playful trout frolicked out of the lake and came down with a splash, or quietly sucked in a floating fly, the broken water rippled out in rings that wrinkled from shore to shore till the eye ached to follow them. From the far corner of the lagoon, on our left, came out of the dark shadows of the pine-forest a boat bound for Klubbudden, laden with two natives and a heap of freshly cut grass; the second only that we had met on all our tour. We saluted each other cheerfully as brethren in a wilderness; and after a good deal of shoving and bad language, towards which the partial intoxication of one of our crew not a little contributed, the canoes which carried our party were fairly launched, and we began to discuss the time when we should get tea and much-desired sleep.

We had a longer pull than we anticipated down the reed-girt, pike-haunted creek of Lake Vajkijaur, and stuck frequently on the stones; and night and rain were both falling when we were pleasantly informed by Nordmark, on the occasion of a very obstinate stoppage, that we must get out and walk down the shore for the rest of the distance to the main waters of the lake, while he and the men got the boats over the shallows. This was nice; it had come on to rain sulkily; the night was the darkest we had had in Lapland, and we had about two miles of boulders and mud to do; cross, cold, and sleepy. J., who got his legs first, started off, jumping and splashing vigorously down the beach, till he disappeared in the gloom; while I, who had lately begun to feel daily more undoubtedly the severity of the strain in the tendons of my right heel (the result of our gym-

nastics at Råbäcken coming up), hobbled painfully behind. This was downright disagreeable. Incessant jumping from the top of one big stone to another in darkness, rain, and pain, for nearly an hour, is not pleasant under any circumstances; at the end of a long fatiguing day it was repulsive. However, I by-and-by caught up J., who was sitting smoking contentedly on a wet boulder at the end of our penance; and we mutually consoled, and waited in the dripping silence and darkness for our convoy. Silence, however, is a wrong term to use. Behind us ran a long forest-covered promontory from the upper shore of the lake (between which and the mainland opposite lay the creek down which we were struggling); and from the shadow of its pine-trees came at times sounds weird and awesome enough to make one's blood curdle. Owls hooted unexpectedly; disturbed jays gave demoniacal chuckles and laughs; creatures that we never saw by day stirred in the brushwood now; while from the far distance, where the light of the north glimmered on the dark water, and brought out the fringe of the forest in black outline against the almost as black sky, came the grating and bumping of our canoes down the creek, and the horrible objurgations of old Nordmark, whose tongue was never still.

All things come to an end, and so at last did this objectionable journey, and we landed about ten at night at the respectable settlement of Vajkijaur. The old woman, who seemed to know more about the place than anybody, became our pilot; and, after stumbling through the mud and over the stones for a time, which seemed endless under the circumstances, and applying at several wrong doors, we reached at last, wet, tired, and cold, our quarters for the night. Our guest-room here was not a particularly large or comfortable apartment; but it was something to get wet clothes and boots off, and forget our troubles in consoling tea.

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## ASCENTS OF MOUNT HOOD AND THE SIERRA SANDIA.

THE passes of the Rocky Mountains and other chains of the Pacific regions of North America have been more or less explored both in the north, the central, and the southern districts—in the north by our own countrymen, in the centre by the American surveyors, and in the south by highway and railway "prospectors," as also by trappers and gold-hunters—pioneers of civilisation, who have made permanent tracks between the two oceans. But few travellers have gone out of their way to ascend the peaks or culminating points of these far-off ranges. A remarkable exception presents itself in a recent ascent made by the Rev. H. K. Hines of Mount Hood, one of the so-called cascade range, a northward continuation of the Sierra Nevada, which traverses the State of Oregon and the territory of Washington from south to north, at the distance of a hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean. This range

rises to an average altitude of eight thousand to ten thousand feet, while at intervals of many miles more aspiring summits spring up above the evergreen roofing of the lower mountains five thousand to eight thousand feet higher. The highest of these is Mount Hood. It stands about fifty miles south of where the Columbia has ploughed its way through the mountains, and in the centre of the range from east to west.

Mr. Hines set out on the morning of the 24th of July, 1866, in company with three gentlemen of the city of Portland, Oregon, full of determination, after a previous unsuccessful attempt made in September, 1864,\* to use his own words, "to stand upon the summit, if energy and endurance could accomplish the feat." The account of the ascent presents us with a lively picture of the scenery, and more especially of the vegetation, of this remote portion of the earth's surface. The rendezvous was at the house of a Canadian, who, fourteen years before, had erected a cabin at the place where the emigrant road leaves the mountains and enters the valley of the Willamette. From this place the track enters the mountains along a gorge, through which flows a dashing river about three hundred feet in width, which rises beneath the glaciers of Mount Hood. The track follows this gorge for a distance of thirty miles, when it makes a *détour* to the south with a continuous ascent for three or four miles, in many places very steep, to the celebrated table-land known as Laurel Hill.

This table-land, which constitutes the general summit of the range, is a comparatively level, of perhaps ten miles in width, the general character of which is that of a swamp or marsh, but it is clad with a dense and grand growth of fir, cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), pine, and kindred evergreens, with an almost impenetrable undergrowth of what is designated as laurel in the country, but is, according to Mr. Hines, a rhododendron (*Rhododendron maximum*, Hooker). Straggling rays of sunlight only here and there find their way through this dense foliage to the damp ground.

Passing over this level, the party crossed several bold clear streams, coursing down from the direction of Mount Hood, and then, turning to the left, they took an old Indian trail leading in the direction of the mountain. After a ride of an hour and a half up a continuous and steep ascent, they came to an opening of scattered trees which sweeps around the south side of the mountain. It was about five o'clock when they emerged from the forest, and stood confronting the wonderful body of rock and snow which springs up from the elevation.

A place was selected whereon to bivouac on a beautiful grassy ridge between one of the main affluents of the river Des Chutes and one of the Clackamas, and which nearly constitutes the dividing ridge of the mountain. Having erected here a hut of boughs, and gathered fuel for a large fire during the night, they spread their blankets on the ground and slept well until the morning. At seven o'clock on Thursday they were ready for the ascent. This, for the first mile and a half, was very gradual and easy, over a bed of volcanic rock, decayed and intermixed with ashes. The Cascade Mountains, it is to be observed, have all been more or less active volcanoes, and some of them, as more especially

\* Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xi. No. 11.

Mount Hood, are even active to this day. Some of the old craters are, however, filled up with water, and present deep lakes, like the Gemunder Määr in the Eifel, the Pulvermäär, Murfel der Määr, and others. Huge rocks stood here and there, and occasionally a stunted juniper found precarious foothold; some beautiful variegated mosses were also seen clinging to little knolls of sand. They soon reached the foot of a broad snow-field, which sweeps around the south side of the mountain, several miles in length, and extending upward to the immediate summit. The first part of this portion of the ascent was comparatively easy, being smooth, and only in places so steep as to render the footsteps uncertain. Deep gorges, from which flow affluents of the stream Des Chutes on the right, and Sandy River on the left, approach each other, near the upper edge of this field of snow, and seem to cut down into the very foundation of the mountain. The waters were rushing from beneath the glaciers, which, at their upper extremity, were rent and broken into fissures and caverns of unknown depth.

The present summit of the mountain is evidently what was long since the northern rim of an immense crater, which could not have been less than three miles in diameter. The southern wall of the crater has fallen completely away, and the crater itself become filled with rock and ashes overlaid with the accumulated snows of ages, through the rents and chasms of which now escape smoke, steam, and gases from the pent-up fires below. The fires are yet so near, that many of the rocks which project upward are so hot that the naked hand could not be held upon them. The main opening to the crater is at the south-west foot of the circular wall, which now constitutes the summit, and at a distance of near two thousand feet from its extreme height. A column of steam and smoke is continually issuing from this opening, at times rising and floating away on the wind, at other times rolling heavily down the mountain. The party descended into this crater as far as it was possible to go without ropes or a ladder. The descent was stopped by a perpendicular precipice of ice, sixty or seventy feet high, resting below on a bed of broken rock and ashes, so hot as immediately to convert the water, which dropped continually from the icy roof, a hundred feet above, into steam. The air was hot and stifling.

The real peril of the ascent began at this point. It led out and up the inner wall of what was once the crater, and near a thousand feet of it was extremely steep. The whole distance was an ice-field, the upper limit of a great glacier, which is crushing and grinding its slow journey down the mountain far to the right. About seven hundred feet from the summit a *crevasse*, varying from five to fifty feet in width, and of unknown depth, cut clear across the glacier from wall to wall. There was no evading it. The summit could not be reached without crossing it. Steadily and deliberately poisoning himself on his staff, Mr. Hines sprang over the chasm at the most favourable place he could select, landing safely on the declivity two or three feet above it, and he was then able to assist the others to cross with his staff. The last movement of fifteen feet had considerably changed the prospect of the ascent. True, the chasm was passed, but they were thrown directly below a wall of ice and rocks five hundred feet high, down which masses, detached by the heat of the sun, were plunging with fearful velocity. It was necessary,

in order to avoid them, to skirt the chasm on the upper side for a distance, and then turn diagonally up the remaining steep. It was only seven hundred feet high, but it took two hours' sinewy tug to climb it. The hot sun blazed against the wall of ice within two feet of their faces, whilst the perspiration streamed from their brows; but on nearing the summit the weariness seemed to vanish, and they bounded with a feeling of triumph upon the pinnacle which is supposed to be the highest mountain in North America, although Sir Edward Belcher assigns that distinction to Mount St. Elias, in Russian America.

The summit was reached at about the centre of the circular wall which constitutes the extreme altitude, and it was so sharp that it was impossible to stand erect upon it. Its northern face presented an escarpment several thousand feet high. Mr. Hines could only lie down on the southern slope, and, holding firmly by the rocks, look down the awful depth. A few rods to the west was a point forty or fifty feet higher, to the summit of which they crawled, and then discovered that, forty or fifty rods to the east, there was a point still higher, the highest of the mountain. They crawled back along the sharp escarpment, and in a few minutes stood erect on the highest pinnacle. This was found to be seventeen thousand six hundred and forty feet high—an estimate which makes Mount Hood higher than any summit of Europe or North America.

The view from the summit is described as magnificent. From south to north the whole line of the Cascade Range was at once brought within the field of vision, from Diamond Peak to Rainier, a distance of not less than four hundred miles. Within that distance are Mounts St. Helen's, Baker, Jefferson, and the Three Sisters, making, with Mount Hood, eight snowy peaks. Eastward the Blue Mountains were in view, and lying between them and Mount Hood were the broad plains watered by the river Des Chutes, John Day's and Umatilla rivers. On the west the piny crests of the coast range cut clear against the sky, with the Willamette Valley, sleeping in quiet beauty, lying at their feet. The broad silver belt of the Columbia wound through the evergreen valley towards the ocean. Within these limits was every variety of mountain and valley, lake and prairie, bold beetling precipices, and graceful rounded summits, blending and melting away into each other.

The State of Oregon proper contains about sixty thousand people (a portion very migratory), and an area of about eighty-two thousand two hundred and forty-eight square miles. This population is principally contained in the beautiful valleys of the Willamette, Umatilla, Rogue River, and Lower Columbia, to the west of the Cascades, and in the little towns on the Upper Columbia to the east. Portland, on the Willamette, with eight thousand inhabitants, is the largest town. Magnificent steamers navigate the Columbia, with occasional breaks, into British possessions, and the Willamette at all seasons to Oregon "city," ten miles above Portland.

With the increasing population flowing into the rich valley of the Willamette, the territory of Washington was separated from Oregon, just as three years ago a portion of California, comprehending the region of the Sierra Nevada and the great silver mines of Washoe, was erected into the state of Nevada; and Idaho, "Star of the Mountains," was

organised east of the Cascades out of portions of Washington, Nebraska, and Dakota. This is the way in which America progresses. It first creates a state or territory of a vast tract, often in part unexplored, and, as population advances, it divides this territory into minor states or counties. "We must not, however," says Mr. Robert Brown, "allow ourselves to be misled by the division of these wild countries into states or counties, some of the said states having no population, or so little as to be of no moment, and not a few of the 'cities' consisting of a tent, two dogs, and a bob-tailed horse—as a city which I discovered on the Columbia River last summer did!" The territory of Washington itself, what with Indian wars and other adverse circumstances, has decreased in population, and does not now number more than between eleven and twelve thousand. The region immediately west of the Cascades is, for the most part, very thickly wooded, and in some cases very wild and inaccessible. The country east of the Cascades is also thinly populated, save by Indians; and the territory of Idaho is, for the most part, a mere desert, and, with the exception of the rich bottoms of the different rivers, the wealth of the country consists in the gold and silver mines. It is terribly harassed by Indians, little explored, its civilised population very floating—estimated at about twenty-two thousand—and its area about three hundred and twenty-six thousand three hundred and thirty-three square miles. It is a rich mining region, and is likely eventually to become of importance.

The Cascade range is more important, owing to its vicinity to the Pacific, than even the Rocky range in the particular region in question, because, while the climates on the immediate eastern and western sides of the Rocky Mountains are very similar, and the plants and animals almost identical, the plants, animals, and climate on the sides of the Cascade Mountains are very dissimilar. The soils are also totally different in character on the two sides of the range. The soil on the western side is rich and fertile, and a portion of it is thickly wooded. Many districts are cultivated, and, in fact, almost the whole population of Oregon, comprising fifty or sixty thousand people, are found in the valleys of the west; whereas on the eastern side the soil is poor and the country arid, and there is no cultivation, save in a few valleys, such as that of Des Chutes, which is well watered. The western side of the range is further rendered more fertile than the eastern by the circumstance that the mountains catch the warm breezes from the Pacific, and precipitate the moisture over that region.

We are indebted to Mr. Robert Brown, the naturalist and geographer before alluded to, for an account of a journey across the Cascade Mountains, in which he was escorted part of the way by a troop of dragoons. The party left Eugene "city," in the valley of the Willamette, on the 17th of July, and for two pleasant days their route lay among rounded knolls, with neat little primitive farms at the base of rocky bluffs. On the 19th they entered a region of thick woods with cañons and many small creeks. On entering the Cascade Mountains, they met with beautiful valleys shut in by mountains, but covered with grass, a rivulet in the centre, and shady woods on the border. On the 24th, the trail lay through woods of fine timber, white and red cedar, and they now noticed, for the first time, the stately sugar-pine (*Pinus Lambertianus*), the



sweet exudations of which are one of the hunter's cathartics. A rhododendron and honeysuckle (*Lonicera Douglasii*) added variety to the sombre woods, hitherto diversified only by an undergrowth of berry-bushes, the more modest thimble-berry (*Rubus divaricatus*) and the waxy sal-al (*Gualtheria*) forming an undergrowth like a carpet throughout the woods. The stately alder (*Alnus Oregonus*), with its dark-green leaves, affected moist ground everywhere; and the hemlock (*Abies Bridgesii*), most graceful of all the north-western conifers, began to disappear from the woods, the silver fir (*Picea grandis*) supplying its place. Now and then they passed through thickets of the mountain laurel, which Mr. Brown identifies with *Ceanothus velutinus*, and which sent an almost overpowering fragrance from its glistening leaves as they trampled it under their horses' feet. In these woods and precipices they saw signs of bears, wolves, and panthers. Deer were seen, and trout abounded in the streams.

On the 28th, after every preparation being made, the passage of the Cascades was commenced into Eastern Oregon. The ascent was comparatively easy, crossing over many mountain-creeks and through woods, with a species of yew (*Taxus brevifolia*), until the elevation began to be perceptible in the flora. Thickets of rhododendrons, with their huge bunches of pink flowers, stood out in fine contrast to the drifts of snow, giving one a faint idea of the splendid rhododendron thickets in Sikkim Himalaya, so graphically portrayed by Dr. Joseph Hooker. Occasionally a magnificent species of mountain lily would bloom by the side of some beautiful saxifrage, and the shrubbery of the *Ceanothus* would add fragrance to the mountain air.

The scene from the summit of the pass (4441 feet) was grand in the extreme. The bold crags of the Diamond Peak, with its old crater, and the "Three Sisters" appeared to the north; on the left, the tops of Scott's Peak and Mount Williamson; while the wooded valleys and lesser heights of the Cascade Range lay below, and off to the east the long slope of flat, wooded country, with the peaks of the "Three Brothers," the only break in the monotony of the view. Drifts of snow lay in shady places, and green grassy spots formed halting-places by the side of the mountain streams. Now and then a beautiful mountain lake, unsuspected before, lay glistening in all its quiet beauty in some unbroken valley.

As the descent began, a marked change became apparent in the country. Instead of moist woods, the route lay by an easy descent through groves of a pine, thickly scattered over that country (*P. contortus*), encumbered with no undergrowth, and the soil was a mere mass of volcanic ashes and pumice-stone. After a weary ride of twenty-six miles they reached the head-waters of the Falls River, or Des Chutes, which arises by several forks, some of which take their source in the marshes, another in a lake that communicates lower down with another, and this again with a third. Herons, cranes, and grouse abounded near the river, but otherwise few birds were seen in this solitary region.

Hence their course lay over a level desert of ashes, thinly scattered with *Pinus contortus*—a scrubby-looking tree, at best, but abounding in resin. Reaching another branch of the Falls River, deer became plentiful, and beautiful little humming-birds flitted about among the few flowers which the invigorating moisture allowed to spring up, here and

there, among the low swampy grasses. On the 2nd of August they came to another straggling creek, with a great extent of rich grasses by its borders; and the next day they reached Klamath marsh, where the party lay for several days, the horses revelling in a paradise of clover. There is a fort in this basin for the protection of travellers, and here they learnt that they had been dogged by three lodges of Snake Indians the whole of their journey, seeking an opportunity to "stampede" the horses or capture an odd scalp or two, when it could be done without the disagreeable accompaniment of running their heads against a leaden bullet.

The Boisé basin, which they reached beyond this, comprises the principal mines which have been discovered in and about the middle portion of Idaho territory. It is surrounded by very high mountains, from which waters flow into the tributaries of the Snake, the Colorado, and the Missouri, Jefferson's Fork being the principal tributary of the Missouri, Green River of the Colorado, and Snake River of the Columbia. The Snake River, or Lewis's Fork, flows for hundreds of miles through a cañon with vertical walls. The Owyhee and Boisé rivers, which debouch into it, within a short distance of each other, sensibly increase the volume of water. In the upper reaches of the Snake River is a magnificent waterfall, the entire volume of water pouring over a sheer precipice of 198 feet, 38 feet higher than Niagara. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point hitherto designated as the Great Shoshow or Salmon Falls; but these have always been enveloped in mystery. The Snake is navigated during the few weeks of high water by a steamer, as high up as Lewiston. There are four villages in the Boisé basin: Idaho city, the capital, is the largest; Pioneer city, the second; Placerville, third; and Centreville, fourth. The rocks are syenite and trap, with schists and slates. The gold is not found in earth or gravel, but in leads, many places being marvellously rich, others not paying the expense of working.

An ascent made of the Rocky Mountains, in a southerly parallel, by another able botanist—Doctor John Bigelow—presents a rare opportunity for comparing the vegetation of the two regions. Monsieur Marcon, who organised the little expedition, after crossing the "rolling prairies" of the far west, and which he describes as an almost interminable succession of plains, cut up here and there by the beds of rivulets and rivers, says that these are succeeded on approaching the Rocky Mountains by the uplands, called llanos by the Mexicans, and table-lands by the Americans. The first sight of the mountains, as seen in the parallel of 35 deg., reminded him of the Vosges or the Black Forest, seen from the plains of Alsatin or Suabia. The mountains themselves were, for the most, rounded with deep valleys between; but at times, as beyond Albuquerque, having a more continuous crest, singularly resembling in appearance the Jura of Soleure and Aarau, as seen from the Swiss plains. As the traveller rises insensibly from the valley of the Mississippi to an elevation of 6000 feet, and the summits of the Rocky Mountains do not exceed an elevation of 13,000 or 14,000 feet, it will be easily understood how all sense of an imposing altitude is lost. It is, in fact, like gazing upon the Alps of the Bernina, from Salmaden and Pontresina in the high Engadine, instead of having the chains of Mont Blanc or of Monte Rosa rising directly before one, as seen from the plains of the Upper Po.

Monsieur Marcon was one of a party sent under Lieutenant A. W. Whipple to seek for a route which would facilitate the passage from the valley of the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean,\* and whilst the other members of the expedition were reposing themselves at Albuquerque, he organised a small party to effect an ascent of the mountains, known at this point as the Sierra de Sandia, or mountains of Albuquerque. The said party was composed of Monsieur Marcon, Dr. Bigelow, and four servants.

The plain of Albuquerque, at an elevation of five thousand and twenty-six feet, is a sandy expanse of some twelve miles in width, and would be a desert but for the *acéguías*, or canals of irrigation. What plants grow upon it are spiny or sticky, with an odour as repulsive as that of creosote. Among these, the *Cereus giganteus*, *Echinocactus Wislizeni*, and *Larrea Mexicana* make themselves remarkable, as also the *Opuntia Bigelovii*, or "clug." There are also yuccas, with leaves so powerfully armed as to be called Spanish bayonets, and agaves, from which the Indians manufacture a spirit known as *mescal*.

The little party left Albuquerque on the 8th of October, 1853, and, after crossing this plain, they entered the hills by the cañon of Carruel, a granite ravine which affords a highway to San Antonio, just as the cañons Blanco, Galisteo, and San Domingo do to Santa Fé and other easterly regions. An examination and exploration of the chain was set on foot at the village of Tigras, whose houses of sun-dried bricks (adobes) are grouped in a valley beautifully enclosed among the hills, and it was soon ascertained that the central massive was a rose-coloured syenite, with trap-rocks, and quartzites and limestones and shales of the carboniferous epoch. Above these, again, in the valley were more recent deposits, with beds of rock-salt and selenite, or crystalline gypsum, which the inhabitants used for their windows. On the way from Tigras to San Antonio, the mournful memorials of all Mexican passes—crosses and cairns—indicated the almost innumerable murders committed in these mountain recesses. On approaching San Antonio, which is a village of outlaws, these lugubrious mementoes were as numerous as beads strung on a necklace, and the party passed in consequence through the place without honouring it with a halt.

Beyond San Antonio (six thousand four hundred and eight feet), and leaving the road to Galisteo to the right, the party entered a splendid forest of firs and pines, which attained a height of from eighty to a hundred and twenty feet. They were the well-known Douglas pine (*Abies* or *Pinus Douglasii*), which extends hence without interruption to Oregon and British Columbia; the yellow pine (*Pinus Engelmanni*), the *Abies balsamea*; the *Pinus edulis*, the seeds of which are eaten by the Mexicans under the name of pinones; and, lastly, the *Pinus flexilis*, or white pine of the Rocky Mountains. This forest, which is not above three miles in width, stretches like a band at about two-thirds of the elevation of the mountains, and as it is the first forest met with from the renowned Cross-timbers of Texas, with some three hundred leagues of intervening prairies, it is of rare value to the dwellers in these mountain solitudes. The party bivouacked at a settlement of American lumbermen,

\* Bulletin de la Société de Géographie: Mai, 1867.

called Antonitto, and at an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet. Cerei, opunteas, and cactuses still grow at this elevation. There was also some cultivation and many interesting flowering plants growing around the log-houses. The lumbermen were almost all old soldiers and deserters from the American army, and hearing that the party were ultimately bound for California, they prayed hard to be allowed to accompany it, and the tears of one of them—a Swiss by birth—so far prevailed over Monsieur Marcon, that he was attached to his service as foreman of arrieros or muleteers. An old man of the name of Ellenwood, however, alone offered to act as guide in the ascent to the higher summits. The night was cool, the sky clear, and falling stars visible every few minutes. Aërolites are common in these regions, and the forgers of Arizona and Chihuahua use them as anvils, which, they say, have come to them from heaven. Coyotes, or prairie wolves, howled at night, as they do throughout almost the whole extent of the Rocky Mountains.

They started early the next day, the 10th of October. The ascent lay through the forest, reposing on carboniferous limestones. Marcon avers that there are scarcely any forests in New Mexico that do not grow on the carboniferous series. Issuing at length from the forest, at an elevation of thirteen thousand feet, only a few stunted specimens of the *Pinus flexilis* grew in crevices, and a few hundred feet farther there was nothing but herbaceous plants and a few hardy shrubs. Marcon found many fossils at this elevation, and among them *Productus cora*, common in England and Belgium, and which has been found in the Andes of Bolivia, in Thibet, and in Australia; also *Productus semireticulatus*, which must have lived almost from one pole to the other in the time when the vegetation of the coal deposits grew on the face of the earth. There were also gigantic Orthoceratites—the ancestors of the now celebrated *pieuvres*—the great cuttle-fish of the Channel Islands.

The summit of the chain was attained at one o'clock in the afternoon, and, as usual, a magnificent, and in this instance a unique, panorama presented itself to the spectators. "Accustomed," says Marcon, "from my childhood to the sight of the Alpine regions of Switzerland and Savoy, I was still more strongly impressed by the general aspect of the immense horizon which developed itself before me than I ever had been with the views from the summits of the Reculet, of the Dôle, the Weissenstein, or the Rigi." The atmosphere was, in fact, perfectly pure, and the country so inundated with light, that objects could be seen at the distance of a hundred miles. To the west lay the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, and immediately below the town of Albuquerque, in front of which the white tents of Lieutenant Whipple's expedition could be discerned with the aid of a telescope. Beyond was the valley of the Rio Puerco, separated from that of the Rio Grande by hills of sandstone, broken up by trap rocks. Right before them was the extinct volcano known as Mount Taylor, or Sierra de San Mateo, ten thousand feet high, and whose lavas have poured down into the neighbouring valleys like long black snakes hanging from a Medusa head. The horizon was limited in that direction by an upland in advance of the Sierra Madre, which terminated to the north by an abrupt descent, with an isolated cone at its extremity.

To the south, the Sierra Manzana constituted the prolongation of the

Sierra Sandia, but not so lofty, attaining only some ten thousand or eleven thousand feet of elevation. The six little salt lakes, known as the Salinas, were seen on a table-land at the foot of the Sierra Manzana. To the west were the plains and cañons (Blanco, Esteros, and Tucumcari) which the party had crossed on the way from Canadian River to the Rio Pecos. The vast Llano Estacado was lost in the horizon, like a plain tangent to the terrestrial globe.

To the north, they had at their feet, first, the Cerritos, a chain of extinct volcanoes, which stretch between Galisteo and San Domingo; and secondly, the Placeres, or Gold Mountains, which detach themselves from the sierra of Sandia, and whose name indicates the character of their rocks of crystalline and igneous origin. Lastly, the Rocky Mountains of the neighbourhood of Santa Fé and the Sierra Jemez stretched out to the north-east into the State of Colorado. The mountains of Santa Fé appeared to be at least a thousand feet higher than those on which the party stood, and admitting thirteen thousand two hundred feet as the height of the culminating point of the Sierra Sandia, as determined by observation, the mountains of Santa Fé must be at least fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Vegetation ceases at least a thousand feet below their summits, and patches of snow are seen here and there.

The ascent of the Sierra Sandia was rendered all the more easy on its eastern aspect, as the rocks on that side were regularly stratified, and, although much inclined, presented gentle ascents, whilst on the western side there were granitic precipices torn by impracticable ravines or barrancas. Old Ellenwood pointed out one of the latter in which he had nearly perished in pursuit of a grisly bear. There was still some vegetation on the highest summits of the sierra; not only was an occasional stunted pine to be met with, but also several kinds of cactuses. In other respects the vegetation resembled that of the Alps in the neighbourhood of the glaciers. The common helix, rare in America, was also met with. Ellenwood, an old trapper, described the animals frequenting the sierra as the grisly bear (*Ursus ferox*), the black bear (*Ursus Americana*), the coyote, or prairie wolf (*Canis latrans*), the black-tailed deer (*Cervus macrotis*, var. *Columbiana*), the antelope (*Antilocapra Americana*), and the American wild sheep (*Ovis montana*), all of which animals are met with the whole length of the Rocky Mountains south of the Arctic regions.

Only a few weeks after this ascent of the Sierra Sandia, the poor trappers and lumbermen of Antonitto were all massacred by the Muscaleros, Apaches, and the Uta Indians, and a company of dragoons sent to scour the country was surprised in an ambuscade near Taos, and almost entirely cut up. The Emperor of Brazil rules, we learn, from Chandler's "Ascent of the Purus Branch of the Amazons," over countries never trod by white men, and over people who have never seen a European face; so the United States, ever interfering in Mexico and Canada, and buying up new territories in the frigid zone, has regions as extensive as all Germany, imperfectly explored, and overrun by wild Indians—Camanches, Apaches, and Navajos in the south, Sioux and a hundred other tribes in the north. It might be said that Great Britain in India, and France in Africa, hold countries on an equally uncertain tenure; but India is not England, nor is Algeria France.

## ABOUT FINDING ONE'S OCCUPATION GONE.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

OTHELLO'S occupation's gone, with his trust in the pure faith of Desdemona. His wife false to him, the salt of life itself has lost its savour; and wherewith shall it be seasoned now? Desdemona lost, lost to him is all that made this earthly life worth the living; all that made this battle of life worth the fighting.

—O now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!\*

Already had her father, Brabantio, experienced the bitterness of a like discovery, when from him too, though in another sense and by another way, Desdemona was gone:

It is too true an evil: gone she is:  
And what's to come of my despised time,  
Is nought but bitterness.†

So when Antony is assured, fallaciously, of Cleopatra's death, he gives the word,

Eros, unarm; the long day's work is done,  
And we must sleep.‡

And that sleep he seeks, before the scene closes; the sleep that knows no waking. He finds it, a scene later, in Cleopatra's presence; who, as he dies, breaks out into a passionate lament akin to Othello's on finding his occupation gone:

—Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a styè? . . . .  
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen . . . the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.§

Macbeth was only aping the like style, when he professed despair at the death of gracious Duncan:

—for from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.||

\* Othello, Act III. Sc. 3.

† Act I. Sc. 1.

‡ Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV. Sc. 12.

§ Act IV. Sc. 13.

|| Macbeth, Act II. Sc. 1.

Lord Lytton remarks that it is the nature of that happiness which we derive from our affections to be calm; its immense influence upon our outward life is not known till it is troubled or withdrawn. By placing his heart at peace, man leaves vent to his energies and passions, and permits their current to flow towards the aims and objects which interest labour or arouse ambition. Thus absorbed in the occupation without, he is lulled into a certain forgetfulness of the value of that internal repose which gives health and vigour to the faculties he employs abroad. But once mar this scarce felt, almost invisible harmony, and the discord extends to the remotest chords of our active being.

"Say to the busiest man whom thou seest in mart, camp, or senate, who seems to thee all intent upon his worldly schemes, 'Thy home is reft from thee—thy household gods are shattered—that sweet noiseless content in the regular mechanism of the springs which set the large wheels of thy soul into movement is thine never more'—and straightway all exertion seems robbed of its object—all aim of its alluring charm. 'Othello's occupation is gone!' With a start, that man will awaken from the sunlit visions of noontide ambition, and exclaim in his desolate anguish, 'What are all the rewards to my labour, now thou hast robbed me of repose? How little are all the gains wrung from strife, in a world of rivals and foes, compared to the smile whose sweetness I knew not till it was lost, and the sense of security from mortal ill which I took from the trust and sympathy of love!'"\*

Thus writes the Baron of Knebworth, in the latest, and good judges say the best, of his historical fictions. In one of his early essays—that upon *Infidelity in Love*—he had expatiated by the page together on the same theme. Consequent upon unfaithfulness in those we have trusted, not wisely but too well, is this among other penalties—that the occupations of the world are suddenly made stale and barren to us: ambition, toil, the great aims of life, now and abruptly cease to excite. What, in the first place, he asks, made labour grateful and smoothed the sharp pathways of ambition? Was it not the hope that their rewards would be reflected upon another self? Now there is no other self. And then again, does it not, he further asks, require a certain calmness and freedom of mind for great efforts? "Persuaded of the possession of what most we value, we can look abroad with cheerfulness and hope:—the consciousness of a treasure inexhaustible by external failures, makes us speculative and bold. Now, all things are coloured by our despondency; our self-esteem—that necessary incentive to glory—is humbled and abased. Our pride has received a jarring and bitter shock. We no longer feel that we are equal to stern exertion." And therefore it is, concludes the essayist,† that when Othello believes himself betrayed, the occupations of his whole life suddenly become burthensome and abhorred.

How pathetic the dignified self-restraint in King Arthur's reproach of Guinevere:

Thou hast not made my life so sweet to me,  
That I the king should greatly care to live;  
For thou hast spoilt the purpose of my life.‡

\* Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, book ix. ch. x.

† The Student, pp. 215 *sq.*, ed. 1840.

‡ Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*: Guinevere.

Halbert Macdonald, in Justice Talfourd's Highland tragedy, believing his to be a blighted life, from the declared indifference of Helen Campbell, breaks out into the wailing cry,

—Must I give up all,  
 And yet live on? No human hope remains  
 For me if this be blasted. . . . I cannot taste  
 The sweet resources Heaven, in grace, provides  
 For love-lorn manhood; thirst of fame in me  
 Is quench'd; society's miscall'd delights  
 Would fret me into madness; and bright war,  
 The glorious refuge of despair, would seem  
 A slaughterous and a mercenary trade  
 To one who has no country.\*

When we have received our sentence, writes the author of "Thalatta," when our most passionate prayers have been unheeded, when the wonderful eyes into which we have piteously gazed will not answer our appeal, when the sweet lips have told us with cruel calmness that there is no hope for us any more, how the charm is taken out of work, how bleak life becomes from henceforth! "Cynics tell us that such sorrows do not kill, that the sharpest pain loses its edge, and ceases even to hurt. It is false. Such misery is immortal. We may plod on; the mild happiness and the common joys of middle life may make us content; but a light has passed out of our lives that can never be restored; the mainspring has snapped; we are never again quite what we were before."†

Death will achieve the like fatal issue. One is interested in *il Capitano Spavento*, Captain Terror, as the husband of Isabella Andreini—one of Mr. Adolphus Trollope's decade of Italian women—was professionally nicknamed, in reference to his favourite stage parts, which were swaggering bullies and swashbucklers,—interested in the poor *Capitano* for this simple recorded fact, that he had no more heart for the business after he had lost his Isabella. "His occupation was gone, and the stage became distasteful to him."‡ Lord Jeffrey, on the loss of his wife, described as *indescribable* the sense of lonely and hopeless misery which then came over and overcame him. "I took no interest in anything which had not some reference to her. . . . All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely. You know," he writes to his brother, "how indolent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune. But it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling. . . . Now, I have no interest in anything, and no object or motive for being in the world."§ His biographer says that at this crisis there was reason to fear that Jeffrey's sensibility would be too deeply and permanently agitated to allow of his continuing at work; but his good sense and resolute principle prevailed, and he compelled himself to labour at his profession with the apparent zeal of a business devotee.

One of the most touching of all Wordsworth's narrative poems is that which relates the desolate sorrow of Michael, haunting the unfinished

\* Glencoe; or, the Fate of the Macdonalds, Act IV. Sc. 3.

† Thalatta, part vi. ch. v.

‡ A Decade of Italian Women, vol. ii. p. 213.

§ Life of Lord Jeffrey, vol. i. pp. 165 *sq.*



sheepfold of which his lost son, Luke, had, at his bidding, laid the first stone :

—Among the rocks  
He went, and still look'd up to sun and cloud . . .  
And to that hollow dell from time to time  
Did he repair, to build the Fold of which  
His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet  
The pity which was then in every heart  
For the old man—and 'tis believed by all  
That many and many a day he thither went,  
And never lifted up a single stone.\*

Look, again, at Scott's Caleb Balderstone, after the catastrophe at Wolf's Crag. If worldly profit, we read, could have consoled the old man, his age was better provided for than his earlier years had ever been; but life had lost to him its salt and its savour : his whole course of ideas, his feelings, whether of pride or of apprehension, of pleasure or of pain, had all arisen from his close connexion with the family which was now extinguished. "He held up his head no longer—forsook all his usual haunts and occupations . . . ate without refreshment, and slumbered without repose."† Or, as an example of quite another kind, take "George Eliot's" Silas Marner, after the loss of his treasure. It might have been supposed beforehand that so withered and shrunken a life as his could hardly be susceptible of a bruise; but in reality it had been an eager life, filled with immediate purposes, which fenced it in from the wide, cheerless unknown. "It had been a clinging life; and though the object round which its fibres had clung was a dead disrupted thing, it satisfied the need for clinging. But now the fence was broken down—the support was snatched away. Marner's thoughts could no longer move in their old round, and were baffled by a blank like that which meets a plodding ant when the earth has broken away on its homeward path. The loom was there, and the weaving, and the growing pattern in the cloth; but the bright treasure in the hole under his feet was gone; the prospect of handling and counting it was gone: the evening had no phantasm of delight to still the poor soul's craving."‡

Rememberable enough by diligent students of Mr. Carlyle is that philosopher's graphic speculation as to Balaam's looks and feelings when his Ass not only on the sudden stood stock-still, defying spur and cudgel, but—began to talk, and that in a reasonable manner: how the son of Beor's face, elongating, collapsed, and how tremor occupied his joints; for the thin crust of Respectability had cracked asunder, and a bottomless preternatural Inane yawned under him instead. "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness: the spirit-stirring Vote, ear-piercing Hear; the big Speech that makes ambition virtue; soft Palm-greasing first of raptures, and Cheers that emulate sphere-music: Balaam's occupation's gone!—"§ Of course Mr. Carlyle had a present and instant application in this suggestive parody.

Those who have graduated with honour in *retiring from business*,

\* Michael: a Pastoral Poem.

† The Bride of Lammermoor, last chapter.

‡ Silas Marner, ch. x.

§ Carlyle's Critical Miscellaneous Essays, vol. iii., Corn-law Rhymes."

envied as they may be, and are, by others still bearing the burthen and heat of the day, are too frequently the reverse of happy at finding their occupation gone. Meet and right it is to reckon on retirement, rationally managed and judiciously improved, after the manner of Addison's Sir Andrew Freeport,\* or in the spirit of Jerrold's Captain Gunn, who perorates a play with the sentiment that "life has its duties ever. . . . Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire, then, and only then, may it be said of us—'Retired from Business.'"<sup>†</sup> Strenuous was Elia<sup>‡</sup> in cautioning persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once; for there may be danger in it. Himself, the superannuated clerk, missed his old chains, as if they had been part of his apparel.

Mdme. de Luxembourg was farther-sighted than Rousseau when she foresaw that the sequestered life which he prescribed for M. le Duc her husband, "serait moins un repos pour lui qu'un exil, où l'oisiveté, l'ennui, la tristesse achèveraient bientôt de le consumer."<sup>§</sup>

To Dr. Boyd it seems a very comforting thought, in looking on to future years, if you are able to think that you are in a profession or a calling from which you will never retire: for the prospect of a total change in your mode of life, and the final pause of the Occupation which for many years employed the greater part of your waking thoughts, and all this amid the failing powers and flagging hopes of declining years, is both a sad and a perplexing prospect to a thoughtful person. "For such a person cannot regard this great change simply in the light of a rest from toil and worry; he will know quite well what a blankness, and listlessness, and loss of interest in life will come of feeling all at once that you have nothing at all to do."<sup>||</sup> Ever to be had in remembrance in connexion with this subject is Charles Lamb's description (in his letters) of his coming home "for ever" from the drudgery of the official desk, and finding himself overwhelmed by the incomprehensibility of his condition; how he wandered aimlessly about, thinking he was happy, and feeling he was not.

When Sir Walter Scott was just about finishing the most laborious of his writings, his journal shows how frequently he mused on the feelings with which he should welcome, or not welcome, the proximate emancipation from daily toil. "What shall I have to think of when I lie down at night, and awake in the morning? What will be my plague and my pastime—my curse and my blessing—as ideas come and the pulse rises, or as they flag, and something like a snow-haze covers my whole imagination?—I have my Highland Tales—and then—never mind—sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." A fortnight later the diary has this record: "Rose with the odd consciousness of being free of my daily task. I have heard that the fishwomen go to church of a Sunday with their creels new washed, and a few stones in them, just because they cannot

\* *Spectator*, No. 549.

† Retired from Business, Act V. Sc. 2.

‡ See his essay, *The Superannuated Man*.

§ Rousseau, *Les Confessions*, l. xi.

|| *Leisure Hours in Town*, by A. K. H. B., ch. iv.

walk steadily without their usual load. I feel something like them, and rather inclined to take up some light task, than to be altogether idle. I have my proof-sheets, to be sure; but what are these to a whole day?\*" Three years later we find Sir Walter meditating a retirement from his Clerkship in the Court of Session, and at the same time giving up town residence: "I think the difference will be infinite in point of health and happiness. Yet I do not know. It is perhaps a violent change in the end of life to quit the walk one has trod so long, and the cursed splenetic temper which besets all men makes you value opportunities and circumstances when one enjoys them no longer."† To Miss Edgeworth he writes not long afterwards, in adverting to his proposed retirement—"and small grief at our parting, as the old horse said to the broken cart. And yet, though I thought such a proposal, when first made, was like a Pisgah peep of Paradise, I cannot help being a little afraid of changing the habits of a long life all of a sudden and for ever. . . . And though dull judges and duller clerks, the routine of law proceedings and law forms, are very unlike the plumed troops and the tug of war, yet the result is the same—the *occupation's gone*."‡ It is all very well for the busy man to plan his future of *otium cum dignitate* in retirement—like Thomson's knight with *his* scheme of evening repose after the burthen and heat of the day:

When this great plan, with each dependent art,  
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,  
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,  
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.§

But the best-laid plans of men as well as mice are liable to lapse. It was just after his celebrated remark on the "very animated appearance" of Fleet-street, but the "full tide of existence" at Charing-cross, that Johnson talked to Boswell on the unhappiness which men who have led a busy life experience, when they retire in expectation of enjoying themselves at ease—how generally they languish for want of their habitual occupation, and wish to return to it. His pungent example remains a stock illustration of the subject in English literature: "An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days*, and he would come and assist them; which he accordingly did. Here, sir, was a man to whom the most disgusting circumstance in the business to which he had been used was a relief from idleness."|| In another part of his biography, Boswell has a foot-note of his own, incidentally introduced, which tells how a London tradesman—trade unmentioned, but himself "eminent," no doubt—retired with his large gains to a country town, where his mind, being without its usual occupation, and having nothing else to fill the void, preyed upon itself, so that existence was a torment to him. "At last he was seized with the stone; and a friend who found him in one of its severest fits, having expressed his concern, 'No, no, sir,' said he,

\* Diary of Sir Walter Scott, May 28 and June 10, 1827.

† *Ibid.*, May 27, 1830.

‡ Scott to Miss Edgeworth, June 23, 1830.

§ The Castle of Indolence, canto ii.

|| Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1776

'don't pity me; what I now feel is ease compared with that torture of mind from which it relieves me.'\* That eminent man whom the very mention of melting-days put into the melting mood,—so yearned his elective affinities towards the familiar, high-flavoured, unctuous process,—is a standard type; sometimes indeed presented with a difference, as in an Edinburgh Reviewer's estimate of comparative Mortality in Trades and Professions, where the remark is made, that when a man who has lived a long and active life, suddenly retires with the idea that he has earned his ease, and that it is time for him to enjoy himself, ten to one but he has taken the most effectual method of shortening life; "and much as we may smile at the taste of the retired soap-boiler, who always made a point of going down to his old shop on 'boiling-days,' yet we can see that his instinct directed him rightly, for we can none of us bear idleness, least of all those who have practised industry."† Southey, in the "Doctor," gives the eminent Tallow-Chandler in his correct form, and the melting-days of course,—as one out of divers exemplifications of the truism, ushered in with an Alas! that it is neither so easy a thing, nor so agreeable a one as men commonly expect, to dispose of leisure when they retire from the business of the world: their old occupations cling to them, even when they hope that they have emancipated themselves. Go to any seaport town, suggests the Doctor, and you will see that the Sea-captain, who has retired upon his well-earned savings, sets up a weather-cock in full view from his windows, and watches the variations of the wind as duly as when he was at sea, though no longer with the same anxiety. "I have heard of one who kept a retail spirit-shop, and having retired from trade, used to employ himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another. I have heard also of a butcher in a small country town, who some time after he had left off business, informed his old customers that he meant to kill a lamb once a week, just for his amusement."‡ Lord Chesterfield tells his son of a Twickenham apothecary, known to him, who, on coming into a fortune, "generously gave up his shop and his stock to his head man, set up his coach, and resolved to live like a gentleman: but, in less than a month, the man, used to business, found that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his shop and stock, resumed his trade; and lived very happily, after he had something to do."§ This was a sufficiently literal fulfilment of the Horatian injunction,

Qui semel aspexit quantum dimissa petitis  
Præstant, maturè redeat, repetatque relicta. ||

Etty's biographer tells us of him, soon after his retirement to York, that do what he might to mitigate the first *ennui* of seclusion, of the exile from familiar employments, he could not quite evade it. One habit among those interrupted by his retirement was, it appears, of too long standing, and too firmly planted, to be abruptly broken through: daily study from the life he could not, at this late stage, renounce. "One day, a few months after his settling at York, a friend found him much out of

\* Boswell's Life of Johnson, *sub anno* 1777.

† *Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1860. Art. "Mortality in Trades and Professions."

‡ The Doctor, ch. lxx.

§ Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, Feb. 8, 1758.

|| Hor. Sat.

spirits. His old habits broken through,—‘no Royal Academy, no School in Margaret-street, no Models,’ he feels himself utterly at a loss.\* Models, however, he managed to get, and was the better for them.\* Next year we find the veteran writing to a friend: “I have not given up possession of my London chambers as yet; but have left my Painting-room *in statu quo*. So that, when I return, I can have a fire lit, boil the kettle, mix the colours, and paint at once.” “I like to feel,” he wrote but a fortnight before death, to Mr. Wethered, “I can come up in a few hours, and work in my old shop and old corner. There is no place like London.”†

Turner’s biographer tells us of the father of that great artist, that after his retirement to Twickenham, he used to come up to town now and then to dress the wigs of former customers round about Maiden-lane.‡

Like Turner’s father, old Caxon, the perruquier, in Scott’s Antiquary, used to sally forth from the retirement of his snug cottage between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock§ to dress the three parochial wigs, which he kept in repair, though only for amusement.

Even of Puss in Boots, who became a great lord, after the marriage of the Marquis of Carabas, we read, that after that time he never again ran after rats and mice, “but for his amusement.” A saving clause!

When Swift rewarded his attached and trusty servant, Robert Blakely, by appointing him verger to the cathedral, the new dignitary was importunate to be allowed to play the waiting-man still, at times and seasons. He had even a hankering after doing it in the livery as before, but the Dean respected his cloth, as a gowmsman, too much to allow of that. It is like my Uncle Toby so often catching Corporal Trim standing up behind his chair, after he has been told to be seated.

When the dull man, as Cowper paints him, resolves

to close  
His active years with indolent repose,  
He finds the labours of that state exceed  
His utmost faculties, severe indeed.  
’Tis easy to resign a toilsome place,  
But not to manage leisure with a grace;  
Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress’d.  
The veteran steed excused his task at length,  
In kind compassion of his failing strength,  
And turn’d into the park or mead to graze,  
Exempt from future service all his days,  
There feels a pleasure perfect in its kind,  
Ranges at liberty, and snuffs the wind:  
But when his lord would quit the busy road,  
To taste a joy like that he has bestow’d,  
He proves, less happy than his favoured brute,  
A life of ease a difficult pursuit.||

Old Stapleton, the retired wherryman, in Captain Marryat’s story, after he has made over his boat to Jacob Faithful, soon begins to feel “as if handling the sculls a little would be of service” to him: “We all,” he

\* See Gilchrist’s *Life of Etty*, vol. ii. ch. xxvii.

† *Ibid.*, ch. xxviii.

‡ *Life of J. M. W. Turner*, vol. i. ch. x.

§ See the final chapter of *The Antiquary*.

|| Cowper: Retirement.

sententiously observes, "think idleness be a very pleasant thing when we're obliged to work; but when we're idle, then we feel that a little work be just as agreeable—that's human natur."\* Jacob himself, when he comes into a fortune, makes a point the first thing of ordering a wherry: "Such was the force of habit, I could not do without one, and half my time was spent upon the river, pulling every day down to Mr. Drummond's, and returning in the evening, or late at night."† The Dominie, in the same story, is made a signal example, more distinctly pronounced, of the tenacity of habit. He declines the offer of a competency which shall enable him to give up school-keeping: "I am like an old horse, who hath gone so long round and round in a mill, that he cannot walk straight forward; and, if it pleases the Almighty, I will die in harness."‡ The day comes, however, when the Dominie, not retiring, is dismissed—or at least superannuated with a pension; and he removes to the country-house of his patron-protégé, with all his books. "The Dominie's occupation was gone. Still such was the force of habit, that he never went without the Latin grammar in his pocket, and I have often watched him sitting down in the poultry-yard, fancying, I presume, that he was in his school. There would he decline, coustrue, and conjugate aloud, his only witnesses being the poultry."§

Mrs. Siddons repeatedly complained to Rogers of the great *ennui* she had felt since she quitted her profession, particularly of an evening: when sitting drearily alone she would remember "what a moment of excitement it used to be when she was in all the preparation of her toilette to meet a crowded house and exercise all the sovereignty of her talents over them."|| Hazlitt says of retired actors, that come when they will, and where they will, they ought to be welcome to the best seats, and have as good a right to sit in the boxes as children in the holidays: "But they do not, somehow, come often. It is but a melancholy recollection with them:—'then sweet, now sad to think on.'"¶ Mrs. Sherrick, in Thackeray, "has the soul of an artist still—by Jove, sir, when they have once smelt the lamps, the love of the trade never leaves them."\*\*

In his enforced seclusion from public life, we find M. de Tocqueville writing from Sorrento in 1851: "I wish I could find some occupation for my mind in no way connected with public affairs; but this is more easily said than done. Political life is like certain women who, they say, have the power of agitating and exciting you long after you have ceased to love them."††

Not so common as it might seem is Lord Lytton's instance of jovial John Avenel, as the very model of the respectable retired trader in easy circumstances, and released from the toil of making money, while life could yet enjoy the delight of spending it.‡‡

Mr. Glegg, in the "Mill on the Floss," having retired from active business as a woolstapler, for the purpose of enjoying himself through the rest of his life, found this last occupation so much more severe than his

\* Jacob Faithful, ch. xxvii. † Ch. xlii. ‡ Ch. xliii. § Ch. xlvi.

|| Diary of Thomas Moore, June 6, 1828.

¶ See Hazlitt's essay, Whether Actors ought to Sit in the Boxes.

\*\* The Newcomes, ch. xlv.

†† M. de Tocqueville to Mine. de Circourt, Feb. 14, 1851.

‡‡ My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life, book xi. ch. xvii.

business, that he was driven into amateur hard labour as a dissipation, and habitually relaxed by doing the work of two ordinary gardeners.\*

Mr. Transfer, the prosperous cit, in Dr. Moore's "Zeluco," has long had the pleasure of finding his fortune increasing every year; he has a remarkably good appetite, relishes a bottle of old port, and sleeps very soundly every night, particularly after a bottle of Burton ale. He might, we are assured, have continued some years longer in the same state of felicity, had it not been for the importunities of his friends, who denounced his continued endurance of all the drudgery of business, like a poor man who has his fortune to make—forgetting that the mere habit of accumulating, and the mere routine of business, secured Mr. Transfer from tedium, and formed, indeed, the greatest enjoyment of which he was capable. He yielded at last: "Well, I am determined to be a slave no longer—I will begin to *enjoy* without any more loss of time." But he quickly found rest the most laborious thing that he had ever experienced, and that to have nothing to do was the most fatiguing business on earth. Bitterly self-reproachful became "Mr. Transfer's" daily reflections; and he was often tempted to abandon the country for ever, to return to Lombard-street, and resume his old occupations.† Like the disenchanted man in Cowper's poem,

He sighs—for after all, by slow degrees,  
The spot he loved has lost the power to please;  
To cross his ambling pony day by day  
Seems at the best but dreaming life away;  
The prospect, such as might enchant despair,  
He views it not, or sees no beauty there;  
With aching heart, and discontented looks,  
Returns at noon to billiards or to books,  
But feels, while grasping at his faded joys,  
A secret thirst of his renounced employ.  
He chides the tardiness of every post,  
Pants to be told of battles won or lost,  
Blames his own indolence, observes, tho' late,  
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,  
Flies to the levee, and, received with grace,  
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.‡

In Froissart's Chronicles there is an account of a reverend Monk, who had been a robber in the early part of his life, and who, when he grew old, used feelingly to lament that he had ever changed his profession. He said "it was a goodly sight to sally out from his castle, and see a troop of jolly friars come riding that way, with their mules well laden with viands and rich stores, to advance towards them, to attack and overthrow them, returning to the castle with a noble booty." And now-a-days, for the ex-robber to see such another convoy of friars—albeit himself of the cloth—made his mouth water, and almost, perhaps, his eyes.

An *Edinburgh* Reviewer once remarked that he hardly knew one good anecdote, of long standing, that might not give rise to as doubtful a contest as the birthplace of Homer; and citing the story of the retired tallow-chandler, who reserved the right to attend on melting-days, as

\* The Mill on the Floss, ch. xii.

† Zeluco, ch. lvi.

‡ Cowper: Retirement.

sounding like genuine English, "yet here," he adds, of a French book,\* "we find it fitted to the retired grocer, with an added grace; for he returns to beg permission to stand behind the counter, exclaiming, *Je suis comme le lierre, je meurs où je m'attache.*"†

Maître Jacques, in *Le Sage*, that honest *capareto*, whose son, the banker, insists on his renouncing shoe-making and mending, and on his henceforth enjoying *otium*, if possible *cum dignitate*, is wise in stipulating for a little bit of work, for pleasure's sake. "Hé bien, Francillo, dit-il, pour te satisfaire, je ne travaillerai plus pour tous les habitants du village; je raccommoierai seulement mes souliers et ceux de monsieur le curé, notre bon ami."—But scarcely has Francillo got back to Madrid, after leaving his father a purse of three hundred pistoles, when Maître Jacques presents himself at his son's door, to return the purse: "Mon fils," he says, "reprends ton argent; je veux vivre de mon métier: je meurs d'ennui depuis que je ne travaille plus." And Francillo, being endowed with good sense as well as good feeling, acquiesces in the old man's pleading, so far as to rejoin: "Hé bien, mon père, retournez au village: continuez d'exercer votre profession; mais que ce soit seulement pour vous désennuyer."‡ And so the vieillard departs, under strict injunctions to take back his purse, and on no account to spare that of his son. For, like Sir Andrew Freeport, beneficence and alms-giving must be henceforth the duty of his leisure and competence: to do good, and to communicate, he must forget not.

The Earl of Dundonald (Lord Cochrane) tells us of the first lieutenant of the ship he joined as a middy, that this officer's notion of a holiday, when a ship was in harbour, was to dress himself in a seaman's garb and busy himself in setting up the rigging.§ One can fancy what a marine flavour would season the veteran retirement and life's decline of such a zealot. Mr. Dickens, on his homeward passage from America, had for one of his fellow-passengers an English sailor, a smart, thorough-built, English man-of-war's man from his hat to his shoes, who was on his way home to see his friends, and who, when he presented himself to take and pay for his passage, had been advised to work it instead, and save the money—a suggestion he scouted with scorn ineffable; swearing, in seaman's style of imprecation, that nothing should hinder his going as a gentleman. So they took his money. But no sooner was he aboard than he "stowed his kit in the fore-castle, arranged to mess with the crew, and the very first time the hands were turned up, he went aloft like a cat, before anybody. And all through the passage there he was, first at the braces, outermost on the yards, perpetually lending a hand everywhere, but always with a sober dignity in his manner, and a sober grin on his face, which plainly said, 'I do it as a gentleman. For my own pleasure, mind you!'"|| One can fancy, too, in *his* case, what a salt sea savour would season that man's life when even as an old salt he should come to be shelved from work, and cast ashore for the rest of his days.

Mr. Meagles, the ex-banker, in his charming retreat at Twickenham, had a snug room overlooking the lawn, which was fitted up in part like

\* *Les Français peints par Eux-mêmes.*

† *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1842. Art. "Parisian Morals and Manners."

‡ *Le diable-boiteux*, livre i. ch. viii.

§ *Autobiography of the Earl of Dundonald.*

|| *American Notes*, ch. xvi.



a dressing-room and in part like an office, and in which, upon a kind of counter-desk, was a pair of brass scales for weighing gold, and a scoop for shovelling out money.\* The hankering after old occupations is everywhere to be met with, after the occupation's gone.

An unnamed "gentleman of high literary repute" is referred to by Mr. Mayhew, in "London Labour and the London Poor," as having taken to his house, to be trained for service, a coster Irish girl whose "heroic strugglings to maintain her mother" had won his admiration. It seems that the perfect change of life, and comforts collateral, reconciled her for some time to her new position. But "no sooner did she hear from her friends that sprats were again in the market, than, as if there were magical influence in the fish, she at once requested"† leave of absence, to return to her old calling. It is with *suspiria de profundis* not unworthy of Othello himself, that even an ex-sprat-seller, a past-work vendor of "fine mild Yarmouth," a deposed purveyor of wheelks in saucers, a retired stall-keeper once conversant with periwinkles and mussels and such small deer, awaken to the dreary, desolating conviction that their occupation's gone.

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## THE MIRACLE OF THE MAGPIES.

A LEGEND OF OSENEY ABBEY.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

"WHAT are the magpies saying?  
 What can be the matter,  
 Such chatter and clatter,  
 Whenever I pass by the linden-tree?"  
 Thus spoke the Lady of Oseney,  
 The Lady Edith of purest fame,  
 The Lady Edith of noble name,  
 In her castle gardens straying.

It *was* strange, no doubt,  
 When she saunter'd about,  
 To find that the magpies had found her out,  
 And came hopping around,  
 As she traversed the ground  
 That led through the park to the linden-tree;  
 And once 'neath its shade  
 Such a hubbub they made  
 As frighten'd the Lady of Oseney.

They clamour'd and fought,  
 As if each bird had sought  
 To silence the rest by loud screaming,  
 As in clubs, where debaters,  
 And mob agitators,  
 Get hot with their plotting and scheming.

\* Little Dorrit, ch. xvi.

† London Labour and the London Poor, vol. i. p. 44.

## THE MIRACLE OF THE MAGPIES.

Then the pye with most pluck,  
 That had got the best luck,  
 Would address the fair lady as grave as a clerk,  
 And try to impress by a twist or a jerk,  
 By a wink of the eyes, or a comical perk,  
 That all was not right. Such proceedings were queer;  
 That *something* was wanting it seem'd very clear.

The fair Edith wonder'd,  
 And oftentimes ponder'd  
 On conduct so strange; for throughout the whole range  
 Of her reading, she never knew birds half so clever  
 As the magpies that haunted the linden-tree,  
 In the castle gardens of Oseney.

The Greeks, as she knew  
 (Though of course 'twas untrue);  
 Believed that the women whose tongues wagg'd too free  
 Were changed into pyes; but this reason denies;  
 'Twas intended, no doubt, to throw dust in the eyes  
 Of those who saw through them,  
 Who sought to pooh-pooh them,  
 And were treated as women alone can devise.  
 Some railers had tried,  
 In the flush of their pride,  
 To strengthen such treason  
 'Gainst morals and reason,  
 By stating that magpies are vain of their features,  
 Their plumage, and voice, like some frail human creatures,  
 And are fond of attraction—  
 But this is detraction  
 No champion of beauty can ever allow,  
 So, as climax, I make to fair woman my bow.

“WHAT ARE THE MAGPIES SAYING?”  
 In sooth, dear lady, I cannot tell;  
 Like many great talkers, 'tis hard to find out  
 An object or meaning in words roundabout;  
 They would tire out a bell,  
 Though to some 'tis a knell  
 That may bring on a twinge of the ague or gout.  
 The language of birds is unlike that of flowers,  
 And if one be prefer'd, let the latter be ours;  
 No offence to the warblers that frequent the groves,  
 And chirrup at random their joys and their loves:  
 But those who are weary,  
 Find cuckoo notes dreary;  
 The “flat third” is tedious,  
 And makes the eve hideous;  
 The cushat, though pensive,  
 With “coos” is offensive;  
 Sharp notes pierce through you,  
 And “caws” may undo you;  
 A shrill note is worse,  
 And a screech is a curse;  
 While even the nightingale,  
 Sad in her plaintive wail,  
 Enlivens no heart with her wonderful powers;  
 Her rich metricalities,  
 Sesquipedalities

("Odzooks! what a word to apply to a bird,  
It seems quite absurd."  
"Kind sir, or good madam, I beg to apologise  
'Tis the length of a note  
In a nightingale's throat,  
And merely expressive of volume or size.")

Some, versed in old saws,  
Sift the why and because,  
And read sermons in stones, or find in old bones  
A race to which nothing can now claim affinity;  
Talk of times pre-historic  
(Too oft allegoric),  
And boast of their logic;  
Trace monkeys to man,  
Call a cycle a span;  
Talk glibly of science, the schools, and divinity.  
*They* can tell any day  
What the feather'd tribes say,  
But of capital errors 'tis wholesale delusion,  
Making order a chaos, and worse than confusion,  
Discrediting truth both in men and their nation.  
Go back to old time,  
And in prose or in rhyme,  
You will find with the monks greater gifts in profusion.  
To make a bird speak  
Was a mere common freak;  
To make it oracular, a special vocation:  
Birds "held forth" distinctly in terms of laudation,  
And proficient they were in anathemisation!  
Such cases are many,  
And readers (if any)  
Of the *Legenda Aurea* (if the day should be rainy)  
Can read them himself, and between good and evil  
May judge 'twixt his own times and those mediæval.

But *revenons* (I stop, for the rest is well known),  
The magpies, at length, to their roosting are gone,  
Lady Edith has quitted the linden-tree,  
And entered the castle of Osency.  
Her father confessor is soon at her side,  
Rinaldus, a canon of Frideswide,  
A season'd old chip of the monkish block,  
With a stern will of iron beneath his frock,  
Though gentle to dames. He is listening now,  
While the lady in accents soft and low  
Confesses the wonder that fills her breast,  
That haunts her in dreams, and breaks her rest.  
"She would fain tell her lord, but is sore afraid  
The knight would call her a moonstruck jade!"  
'Now the saints forbid," the father cried,  
"That a sign from heaven,  
By any means given,  
By agency human,  
By child, man, or woman,  
From bird or from beast,  
The greatest or least,  
Should be carelessly heeded, or jeering despised.

Be pacified, daughter, your secret keep well,  
 I will go to the magpies with cross and with bell!"

Now, whether the monk, in his fervour and zeal,  
*Did* question the magpies, no tongue can reveal.  
 He may have been fagg'd, and prefer'd his arm-chair,  
 Or saunter'd through Oxford, or rambled elsewhere.  
 This lapse in the story no records supply;  
 No matter, he came to the dame by-and-by.  
 "Fair daughter," he said, "set your wonder at rest;  
 A dole is decreed that will hallow your name,  
 And Oseney will share in your triumph and fame;  
 'Tis a work of devotion reserved for the blest.  
 The mystical pyes in the linden-tree  
 Speak a language that only is known to me:  
     They are sent from the skies,  
     To declare by their cries,  
     That an abbey shall rise  
 On the self-same spot, to be founded by thee!"

Now "birds of a feather will flock together,"  
     And 'tis certain, at least,  
     That the wily old priest  
 Must surely, at one time, have noticed the pyes,  
 So clever, so cunning, so artful their guise,  
 An example to monks who to honours would rise.  
 The Lady Edith was charm'd at first,  
 Sweet were the thoughts on her mind that burst.  
 To be favour'd of heav'n was a glorious theme,  
 More than her fervid mind could dream.  
 To build an abbey, endow it with land,  
 And tend its growth with a generous hand,  
 And when the cares of her life were pass'd,  
 To find a home 'neath its shade at last!  
 Ay—but—and here was the crowning "fix"—  
 D'Oyley, the knight, would be cross as sticks  
 If she ask'd for a cheque on his bank so large  
 That the weight of the money would sink a barge;  
 Still, her duty was clear, for Rinaldus had said,  
 The pyes had a mission, and must be obey'd,  
 So the lady went timidly, bashful, and coyly,  
 To beg for some cash from the tight-fisted D'Oyley.  
     Now the knight was bedridden,  
     And had strictly forbidden  
 That any should enter his chamber that day;  
 His *pater* and *credo* he wanted to say,  
 For many queer deeds he had reason to pray.  
     He had been a wild gallant,  
     Loose, frisky, and valiant;  
     Many heads he had broken,  
     And evil words spoken;  
     Besides, he felt aguish,  
     And fretful, and plaguishi,  
 And a large debt of sin like a load on him lay,  
 He was deep in arrears, and was anxious to pay;  
 So when Lady Edith came close to his bed,  
 Instead of a frown or a toss of the head,  
 He met her half way in the suit she prefer'd,  
 The tale of the magpies religiously heard,  
 And the grant of some land, and an abbey conferr'd.

To make reparation is never too late,  
 So the convent was built with due credit and state ;  
 It stood in the island of Oseney,  
 On the site of the haunted linden-tree,  
 And churches and mills and farms were given,  
 To smooth the path of the founders to heaven.

“WHAT CAN THE MAGPIES BE SAYING,  
 They chatter too fast to be praying?”  
 Said the lady again to Rinaldus the priest.  
 In numbers the birds had now largely increased ;  
 They lived in a tree near the huge abbey gate,  
 And were hopping incessantly, early and late ;  
 They roguishly leer'd at the monks as they pass'd,  
 As if they would say, “ You are well housed at last !”  
 The father was pensive. At length he said,  
 With a look demure, inclining his head,  
 “ It may be, fair lady, the pyes declare,  
 Now the abbey is built, and the monks are there,  
*An—abbot—is—wanted—to—fill—the—chair !”*  
 “ Then why not yourself ?” the dame briskly replied  
 To the crafty old canon of Frideswide ;  
 “ No better, I trow, on the earth could be found !”  
 The canon he raised his eyes from the ground,  
 A flush of delight o'er his features came  
 (Full surely it was not a blush of shame),  
 As he grasp'd the hand of the noble dame,  
 And bow'd, acquiescent, his thanks for the same.

The abbot is duly install'd in state,  
 And cringing monks on his lordship wait,  
 Preceding his steps through the convent gate,  
 The abbey bounds to mark ;  
 In pontificalibus, staff in hand,  
 And signet, the emblem of chief command,  
 He walks head erect, with a solemn stride,  
 When, lo ! the magpies are hopping beside,  
 And strutting along, such a comical throng,  
 As only to impudent birds can belong.  
 They seem ripe for a lark !  
 And walk with a funny, contemplative air,  
 And then at the abbot would quizzical stare,  
 As much as to say, “ We are all in good luck,  
 Success to your clever manœuvres, old buck,  
 There's nothing can match us in cunning and pluck !”  
 The abbot was wrath, and his dignity wounded,  
 He vow'd that the pyes should be cut up and pounded ;  
 So he calls for the kitchener : “ Brother,” quoth he,  
 “ I have curs'd all the birds in the abbey-gate tree ;  
 They are imps of the Evil One, shoot them, I pray ;  
 Send the bolts right and left, and the vagabonds slay,  
 And hew, broil, or roast them,  
 Or stew, boil, or toast them—  
 Quick, let it be done,  
 THEIR mission is ended, and MINE is begun !”

## CLEMENT'S REWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLEMENT'S TROUBLE," &c.

THE brightness and glory and beauty of a mid-August morning lay full on the lovely garden, on the rich arable and pasture land, and on the old red-brick house, which together constituted the property known as High Oakfield. The trees were thick with leaves, the flowers were bright and perfumed, the birds sang from every bough, and the little stream which watered the meadows prattled its never-ending song to itself, until after its wild leap over a rustic wooden barrier it lay quiet and, as it were, exhausted, in a silent, sleepy pool. But all this beauty of the high summer weather was unseen by any of the family who lived in that house at High Oakfield. Every window was carefully screened by a blind, and in darkness and gloom the Cavanaghs sat sorrowfully in the deepest mourning.

For the owner of High Oakfield, the head of the Cavanaghs, was dead, and on this day, when Nature wore her festal garb, Charles Fitzgerald Cavanagh was laid in his last home in the Roman Catholic churchyard. His illness had been long and tedious. In the previous winter he had had a stroke of paralysis, from which he partly recovered, and, with help from others, was able to move about a little, and to make himself understood. Then, after about six months, a second attack rendered him perfectly powerless to move, and his attempts at speech unintelligible to any one but his wife and Father Clement, his chaplain. Two months went over, during which Father Clement's time and strength suffered fearfully from his entire devotion to the beloved invalid; and then there came the third attack of the last enemy, and a few hours of total unconsciousness took the paralytic to the grave, on the brink of which he had been so long hovering. But though the Father, the Husband, the Master was gone, there was no response in Nature to the tears of his sorrowing family. It often seems strange that our deepest woe can find no sympathy in external objects; we sometimes wonder that the sun can bear to shine on broken hearts and desolate homes; and leaves rustle, and birds chirrup, when the ears and hearts that loved them are laid away in the grave, or choked with deafening sobs. And we seem to learn more clearly that the things of this world must be very transitory and very little worth when they cannot check one human sigh, or still one throb of a suffering human heart.

While all was so bright in the outer world, Mrs. Cavanagh, in her new widow's weeds, sat sorrowfully in her own room. The blow had not been unexpected, still it was very terrible; her husband had been all that was good and noble, and they had been together nearly thirty years; and it seemed strange to Mrs. Cavanagh that she, whose health had always been delicate, should survive her husband, who, until about two years previously, had been a man of strong constitution and per-

fect freedom from any tendency to disease. She bowed her head to the blow, but she thought it a strange and dark dispensation.

In the room with their mother sat Mrs. Mulleyns, her eldest daughter, and Florence, her youngest, who was hardly more than a child. The second daughter, Ellen Scott, was only a few months married, but her health was not strong, and her husband would not allow her to run the risk of travelling to M——, and of undergoing the excitement of so melancholy a visit to her childhood's home. The third daughter, Lizzie, had wearied herself so much by her noisy grief, that she was ordered to remain in her own room, and to sleep as much as possible. On the fourth daughter, Mary, devolved at present all the household affairs, which left her no time for exhibitions of sorrow, had she even been inclined for them, which she was not.

This was the day and the hour of the funeral. The three sons of the deceased, with Father Clement, went from High Oakfield to the church, where Canon Foley and Father Dolan met them, and the funeral service was quietly performed. The eldest son, Fitzgerald, had been in India with his regiment when the news came to him of his father's illness, and he immediately obtained leave of absence, and came home; and finding that Mr. Cavanagh must before long quit this world, Fitz left the army altogether, and remained at High Oakfield until the sad day when he became its owner. His brother Roger, to whom his father had given Acrefield Farm, was side by side with Fitz; and the young boy, Norman, was also there, having come down from town, where he was studying at the London University.

There were no tears shed at the funeral, except those that burst from Norman when the coffin was lowered into the vault; but all present noticed the livid, ashy look on Father Clement's thin but resigned face. His straight and regular features were like marble, and when Fitz touched his hand it was icy cold.

"You are ill, Father Clement," said Fitz; "you ought not to have come to-day; it has been too much for you."

"Oh no," replied Clement, "it is not that. I am not so weak and foolish as you may suppose."

But when they returned to the house, Dr. Smith, who was one of the guests, made Clement drink a glass of wine, and told him that he must absolutely give himself entire rest, and live most carefully.

"You have worked too hard, and taken too little sleep, and unless you are very much more careful of yourself you will not very long be of much use to any one."

"I think I shall be useful as long as I am wanted," said Clement; "but, as you order it, I will be more careful than I have been."

Dr. Smith could say no more to Father Clement, as the family solicitor now prepared to read Mr. Cavanagh's will. It was short, and, as it seemed, explicit. The estate was charged with 500*l.* a year to Mrs. Cavanagh for her life; to each of the daughters and the younger sons 100*l.* a year as long as their mother lived; but at her death the sum of 4000*l.* should be paid to each of the daughters and the younger sons. The estates which were entailed, and all other property (with the above reservations) of which the testator should die possessed, should descend absolutely to the eldest son.

"That, of course, does not include my Farm," said Roger.

"Your Farm is undoubtedly included," said Fitz, sharply. "Why should my father have intended to make any exception?"

"He made me a present of the Farm."

"That is absurd," replied Fitz; "such a present could not hold good in law. Now, could it?" he added, turning to the solicitor.

"I can give no opinion without knowing all the precise circumstances of the case. Some gifts hold good in law, and some do not; and all questions of right to land are very involved and difficult."

"Roger—Fitz," said Clement, uneasily, "this is not quite a fitting time for such a discussion."

"I cannot give up my Farm," said Roger.

"Nor I," said Fitz, "my legal right."

And the brothers, looking angrily at each other, walked apart; and Clement felt a sudden dread that there would be a quarrel between them. But they were both gentlemen, and had sufficient good sense and good feeling not to distress their guests by a dispute over the will of the beloved Father who was just laid in his last resting-place. Clement could no more than the lawyer judge of what would be legal and right; he had often heard Mr. Cavanagh say that he had given Acrefield Farm to Roger, but whether those words, spoken conventionally, gave Roger any real claim to the Farm, Clement could not at all decide. He was not even sure if the Farm was part of the unentailed property, and he was quite ignorant of the laws of entail. But with a sort of prophetic foresight which seemed to show him many things, he saw that a quarrel between Fitz and Roger was imminent, and that the duty of reconciling them would fall on him, the Priest of the Cavanaghs. Now, Clement was not at all afraid of the prospect of work, even of most unpleasant work; but Dr. Smith's warning was still in his ears, that unless he took care of himself he would not long be useful to any one. And Clement did not wish to die until he saw his dear friends all in comfort and happiness. He did not yet think that he had done enough work to entitle him to any rest; he would have liked to take a little breath, and then to return to the combat, and after some more real hard work to lie down in harness and be gathered to the rest which remaineth for the people of God. However, Clement was not a man either to shirk his duties or to complain of them; if a very painful duty was coming on him he must perform it trustfully; only the prospect of it cost him his night's rest, and he rose in the morning weary and out of spirits.

The whole family met at breakfast, which was a very silent meal; nothing was said but a few common-place remarks on the weather. It was a hot hazy day, and Mrs. Cavanagh said she had felt faint all the morning, and, rising from the table, she took Florence's arm and went into the garden. Mrs. Mulleyns went away to write some letters, Mary went to talk to the housekeeper, and Lizzie, with a book, went to the drawing-room to lie down. Norman stole away quietly to practise on the organ in the little private chapel, and Clement was about to follow him, when Fitz said:

"Father Clement, will you be so kind as to come with me to the library?"



So Clement, with Fitz and Roger, went to the library, and shut and locked the door.

"About this Farm?" said Fitz, and stopped.

"My Farm," put in Roger.

Then there was an awkward silence, which Clement broke by saying:

"I have often heard Mr. Cavanagh say that he had given Acrefield Farm to Roger.

"That might very well be, but it is not likely that my Father would intend such a gift to hold good after his death."

"I do not see why not," said Roger.

"What is a gift?" exclaimed Fitz. "A gift is no real gift unless there is a deed of gift. Have you any deed of gift?"

"I have no formal deed," Roger answered, "but I have several letters of my Father's in which he speaks of 'your Farm.'"

"Just as my mother calls the American chair Flor's chair."

"That is not a case in point. My Father gave me the Farm, and told me that I was to make my living out of it; and he never said one word about my giving it up at his death."

"Then you just disprove your own case," said Fitz. "If my Father meant you to have the Farm, and make your living out of it, he would not have left you the 100*l.* a year and the 4000*l.*, the same as Norman and the girls."

"Oh yes, he might; he would not make any difference to me in that way."

"What do you think, Father?" said Fitz, turning to Clement.

"I do not know at all what to think. Is Acrefield part of the entailed or the unentailed land?"

"To be sure," rejoined Fitz; "which is it?"

"I do not know," said Roger, sulkily; "the unentailed, I conclude, or my Father would not have given it to me."

"I say that he did not 'give it to you.' Pray do not repeat the expression again, it is very offensive to me. My Father would not have been so unjust and so foolish as to give you the best Farm on my estate—one corner of it—to lose which would just spoil the whole property."

"And I say," exclaimed Roger, fiercely, "that he did give it to me—gave it to me out and out, for myself and my heirs; and he would not have been so unjust and so wicked as to let me hold it for a couple of years, believing it to be my own, and slaving at it from morning till night, unless he intended it to be my own, as I said before, out and out."

"I have no idea of giving it up in this way," Fitz said, loftily. "If you can prove that you have a legal right to it, I will give it up willingly, but not otherwise."

"And I tell you I will keep it; I have got it, and I will keep it; and I neither know nor care about legal rights, but my Father gave me the Farm, and I shall keep it in spite of you and all the lawyers in England."

Roger stamped about the room, and, flinging the door open, went raging through the hall and back to the Farm in dispute.

Clement shut the door again, and Fitz said, quietly:

"That is a pleasant kind of a youngster—eh, Father Clement? He wants a few years in the army, to teach him to keep his temper and not be impertinent to his seniors."

"But it would be very hard on him," said Clement, apologising, "to lose the Farm he is so fond of, and to which he has done so much by draining and manuring, and in many ways."

"But it would be very hard on me," Fitz said, "to lose a portion of my property in this unexpected manner. Suppose all the others said that my Father had given them each some eighty or a hundred acres, why, I might cut up all the estate among them, and leave myself a beggar."

"I do not know what to think of it," said Clement; "only, Fitz, do not distress your mother by letting her know of your dispute with Roger."

"I shall not talk of it, you may be quite sure; and I shall not give Master Roger much of my company until he comes to his senses."

And, as Roger lived alone at Acrefield, the brothers did not often meet. Fitz desired his solicitor to find out whether the land attached to Acrefield was entailed or not, and, while waiting for the lawyer's reply, Fitz declined to speak to any one on the subject.

Norman returned to his lodgings in town and his classes at the University; he was in hopes that he would be able to go to Oxford and there take a degree which would be a help to him in his chosen profession, the bar. Mrs. Mulleyns also left High Oakfield and went home to her husband and her children; while Mrs. Cavanagh and her other daughters remained in their old home.

"Of course you can remain here," Fitz said kindly to his mother; "what could I do alone in this great house?"

"But you will not always be alone, dear Fitz; you will bring a wife here one of these days."

"I promise," he said, laughing, "that when there is any prospect of such an event, I will give you due notice."

"The sooner the better," his mother replied, "provided you choose a nice good girl."

Mrs. Cavanagh was quite unaware of the quarrel between Fitz and Roger, and Clement took care that she should remain so. That there was a breach between the brothers he saw very clearly and very sorrowfully, but he hoped that some power might be given him to heal it before it grew wider. And he waited anxiously for the lawyer's reply to Fitz's inquiries.

Clement did not grow much stronger; he never complained of any pain, but when people remarked on his paleness and thinness, he would acknowledge that he felt tired; and the Cavanaghs became so accustomed to his pale complexion and brilliant dark eyes, and to his confessions of being "a little tired and a little faint," that they thought very lightly of his ailments. Nor, indeed, did he think much of them himself. He had a rest from external annoyances while they were waiting for the lawyer's opinion, but as soon as that came he had again some disagreeable work.

Fitz took Clement into the library, and read him the solicitor's letter, which stated that the land attached to Acrefield Farm was not entailed; but had always been left by will from father to son. And it was now included in Fitz's inheritance, unless it had been previously, in some other way, disposed of.

"Which Roger says it was," Clement observed.

"Which I say it was not," said Fitz.

"Then what do you mean to do?"

"I shall request Roger to vacate the Farm, and then offer him a lease; if he complies, perhaps I shall let him have it rent free, but if he objects, I shall have him ejected as a trespasser."

"That would be very harsh," said Clement.

"It would be quite just and legal. I do not care a hang about the Farm, but I will stand upon my rights, and not allow my younger brother to get the upper hand of me."

"But if you turn Roger out of his Farm, what will become of him?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, Fitz, this is not brotherly or Christian-like."

"If Roger is such a confounded fool as to drive me to extremities, he must take the consequences."

"But, Fitz," said Clement, timidly, "may I not remind you of the many lessons you learnt from me when you were a boy? Do you remember the rule about forgiving our brothers until seventy times seven?"

"This is no question of forgiveness," was Fitz's reply; "it is a simple question of right. Let Roger send me what proofs he has of my Father's intention to give him the Farm, and then I will decide what my next step shall be."

Fitz twisted his moustache and looked very angry as he went out through the French casement on to the lawn, and Clement feared that his timid expostulation had done no good. Yet it had done some good; Fitz was a little softened, and not quite so determined to enforce his rights as he had been. But he expressed to Clement no intention of foregoing his claim, and the latter went very doubtfully to see Roger, and try what could be done on that side of the question.

The letters that Roger had spoken of were only ordinary notes; in them his Father sometimes referred to "the Farm I have given you," or "your Farm;" but Clement thought this a very insecure tenure of a large piece of land, and he said so to Roger, who replied that it ought to be quite enough for Fitz; his Father's evident intention ought to settle the matter.

"I am afraid it will not settle it," said Clement, looking through the little lattice window of the old farm-house parlour, over the hill-side of grass, and turnip, and corn-fields.

Roger had been very angry and passionate when Clement first came in, but he had now grown calmer, and Clement, who had trembled and felt faint at the beginning of the interview, which threatened to be unpleasant, now took courage and breathed more freely. Roger stood beside him at the open window.

"It is a nice place, Father Clement, though it is old-fashioned, and

only a little farm-house. And I have done a great deal to it. Do you see that low wall down there beyond the orchard? There are the piggeries on the other side of it. And as to the orchard itself, it is the finest in the country; I supplied my people with apples all the winter; and I made a good lot of money out of my cider. I make money out of my pigs, too; out of my poultry. I assure you I make my Farm pay very well, which is more than most gentlemen-farmers can say; but then, you see, I was brought up to it, and I have been at it, more or less, all my life. If you will wait till I get my hat, I will show you the stables and all the improvements I have made."

"I am rather tired," said Clement, doubtfully.

"I should like to show you," said Roger; and he looked so disappointed when Clement seemed disinclined to go out with him, that the latter replied instantly,

"I will go with you gladly."

Then Roger in his shooting-jacket and a large wide-awake hat took Clement all over the Farm; in and out of stables, brewhouses, poultry-yards, and piggeries; he showed him the orchard in which he had put down twenty-eight young pear-trees, the meadows which he had drained, and the barns where he thrashed by steam. And Roger talked so enthusiastically of all his improvements, that Clement said involuntarily, "It would be a pity if you were taken away from all these things you so thoroughly understand."

"It would be a crying shame," Roger exclaimed, "and a scandal to all the Cavanaghs."

"I will tell Fitz what I think," said Clement, "and try to bring him round to my opinion. And now do you mind if we go in again? the sun is very hot, and my brain seems scorching. I should like a glass of water."

Clement sat down quite overpowered when he got inside the house, and Roger brought him a glass of his best cider, which he drank eagerly.

"I ought not to have kept you out so long," said Roger, penitently; "I am very sorry."

"Never mind; I am easily knocked up. But I soon recover myself." And in about half an hour Clement set off to walk across the fields to High Oakfield. Roger went with him to the boundary of the Farm lands, and when they parted at the stile, he said:

"Father Clement, I hope you will not be any the worse for your walking to-day, and I hope you will soon come with good news for me. I cannot give up the Farm."

Under the blazing August sun Clement walked home; his way was across two or three open fields, and then he plunged into a cool dark wood, watered by the little rivulet of Oakfield. Clement sat down awhile beside the stream, which ran so slowly that its course was scarcely perceptible; and his mind went back through all the years that he had known this river—that is to say, through nearly the whole of his life—and he likened his own quiet uneventful days to the noiseless current which flowed at his feet. And the leap which the water made over its barrier before it grew calm again, he compared with one busy winter he had spent amid the turmoil and activity of London.

And then the old old simile was also in his mind, that as surely as the little stream was on its way to join the great river, and finally to fall into the wide sea, so surely our little lives are stealing onward to the ocean of eternity. And with a short prayer, such as his Church often offers for her departed members, he gave one affectionate sigh to the memory of the late owner of all this beautiful estate; and then he walked on again, cooler but very tired, to the house. Whether the cider made his eyes dizzy, or whether it was only fatigue, he did not know, but when he found himself in his own room he was very glad to lie down and rest.

But his repose of either body or mind was not of long duration, for the dinner-hour soon arrived, and he had to go down and sit at the foot of the table while Fitz sat at the head of it, his mother preferring a seat at the side, near the open window. And what little conversation there was, was sustained principally between Fitz and Clement, the ladies joining in occasionally; and as soon as his mother and sisters had left the room, Fitz turned to the Priest and said:

"You were over at Acrefield to-day."

"Yes, I was."

"And you saw Roger."

"Yes, and the letters."

"What do you think about the letters?"

"I think it was your Father's intention that Roger should have the Farm as his own property."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do indeed; and Roger has done so much to it, and his happiness seems to be so wrapped up in it, that I really think it would be very hard on him to take it from him now; especially as I am sure Mr. Cavanagh meant it to be his."

"Then you think I ought to make it a present to him?" and Fitz looked as if he thought Clement a very exacting tax-master.

"As your friend, and your Priest, I tell you I think you ought not to take the Farm from your brother."

"Well, see here, Clement. You know how much we all value you, and how highly we respect your opinion: I will tell you what I will do. I will let Roger have it on lease at a nominal rent—say 50*l.* a year, for twenty-one years, with option to purchase at any time for 1000*l.* Is not that fair enough?"

"I suppose it is," said Clement, in some doubt; "but I think it would be much more generous to give it to him."

"I cannot afford to be generous," said Fitz, biting his moustache; "if I were to be generous, I might be injuring endless generations of Cavanaghs yet to come. But you may make that proposition to Roger—50*l.* a year, or to purchase for 1000*l.* I suppose it is rather late for you to go there now?"

"It is late," replied Clement, "and I am very tired from my long walk to day. I will go the first thing in the morning."

"Take another glass of wine," said Fitz, pouring out a glass of port for Clement, and one of claret for himself. "And do you call it a long walk from here to Acrefield?" he said, as he and Clement crossed the hall to the drawing-room.

"I call it a long walk there and back in such hot weather," was Clement's answer, as he sat down in an arm-chair. But hot as the weather was, and long as the way was, he had to take the same walk next day; and this time he went through the village that he might call at the cottage of a poor old woman, and might also leave a volume of selections from the Fathers at the Rectory, to be of service to Mr. Fulword in a book which he was writing.

Clement had a fatiguing dusty walk, and when he reached the Farm he was told that Roger was out, but if he would wait no doubt the master would come in, as he could only be somewhere about the place. So Clement lay down on the sofa in the little parlour, and had more than an hour's calm sleep, which made him quite fresh and strong, and ready to talk to Roger when he came in.

At first Roger was very unwilling to accede to his brother's proposal, asserting his right to the possession of the Farm, but after some arguments from Clement, and some exhortations as to forbearance and brotherly love, he agreed that he would do as Fitz had suggested, and pay a nominal rent, with the option of buying for a nominal price. When Clement had succeeded in bringing Roger to this determination, he said he would return home and tell Fitz that matters were to be smooth again between the brothers: but Roger would not let him go until he had had luncheon and some wine; then Clement went back across the fields, and beside the stream. He walked slowly and leisurely, and now that his dread of a permanent quarrel between the brothers was over, his mind was at rest, and he felt stronger than he had done for a long time. "I really will take a holiday," he thought, "and run down to the sea-side for a month; I am sure I should be as well as ever if I had a good long course of salt breezes. As soon as Roger is in possession of the lease, and that affair is quite settled, I will ask for leave of absence, and be off either to Hastings or to Eastbourne."

Some time must elapse before the lease could be prepared; Fitz wrote to his solicitor, and meantime Roger dined occasionally at his brother's table. The household, which had been disordered by Mr. Cavanagh's death, now fell back into its old groove, and all things went on quietly. One or two intimate friends were admitted to see the family, and Clement thought that he might take his holiday, and leave the Cavanaghs with perfect ease of mind. But his holiday was not so near as he thought. The post one morning brought a letter from Norman, saying that he had a very bad cold, and was obliged to stay in doors and nurse himself, but he hoped to be well again in a few days.

"I hope he is not going to be ill," said Mrs. Cavanagh, "and he alone in lodgings."

"A cold is not much," said Lizzie.

"I have known you think a good deal of a cold," remarked Florence.

"My colds are so very bad," replied Lizzie.

"Poor Norman!" said his sister Mary, "I wish I were there to take care of him, and to keep him warm."

"Mary always wants to doctor and dose every one. But, seriously,"

Clement continued, "a cold need not make us uneasy about Norman; there does not appear to be any cause for anxiety."

Still Clement was a little uneasy, and Mrs. Cavanagh rather anxious, until they should hear again from Norman. The following day brought no letter from the boy, and the succeeding morning brought no letter from Norman, only one to Fitz from the lawyer, and one to Clement from Mr. Scott.

Fitz threw his letter and a parchment deed to Clement, saying, "Read that;" and Clement, reading it, was rejoiced to find that the parchment was a formal deed of gift, by which Fitz gave the Acrefield Farm to Roger and his heirs for ever.

"Oh, Fitz!" said Clement, with tears in his eyes, "this is generous, this is noble!"

"I have vindicated my right," said Fitz, "and now I can afford to be generous."

"What is it?" said Mrs. Cavanagh; "may I see? Oh—a lease or something."

"It is a deed," explained Clement, "by which Fitz gives Acrefield Farm to his brother Roger."

"Why, was that necessary? I thought, I understood, that his poor Father gave the Farm to Roger a long time ago."

"It is always safer to have these things properly done by a lawyer; Fitz might have disputed it if he had liked to do so."

"It is all right now," said Fitz.

"I am very glad," replied his mother, "that Roger should have the Farm. There is still plenty for you, dear Fitz, and indeed for you all."

Thus Mrs. Cavanagh never knew that there had been a dispute between her sons, nor the trouble that Clement had had in arranging matters between them. And Clement now had a fresh trouble coming on him. The letter from Mr. Scott was about Norman, who was much more ill than he had been: Mr. Scott was attending him, and his illness proved to be typhoid fever.

"Don't alarm Mrs. Cavanagh," wrote Mortimer Scott; "it will, I expect, be a mild attack, and Norman will probably soon get over it; still we need not frighten his mother needlessly. I will see that everything necessary is done; his landlady is nursing him, and if any one comes up it had better be yourself; I will not hear of Mrs. Cavanagh or the girls coming. There is, of course, great fear of infection, and it would never do for a timid woman to come here and catch the fever, and be laid up too. But if you are not afraid of it you may come: I do not suppose you would catch it; and besides, the health of an unmarried man is not so valuable as that of a mother of a family. And you would also be more useful."

Clement was at first undecided whether he would show this letter to Mrs. Cavanagh, but at length he did so.

"Surely I ought to go to my poor boy!" she exclaimed.

Then Clement represented more fully than Mr. Scott had done the difficulties and inconveniences that would attend Mrs. Cavanagh's presence in Norman's sick-room; and at last, half convinced by his arguments, she said:

"Well, then, Clement, as you insist upon it, you shall go, but if the poor boy becomes at all worse, promise me that you will telegraph to me without delay."

Clement promised, and prepared for his journey; he had to drive twelve miles to the nearest station, and then he took the train to London. As he went on his journey, he thought several times of how he had gone some two years ago to Oxford, to see Mrs. Cavanagh's eldest son, Charles, of whom bad reports had come to High Oakfield. Clement had then taken a sudden and hurried journey, and had found Charley ill and unfortunately circumstanced in every way; the young Priest nursed him, and when he was strong enough to be moved, the eldest son of the Cavanaghs was taken home to die. Clement could not help feeling some fear lest his present journey should have as unhappy an ending as his previous one; but he reflected that God's Providence very seldom repeats itself, and it was not likely that Norman's illness would in any way resemble poor Charley's. Still Clement could not tell how ill he might find Norman.

He was somewhat reassured, when he arrived at Norman's lodgings, by hearing from the servant who opened the door that "Master Cavanagh was no worse." Clement thought that probably "no worse" was, in point of fact, "somewhat better." He said so to the servant, who answered, "I'm sure I don't know, sir; but Mr. Scott will be here about nine o'clock."

It was now just seven; and Clement had eaten nothing since twelve. "Won't you take something, sir?" asked the little maid; "a cup of tea, or something?"

"Thank you, I will take a cup of tea: where is your mistress?"

"Mrs. Bollers is with Master Norman," replied the girl, as she showed Clement into a parlour, and went away to make him some tea.

Presently Mrs. Bollers came down; she was very stout, and rubicund in face, but lugubrious in manner and speech, so that her appearance and conversation formed an absurd contrast.

"Your servant tells me that Mr. Cavanagh is no worse," Clement began.

"Perhaps no worse, but, alas! no better."

"If he is no worse, I hope he will soon be much better."

"Hopes are very misleading, sir; it is no use to trust to hopes. I hoped my poor dear Bobby would get well of his consumption, and I kept on hoping ever until he died, and since then I have no hopes about anything."

"There I shall not agree with you, Mrs. Bollers; I always hope for all good things, and I mean to go on hoping all my life, until my hopes come to reality in Heaven."

"As for Heaven," said Mrs. Bollers, "what has a vile worm like me got to do with Heaven? Of course I am a Christian, and I know about Who has gained Heaven for us; but if ever I get there I shall crawl in on my hands and knees, all of a shiver, and frightened out of my wits; I shall not go there like some people will, with smiles on their faces, and hopes in their hearts. No, I know my place better than to keep up hopes in my wicked heart."

"Your case is not altogether singular," said Clement, sadly, though



amused; "but I must argue it out with you another time, I now want to see Mr. Cavanagh."

"He's asleep just now, but you shall go up as soon as he wakens. What name shall I tell him?"

"Say Father Clement is come to see him."

"Very well, sir; not that he'll understand if I do tell him, poor boy."

"Is he then delirious?"

"He is light-headed some times: most generally he is pretty sensible when he wakens out of his sleep, though, you know, we cannot expect him to be so this time."

Mrs. Bollers rubbed her eyes with her handkerchief, and then, turning again to Clement, she said, "My girl Patty will bring you some tea, and you must excuse its being very bad and the toast burnt, for we can't expect Patty to do anything fit to eat."

However, when the tea and toast came, they both were very good, and Clement quite gained little Patty's heart by complimenting her on her skill.

"Lor!" she said, staring at him, "do you think they're good? Missus always blows me up for spoiling things so that they ain't fit for a body to eat."

"They are quite good enough for me," said Clement, cheerfully, "so you need not despair. You will be a first-rate cook one of these days."

The little maid felt the charm of manner and tone which always fell like enchantment on strangers when Clement addressed them: the charm must have been a very simple one, probably only the spell of entire unselfishness and real interest in the welfare of his fellow-creatures. And though his mind was now so occupied with anxiety about Norman, he found a few kind words with which to cheer the little maid-of-all-work.

In the course of the evening Clement was taken to Norman's room; the boy had just awakened, and was quite sensible; he was very glad to see Clement, and begged him not to leave him; and Clement promised that he would remain with him until he was well again. Mrs. Bollers, outside the door, added a parenthesis ("or until it is all over, poor child!").

Then Norman asked for news from home, and Clement told him as quietly and simply as possible; but, notwithstanding every caution, the poor boy became excited, and Clement saw that he was rapidly growing delirious. Mrs. Bollers came in with some medicine, which Norman at first refused to take, but at length he was persuaded by Clement to take it, and soon afterwards he dropped into a doze, and Clement sat beside him hardly daring to breathe.

At nine o'clock Mr. Scott paid his visit, and while he was in the room Norman again became delirious, and Scott looked very grave. He left Mrs. Bollers in charge of Norman, and took Clement out of the room.

"You think this is serious?" said Clement.

"I do indeed; I am afraid he will be very ill to-night. If he is not better by the morning, we must telegraph for his mother. I think there will be a crisis to-night."

"But he will get over it?"

"I think he will get over it. If he grows any worse, send for me at any hour; and in any case I will look in the first thing in the morning. Mrs. Bollers, I dare say, will sit up with him."

"I shall sit up with him," said Clement.

"Will you? I think you had better not; you do not look at all strong yourself."

"I shall sit up," said Clement again; "and, Mr. Scott, how is Ellen?"

"She is better, thank you. She has gone down to Hastings with Mr. and Mrs. Mulleyns, and if Norman goes on well I intend to run down there on Saturday for a few days."

Mortimer Scott left the house quietly, after giving Clement all sorts of directions for the night; and when he was gone, Clement insisted that Mrs. Bollers and her little servant should go to bed and leave him alone with the patient.

"But you will be sure to call me if you want me, sir. I doubt if the poor lamb will get through the night;" and Mrs. Bollers, with pathetic groans and pantings, which resulted from her endeavours to go up-stairs without making the boards creak, was at once touching and laughable in her sympathy and her obesity.

The night passed more quickly than Clement had expected; the early part of it Norman was noisy, and talked wildly, so that once or twice Clement thought he must call the landlady; but, as each fit of delirium became shorter and less violent, he was very hopeful, and when the morning sun, bright even in London, and the sweet fresh air, sweet and fresh even in London, came in at the window, which was a little open, the invalid grew calmer, and gently fell asleep; and his nurse dropped his head on the arm of a sofa, and fell asleep also.

The sun shone full on the little street, and would have peered anxiously in at the window of Norman's room had not the blind, once white, now brown with age and smoke, been drawn down. Once or twice Mrs. Bollers peered in cautiously, but seeing that Norman was asleep, and that Father Clement's head was on the sofa, and that therefore he too must be asleep, she each time retired without making any noise, and informed Patty that "Master Cavanagh, bless him! was sound asleep like a babe; but there was such a thing as too much sleep, and she did not quite like his being so drowsy."

But little Patty replied that "a body mostly gets better when they has plenty of sleep;" and, encouraged by Clement's praise of the last evening's meal, she set about preparing a breakfast for him. It was nearly ten o'clock before Norman moved, and the first stir he made awakened Clement, who sprang from his uncomfortable position on the horsehair sofa, and in a moment stood beside the boy with a hopeful heart.

"I am better," said Norman.

"Yes, my dear, I am sure you are. You must have had some refreshing sleep."

"And I am thirsty now. I had such curious thoughts yesterday. I suppose they were only fancies. I am all right now."

"You must take this medicine"—and Clement gave him his dose—"and now I will get you some breakfast."

As Clement opened the door, Mrs. Bollers came puffing up the stairs. "The poor dear young gentleman!" she said, catching her breath and leaning against the wall; "I hope it is not a bad sign his sleeping so long."

"Oh no," Clement answered; "he is very much better. Will you please send up some coffee and a slice of dry toast for Mr. Cavanagh?"

"I will bring it up, sir."

"Send it up by Patty," said Clement, seeing what hard work it was for her to mount the staircase.

"No, sir; not on no account. Do you think I will send that poor orphan child into danger and all sorts of horrors?"

"Dangers? horrors?"

"Yes, sir, certain sure to come over her and knock her down like."

"Mrs. Bollers, I do not understand you."

"You may run the risk, sir, being a single man, if you will allow me to say so, and I may run the risk, being a widow these eighteen years; but as for Patty, she shall not come in among the fever, which she would be sure to catch it and die on my hands. There, sir!"

A new light dawned on Clement. "I never thought about infection," said he.

"I have thought of it, then," replied Mrs. Bollers, with the dignity of a superior intellect. "I have thought of it over and over again, and I don't mind for myself; and Mr. Scott don't mind, being a doctor; and you don't mind it, being a Priest; but for Patty I should mind it; and I shan't go into Mr. Cavanagh's room no more for the present, and don't you come out of it, I charge you, and don't speak to Patty, I request."

Clement was astonished at Mrs. Bollers's sudden accession of caution, but he could not say that she was wrong, though the idea of danger from infection had not crossed his mind until she suggested it; but knowing her to be in the right, he submitted to her commands, and neither spoke to Patty or went about the house until the day when he took Norman home to High Oakfield. Mr. Scott, when he saw the patient, pronounced him wonderfully better, and on the high road to convalescence.

"I shall be able," he said, "to go down to Hastings on Saturday without any uneasiness, and you may write to his mother to expect you home very shortly."

Clement did write this to Mrs. Cavanagh, and in return she sent him a letter full of the warmest thanks for his care of her boy. But he still required a good deal of care, which he certainly received from Clement, who on his side ought also to have been well cared for. He felt the hot weather in London very much, and the waiting on Norman, who was capricious, as most invalids are, was very trying. And when some clerical friends at Southwark heard that he was in town, they came to Mrs. Bollers's house and insisted on seeing Father Clement. As he would not bring them into the house, he was obliged to walk up and down the street with them, and they did not leave him until they had made him promise to preach next day at the French Chapel in King-street. Now Clement, during his stay on the Continent im-

mediately after his ordination, had learned French thoroughly, and was able at that time to preach in French as fluently as in English; but it was now a long time since he had spoken any language but his own, and he feared that he should break down if he attempted a sermon in a foreign tongue. His friends assured him that his ideas and words would all flow together, and that his eloquence would greatly aid the cause for which he was to plead; their entreaties overcame his scruples, and after some time he consented. But he sat up the greater part of the night trying to collect his thoughts and recal his knowledge of French, and he began to think that it was the insanest undertaking any man, not in a lunatic asylum, ever embarked in.

"I know I shall break down, and make a horrible fool of myself," he said to Norman; "however, I am in for it now."

"Oh, you will do," said Norman, cheerily. "I shall be thinking of you."

"And praying for me," said Clement. "See here, Norman; here are your books; do you think you can be happy without me for two or three hours? If you want anything, you must ring the bell, and Mrs. Bollers really must attend to you."

"I shall not want anything," said Norman; "and I hope you will make a sensation, and draw the guineas out of the people's pockets, though there are not many people in town just now with any pockets to speak of."

Clement went into the pulpit, trusting that the message entrusted to him would not be injured by the weakness of the messenger; and it seemed to him that utterance was given in some miraculous manner, for after the first few hesitating sentences, he found his former knowledge of the language return in a wonderful way, and he knew that his words were as fluent and as glowing as ever they were in his English sermons. It was with a touch of secret satisfaction that he left the pulpit after his sermon, and at the conclusion of the service a sudden flood of pride came over him; he began to think that he had done well in his Master's cause, and that he must indeed be a very gifted man; and the admiring thanks of his brother Priests added to his self-complacency. It was only when he came near Norman's lodgings that the spirit of humility began to return, and he stood still a moment on the pavement in horror of his absurd vanity and ridiculous pride. What had religion done for him, when he, an unprofitable servant, dared to take honour to himself? The deep abasement of heart that followed his sin would have seemed unnecessary, overstrained, morbid, to any more worldly mind; but Clement was exalted to such a height of fervour and of self-denial that any fall was to him immense. It is ever thus; the greater the Saint, the greater the Sin.

Norman noticed in Clement's manner a peculiarly subdued tone, and a look in the deep dark eyes as if they were turned from the world and were striving to look into the depths of the dark heart which beat tumultuously below them; but Norman did not know the presumptuous sin and the secret penance in his friend's inmost soul; he only saw the body apparently weak and ailing, and he said that Clement must return to High Oakfield or he would be ill next.

"I think we may very soon go," replied Clement; "you will be able to travel, and now that your appetite has returned, I do not think

there is much to fear for you. You may now write to your mother yourself." Hitherto Clement had written every day to Mrs. Cavanagh.

Mr. Scott agreed with Clement that Norman would be better in the country; and he added, "You will also be better in the country."

"I do not think I am well," replied Clement; "I seem to have got a heavy cold; I fancy my throat and chest are sore."

"Take care of yourself," Mr. Scott said, "and go home now as soon as you can."

Clement did not need to be urged to go home; he made all the arrangements for taking Norman back to M—— as soon and as easily as possible. He urged on Mrs. Bollers that she must have the sick-room fresh papered and painted, the bedding cleaned, and everything thoroughly purified.

"Of course, sir," the landlady replied, a little offended; "I should hope I know how to take precautions. I only wish," she continued, more kindly, "that you would take as good care of yourself as I should take of you if you were my son."

Clement smiled: "I shall do very well: so good-bye, Mrs. Bollers."

As Clement and Norman drove off, she said with a sigh: "Poor dear Father Clement! I am sure he is not long for this world;" and Patty answered, "I dare say he will do very well in Heaven, because I suppose things do not go wrong up there, and there's no toast to burn, or teacups to smash, or sermons to be got ready."

And so Patty gave in to Mrs. Bollers's view of Clement's health, that he would not long be fighting among the waves of this troublesome world.

Out of some of its most frothy and most exhausting waves Clement went now into the calm haven of home; his careful watch over Norman was soon at an end, and the boy's mother was allowed to wait on him. It was thought that the fear of infection was over; but it was also thought that Clement had not passed scathless through that dangerous infection. His health, injured by overwork and mental pain, gave way, and he had not been many days at High Oakfield before typhus fever appeared in him in a far more severe form than it had done in Norman's case. There came a morning when Clement was unable to get up: Dr. Smith and Mr. Halling both came to see him; they agreed that he was very ill. Then he knew not what happened to him, for he went into the wildest delirium, and alarmed all who came near his room. Mr. Halling said to Mrs. Cavanagh that she must have a nurse for him.

"Oh no!" said Mrs. Cavanagh, with tears, "I will not give him up to a strange nurse. He has been tutor, nurse, friend, guardian, to my boys, and I look on him as one of my own sons. I shall nurse him myself as long as I am able."

"But has he no relations," said Mr. Halling, "who will come and help you?"

"He has only a nephew within reach; a young lad now at Maynooth. But he would be of no use. Clement's sister is a nun, but I do not know where she is at present."

Clement could not have been in kinder hands: Mrs. Cavanagh, and

the housekeeper, Mrs. Fuller, devoted themselves to him, and while he was light-headed they had no easy task. Fitz and Roger constantly came to the door of his room, sometimes bringing fruit to try and tempt his appetite. As for Norman, who was not yet strong himself, he was inconsolable, and could not conceal his grief: the girls went about the house silently and sadly. From the first announcement of Clement's illness it seemed that all the household felt as by a presentiment that it would be a fatal illness. No one ever spoke of the possibility of his recovering.

But the end was not just yet. The delirium passed over, and Clement was again in his calm senses—calm with the quietude of exhaustion, and calm with the anticipation of what he knew was coming. He felt, he had felt for some time, that his death was not far distant; he had often thought, during the last year or two, that if he could have perfect rest and quiet, he might grow strong; but there was always something to be done for the Cavanaghs, and rest and quiet were never within his reach: and now, even when the violence of the fever went off, he felt that his constitution, naturally delicate, and lately over-worked, would give way altogether, and the weary body would drop away from the upspringing soul. Still some days—nearly three weeks—of painless exhaustion, and calm waiting, were left to Clement, and, as was his wont, he made use of these days. From his death-bed he spoke to all whom he loved; he gave such tender words of advice, such lovely words of consolation, such glowing words of faith and hope, that all his friends who drew near his couch learnt as useful lessons from his death as they had ever learnt from his life.

He spoke to Fitzgerald and Roger as a young man to young men, as an elder brother to younger brothers; he spoke to Norman as a wise and affectionate father might speak; to the girls he was a Priest of sympathies as gentle, and a life as pure as theirs; while to Mrs. Cavanagh he was as an eldest son, yet at the same time a guardian, a consoler, and a counsellor as he had been to her nearly all his lifetime. But the end now drew very near; it was close upon the September Ember Days, and it was in the same Ember Days some years before that Clement had been ordained; and he liked the thoughts of dying just at this time.

"When I became a Priest," he said, in a low, weak voice, "I turned my back on the world, and put away worldly vanities from me. I know how often I have looked back regretfully on such worldly vanities, and how often I have found myself wishing for the things which I renounced; but worse than this I was saved from by Divine mercy, and now that I am on the verge of the next world, I believe, I trust—oh with what entire trustfulness!—that the mercy which has helped me all through life will help me in my death, and give me the promised peace on the other side of the grave. Not for my own prayers, not for my own endeavours—ah no!—!" And a sudden faintness came over him, and he lay stupified for more than an hour.

This sort of scene was of constant recurrence; they would raise him, fan him, revive him, give him wine or brandy, and so bring him back to life again, and a very sweet smile would shine on his thin, drawn features, as he would say, gently, "Thank you!" and then he

would try to take the food offered to him, but one spoonful of anything solid was as much as he could swallow, and day by day he grew weaker, hour by hour he went swiftly down into the dark valley.

His nephew came from Maynooth to see this uncle whom he revered as a dying Saint; it was two days before Father Clement's death, and he said to the boy, "You see I am very near the curtain that hides the other world. I think I have often peeped through chinks of it, and I used to feel impatient that I could not see farther. But now I know that only a few hours hinder me from passing it, and I can wait patiently until the moment arrives. And yet, my dear boy, this is a solemn hour; it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

"Not for you, Father, not for you. You have led a saintly life; if any one might hope with certainty, it would be you."

"Let no one deceive himself with that false hope," said Clement; "the light which streams from above falls now on my life, and I see every spot of sin, and every dark place of evil passion. If I had only my own good deeds to rest on I might fling myself into the nethermost Hell. Confessions—Sacraments—Prayers—what are they? Pledges—yes, pledges—but who gave—the pledge?" And he fell back so perfectly white and lifeless that his nephew cried out that he was gone.

But he revived again a little, for he was young—not much over thirty—and the little life that was in him was tenacious, and clung to its earthly tenement. There was yet another sad dreary day; Clement lay in an almost unconscious state until the autumn sunset shone in at his window, and Mrs. Cavanagh touched the blind to shut out the glare. But the dying man made a motion with his hand that she should not do so; he raised his head a little and gazed steadily out of the window; there was the long smooth lawn, bordered with shrubs and flowers, beyond was the low wall, and again, beyond that, a babbling stream and uplands of green park, and knots and knolls of thick dark trees; over all hung the golden haze and the rosy clouds of a calm rich evening in September.

When Clement had looked at it all for some minutes he sank down on his pillow, and neither looked again, nor spoke any more words on this earth. They sent for Canon Foley, who had been with him every day hitherto, and the last rite of the Roman Church, extreme unction, was administered to the dying Priest: they crossed his hands on his breast, for he had no power to do it himself, and his nephew placed a crucifix in them. So he lay through the night; his nephew, Canon Foley, Father Dolan, Mrs. Cavanagh, and Norman, watching beside him. They were all very tired with their night watches, and they sat in silence, musing and praying, and thinking of the beautiful life which was now slowly dying out, and wondering if their own deathbeds would be as peaceful, as hopeful, as blessed, as this.

The sun shone, the birds sang, the petals of the flowers opened, all the bright green things upon the earth praised and magnified the Lord; the day was begun, the continual hymn of praise from Nature and from faithful hearts was sounding sweetly on that lovely Sunday morning, and Father Clement was dead.

## A GLANCE AT NEW YORK.

BY JOHN ESTAGEL.

I HAD never felt inclined to cross the Atlantic westward. But, interest prompting me, I arranged last year for a visit to the North American continent.

In my course of preparation one untoward fact presented itself, namely, the impossibility of procuring in London practical information concerning America. A tour through Europe is plain sailing now-a-days, with Murray tucked under our arm, and our expenditure pre-calculated to a sou. A voyage to Australia, or to India, or even to Canada, neighbour as it is to the United States, entails no preliminary difficulty: for London abounds in offices and agencies, which are only too happy to enlist you, and to post you in every item of real interest. But when you want to go to "the States," it is just the reverse. No American information-office exists in London. American newspapers are rare in the City, and but irregularly taken. Guide-books are not obtainable, for they have yet to be written: so that, in searching for knowledge of general reference to the country, you find yourself driven back to such a primitive book as "Dickens's Notes," to "Trollope's Tour," or to some still more elaborate publication. Mr. Trollope is well enough in his way: and, as his mamma was the precursor of Murray in Europe, so may a Murray eventually follow in her worthy son's wake in America. But, at this present, the English gentleman about to adventure into "the States" must content himself with Appleton's Railway Guide, which Mr. Trübner, the American bookseller in Paternoster-row, assured me, contains the sum total procurable in London of book-information practically useful to an American-bound traveller. One naturally considers how all this is. To be sure, Murray, quâ Murray, could hardly live in a land the historical reminiscences of which date back little over a century, where educated travellers count few and far between, and where the landmarks of daily life must of necessity be ever changing. But the same, nay more, can be said of Australasia, which has, nevertheless, if not a Murray, at least guide-books and hand-books in plenty. The inference therefore forces itself, that, our vast commercial stakes notwithstanding, the fellowship of ideas and of interests is so slight between the two peoples, and the want of sympathy so repellent on the American side, as to have reduced our mutual amenities to the lowest possible standard. Individually, the effect was to start me westward, with most accurate notions as to the arrival and departure of the "cars," but, beyond the history and geography of one's boyhood, and the political education of one's manhood, rather hazy as to what might be otherwise expected on reaching America. I design, in the following pages, to advance the reader somewhat nearer to that knowledge, which, last year, I found unobtainable in London.\*

\* Messrs. Bacon and Co. published, in the month of August last, a "Descriptive Handbook of America." I have not seen it.



I sailed in the *Saxonia*, a large vessel of three thousand tons burden, belonging to the Hamburg and New York Ocean Steamship Company, and which calls regularly at Southampton. I suppose, precedence must be given to the Cunard line. But lower fares, together with the easy reach of Southampton from London, constitute a material difference. For my part, I should never desire accommodation superior to that provided by the German-American steamers, nor a better ship than the *Saxonia*. We were upwards of eight hundred on board, of whom about thirty were first class, and there was ample room, air, and even luxury for every one. Our berths, which were cleanliness itself, were ranged on either side of a long and wide saloon, furnished with every comfort. The food might be presumed sauer-krautish and ungrateful to an English palate, and the waiting to have been Teutonic in its roughness. But, in fact, our table could not have been more delicately served, nor our wants more carefully attended to.

Fair weather graced the passage. Yet, once clear of the Channel, the sea was incomparably heavier than any part of the ocean I had hitherto traversed, the Bay of Biscay excepted: and I know the Atlantic ocean pretty well, from north to south. The *Saxonia* behaved splendidly. In a smaller ship there might not have been less safety, but assuredly there would have been more sickness. Still, for all the pluck of so noble a sea-horse, and despite its skill in carrying us over the wave-tops, I was a prisoner in my berth for the first few days. A prisoner in one's berth in the midst of the Atlantic. What misery the idea conjures up! I cannot think what Dr. Johnson was about when he had nothing worse to say of a ship than that it was a prison with the chance of being drowned. Physically, the circumstances of sea-sickness are not unlike what tossing in a blanket must be, supposing it immediately to succeed a matutinal dose of castor-oil and turpentine. Morally, what I recollect is the entire abandonment, as I lay prone on my back, of every terrestrial hope and pleasure. Gladly would I have paid forfeit of both passage and passage-money on condition of being put ashore somewhere, even on the Scilly Isles, under the paternal ægis of Augustus Smith, Esquire. From my berth, too, I could distinguish certain utterly objectionable personages, drinking and smoking, eating and chatting gaily, as though nothing were the matter, whom to see or hear was to hate, and who, every now and again, would heap insult upon injury, by thrusting their provoking heads into the cabins of us melancholy wretches, persuasively urging that the boisterous sea was as smooth as a pond, and that we ought to try our sea-legs. Horrible mockery! Despair might perhaps have got the mastery, had not the sea one day moderated, when, our vessel steadying, life ceased to be burdensome, and slowly the idea re-entered one's mind of an interest in the dinner-table possibly reviving. After which came the wonder how one could ever have been so foolish as to feel sick. But let those who doubt the effect try the cause.

The small number of ships one meets in open sea is extraordinary. I think we sighted some half-dozen at most. Few things realise so forcibly the breadth of the ocean-track, for there must ever be hundreds upon it, outward and homeward-bound. Off the American coast, pilot-boats come into play. There is no need to seek them. Three to four hundred are constantly on the alert, some of which may be met with six or seven

hundred miles from land. And remarkably fine boats they are, clipper-rigged schooners chiefly, their number conspicuous on the white mainsail, with the Stars and Stripes aft. Pilot aboard, the voyage had virtually ended; and, on the evening of the tenth day, we saw the loom of the land of Long Island. Ten days and five hours had transported us from England to America, and brought to a close the quickest voyage hitherto recorded from Southampton to New York.

The immediate approach to New York is peculiar. You neither sail up an arm of the sea, and then up a river, as at Liverpool, nor do you come abruptly on the port, as at Naples and Capetown. What you do is, first to hug the land to starboard, till Sandy Hook is made on the port side, from which point vessels are navigated with caution to the entrance of the Lower Bay of New York, known as the Narrows, whence the course lies due north in land-locked waters, the whole forming an approach to the "Empire City" along a sea-road of surpassing loveliness. The Bay of New York is deservedly elated, for its joyous beauty, with Naples, Rio de Janeiro, the Dardanelles, and the Straits of Messina. The morning was brilliant, as a spring morning in America knows how to be; and the heights of Staten Island, terraced and clustered over with villas, amid tastefully laid-out gardens, looked green and pleasurable, whilst the opposite shore of Long Island, richly cultured, and terminating in Brooklyn, seemed to foreshow, by the busy commerce hovering about it, something of the vast emporium we were nearing. Farther up, on the right, are discernible the long red lines and tall spires of New York itself; and, beyond it, the grand old Hudson river, famous for its scenery, and even here disclosing its mountain-ranges and gorges. The city is water-locked on three sides. Hence the marvellous aptitude it possesses for commercial enterprise; and hence the bustling rush to and fro of countless steam-ferries, which, to judge from their mad haste and the hoarse roar they emit, would appear to be either in a dire passion with everybody, or else intent upon ten times the work of their European fellows—probably a mixture of both. The arrangement and equipment of these ferry-boats I afterwards found to be one of the best things in America. But, viewed from afar, they certainly seemed an apt exponent of Yankee characteristics. Doubtless, both steam-ferries and those who work them accomplish wonders. But, our quarrel is with the form and accidents of the working, not with the substance of the work itself.

English eyes, accustomed to Liverpool, will here miss its six miles of massive dockyard masonry, particularly as the locality is one that distinctly invokes such assistance. But New York has not yet seen its best days. It may, therefore, be reasonably hoped that the miserable wharves now doing duty for docks will, ere many years, consolidate themselves into stone. That plan once executed, a more imposing encinte to a city will not be found in the world: for New York boasts, what neither London nor Liverpool can boast, a wide river in front, together with watery adjuncts along its sides, the absence of which in convenient juxtaposition prevents our splendid array of docks from being seen to due advantage. I was disappointed in the amount of shipping. Whether the season had not rightly begun, whether the great expanse of water caused the ships to look fewer, or whether the

shipping really was less, the trading-vessels in New York harbour did not appear to me to number above one-third of what I have often seen at anchor at Liverpool, and not half of what one may see any day in the Thames. Our Yankee seers on board the *Saxonia* vaunted that New York was the destined centre of the world. The boast may come to pass. Only, forming an opinion from the aspect of the port, an impartial observer would incline to post-date that millennium at least by a hundred years. In sober truth, the neglected state of New York harbour is fully accounted for by the absence in America of what we in England call public spirit. The country is new in all senses, so that there can be no accumulation from past funding. It is also over-taxed, for both present and future. Every man builds his own house, or his palace, if he can: but no man puts a stone to a building which, by long-headed reckoning, he has not made sure will redound to his individual profit. And, as it is not American to be either helped or compelled by government, a natural result follows in the almost total annihilation of that kind of public spirit which finds its vent in building. Such evils cure themselves, no doubt, with time: so there is the hope, indeed the certainty, of future splendour for New York harbour. Meanwhile, where a people is so free that each person counts as himself only, and not as a part of the general community, the consequences are dreary and sad, if one looks no further than New York seen from the Hudson. Before landing even, we had a sample of the pitiable jealousies and squabbling which are an every-day product of the American constitution, in spite of its many merits. I was amazed to hear, that, though bound for New York direct, we were not to land there, but at Hoboken. This being explained, meant that the State of New York had conceded the monopoly of landing passengers on its territory to the Cunard line. I remember a state of things somewhat analogous under the Bourbons, when only Neapolitan steamers were allowed to transmit passengers from Sicilian ports to Naples. Now-a-days, not a power is extant in Europe but would blush to sell such favours. Imagine the paradox, in the country of conventional liberty and unrestraint. New Jersey, which owns the other bank of the Hudson, being an independent and consequently rival State, adopts the opposite course, and grants free leave to every conceivable steam-packet company to land passengers at Hoboken, or anywhere they choose within the limit of its state-boundary. There is no country on the face of the globe where the ideas of an exploded economy still hold such sway, where such inconsistencies and such wholesale peculations still rule the day, as within these very free States of North America.

At Hoboken, our trunks were tumbled from the steamer, and bundled through the custom-house, after a fashion that sore tried their stability, though likewise demonstrating the high repute, in which the makers of them must stand among the Yankees. No American trunk could have possibly survived the treatment five minutes.

Having touched earth at Hoboken, one is hurried across to New York by steam-ferry.

Astor House was my first experience of an American hotel. There are hotels in New York which look better outside, and where you fare better inside. Travelling through the interior also—as, for example, at

St. Alban's, Vermont—I have come upon hotels kept by civilised beings, who understand the courtesies of life. But those hotels form the exceptions. Astor House may be taken as a fair average specimen. The experiences I gathered during my stay in it, are therefore worth re-counting.

Ascending Barclay-street from the river, you debouch upon the lower end of Broadway. Nearly facing you stands the City Hall, an extensive pile of white marble, in well-meant architecture, the effect of which is neutralised, however, by the most slatternly apology for a park fronting it that ever disgraced a town. When your eyes have begun to blink from the glare of the marble, bring your left shoulder forward, wheeling round half to the right, and you will find yourself opposite to Astor House. Let a long four-storied edifice of granite be imagined, as plain as Quakerism, and about as attractive as Pentonville Prison, and the externals of Astor House will have been pretty accurately taken. The entrance is up a flight of steps, under a portico of ugly Ionic columns, absurdly crowned by Corinthian capitals. The condition of these steps, in respect of tobacco-juice and all manner of filthiness, is well-nigh indescribable. As the Augean task undertaken diurnally were light, compared to a contract for keeping them clean from day to day, their condition can be no fault of the hotel-keeper. Inside, you mount by more steps to the lowest floor. Here, at least, must reign some little order and propriety. But the first thing that meets the astonished gaze of the English traveller is a couple of dozen, more or less, of queer-looking fellows distributed in attitudes about the hall. They are non-descripts, in so far that, from a European point of view, it is extremely hard to determine, from their appearance and doings, what particular class of society they belong to. For all that, they may be American gentlemen. I can see them now, dressed in the inevitable mourning costume of the States, with insanely high hats, almost as broad as high, half-seated on rocking-chairs, which are so poised as to facilitate the practice of the extension-motions leg-ways on the top of the marble banisters, a few dozing, some surlily perusing the papers, others talking loud through their noses, and every one expectorating to the best of his ability. This was at mid-day: but, subsequently, I went by at all hours, and the scene in the hall varied but little. In the rear, sat a row of Hibernian porters, whose pride it was to answer questions with their hats on, without rising, and laconically, as though civil words were so scarce they couldn't spare any. To the right, is what we should call the bar of the hotel, but what they call "the office," an enclosed space with a counter, where you leave your room-key, and get such information as republican institutions admit of imparting. At one extremity of this floor are two or three apartments, furnished decently enough, for ladies; and at the other, some rough rooms for male reading, their walls pendant with every diversity of American newspaper, or rather, with every similitude of them, there being no perceptible difference in the get-up of one American paper from another. A larger room at the end of the passage pretends to more, in the shape of a sordid carpet and a set of uncouth rush-bottomed arm-chairs.

Let me give an idea of the normal state of society in this the chief of the men's public rooms. In the centre of the apartment stands a large

circular table, of the sort one might purchase at a fourth-rate shop in Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn. Around the window side of it, four natives have ensconced themselves. Two are engaged in an exciting debate, a formidable spittoon occupying the neutral ground beside them; the third is paring a tobacco-plug, preparatory to its mastication; the fourth is taking an afternoon nap, with his hat over his eyes. All four have stuck their highlows up on the table in front. While quietly observing them with the curiosity of a stranger, suddenly I become aware of an armistice between the belligerents, followed by sounds unmistakably salival over the neutral ground, their excited ardour perhaps requiring the extinguishing element. Upon this, the plug-cutter, quickly depositing his quid, evidently considers the opportunity a favourable one for fire-brigade practice, and forthwith proceeds to squirt brown cataracts in a very dexterous manner right over the table on to the hearth-rug. But neither is number four to be outdone. Gushes so congenial have re-awakened his energies. So he tosses back his hat, draws in his legs, stands up, yawns, stretches, and jerks his arms akimbo. Soon I hear a harsh grating noise, such as rolling-stones produce on gravel, only with more volume in it. Having primed his piece, he lets fly, with the air and action of a man who means to show how the thing can, and should be, done. Being inquisitive, I watch. He has made the table and hearth-rug, but fallen short of the grate. He tries again, but merely hits the ash-pan. "This is a shame," he seems to say to himself, "and before a Britisher, too!" What will be thought of republican principles, if contempt of good manners be asserted no better than that? He therefore pipes all hands, so to speak, for a mighty effort. More defiant posturing, more noise *de profundis*, affairs sound threatening, when off it goes, clearing table, hearth-rug, fender, grate, and slap into the recesses of the wall; whereupon the hero reseats himself, with a triumphant expression of face, such as his adopted ancestors may have worn when they signed the Declaration of Independence. He had a duty to perform, and his conscience had been eased by performing it. I look around me to notice the effect: but, of many present, I seem to be the only one entertaining the faintest suspicion as to the nonconformity of the feat in question to the habits of civilisation. By-and-by I saw that all ambitioned similar distinction. Nearly all were adepts, though my first hero certainly bore away the palm, for unlimited supply of ammunition, for unerring accuracy of aim, and for unflinching constancy in keeping it up. Day after day, there he was at it, regularly: and, if I were to take passage for New York to-morrow, I should not be surprised to find my hero at it still. I remember how, on entering that room, I generally used to find an avoidance of the space between the table and grate a necessary rule, under pain of having one's clothes prematurely made one in colour with the "autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa."

On the same floor, and facing the reading-room, is the place for dining—a paintless, curtainless, carpetless, cheerless, oblong saloon. On the wall, at one end, are two American flags, over which rides the American Eagle, fashioned in the very rudest style of signboard art, the corresponding wall being ornamented with a tolerable picture of the burial of the July patriots in Paris. Down the saloon are ranged twenty tables, ten to a side, an aisle dividing them. These tables, with

their accompanying furniture, look as common as any tables can look. Between the tables stand numberless waiters, whose shining white jackets and spotless aprons somewhat redeem the otherwise uninviting prospect. It were an error to confound these American dinners with our English ordinaries, or even with the tables-d'hôte of Europe. Their system differs from both. If you are staying in the hotel, your dinner or dinners (you may swallow as many as you can) are lumped together with the rest, at so much a day. A gastronome, turning in from the town, pays so much a week for his meal, or rather for the faculty of eating at the hotel during meal-time: for, he too may consume what victuals he chooses, provided it is done within the assigned period. The plan is a rough one, in all conscience: but the hotel-keepers probably know their customers. Astor House, being the lowest down Broadway of the very large hotels, and consequently the nearest to the commercial quarter, is always sure of such outsiders. At one o'clock, or at five, in the crowd rushes. Not a word is spoken, no one taking heed of his neighbour, unless his neighbour happen to hail from the old country, when they honour him with a sustained stare: but each man, seizing the *carte* with the *menu* of the day, silently points out to a waiter what he wants for the entire dinner, which, in as little time as I take to write this, is fetched and semicircularly deposited before him, upon a series of small white delf plates. The quickness of an American in ordering and getting his dinner is only equalled by the amazing variety and quantity he consumes, or by the voracity with which he gulps it all down. Nor does the native physical conformation seem to require, much less to encourage, such a tuck-in. Usually, Americans are tallish, but rather thin and scraggy. So, how they come to be blessed with gigantic appetites, or whereabout internally they pile up what they eat, is a marvel to the unsophisticated foreigner. And, what is still more odd, they drink nothing during dinner. In each place is set a tumbler of iced water, and before some few a glass of iced milk, which I noticed, however, were rarely replenished. No ale, no porter, no cider, nothing. And as for wine, the mere request for it engenders a perfect commotion among the Hibernian waiters, who exchange significant glances, as though doubtful whether to humour the Britisher's eccentricities. Are, then, these ravenous gobblers so abstemious in regard to drink? That was a problem to me, till, passing out one day from dinner, and chancing to look towards "the bar" (the place known by that name in America would be more aptly designated the pot-room), I perceived it was crammed to suffocation. Thus I found myself in evidence, as not merely the only wine-bibber at the dinner-table, but as likewise the only diner, who did not afterwards adjourn to "liquor-up" at the bar. Disgusting expression! odious custom! but the problem was solved. The dining-saloon appeared to have emptied itself, bodily, into the bar: and there were my fellow-diners, pushing about, elbowing each other, and struggling for a bottom of brandy or a toss-off of rum, like a lot of vulgar overgrown schoolboys. One lanky quinquagenarian was especially distinguishable, from the enthusiasm with which he animated his comrades, and from his smart gusto in washing down by copious libations the compendious laying-in of the previous half-hour. Wine or no wine at dinner may become a question. But ever defend us in England from having to "liquor-

up" at a bar! Much the same kind of thing is their breakfast or their tea. Some attempt is made at refinement, which I heard attributed to the presence of ladies (or "our women," as the Yankees politely denominate them), and to the absence of the roughest customers from the town. But the same bolt-your-food system obtains throughout; and that system, undoubtedly, coupled with the incongruity of their edibles, is the true cause of the sallow, unhealthy complexion of Americans generally. I timed myself, one morning, at breakfast. It took me, leisurely, just thirty-two minutes. While I was breakfasting, I had three neighbours successively in the place next me, each of whom got through full double my allowance of hot rolls, broiled ham, and eggs, to say nothing of fish and buckwheat cakes *ad libitum*. Coffee piping hot is the morning beverage, followed by a draught of iced milk or water, about as unwholesome a medley as can well be devised, the entire performance lasting ten minutes, after which Brother Jonathan skeddaddles. Add to this, an ominous silence during meals, the eaters eschewing all conversation as a wasteful intrusion, and a more dismal, ungenial proceeding, though curious and ludicrous, can scarcely be conceived, than an American dinner, breakfast, or tea in public.

Up-stairs, are four stories of bedrooms, forming a quadrangle. The stairs, passages, and most of the apartments are spacious, lofty, and well ventilated. When I have spoken thus, however, I have said all that can be said in their praise. Some of the rooms on the first and second floor are fairly furnished, although not at all as would be a European hotel of like dimensions; in a certain number on the other floors the furniture passes muster; but, in the majority, it is simply miserable. Oddly enough, you pay the same price exactly for a bad room on the fourth floor as you do for a good one lower down. Such is the general rule all over America. "First come, best served," is said to describe your chances. When I arrived, the hotel being all but full, I had to accommodate myself on the fourth. My chamber was large and airy, and thus not wholly bad. Only, the colour-wash on the walls had taken to tumbling off in slabs, the casements apparently having long continued densely ignorant of brush and water, while gaping rents were jeopardising the very existence of the carpet; and, though dabs of antique paint still decorated the wash-hand-stand, that requisite article of domestic life could be seen to derive but frail support from its rickety legs, and but sorry companionship from the cracked jug or the dissolute-looking shaving-glass. In the midst of such dreariness, it was some consolation to find beautifully clean and plentifully supplied house-linen, and a rest-affording bed.

All the service in the Astor House hotel is done by Irish men and women—I believe they number about one hundred and fifty—and detestable servants they are. From this opinion, I except one or two of the superior servants, who, by their superiority, have raised themselves to the positions they hold. Probably other exceptions exist there, and I dare say—nay, I am sure—the Astor House servants are not one whit worse than other Irish in other hotels, or in private houses through America. I speak of them as examples of a class, and I say they are detestable. Here let me not be misunderstood. Do I condemn, or even dislike, the Irish? Very far from it. I consider them a splendid race,

with many grave defects indeed, yet with many noble characteristics. But, to be Irish at home is one thing, to be Irish in America quite another. There cannot occur two conceptions more antagonistic than an Anglo-Irishman and an American-Irishman. Take the Irishman still fresh and racy of the soil, he may be unlettered, his uncouth ways may try one's patience: but he is good-hearted, single-minded, self-sacrificing, and imbued with a reverence almost feudal for the "masther" he so faithfully serves. Transplant the same man three thousand miles westward, and instantly he loses his balance, aping manners he was unborn to, the while doggedly nursing a conceit begotten of ignorance, till, bit by bit, he loses every one of his innate amiabilities, and degenerates into as ill-conditioned a churl as ever land was cursed with. The population of America is too scanty, and labour too dear, to allow of the Irish service being dispensed with. But, question the aboriginals, and the reply is unanimous: "We cannot do without them, although we gladly would if we could." In America, the term "servant" is unknown. The newspapers advertise "help" as disposable, and an engagement not unfrequently amounts to the "helps" hiring their masters and mistresses. Even that absurdity is by no means enough for an Irishman, once his ballast has gone by the board. When in New York, I saw a Fenian document, with the names or marks of one hundred and fifty Paddies and Biddies appended, in which they gravely described their august selves as "The employés at Astor House." Doubtless, such a dignified qualification told how effectively "English bondage" had been distanced. But just imagine the astonishment, a few years past, of "Patrick from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind," had some political prophet foretold the brilliant future in store for him as an "employé of Astor House." In his honest simplicity, Patrick would have replied: "Ah, dhin, be aisy, will ye? Shure, it's makin' game o' me ye are." At that time, with all his seeming greenness, he was still in possession of his common sense and his heart. If any one desires to see to what degree both can be irretrievably lost, let him go among the Irish at New York. At home, in "Ould Ireland," Patrick was perhaps shoeless and garterless; of correct spelling, to a dead certainty, he was guiltless; and a hundred to one but he was wholly without education. He lands at New York amidst a crowd of emigrants, and for the first time beholds an immense city, rife with life and prosperity, where his swarming countrymen boisterously tell him that all this has arisen from the single fact of the New Yorkers living beyond the reach of English persecution.

It is no calumny to rank poor Pat's historical reminiscences and political data with the very vaguest; but, if his unprejudiced mind has accepted one view of politics more clearly than another, it is based on a rooted conviction that the governing body which in ages gone by oppressed Ireland is identical with the actual British government, that this same government, supported by the English aristocracy, had a direct desigu on his life, from which design he has just escaped in the nick of time, and that the systematic tyranny of England alone was it which hitherto prevented him from casting off his long-tailed frieze coat, his corduroys, and his caubeen, for the fashionable attire he is invited to don in New York.

Now, besides suddenly attaining an equality with the President of the



United States, our late fellow-subject receives the gratifying intelligence that, by virtue of his promised American citizenship, he has become as necessary to creation as Queen Victoria herself. It is the land of liberty : which somewhat ambiguous term being interpreted according to Patrick, signifies that he is free to bid adieu to the old superstition of good manners, and that, nobody being able to claim his services, he henceforth accounts it a favour to lend them. True to the new revelation, his status is forthwith asserted by an unlimited chewing of tobacco, by "calculating," "guessing," and "fixing," to an exaggerated extent, by the assumption of a morose, discontented demeanour, and especially by insolence to any one whom he instinctively recognises as superior to himself—an insolence such as in other countries would promptly subject him to kicks, but which in America is too absurd to be really offensive. Be it observed again, that, in this particular, I am not speaking solely of Astor House. As far as I know America, I found these things universal—the exceptions proving the rule. Patrick and Bridget, though, perhaps, nowhere in such force as in New York, are ubiquitous, and their influence consequently on a traveller's comfort is everywhere marked. I take it, you get supplied with more rudeness and farcical impudence in one day from the Irish waiters in any given American hotel, than you would in a whole year's tour through the Emerald Isle. To an English gentleman, it is of course a nuisance if he cannot procure a bath-tub for morning use. And, if he can, it is still trying to have to dabble in a decayed kitchen utensil. But then you may console yourself with reflecting that the rules of lavation are not the same in all countries, or by remembering what happened to Lord Normanby, when in Galway on his famous progress through Ireland as lord-lieutenant, shaving-water, on one occasion, having been sent up to him in a soup-tureen, and to his aides-camp in butter-boats. What is to be said, however, when hotel servants insult their guests with hard looks and brutal words, when loutish porters invade the very bedrooms without knocking and with hats on, when a waiter thinks nothing of sitting down at your breakfast-table while he spells through his newspaper, leers at English manners, and spits about the carpet to show his independence? Some American travellers with whom I conversed saw all this well enough, and lamented it for their own country. But Americans generally do not mind it. The thing has been too much in their native way of bringing up. Nevertheless, what nation has the right to bring up to incipient anarchy, and thus to roll back civilisation? Mutual respect and the interchange of courtesies due to station are indigenous to civilised humanity. The cure being obviously wanted, many now hail its coming. I believe it will come, and that eventually the whole American continent, purified of plebeian brutishness and Hibernian conceit, will be glad to hail it. At present, few things are more repugnant to the ideas of Europe than life in an American hotel.

I selected Astor House, because it is the best hotel in the business quarter. But, as aforesaid, New York counts others as good, if not better. To mention the principal: in Broadway, there are Prescott House, Lafarge House, St. Nicholas, the International, the Metropolitan, all fair after their fashion; in Union-square, there is Everett House, a pretentious building, patronised chiefly by official excellencies and foreign

embassies; whilst, farther on, in Fifth Avenue, stands Fifth Avenue Hotel, an elevated structure of white marble, and the largest of its kind in the United States. These hotels vary, of course, in their accommodation, attendance, and custom.\* Yet, as every one is rated first class, I repeat, having visited them in turn, that Astor House, taking it all for all, is a good sample. You pay enormously, in exchange for which you certainly do not get the value of your money, either morally or physically. It may prove amusing to Senator Cheke to make a target of the fireplace across the public reading-table; or, it may suit Colonel Bolter to walk into his victuals under your nose at the rate of fifty miles an hour, so as to enable him to be in first at the "liquoring-up;" or, it may soothe Paddy O'Rafferty's pride not to "demane himself" to common civility. But, if such folk must exist, in the name of reason why people a palace with them? or, in the name of truth, why charge a long price for so inferior an article? Over here, in England, when we "like to be despised," we know beforehand where to go. Yonder, deceived by grand externals, you enter some chief resort, only to find yourself in a den of semi-barbarians. Giant strides have been made within the last twenty years. Yet, if it be left to Time, as they say, to do the rest, the sooner that potentate bestirs himself the better.

Of all sights in New York, Broadway must take precedence. Everybody has heard wondrous things of Broadway, and that is why, at a first glance down it, everybody feels disposed to cry—humbbug. It is the Regent-street, the Rue de Rivoli, the Corso, the Toledo, and the Zeil, of New York; or, more properly, it is a city-causeway displaying many features from other cities, and containing only one original building. Its designation leads the traveller to look for singularity in regard of width, whereas it is anything but broad. I had pictured to myself a street as wide as the Boulevard des Italiens, and as lavish in trottoirs, flanked on one side with shops and out-door cafés, and on the other with rows of shady trees. Excepting a superb show of shops, Broadway has none of this. Its length is prodigious, more than three miles, I should say, if measured straight from Bowling-green to Union-square. But, in width, it measures less than Piccadilly, with narrow footways. Broadway formerly possessed two rows of trees: want of space, however, compelled their removal, the cafés, for the same cause, being forbidden to encroach on the pavement, as they do in Europe. Above the City Hall, locomotion is easy; but, below that point, the throng presses, particularly at certain periods of the day. Such straitened circumstances, in hot epidemic-loving weather, cannot but actively propagate disease. The road traffic, considering that most of the other streets are impassable by reason of tramways, struck me as rather small than otherwise for so large a city. The passenger-traffic of New York is almost wholly by-cars. No cars run in Broadway, however, and but few cabs or coaches, while the omnibuses, though carrying insides only, seem rarely full. The circulation one may see daily at the junction of Grace-

\* In Astor House, the Metropolitan, and St. Nicholas, the regular charge is four dollars fifty cents a day. In Fifth Avenue Hotel, there is a scale of charges, the lowest being five dollars, and the highest twelve dollars. The Metropolitan is kept by Leland Brothers and Co., very civil sort of people, who conduct several other hotels in different towns of America.

church and King William streets, or the dead lock one so often encounters down Cheapside and Ludgate-hill, are unknown to Broadway. Still, what with the hurry-scurry of business, and mother English saluting your ears and eyes at every step, you might easily fancy yourself in some street in London. We all know of European cities, which at first disappoint as much as they afterwards excite admiration. So it is with New York and its Broadway. Regarded materially, it improves on acquaintance and grows upon the critical sense, till you end by considering it very imposing indeed. Imagine a threefold extension of the arrow-like Roman Corso, line it with houses of milk-white marble or of carved red sandstone, rather Hausmannish as to architecture, underlay them with richly stored shops and gilded cafés, stud your street-sides with hotels and theatres at intervals, conjure up handsome churches at both extremities, throw in a dash of the Strand, at its best end, to represent the respectability of the traffic, not forgetting to sharpen your lines of light and shade with an Italian sun overhead, and you will have no bad idea of Broadway. Part of the street is still undergoing the process of renovation; but most of the stores are already palatial externally, whilst all exhibit internal wealth, the shop-windows showing a taste nearly Parisian. They appear thoroughly provided with necessaries, such as wearing apparel, but with luxuries, such as jewellery, less so. The shops in the Palais Royal are pigmies to their compeers in Broadway; and, positively, I think that Swan and Edgar's, or Marshall and Snelgrove's, would cut a sorry figure beside the magnificent establishments owned by Stewart, Lord and Taylor, or Brooks Brothers. On the other hand, it should be stated, that these erections, notwithstanding their magnificence and spaciousness, cannot bear comparison in point of solidity with the old architecture of Europe, or even with the creations of Baron Hausmann. Unlike New Paris, the houses of which are composed, right through, and from top to bottom, of solid stone, those of New York are only veneered. Several, being built last year, will some day be proudly quoted as palaces. When I saw them, they consisted of thinnish brick-built walls, with a thinner fronting of marble.

The New York restaurants and luncheon-rooms are the very finest I have ever seen; and, what is more, American life is influenced by civilised Europe to a much higher degree in them than in their kindred institutions. Delmonico's takes first rank; and, seeing that it returns 40,000*l.* annual profits for income-tax, I suppose it is the first. It was in Delmonico's that Sir Morton Peto, on concluding his tour, dined his hundred American celebrities, at 100*l.* a head. The *Maison Dorée*, in Union-square, and others as good, maintain a sturdy rivalry. Nevertheless, these first-class restaurants have the characteristic of exclusiveness. That which commended itself to me in every respect pre-eminently as a popular luncheon and dining-room, was Thompson's in Broadway. Its principal accommodation comprises a pillared saloon, gilded on the model of the *Trois Frères*, which it much resembles in style, although not at all in shape or size, Thompson's being twice as lofty and six times as roomy. Not a few of the restaurants are gorgeously, yet tastefully, embellished. I noticed that order, cleanly ways, propriety, and civility reigned in every one. You eat or drink what you wish, and get neither bored nor insulted. It may be, that,

from thence, the new civilisation is even now springing: and, the restaurants in New York being served by negroes, or else by white women, can one be far wrong in attributing this advance to the absence of the low emigrant Irishman?

After Broadway, Fifth Avenue is the only street deserving mention. It ascends by a gentle rise, from an intersection west of Union-square, and extends about a mile. Here dwell the local aristocracy. The houses or mansions stand back from the road, with gardens in front, and with eight or ten steps up to their hall doors. They are grandly built, uniformly of red sandstone, and look most elegant in construction and decorative fittings. Green venetian blinds are of course the *sine quâ non*, with other pleasant adornments, plated metal being universally used, in lieu of brass, for knockers, bell-handles, or fastenings. Fifth Avenue is the Rotten Row or the Longchamps of New York, and the turns-out there of an afternoon, making allowance for the country, are very good and numerous. But the want of shade is lamentable. The French or the Dutch would have immediately planted it; and, indeed, nothing could suit it better, if only to match the several smaller streets so planted. The smaller streets north, by their plantations and redness, remind one immensely of a Dutch town. In some places Haarlem or the Hague start up visibly before you, flat roofs and all. And, the fact is, those streets do date from Holland. The founders called their colony New Amsterdam, and it was only on its final subjugation by the English that the place became New York. Traces of Dutchland are, therefore, naturally met with in the nomenclature and material aspect of many portions of the city.

If one names Fifth Avenue, with Broadway, two or three roadlets east, and the commercial walks where commerce would be otherwise impracticable, the few streets of New York which are untrammelled by tramways will have been enumerated. I say untrammelled, advisedly; for the mild attempt we once saw in the Bayswater-road, and the partial adoption of the tram system for the Passy omnibuses, can convey no real notion of it as seen in full vigour in America. All the streets of New York, the above-named excepted, have lines of cars. Two lines, up and down, is what is customary; but four lines are not uncommon. By consequence, the entire roadstead being preoccupied, it is impossible for any vehicle, other than a regulation "car," to pass with safety. When convenient to use the cars, you certainly find them to be good conveyances in themselves. They are firmly built, large, clean, and comfortable. Drawn by active little dray-horses, and driven by clever drivers, they do their work expeditiously, rarely falling foul of an accident: hence, apart from the prevailing surliness and discourtesy, travelling by them is rather agreeable. But, considered from an ethical point of view, they very strikingly exemplify the tyrannous tendency of democracy. Here is a strong minority (for it is not the utter mob that makes daily use of the cars), which, by forcibly protruding its personal wants, has succeeded in ousting the weaker majority. Every one acquainted with the tram system must feel that laying down a tramway, to be worked as the Americans work it, is the same thing, in respect of independent conveyances, as, so to speak, proclaiming a district. Such tyrannical inter-

ference with the liberty of locomotion, to say nothing of the absolute injury to traffic, would never be tolerated in king-ridden London.

All efforts to introduce cabs into America have proved failures. The reason is evident. Our cabs could no more live in the trammelled streets of New York than could trams exist in the free thoroughfares of London. About Broadway, and other of the unploughed highways, a few hackney-coaches stand for hire; but they are old-fashioned tumble-down concerns, which look as if they had gone out on half-pay from some London suburb. In places where the cars do not run, the usual mode of public conveyance is by omnibus. But again, the omnibuses are uncomfortable inside, and have no outside seats. The New York road-pavement, being execrably bad, necessitates springs of double-extra strength to every carriage, involving great height from the ground, and entailing much inconvenience in getting in and out. The inconvenience is increased from the driver having the whole conduct in his hands. If you want to get in, he opens the door for you by means of a long leathern strap, back blows from which you must be clever to avoid. If you want to get out, you must pull the strap, when he reopens the door, upon your cents being hustled up a trap in the roof. The plan is cheap, no doubt, as it saves the keep of a conductor; but it greatly diminishes the comfort of passengers.

There is one description of public vehicle in perpetual use in America which is unique, and the continuance of which, at the present day, strangely disaccords with American institutions. This vehicle is called a "hotel-stage," every decent hotel possessing one, for the single purpose of plying to and from the railways and steam-boats. American vehicles being proverbially light, one might suppose that in such a service, and in the midst of a people prolific in inventions, an easy and sensible transit would have been secured at all costs for both traveller and luggage. Quite the contrary. The "hotel-stages" are huge affairs, absurdly bepainted, lined with red plush, and expensively got up, but about as unpleasant to travel in, and as ill-adapted for impediments, as anything short of a hay-cart could be. Fancy a big barouche, or, better, a coach from one of Hogarth's pictures, swung upon springs like catapults, with no end of leathern appendages, and, so loosely, that, in mounting into it, the upper part topples towards you, and that, as you go along, you keep steady only by holding on, or are made sick by the motion. Ten persons can sit in it uncomfortably, which is effected by the insertion of a third seat, after the manner of Russian drotzkys. The luggage shifts anyhow on the box, or gets flung behind carelessly into a kind of bin. Altogether, a more ungainly, unpractical, laughter-provoking anachronism it were difficult to conceive. It is exactly the contrivance one might see figuring in a procession of the Bœuf Gras; but that such grandmother's lumber should continue in daily use through the length and breadth of the great go-ahead country, and that, funnier still, nobody should deem it out of place, or other than just the right sort of thing for the purpose, seems to me the very oddest of all the odd fantasies one comes across beyond the Atlantic.

Let me attempt an explanation. In Europe we hold that all men are not equal, and that no further than a certain point was it ever intended

they should be equal. The experience of centuries has taught us, that, strike down the barriers of caste as men may, class will always surge above class, in proportion to the talents and opportunities vouchsafed *à priori* to a few; and further, that no wrong is done to the community by the power accorded to a man of transmitting the rank and influence he has merited in one age to his descendants in another, any more than it prejudices society to be able to bequeath real property after death, proper safeguards, of course, being provided. Whence it follows, that, however distasteful are caste distinctions, or "high falutin notions," as Brother Jonathan calls them, to those who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by levelling, our practice at least harmonises with our theory. Not so the American practice and theory. Maintaining the absolute equality of all men, and that a member of congress has no higher title to consideration than a village cobbler, the Yankees yet despise, insult, and trample on the black man. I witnessed a flagrant instance of this in the very first days of my stay in New York. There had gone out with us in the *Saxonia* a gentleman of colour, an English subject; he was a native of the Bahamas, who, having passed several years in England in the study of the law, was then returning home, *via* New York, to settle as a barrister. His external casing was that of a negro; but, on conversing with him, the conviction forced itself, that, in feelings, manners, and acquirements, he was a gentleman. His arrangements giving him eight days in New York, he went ashore there, naturally expecting the hospitalities of civilisation. Meeting this gentleman a few days later, I found that three hotels had refused him admission, whilst a fourth would only grant it for one night. In all New York he had been able to discover but one restaurant which would consent to give him to eat; so that, at last, he was obliged to appeal to the captain of the *Saxonia* for permission to lay his head in that vessel until the steamer sailed for Nassau, which permission the captain, not being a republican, as a matter of course granted. Admitting that some of the prepossessions adverse to negroes are well founded, surely where equality is predicated indiscriminately of all, something less than Otaheitan barbarism might be looked for.

Take again the marvellous eagerness of Americans to show a pedigree, or to sport a title. About every fifth man you meet, if he be not a senator, an honourable, a bishop, or a general, is at least a colonel, a major, a doctor, a professor, or a reverend. When they cannot put handles to their names, the anxiety they display not to be included in the *profanum vulgus* is ridiculous. On board ship there was one unlicked selection from somewhere Lake Erie way. Being powerless to articulate three words of his native tongue without committing himself outrageously in grammar, he of course bespattered the aristocracy. The radical opinions which he held, did not, however, prevent him continually boasting of descent from the oldest stock in Vermont, his respected ancestors having gone over from Yorkshire two centuries ago. Thus does human nature laugh empirical theories to scorn.

Another illustration of the manner in which principles, excellent in themselves, become distorted when manipulated by men professing to outlaw the old usages of society, can be seen in the behaviour of the Yankee males towards females. It was Christianity that raised woman to a level with man, and it was the chivalry of the middle ages that

laid the foundation of those customs of gentlemen, in regard to ladies, which have constituted our social rule in modern times. Still, politeness being founded on common sense, has its limits; and assuredly, neither Christianity, nor its handmaiden, chivalry, ever had it in view to erect woman, whose mission it is to minister to happiness, into a tyrant. Whatever tends to do so, is an abuse. Let us see, then, what goes on in America. Suppose yourself in one of the cars, all the seats of which are filled. A female appears at the door. Certainly, she may be a person of position, but as probably she is an Irish slattern. Whether or not, instantly there uprises the cry of "A lady! a lady!" whereupon the nearest male must as instantly vacate his seat, and risk, perhaps lose, his journey. The poor passenger may be some merchant or tradesman, hurrying down town on important business; but what is that compared to the pleasure of a "lady"? Thus, like Monsieur Jourdain in the play, who was astonished to find he had been speaking prose all *his* life, is Bidley, on emigrating to New York, agreeably surprised with the discovery, that, "unbeknownst" to herself, she has been a member of the fair sex all *her* life. And very soon she learns her rights. Cases occur when a Yankee male, with a bit of the Saxon left in him, turns refractory; but the "ladies" are always equal to the occasion, and belabour the delinquent with noisy Billingsgate. Not unfrequently, they flop themselves on to the knees of the ill-disposed. This I saw actually happen to a very decent-looking citizen, inside a New York car. And I witnessed a similar case in a train, when a respectable traveller had to choose between the floor of the luggage-van or being left behind, because the seat he had occupied from New York was "wanted for a lady." All this simply means, that a true principle has been falsely applied.

Now, how does my argument bear on my hotel-stages? Thus. Here you have a collection of antique family coaches, known, too, by our obsolete word "stages," which are preserved and perpetuated, amidst a motley of high-pressure institutions at total variance with them in nature and working. But Brother Jonathan is a sprig of old humanity, despite his professions. I apprehend, then, that the nationalities gathered to America, while affecting to turn up noses at the time-honoured uses of other nations, yet pick out this venerable relic of the past, after their manner of prostrating to "ladies" or of persecuting negroes, and cling to the fond thing, in defiance of all reason, as though, albeit boasting of being *parvenus*, they would not be wholly thought so. Our lord mayor's show is sufficiently out of joint with the age. Still, it comes but once a year; and, besides, the pageant has some signification in ancient London. Fancy the Langham or the Charing-cross hotels sending such a conveyance down Regent-street and the Haymarket four or five times every day.

Most of the carriage-roads in New York are paved, or rather supposed to be so. The road-pavement is villainous. In the worst purlieus of Naples, or in the backslums of Constantinople, vainly would you seek the ruts, holes, and hollows of Broadway. About Wall-street, the seat of commerce, you might imagine some cut through the Isle of Dogs, for its mud, offal, and broken stones. And did ever civilisation look upon the like of the Bowery? The paving would seem to have been laid a

century back, and never repaired. No wonder its atmosphere reeks of cholera and typhus. This, too, in presence of great natural advantages. The water-lock of the city not merely makes a marvellous mart for trade, but is itself suggestive of drainage. Unless in Canal-street, however, the inhabitants are content with little more than just the fall of the position; and New York continues perhaps as badly a sewered city as the world contains, sickness being chronic in the poorer streets, and the whole state of affairs along them as unwholesome and undignified, as if the goddess of Disorder had arranged it. I know not to whom to ascribe the blame. But talk of our boards and vestries. Why, in respect of paving and sewerage, they are angels of zeal and enlightenment by the side of their transatlantic fellows.

New York abounds in churches, appropriated by every creed or sect under the sun. Among the minor fry, I saw nothing of architecture worth notice. The Roman Catholic religionists are the most numerous, nearly half the population of New York being Irish or Catholic-German. But their church accommodation is very deficient. I was reliably informed that, by a clerical estimate, there ought to be no less than seventy additional churches properly to accommodate the Roman Catholic congregations. To add to the difficulty, their principal church was recently destroyed by fire. Generally, these churches, though spacious, are what we should call "chapels." I visited their handsome red-brick church in Brooklyn. In New York itself, the only Roman Catholic buildings pretending to art are a church and schools in East Fourteenth-street, decidedly gems. The English Episcopalians possess the largest number of churches, some of which, although small, are architecturally good. Two of these—Trinity and Grace Churches—stand, one at each end of Broadway. Grace Church, towards the north, is of grey granite, light and elegant, but fantastic and finical in composition. Trinity Church, towards the south, is of red sandstone; and, whether it be the material or the similarity of design, in gazing upon it one is strongly reminded of Coventry. Its plan as a whole cannot be praised. The church is foreshortened and squatty, which qualities, though perhaps business-like, seem as much out of keeping with the exquisite details worked into it as with the expectations raised by its tower and spire. This tower and spire are wonders of beauty; and, artistically speaking, they form the crown and glory of New York. Whoever designed them, had a mind thoroughly imbued with the genius of our early English architecture. They are not an ill-assorted agglomeration, gleaned piecemeal from different works, nor even an imitation. 'Triuity tower with its spire is one original design, by which a beautiful idea is delineated in a masterly style from corner-stone to summit, so as to present as faultless and majestic a sight as ever won love to a city. Of modern revivals, I know none to compare with them. They are our Coventry churches fused into one. Ecclesiastical architecture among the Americans is at a very low ebb. But let Triuity Church, New York, become figuratively the architectural landmark, as substantially its noble outline already serves for a beacon up the bay, and artistic truth with grandeur are assured them.

I must here mention, that the reverence of the New Yorkers for religious erections does not shine conspicuously. In that respect, indeed, they are no worse than the French. Still, I did observe two churches



which had been turned to secular purposes, one as the Post-office, the other as Lucy Rushton's Theatre.

The New York theatres are in good number, and yet hardly as many, or as largely attended, as one might have expected for such a city. Niblo's Garden and Wallack's, both in Broadway, are of the chiefest and best. One may also see shades, casinos, and music-halls about the town. Their number, however, bears no relative proportion to the same places in our towns; whilst, in physique and morale, they are so infinitely below the Alhambra, the Oxford, the Eldorado, or Alcazar, that no decent person can long frequent them. A prominent exception stood out in the Academy of Music. Unfortunately that edifice has since been partially burnt down. As, however, it is now rebuilding on the old plan, I give what my notes supply on the subject. Externally, it was a building of yellowish stone, making no great pretension to architecture, though still tasteful from its simplicity and solidity. The interior, whether regarding its proportions, its power of accommodation, or its adornment, pleased me exceedingly. Much loftier than the Scala of Milan, it was free from the fustiness of the San Carlo of Naples, and in personal comfort and capacity for holding large audiences, far surpassed any theatre we have in London, Her Majesty's included. The new Grand Opera in Paris is as yet a stranger to us. Neither am I saying that the emperor's new theatres—the Châtelet, the Lyrique, and the Gaîté—are not more substantial, or are not in their measure superior to it. I speak of the general effect gained. And, deliberately, I think the New York Academy of Music, as it stood and will again stand, to have no rival in any existing theatre. This result had been accomplished by abolishing the old parterre system with the monopoly of the boxes, and likewise by the proper utilisation, hitherto so difficult, of the ground underneath the boxes. As for the pit, it is no longer the pit. And an expurgation having been summarily made of those horrid dungeons, so appropriately called *baignoires* by the Parisians, together with their companion holes the *avant-scènes*, the space formerly occupied by them was thrown into one vast area.

To enable all this to be done, the first tier of boxes had obviously to be placed at double the customary altitude, the encircling seats had to be run up right under them, an ascent had to be made from the orchestra towards the main entrance at a higher gradient than ever before attempted in a theatre, and lastly, for the wretched benches of our London pits, or the tight fit and iron rails of the Parisian parterres, a range of thoroughly comfortable sittings had to be provided. Neither were the privileged boxes permitted to remain the sole occupants of the first tier; for behind them came three or four rows of seats, on the plan (position reversed) of the Parisian *fauteuils de balcon*, which afford almost the same view as the boxes, though shorn of their luxury. The general effect was a really grand clearance, where all breathed freely, where all were equally at ease, and where all could hear or see without breaking their necks, straining their backs, or obstructing their neighbour's pleasure. To capitulate: presuming the acme of things desirable in the audience part of a theatre to be its greatest capability of helping to enjoyment, I can scarcely imagine a better success than this American innovation. It had short-comings, however. One looked in vain for the

spacious *foyers* of the Paris theatres, or for the floral saloon of Covent Garden. The acoustic arrangements, and also the stage appurtenances, were defective. I heard this accounted for from the fact, that the primary intention of the place had not been histrionic, but musical. It was in reality the gigantic concert-room of the New York Academy of Music, whence its name, and only became serviceable as an occasional opera house for want of a regular one. The second builders will probably aim higher, and remedy those defects. New York does not appear to have been able hitherto to maintain an opera of its own. It has depended chiefly on passers-by, or on casual visitors, for whom things are improvised. During my stay, there was a week of opera, by a German troupe travelling *viâ* the Northern States to New Orleans and the *Havañas*. In order to make hay while the sun shone, they performed twice a day, at one o'clock and at seven. And excellently done it was, the house being full at every performance. But, most sad to say, the whole troupe subsequently went to the bottom, in that fearful shipwreck which occurred last autumn off the coast of Georgia. I had the good fortune to be likewise present in the Academy at a representation by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, when they played "Louis XI." and the "Jealous Wife," and at the conclusion of which they took a final and affecting leave of the American stage.

Fires, or conflagrations rather, are very common in New York, and indeed in every American city. The awful devastations by fire in America are traceable partly to the quantity of wood used in the older houses, and even in many of the new, partly to the former peculiar build, which comprised an open staircase up the middle of the house, a useful aid to ventilation, but the exact embodiment of a funnel in case of fire, and partly to the vindictive lawlessness noticeable in American rabbles. Till lately, there was no other but volunteer assistance procurable at fires in New York. For the last two or three years, a paid fire department has been in existence. It is under the control of an official called the fire-marshal, who possesses a power verging on the despotic, and that not only retrospectively, but in making and enforcing regulations of a precautionary and preventive nature. At the City Hall is an alarm-bell; and, in the night, you often hear the warning toll, say, first, five times, then twice, which would indicate that there was a fire in No. 5 district, No. 2 ward, or as occasion warrants. Yet, so far, its working has hardly answered. The fire-marshal's report for the year ending May, 1866, shows that during that period there occurred 228 fires in New York, no less than 46 of which were proved to be incendiary. The deaths consequent on these fires amounted to 37, and the pecuniary losses to 3,936,407 dollars, or close upon 1,000,000*l.* calculated roundly—a very large loss, both in lives and money, even for the "centre of the world," from a usually preventable cause.

Although the New York streets are, in many instances, named upon the old system, particularly the more ancient and those lying towards the port and wharfs, the great mass of them are distinguished merely numerically. This strikes a European as very odd, at first; but, after all, it is only an extension of the practice of house-numbering now in common use over Europe. A century and a half ago, when numbering began to be substituted for the old house signs, our ancestors were doubtless just

as much struck with the oddness of the then new idea. Clearly, street-numbering is more prosaic and less favourable to the historical reminiscences of a nation than the old plan; but, on the other hand, the system is not without advantages when once you get used to it, for the practical purpose of facilitating intercourse in a great city. If you are in search of a street, you can follow the directions given you with far more readiness and certainty than you can in places where the streets are named after the old method. It should be remembered, notwithstanding, that the present new idea can only be carried out in towns, the streets of which intersect each other at right angles. Where curves or other irregularities exist, it is not feasible; and, in such cases, even New York has not attempted street-numbering. Moreover, large cities alone deriving any benefit from it, its introduction into smaller towns were a manifest affectation. As a system, it can never become general. And not less with reference to large cities, tastes and judgments differ about it. For my own part, I should everywhere prefer the old method.

All the public institutions that I saw in New York—although some are well organised and creditably worked—appeared to be miserably located. I heard that a move for better sites, and for an architecture which shall be artistic and at the same time conducive to a reasonable amount of comfort, is on foot. On the north-east side of the city one sees a few tolerably good beginnings. Meanwhile, if the City Hall be excepted, the existing governmental buildings are a scandal. Take the ordinary city prison, popularly known as the Tombs. Never was appellation more telling. For, of all the hope-killing lairs ever invented to inspire terror into the peaceful inhabitant, and hatred into the evil-disposed, by its repulsive ugliness, abandonment to dirt, and total desolation, commend me to the Tombs. The design was intended to be that of an Egyptian sarcophagus, to which it bears a tipsy resemblance; and I have no doubt the designer laboured under the amiable delusion that he was "coming it strong" in the architectural line. The stone has now become almost black, and the outside wholly loathsome. In reflecting how considerable must be the number of prisoners daily consigned there from such a city, the mind reverts with a shudder, as you look upon the building, to the possible entity of Wehngericht oubliettes, Venetian dungeons, or Bastilian cells. To what extent examination within those portals might justify conjecture from without, it were injudicious to hazard guessing. I will only say that, if externals do go for anything in forming an opinion, the day will be honourable for New York, as well as augur happily for its commonwealth, when the Tombs are made level with mother-earth, and their memory buried with other iniquities of the past.

Take, again, the General Post-office. Picture to yourself a filthy lane, say, in whilom St. Giles, or in the Faubourg St. Antoine before the Second Empire. Towards the top of it, are two rows of dusky, bricked, pent-houses, hugging the shell of an antiquated Dutch church. You would scarcely give 20*l.* for the materials. Perhaps you think it a shed for carts, or a shamble, or a hog-pen, or something in the market way. Not so. In those wretched pent-houses you positively behold the provision made by the Empire City for communicating with a world the head-centre of which it hopes to be. Here is a city, very great by means of the post, where merchants inhabit palaces, which had perhaps never

existed but for the post, where poor men get rightly housed, who had never come there but for the post, where a voluminous commercial correspondence is and must be carried on by post, where everybody may be said to live in a measure by post, and yet where the work of the General Post-office is suffered to be conducted in a pigsty. What wonder the postal delivery should be so loose and insecure as it notoriously is in America? As for that portion of the establishment with which the public commonly come in contact, you pass through a gloomy gullet into the first pent-house, which reduces itself inside to a short narrow passage, made shorter and narrower by a division for the clerks of patchy boarding. The second pent-house is larger, and they have lined it with letter-boxes of soiled wood, faced with glass, that cost them, let me say, one-halfpenny the half-dozen panes. The baize curtains, which screen off a door at one end, hang in tatters, whilst the brass fittings are next to invisible with verdigris. A crowd nearly always besets the outer space—that is, a crowd of professed boors and rowdies, whose appearance suggests the unpleasant vicinity of “six-shooters” and “rippers.” Sullen, shabby, quid-mouthed clerks stand behind greasy pigeon-holes, which are cut in a woodwork of the sort used for penny gaffs at fairs. Needless to relate, that the treatment a civilised traveller has to deal with tallies with the rest. We all know how rude a modern French official can be when he does not feel it his interest to be civil; but for persistent, unredeemed incivility, a New York postal official may be safely backed a hundred to one against him. What a Post-office for the would-be world’s centre! I go back to my explanation of dock and harbour deficiencies. It is the same with every public necessity. Every man for himself, as a private individual; no man for himself, as his neighbour’s neighbour. Living in their homes like princes, they put up with swine’s fare abroad, rather than lift a finger to save the well-being and honour of their community. New York Post-office, being everybody’s business, is nobody’s. It must await, then, as the undocked shores of the Hudson are awaiting it, the dawn of that public spirit which is to work such prodigies for America. In the mean time, it will be asked, where are the health commissioners? where are the police? Ay, where *are* the health commissioners, from one end to the other of New York? The police? Let us see whether the police of New York are precisely the body to keep peace and order amongst those who daily throng those official pent-houses.

In presence of our own police institution, so magnificently ordered and worked, no educated Englishman regards the most ordinary policeman on duty with feelings other than respectful, which respect arises from the conviction that not only is the policeman there to protect persons and property, and to offer speedy redress in cases of injury, but that, as a rule, an English or Irish policeman is thoroughly trustworthy to perform those duties when called upon. I feel pretty sure that all New Yorkers will bear me out, when I declare the non-existence of any such conviction, and hence of any such respect, in reference to their policemen. Those who wish to verify what I am saying as to the local feeling towards the New York police, may consult the American special correspondence of the *Standard* newspaper (September 7, 1866), which contains an account at length of the recent revelations on the working of the New York police department. It is there authoritatively asserted that innocent men are

constantly being arrested with the object of extorting black mail from them, while both guilty and innocent can as readily procure release out of custody by bribing the police. Official investigations had been urged, and some were then progressing. Three of the most prominent of the city detectives were to stand their trial for alleged compounding of felonies. The Concord Bank of New Hampshire had been robbed lately of 240,000 dollars; but the bank could only recover 90,000 dollars, the thieves and detectives, it was discovered, having divided the remaining spoil amongst them. I can myself adduce a case in point, which, though seemingly insignificant, will clearly prove what chance property has of protection, at noonday, in the destined centre of the world. A friend of mine, a Scotch gentleman long resident in New York, and consequently fully informed on it, related to me how a few days previously, when crossing Broadway, his coat had been well-nigh torn from his back by the shaft of a hand-cart. From the words and manner, both before and after, of the scoundrel who did it, nothing could be clearer than that the act was one of pure malice, intended as an insult to an evident "Britisher." Such an assault perpetrated in England, and the perpetrator would have been on his way to the station-house in no time. But, as unfortunately for my friend's coat-tails, as for the interests of justice generally, his appeal was made to a New York policeman, who had witnessed the whole transaction without budging, and now stood by smiling. "Why, stranger," said the guardian of the law, with a contemptuous grin, revolving his quid the while, "arrest him, did you say? Tell you what: it would cost you five dollars to prosecute him, and only half a dollar to get your coat mended. I guess, you'd better get it mended." Whence might be inferred, that this police-fellow either had woful experience of mob retaliation, or that the aphorism "*Surtout, point de zèle*" had been instilled into him by some Yankee Talleyrand, or that he was simply too lazy to do his duty, no power compelling and no greenbacks propelling him; or that, perhaps, all these causes had combined to create a second police-nature within him. Those accustomed to the stalwart forms, the smart yet honest looks, and the courteous manners of our English or Irish police, stand aghast at the unsteady gait, the bruiser-like visages, the slovenly want of discipline of their American counterparts. The only thing good about them is the uniform. They wear a blue double-breasted cloth over-coat, with roll collar, brass buttons, and cap, the cloth being exchanged for a lighter material in summer. Testing what experience I have myself by that of others, I know nothing truer than the feeling which I heard was universal among English transatlantic settlers as to the total inefficiency of the American police system in protecting either person or property. What are the consequences? Why, revolvers and bowie-knives à discrétion. Mr. Hepworth Dixon states, and I cordially agree with him, that in America every man is so free that no man has any rights. Yet have not all philosophers proclaimed the protection of the law to belong to the essence of real liberty? And was it not Robespierre, prince of red republicans, who defined one man's liberty to end where another man's liberty began? Until the same axiom is acknowledged, and put in force too, by the public opinion of America, sensible men must regard its civilisation as a mere counterfeit.

Another disgrace, I regret to say it, is the periodical press of America.

All its printing is done in meagre type, with pale ink, and on wretched paper. The vulgar cast of the daily newspapers, even in New York, is a matter of first remark to European travellers. Again, with us, the *Times* is discernible from the *Standard*, or the *Telegraph* from the *Pall Mall*, and so on, in the twinkling of an eye. But, over there, it is all one. The same ragged look marks all, the same placard sensationals head all, the same braggy style of writing pervades all. Concerning type, I wonder whether the founts were contracted for by the acre. The quarterlies are respectably edited, and decently printed. The principal note of the monthlies, is a randomness equal to the *London Journal* or the *Family Herald*, minus their cheapness. American writers of fiction rarely trouble themselves on the score of originality. With shameless effrontery, and without any acknowledgment whatsoever, they copy everything from our English publications, whence indeed nothing appears to come amiss to them, whether it be a caricature from *Punch*, a cartoon from the *Illustrated London News*, a satire from the *Saturday Review*, or a tale from one of our magazines. With reference to newspaper editing in general, I do not hesitate to say that there is no provincial town, in the furthestmost parts of our three kingdoms, which does not send out a paper superior in every possible respect to the *New York Herald*. That newspaper, nevertheless, goes in for the lead of journalism on the American continent, and talks as big as though its columns were those of the *Times*. In one way alone does the American press not challenge contempt, and that is when it sticks strictly to the routine and details of business. The trade journals are edited in a practical and creditable manner. Once trust an American editor with pen-license, however, and he knows neither honesty nor decorum. Such, independently of material, is the character which the natives on all sides give you of their own newspapers. In reply to my queries, whether they did not hope that their press would improve, it was invariably said to me, "This is the style which suits the New York of the present, and nothing else would sell here." I fear they are right. Although I saw more English newspapers about New York than I see American newspapers about London, still the English papers were scarce, and neither read nor "understood of the people." Assuredly, a journal of the stamp of the *Pall Mall Gazette* could not exist one month in America. It would be publicly denounced as a tool of the aristocracy, because of its print and paper, while its editorial staff would be thought to be donkeys, because choosing to write like gentlemen. Last year, a row of this kind was actually got up between, if I remember names, the *New York Times* and the *New York Tribune*, one journal accusing the other of "doing English" in its novel breadth of column and amended style of writing. The impeached party blushed and stammered, but ended by yielding. Certain more sane writing, which in a lucid interval has seen the light, allows one to hope better things for the ephemeral literature of America. I read two articles on Fenianism in the *New York Times*, which were well reasoned, excellent in taste, and written with force and spirit. In a knot of us Englishmen congregated together, our unanimous exclamation on reading the articles was, "Why cannot they always write in this style?" The time will come when they must.

In the matter of Fenianism, I had my opportunities. I made private

inquiries, and attended two public meetings. The first of these meetings was presided over by Roberts, in the Cooper Institute, which is a very fine building, westward of the Bowery, and the munificently endowed gift of one Cooper to his fellow-citizens. The second meeting was presided over by Mahony, in an up-stairs room at Tammany Hall, which is a place nearly opposite Astor House, and the well-known rallying-ground of democrats of every colour, where fisticuffs constitute the favourite logic, and where arguments are wont to be clinched by smashing windows or tearing down gaslights. A detail of the meetings would be here irrelevant. Suffice it to say that they were characteristic, and that, excepting a few better-dressed mechanics on the platform, every man in the Hall belonged to that gradation of the labouring class, with whom the victory of eloquent brag is easy. Every single Irishman or woman throughout the United States either really is a Fenian, or, from fear of the others, pretends to be so. The latter alternative appeared to me the more generally chosen. The objective fact of Fenianism, regarded amidst its American surroundings, seems perfectly intelligible. Here are large bodies of voluntary exiles from Ireland, spread over a country which is itself a network of political conspiracies, where baneful agitation makes employment for the leisure hour, where party organisation reaches down to the very core of the masses, and where Irishmen, being disliked, are isolated. This is so true, that, religious questions apart, Fenianism has been the first attempt to organise the American-Irish. All classes in their new country siding against them (their own selves their greatest enemy), or at least none fraternising with them, it was but natural they should eagerly club together on a phantom presenting itself, which, though vapoury, was as brilliant as many another political will-o'-the-wisp. Hence the Fenian association; and its extensiveness proves, that the leaders, however poorly they calculated contingencies, were sharp, pushing men, who well knew the stuff they had to work on. Given a handful of agitators, a pretended just cause, the existing raw material to hand, the Irish isolation in America, and, whatever its organisation in Ireland, the success and extent of Fenianism transatlantically was a matter of course. In the bosom of Patrick, who before emigration had been metaphorically at nurse, and who after emigration had been filling a gap between the natives and the negroes, sensations truly ecstatic must have arisen when he found himself being "told off" for the overthrow of an empire. It imported little whether Hibernians in general were to be bettered or damaged by the conquest of Ireland. Patrick, aided and often goaded by Bridget, vociferated to get it. Then, who are these so unanimously prejudiced? Is there a man among them who ever held a stake in his former country, or who holds any to signify in his adopted one? Allowing for a stratum of the half educated, are not the masses but drafts from the Great Untaught of Europe? On the one side, you see legions from whom all the ingenuous traits of a noble race have been cruelly stamped out, and who, through defect of mental training, are wholly unable to grasp any subject whatever, much less to adjust the scales between England and Ireland. On the other side you see schemers, who with floods of rough eloquence cease not to instil into the crude minds before them the one thought, that the present English government is the cause of their poverty, and that, consequently, if they wrest Ireland

from England, they must become rich. In making my conclusion, sceptics may refer me to Columbus and his egg. I answer, let them go among the Irish in America, or inquire of those who know them. It must then be concluded, that Fenianism, though as troublesome as Master Tom's pranks when he pulls the bran out of his sister's best doll, is really no more than an evanescence of the ignorant conceit of the moment, devoid of any ingredient dangerous to our future.

A word on the American army. Beyond sundry porters and draymen, who, clad in cast-off uniforms, hang about Wall-street, there is little now to be seen in New York of the once colossal Army of the North. I did witness one military turn-out, however, the funeral, namely, of General van Buren, for which the 12th Regiment of the National Guard was mustered in force in Union-square. As a muster of troops, I found it greatly to contrast with English ideas, and much to resemble the French. There was the same inattention to time and step in marching, the same looseness in the manual-and-platoon exercise, the same independent action of the men, that all connoisseurs, who have been brought up on the old Prussian model, find fault with in the French soldiery. The men looked as if they required a thorough course of setting-up drill, and the officers looked as if they had neither the knowledge nor the power to drill them. And this is literally the case. The neo-theorists, even amongst ourselves, affect to consider the Prussian parade system exploded. Well, I differ with them. Order may not constitute the very essence of an army, yet it certainly goes near to it. You may make a dash with slouchy troops, and the inspiration of a cause, or the enthusiasm evoked by a beloved leader, may create a temporary substitute for right order. But if you do not rule more by general discipline than by individual suggestion, any body of men must in the long run become demoralised. It is said, what matters their figure on parade, provided they fight well? The answer is twofold. First, we know little of the American battles, except that whole hosts lost their lives there. Of the behaviour of each regiment, of what they failed in, or of what they succeeded in, we know nothing, and, until we do know, American soldiering can form no criterion as to the advantages or disadvantages of slouchiness. This also applies to the French. There is no doubt that, under the First Empire, they were much more tied to their drill than now, one system—that founded by Frederick the Great—being universally in vogue at the time. Napoleon the Great, by the rapidity of his movements, began its unhingement; but it was still kept to in theory, and always aimed at in practice. As to the Crimea, unless the rush up the heights of the Alma, which is better called a Zouave escalade than a pitched battle, and the timely assistance given us on the evening of Inkermann, the French operations before Sevastopol were all siege-work, and, by consequence, no ways decisive of their drill system as pitted against ours. Even at Solferino and Magenta adventitious aids were brought to bear; for example, the new rifled cannon, then first used, which, like the needle-gun at Sadowa, disconcerted all calculations from experience. Moreover, military critics estimate Solferino and Magenta chiefly as one valiant campaign; whereas, armies being composed of regiments, a really operative discipline is directed to the parts rather than to the whole, or, in other words, primarily to the winning of single



battles, and only ultimately to campaigning. Whatever the future reveal, as yet there are no criteria to prove that a slouchy regiment makes a good fighting one. Secondly, it is an error to suppose that orderly habits, parades, "drill" in a word, to have been instituted with an absolute view to battle. The manly bearing resulting from our English drill system, as well off parade as on, the self-respect fostered by an upright deportment, by an intimacy with soap and water, by a strict attention to externals, are all of them contributors no less to private happiness than to public efficiency; whilst the prompt obedience we exact, even in trifles, the importance we attach to the smallest details of drill, together with the stringent rules of our barracks, are agents which go to augment the controlling power of him they act upon, and are causes which produce mutual forbearance, consideration for others, sacrifice of self to the general good, a better man, and consequently a better soldier. With us, even, if we would keep pace with modern tactics, modifications appear requisite. Our military transport service, our medical service, our supports, our reliefs, want improving. By a clothing adapted for play of limb, by less complexity of exercise, by less of red tape routine, by simpler movements, by a greater freedom of mind and muscle, by a hardier training, our men would doubtless become, not only more expert in the use of arms, and readier to take the field as a body, but also superior to what they are in their own persons. Still, the substance and spirit of English discipline are too valuable to be surrendered. Long, then, may our service retain it. Casting good qualities against bad, however, I liked the look of that American regiment. There was any amount of chewing, spitting, and talking in the ranks, even "at attention." I heard, too, some cheeky back-answers given to an officer. For all that, their springy step, the ease with which they handled their rifles, and their quickness in executing what manœuvres they knew, bespoke good will and stamina by no means despicable. The uniform is a short, dark-blue tunic with brass buttons, a grey trouser, a blue képi, and accoutrements of black leather. Very sensibly, though the parade was in heavy marching order, there were no kits to carry. I thought it a serviceable, unpretending, yet well-looking soldier's dress.

The environs of New York are most beautiful: nevertheless, their beauties are those of nature alone. The mere site for a city of Brooklyn is unsurpassable. Brooklyn has the appearance of a suburb of New York; but it is a city by itself. You reach it by one of those commodious ferries, of which there are runs across every quarter of an hour, from the various landing-stairs in New York.

The better class of houses in Brooklyn are of the self-same red sandstone, though some few are of marble, the greater number being of brick. The streets are broad, healthful-looking, and mostly lined with trees. The main street is Court-street, about two miles in length; and, as you look down it, you cannot help remarking what we should call "the colonial gloss" upon it, namely, trees, wide walking-green, many one and two-storied houses in close proximity to palaces, room verandahs, white awnings, shops very miscellaneous in their business, wayfarers few, a poor street traffic, and a sun that scorches you in April. Brooklyn is a lightsome, promising place, but possesses no European claim to the style of a city. It will wear its present unfinished look for many a

year to come. A mile beyond Brooklyn lies the celebrated Greenwood Cemetery, to which a grand entrance has been recently erected, and really in the best Gothic taste. This entrance would do credit to any cemetery in Europe, as indeed would the cemetery itself. Its situation is upon a hill, overlooking the Hudson River, New Jersey, and the entire country far and wide. Neatness, taste, and propriety were in such force at Greenwood, and its officials were so extremely polite, that it seemed as though Young America had been refused admittance within the gates. It must be a comfort to the educated and refined of New York and Brooklyn to feel, that, whatever surrounds them in life, at least in death they will be laid to their rest in a haunt of civilisation.

Opposite, along the shore of New Jersey, is Staten Island, the verdant acclivities and wooded hills of which are alive with country-houses, and stretch beautifully towards either the ocean or the cities. Hoboken, a town sprung from a Dutch settlement, directly faces New York. The town is nothing, but immediately above it are delightful walks through shady meadows, known as the Elysian Fields. The view up the Hudson is best caught from these meadows, and I did not find it had been exaggerated. It is a glorious sight. As you stand towards the uplands of the Hudson, on your right you descry the key of the New World, its outpost and chief magazine teeming with wealth and population; behind you, as your eye turns downward, a commercial and passenger fleet second on earth to none but England's; in front again, the Hudson River, expansive enough to float double that shipping, and to be foster-mother to myriads of boats and steam-ferries, which are skimming to and fro as blithesome and busy as insects in another element—fitting foreground for the prospect beyond it. Shortly above New York, the river-banks rise and form a highland on either side, which, being well timbered, combines, together with the great width of the river, to impart un-European grandeur to the scene. The Hudson has been likened to the Rhine. I could barely discern the likeness. The Rhine does not come near the Hudson in breadth of water, while the banks of the Hudson are not by any means so steep, nor its overhanging heights so craggy. I thought it more resembled the Danube, or, say, the Lee above Queenstown, only on a much larger scale. The truth is, we have nothing to match it in Europe. White sail by scores dotted the capacious Hudson as it lay dazzling in the sun, and seeming to yearn for more, yet more; white steamers fumed, roared, and speeded away north, as though crying to you, "Come and enjoy it;" white curl from distant railroads intimated a choice of roads to the enjoyment, with the manifold resources of trade; and white houses, reaching miles up the green land, told how you might be quiet as well as active beside the beautiful river. The scene is sublime. But it is a scene also to brace the nerves and exhilarate the heart.

Once more into New York. Although its theatres are good, the goodness of such in-door amusement as reaches the populace is not superlative. But nothing, I think, astonishes a European visitor to the "centre of the world" so much as the total want of provision for artistic amusement out of doors. It is said a Parisian discovers the same fault on visiting London. Yes; but we plead a valid excuse, in the insuperable obstacle of our climate. Then we have at least our parks and gardens,

which, for a certain kind of enjoyment, cannot be equalled. Now, in the whole of New York, there is no accessible park or garden, not even a boulevard, where you might stroll out of an evening. I do not deny that a great hulking thing, called Jones's Wood, straggles outside the city, or that the suburbs are besprinkled with lager-bier gardens; yet, besides those being places where no reputable person desires to be seen, it is certain that they all lie too distant from the thickly peopled quarters. The Elysian Fields, although nearer, require you to cross the river; whilst the Central Park—so named, *lucus à non lucendo*, because it isn't central—will have to wait another fifty years or so before it can become the people's recreation-ground.\* I am afraid to say how far away it lies by car; but I imagine the feelings of the New York poor towards their Central Park must be not unlike the feelings of the good folks of Ratcliffe-highway when Kew Gardens or the Crystal Palace occur to their reflective minds. Yet, the climate of New York is as near as possible the climate of Naples, every breath you inhale from April to November pressing, as it were, for means to render out-door life agreeable. Does it not sound then incredible, that, when you want to enjoy yourself out of doors, you cannot arrive at an open space until you have driven for three-quarters of an hour through hundreds of narrow streets hotter than Florence? Except that pitiful spot, the Bowling Green, and the space fronting the City Hall, Union-square is absolutely the first open space you come upon; on which account, as may be verified by reference to a map, very large proportions of the New York population have perforce to traverse two-thirds of the city before they can breathe fresh air. From the green colouring in the published lithograph of New York, one would take the city to be charmingly planted, and its streets full of foliage. A few are so. But, down the principal thoroughfare, that is, from Union-square all the way to Brooklyn, I literally found nothing more arbour-like than some glum sticks gasping for existence near the City Hall, and some bunches of leaves famishing on sickly stumps near the poor emigrants' refuge, Castle Garden.

Singular, for an Empire City. Nevertheless, it is in strict accordance with the city itself, and with the history of its progress. New York was founded, and in the first instance planned out, by Dutchmen; and summer recreation out of doors being less usual in the Low Countries, the first settlers probably thought of providing only for the kind of life they had been accustomed to in their former country. Commerce was paramount, the which once seen to, each family shifted for itself, the need or use of relaxation hardly coming home to them. By degrees, the ideas and habits of the settlers became local fixtures. Nor were those ideas materially modified, till house-building had advanced as far north as Union-square, which is just where one perceives the change.

Again, the New Yorkers are not a family party, like the Parisians or the Viennese. I was told you might live in New York for years without seeing any subject of an interest peculiar to the place brought systematically under public notice. Public life, such as we know it in the capitals of Europe, is non-existent in New York. Should some reform

\* The Central Park cost ten million dollars. The park drive is nine and a half miles, the bridle-road is five and a half miles, and the walks are twenty-six miles, in length.

or improvement seem desirable, no one appears, or, stranger still, no one wishes, to be influential enough to act in it. Either nothing is done, or a small part only of that public business is accomplished, which, in the face of much jealousy, had been attempted. As before observed, New York possesses super-excellent cafés and restaurants. Still, those undertakings, from their nature, are but the efforts of private persons, who go to work wholly on their own account, as best suits their purses, and without a law or a well-opinioned public to control them. What would Baron Hausmann, what would a London company, not give for such a site as the Elysian Fields above Hoboken? Would not thousands be speedily lavished upon it, and a people's paradise be soon purveyed within reach of all the population?

So with other places round about New York. Towards the north end of Broadway, splendid sites might be secured for cafés-chantants, and whereon to establish that apparatus of popular enjoyment which converts the Paris Champs Elysées into enchanted ground by night. As things are, take New York after business hours, and it would be difficult to find a capital more desperately and provokingly dull. Let alone fountains and gardens, yet undreamt of, though long since requisite, there does not happen, in the entire scope of out-door events in New York, as much as a band of music to cheer you. With a climate alluring to the healthiest pleasures without, indifferent pleasures are obstinately sought for in-doors, and not always obtained. A well-wishing visitor, adopting the words of an old English landscape-gardener, takes leave to say to sensible New Yorkers, "You have great capabilities; why don't you use them?"

I heard an English resident spend eloquence in contrasting the advanced civilisation of our Australian colonies with the semi-barbarism proper to certain phases of New York society. "What would not New York now be," he said, "if our great-grandfathers had not let it slip away from us? Look at Sydney; look at Melbourne." The sentiment befits an English mouth. It is a sentiment, however, which will not stand the test of reflection. No matter what the politics of the last century, sooner or later we must have lost America. Which being admitted, its accessibility to all parts of Europe, together with its enormous resources, as placed against the distance and comparative want of resource of Australasia, must have made America and New York precisely what they are. Not all the power of the British Empire magnified a hundred-fold could have stopped the outpour or inpour. Considering, also, that the effervescence of the nineteenth century required a safety-valve at all costs, it was even well America lay so close. Then, adding in the heterogeneous mankind which Old Europe has for thirty years been weekly discharging on American soil, and no one need wonder at the present posture of affairs.

There were more, a great deal more, to say: but, as I close, let those who read me bear witness, that, while rigidly accurate, with the design of informing my transatlantically-disposed countrymen, I have yet pointed to much that is admirable in New York, and have sought no object incompatible with good feeling towards the many of its enlightened citizens, who are toiling, in the face of such odds, to make their city in reality the Empire City.

# MYDDLETON POMFRET.

A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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Book the Fourth.

VI.

TWO NOTES FROM TIFFANY.

ON the morning after the untoward event described in the last chapter, Mr. and Mrs. Shelmerdine sat at breakfast in a private room at the Palace Hotel. The lady looked elated, but John was evidently much put out by the occurrence of the previous evening.

Always late, Bootle had not yet made his appearance, nor did he turn up until long after his father had finished breakfast, and got deep into the leading article of the leading journal. John scarcely returned his son's salutation, but Mrs. Shelmerdine was all smiles and sweetness, and begged Bootle to ring for hot toast, hot coffee, and a broil. Bootle complied with the suggestion; but as there were plenty of other things on the table, he set to work at once upon the wing of a chicken and a slice of tongue. While he was thus employed, his father, who had been watching him for some time with suppressed wrath, at last broke out:

"A pretty business you made of it last night, sir. You placed me in a most unpleasant position. Never in my life did I hear of so silly a quarrel! What was it all about? A mere trifle, of which no sensible man would have taken the slightest notice. The whole thing would have been absurd, if it had not ended seriously. I felt heartily ashamed of you, sir. I fancied you were really attached to Miss Flaxyard, but I can scarcely believe so after your ridiculous conduct. Even admitting that you had some reasonable grounds for annoyance—and I can't admit anything of the sort—you ought to have acted like a gentleman."

"I hope I did act like a gentleman, sir," pleaded Bootle.

"Your father did not see all that passed, and refuses to lend credence to my explanation," said Mrs. Shelmerdine, with an approving smile at her son. "I watched Miss Flaxyard narrowly,

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and highly disapproved of her manner towards that impudent Captain What's-his-name. Since she was foolish enough to waltz with him, after your prohibition, delivered, I must say—for I heard it—in a very gentlemanlike, proper manner, I think you were perfectly justified in the course you pursued—perfectly justified, I repeat. Your father takes a widely different view of the matter, but never mind. You are in the right. Now that the thing is over, I may candidly confess that I could never have tolerated Miss Flaxyard as a daughter-in-law.”

“Ha! well! I don't exactly like giving her up,” said Bootle. “I was in a deuced passion last night, but a little soda and brandy has calmed me this morning. Perhaps I was rather too impetuous. What do you think, sir?” he added to his father.

“Don't appeal to me. I've already given you my opinion,” replied John, gruffly. “I think you behaved absurdly.”

“Be ruled by me, Bootle,” said Mrs. Shelmerdine, beginning to be alarmed. “In a case of this kind a mother is the best judge; in fact, the only judge. Having got entangled by a vulgar, designing girl, you may esteem yourself singularly fortunate that she has furnished you, by her conduct, with a pretext for breaking off the engagement. As soon as you have finished breakfast, write to inform her that the affair is at an end.”

“Think twice before you take that step, my boy,” said his father. “Recollect that this designing girl, as your mother describes her, happens to have thirty thousand pounds.”

At this moment the waiter came in with a broiled whiting, and at the same time placed a note in a pink envelope before Bootle.

“Just been left for you, sir.”

“Any answer required?” asked Bootle, turning pale as he recognised Tiffany's handwriting.

The waiter replied in the negative, and withdrew.

“From Miss Flaxyard, I presume?” remarked Mrs. Shelmerdine, glancing scornfully at the note. “Give it to me, and I'll read it aloud, while you go on with your breakfast.”

Bootle not venturing to make any objection, she opened the note, and read as follows:

“‘DARLING BOOTLE,—How very, very sorry I am that I annoyed you. It was very thoughtless in me to valse with that horrid Captain Musgrave, but I have been sufficiently punished for my folly. I couldn't sleep a wink last night.’”

“D'ye hear that?” cried John. “‘She couldn't sleep a wink last night.’”

“Neither could I,” added Bootle, sympathetically.

“I am the more vexed with myself, because I feel that, besides annoying you, I have offended dearest Mrs. Shelmerdine. I should be grieved, indeed, if I thought that I had forfeited *her* good opinion.

But you must set me right with her, dearest boy. Though awfully afraid of her, as she must have perceived, I love her and respect her; and you may confidently assure her, dearest boy, that she will ever find me a dutiful daughter.'

"Well, if I felt certain she would act up to this, I might change my opinion of her," remarked Mrs. Shelmerdine. "I fancy she does stand in awe of me."

"She thinks you a very superior woman," observed Bootle. "But finish the letter."

"As to dear Mr. Shelmerdine, I am not the least bit afraid of *him*. He's the nicest man I ever met, not excepting my own darling Bootle. Pray tell him so.'

Here Mrs. Shelmerdine coughed rather incredulously.

"What I have said will convince you of my earnest desire to render myself agreeable to your family. It won't be my fault if they don't like me. Dearest Mrs. Shelmerdine shan't have to complain of me again—neither shall you, dearest boy. Dear Mr. S., I am sure, has forgiven me already. So let the silly affair be forgotten. Bring them both to luncheon, and we will drive afterwards to the Crystal Palace. Adieu, dearest boy!

"Your ever affectionate

"THEOPHANIA FLAXYARD.'

"A very nice amiable letter," said John, as his wife concluded. "Of course we must go to luncheon, my dear. We can't do otherwise."

"Hum! I don't know about that!" cried Mrs. Shelmerdine. "The letter appears creditable to the girl, but I think it has been written with an eye to effect. Eh day! here's more of it," she added, as a thin leaf of paper, which had been placed inside the note, dropped out.

"Better let Bootle read that to himself, my dear," said John, rather uneasily. "That's private."

But his wife's quick eye had caught a few words that incited her to go on. After scanning the letter for a few moments with looks that scared both Bootle and his father, she read it aloud with bitter emphasis, pausing occasionally to make a sarcastic observation.

"This is your letter, dearest boy. The other, as you will readily guess, is for the benefit of the elderly party, who has the enviable privilege of calling you her son. If mischief has been made, that malicious old woman—I am sorry to speak so disrespectfully of my darling Bootle's mamma, but I can't help it—if mischief has been made, I say, *she* is the cause of it. I valued with that odious man merely to show how little I cared for her, and for no other reason. You had prepared me for the sort of person I should find her, but I didn't expect—'

"What have you been saying of me, Bootle?" demanded his mother, pausing, and looking severely at him.

Very much confused, Bootle made no direct reply, but merely begged her not to read more.

"I *shall* go on," she observed, with lofty scorn. "It is perfectly immaterial what such a girl as this may say of me, but it is *not* immaterial that I should be disparaged by my son."

Clearing her voice, she continued:

"I didn't expect such a terrible old Tartar. She soon let us see that she looked down upon us all, and didn't think me half good enough for you. I fancy I have a little spirit. At all events, I can't stand this sort of thing. So, when she sent you to bid me sit down, I wouldn't. Now you have the truth, dearest boy."

"A very nice young lady, I must say," remarked Mrs. Shelmerdine, in a contemptuous parenthesis. "'As to your governor, I dote upon him. Hornby calls him a regular brik, and so he is. After this explanation, darling Bootle, I am sure, will forgive his devoted and truly penitent Tiff, and come to luncheon.'

"Come to luncheon, indeed!" exclaimed the incensed lady, throwing down the letter. "After indulging in all this vulgar slang, after calling me 'a terrible old Tartar,' does she suppose I will ever enter her father's doors again?"

"Consider, my dear," said John, who had been laughing to himself, "that the letter you have just read was not meant for your eye. She would have never called you a terrible old Tartar to your face."

"I trust not," rejoined Mrs. Shelmerdine. "But I suppose you are gratified by the elegant epithet she has applied to you? You like being called a 'regular brik,' I make no doubt?"

"I don't mind it in the least, my dear," he replied, laughing. "But whether we approve of slang or not, neither you nor myself can take umbrage at anything contained in that second letter, which was not meant to be shown us. And allow me to add, that there is a good deal of force in what Miss Flaxyard says—namely, that you yourself have been the cause of this disturbance. You were certainly very rude to her family, and no wonder she should resent such treatment."

"I dislike her. I dislike her family, and I made no attempt to dissemble my feelings. They are a vulgar set, but she is worst of all, and it would have been an inexpressible grief to me if Bootle had been linked to her for life. How he could ever have engaged himself to such a creature passes my comprehension. I can really discover nothing in her, either in mind or person."

"I thought her—and, for that matter, still think her—remarkably pretty," said Bootle.

"So she is," observed his father. "A little fast, and rather too



fond of slang, but she'll mend when she's married. I'll warrant she has the making of a good wife."

"Good or bad, she shall never be Bootle's wife with my consent. Luckily, the engagement has been broken off. There must be no renewal of it. Bootle shall immediately despatch a note, which I will dictate for him, informing Miss Flaxyard that we cannot possibly have the honour of taking luncheon at the Acacias this morning, since we are leaving town at once for Lancashire."

John uttered an exclamation of disapproval, and, getting up from his seat, moved towards the window.

"Do as I tell you, Bootle," said his mother, in a low voice, and with a significant look at him. "She won't suit you."

"Well, I don't know that," he rejoined, doubtfully. "I rather think she would."

Here John turned round, and, leaning against the back of a sofa, addressed his wife.

"Why won't you allow Bootle to please himself, my dear? He doesn't regard the girl and her family with your eyes. You allow your prejudices to interfere with your judgment. Miss Flaxyard is not half so bad as you represent her. In fact, I can't find any fault with her, except that, as I just now observed, she is rather fast. But she'll soon lower the pace, especially if you will take the reins in hand."

"I take the reins in hand!" exclaimed Mrs. Shelmerdine, scornfully. "Don't expect it, sir!"

"Well, she would go quieter if you did. But allow me to finish what I have begun. If you deny Miss Flaxyard every other recommendation, you must at least admit that she has an important one—a good fortune. Bootle will do well to consider that before he writes the letter you suggest."

"Her fortune need be no temptation to Bootle. Let him marry a lady, even if she has nothing."

"He cannot honourably retreat from the engagement he has entered into; neither can I support him in withdrawing from it. However, he must decide for himself. What do you say, Bootle?" he demanded, almost sure, from his son's looks, of the answer he should receive. "Will you be guided by your mother or by me? Are you for the train to Bury, or for luncheon at Clapham?"

"Upon my soul, I can't make up my mind," replied Bootle, glancing undecidedly from one to the other.

At this moment the waiter entered the room, and, to the surprise of all present, announced Mr. Flaxyard.

"Mr. Flaxyard! Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Shelmerdine. "Let me get out of the room."

## VII.

## BOOTLE'S DECISION.

BUT a graceful retreat being impossible, she kept her seat. Mr. Flaxyard was ushered in, and his manifest nervousness was not dissipated by the looks of the haughty dame.

John, however, shook hands with him, and inquired after the ladies, and so did Bootle, though less cordially.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked John, pointing to the table.

"Thank you! yes," rejoined Flaxyard. "I must apologise to you, ma'am, for this early visit," he added to Mrs. Shelmerdine, "but we have all been so much distressed by what took place last night, that I could not rest till I had seen you. I am charged by my daughter to say how much she regrets the occurrence. She would not offend you for the world."

Mrs. Shelmerdine, who looked very dignified, inclined her head slightly, but made no reply. Poor Flaxyard was rather abashed, but recovering himself, he went on:

"Without meaning to flatter you, ma'am, I must take leave to state that my wife and myself, impressed by your distinguished manner, have recommended you as an object of imitation to Tiffany, and she has promised to take you as a pattern. May I be permitted to tell you what she said of you this morning?"

"No, I thank you," rejoined Mrs. Shelmerdine, haughtily. "I am quite aware of Miss Flaxyard's opinion of me."

"She entertains the very highest opinion of you, ma'am; that I can unhesitatingly declare," said Flaxyard. "Over and over again, with tears in her eyes, did she reproach herself in such terms as these: 'What will dear Mrs. Shelmerdine think of me? How shocked she must be at conduct so different from her own! How thoughtless and silly I was, to be sure—but I meant no harm! I shall never feel happy till I obtain her forgiveness. Darling Bootle understands me, and will overlook my fault—but his mother, whose standard of propriety is so very high, will condemn me, I fear, without listening to my defence.' These were her exact expressions, ma'am, and I think they will convince you of the sincerity of her regret, as well as of her anxiety to please you."

Mrs. Shelmerdine listened with a smile of incredulity.

"Either you are trifling with me, Mr. Flaxyard, or your daughter has imposed upon you," she said. "I have proof, under her own hand, of the opinion she entertains of me. Read that, sir, and you will see in what respectful terms I am mentioned."

And she gave him the enclosure which had just caused so much confusion. As he cast his eye over it, he turned crimson, and glancing angrily at Bootle, said,

"Did you give this to your mother, sir? If so, I consider you have been guilty of——"

"Hold! my dear Mr. Flaxyard," interposed John. "I must exculpate Bootle. The letter fell accidentally into my wife's hands. I am very sorry she has read it—that is all I can say."

"Well, ma'am, the most sensible plan will be to treat the matter as a bad joke," remarked Flaxyard. "Men of business like Mr. Shelmerdine and myself always write in a plain straightforward way; but ladies—especially young ladies—are not so guarded, and sometimes, as in this case, mistake smartness for wit. Bootle must accept some of the responsibility of this unlucky letter, since it evidently represents his sentiments quite as much as Tiff's. But I regard it as a mere joke, and if he were to write about me in the same style, and describe me as a stout old party, I should merely laugh."

"I never write letters," remarked the young man.

"I cannot accept your explanation, sir," said Mrs. Shelmerdine, maintaining a haughty and inflexible look, "if your daughter can speak of me in such terms——"

"Why, my dear madam," interrupted Flaxyard, "your son must have spoken of you in precisely similar terms. Ask him. He can't deny it."

Bootle offered no contradiction.

Here John, much to his wife's disgust, burst into a hearty laugh, in which Flaxyard could not help joining.

"Mr. Shelmerdine," said his wife, reproachfully, "I think you might show a little more consideration for my feelings. I have been grossly insulted."

"Pardon me, madam, I do not think so," rejoined Flaxyard, becoming suddenly grave. "We have all the greatest regard and respect for you."

"Your daughter has a strange way of showing her respect."

"Come, my dear, you have said quite enough," remarked John.

"When no offence is intended, none should be taken. Bootle is the cause of it all."

"I!" exclaimed the young gentleman

"Take it upon your own shoulders," whispered his father.

"Well, I am certainly bound to admit that Tiffany wrote that letter to amuse me; and no doubt it would have amused me, if——"

"Enough," cried his mother. "You are just as bad as she is."

"Well, then, they'll make a nice pair," laughed John. "I think the difficulty is got over," he whispered to Flaxyard. But he was mistaken.

"Mr. Flaxyard," said the lady, "it would be improper to disguise from you that I disapprove—strongly disapprove—of my son's marriage with your daughter. You may imagine

that my dislike to the match originated in Miss Flaxyard's conduct last night, and has been increased by her letter this morning. No such thing. All along, as Mr. Shelmerdine will tell you if he speaks the truth, I have been opposed to the union. On what particular grounds, it is unnecessary for me to say. But, for fear of misapprehension, I will state plainly that I think the match in every respect unsuitable to my son."

"My dear, do, pray, consider," said John.

"I will not qualify my expressions in the slightest degree," rejoined Mrs. Shelmerdine. "I think the match wholly unsuitable to Bootle."

Poor Mr. Flaxyard looked confounded, and utterly at a loss what to say.

"I wish Tiff were here to answer her," he mentally ejaculated; "I cannot."

However, he roused himself, and said, with some spirit,

"I must at least admit, madam, that you are plain-spoken. No mistaking what you mean. But I should like to hear what Bootle has to say on the subject."

"Bootle will write to your daughter," said Mrs. Shelmerdine, apprehensive lest the young gentleman should commit himself by a reply.

"No, that won't do," said Flaxyard, encouraged by a slight wink addressed to him by John. "I must have an answer now. I will say nothing of my daughter's feelings—of her mother's feelings—of my own feelings—since they appear to be entirely disregarded. An engagement is formed, carried on almost to the last point, and then on a trivial pretext is to be broken off. Permit me to say, ma'am, that it is now too late to signify your disapproval." Mr. Shelmerdine, who ought to have some voice in the matter, has given his full consent, and only yesterday we discussed and agreed upon the terms of the settlements. I was perfectly satisfied with Mr. Shelmerdine's intentions, as I believe he was with mine. Our solicitors are to meet at noon to-day in Lincoln's Inn-fields. Am I to tell them that their services are not required?—that the affair is at an end? I trust not. I cannot think that Bootle, who has professed so strong an attachment for my daughter, to whom she is so much devoted, and whom I and my wife have begun to regard as a son—I cannot think, I say, that *he* will attempt to retreat from his engagement. Naturally, I am sorry to learn, ma'am—and I learn it now for the first time—that the engagement which has met with Mr. Shelmerdine's sanction has not met with yours; but though that circumstance may cause me deep regret, I cannot allow it to weigh with me. My daughter's happiness is at stake—and she must be my first consideration."

A series of winks, delivered from time to time, conveyed to Mr. Flaxyard John's entire approval of this speech.

Mrs. Shelmerdine was far from impressed by the oration, but perceiving, to her dismay, that it had produced an effect on her son, she held up her finger to him. But Bootle disregarded the hint.

"Now, Bootle, speak out like a man," said his father. "Do you mean marriage?"

"Yes, I do," he replied, firmly.

On this, Mrs. Shelmerdine instantly quitted the room.

Both the elderly gentlemen complimented him on his courage, and told him he had done right.

"I have got myself into a nice scrape," remarked John, laughing. "But I don't mind that."

"I may now tell you that the ladies are in the carriage below," said Flaxyard to Bootle. "They'll drive you to the Acacias at once, if you like to go with them."

"Go, my boy—go," urged his father. "You will be better out of the way."

Bootle required no second bidding, but taking up his hat, hurried down-stairs.

He found Tiffany and her mother seated in the phaeton, which was drawn up at the door of the hotel. Tiffany uttered a little cry of delight as she beheld him. She looked so bewitching, that he wondered how he could have quarrelled with her.

Needless to say, he was rapturously received. After a few exclamations of delight, he got into the phaeton, and his mother, who witnessed the scene from an upper window of the hotel, saw him carried off in triumph.

Mrs. Flaxyard was dreadfully shocked when she heard that her daughter's private letter had fallen into Mrs. Shelmerdine's hands, but Tiffany screamed with laughter, and thought it the best joke possible.

"Oh, how I should have liked to see her when she read the letter!" she exclaimed.

"I don't think you would," rejoined Bootle. "Neither I nor the governor found the situation agreeable, I can tell you."

"I'm afraid she'll never forgive you, Tiff," remarked Mrs. Flaxyard.

"Well, I must bear her displeasure as well as I can," said the young lady. "Since I've got my darling boy back again, I don't care for anything else."

Meanwhile, the two old gentlemen remained laughing and talking together. At last Flaxyard took out his watch.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it only wants a quarter to twelve. We mustn't forget our appointment with the lawyers. We must be off to Lincoln's Inn-fields at once."

"A word to the old lady, and I'm with you," replied John.

He disappeared, but presently returned, looking rather blank. Flaxyard, however, made no observation.

The two gentlemen then got into a hansom cab, and drove to Lincoln's Inn-fields.

## VIII.

### HOW MR. STONEHOUSE WAS CONVINCED OF HIS MISTAKE.

AFTER a very satisfactory interview with the lawyers, who undertook that no delay should occur on their part, John drove off to Clapham to join the party at luncheon, and Flaxyard proceeded to the City. Arrived at his place of business, he found Myddleton Pomfret waiting for him in his back room.

"I want to have a word with you, Mr. Flaxyard," said Pomfret, in reference to a gentleman whom I met at your house last evening."

"Mr. Stonehouse! Yes, I understand. I am very sorry I invited him, but I had not the slightest idea there was any risk in doing so. He declares you are no other than Julian Curzon, and that he will prove his assertion."

"In what way can he prove it? None of Julian's relations can be produced. At the time of his disappearance, I don't think he had a single near relative. He was an orphan, left to the care of an uncle, who brought him up, provided for him, and died some years ago, leaving his nephew a considerable sum of money, all of which, I am sorry to say, the careless fellow spent. Julian had plenty of friends, or persons calling themselves friends, but they have long since forgotten him."

"Let me ask you a simple question. Are you able to prove that you are actually Myddleton Pomfret? If so, the point can be disposed of without difficulty."

"I am not required to give any such proof. And I shall certainly not furnish it at the instance of Mr. Stonehouse."

"You do not consider, my dear sir, that he may place you in such a position that you will be compelled to rebut the charge. Of course, if you can show conclusively that you are the person you represent yourself, there will be an end of the matter. But, repeat, *can* you do this?"

Pomfret made no reply.

"You will believe that I am influenced by the most friendly feelings in giving you this caution," pursued Flaxyard. "I do not ask to be taken into your confidence, though you may place the most perfect reliance on my discretion. But I have an opinion on the matter—and I see danger. Stonehouse can do you personally no harm; but if he can persuade people that you are

really Julian Curzon—that the story of your death was fictitious—see what a position your unfortunate wife will be placed in. For her sake—if not for your own—this disclosure must be prevented.”

“I could frighten him into silence, but I don’t like resorting to that method,” said Pomfret.

“There is one way of silencing him,” observed Flaxyard. “Convince him that you are not the supposed defunct Julian Curzon. A plan has occurred to me, that, successfully carried out, might mystify him. Are you aware that Mr. Leycester is in town?”

“Sophy’s father!” exclaimed Pomfret. “No, I was not aware of it.”

“Stonehouse intends calling upon him this afternoon, and has asked me to accompany him.”

“Where is Mr. Leycester staying?—at an hotel?”

“No, at No. 80, Upper Baker-street. His daughter Celia is with him. Thus much I learnt from Stonehouse. Now, my notion is that you should see Mr. Leycester beforehand, and prepare him for our visit.”

“I don’t think the scheme practicable,” said Pomfret, after a short consideration. “I could not impose upon Mr. Leycester, and it would be a most painful task to me to enter into explanations with him. Besides, I do not know what effect the disclosures might have upon the poor old gentleman, who, I understand, is in a very infirm state of health, and nearly broken by the last calamity that has befallen him. What will he say when he learns the cruel position in which his unfortunate daughter is placed?”

“Her position may be made still worse if care be not taken,” said Flaxyard. “However painful it may be to make the necessary avowal to Mr. Leycester, and however much distressed the poor old gentleman may be by what you will have to tell him, the disclosure must be made. Better anything than that the real facts should come out.”

“Well, I will follow your advice. I will see him without delay. Celia, you say, is with him?”

“So Stonehouse informed me. I am glad you have come to this determination. There is no other way of saving one, who I feel—notwithstanding all that has passed—must be still dear to you.”

“She is still dear to me,” exclaimed Pomfret, in broken accents, “and for her sake I will endure this trial.”

“Where is the unfortunate lady?” said Flaxyard. “You know that I take a deep interest in her, and will allow me, therefore, to make the inquiry.”

“I cannot answer the question,” replied Pomfret. “I am wholly unacquainted with her retreat. She has not written to me

since her flight from Paris. Possibly she may be still in France, though I should conjecture, from the fact of Celia having returned to her father, that she must be in this country. I told her to address me at my bankers', in case she had any communication to make to me, but I have not heard from her. If I thought she was with her father, I would not hazard a meeting. But no! no! I am quite sure she has not returned to him."

"I am also of that opinion," said Flaxyard. "About the business at once. There is no time to lose. I will take care of Stonehouse."

Warmly thanking the old gentleman, Pomfret left him, and getting into a hansom cab, told the driver to make the best of his way to Upper Baker-street.

Not without trepidation did Pomfret knock at the door of the house to which he had been directed. The summons was answered by a female servant, who informed him that Mr. Leycester was very unwell—suffering from his eyes—and she didn't think he would like to be disturbed, but Miss Leycester was within, and would probably see him if he would be good enough to send up his name.

Pomfret complied with the request, and was presently conducted to the drawing-room, where he found Celia. She was alone, and as soon as the servant disappeared, gave vent to her feelings of astonishment and delight on beholding him again. Of course she had been made acquainted by Sophy with all the particulars of his strange story; but prepared as she was, she could scarcely believe that he stood before her.

Pomfret hastened to explain the nature of his errand, and she saw at once how important it was that his incognito should be preserved. And she was of opinion that this might be readily accomplished, so far as Mr. Leycester was concerned.

"Had poor papa the perfect use of his eyes, he could not fail to recognise you, Julian," she said. "But at present he is suffering from a severe attack of ophthalmia, and, indeed, has come to town to consult an oculist, so that he will not be able to distinguish your features. I am sure you may safely pass with him for Myddleton Pomfret. Shall I tell him you are here?"

"Yes. But before you go, one word about Sophy. How is she?—where is she?"

"I can give you no information," she replied, sadly. "I have heard nothing from her since we parted at Dover."

With this she quitted the room, and shortly afterwards returned with her father, whom she led by the hand.

Mr. Leycester had once been a tall, fine-looking man, but he now stooped a good deal. Over his eyes he wore a large green shade. Pomfret was very much moved at the sight of him, and advanced to meet him as he entered the room.



"Mr. Pomfret, papa," said Celia.

"Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said Mr. Leycester, warmly grasping the hand which the other extended to him. "Pray be seated, sir. Set me a chair next Mr. Pomfret, Celia." This being done, he went on: "I am beyond expression indebted to you, Mr. Pomfret, for your unparalleled generosity to my daughter Sophy. It distresses me to allude to her, as you may conceive, but I would not appear wanting to you in gratitude. You were a great friend of poor Julian Curzon, sir. Poor fellow! I felt his loss very severely—and so must you, sir, to judge by your noble conduct. I always cite you as a model of friendship."

"You very much overrate what I have done," remarked Pomfret.

"Actions like yours cannot be overrated," said Mr. Leycester. "I am very sorry the condition of my eyes prevents me from distinguishing the features of a gentleman whom I so much esteem, but I can imagine what you are like."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Pomfret, glancing at Celia.

"Mr. Pomfret is very like poor Julian, papa," observed the cunning young lady.

"Then he is like a very handsome fellow," rejoined Mr. Leycester. "But it is odd you should resemble my ill-fated son-in-law in features, Mr. Pomfret, for your voice is so like poor Julian's that I could almost fancy I was talking to him."

"My resemblance to Julian has given rise to more than one curious incident," remarked Pomfret, with a slight laugh. "At dinner yesterday I met a Mr. Stonehouse, who insisted upon it that I must be Julian come to life again."

"Ah! that's very droll," cried Mr. Leycester, laughing.

"Did you succeed in convincing Mr. Stonehouse of his error?" inquired Celia.

"Scarcely, I think," replied Pomfret. "But it matters very little to me whether I convinced him or not."

"I hope he won't propagate the ridiculous story," remarked Celia. "It is calculated to do a deal of harm."

"In what way, my dear?" said Mr. Leycester. "What possible harm can it do Mr. Pomfret to be thought like his poor friend Julian Curzon?"

"Why, the world is prone to believe strange stories, and the more improbable the story, the more easily will it obtain credit. If Mr. Stonehouse asserts publicly that Mr. Myddleton Pomfret is no other than Julian Curzon, people will be sure to believe him."

"Well, suppose they do. Mr. Pomfret will laugh at them—that's all."

"He may laugh at them, papa. But it will be a serious matter to us. What will people say if they believe that Sophy's first husband was alive when she married again?"

"Bless me! that did not occur to me. We must stop such mischievous talk. Such a report would give me the greatest annoyance. Already I have endured affliction enough on poor Sophy's account," he added, with a groan. "This would be more than I could bear. Ah, sir, do you recollect Sophy before her marriage with Julian?"

"I do," faltered the other.

"How beautiful she was, and how greatly she was admired! She might have made a splendid match, but she wouldn't be advised——"

"Never mind that, papa," interrupted Celia. "She loved Julian, and of course wouldn't marry any one else."

"More's the pity! Nothing but calamity has attended her ever since. Julian lost within a month—years of grief, during which she appeared inconsolable. Then a brief season of happiness, for which she was entirely indebted to you, Mr. Pomfret. Then a second marriage, luckless as the first, and a sudden separation from a worthless husband. Can a woman be more unfortunate than Sophy has been? Twice unlucky in marriage! And now what would she be if Mr. Stonehouse's notion were correct!"

"Don't think of that, papa. Mr. Pomfret is here to contradict it."

"I have never seen her since the separation from Captain Musgrave," pursued Mr. Leycester, addressing Pomfret, "for she refuses to return to her family, and won't even acquaint me with her retreat, so that I am unable to write to her. I sometimes think Celia knows where she is, but won't tell me."

"Indeed I don't, papa. Before we parted at Dover, Sophy exacted a promise from me, which, as you know, I have religiously kept, that I would say nothing about her. I would willingly have remained with her if she would have allowed me, but she was resolved to live alone."

"I trust I shall embrace her once more before I die," ejaculated Mr. Leycester. "I am sure her separation from Captain Musgrave was occasioned by no fault of her own. I never liked the man, and would not have consented to her marriage with him, had it not been for Celia's representations."

"We were all completely deceived by him," said Celia; "and if I had had the slightest idea——But let us change the conversation. It can't be very agreeable to Mr. Pomfret."

Making a great effort to control his emotion, which would infallibly have betrayed him to Mr. Leycester if that gentleman could have perused his countenance, Pomfret turned the discourse into another channel, and began to talk about Miss Flaxyard's approaching marriage. In this event, owing to her acquaintance with Tiffany, Celia took the liveliest interest, and wanted to know all about Bootle. They were still occupied with the subject, when

a knock was heard at the door. Celia flew to the window, and exclaimed:

"Why, I declare there is Mr. Flaxyard himself getting out of a cab, and another gentleman with him."

"It is Stonehouse," said Pomfret, reconnoitring them through the window. "No doubt he has come to tell you of the discovery he has made," he added to Mr. Leycester.

"I am glad of it," rejoined the old gentleman. "He shall have my opinion as to his sagacity."

"Pray step into papa's room," said Celia to Pomfret. "It will be best that Mr. Stonehouse should not find you here. If necessary, I will summon you."

Pomfret assented, and Celia showed him into a back parlour, and then returned quickly to her father. Next moment the newcomers were ushered in by the servant.

After presenting Mr. Flaxyard to her father, who received him with great cordiality, Celia took the old gentleman aside to make inquiries about his family, and especially about Tiffany's approaching nuptials, while Stonehouse seized the opportunity of opening his business.

"I have a very singular circumstance to relate to you, Mr. Leycester," he said, "and I think it right to prepare you for a great surprise. I had the pleasure of dining yesterday with my old friend Mr. Flaxyard, and among the guests was a gentleman whom I certainly did not expect to meet."

"Ah, who was it?" asked Mr. Leycester.

"You shall hear anon. But before proceeding, let me remind you that I was extremely intimate with your son-in-law, Julian Curzon."

"I am quite aware of that, Mr. Stonehouse. I fear his intimacy with you led him to the commission of the rash act which deprived my daughter of a husband."

"My dear sir, the rash act, as you call it, was never committed at all. That's the very point I'm coming to. What will you say when I tell you that Julian Curzon is still alive?"

"Alive! ridiculous! Is this the great surprise you have been preparing for me?"

"I solemnly declare to you that I saw him last night, and conversed with him. Julian Curzon is no more dead than you and I are, Mr. Leycester. He is living and flourishing, and has made a fortune at Madras. He goes by an assumed name, of course; but any one who knew him as intimately as I did, cannot fail to recognise him. You would know him in an instant. I have thought it right to tell you this, sir, that you may take such steps as you may deem proper under the circumstances. Rest assured he is alive."

"All a mistake, Stonehouse. You met Mr. Myddleton Pomfret last night."

"Yes, that is the name Julian goes by—but it won't pass with me."

"But it must pass with you, Stonehouse, since it happens to be the gentleman's real name. Myddleton Pomfret is Myddleton Pomfret, and no other. He is no more Julian Curzon than you are."

"Well, if he is not Julian, his resemblance to him is marvellous," said Stonehouse, rather staggered. "Am I to understand that you know this self-styled Mr. Pomfret?"

"Yes, we know all about him," interposed Celia, quickly. "We know who he is and what he is—all his pedigree—and can satisfy you in every particular. He is one of the Pomfrets of Burton Constable, in Yorkshire. The Pomfrets are neighbours of ours in that county. Myddleton is a younger son, that is why he has gone into business. He has just been here—in fact, he is still in the house—and came purposely to tell us what occurred last evening at Mr. Flaxyard's dinner. He is extremely offended with you, Mr. Stonehouse, and I think with good reason."

"I told Mr. Stonehouse that he was entirely mistaken," remarked Flaxyard. "But he wouldn't believe me. Now, perhaps, he is satisfied."

"Not exactly satisfied, but a good deal shaken," said Stonehouse.

At this moment the servant brought in a piece of folded paper, saying, as she delivered it to Celia:

"From Mr. Pomfret, miss."

Celia glanced at the note. It contained only a couple of lines, and ran thus:

"Have you anything further to say to me? I am unable to stay longer.—M. P."

"Tell Mr. Pomfret I'll come to him in a minute," said the young lady. Then turning to Stonehouse, she added, "Did you know poor Julian's handwriting?"

"Perfectly well. I've seen it often enough."

"Is that like it?" she inquired.

"I can't say it is," he rejoined, examining the note.

"All doubts must be removed," said Celia.

And she hurried out of the room, but returned the next minute accompanied by Pomfret, who very haughtily saluted Stonehouse.

"Now, Mr. Stonehouse, what do you say?" cried Celia. "Do you still maintain your opinion?"

"Look me in the face, sir," cried Pomfret, sternly, "and declare before this company whether you really believe me to be Julian Curzon."

"I'm rather puzzled about it," replied the other, uneasily.

"It is lucky for you, sir, that my poor friend is no more," con-

tinued Pomfret. "Had he been living he would have had an account to settle with you. Some documents in my possession prove that your transactions with him were not quite straightforward."

"My dealings with him were all strictly correct, and will bear investigation," interrupted Stonehouse, evidently alarmed.

"I am inclined to think, that if Julian were alive, he could and would give you trouble," said Pomfret, with stern significance. "If you doubt what I say, I will show the documents in question to Mr. Flaxyard."

"That is not necessary, sir," said the gentleman referred to. "I am sure Mr. Stonehouse will not persist in his assertion."

"No, I am ready to admit that I was in error," said Stonehouse. "I now discern a great difference between Mr. Pomfret and my late friend Julian. I beg to apologise for my mistake."

"This is something, but not enough," rejoined Pomfret. "Wherever this erroneous statement has been made, there must be a contradiction. I insist upon that."

"I have said nothing as yet," rejoined Stonehouse. "I came here first, wishing to talk over the matter with Mr. Lyecester."

"Lucky for yourself you did," observed that gentleman. "However, I think you have behaved very properly in owning yourself in the wrong."

Stonehouse, who felt himself in a very humiliating position, bowed around, and made his way to the door. Flaxyard followed him, and, while passing Pomfret, observed, with a laugh,

"That was a very dexterous manœuvre. You have silenced him effectually."

Pomfret did not remain long after the others. He dreaded further conversation with Mr. Lyecester.

## IX.

### THE MARRIAGE AT CLAPHAM.

DARLING BOOTLE now reigned supreme at the Acacias, and was supremely happy. No more jealousy; no more quarrels; constant smiles from Tiffany; lively talk and merry laughter with Hornby; cheerful discourse with the elderly folk; drives to Wimbledon, Richmond, Kew, Hampton Court, in the morning; nice little dinners, and very often a private box at a theatre in the evening.

Tiffany had received a lesson, and profited by it. The Flaxyard family generally being fully sensible of the advantage of the match, did their best to further it. Hornby was assiduous in his attentions to Bootle, and took care that he should experience no

further annoyance from Musgrave. Even Hornby's bosom friend, Rufus Trotter, was kept away, lest his presence should prove detrimental. Mr. and Mrs. Flaxyard likewise studied all Bootle's peculiarities, and made an extraordinary fuss of the young man, consulting his tastes upon all points, and bowing to all his opinions.

Meantime, preparations were actively made for the approaching nuptials. The bride's trousseau, on which one of the most fashionable West-end modistes was employed, was almost completed. The wedding-day was fixed, and the bridesmaids were chosen. Eva was asked to be one of them, but declined. Her refusal was no great disappointment to Tiffany. She had plenty of young friends, who would be delighted to assist on the occasion, and she selected the prettiest among them. Bootle's best man was Captain Standish, a relation of his own on his mother's side. The captain had been introduced at the Acacias, where everybody found him particularly gentlemanlike and agreeable. Business matters, to which old Flaxyard attended, had likewise been completed. The settlements had only to be signed.

But what about Mrs. Shelmerdine? What was she doing all this time? After signifying her strong disapproval of the match, and her firm determination not to countenance it with her presence, she returned to Belfield. There she remained; but John came up to town again for the express purpose of attending the wedding.

At last the auspicious day arrived.

All Clapham was astir to see the lovely bride drive to church from her father's house. The young couple would have liked to be married at St. George's, or St. James's, or some fashionable church, but they were overruled by Tiff's mamma, who was quite resolved that the marriage should take place at their own church on the Common. The Rev. Mr. Barker must perform the ceremony, and no one else. This was the only point on which Mrs. Flaxyard made a decided stand, and as she was supported by her husband, the young people were compelled to give way. Better be married at Clapham than not be married at all, thought Tiff; and so reconciled herself to the arrangement. Moreover, it was settled that the display should be just as grand as if the marriage had taken place at the most aristocratic church in town. Two new carriages were brought out on the occasion, one of which was presented to the bride by Mr. Shelmerdine. Besides these, there were several other handsome equipages, which, when drawn up in a long line after setting down their occupants, excited the admiration of the beholders. The Common road was quite in commotion. Omnibuses and all other vehicles went slowly past, and a crowd collected in front of the Acacias was with difficulty kept out by the policemen stationed at the gates.

The marriage of old Mr. Flaxyard's daughter, a reputed heiress, and considered the belle of Clapham, had been much discussed among the tradesfolk of that populous suburb, and everybody wanted to see how she was dressed, how she looked, and what sort of person she was about to espouse. Rumour asserted that the fortunate youth who had won the prize was handsome as well as rich. It remained to be seen whether rumour was correct.

At last the carriages were called, and the excitement of the crowd became intense. The omnibuses would not move on despite the shouts of the police, and numerous butchers', bakers', green-grocers', and fishmongers' carts blocked the way. Boys climbed the walls, gazing through the iron railings at the scene taking place at the door, and screaming information to those below. The bridesmaids, we have said, were chosen for their beauty, and as they all belonged to Clapham, Clapham, as represented by the little boys at the railings and the crowd at the gates, hailed them with shouts. Opinions varied as to the bridegroom. Captain Standish rode with Bootle in a brougham belonging to the latter, and some uncertainty prevailed as to which of the two was the fortunate individual. When it became known that the boyish-looking personage with the blonde moustache was the hero of the day, some foolish people shook their heads, and said Miss Flaxyard had chosen the wrong man.

Bootle's demeanour towards the throng did not improve their opinion of him. Yet Bootle flattered himself he looked remarkably well, and no doubt he was remarkably well got up. However, nobody thought more about him when the bride appeared. Tiffany never looked prettier than she did in her charming bridal attire and veil of Honiton lace. Excitement imparted brilliancy to her complexion and lustre to her eyes, and as she smiled complacently at the crowd, and displayed her pearly teeth, there was a genuine burst of admiration.

A host of little boys and grown-up people ran across the Common to have another look at her. At the church door a scene almost similar to that we have just described took place; only the bridal party could be better seen as they descended from their carriages. Again an audible titter pervaded the throng as Bootle marched slowly towards the church door, and a fresh burst of admiration greeted Tiffany as she alighted from her carriage and was conducted into the sacred edifice.

The church was full, and the presence of so many spectators, instead of agitating the timid bride, inspired her with confidence. She went through the ceremony admirably. Her worthy old father was much affected when he gave her away, but his real feeling was not so effective as her feigned sensibility. John Shelmerdine was completely imposed upon, and thought his son had, indeed, got a treasure. Ah! if he could have read Tiffany's breast! If he could

have seen what emotions were really passing within it! If he could have perceived how, under that guise of timidity, she secretly exulted, he would have formed a very different estimate of her character.

The ceremony was over, and Tiffany was now what she had long desired to be, a married woman. She was Mrs. Bootle Sheldine. She could not repress her delight. Bootle remarked her triumphant look, and was gratified rather than displeased by it. It seemed perfectly natural to him—perfectly natural to his father—perfectly natural to everybody who witnessed the ceremony, that she should be elated.

There was a splendid wedding-breakfast at the Acacias. But we cannot assist at it. We shall merely mention that the happy pair proceeded to Folkstone, on their way to Paris.

## X.

### HYLTON CASTLE.

A MORE picturesque old structure than Hylton Castle cannot be imagined. Standing upon a hill, the slopes of which are clothed with trees, only the upper part of the ancient edifice, with its mullioned windows, embattled roof, and lofty chimneys, can be discerned from the charming valley that lies at the foot of the eminence. The mansion, however, cannot be approached on this side. The proper entrance will be found at the farther end of the park, nearly two miles off.

But before quitting the valley, through which wanders a lethargic little river, not unknown to fame, and dear to the angler, let us bestow another look on the antique mansion. Not much of it can be seen, as we have intimated, for it is literally buried in trees, and its broad terrace is screened by a row of yew-trees that cast a funereal shade on the walk, and darken the lower windows of the habitation; but a good idea can be gained of the place, and imagination will readily complete the picture. Those grand old trees—oak, chesnut, ash, elm, beech—impart a romantic character to the pile, which would be lost if they were removed. The timber, indeed, is magnificent, and constitutes the chief beauty of the picture. Nobler groves cannot be seen than crown the summit of the hill, and extend over the whole of the lordly domain. The mansion, when examined as we propose to do anon, is the mere wreck of its former grandeur, neglected, decaying, desolate; but thus seen, the ravages are hidden that time and neglect have caused. The mighty trees that have grown old with the building, but yet exult in their full strength, stretch their arms lovingly around it, and shield from observation its gloomy



terrace, its crumbling walls, its deserted courts, and dilapidated chambers. Shrouded by these contemporaries and friends, it looks haughty as yore—haughty as when reared by the first Hylton, upwards of three centuries ago.

And what a matchless situation did that proud Hylton choose for his castellated mansion! Heights overlooking a region of almost unequalled beauty—a lovely vale shut in by chalky downs, with a castle and priory in the distance; on the right, a wide expanse of heath, forest, and fertile plain; on the left, and divided only from the eminence by a valley, another hill clothed with mysterious and immemorial groves. Such was the view commanded by Hylton Castle in former days, and the main features of the scene are still unchanged. But the builder of the castle heightened the natural beauty of the spot; converting the forest land into a park, opening glades, and thinning the timber, but carefully preserving all the finest trees—among others, a grove of chesnuts, even in *his* time of great size and age—and planted a long avenue of lime-trees in triple rows, which has now not its equal in the kingdom.

Eva was charmed with the old mansion, as she first caught a glimpse of it, while flying past on the railway, which conveyed her to a small station close to the farther end of the park. Nor was she less delighted when, passing through the lodge gates, and entering on the domain, she came at once upon a row of gigantic chesnut-trees, with enormous twisted trunks and fantastic branches. None of these remarkable trees were exactly alike—some being so strange in shape that they looked like antediluvian monsters reared on end—but each tree in succession excited her wonder and almost awe. She counted more than fifty of the giants. Who planted those enormous trees? Pomfret, who was in the carriage with her, could not answer the question—could not even guess at their age.

Independently of the fine timber which it disclosed to their view, the drive through the lower part of the park was striking. Immediately beneath, on the left, through breaks in the trees, could be seen the river, to which we have alluded—now crossed by an ancient stone bridge, with pointed arches—now dammed near a picturesque water-mill, so as to form a large pool, while beyond it rose a down, the summit of which was covered with ancient box-trees. Eva was quite enchanted by the beauty of the scene. On whichever side she gazed fresh points of attraction caught her eye. The slopes and hollows were clad with gorse and ferns, and studded with ancient thorns, and the uplands crested with noble trees.

But the incomparable avenue had yet to be seen. In order fully to enjoy its beauty, Pomfret alighted with his ward, and sent the carriage on by a lower road. On entering the avenue they both stood still, almost in awe. Graceful and majestic trees,

springing like slender columns from the ground, and forming a lofty arch overhead, extended in long lines to the brow of the eminence on which stood the ancient mansion, its grey portal being just distinguishable. Marvellous was the beauty of those lime-trees. Lofty, straight, clean-stemmed, vigorous, not a single tree manifested the slightest symptom of decay. As the eye swept along the beautiful and extensive arcade, regular as the aisle of a cathedral, not a single vacancy could be descried. The picture was perfect in all its details. Exquisite was the effect of the sunshine on the overarching boughs—delicious the screen they afforded. Not a single ray penetrated through the foliage, and yet there was no gloom. The stillness, though impressive, did not awaken melancholy thoughts. On the contrary, the mind was completely absorbed in admiration of the grace and lightness of the trees.

Such was the impression produced by this glorious avenue upon Pomfret and his ward as they slowly tracked it, ever and anon pausing to look back.

When they emerged from the avenue, and approached the mansion, evidences of neglect became manifest. The road was grass-grown and almost obliterated. The iron hurdles, which ought to have defended the lawn, were rusty and broken; the lawn itself was ragged, and unconscious of the scythe. The parterres had become a wilderness of weeds. Flowers were choked; shrubs had grown wild; and roses had become little better than briars. The mansion, which at a distance looked so stately and imposing, had a strange deserted look. No guest, it was clear, had lately entered by that porch, the rich decorations of which were encrusted with lichens and moss.

Still, in spite of all this neglect, the aspect of the mansion was exceedingly striking. Quadrangular, solidly constructed of stone, parapeted and embattled, with turrets at the angles, a superb portal in the centre, large projecting bay-windows with stone transoms, the structure presented a grand façade. Unluckily, the turrets and battlements were ruinous, and the noble portal sadly dilapidated.

Though Pomfret and Eva had been prepared for a partially dismantled, neglected house, they scarcely expected to find it in such a lamentable condition, and they were contemplating it with some feelings of dismay, when an elderly woman, of very respectable appearance, issued from the portal.

This was Sir Norman's old housekeeper. Mrs. Austin had heard of their arrival from the coachman who had brought them from the station, and now came forth to greet them. Apologising for the state of the place, she explained, as indeed was only too apparent, that it had been greatly neglected, but promised to make them as comfortable as circumstances would permit. She then ushered them into the mansion, and Pomfret expected they would be taken into one of the large rooms with bow-windows, but Mrs.

Austin told him that this part of the house was disused, and conducting him and Eva across a court, which did not appear so much neglected as the external part of the mansion, brought them to a suite of apartments, fitted up with old oak furniture. This wing, Mrs. Austin observed, was the only part of the castle that had been occupied of late years. Sir Norman, she said, talked of furnishing the other rooms, and of repairing the place generally, but nothing had been done as yet.

Pomfret now began to take heart, especially when he found that Eva was perfectly satisfied with the place. Later on in the day, when the young lady's own attendant arrived, with other servants, and when general arrangements both for Eva's comfort and his own were made, he became quite reconciled to the house; but he promised his ward that before many weeks had elapsed a transformation should take place in its appearance.

And he fulfilled his promise. In a marvellously short space of time the old place underwent a change; the garden was put in order, and a considerable portion of the interior of the mansion rendered not only habitable, but agreeable. The superintendence of these changes afforded Eva occupation and amusement, and this was what Pomfret desired, for during the greater part of the time he was necessarily absent.

There was a strange interest attached to the old mansion, which perhaps in its palmier days it did not excite. Accompanied by the housekeeper, Eva visited all the deserted rooms. Many of them were noble apartments, with deep bay-windows and richly carved chimney-pieces, but all were dismantled and dilapidated. One entire wing was shut up. All the old furniture had been removed many years ago, Mrs. Austin said, and there was not even a picture left upon the dark oak panels.

After they had inspected all the upper rooms, she asked the young lady if she would like to see the prison-chamber, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, conducted her to a vault of considerable size, the solid stone walls, grated windows, and ponderous door of which seemed to indicate that it might have been used as a strong-room. Were no legends connected with the vault? Tiresome Mrs. Austin could relate none. And the old lady rather destroyed the romance of the place by declaring it would make an excellent beer-cellar, and that she had recommended Sir Langley Hylton to use it for that purpose.

Now was the opportunity for questioning the old housekeeper about the haunted room. Eva seized it.

"Sir Norman told me there is a haunted room," she said. "Show it me, please."

"You have seen it already, miss," replied Mrs. Austin, after some hesitation.

"Indeed! Is it one of those deserted chambers which we have just visited? I fancied so at the time."

"No, I won't tell you an untruth, miss; it is not one of those rooms. I would rather you didn't ask me where it is—not that I believe in ghosts or anything of the sort, but you yourself might be frightened."

"I must insist upon knowing," cried Eva. "I don't believe in ghosts any more than you do, so I shan't be alarmed if you tell me that mine is the haunted chamber."

"A very good guess, miss," replied Mrs. Austin, a smile lighting up her wintry features. "Yours *is* the haunted room. But you needn't trouble yourself about the ghost. Many a night have I slept in that room, and have never seen it. It's the best room in the wing; but you can have another, if you desire it."

"Oh dear no! I am perfectly content with the room. It is charming. But don't say a word to Susan. She is dreadfully timid, and I'm sure she won't sleep in the dressing-room if you tell her about the ghost."

"Don't fear me, miss," said the austere dame. "I know what ladies'-maids are."

The chamber occupied by Eva, and correctly described by Mrs. Austin as the best bedroom in the house, was spacious, situated at an angle of the edifice, and commanded the lovely valley we have described. The room retained much of its original character; it was wainscoted with oak, and had furniture to correspond. Its most noticeable feature was a massive bedstead, with curiously carved posts, black as ebony from age, and richly embroidered silk curtains, though now, of course, faded and tarnished. Adjoining the chamber, and communicating with it by a side-door, was a small room, in which Susan slept.

Never since she occupied it had Eva heard the slightest sound to occasion alarm. But on the first night after she had obtained this piece of information from Mrs. Austin, she was too much excited to sleep. No spectre, however, appeared—no noise was heard. And after a few more tranquil nights, she forgot all about the ghost.

But though Eva liked the old mansion, neither Susan nor any of the other servants, who had been engaged in town by Pomfret, liked it, and would greatly have preferred a mansion similar to those adorning the neighbouring hills.

Eva had everything to make the country enjoyable—saddle-horses, carriage-horses, a well-appointed barouche, and a pony-carriage, which she herself could drive. In other respects her establishment was complete, and she had Mrs. Austin to manage the servants, and take all trouble off her hands.

With such an establishment, and with all else conducted upon a corresponding scale, a country residence could not fail to be pleasant, even though that residence should be as tumble-down as Hylton Castle. But the dilapidations did not annoy Eva. Half

such a large old house was enough for her, and more than half was now habitable. Ample room, and to spare, was there for her household and for her guests, for she had always some of her relatives staying with her, and her aunt, Mrs. Daventry, a very agreeable, well-informed person, had agreed to reside with her for a few months. Thus she was never alone, and she might have had plenty of general society if she had cared for it.

There was one material drawback to her happiness. Hylton Castle was charming, the yew-tree terrace sombre and mysterious, the park delightful, the avenue exquisite, the neighbourhood beautiful, the rides and drives inexhaustible, but the one person whose society she preferred to all other was rarely—far too rarely—with her.

Pomfret was chiefly in town, occupied by business, he said, and only ran down now and then, and never stayed more than a day when he did come. Besides, he was making arrangements to return to Madras, and then she should lose him altogether for a time.

## XI.

### A LETTER AT LAST FROM SOPHY.

LONG had Pomfret been without any intelligence of Sophy, but calling one day at his bankers' to inquire for letters, a bulky packet was delivered to him.

He recognised the handwriting at once, and, hurrying to his hotel, repaired to his own room, fastened the door, and broke open the seals of the packet.

Enclosed was the following letter. It was closely written, in Sophy's beautiful hand, and occupied several sides of paper:

"Perhaps this letter may never meet your eyes, but it will relieve my heart to write it. Mental torture could scarcely be more acute than that which I experienced after my interview with you in the Bois de Boulogne. I felt that I was on the verge of madness. Unavailing regret for the happiness I had for ever lost, horror at my dreadful position, and despair of escape from it, these were the feelings that beset me. Hope I had none. For a time Heaven seemed deaf to my prayers, and denied me the relief rarely refused to the heart-broken.

"A fearful night was that on which I fled from Paris, hoping, but vainly, to leave my cares behind me. The train was crowded, and the carriage in which Celia and I were placed was full. Perhaps this was fortunate, since it compelled me to restrain my emotion. None of those with me, except Celia, could have been aware of the anguish I endured, but they must have thought me unsociable, for I uttered not a word.

"The night was wild and tempestuous, and soon after quitting Amiens a terrible thunderstorm came on, accompanied by vivid lightning; but though usually terrified by a storm of this kind, I felt no terror then. Celia afterwards told me that she was alarmed at the expression of my features, as revealed by the flashes of lightning. I know that I felt fearfully excited, though I did not betray myself by a single exclamation.

"Before we reached Calais the thunderstorm had ceased, but the wind was still violent, and Celia was very unwilling to cross, but I would not remain another hour in France, and of course she went with me. It was an awful passage, but we got safely to Dover, and as Celia, who was utterly prostrated, was unable to proceed farther, we stopped there.

"Next day, the excitement, which had given me false strength, forsook me. I could not leave my bed, and was slightly delirious, but Celia kept careful watch over me. A large and bustling hotel like the Lord Warden is ill suited to a nervous sufferer. I was removed to quiet lodgings, where I was undisturbed, and where I speedily began to recover strength.

"One fear had assailed me during my illness, and increased my nervous irritation. It was the fear lest he who had been guilty of such infamous perfidy towards me should follow me, and find me out. I constantly expected him to appear, and the sound of a footstep filled me with dread. Before leaving Paris I had written to him, forbidding him to come nigh me, but he might not regard my injunctions.

"My alarm, however, was groundless. He came not, and I now do not think he had any intention of following me. Without consulting me, Celia had written to him, requesting him to send to Dover all the wearing apparel and other articles that we had left behind at the Grand Hotel. They were sent without a word.

"Celia was most anxious that I should return to my poor father, but I refused. I could not return to him a second time—now not a widow, not a wife. I could not explain my frightful position to him. I could not look him in the face with such a secret in my breast. I was determined to live in absolute retirement among strangers who could know nothing of my sad story, and who would neither shun me nor condemn me. In such a plan it would be impossible that Celia could take part. A life of seclusion was unsuited to her. She would be speedily tired of it. Besides, her presence would infallibly lead to a discovery which I was anxious to avoid.

"It was therefore agreed that Celia should leave me and return home, and give such explanation as she might deem proper to my dear father. It was a painful parting with her, and she tried to make me change my resolution. But I remained firm. I was left alone.

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"I must now pass over a week.

"While seeking a retreat, I chanced upon a pretty little old-fashioned village, which I will try to describe to you. The village in question has a large green, such as you rarely meet with now-a-days, round which quaint old houses are gathered, intermingled with magnificent elm-trees. At one end of the green stands a picturesque little inn, with an extraordinary chimney, a fine porch, a bay-window, and a charming garden. An artist would fall in love with that little inn.

"Close to the inn is a smithy—also a little picture in itself. Nothing prettier or more peaceful can be conceived than this out-of-the-way village. It seems to belong to the middle of the last century. Not a modern house in it, or near it. Not one of the habitations would rank above a farm-house or a cottage, yet many of them have crofts and large apple-orchards, and all have gardens. The country around is beautiful. Close at hand there are hills and heights covered with timber. Large mansions, surrounded by parks, crown some of these eminences.

"I had never heard of this sequestered little village before—had never been in this part of the country. Chance, or some beneficent power that took compassion upon me, brought me hither. I was going farther—much farther, indeed—but I at once decided upon remaining here, and alighting from the vehicle which had brought me from the railway station, a few miles off, caused my luggage to be taken into the little inn I have described, and went in search of lodgings.

"Thinking I might find some retired cottage, I took a path which led me through a meadow skirted by enormous oak-trees to the church—a grey and ancient pile, almost surrounded by trees, with a little avenue of clipped lime-trees conducting to the porch. A churchyard full of rounded hillocks, headstones, and old monuments, showed how many generations were resting there.

"The church door being open, I entered. The interior presented such an aspect as might be expected from an old country church. In parts it bore traces of great antiquity, but many reparations had been made, and not always in the best taste. Still, there were vestiges of the original stained glass in the pointed windows, and some fine brasses in the nave that belonged to the fifteenth century.

"Noticing some monuments in the chancel, I walked down to look at them. Almost all belonged to one family. Amongst them was a little tablet of white marble that fixed my attention. It bore the name of Sophia, and recorded her death at the early age of seventeen. As I read the simple but touching inscription, I envied the fate of the poor girl, who, though cut off like a flower, was perhaps saved from much sorrow.

“ ‘ Would I had died at seventeen ! ’ I murmured.

“ So engrossed was I by painful thoughts, that I did not remark that an elderly lady had silently approached me, and had overheard the exclamation. On perceiving her I was about to retire in some confusion, but she stopped me gently, and said, in a low voice:

“ ‘ She was my daughter, and a sweeter creature never blessed a mother. I have never ceased to mourn for her.’

“ We then quitted the church together, and as we stood outside the porch she questioned me in the kindest manner possible as to the cause of the exclamation she had overheard.

“ I could not enter into particulars, but I told her that I had endured so much unhappiness of late that I was almost weary of life, and that my own name being Sophia had led me into a train of thought that had given rise to the exclamation.

“ Her interest was evidently excited in me, and we had a long conversation together, in the course of which I explained that I was looking out for a quiet retreat, and thought I might find one in the adjoining village. On hearing this she reflected for a short time, and then said:

“ ‘ You have inspired me with a strong interest in you, for which I can only account by the circumstances under which we have met. You tell me that your name is the same as that of my lost child, and had she lived she would have been about your age. My house is not far hence. Come and see it. If you like the place, I will ask you to stay with me. The house is quiet and secluded enough to suit any taste.’

“ I could not refuse an invitation given with so much kindness. From the moment I beheld her I had been attracted as by a potent mesmeric influence towards Mrs. Carew. I had learned her name from the tablet. I never saw a more pleasing countenance than hers, nor one more strongly indicative of goodness and genuine kindness of heart. Her manner is pleasing, and the tone of her voice delightful. I have no doubt she was once beautiful, for her features are still good, and her eyes fine, but time and sorrow have left their traces.

“ As we walked together in the direction of her house, along a charming road skirted by fine trees, and passed several homesteads, each boasting a large apple-orchard, she gave me an outline of her history.

“ Mrs. Carew has been a widow for several years. She was the second wife of Mr. Morton Carew, a country gentleman of good property, but whose estates went to his son by a former marriage. She herself has no family. Her daughter, who bore the luckless name of Sophy, died early of consumption.

“ Ere long we came in sight of her house, and she had not prepared me in the least for the singular structure that met my



view. Nothing more curious and picturesque can be imagined. It is an old house, but in excellent preservation, and the walls, roof, and chimneys—the latter being of immense size—are covered with ivy. But the singularity of the place, and that which constitutes its chief charm in my eyes, is, that it is entirely surrounded by a wide deep moat, and can only be approached by a drawbridge. I have dreamed of such a romantic habitation, but never saw one before. Outside the moat there is a large garden, laid out in the old style, and house and garden are buried in a grove of trees tenanted by rooks.

"Mrs. Carew read my surprise and delight in my looks, and smiling kindly, asked me how I liked the old place. I told her I was enchanted with it, but all seemed so strange that I was not quite sure that I was not in a dream.

"As we crossed the drawbridge, I paused for a moment to gaze at the moat, which lost none of its beauty on closer inspection, being supplied with clear water from a brook hard by. Mrs. Carew showed me over her house. None of the rooms are very large, or very lofty, but they are all comfortable, and fitted up with old furniture. One bedroom, with windows looking across the moat upon the garden, particularly took my fancy, and remarking that I was pleased with it, she said:

"'This room shall be yours if you like to occupy it. Do not hesitate. I make the offer with all my heart. But I ought to tell you,' she added, and the tears sprang to her eyes and her voice faltered as she spoke, 'that this was my dear Sophy's room. In it she passed the last few months of her brief life, and never quitted it till she was taken to the churchyard we have just visited.' After a pause, she pointed to a few books on a shelf near the fireplace. 'There is her little library. And that is her portrait over the chimney-piece.'

"Glancing in the direction indicated, I beheld the portrait of a beautiful fair-haired girl, whose frame and features bespoke extreme delicacy.

"'Perhaps you may prefer another chamber,' pursued the kind old lady. 'But despite its melancholy associations, I am fond of this room, and it is close to my own chamber.'

"I told her that I liked the room better than any I had seen.

"'Then take possession of it at once,' she cried. 'Nay, I will have no denial.'

"Need I say that I gratefully accepted the offer. No time was lost in making me at home in my new abode. My luggage was brought from the little inn where I had left it.

"Before leaving Dover, I had taken the precaution of putting the name of Mrs. Montfort on the trunks, and by that denomination I am now known. The initials on my linen could betray nothing. Mrs. Carew's establishment consists of old and attached servants.

They believe me to be a niece of their mistress, and are perfectly satisfied, for they are not inquisitive.

"The extreme kindness of Mrs. Carew's disposition is manifested in a hundred ways—not merely to me, but to all with whom she comes in contact. I do not think there can be a more amiable person. Benevolent almost to a fault, she seems to live for others rather than for herself. She is profoundly religious, but hers is a cheerful, hopeful faith. Without knowing the cause of my sorrow, she affords me the greatest consolation. I shall never be happy again, but she has chased away the despair that haunted me.

"Such is the friend I have obtained! such the asylum I have found! Ought I not to esteem myself fortunate? Ought I to repine?

"Behold me, then, in the little chamber assigned to me by dear Mrs. Carew! There is nothing gloomy about the room, though it has witnessed sad scenes. On the contrary, it has an air of great cheerfulness. From the window, which would be darkened by ivy were not the intrusive leaves carefully trimmed, I enjoy the prettiest prospect imaginable. Immediately beneath me is the moat; beyond it the garden; and beyond that a grove of splendid trees. I might be in a convent, shut out from all the world. The quietude is indescribable. To some people the place might appear lonely, but to me it is delightful. Mrs. Carew loves tranquillity, and her servants carry out her wishes. All goes on regularly and systematically, but there is no bustle, not the slightest disturbance of any kind.

"We have rarely any visitors, for Mrs. Carew has almost given up society since her daughter's death, but occasionally the vicar and his wife dine with her. Both are elderly people, and both very agreeable. On such occasions I am allowed to remain in my own room. The calmness I have described—a calmness almost monastic, as I have stated—has produced a beneficial effect upon me. Allowed to do just what I like, I pass most of my time in reading and meditation, and seldom or ever stray beyond the precincts of the place. On her return from a walk or drive, Mrs. Carew generally finds me in the garden.

"Thus time flows on, and if it will only continue to flow on thus tranquilly, I shall be content. My mode of life is so uniform, that in describing one day I describe all.

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"I have not taken up my pen for some days, but an event has just occurred which I must relate.

"Yesterday-afternoon I was walking in the garden with Mrs. Carew, when a remarkably beautiful girl made her appearance. Old Nathan presented her to his mistress, but he mumbled so that I could not catch the name of the lovely visitor. However, I understood

that she had recently come to reside in the neighbourhood, and was now returning a call made upon her by Mrs. Carew. I was greatly struck by the young lady's appearance. Her beauty was not of a common order, and her manner graceful and refined. As she addressed me occasionally, I was forced to join in the conversation. She spoke in raptures of an old mansion which her guardian had taken in the neighbourhood, and pressed me to come with Mrs. Carew to see it.

"Pursuing the conversation, she informed me that she had only recently returned from India, and mentioned that she had been at Madras. My suspicions being then excited, I put some questions to her, though with caution, and soon found out that she was no other than Eva Bracebridge.

"Here, then, was an unlooked-for meeting! A girl whom I would have shunned—whom I supposed was in India—stood before me.

"Instantaneously I felt a revulsion of feeling towards her. I did not now think her so lovely as I had done previously. I fancied I could detect faults in her which I had not perceived before. I almost forgot myself, and gave impatient answers when she spoke to me. Yet I was wrong to indulge such feelings. Eva Bracebridge is charming—charming alike in person and manner—but I regarded her with a jaundiced eye.

"She stayed some time, and during that time I learned much, for she talked a great deal about you, and about circumstances that had occurred at the Beau Rivage at Ouchy, all of which were of the most painful interest to me. During this part of the conversation I was on the rack, but I bore it with firmness. But *you* will understand the effect which these details produced upon me.

"At last, to my inexpressible relief, she took her departure. While bidding adieu, she again pressed me to visit Hylton Castle, which she told me is the name of the place you have taken for her, but I declined.

"This visit quite upset me, but I pleaded sudden indisposition to account to Mrs. Carew for my changed manner, and retired early to rest. The calmness that had surrounded me in my retreat seemed violently disturbed. All my anxieties were revived. I had a sleepless night, and thought over all the occurrences that had been related to me. Nothing distressed and distracted me more than the thought that I should have to flee from this place. Mrs. Carew is so kind to me, and would grieve sorely at my departure. But is it necessary that I should go? Now you know where I am, you can avoid me.

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"Some days have elapsed, and Eva Bracebridge has been here again.

This time she came accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. Daventry, who is staying at Hylton Castle. There is no resisting Eva, she is so extremely amiable and ingenuous, and my unreasonable dislike has vanished. You can read her heart like a book. She has now no secrets from me. I did not seek to learn her secrets, but she would make me her confidante. She spoke to me about you, and told me a great deal more than I choose to repeat. She says you are rarely at Hylton Castle, and are soon about to return to Madras. The thought of losing you for so long a period seems to distress her much, and she says she shall be quite disconsolate when you are gone.

"Poor girl! I pity her from my soul. I offered her the best consolation in my power. Little does she dream that I am the main obstacle to her happiness.

"She spoke of Sir Norman Hylton, and told me *why* she had refused him. I do not think she will ever marry, unless—but we cannot penetrate the future. When you go to Madras, I shall probably see a good deal of this charming girl, in whom I begin to take a warm interest. Perhaps we have been brought together in this unaccountable manner for some mysterious purpose.

"Eva sat with me in my little room for several hours, while her aunt partook of luncheon with Mrs. Carew. She seemed as if she could not tear herself away. She evidently wished to know something of my history, but finding it pained me to talk about it, she desisted. I dare say she has many speculations about me, but I trust they are all wide of the truth. I now tremble more than ever lest she should learn who I am. She left me far happier than she found me. At all events, she has succeeded in strongly exciting my sympathies towards her. Heaven grant I may be of some service to her! I would make any sacrifice in my power to ensure her happiness.

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"Again I must pass by some uneventful days without notice. I should have little but my own feelings to record. Eva has been here again, and again has passed a few hours tête-à-tête with me in my little room. But it is not of her I am now about to speak. A strange and most unpleasant incident has occurred. This place is no longer a secure asylum for me, and I fear I shall be obliged to quit it. But you shall hear what has happened.

"Last night I sat up late, writing this very letter. All the house had been long since at rest, but, feeling no inclination for sleep, I occupied myself as I have mentioned. It was a calm moonlight night, and from time to time I looked out at the exquisite scene before me. A thin gauzy mist hung over the surface of the moat, and partially obscured the shrubs in the garden, but the summits of the larger trees were silvered by

the moonbeams. The dreamy beauty of the picture enchanted me. It was like a fairy vision. The drawbridge was scarcely distinguishable through the vapour. I fancied, however, that a figure was standing upon it, but, as the person remained motionless, I concluded I must be mistaken.

"After contemplating the ravishing scene I have described for some minutes, I sat down, and again occupied myself with my letter. I was thus employed when I heard a rustling noise among the leaves of the ivy with which, as I have said, the walls of the house are completely covered. Instantly springing up, I flew to the window, which, unluckily, I had left open. But before reaching it, I recoiled. A man's head appeared at the casement. I should have shrieked aloud at the sight, but the white moonlight revealed well-known features, and terror struck me dumb.

"He was there—the dreaded, the detested;—he, from whom I had striven to hide myself, had found me out. The next moment he had gained the room, and closed the window. I was so paralysed by fright that I could not stir. But he seemed perfectly easy, and said, with a slight laugh, but in a low voice,

"'Ivy serves as well as a rope-ladder to gain a fair lady's chamber.'

"Before I could prevent him, he stepped lightly and quickly to the door, fastened it, and took out the key.

"'Don't make a row, my charmer—you will gain nothing by it,' he said, as he came back, fearing, perhaps, that I was about to alarm the house by my cries. 'Sit down quietly. We must have a little chat together. You will be surprised that I have found you out, after the precautions you have taken, but in reality I had no difficulty. I quickly discovered your lodgings at Dover, and followed you, step by step, to this place.'

"'What do you want?' I gasped, sinking into the chair to which he pointed. 'Why do you add to the misery you have inflicted upon me by thus invading my retreat?'

"'Pooh! pooh! I am not come here to annoy you,' he rejoined. 'Had such been my design, I should have knocked at the door, and insisted upon seeing my wife, Mrs. Musgrave. Not wishing to betray you, I have sought admittance in this way. After studying the premises, I found your room accessible by means of that good-natured ivy. Plan instantly adopted. *Me voilà!* How considerate in you to leave the window open!'

"I said nothing, but I bitterly reproached myself with my want of caution.

"'Allow me to congratulate you upon your quarters,' he remarked, looking complacently round. 'What a charming little room you have got, and how nicely furnished! You could not possibly be more comfortable. And then the old house—how quaint it is, with its ivied walls and chimneys. To-night it looks

wonderfully picturesque. I've seen nothing better on the stage. I'm glad they don't think it necessary to raise the drawbridge, or I should have had to swim the moat. Your friend Mrs. Carew, I'm told, is quite as pleasing a piece of antiquity as her house. How on earth did you contrive to make her acquaintance?"

"'Torment me no more,' I cried; 'or, at all hazards, I will alarm the house. If you have any business with me, state it.'

"'You are in a desperate hurry, my charmer. Consider how long it is since we met,' he rejoined, with the same provoking calmness. 'I suppose you have no particular desire to return to me?'

"'Return to you! Never!' I exclaimed.

"'Well, I think you are very well off where you are,' he said. 'Your reluctance to leave old Madam Carew is natural. I won't disturb you, provided we can come to an understanding.'

"'To what kind of understanding?' I asked. 'What do you require?'

"'Money—money, my charmer—that's the burden of my song. After you so cruelly deserted me, I sought distraction in play, and lost heavily at Baden-Baden. I'm hard up. I am sure you have money, and equally sure you can get more if you require it.'

"I felt so indignant that I was determined to refuse him, and I suppose he divined my intention from my looks, for he hastened to add, in an altered tone:

"'Refuse—and you shall see me to-morrow under a very different aspect.'

"At his sudden change of aspect, my courage quite forsook me, and gave place to abject terror.

"'I will give you all I possess,' I said, 'if you will go instantly, and promise sacredly never to molest me again.'

"'How much have you got?' he inquired.

"'A few hundreds. I don't exactly know how much. But you shall have all.'

"'Ah! now you are reasonable. If I have good luck on the turf, or in any other way, I will repay you.'

"'Never come near me again. That is all I ask. It will be useless to repeat the visit. You now deprive me of all my resources.'

"I unlocked a drawer, and, taking out a little pocket-book containing the greater part of the money which you sent me through Mr. Flaxyard, gave it to him. I know that I ought not to have done this, but I could not help it. I was so terrified that I wished to get rid of him at any price.

"'Bien obligé, ma belle,' he said, securing the pocket-book. 'Voici le clef de la porte. Maintenant pour l'échelle de lierre. Adieu, pour toujours!'

"Opening the window noiselessly, he passed out. He accomplished his descent quickly and carefully, and, hurrying towards the drawbridge, almost instantly disappeared.

"I remember nothing more distinctly, but when I awoke next morning, I thought I must have had a hideous dream. The truth soon dawned upon me, and all my terrors returned.

"How shall I act? Shall I disclose what has occurred to dear kind Mrs. Carew? Shall I tell her all my sad story? I feel sure of her sympathy. But no—I cannot do this without betraying your secret. I cannot fly from the place—I cannot seek another asylum—all my resources are gone."

Mingled emotions agitated Pomfret during the perusal of this letter—sympathy, surprise, indignation, exciting him by turns. That Sophy should have accidentally found an asylum near Hylton Castle, and have formed an acquaintance with Eva, filled him with astonishment and perplexity. But when he learnt that the unhappy fugitive's retreat had been discovered by her betrayer—when the base motives that had incited Musgrave to the quest were revealed to him—he became fearfully incensed. Conduct so infamous could not be tolerated, and he determined at any cost to call the villain to immediate account. But how could redress be obtained? Musgrave would laugh at any threats of exposure. But poor Sophy must not be left without resources. At the same time she must be guarded against further plunder. Pomfret was long occupied in considering how this could be effected.

That night he left town for Hylton Castle.

## XII.

### AN ACCIDENT.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, he walked out on the terrace with Eva, and at once brought up the subject of Mrs. Montfort.

"I have heard that the poor lady is in great distress," he said. "I mean to assist her, but it must be through you."

"I do not know that she requires aid," replied Eva. "I have no idea that her distress arises from pecuniary misfortunes."

"I will tell you what has happened to her," he rejoined. "She has been stripped of her all by a worthless husband. Imagine the distress of a lady under such painful and humiliating circumstances. And there are frightful complications in her case that prevent her from seeking assistance from her own relations."

"A light suddenly breaks upon me!" exclaimed Eva. "I think I know who is her husband. I did not intend to mention the circumstance to you, feeling sure it would annoy you, but about a week ago, as I was driving through the pretty village near which Mrs. Carew resides, I saw Captain Musgrave. He was standing at the door of a little inn, and as soon as he perceived

me hurried into the house. But I am certain it was he. And now I feel convinced that this poor lady of whom we have been speaking is his unfortunate wife. The strange and inexplicable interest I felt in her is accounted for. I now understand why she exhibited such aversion when I spoke of Captain Musgrave—and why her colour changed when I spoke of you. The so-called Mrs. Montfort is no other than Mrs. Musgrave. I am sure I have divined the truth."

"You have. It is the unfortunate lady you suppose. Since her flight from her unprincipled husband she had found a safe asylum, as she believed, with good Mrs. Carew, who, I must warn you, is totally unacquainted with her history. Unluckily, Musgrave discovered her retreat, and, managing to obtain a secret interview with her, forced her to give up all her funds. She is now without resources."

"But not without friends," cried Eva. "I will help her."

"Assistance must be given with caution, or she will again become a prey to her infamous husband."

"Cannot she be freed from his toils?"

"I see not how her deliverance can be accomplished. But let her find a friend in you."

"She shall," cried Eva, earnestly.

At this juncture, a man-servant appeared on the terrace bearing a note, which he delivered to the young lady; stating, at the same time, that the messenger waited for an answer.

Eva glanced at the note, and then, without a word, handed it to Pomfret, who turned pale as he perused it.

"DEAR MISS BRACEBRIDGE,—If Mr. Pomfret should have returned, pray tell him that I have something important to communicate to him, if he will kindly favour me with a call this morning. You may think this a strange request, but I trust Mr. Pomfret will comply with it, if it should be in his power to do so.

"Yours sincerely,

"SOPHIE M."

"What shall I do?" he said, consulting Eva with a look.

"Go, of course," she replied. "Say that Mr. Pomfret will come," she added to the servant.

"And tell Bilton to bring round the horses," said Pomfret.

Charged with these messages, the footman returned to the house.

"I could not refuse this summons," said Pomfret, in a sombre voice. "But it shall be my last interview with her."

"Why the last?" she inquired.

"Do not ask me to explain," he rejoined. "Enough that I



dread the meeting, and would avoid it, were it possible. Hereafter you must take my place."

Half an hour later the horses were brought to the door. Mounted on a splendid bay horse, almost thorough-bred, and full of fire and spirit, and followed by a groom also very well mounted, Pomfret rode slowly down the lime-tree avenue, and when he had gained its extremity he indulged his horse with a gallop across the park. Under other circumstances he would have enjoyed the ride, but he was too much occupied by his own sombre thoughts to heed the beauty of the landscape.

On reaching Mrs. Carew's picturesque residence, he was about to alight, when his horse started, dashed through the open gate, clattered across the drawbridge, and then stumbling, threw his rider at the very threshold of the house. Sophy, who witnessed the accident from her window, uttered a piercing shriek.

At first it was thought by old Nathan and the gardener, who, alarmed by the noise of the fall and by Sophy's screams, rushed to the spot, that the unfortunate gentleman was killed outright, since he did not move; but this supposition was contradicted by the groan that burst from him when an attempt was made to raise him. Whether his skull was fractured the men could not, of course, decide, but it was clear that he had sustained very severe injuries, since his head had come into violent contact with the post of the drawbridge. The horse was uninjured, and after dashing back over the drawbridge, was caught by the groom. Poor Sophy was in such a state of distraction that she could give no directions, and, indeed, could scarcely command herself; but Mrs. Carew fortunately did not lose her presence of mind, but enjoining the servants to bring the unfortunate gentleman into the house, sent the groom in quest of a surgeon.

As the old lady's directions were obeyed, and Pomfret was carefully raised from the spot where he had fallen and carried into a room on the ground floor, where there was a bed on which he was laid, a very painful scene occurred. Sophy, who had witnessed the proceeding with indescribable horror, crept after the men into the room, and when they withdrew, flung herself on her knees beside the bed, and gave way to frenzied exclamations of despair, anguish, and self-reproach, which, had they been intelligible, must have betrayed the innermost secrets of her heart. But though her language was wild and incoherent, Mrs. Carew easily gathered enough from it to learn that deep attachment to Pomfret was the cause of her distress; and apprehensive lest the servants should make the same discovery, she closed the door, and strove to calm the distracted lady.

Shortly afterwards the surgeon made his appearance, and yielding to Mrs. Carew's earnest entreaties, Sophy withdrew to her

own chamber, and promised to remain there till the old lady should come to her and bring her the surgeon's opinion. Sophy passed the time in prayer, and was still on her knees when a tap was heard at the door. Mrs. Carew's looks reassured her.

"I bring you good news, my dear," said the old lady. "Mr. Pomfret will recover. He is very much hurt, but there is no serious injury. At the same time, Mr. Southwood says that it will not be safe to move him—at least, for some days—so of course he will remain here, where he can have every attention. I have despatched the groom with a note to Miss Bracebridge, acquainting her with the surgeon's opinion, and telling her that all possible care shall be taken of her guardian, and everything done that can conduce to his speedy recovery. There seems a fatality in this accident."

"If you knew all, you would indeed think so," rejoined Sophy, with a shudder. "Many strange things have happened to me, but the strangest of all is, perhaps, this last occurrence."

"Let us hope that it may lead to good," said kind-hearted Mrs. Carew. "Indeed, I believe that in the end it will be conducive in some way to your happiness. Without wishing to penetrate your secrets, and without seeking for any information beyond what you may desire to impart, I may say that I am certain, from some expressions which you let fall just now, that you take the deepest interest in Mr. Pomfret."

"It is true," she rejoined. "Had this accident proved fatal, I could not have survived it. But I neither hope nor expect that the feelings that he once entertained for me can be revived."

"There is no saying. It cannot be denied that you are brought together in a most mysterious manner, and it will surprise me very much if a reconciliation should not ensue. You must not shrink from the task before you. You may have to go through a painful ordeal, but I retain my opinion that all will come right in the end. But let us go down-stairs, and ascertain how he is going on."

Notwithstanding Mr. Southwood's favourable prognostications, Pomfret had a hard struggle for life, and for several days even the surgeon despaired of his recovery.

During the access of the fever which came on, he talked so wildly that Sophy, fearing he might betray himself, remained constantly with him, hovering about his couch like a ministering angel. She soothed him by all means in her power during his delirium, and though he could give no distinct expression to his thoughts, he seemed to be conscious of her presence.

So far as Sophy could gather, various scenes of his troubled existence passed confusedly before him, but his disordered brain could not fix them. Her own name was constantly on his lips. Sometimes he spoke of her with passionate tenderness, that

recalled their brief season of happiness, and touched her to the heart. Sometimes he spoke of her with a fierceness of indignation that showed how terribly his feelings had been outraged. At other times he mourned her as dead.

It is almost needless to say how acutely Sophy suffered while listening to these ravings. They convinced her of his undying love, but the conviction only sharpened her anguish.

As the fever abated, apprehensions of a different kind began to assail Sophy. What would he say when he recognised her? Should she leave him? No, she could not abandon her post now. Be the consequences what they might, she would remain near him.

After several nights and days of restlessness, during which his brain had been in a ceaseless turmoil, he enjoyed a few hours of placid slumber, and when he awoke, his eyes rested upon the gentle watcher near his couch. She neither spoke nor stirred, and he gazed at her long and earnestly, as if he beheld a vision which he thought would disappear. At last, he murmured her name, but not in accents of displeasure, and she rose and went nearer to him.

"Yes, I am here," she said. "Can I give you anything?"

"Where am I?" he inquired, trying to regain his faculties.

"What has happened?"

"You have been ill—very ill," she replied. "But all danger is now over."

"Raise me a little," he said.

But as she endeavoured to obey him, the pain caused by the movement was so great that he sank back with a groan.

"You have had a severe accident—a fall from a horse," she remarked, in answer to his inquiring looks.

"How long ago?" he asked. "I can recollect nothing about it. Where am I?"

She answered his questions briefly, and then, motioning him to be silent, sat down again.

## LULE-LAPPMARK.—A SKETCH OF LAPLAND TRAVEL.

## CONCLUDING PART.

NEXT morning we were all pretty busy—Nordmark in arranging for the men who were to carry our baggage, and we in picking out what was to be taken, and what left behind to lighten our march. At length, all preparations made, our cavaleade started; accompanied by one of the dogs of the settlement, with whom I afterwards struck up an immense friendship. Once beyond the fences of the village and we plunged suddenly into the gloom of the pines. The path was tolerably wide at first, being trodden by the cattle who pastured at large in the forest, but soon shrank into a track that obliged us not only to walk in single file, but to plant our feet in single file too. Over boulders, loose stones, and the gnarled and knotty roots of the trees, it wound in and out among the trunks of the pines—the forest floor of moss and under-growth rising knee deep on either side of it; across easy bits of swamp, and around bad ones; over streams by ticklish bridges of pine-stems that rolled round under one's feet; by glades and dingles of birch and larch, beautiful exceedingly; under solemn aisles of silent moss-grown firs; up hills and down the other sides of them—as tiring a piece of travel in Lapp boots as can be imagined. The day was calm and fine, and the heat, shut in as we were, intense.

Frequently, as we toiled along, coatless and perspiring at every pore, would sound overhead the flap of heavy wings and a quick alarm of "Tjäder!" from our excited band; and J. and I would dash away off the path down the brake after them, up to our waists in moss and juniper-bushes, the dog with us barking vociferously; but, here, they were always too cunning for us, and we only once got a shot, I think. The birds were wonderfully aided in their concealment, though, I should say, by the state of the trees here; which were covered on almost all their boughs with a peculiar parasitical growth of some sort—whether moss or fungus we could not tell—that hung in long frouzy black tresses to the very end of the branches, and made with the foliage such an impenetrable dark screen, that a bear might have hidden in half the pine-tops with perfect security, let alone a bird.

I shall never forget the excitement with which we toiled forward, after being a couple of hours or so on the march and dry with drought; on hearing from our guides at the bottom of a pull up a hill which the fire of a year before had swept, that in the dell on the other side was a spring of fair water that never dried. How we drank when we reached it! and how the midges maddened us at this green oasis in the fire-seathed glen!

Shortly after leaving here we had a grand treat. A herd of some hundred reindeer suddenly broke past us out of the forest about fifty yards ahead; the stags snuffing our wind disdainfully, or stopping for a moment to stare with a proud curiosity at our unaccustomed procession. We could have shot venison enough at one broadside to have

lasted our trip out, and at the small penalty of leaving sixteen rix-dollars a stag at the nearest settlement for the Lapp-owner of the herd, when next he should pass this beat to count his cattle; but, much as we should have liked it, we had to refrain; for our porters were loaded up to the final ounce, and we would not kill for the sake of killing.

Whenever we halted I devoted myself to cultivating the affections of the dog who accompanied us. At first shy and suspicious, he gradually thawed till we used to romp together like children; and when, after a stiff pull up hill, we used to tumble flat on our faces off the path into the deep, cool, damp, green moss at either side, he used to come and shove his head under my arm, and, with his soft furry cheeks and throat close to mine, used to crawl along with me, munching the whortle and juniper-berries as eagerly as ourselves, and giving me an affectionate lick from time to time, till I fairly began to love him. He was a beautiful fellow, and I was nearly bringing him to England; and, in fact, nothing but the knowledge that I was coming back through Germany, with the nuisance of no end of changes of trains before me, prevented my doing so.

In the afternoon our track led us to the left out of the forest and across a (luckily) dried-up swamp, absolutely aromatic with the odour of juniper, cranberry, and wild thyme, and which rocked and trembled under our tread, to the edge of a sunny little reed-fringed lake; over which we had to be ferried, three or four at a time, in a leaky cockleshell of a boat. I did not cross till the second load went over; for immediately we reached the water's edge I had to sit down, take off my boot, and hang my right foot in the cold water to allay the inflammation and swelling of the tendon Achilles, which had now become very severe. In fact, I was obliged to do this every time we came to water, or halted where even the moss was sufficiently cold and wet to be useful; and the pain I suffered at times was intense.

From the other side of the lake our track led through unvaried forest and swamp again to the settlement of Ligga, a solitary clearing on the back slope of a hill above the great Luleå Elf. Here we had a welcome rest and an immense draught of delicious milk; and I went and sat with my painful heel in a trout beck, and smoked till it was time to leave again. We left two of our men here, taking instead two big fellows from the settlement; one of whom had been to the cataract before, and was to act as our guide. A farther march of about four English miles through some varied and beautiful forest scenery brought us to the top of a high precipitous bank over the great Luleå River. Sliding down slabs of rock, over which mountain streams were trickling; balancing along jagged wet ledges; and pushing our way down through thickets of birch and hazel; we reached at last, wet, hot, and bruised, the rugged shores of the river, at the foot of a grand rough rapid some hundred yards long.

Across this our party was ferried by instalments in the frailest of canoes; the fierce water bubbling up to our gunwale's edge and splashing over us at times; and, arrived on the other side, the real hardships of our march began.

For a while we climbed along the steep and brittle sides of the

bank, slipping and clutching every twig and crag within reach, in peril of fall and drowning in the boiling eddies below; but after we had passed the rapid the banks opened, and a field of huge black boulders, averaging four or six feet high, lay before us, edging the primeval wilderness of pines, hundreds of whose trunks, flung in every conceivable position by the floods, barred our way continually. Anything more severe than what we had to go through for the next two hours and a half I never experienced. It was about five English miles of incessant jumping in the dusk from the top of one round rock to another. Our Lapland porters, with their hardened feet, ran ahead (loaded as they were) like cats; while we toiled at our best pace after them, afraid to take a line of our own, and trying our best to keep them in sight. It was terribly exhausting and not a little dangerous. We dared not stop, we might have fallen; and clambering, or stooping and using hands, was out of the question. How we got over it without some accident, or without injury to gun or rod, is a mystery to me now. About twice we found the rocks impassable, and had to turn aside into the forest; but there it was nearly as bad. Small swamps lay in wait for us everywhere, in which we sank knee or thigh deep; the moss and matted bushes clung round us, and held our legs like hands; huge prostrate pines, some freshly fallen, some rotten and treacherous to tread on, impeded us everywhere; and when, exhausted and dirty, we came out to the twilight and the boulders again the second time, my off-heel, which had been creaking painfully the whole time, fairly gave out, and my pace was reduced to the feeblest hobble. I suffered horribly, and how I reached our halting-place I cannot tell; but the pleasure with which I saw our Lapland vanguard stop by the side of a sloping bit of bank opposite an island in the river, separated by a few yards of rock-shelf from the here shallow water, I shall never forget.

This was a night of mild adventure. It would not have taken me many seconds to have been sitting with my wretched heel in the snow-shed waters of the Luleå, but that in the shallow bay before us, and just above the island, we spotted a small society of duck on the glimmering water within thirty yards of the shore, as unconcerned as if we were so many pine-trees. This was not to be borne; and bad as the light and unsteady as the aim were, the gun was raised, and the bright flash lit for the briefest second the whole dark corner of rock and river, and was immediately followed by a desperate quacking and splashing. Our guides dashed down to the water's-edge and loosed a small canoe that lay there; but the quacking went farther and farther out into the darkness, and the flapping and struggling sounded fainter, and our wounded prey escaped, poor things! We next went over to the island to try its capabilities for an encampment; but the frosty north-wester blew bitterly down the open river, and we returned to the mainland; where, while our guides and Nordmark cleared the brushwood away with their axes, I hardened and numbed the strained and swollen sinews of my heel with a natural douche. As soon as the men had bared a sufficiently wide space, they began to look about for the materials for our bivouac-fire, and I expected to see them collecting dry sticks and lopping dead boughs for the purpose; when, to my

astonishment, a couple of them selected a pine-tree some thirty or thirty-five feet high, and in less time than it takes me to write about it, had it down; cut off some feet of the top; trimmed the rest of the trunk; chopped it up into three lengths of about nine or ten feet each; hauled them in front of us; laid them across one another; chipped a few flakes of bark off where the logs touched in the middle, and lit a match under them; and in less than ten minutes we were glad to edge back from the glow and heat to a more respectful distance. It was freezing, with a keen wind, and the men next occupied themselves in making a screen of birch-boughs and bark between a couple of big pines at our backs, to shelter our encampment during the night. Nordmark hung our stew-pot over the blaze, boiled our kettle in the glowing embers, and we ate as only under such circumstances men do eat.

The scene was decidedly picturesque. On our right, as we sat with our backs to the biting wind, roared the broad Luleå,—the ruddy light of our camp-fire glittering on rock and ripple and illuminating fitfully the dark foliage of the adjacent island; in front and around rose, like an irregular wall, above the dark masses of birch and underwood, the impenetrable gloom of the pine-forest, lit up here and there with breadths of red glare that made deeper the gulfs of ink-black shadow beyond; at our left lay or sat the rough figures of our men,—every light and shadow in form and feature brought out with Rembrandt-like power, as our blaze now flamed brightly upwards, or flapped fiercely before the gusts of the night wind, and rolled its white, pungent smoke in heavy masses to leeward; while, to crown the picture, the pale opaline pennants of the Northern Lights trembled and streamed ceaselessly across the sky above us.

And, hush! what is that sound, now swelling loudly, now dying away, as the night wind rises and sinks; but underlying the roar of the river and the groan and sigh of the pine-forest, diapason-like, and audible through all? "Shertainly it ish Njommelsaska," Nordmark tells us; "and the guides say you shall have heard him all day, but that you have been walking by the river." It was, then, the roar of our lion greeting us at four miles distance; and, his far-off majestic welcome murmuring in our ears, we laid our deer-skins down and ourselves upon them, with our feet to the fire and our heads to our screen; pulled our rugs over us; and, with the aurora borealis flashing and glowing grandly overhead, slept the sleep of tired humanity.

J., however, had considerably the best of the night; for I had a stiff, black wide-awake on my head, which kept dropping off now and then, and waking me with the cold, in spite of all my endeavours to keep it on; while he wore a soft felt cap that adhered with provoking comfort to his head, as I could see every time I woke up. Sleet and Scotch mist were driving before the gusts of the keen north-west wind when we woke next morning and threw off our coverings; and we looked several times at the Luleå's chilly wave before we could make up our minds to a dip. At last, however, B. set the example; and swiftly doffing his garments and making himself "all face," as the Indians say, stepped down over the rough ledges of rock into the icy cold shallows of the little bay. Farther and farther out he waded, but the

water rose no higher; up the little tumbling rapid at the head of the island and out into the broad mid-river, but still the stream reached not above mid-leg; till at last he was fain to turn and wade back again with the desolating intelligence that the whole breadth of the river was alike, and a swim out of the question. So J., who was shivering in semi-nudity on the shore, tossed him the sponge, brought with prophetic forethought; and the two sat down and tubbed in the deepest place they could find, and landed on the bank to dry. It was worth all the march to see the stupified amazement with which our men regarded these, to them, insane proceedings. One of them, expressing the sentiments of the rest, declared he would not do such a thing for ten rix-dollars; which, as he marched about eight-and-twenty miles for four rix-dollars with a load of fifty pounds on his shoulders, may be fairly taken as a Lapland estimate of the horrors of a cold bath. Breakfast over, we left all our things here except food and liquor, and started for the falls.

Our route now was entirely through the forest; for the rocky cliffs rose steadily in height above the river, and the shore was impassable. The walking was treacherous and difficult; and if we had any doubts before about being in the heart of "the forest primeval," we could have none now. Huge dead pines lay among the brushwood, prostrate in every stage of decay and fungus; or rose grey and ghastly among the stems of the living. Every step sunk us knee-deep in rotting wood and moss, and the rank smell of decaying vegetation followed our feet. A clamber over a rough interpolation of rock, steep and craggy though it might be, was a perfect relief to our aching loins and tired knees. Still we struggled on; my wretched right heel so swollen and strained that to put the foot down or raise it was equal anguish, and myself in a beastly temper; Nordmark prostrate with a vicious diarrhœa, but pluckily vowing he would see Njommelsaska if he crawled there on his "kneesh," as he called them; J. nearly pumped out, though professing immense resources of pluck and power; and our Lapland friends even looking as if they had nearly had enough of it.

At last, our guides led out from the forest on to the bare rising cliffs above the river on our left; the roar of the great cataract that had grown louder and louder each minute, thundered openly in our ears; the ground began to tremble beneath our feet, and after a short but stiff climb over the forehead of a bluff black cliff, we stood suddenly opposite the goal of our exertions. We were opposite Njommelsaska, and—Njommelsaska was a humbug!

This was our first impression. I had heard that something of the same feeling of disappointment is generally experienced at the first sight of Niagara. Having since seen that monarch of falls, I am bound to say that I did not share the customary depression of spirits; for Niagara was exactly and precisely what, with the aid of the current representations of it (which are offensively true), I had pictured to myself—neither more nor less; but having heard so much of this Lapland lion, I was prepared for something appalling, something which would take one's judgment by storm, and crush every paltering cynical criticism into nothingness. And in this I was disappointed.



Njommelsaska, like Niagara, wants looking at. You sit down on the lichen-grown, heather-tufted rock over against the ever-moving solid precipice of water opposite; and gradually it grows upon your mind that there is rather a big river curling in a stupendous arch over a seething pool, whose rocky bed is sixty feet beneath you, and plunging beyond for at least a steep mile, through a gorge of rock, in a succession of huge striding white waves, like solid stairs of foam, whose course is marked by high drifting clouds of spray and mist, and a roar that deafens you. You look at the rapids above the fall; a broad field of fretted waves and black-crowned boulders, that seem hurrying with the quickening stream to the fatal leap. Around and in front, above and below, are bare black cliffs and gloomy crest and fringe of everlasting forest; no sound or sight of life, animal or human, except the faces of your own companions; and you begin to feel first, that, after all, the wild desolate grandeur of the scene is rather imposing; then, that you are decidedly glad you came; then, that it is worth all the trouble and pain you have gone through; then, that you would not have missed it for anything; then, that you shall certainly read a paper at the Geographical about it; and, finally, that you ought to be considered rather a hero of exploration.

I cannot give any details of height, width, or estimated volume of water, for the simple reason that we did not ascertain them, having no instruments, and scientific calculations presenting a repulsive aspect to our minds on a holiday trip. The guide, however, told us that the crown of the fall was at least twenty-five feet higher in the spring of the year (as, in fact, we could see by the water-line along the cliff); which must add immensely to the grandeur of the spectacle, and make the volume of water plunging down the gulf of this terrific gorge something tremendous. This year, owing to the extraordinary drought, the water was many feet lower than usual, to our ill luck. Besides, I am not sure that giving the dimensions of a big fact in nature, without being able to convey the impression of the accessories of the scene, does not rather tend to reduce its importance. Niagara would have been far better worth seeing a hundred years ago, when there were no monster hotels, or knick-knack shops, or camera-obscuras, or Goat-Island towers, or fall ladders, or cobweb suspension bridges, or hack carriages, or roads—nothing but the forest and the mighty fall to make the picture; and the fact that the Horse-shoe Fall is so many hundred yards wide, and so many hundred feet in perpendicular tumble, does not convey the impression that would have been produced by a visit *then*, however much the obtrusive civilisation about the place may diminish the majesty of Niagara, and make the arithmetic of its elements a matter of importance *now*.

However, we had seen Njommelsaska, and there was nothing to do but to remember him, and march back again; which, after an hour's rest, we started to do. We had the same desperate jumping work, and the same toiling through the forest on our return; but my heel, which was awfully swollen, was, to my surprise, not quite so painful. We found several capercaillie, ptarmigan, and tree-grouse *en route*, and J. had a fair lot of shooting.

Ligga was reached again in the evening, and a long night's sleep

there on soft hay repaired the fatigues of our late march. Starting early, we arrived at Vajkjaur the next afternoon; my lame foot having delayed us considerably. Here we found great excitement. There was some religious festival or other going on at Jokkmokk, and all the inhabitants were going across the lake. Carts were being ferried over, and horses, with their heads gaily decorated, were swimming beside the boats.

We had ordered vehicles to be in waiting for us on the Jokkmokk shore, and glad enough I was to step into a boat again, and from the boat into the cart, and to think that our marching was over at last, and that my sprain would have a chance of mending. We found Jokkmokk crowded with Lapps; but when we arrived the festival was over, and dram-drinking had apparently set in. So we did not tarry; slept at Smeds again that night; just caught the down steamer at Storbäcken, and reached Hedensfors in time for dinner at Captain Schough's quarters, where we were joined by Lieutenants Berg and Widmark, and made a night of it. Six next morning saw us *en route* in the midst of a bitter snow-shower, and we reached the wharf at Edefors, and afterwards Råbäcken, without any further adventure than that of upsetting a half-tipsy impertinent Swede, who tried in a long timber waggon to cross our cart on the road (to Nordmark's fearful indignation), and who went a signal cropper in consequence; the long flat tray on which he was sitting capsizing clean on the top of him, while his horse was kicking madly in the deep sand, with his heels in the air.

We were in Luleå by the evening of that day, after some trouble in getting a boat from Råbäcken; and after a couple of days loafing about that important town, where I bought some exquisite white and blue fox-skins and fine pearls, I stepped once more on board the *Volontaire*, and three days saw me in Stockholm. I stayed a day in Stockholm, but was too prudent to knock down all the health I had been building up by accepting too much of the Swedish hospitality which was pressed on me; and slipped away on the second morning before it was yet light by the early train for Malmö, which I reached at twelve at night. The steamer left next morning at ten for Germany; and if any one wants a pleasant sea passage, and to hear sea yarns told as they should be told, I commend them to the voyage from Malmö *viâ* Copenhagen to Lübeck, and to "le bon papa," Captain Werngren, of the good steamer *Bager*. From Lübeck, old and quaint, to dreary Hanover; and from Hanover to Cologne, and thence to Brussels, Ostend, and Dover, and my Lapland trip was a thing of the past.

Well! I had penetrated into a little-known land farther than any Englishman had been before; I had voyaged in canoes across wild, beautiful lakes; I had marched many a mile through untrodden wilds of forest and swamp; I had caught great stores of fish that had never seen fly before; I had shot capercaillie, and duck, and ptarmigan, and the tree-grouse, which knows not British land; I had suffered many things and done many things, and laid in a great stock of health; and looking back on it all, I can safely say that a more enjoyable expedition, or more interesting in its way, is not to be attained within the same time or distance from town. Vale!

## DUFTON'S ABYSSINIA.\*

INFORMATION regarding Abyssinia is at the present moment eagerly sought for and anxiously perused. It is not that we are so wanting, as some imagine, in details regarding the general character and features of the country; the constant repetition of the same forms, the varied aspect of the surface, and the semi-barbarous state of society—such as it is—are themselves conducive of a feeling of ignorance, and of a dissatisfaction at the absence of more salient points, upon which to fix the mind—a want which itself leads to the prevalent notion that we know little of a country, of which in reality there is very little to say. A highland district of considerable extent, intersected by but a small number of great valleys and important rivers; its surface, however, diversified by vast upland plains, cultivated in parts, in others barren and waterless, and by mountainous and rocky ranges, with a great central upland lake, which gives birth to one of the chief tributaries of the Nile, constitute, with a few towns, villages, and mountain fastnesses, and some fragmentary relics of the ancient kingdom of Ethiopia, all that really go to compose the modern Habesh, or Abyssinia. It is the warlike and rebellious habits of the people, the despotism of a successful usurper, the captivity of British envoys, and the incarceration of almost every European in the country, necessitating the intervention of an armed force, which have suddenly aroused a previously unfelt interest in lands with which geographers were by no means so ignorant as the world seems ready to give them credit for. There were some points connected with the hydrography of the country which were, until recently, matters of discussion. Some hill districts are tenanted by tribes of so hostile a character that they have not as yet been explored, and a person of a hypercritical frame of mind may still find a source of gratification in pointing out that the descriptions given by travellers of the now infamous stronghold of Magdala, situated at a remarkable spot on the south-eastern verge of the interior table-land, do not precisely tally with one another; that it is not so much a hill-fortress as a strong place on a portion of the upland, which is deeply intersected at that point, thus giving to it the appearance of a hill. Such diversities may be found in the descriptions even of some of the best-known regions of Europe, travellers looking at the same thing in a different point of view, according to their previous education in such matters, but the realities remain pretty nearly the same; and as to such details as are wanting, in a military point of view, they will be best filled up by reconnaissances effected for the purposes that may be desirable. When Alexander advanced into the interior of Central Asia, most probably as little was known of the Oxus and Jaxartes as was known to ourselves, until the recent explorations of the Russians. But Alexander advanced with his rear protected by works, still existing on the Gorghen river and at the Keren-taghi, on the ancient bed of the Oxus, just in the

\* Narrative of a Journey through Abyssinia in 1862-3, with an Appendix on "The Abyssinian Captives' Question." By Henry Dufton. London: Chapman and Hall.

same manner as the Anglo-Indian force will, possibly, have to advance in Abyssinia, with their rear protected by the Mareb and the Takkazie.

We are, however, unquestionably under obligations to Mr. Henry Dufton, who, it appears, undertook a journey into Africa in order to reach the Galla countries to the south of Abyssinia, and explore, as a field for "Christianisation" and future colonisation, the healthy highlands which native reports lead us to believe exist in that part of the African continent. This he intended doing either by way of the White Nile and Sobat, or the Blue Nile and Didhessa. The latter was the course ultimately chosen; but having been robbed in the Bahiouda desert, and detained in Senaar by the rains, he was ultimately obliged to seek an outlet home through Abyssinia, and we rejoice that he has spared us his experiences in Donghola, and been induced by his publisher to start from that great emporium for slaves—Khartūm.

Mr. Dufton's mode of travelling presents a picture of exceeding—almost patriarchal—simplicity, and the successful carrying out of his journey shows how much may be accomplished with small means. Mr. Dufton actually left Khartūm on foot, driving his donkey, laden with baggage, before him. This partly because the season was too late for boats to proceed up the Blue River. The details of travel are in accordance with this exceedingly primitive mode of proceeding. Arriving at a village he lays down under a tree; but, coming on to rain, has to displace some goats from beneath the eaves of a house, the owner of which next day wanted to exchange an old donkey for our traveller's, and then to sell an aged female slave for 1*l.* of our money, "which, were it not that the poor creature was minus teeth, and had one foot in the grave, was, perhaps, not dear." A traveller need not, indeed, long travel alone upon the Blue Nile. There is, however, a weak point in the most simple contrivances. Mr. Dufton's was that his baggage was so heavy that he could not load his donkey himself; so next day, when it stuck in the mud, he had to remain till an old Arab joined company. The banks of the Blue Nile were, in this early portion of the journey, richly clothed with vegetation. There was also much cultivation, and villages were numerous. Losing his Arab friend, his troubles with his donkey began anew; but frequent rains had cooled the atmosphere, and our English fakīr declares that he began to enjoy his walk with as great a relish as if it had been along the banks of the Rhine instead of within the tropics. Impediments presented themselves occasionally in thorny woods and soft mud; but he had never any difficulty in finding accommodation in the villages. In most of them a hut was set apart for hospitality, and, in accordance with custom, our traveller recorded in one of them:

"Henry Dufton, a Christian fakīr, spent one night here. He renders thanks to God for the existence of such houses as these."

The food was not choice, but it was freely given, and probably exercise supplied the relish. It is also probable that Mr. Dufton's knowledge of Arabic, and his character as a fakīr, greatly facilitated his progress, and ensured hospitality. The country was not altogether safe, for the women are described as going to market armed with long swords, and yet our traveller reached his first stage, Meselemieh, in Senaar, where he had to stay twenty days, detained by the rains, without any greater discomforts than a pathless road, many wettings, and "Neddy's" incor-

rigible caprices. This place, although not marked on all maps, is, after Khartūm, the most important town in Senaar, or, as it is now called, Jezirah Sūdān, or Black Mesopotamia, much more so than Senaar itself, or Wad Medinah, and it contains a population of twenty thousand souls. It is, however, sickly, and our fakīr soon felt the evil effects of the climate.

At the first village beyond this town, Mr. Dufton was offered a damsel of seventeen, and both maid and people, we are told, marvelled greatly at his refusal. There was another detention at Wad Medinah of a month. Man and ass, however, took it very quietly. This place has now a population of only ten thousand, but the extent of ruins show that it was once a town of importance. That it is sickly is shown by the breaking out of sores on the legs and feet. Even the animals are troubled with the same affliction. It is but a short distance from Wad Medinah to Abū Harras, another town on the opposite bank of the river, and there is a bustling ferry between the two. This latter town is, like its neighbour, partly in ruins from Egyptian mal-administration. Its market, as is not uncommon in the East, is held at a distance of two miles from what remains of the town. The surrounding country is peopled by the Shukerīeh Arabs, whose chief is known as Sultan Abū Sin, and who was one of the last to hold out against the Egyptian invasion directed against Abyssinia. There was another detention of ten days here from continued debility.

Abū Harras is situated a little below the junction of the waters of the Rahhad with those of the Blue Nile; and, on leaving the bed of the former, our traveller had to traverse six days of desert. Hellet-es-Sūk, the market-place of the district of Gedarif, constituted the end of this trying journey, rendered more so by the traveller's continued indisposition. Gedarif is a district situated at the foot of some low hills, which form the prelude to the high mountainous country of Abyssinia. It has numerous villages, the principal of which is the market-town, a little south of the ancient Mandera. Mr. Dufton says, by mistake, "one hundred miles south-east of the Blue River." It should be "north-east." It is on the high road which connects the countries on the Blue River and its tributaries with the Red Sea at Suakīm and Massawah, is much frequented, and has Greek and Coptic traders; yet is this a road almost unknown to our map-makers. Kassala, well known for Cameron's unfortunate visit, and advocated by Sir S. Baker and Mr. Dufton as a line of advance for an invading force, constitutes the half way station between Gedarif and Suakīm. This is the region—that is to say, from Suakīm to Gedarif—which will probably be occupied by an Egyptian army of observation during proceedings in Abyssinia.

Matammah is four days' journey from Gedarif, with the large village of Doka half way. From Abū Harras, Mr. Dufton travelled on a canal with a caravan. Beyond Gedarif the country improved greatly. The farther they advanced the hills became higher and higher, and were clothed to their summits in every variety of green. The lowlands were richly cultivated with cotton, sesame, and dhūrra. Any amount of land may be had in this limitrophal region for next to nothing, and the German missionaries at Matammah received money from Manchester to induce them to try cotton growing, but it does not appear with what success. This

beautiful but insalubrious district once formed the Abyssinian province of Ras el Fil, or "counties of beans," but it is now in possession of the Tokkuris, negro colonists, and it is difficult to obtain free labour. These negroes pay tribute to the Egyptians on the one side, and to the Abyssinians on the other. This limitrophal region, now known as Gallabat, and which attained celebrity in the wars of Theodorus, was called by Bruce "the Valley of the Shadow of Death;" yet it is in appearance beautiful, is watered by tributaries to the Black Nile, is diversified by hills, and has Matammah, a place of some five hundred huts, for capital, and the residence of the shūm, or head of the negro colonists. This town is a great market for cotton and grain from Gedarif and Gallabat, and for horses, mules, and cotton from Abyssinia. Mr. Dufton was well received here by the German missionaries Hausmann and Eipperle, and, what was still more advantageous, obtained the companionship of the well-known and enterprising Monsieur Lejean on his further journey.

The country, on leaving Matammah, is described as magnificent, and Mr. Dufton says it would be best represented by picturing the high mountains of the Scotch highlands covered with the fertility of the Rhineland; but the vegetation was of a nature quite different from that of the Rhine, characterised as it was by the luxuriance of the tropics. Close by was the deep valley of the Black Nile, with woods of baobab, sycamore, and cedar abounding, as all these low valleys do in Abyssinia, with wild beasts, including elephants, lions, rhinoceros, hyænas, giraffes, antelopes, gazelles, and wild boar. One of the mules was, indeed, severely bitten on the journey by hyænas, which seem, however, to be much more shy than in Persia, where they will sometimes scarcely trouble themselves to get out of the way. "Neddy," who had been pensioned off during the camel part of the journey, was now brought into requisition again, and became a source of sore trouble, refusing, among other things, to carry his master across the Coang, half way to Wekni, the first village in Abyssinia, and where a large market is held.

The entrance into Abyssinia was not propitious. First, the shūm asked for bakshish. This being granted, he deprived the travellers of their arms, although Monsieur Lejean was consul of France and on a mission to King Theodorus, and sent them prisoners to some huts on the summit of a mountain, a thousand feet above the village. A German baron, Dablin, was also in the village, on his way to Khartūm, and he heartily cursed the country he was leaving.

"Abyssinia," he said, "is a place to teach patience to a man who has it not, and take it away from him who has."

The rascally Wekhnians took the baron's arms from him, although he had a guide from the king, and left him to proceed through Sādan defenceless.

At length an Amhara guide was obtained, our travellers' arms were returned, and they were allowed to proceed on their journey. The same day, however, they were once more stopped at a kind of custom-house, attempts were made to seize their arms, and even Monsieur Lejean's presents for the king were mulcted in a heavy duty. This is, indeed, a country of rudeness, boorishness, and inhospitality. At the first village they came to they were left to spend the night in the rain.

"And these were Christians, who knew that we also were Christians!"

exclaims our fakir. "Really, I had for a moment a sensation of shame in thinking of the liberal, unfailing hospitality of the Moslem."

Nothing softens the bitterness of prejudice so much as travel and experience.

Our travellers were now some seven thousand feet above the sea-level; the air was cool, and though the real wet season was over, showers were still frequent. The vast expanse of Lake Tsana was also visible, with its wooded islands in the foreground, and its remote outline lost in the dim distance; but the upper peaks of the mountains of Gojam were to be seen beyond. This was the district of Tchelga, with a town of the same name, where our travellers were once more deprived of their arms and incarcerated in prison, after a row, in which our gallant fakir had the worst of it, for, after striking the shūm, he was himself sent "to grass" by a powerful highlander, and he was imprisoned with the French consul, with all kinds of animals and insects, in a small dirty hut, for three long weeks. "Good accommodation for man or beast" is, indeed, we are told, sought for in vain in Abyssinia, and our travellers had early proof of the fact.

The market at Tchelga, which possesses interest as the province north of Dembea—the home of Theodorus—is well supplied, the currency being Maria Theresa dollars and pieces of salt, called tsho. Small quantities of iron and an inferior kind of coal are obtainable here. The latter has been worked for the use of the artisans at Gaffat. The great feature of Abyssinia, the Kolkol (Euphorbia), with its monkeys, parrots, and bright-plumaged birds, began to abound. The country is also richly cultivated, yet the people are poor, living in conical huts, and mostly clothed in nothing but sheepskins. Mr. Flad, the well-known missionary of the London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, resided at that time at Genda, twenty miles to the south; and, hearing of the detention of the travellers, he wrote to the authorities, while they themselves proceeded northwards, through a district of whose beauty Mr. Dufton gives a rapturous description, to the guelmo or governor of the province. On their way they were, for the first time in Abyssinia, hospitably treated at a village of Moslems. The guelmo resided in an amba, in this case called the Guimb, or "tower"—a mountain eight thousand feet above the sea, with four perpendicular sides, from which a leap in any direction would carry the gymnast a thousand feet into the valley below. This is a state-prison for great warriors and men of noble family, who are bound in silver chains, and have the privilege of enjoying the prospect, which, we are told, is magnificent in the extreme, surpassing beyond expression anything Mr. Dufton had ever seen. It is to be feared, however, that these advantages would scarcely be appreciated by the unfortunate victims of Theodorus's persecution and tyranny. The visit to the guelmo, luckily, went off well. It is true they passed Christmas Day dinnerless, the mutton being after the fashion of the country, so covered with red pepper that they could not touch it; but they obtained permission to proceed on their journey from Tchelga to Mr. Flad, at Genda.

This latter place is situated on a small elevation above the plain of Dembea, and the neighbourhood is the most fruitful of any in the country. It is principally occupied by Falashas, or native Jews, Mr. and Mrs. Flad

having a comfortable home in the town; and there was also a Scotch Jewish Mission a few miles off. Alas! that after-events should have marred so pleasant a picture! Not the least part of Mr. Flad's kindness to Mr. Dufton was his presenting him with a change of raiment, his Khartūm outfit being admittedly in the last stage of decay. He was accordingly transformed into an Abyssinian, with full trousers, shirt, and shamaa, or cloak of cotton cloth, with a broad red border, worn like the Scotch plaid, or Roman toga, according to taste. A leopard-skin, fastened above it, is, however, necessary to complete the costume. This is the male dress throughout Abyssinia; the female dress consists of a long cotton gown reaching to the ankles, and fastened with a cord round the waist.

Permission having been granted to proceed, our travellers left Genda on New Year's Day, 1863, for Debra Tabor, the residence of King Theodorus. Crossing the vast plain of Dembea, which was under the richest cultivation, they reached the northern shores of Lake Tzana the same evening. This fine inland sheet of water, about seventy miles in length, by forty in breadth, is situated some six thousand feet above the sea. Several beautiful islands diversify its smooth surface, yet the Abyssinians have never built a boat on it worthy of the name. It appears to have diminished in extent, as shown by the flat lacustrine plains of Dembea, Foggera, and Gojam, the desertion of which by the waters has laid bare a fruitful land to cultivation. Its shores are adorned with peach, grape-vine, and other fruit-trees, and produce wheat, barley, dhūrra, and other cereals. In the south-west, towards Kuara—the original country of Theodorus—the coffee-plant also flourishes. Abyssinia is, indeed, capable of producing anything, for there is every variety of climate between the high mountain-lands and the deep lowlands and valleys. It has been called the Switzerland of Africa, and in the hands of a civilised community would unquestionably constitute one of the most delightful places of sojourn it is possible to conceive.

Gondar, the capital of the country, is situated, like Florence, on a river called Arno, a little to the north of the lake; but Mr. Dufton kept along the shores of the latter to the flourishing market-town of Ifak, and then, crossing the river Reb by an old stone Portuguese bridge, he entered the hot plain of Foggera. Hence the ascent began of the steep range of mountains which culminate in Debra Tabor, or Mount Tabor, from its namesake in the Holy Land, and a few hours' journey over an undulating country brought them to the European colony of Gaffat, which is situated a little below the high summit of Mount Tabor. The travellers were hospitably received by Mr. Waldmaier, who married a daughter of Bell, the well-known general in the king's army. Many of the colonists have, indeed, married Abyssinians, others the half-caste daughters of Europeans. Their dwelling-places are the conical huts of the country, which are all situated in a clump on the summit of a gentle hill. It is the invariable custom in these regions to build towns and villages on heights, probably to secure an advantageous position in case of attack, and also for sanitary reasons. It is the same with the churches. It does not say much for the Abyssinians that all the architects are Jews. The emperor insists upon all Europeans newly arrived in the country paying their respects to him, and Mr. Dufton had somewhat unwillingly to submit to the



ordeal. "Great was my surprise," he relates, "when, instead of finding anywhere the outward paraphernalia of Oriental royalty, I beheld the famous Theodore, the renowned warrior and absolute lord of a great dominion, dressed in plain cotton shirt and trousers, and these not over-clean, seated, not on a throne, but on a low divan raised about a foot from the ground." The description given of the king corresponds to the frontispiece-portrait in Lejean's book, that of a handsome man, dark, but with European features, a well-formed head, a quick, piercing eye, a nose inclined to the Roman, and a mild, agreeable smile. His manner was also peculiarly pleasant and gracious, and, altogether, Mr. Dufton depicts the tyrant as the very embodiment of intelligence, benevolence, and mildness. He denies that he is a drunkard, although "he consumes a vast quantity of arracky." Finding that the Europeans distilled better spirits than his own people, he got them to make some for him, and this, Mr. Dufton says, is the origin of Mr. Layard's "brandy merchants" and of Dr. Beke's "Book of Quinte Essence." Mr. Dufton also tells us, as an instance of the king's singularly jealous character, and of his view of despotism, that he does not recognise consular authority, although the case is different with regard to ambassadors, and the persons of messengers, passing between two contending armies, are held sacred. Mr. Dufton argues that he was well treated by the king, and, considering that he could have had no motive for thus treating him but pure kindness, he is bound to testify in his favour. This is all fair, and it is much better that Mr. Dufton should have given his own impressions and convictions than those of others. They must speak for themselves, as the acts of the despot do, in another sense. "No, Theodore is not all devil!" he exclaims, "else how comes it that those who have known him best and longest have given the most favourable account of him? Take Bell, for instance, who was his bosom companion, and Plowden, his friend, who both lost their lives in his service. It would be a poor tribute to their memory to say that they gave a life's devotion to one who was no better than a king of Dahomey." Some exception might be taken to this view of the subject in the character of at least one of the persons who wedded his fortunes to those of King Theodore; but *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

When Monsieur Lejean unpacked the presents of the Emperor of the French, there was among them a box-organ, whereupon the king said, "What's the good of you Europeans bringing me these nonsensical things?" Consul Cameron had not been more fortunate in the choice of his presents, we are told, than Consul Lejean; and Mr. Dufton insists that these mistakes need never have been made, for Mr. Plowden had long before expressly stated that Theodorus "regarded nothing with pleasure or desire but munitions of war for his soldiers." But, it might be asked, are the envoys of civilised countries to consult nothing but the sanguinary lusts of an African king? Mr. Dufton, who could feel ecstatic delight when he beheld "the arm of this warrior-king—this man who had slain his thousands and tens of thousands—thrown in a fond caress round the little child of the white man"—thinks, however, that the English and French should have sent more materials of destruction. For, by what were sent, "Theodore imagined that we trifled with him." Mr. Dufton was, indeed, so prepossessed with the monarch, that he would willingly have stayed with him.

"Mr. Waldmaier told the king my object in coming into this part of Africa—namely, with the hope of reaching the Galla countries to the south." At this the king smiled and shook his head, and then he said:

"I am afraid the present unsettled state of the country will not possibly allow of your travelling therein; but when I have conquered the countries to the south, which originally belonged to my ancestors, then those parts will be open and safe to European travellers."

*Traveller.* I must inform your majesty that I myself have been compelled to relinquish the idea for the present; for, having been robbed in the country of the Arabs, I am now under the necessity of putting myself in communication with my own countrymen, either in India or England.

*King.* If you absolutely wish to go, I will supply you with a guide to Massawah; but if you are inclined to remain in my country, I will furnish you with everything you require.

*Traveller* (with a profound bow). Your majesty overwhelms me with kindness. If I thought I could in any way be of service to your majesty I would willingly remain.

*King.* Do you understand the manufacture of gunpowder and percussion-caps?

*Traveller.* No, I am sorry to say, I do not; in my own country I was brought up to the duties of a clerk.

*King.* Well, I have often thought I should like to have an English secretary, if you are willing to become such.

At this stage the conversation was interrupted; but Mr. Dufton adds, "I heard no more about the matter during my stay, and perhaps it was fortunate I did not." In which wise conclusion we coincide fully with the traveller. Had he, having been a banker's clerk, belonged to another country, he would at once have proposed himself as banker to the empire or treasurer to his majesty, either of which positions might have been replete with dangerous honours. The king, having heard that our traveller had walked a good part of the road, presented him with a stout mule, equipped with the saddle and trappings of a native chief—another claim upon the English fakir's forbearance and gratitude.

Mr. Dufton made several interesting excursions around Mount Tabor during his stay at Gaffat. One of these was to the summit of Gunna, a vast mountain mass to the east, which is frequently seen capped with snow. It rises four thousand feet above Gaffat, itself nearly eleven thousand feet above the sea, making Mount Gunna about fifteen thousand feet. The ascent was spoiled by clouds and cold; but he visited Mrs. Bell at a village by the way, where she resides with her mother and grandmother. The longevity of these mountaineers is said to be remarkable, some living to the advanced age of a hundred and twenty and even a hundred and forty years. What a sanatorium for Anglo-Indians might be erected on the hills around Lake Tzana, under a good administration! The people living on the mountains also possess a much lighter complexion than other Abyssinians, showing, Mr. Dufton says, that the low, humid valleys of tropical countries have more to do in producing the black hue of the people than any fancied difference of primal origin.

Another and more important excursion was to Wofferghef, or "the valley of birds," where the king was encamped with his army. Upon this

occasion our traveller visited Mount Jesus, the highest of the Tabor range, and where is a village with a population of five thousand, and one of the largest churches in Abyssinia. On the march he had also a sight of the fair Toronetch, Iteghe or Sultana to the Abyssinian monarch, and daughter of Ubiyah, the dethroned monarch of Tigray—the fairest, most accomplished, and most haughty of Abyssinian princesses—and who has since often interfered in favour of the European captives. The camp is said to have presented a remarkably fine sight. The whole length of a broad valley, some five or six miles in extent, was covered with “thousands” of black and white tents, over which, on a slight eminence in the centre, presided the three-coloured silk marquees of the king. Innumerable cattle, mules, and horses grazed around. The king’s army is said to have “possibly” consisted of some fifty thousand warriors, but the number of camp-followers is often double that of the army itself, which, of course, adds much to the unmanageableness of the whole. Indeed, Mr. Dufton says there is little or no system in Abyssinian warfare. It consists in rushing pell-mell upon the foe, hurling the spear, which is their principal arm, and picking up and re-hurling the spent darts of the enemy. The musket, which is mostly in the hands of the Tigrayan soldiers, is even less effective than the spear, and the amount of powder and shot wasted must be enormous. The sword is seldom brought into requisition (unless it be in eating brunds or raw flesh), as arm-to-arm combat is infrequent. This is interesting; but it is obvious that it must be accepted with a certain reserve, for it does not coincide with what we have heard from Mr. Rassam and other sources, nor did Mr. Dufton witness an actual engagement. How could he tell, then, except upon mere hearsay, that the amount of powder and shot wasted is enormous? It is so in every army. At that time artillery was unknown to the military tactics of Abyssinia; but Mr. Dufton thinks that if the Europeans and native artisans at Gaffat have been well employed during the last four years, the king must now possess a goodly number of pieces.

The king’s expedition into Gojam was brought to an untimely end by the diversion effected by Egyptians, under Musa Pasha, at Matammah. Mr. Dufton was, however, more lucky than Consul Lejean; he obtained permission to depart with the delay of only a few days, and a Tigrayan soldier as a guide to Adowa. Several persons attached to the European colony also accompanied him, and they were all to be supplied on the way in the name of *Teodoros Yemūt*—an order to which little attention was paid, attesting at once the disloyalty and inhospitality of the people. Poor “Neddy,” although he had had three months’ repose at Gaffat, broke down at the first village they came to, Ebenat. Our traveller parted from him as from an old friend. The province of Bellesa was crossed by “a low flat valley of black alluvial soil covered with thorny trees;”—not a pleasant picture for an invading force. This was followed by a rugged tract in the province of Lasta, now in open rebellion against Theodoros, and occupied by the Agows—a tribe whose language differs both from the Ambaric and the Tigrinya, and who are supposed to be a relic of the older inhabitants of the country. The road was excessively rough, there being scarcely the semblance of a path, yet this stony region abounded in trees, as usual the retreat of innumerable monkeys and parroquets. “Nothing,” says Mr. Dufton, “increases the pleasure of travelling in

Abyssinia so much as being sure always of obtaining a cool, shady tree for your noonday rest. The whole country abounds in trees capable of affording this—but only for a few! The fifth day they reached the banks of the Minna, a tributary to the Takkazie, a broad mountain stream, whose banks are adorned with fine tamarind and sycamore fig-trees. Hence the road followed the sides of the Simyen mountains, the highest in Abyssinia, attaining an elevation of fifteen thousand feet, and probably never entirely free from snow. The air was consequently cool and refreshing compared with the stifling heat of the lower river valleys. The province of Simyen is thinly peopled, and it was not often that they got their demand for a sheep supplied. This, however, may have been owing to its not being paid for. It is surprising how little will be forthcoming in any part of the East upon the production of a pasha's order for supplies, and how much upon the production of a bag of piastres.

The Takkazie was reached the next day after the Minna. Luckily it was at this season (April) very low, as, from the winding nature of its course, our traveller declares they had to cross it some twenty times in a day. The reason of this appears to be that the bed was for the most part locked in by high walls of rock. Such a road would never do for an advance. The highlands of Antala, Tsamara, and Sokota, must be looked to, to the east, or the Simyen, turned by Woggera, to the west. Mr. Dufton, it is to be observed, did not proceed by Gondar and the beaten track of most European travellers. The Takkazie is the boundary between Amhara and Tigray, which is now independent of Theodorus; and if the friendship of its chief, the Wagg-slum Gobayze, who is said to be, as Shum or Prince of Waag, the legitimate descendant of the line of Tekweno Amlak, can be obtained, it will not be till the invading force shall have reached the Minna that hostilities may be expected to commence; nor, indeed, are such likely to occur under any circumstances—at least to any serious extent—till the districts of the neighbouring lake, Tzana, are reached.

Close to the Takkazie is Temhyen, a good market town, where plenty of supplies are to be obtained; the currency in Tigray being, however, no longer salt, but cotton cloth. The fantastic peaks of the Adowa mountains appear to rise from a plain; but here as elsewhere, in what seems at a distance continuous upland plains, are often concealed deep, tortuous valleys or ravines, like the Mexican barrancos. Adowa, with a population of ten thousand, is the well-known capital of Tigray, and it is considered healthy; for, although situated in a valley on a tributary to the Takkazie, it is still some four thousand feet above the sea-level. Close by are the ruins of Axum, the ancient capital of the country, whose relics consist chiefly of variously shaped obelisks, some prostrate, others standing. The modern town of Axum, built round about the obelisks and church—one of the principal in Abyssinia—is large, almost as much so as Adowa.

After a brief stay at this latter town, Mr. Dufton left for Massawah, by Halai. Already in that time the country was only in nominal subjection to Theodorus, and, what was worse, was divided within itself. As to the country he had to travel over, it was, he says, "valleys within valleys, mountains upon mountains." Two days from Adowa the Mareb was crossed. Mr. Schimpfer, who has lived many years at Adowa, has ascertained that, at all events, at some seasons this river flows into the

Black Nile, at others loses itself in the sands. But this is not surprising, when Sir Samuel Baker found the whole bed of the Black Nile dried up at one season of the year. It must therefore, at that season, be the same also with the Takkazie. A steep ascent from the bed of the Mareb, up the rugged sides of a mountain, brought our traveller again on to the cooler highlands, and he continued upon "the pleasant upper levels" until he reached Halai. This place, which became the refuge of the Lazarists, after the expulsion of Monseigneur Jacobis, is situated in a concavity, which the Abyssinian table-land takes like a mighty wave before it crests into the heights of Taranta Mountain, thence to descend in steep to the sea-shore. Those towards Zula and Annesley Bay are the most abrupt; but as the ancient high-road lay from Axum to Adule, on the same great bay, there must still be the remains of a feasible road, even if, as it is said, it is in parts hidden by brushwood. The map attached to Mr. Dufton's work—said to be copied from Beke—is very erroneous at this point—one of the possible starting-points of an invading force. It makes the river of Halai, and that to the west, tributaries to the Mareb. It is not so in Beke's "general map of the basin of the Nile;" and Munzinger's map in the "Blue-book" distinctly marks the Haddas, or river of Halai, and the Ali Gady, or river of Kayahkor, as tributaries to the river of Zula or Adule. Landing at the latter place, the troops could be marched off to the highlands of Halai in two days; whereas from Massawah, or rather Arkiko (for Massawah is on an island), it is two days' march to the valley of the Ali Gady. The narrow tract of country between the highlands and the coast is, according to Mr. Dufton, occupied by the Shohos, a savage tribe of the Danakil, but they are not estimated by Ruppel at above three hundred souls; and the whole Danakil nation, although occupying the great extent of the Abyssinian coast, are not supposed to exceed a few thousands.

Mr. Dufton's work concludes with some useful remarks upon the various routes by which Magdala or Mount Tabor can be approached. He does not speak so despondingly of the Tajurra route, which, after all, is the most direct, as some writers do; but he is not personally acquainted with the country. There is also a route from Raheita, with possibly a river part of the way. The route from Amphila leads through the country of the Taltals—a savage race, but not numerous—and thence through Lasta, now held, with Tigray, by Waag-shum Gobayze, who offered some time since to liberate the captives for us, on condition of our supporting him in his claim to the throne of Abyssinia. This route is said to be in part very difficult. The route from ancient Adule is spoken of favourably, as the one presenting the least distance between the coast and the highlands, and as having a splendid bay. The circuitous route from Massawah, by Matammah, is also spoken of highly, as the whole can be traversed by camels, and supplies would be abundant. But the country is Egyptian; it is the one of all others the most removed from communication with the coast, and, indeed, an invading force once arrived at Matammah would be further from Magdala than at the sea-coast. Mr. Dufton also himself admits that if the Abyssinians were once led to suppose that we are in connivance with their hereditary Moslem foes, we should have every man, woman, and child against us, besides two hundred thousand armed men. The same objection applies to the route from

Suakim to Matammah. The whole of the route from Kassala to Matammah is, further, hot and unhealthy. Mr. Dufton, however, advocates the latter route, agreeing on this point with Sir Samuel Baker, and for these reasons: that, although in the dominions of the Moslem, it is still the best point from whence to negotiate; and it is also the best point from whence to advance into Kuara, should Theodorus, as is very likely, retreat into that distant country with his captives. Mr. Dufton is, it appears to us, too diffident as to the friendship of the natives. He says they will regard the invasion as one of conquest, and they will all unite in the general pursuit of plunder. But when they are told to the contrary, are fairly treated, and honestly dealt with, it is to be hoped that they will soon discover friendliness to be the best policy. Mr. Dufton himself admits that if we make the same mistake in the case of the Abyssinian captives as we did in that of Stoddart and Conolly, it will shake our very empire in India, and not an English traveller but will be looked upon with contempt throughout Asia and Africa. Our prestige, as well as our interest, are concerned, then, in a war of liberation; the national character must be maintained, and the national honour vindicated, though it cost no end of treasure and blood. We cannot afford to be despised throughout the East, where prestige is everything. There are no newspapers in these countries, yet from Jeddah to the wall of China, and from Cape Guardafui to the Gold Coast, the imprisonment of our envoy and consul are the subject of talk in every coffee-house and bazaar. Finally, Mr. Dufton calls attention to a point which we have before insisted upon, that a party in France are very anxious that the same protection which is given to the Maronites of Syria should be extended to the Christians of Abyssinia. "And," he adds, "there is little doubt but that 'the Eldest Son of the Church' would listen to an appeal of this kind when made in favour of a country that is key number two to that Red Sea which is the Englishman's high road to the East. Apart from this there is enough in the physical advantages of this African Switzerland to make interference tempting, and we must not suppose that the *shameful ignorance* which prevails in England with regard to Abyssinia is shared to the same extent by our neighbours over the Channel. For every Englishman and Protestant who have visited Abyssinia there have been ten Frenchmen and Roman Catholics, and the works of travel which have been written on this subject are far more numerous than those which we possess. The French nation and government, therefore, have formed a far juster estimate of the value of Abyssinia than we have; and should France ever have the incentive which, before this "Abyssinian question" is settled, England may possess, we may be assured she will not have any scruples as to *her* day for conquest having gone by."

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## AN INDIAN RAILWAY.

It is but quite of late years that England has commenced to awaken to the value of her Eastern dependency. Formerly, listless apathy, with regard to everything connected with India, prevailed. At the period to which we refer, that vast empire was regarded merely in the light of an appanage to a private company of merchants, and the relationship connecting it with the home government was slight and undefined. The House of Commons could not be got to listen with decent attention to an Indian debate; and, indeed, the mere announcement of the subject was generally a signal for a *saue qui peut*. The English press rarely dealt with Indian matters, and when it did so, treated them *de haut en bas*. Since those days a great change has undoubtedly taken place. Indian affairs are beginning to excite a fair modicum of attention; but the time has certainly not yet arrived when England can fully realise the vast importance to her of her extensive dominions in the East, or comprehend how, in all probability, her own future is intimately connected with the development of their resources.

We have been led into these remarks, from observing the correspondence which has been lately published, with regard to the refusal of the Indian government to entertain the proposal for an extension of the line of railway from Lahore to Peshawur, the necessity for which has been so strongly urged upon it in several quarters.

Mr. Juland Danvers, the government director of the Indian Railway Companies, in his report upon Indian railways for 1866-67, states that the cost of the line, which would be two hundred and fifty miles in length, would be at the rate of 20,000*l.* a mile, and that the whole capital required to be raised would be five millions. This money could not be obtained without the government gave the usual guarantee for principal and interest; and this, it appears, it declines to do.

Sir John Lawrence, in his minute, says: "On military and political grounds, as well as financial ones, I would prefer to have communication open with the sea from Lahore to Kurrachee in the first place, and through Rajpootana in the second degree, to a railway from Lahore to Peshawur. A complete Indus railway would admit of troops being rapidly brought up from Kurrachee to Lahore, or of being similarly concentrated at any spot all along the line opposite to the frontier. This is a point of primary importance. If a railway from Lahore to Peshawur would produce a beneficial effect at Cabul and in Central Asia, a complete line from Lahore to the sea ought at least to have an equal effect, while the additional material strength it would give us would, I submit, be greater in the latter case than in the former."

Thus it will be seen that the viceroy gives as one reason for refusing to sanction the line from Lahore to Peshawur, the fact that he prefers a railway from Lahore to Kurrachee! But are not both undertakings almost equally absolutely necessary?

The fallacy of his views, indeed, have been well exposed in the now celebrated minute of Sir Bartle Frere, the late governor of Bombay; in this document he (Sir B. Frere) tears into shreds and tatters the argu-

ments advanced for dwarfing the noble railway system already projected for Northern and Western India. Sir Bartle Frere sees at a glance the immense importance, both politically and commercially, of the Punjab lines in the whole economy of the railway system of India. Nor does he stand alone in the view he takes of this great question. The lieutenant-governor of the Punjab is strong on the other side; and the whole press of India is unanimous in urging the completion of these lines with the utmost possible speed.

The grounds upon which the viceroy has elsewhere based his refusal are financial ones. He "entertains doubts that the line will pay;" but waiving the consideration of profit for the present (and there seem to be considerable reasons for holding a different opinion to the viceroy's on this point, as we shall see), the political necessity for such a work appears to be overwhelming. And, moreover, as Mr. Laing very sensibly puts it: "When profit is spoken of in respect of the Indian railways, it must be remembered that in many cases the political importance of the line is much greater than its commercial importance." He adds: "I have no hesitation in saying this is the case with respect to the projected line from Lahore to Peshawur. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that if we left the frontier of Peshawur in its present unguarded state, and did not take the obvious precaution of providing a means of rapid transport for our troops, in the event of some panic about Russian influence we might find ourselves in great difficulties."

Monsieur Guillaume Lejean, a Frenchman, who has recently returned from India, in his admirable and exhaustive article in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* for August last, entitled, "Les Anglais sur l'Indus," remarks, with reference to this question: "There is another measure of an incontestable necessity and immediate urgency—I mean the projected railway from Lahore to Peshawur. I lay no stress on the commercial prospects of the scheme, since those are somewhat problematical; but to comprehend its political and strategic importance, it is only necessary to glance at a map of India. The question of celerity in military operations, so momentous even in Europe, where the theatre of war is always comparatively circumscribed, has far greater weight in that immense Hindostan, where any considerable campaign involves a movement of troops throughout lines of eight hundred or a thousand miles in length. At present it is indispensable to mass numerous regiments beyond the Indus from Hazara to Bunnoo under circumstances very far from favourable to the soldiers' health. And even this force, though sufficient in quiet times, would require, in case of any crisis on the frontier, to be largely reinforced. Hence the insistency with which public opinion in the north-west demands the prolongation of the great East Indian Railway to the Indus Valley. This extension of two hundred and seventy-six miles from Lahore to Peshawur would offer no greater difficulties than the section from Delhi to Umritsur, which is already well advanced. There is the same great plain intersected by nullahs (watercourses, dry during half the year, but formidable torrents in the rains, and when the snows of the Himalayas melt). The bridges which must be thrown over these nullahs and over the Indus at Attock would be the only works on the line. With such a prospect of immediate convenience, and at a moderate cost, there is only one opinion in the public mind as to the desirable-



ness of this extension, and this feeling is fully shared by the local government. When I passed through the province in July, 1866, the lieutenant-governor of the Punjab had just submitted the project with his earnest recommendation to the viceroy, and no one doubted that the decision of the latter would be favourable."

Monsieur Lejean forgets in this paragraph, it is true, that bridges would have to be thrown over the Chenab, Ravee, and Jhelum, all first-class rivers, as well as over the Indus, but this does not destroy the force of his argument. Such bridges have been long urgently wanted for the purposes of traffic; and it is believed that if small adjoining foot bridges were constructed, and a reasonable tax levied upon foot passengers, these tolls would go a considerable way towards repaying the cost of their construction; for even in the time of Runjeet Singh the ferries across these rivers were farmed for a large sum, and the passenger traffic across them has more than doubled since those days; and as the line the new railway would take would be almost identical with that of the present trunk road (which was actually laid out with an eye to this very eventuality), and would, consequently, cross the rivers near the ferries now in use, we might surely rely upon such footways superseding these latter to a great extent, if not altogether.

With regard to the Indus, a plan was formed some time ago to make a tunnel beneath it at Attock, but the difficulties were found to be great, and a bridge will be practically cheaper and more useful. How absolutely indispensable either one or the other is to the safety of our trans-Indus forces, may be learned from studying the events of the mutiny of 1857, when, had the mutineers succeeded as they might have done in persuading the Kuttuk tribe that line its banks to join them, they would have probably had little difficulty in carrying off the boats at Attock and at Nilab, and the garrisons in the Peshawur district would then have been totally cut off from all communication from without; nor could the valuable reinforcements from that quarter, whose presence mayhap turned the scale at the crisis of the siege of Delhi, have been sent as they were.

And, first, with regard to the political necessity for the undertaking—*i.e.* in fact, the question as to the possibility of a Russian invasion of India—this point has been over and over again treated by a variety of writers, and is generally answered in the affirmative. The next step to be ascertained, therefore, is its probability. This we shall consider.

As long ago as at the treaty of Yassy, in the year 1792, the idea of disturbing the British empire in India was first suggested to the cabinet of St. Petersburg as a check on the aggressive power which the maritime superiority of England enabled her to exert against Russia.

The Prince Nassau Siegen presented to Catherine a project for marching an army through Bokkara and Cashmere to Bengal, to drive the English out of India. The plan had been drawn up by a Frenchman, and the first step was to be a manifesto declaring the intention of the empress to re-establish the great Mogul on the throne of India. The scheme, though derided by Potemkin, was favourably received by the empress, and has never been forgotten in Russia.

Forty-four years later—that is, in the year 1836—the author of a work entitled "Progress of Russia in the East," remarks: "The in-

vasion of India by the army of Russia, setting out from her present frontier to force a passage to the Indus, and overturn our empire by a coup de main, may be assumed to be impracticable, or at least to demand so large an expenditure and so vast a preparation as to put the attempt beyond all probability. But the difficulties of the enterprise arise chiefly from the distance which intervenes between her frontier and ours, the facility with which we could multiply impediments on so long and difficult a line, and our power to throw troops into India by sea in a shorter time than Russia could march them by land. Every approach of Russia towards the south is therefore an approach towards removing these difficulties; and as soon as the resources of Persia are placed at her disposal, and Herat shall thereby have become her southern frontier, there will no longer be any insuperable impediment to the invasion of India."

Since the days in which this was written, the very events which constituted the difficulties to a Russian advance on India, here alluded to, have been one by one removed. Notwithstanding our disastrous expedition into Affghanistan from 1838 to 1842, undertaken principally with a view to arrest her progress in Asia, Russia is now one thousand miles nearer to British India than she was in those days. She has advanced by gigantic strides, and is actually in possession of the principal part of the basin of the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes, and of the country as far as Samarcand. Ere long we must certainly expect to see her firmly posted upon the whole line of the Amu Daria, or Oxus.

We learn, indeed, by a mail just to hand that the Russian troops have lately "marched from Chuzzuk upon Kurchee, which they took without firing a shot." Now Kurchee is fully a hundred miles south-west of Samarcand. The report adds that "Russia has given over the district of Kurchee to Bokkara." For what reason it does not add. This, if true, is startling testimony to the rapid advance of the Muscovite forces. We learn also that Russia's ally and humble friend, "Persia, is, by the last accounts, advancing upon Meshed, and it is likely will, before many months have elapsed, have captured Herat." Thus will have been fulfilled the first act in the drama prophetically sketched out in the extract before given, and the general result will be that Affghanistan alone will practically divide India from Russia in Asia. Affghanistan is a country upon whose sympathies, or even neutrality, we should be infatuated indeed to rely.

"To reckon," says General Ferrier (a Frenchman who spent many years in Central Asia, and whose work—"Caravan Journeys"—contains a mass of the most valuable information upon these subjects), "upon the sympathies or hatred which the people of Central Asia might entertain either for the English or Russians, would be extremely hazardous; the stability of the sentiments of such a population could not be depended upon for any length of time, and I repeat that the success of an invasion of India by the Russians is, above everything, a question of money. Nevertheless, supposing the Affghans to have been well bribed, it would still, as I have already remarked, be absurd to place confidence in them. However, it is for the English to be on the alert, if they are not already so, and prepare, while they have the opportunity, to meet events that might otherwise, at a period more or less distant, disturb their rule over a vast, fertile, and populous empire."

Such considerations as these, therefore, one would suppose, would be

ample reasons for at once placing our present frontier line in a decent state of defence without delay. Monsieur Lejean, indeed, in the article from which we have made the foregoing extract, advocates a still stronger measure, namely, its extension in a north-westerly direction, and the occupation of the country of Afghanistan, as far as Jellalabad. He says, to give his own words :

“L'occupation de Djellalabad serait une mesure radicale et vigoureuse, et le gouvernement actuel de l'Inde ne semble pas pencher vers les mesures de ce genre, surtout depuis la malheureuse campagne de Boutan. Il serait pourtant facile de prouver que cet effort n'exigerait pas une dépense d'hommes et d'argent bien supérieure à celle de l'expédition d'Umbeyla, qu'il faudra recommencer tous les huit ou dix ans, si l'on ne prend pas un parti plus décisif.”

And with regard to our retaining the present line of defence—that of the Indus—he says :

“It will end by Russia and England finding themselves face to face. To escape a collision it is necessary, it is said, that they should find in their front a strong impassable barrier, a well-organised defensive position. Nothing can be more true, and we will add that that frontier barrier should not be a river, however large it may be. Rivers are an assistance to, and in some respects the actual pathways of, invasions, instead of being ramparts against them.” “France has found out to her cost once, and Germany twenty times, that the line of the Rhine protects nothing. If a river, however, is not so, a chain of mountains is, an undoubted rampart to a country, particularly such mountains as the Pyrenees, Alps, and Balkans. And how can it possibly be easier to pierce that gigantic girdle of glaciers and eternal snows, the Himalayas, rising as they do to ten thousand mètres of height in an army of mountain peaks, and in comparison with whom our Mont Blanc and Saint Bernard are mere hillocks? These are the true bulwarks of India—bulwarks of real efficacy, behind which the northern frontier of that beautiful country has remained inviolate for thousands of years. The Himalayas cannot be forced in front by an army of invasion. This is evident, and easily proved; but can they not be turned? At their eastern extremity it is impossible, for they there run into the Indo-Chinese territories, and their heights are absolutely unknown. But on their western flank? Here the inquiry becomes a grave one, and we are brought back to Afghanistan, for it is at the bottom of the Afghan country that the spurs of that formidable range commence to descend. History here comes to aid with her facts the conclusions of our physical geography. Afghanistan has been the route by which all the invasions of India have taken place, from the days of Semiramis and Alexander to those of Mahmoud of Ghuznee and Baber, to those of the Mongols and Affghans.”

General Ferrier remarks on this point: “We recommend the English not to wait for their first attack from Russia behind the Indus. This river is a line of defence, of which they ought to avail themselves only as a last resource after they had been forced back upon it. It would be dangerous to hazard on its banks the issue of the first conflict, for the Indians, accustomed to look on this splendid stream as an impregnable barrier, would be paralysed at seeing the Russians cross it, and the

English might from that moment consider them as lost to their cause."

Here, then, are the opinions of two well-informed and disinterested foreigners, who—assuming that our position upon the Indus is, at all events, secured (which it is not), and our communications in the rear of that river in working order (which they can never be with four large unbridged rivers to be crossed)—would actually advocate an advance of our frontier line, and consequently, we presume, a future extension of our railway system to the new limit. Without ourselves sharing the whole of the views we have quoted, we must remark how strangely the policy advocated by these gentlemen differs from the timid, hesitating system now in vogue in high quarters.

Government seems to forget (in the words of Sir Samuel Baker at the recent meeting at Dundee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) "that, in modern times, wars are the events of weeks or days. There are no longer the slow marches that rendered inaccessible far distant points. The railway alters the former conditions of countries." And he adds, "Without yielding to exaggerated alarm, we must watch with intense attention the advances of Russia upon the Indian frontier."

Nor is it unimportant to consider how prevalent is the belief among the natives of India themselves, that an invasion of their country by the Colossus of the North is but a question of time. Ever since the Crimean war this conviction has gained ground; and during the mutiny of 1857 very many were the letters intercepted by the authorities, reporting the imminency of a Russian invasion. One letter, which was dated Benares, May 28, 1857, runs thus: "The state of affairs is this: Dost Mahomed Ghazee has marched from Cabul, and come to see Sir John Lawrence. He declares that the Emperor of Russia and the Shah of Herat (query Persia) are advancing together to attack the English. The soldiers of the Emperor of Russia are very numerous. He only who can count the ants in an ant-hill will be able to estimate their number. Be ready." Even such an unimportant document as this serves to indicate the impression that prevails amongst our fellow-subjects in India—people so gifted with natural reticence and duplicity, that, save through some such channel, it is almost impossible to read their real thoughts.

Do not, then, these considerations, which we have endeavoured to shadow forth, render the immediate construction of the railroad in question a positive political necessity? and does not the whole matter call urgently for prompt action on the part of government?

Turning now to the commercial merits of an extension of our railway system towards the north-west, we must observe that the time appears not far distant when England and Russia must certainly meet in Central Asia as friends, if not as foes. Under this aspect even, the advantages which direct railway communication from Calcutta to Peshawur offers are very great. Mr. Lumley, the late secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, in his able report upon the tea trade of Russia, informs us that a tramway, and even a railway, has been projected from the Caspian Sea to the upper basin of the Amu Daria or Oxus, and that coal has been ascertained to exist near the former locality, in the "Krasnovodsk, or Balkan range." The Russians propose to import tea by this route from

the Western Himalayas, and there seems no reason why they should not also take cotton and indigo, and other staple productions of India.

The dreams of Burnes (the correctness of whose views on the affairs of Central Asia generally, time seems yearly to confirm) would appear to be about to be realised. He says, in his "Travels in Bokkara," vol. ii. page 197: "The advantages of the Oxus, both in a political and commercial point of view, must be regarded as very great: the many facilities which have been enumerated point it out either as the channel of merchandise or the route of a military expedition; nor is it from the features of the river itself that we form such a conclusion. It is to be remembered that its banks are peopled and cultivated; it must therefore be viewed as a navigable river, possessing great facilities for improving the extent of that navigation. This is a fact of great political and commercial importance, whether a friendly nation may turn it to the gratification of ambition, or a friendly power here seek the extension and improvement of its trade. In either case the Oxus presents many fair prospects, since it holds the most direct course, and connects, with the exception of a narrow desert, the nations of Europe with the remote regions of Central Asia."

Supposing, then, this projected line from the Caspian to the neighbourhood of Balk completed, and the East Indian Railway extended from Lahore to Peshawur, there would only then remain to be bridged over to complete the communication between Calcutta and the frontier of Russia Proper, the distance between Peshawur and Balk, about three hundred miles; and were this last small section eventually joined on to its respective termini, passengers would (subject to an improvement in the German and Russian railways about to be noticed) be able to travel from London to Calcutta in less than fourteen days.

As to what is being done towards this consummation in Europe, we learn that "in two or three years at most the Russian railway system will have brought the Volga at more than one point into connexion with the railways of Germany. A connexion of this kind has indeed been in existence for some years, Nijni-Novgorod having railway communication by Moscow and St. Petersburg, through Poland, with the German railways. But the new lines will touch the Volga at points two or three days' voyage nearer the Caspian, and will themselves have shorter connexions with Western Europe than Nijni-Novgorod has at present. A comparatively slight break of between two hundred and three hundred miles in Galicia and Podolia is all that remains to be filled up in order to establish a complete railway communication between the German Ocean and the Black Sea; and this break will not be of long continuance. The extreme terminus of the Austrian lines at Tchernowitz is rapidly being joined to the line which proceeds from Odessa to Balta and the interior of Russia. There is also some prospect of extending the Tchernowitz line through the Principalities to meet the Varna and Rustchuk Railway, which would give Western Europe railway communication with a Turkish as well as a Russian port in the Black Sea. It is not at once apparent how these lines open up a way to the interior of Asia, the Caucasian isthmus interposing between the Black Sea and the Caspian; but it so happens that that isthmus is being partly traversed by a railway line from Poti to Tiflis, which will doubtless be prolonged

from one sea to another. Thus, by the completion of works already in hand, travellers from Western Europe will be able to accomplish in a week a journey to the interior of Asia; for, on the eastern shore of the Caspian, it is the centre of Asia which lies before the traveller."

Were these plans carried out, there can surely be no doubt as to the commercial success of the section of railway alluded to, as a vast traffic between India and Russia would naturally pass over its rails. And, in addition, as soon as the "Indus valley line," connecting Lahore, *vid Mooltan*, with Kurrachee in Scinde, is opened, a large trade with Bombay will, in all probability, spring up. The government have, it is understood, signified their intention to grant the assistance of a government guarantee to this last-mentioned undertaking, the cost of which is estimated at six millions, its length being five hundred miles, and the expense of construction 12,000*l.* a mile.

Dependent upon its own intrinsic merits alone, however, we must record our belief that the line from Peshawur to Lahore will eventually pay. The capabilities of the Punjab have yet to be ascertained, and the salt trade is capable of a great extension.

Mr. Juland Danvers observes, with reference to this question: "The Punjab, while rich in agricultural produce, is a comparatively new province of British India, and young in civilisation, and the railway, although sure to give a stimulus to all departments of industry, cannot, until access is obtained to it by roads from the neighbouring districts, confer those general benefits upon the country which it otherwise would."

In conclusion, we cannot, with reference to Indian railways generally, do better than give Monsieur Lejean's eulogistic description of our Indian Empire in his own words: "L'Inde a toujours été ce qu'elle est aujourd'hui, le diamant de l'Asie, et l'on pourrait presque ajouter du vieux monde. Si les richesses minérales y sont nulles, si ses côtes mal abritées se prêtent médiocrement au développement d'une marine, en revanche ses admirables plaines, riches de tant d'alluvions, arrosées par deux cent fleuves et par des milliers de rivières, ses côtes fertiles, si heureusement étages, nourrissent 200 millions d'habitans."

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## PRESTWOOD PAPERS.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

## I.—PROLOGUE ON WIND AND RAIN BY NIGHT;—FIRE-GAZING.

—AT a loss for a title, and in quest of a subject? If the batch of papers now commenced must have a general title, why not name them after the sequestered nook where they are written? That will avail as well as Ruminations of a Recluse, or any similar conceit of alliterative suggestion. And with regard to a subject,—the mere fact of gazing into the red depths of a fire this wet and windy evening, is suggestive of Fire-gazing as a seasonable topic.

But first a prologue on night-winds and night-rain, listened to, as now, by a solitary, of the *penseroso* order.

See, the fire is sinking low,  
 Dusky red the embers glow,  
 While above them still I cower;  
 While a moment more I linger,  
 Though the clock, with lifted finger,  
 Points beyond the midnight hour.\*

Let it point. Instead of lingering a moment more, and letting the fire out, the fire must be made up, and the table drawn nearer to it, for an hour or two of writing.

And the night-wind rising, hark!  
 How above there in the dark . . .  
 All the noisy chimneys blow!

And then I think of Mr. Bickerstaffe's *Tatler* paper, written of a Christmas night, when its silence (unlike this boisterous one) and darkness disposed him to be more than ordinarily serious; and of the sentence—more likely Addison's than Steele's: "My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn."† How different an entry from the "which did vex me" of Mr. Pepys's Diary. "About bed-time, it fell a-raining, and the house being all open at top, it vexed me, but there was no help for it."‡ Or this again, a month later,—as one other specimen of the Pepysian Night Thoughts: "About three o'clock this morning, I waked with the noise of the rayne, having never in my life heard a more violent shower: and then the catt was lockt in the chamber, and kept a great mewing, and leapt upon the bed, which made me I could not sleep a great while.§ After this sort was Mr. Pepys nocturnally disquieted, and his heart was put to proof

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain was on the roof.||

A glance will suffice at Horace Walpole, at a time when his nerves were

\* Longtellow: *The Wind over the Chimney*.

† *Diary of Samuel Pepys*, July 15, 1662.

‡ Locksley Hall.

† *The Tatler*, No. cxi.

§ *Ibid.*, Aug. 20.

shattered, and the country seemed going to the bad: "I could write volumes," he tells Lady Ossory; "but recollect that you are not alone as I am, given up to melancholy ideas, with the rain beating on the skylight, and gusts of wind. On other nights, if I heard a noise, I should think it was some desperate gamester breaking open my house: now, every flap of a door is a pistol."\* That was the sort of night, and that the sort of humour, in which the elegant lord of Strawberry-hill would envy the "tired ploughman," who, "dry and warm

Hears, half asleep, the rising storm  
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,  
Against the casement's tinkling pane."†

Half hears, and is only the cosier for the semi-sense. In the same metre, and to the same tune, runs a descriptive passage by the Story-teller of Rimini:

'Tis a wild night out of doors;  
The wind is mad upon the moors,  
And comes into the rocking town,  
Stabbing all things up and down;  
And then there is a weeping rain  
Huddling 'gainst the window-pane,  
And good men bless themselves in bed;  
The mother brings her infant's head  
Closer, with a joy like tears,  
And thinks of angels in her prayers;  
Then sleeps, with his small hand in hers.‡

If that is a bit of word-painting, so, with a true sense of the picturesque, is this stanza of the laureate's:

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
And howlest, issuing out of night,  
With blasts that blow the poplar white,  
And lash with storm the streaming pane?§

Compare with which the opening stanzas of perhaps the most piquant of all Owen Meredith's poems: a picture of midnight past—not a sound of aught through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers; while the poet sat by the dying fire, and thought of the dear dead woman upstairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain  
Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet,  
And the moon look'd forth, as though in pain,  
With her face all white and wet.||

Southey paints in "Thalaba" a night of darkness and of storms—that night on which his hero leads the Old Man into the Chamber of the Tomb, to roof him from the rain:

A night of storms! the wind  
Swept through the moonless sky,

\* Walpole to Lady Ossory, Aug. 16, 1776.

† Marmion, Introduction to Canto iv.

‡ Leigh Hunt, Captain Sword and Captain Pen, § iv.

§ In Memoriam, § lxxi.

|| The Portrait—a poem in which "the good young Priest with the Raphael face" plays so distinguished a part.



And moan'd among the pillar'd sepulchres ;  
 And in the pauses of its sweep  
 They heard the heavy rain  
 Beat on the monument above.  
 In silence on Oneiza's grave  
 Her father and her husband sate.\*

Mark, too, the Fair Penitent of Mr. Nicholas Rowe, in the tragedy once stock, now shelved :

At night she watches, all the long, long hours,  
 And listens to the wind and beating rain,  
 With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast.†

And then, again, in quite another style, the opening of Bloomfield's favourite tale of honest miller and his dame ; how one night a storm came on at bedtime, and kept them up the while it raged :

Meekly resign'd she sate, in anxious pain ;  
 He fill'd his pipe, and listen'd to the rain  
 That batter'd furiously their strong abode,  
 Roar'd in the dam, and lash'd the pebbled road ;  
 When mingling with the storm, confused and wild,  
 They heard, or thought they heard, a screaming child—‡

whereby hangs a tale ; the tale of the Miller's Maid.

The night of the gracious Duncan's murder, in the castle of Macbeth, is memorable for all time—for is not Shakspeare for all time ? Lenox loquitur :

The night has been unruly ; where we lay,  
 Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,  
 Lamentings heard i' the air ; strange screams of death ;  
 And prophesying, with accents terrible,§

which might be, or might be something more than, the wailings of the wind.

To feeling, pensive hearts, as Burns words it, all the shows and forms of Nature have a charm,—whether the summer kindly warms, with life and light,

Or winter howls, in gusty storms,  
 The lang, dark night.||

And well we know how, when the westlin wind blaws loud and shrill, and the night's baith mirk and rainy, O, he'll get his plaid, and out he'll steal, an' owre the hills to Nannie, O. Or how, at another time, and in another mood, he wanders, pressed with care, along the lonely banks of Ayr, when the gloomy night is gathering fast, loud roars the wild inconstant blast—and as he sees the scowling tempest fly, chill runs his blood to hear it rave.—Wordsworth's Wanderer, while yet in his teens, is pictured as one "o'erpowered by Nature;" and in the first virgin passion of a soul communing with the glorious universe,

\* Southey, Thalaba the Destroyer, book viii.

† The Fair Penitent, Act I. Sc. 1.

‡ The Miller's Maid.

§ Macbeth, Act II. Sc. 1.

|| Burns's Poems: To W. S——n. 1785.

Full often wished he that the winds might rage  
 When they were silent : far more fondly now  
 Than in his earlier season did he love  
 Tempestuous nights—the conflicts and the sounds  
 That live in darkness.\*

One of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* opens with the Shepherd's note of exclamation, "What'n a night! Only hear to that lum†—as if a park o' artillery were firin a salute in the sky. But a salute or salvo seldom consists o' mair than a hunder guns, and these aërial engines hae been cannonading for hours on end, as if the North and the East Wind were fetching a pitched battle wi' the South and the West for the Empire o' Darkness." In such a hurricane, adds the Gentle Shepherd, he could pity the moon—only that she has her cave of peace, star-roofed, in a region sacred from all storms.‡

Salathiel the Immortal relates how, with Constantius insensible and dying before him, and with his own spirit darkened by an eternal cloud, he loved loneliness and darkness, and how, when the echo of the winds came round him as he sat during his miserable midnights watching the countenance of his son, he communed with memories, that he would not have exchanged for the brightest enjoyments of life. "I welcomed the sad music, in which the beloved voices revisited my soul."§ There is a fragment by Rogers, which starts from the same key-note—written at midnight, is the superscription, and the date 1796 :

While through the broken pane the tempest sighs,  
 And my step falters on the faithless floor,  
 Shades of departed joys around me rise,  
 With many a face that smiles on me no more;  
 With many a voice that thrills of transport gave,  
 Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave.

The general reader will probably not need, and possibly not object, to be reminded that one of Mr. Dickens's Christmas stories opens with a description of the night wind listened to in a church; the dismal trick it has of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes; and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors; and seeking out some crevices by which to enter; and then, when once in, wailing and howling to issue forth again—soaring up to the roof, and striving to rend the rafters—then flinging itself despairingly upon the stones below, whence it passes, muttering, to the vaults. "Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!"||

How various are the phases of feeling connected with this listening by night to the wind and rain outside! The misery of being "hard up," a street fish-seller, speaking from experience, told Mr. Mayhew, is not when you are making a struggle to get out of your trouble; "no, nor to raise a meal off herrings that you've given away once; but when your wife and you are sitting by a grate without a fire, and putting the candle out to save it, a planning how to raise money. . . . That's the pinch, sir.

\* The Excursion, book i.

† *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, iv. 178.

‡ The Chimes, First Quarter.

§ Chimney.

§ Salathiel, ch. xlix.

When the rain you hear outside puts you in mind of drowning!"\* A misery that is sufficiently distinguishable, *with* a difference, almost in kind as well as degree, from the fit of the dismal depicted in Luttrell's sketch of the punctual groom shaking his master till they *both* awake,

To listen to the wind and rain  
By fits, loud clattering on the pane,  
And envy those who stretch and yawn,  
Careless of bleak December's dawn;—  
Or doze, perchance, some lie inventing  
To shirk this famous day for scenting,  
While gusts more strong and showers more thick  
Give him strange thoughts of shamming sick.†

Just as cozy; on the other hand, are the listeners in Southey's ballad (Monk Lewis metre):

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
And fast were the windows and door;  
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,  
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight  
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, seated by the fireside,  
"To hear the wind whistle without."‡

"What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replies,—that Abbey by which Mary, the Maid of the Inn, would walk at night, free from alarm, while the wind whistled down the dark aisle. Any night till this night—which shall make of her a poor maniac, by the sight the Abbey has in store for her, of a dark night's work; meet subject of a ditty

For the last gossips, when the snowy wind  
Howls in the chimney till the very taper  
Trembles with its blue flame, and the bolted gates  
Rattle before old winter's palsied hand.§

From the treatment of which by Robert the Rhymer turn we to glance at Wordsworth dropping his pen, to listen to the wind that sang of trees upturn and vessels tossed—"a midnight harmony, and wholly lost to the general sense of men by chains confined of business, care, or pleasure; or resigned to timely sleep."|| It was in the midnight toil of writing a political tractate on the Convention of Cintra, that Wordsworth, as the wind rose, thus dropped his pen, to listen, and resumed it to relieve a tract by a sonnet.

Heroes and heroines of romance are all more or less addicted, in the nature of things, to a dreamy habit of listening to midnight wind and rain. Heroines in particular. And those of lady novelists more particularly. Those of Charlotte Bronte most particularly. Professor Longfellow's Alice declares herself unable to sleep whenever rain is falling. "Did it rain last night?" a friend asks; "I did not hear it." "Yes; about midnight, quite hard. I love to lie awake, and hear the drops fall on the roof, and on the leaves. It throws me into a delicious, dreamy state, which I like much better than sleep."¶ There is a night in

\* London Labour and the London Poor, i. 69.

† Luttrell, Letters to Julia, iii.

‡ Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

§ T. Lovell Beddoes, Dramatic Scenes and Fragments, p. xxvi.

|| Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Sonnets, viii.

¶ Kavanagh, ch. xxiii.

"George Eliot's" masterly story of mediæval Florence when Tito avoids going home, that he may not encounter Romola again that night; and all through the night Romola watches, and never takes off her clothes: "She heard the rain become heavier and heavier. She liked to hear the rain: the stormy heavens seemed a safeguard against men's devices, compelling them to inaction."\* Currer Bell gives us Shirley and Caroline meditative and silent, after a long wet day spent together without ennui—while now a western wind roars high round the hall, driving wild clouds and stormy rain from the far-off ocean. All is tempest outside the antique lattices, all deep peace within. "Shirley sat at the window, watching the rack in heaven, the mist on earth, listening to certain notes of the gale that plained like restless spirits—notes which, had she not been so young, gay, and healthy, would have swept her trembling nerves like some omen, some anticipatory dirge."† As certain notes seem to have done in the case of Currer Bell herself—at least in that of her autobiographical *altera et eadem*, Lucy Snowe—who recognises in a wail of the night wind, deepening with night, "an accent keen, piercing, almost articulate to the ear; a plaint, piteous and disconsolate to the nerves," trilling in every gust. In vain she tries to stop her ears against that subtle, searching cry. "Three times in the course of my life, events had taught me that these strange accents in the storm—this restless, hopeless cry—denote a coming state of the atmosphere unpropitious to life. Epidemic diseases, I believed, were often heralded by a gasping, sobbing, tormented, long-lamenting east wind. Hence, I inferred, arose the legend of the Banshee."‡ And every mindful reader will be mindful of the impassioned finale to that fiction, pitched in the key of the paragraph on the wind drifting to the west, which the yearning expectant apostrophises in wistful suspense: "Peace, peace, Banshee—'keening' at every window! It will rise—it will swell—it shrieks out long: wander as I may through the house this night, I cannot lull the blast. The advancing hours make it strong: by midnight, all sleepless watchers hear and fear a wild south-west storm."§ How often, is Currer Bell's reflection in another place,—how often, while women and girls sit warm in snug fire-sides, their hearts and imaginations are doomed to divorce from the comfort surrounding their persons, forced out by night to wander through dark ways, to dare stress of weather, to contend with the snow-blast, to wait at lonely gates and stiles in wildest storms, watching and listening to see the father, the son, the husband coming home.|| In "Shirley," again, the record of a wet evening reminds the writer too forcibly of another evening of years ago,—a howling, rainy autumn evening like this one—when certain who had that day performed a pilgrimage to a grave new-made in a heretic cemetery, sat near a wood-fire on the hearth of a foreign dwelling. "They were merry and social, but they each knew that a gap, never to be filled, had been made in their circle . . . that heavy falling rain was soaking into the wet earth which covered their lost darling, and that the sad, sighing gale was mourning above her buried head."¶ In the next chapter, Carline Helstone, sojourning in the valley of the shadow of death, has this among other musings: "Is it for nothing the wind sounds almost articulately sometimes—sings as I

\* Romola, iii. 2-3.

§ Ibid., ch. xliii.

† Shirley, ch. xii.

|| Ch. xxvi.

‡ Villette, ch. iv.

¶ Shirley, ch. xxiii.

have lately heard it sing at night—or passes the casement sobbing, as if for sorrow to come? Does nothing, then, haunt it—nothing inspire it?” Why, to this suffering girl it suggested words one night: it poured out a strain which she could have written down, only she was appalled, and dared not rise to seek pencil and paper by the dim watch-light.\*

But, expending space in this spendthrift fashion on the proposed preliminaries of wind and rain, what amount will be left for the residuary allottee,—fire-gazing? None, if the preliminaries are not disposed of forthwith. So, into the cavernous heart of a fire at once, for a gaze such as fire-gazers take, in all sorts of moods and tenses.

In the dear old Author's Edition (1830) of the *Waverley Novels*, the frontispiece to the eighteenth volume is an engraving after Newton of plump and portly Abbot Boniface seated in his high-backed chair, before a fire—of two or three large logs reduced to one red glowing mass of charcoal. That figure and attitude linger on the memory. And so, in connexion with them, does Sir Walter's text, from which the Royal Academicians took his cue. Scott pictures the Abbot, in his Monastery of St. Mary's, gazing indolently on the fire, partly engaged in meditation on his past and present fortunes, partly occupied in endeavouring to trace towers and steeples in the red embers. "Yes," thought the Abbot to himself, "in that red perspective I could fancy to myself the peaceful towers of Dundrennan, where I passed my life ere I was called to pomp and to trouble. . . . I can almost fancy that I see the cloister garden, and the pear-trees which I grafted with my own hands."† In "The Abbot," which is a sequel to "The Monastery," we come across the ex-abbot of the earlier tale, a fractious, querulous old man, reduced to his former vocation of gardener, but no longer delighting therein, as he had done either when grafting those pear-trees or in placid reverie over that wood-fire.

In another of the *Waverley* fictions we have a glimpse of a fire-gazer. It is Francis Osbaldistone, as twilight darkens the library in Osbaldistone Hall, rejecting somewhat peevishly officious Andrew's proffer of lights, and trimming instead the wood-fire, before which he seats himself in one of the large leathern chairs which flank the old Gothic chimney, while he watches unconsciously the bickering of the blaze he fosters, and meditates *telle est la vie*—human wishes fed upon the vapour of hope till they consume the substance which they inflame; "and man, and his hopes, passions, and desires, sink into a worthless heap of embers and ashes."‡

Scott's senior as a Scotch novelist, Henry Mackenzie, shows us the Man of Feeling sitting with one shoe buckled, delineating portraits in the fire. His man Peter in vain bustles about with a face of importance and tries to excite Harley's attention. "At last Peter bethought him that the fire needed stirring; and taking up the poker, demolished the turbaned head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it."§

As for Mr. Dickens, does he not give us little Paul Dombey studying Mrs. Pipchin, and the cat, and the fire—beside which they all three sit,

\* *Shirley*, ch. xxiv.

† *Rob Roy*, ch. xxxviii.

‡ *The Monastery*, ch. vi.

§ *The Man of Feeling*, ch. xl.

and into which they silently gaze—night after night, as if a book of necromancy were before him, in three volumes?\*" Does he not give us Arthur Clennam in his dreary lodging, sitting before the dying fire, and turning his gaze back upon the gloomy vista of his life? "He looked at the fire from which the blaze departed, from which the after-glow subsided, in which the ashes turned grey, from which they dropped to dust, and thought, 'How soon I, too, shall pass through such changes, and be gone!'"† Prematurely old in feeling, Arthur Clennam is to be classed in this attitude with the old men in Longfellow's stanza:

By the fireside there are old men seated,  
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
Asking sadly  
Of the Future what it cannot give them.‡

In "Hard Times," again, Louisa Gradgrind is a pronounced fire-gazer. Witness her conference with her brother, as she sits in the darker corner by the fireside, now looking at him, now at the bright sparks as they drop upon the hearth: "so much given" is she to "watching the bright ashes at twilight as they fell into the grate, and became extinct." From the fire she tries to discover what kind of woof Old Time will weave from the threads of her life.§ The story closes, indeed, with a sketch of Louisa watching the fire as in days of yore, but with a humbler and gentler face.

There is an essay on Fire-Worship by the distinguished author of "Transformation," in which admiration is accorded to the fire—personified for the nonce—for the acute, the profound, the comprehensive sympathy he shows with the mood of each and all, whether it be labourer, or scholar, or mortal of whatever age, sex, or degree, that draws a chair beside him, and looks into his glowing face. "He pictured forth their very thoughts. To the youthful he showed the scenes of the adventurous life before them; to the aged, the shadows of departed love and hope; and if all earthly things had become distasteful, he could gladden the fireside musser with golden glimpses of a better world."|| Leigh Hunt amuses himself with tracing in the glowing coals the shifting forms of hills and vales and gulfs,—of fiery Alps, whose heat is uninhabitable even by spirit, or of black precipices, from which swart fairies seem about to spring away on sable wings;—then heat and fire are forgotten, and walled towns appear, and figures of unknown animals, and far-distant countries scarcely to be reached by human journey;—then coaches, and camels, and barking dogs as large as either, and forms that combine every shape and suggest every fancy;—till at last the ragged coals tumbling together, reduce the vision to chaos, and the huge profile of a gaunt and grinning face seems to make a jest of all that has passed.¶ For, as in the imagery of summer clouds, so in

—coals in the winter fire, idlers find  
The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts.\*\*

\* Dombey and Son, ch. viii.

† The Golden Milestone.

‡ Mosses from an Old Manse.

¶ A Day by the Fire: Round Table Essays.

\*\* Shelley, Charles the First, Sc. 2.

† Little Dorrit, ch. xiii.

§ Hard Times, ch. xiv., *passim*.

It has been well remarked of M. Taine, that even when he is discussing the abstruse questions of metaphysics, he irradiates them with some sparkling epigrams or some charming image—as, for example, when discussing the theory of perception, he imagines the reader in a reverie, gazing at his fire, and mentally seeing a forest: “Vous apercevez les pans de ciel lointain au bout des allées, des têtes de biches peureuses, des volées d’oiseaux effarés; vous entendez le bourdonnement des insectes, des bruissements de feuilles, les chuchotements du vent arrêté entre les branches. Si une bûche roule, vous sursautez étonné: sur les charbons noircis flottent encore des restes de la vision brisée.”\*

Once and again Miss Braddon pictures Lady Audley, with her terrible secret, gazing wistfully into the red depths of the fire. “She sat looking straight before her into the fire”†—amid her endeavours to persuade her husband of his nephew’s madness. Afterwards, in her own luxurious boudoir, “my lady sat listening to the moaning of the shrill March wind and the flapping of the ivy leaves against the casements, and looking into the red chasms in the burning coals.” And a later paragraph reproduces the picture of “my lady, brooding by the fire in her lonely chamber, with her large, clear blue eyes fixed upon the yawning gulfs of lurid crimson in the burning coals,” and thinking of many things very far away from the terribly silent struggle in which she was engaged—her first youthful errors appearing very small to her as she looked back upon them in that long reverie by the lonely hearth.‡

In an earlier sensation work from the same hand—which, however, made very little sensation; as, indeed, neither did Lady Audley at first—we have Valerie looking not at Gaston, but at the fire, her eyes so fixed upon the blaze that she seems almost unconscious of his presence. What does she see in the red light? Her shipwrecked soul? The ruins of her hopes? The ghost of her dead happiness? “What does she see? A warning arm stretched out to save her from the commission of a dreadful deed, . . . or a stern finger pointing to the dark end, to which she hastens with a purpose in her heart so strange and fearful to her, she scarcely can believe it is her own, or that she is herself?”§ Then, too, in “John Marchmont’s Legacy” we have Olivia with her “eyes bent steadily upon the low heap of burning ashes in the grate;”|| and, in another story, Sir Philip by the fire in the oak-panelled breakfast-room at the Rock, “staring at the red embers on the open hearth”¶—and the pseudo-Henry Dunbar, with strange memories coming back to him, “as he lay staring at the red chasms and craggy steeps in the fire.”\*\* Holme Lee gives us Kathie Brande, one dark night, when the rain is pattering against the window, and the wind howling and whistling fitfully through the deserted streets,—sitting “in the red light of the fire, watching the faces that glowed in it.”†† From Mrs. Oliphant’s prolific pages take the old bachelor, Mr. Ochterlony, buried in the depths of his study chair, and gazing into the recesses of his study fire.‡‡ Mr. Hughes makes Hardy

\* Les Philosophes Français du Dix-neuvième Siècle. Par M. H. Taine. Notice sur M. Royer-Collard.

† Lady Audley’s Secret, vol. ii. p. 265. Seventh edit.

‡ Ibid., pp. 285, 287, 289.

§ The Trail of the Serpent, book iii. ch. vi.

|| John Marchmont’s Legacy, ch. xxi.

¶ Henry Dunbar, ch. xx.

\*\* Ch. xl.

†† Kathie Brande, ch. lxxix.

‡‡ Madonna Mary, ch. xxx.

and Tom Brown at Oxford draw their chairs round to the fire, and look dreamily into the embers, as is the wont, he says,\* of men who are throwing out suggestions, and helping one another to think.

Clopin Trouillefou, in Victor Hugo's romance of *Notre-Dame*, finding Gringoire over the fire, in what appears to be a brown study, demands of his friend Pierre *que diable* he is thinking of. Gringoire turns towards him with a melancholy smile, and makes answer: "I am fond of the fire, my dear fellow, not for the trivial reason that it warms our feet, or cooks our soup, but because there are sparks in it. Sometimes I pass whole hours watching those sparks. I discover a thousand things in those stars which sprinkle the black chimney-back. Those stars are worlds too."† But then Pierre Gringoire is a poet. *A priori*, one would assume that a being so addicted to reverie and the like as Chateaubriand, would always have discovered star-worlds in sparks, and every conceivable freak of fancy, in the act of fire-gazing. But his autobiography says no. He pictures himself on one occasion seated by his fireside, far on in the night, with drooping head, "and gazing at my fire, which uttered not a word to me. I had not, like the Persians, an imagination fertile enough to trace in the flame any resemblance to an anemone, or in the coals any likeness to a pomegranate."‡ Béranger, on the other hand, has devoted a song to the prisoner's fire, written in the prison of La Force, and commencing,

Combien le feu tient douce compagnie  
Au prisonnier, dans les longues soirées d'hiver!

and invoking the good genius who, he says,

—me fait voir, sur la braise animée,  
Des bois, des mers, un monde, en peu d'instant.

Ships he sees in the embers,—a wreck—*trois mâts sur des flots orageux*—a flying eagle changing into a balloon—a Swiss Canton, with *glaciers, torrents, vallons, lacs, et troupeaux*. And the chanson closes with this further invocation of the prisoner to the *bon Génie*:

Vous, qui, bravant le géolier qui nous guette,  
Me rendez jeune à près de cinquante ans,  
Sur ce brasier, vite un coup de baguette.  
O bon Génie! amusez-moi longtemps.§

On the last page of the last work of Nathaniel Hawthorne—unhappily no more than a first chapter, and that broken off unfinished—we read how, when Pansie had been kissed and put to bed, Doctor Dolliver, her grandsire, would sit by his fireside gazing in among the massive coals, and absorbing their glow into those cavernous abysses with which all men communicate. "Hence come angels or fiends into our twilight musings, according as we may have peopled them in bygone years."|| A mixture of both comes to most of us, in keeping with life's mingled experiences of good and ill, sorrow and joy. Like the account given in a living poet's verses on his musings over the firelight, that reddened and darkened down over all, as the fire itself declined:

\* Tom Brown at Oxford, ch. x.

† Notre Dame, l. ix. ch. iii.

‡ Chateaubriand, Mémoires d'Outre-tombe.

§ Chansons de Béranger, *Le Feu du Prisonnier*. (1829.)

|| Pansie, p. 47.



Something of pleasure, and something of pain  
 There lived in that sinking light. What is it?  
 Faces I never shall look at again,  
 In places you never will visit,

Reveal'd themselves in each faltering ember,  
 While, under a palely-wavering flame,  
 Half of the years life aches to remember  
 Reappear'd, and died as they came.\*

Cowper has a characteristic study of himself fire-gazing :

Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,  
 Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,  
 Trees, churches, and strange visages expressed  
 In the red cinders, while with poring eye  
 I gazed, myself creating what I saw.†

Nor less amused, he adds, has he sat watching the sooty films "that play upon the bars pendulous," and foreboding some stranger's near approach. The pendulous film, not without after reference to the stranger, is honoured with special and suggestive mention in Coleridge's poem on midnight frost:

—the thin blue flame  
 Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not;  
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,  
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.  
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature  
 Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,  
 Making it a companionable form,  
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling spirit  
 By its own moods interprets, everywhere  
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,  
 And makes a toy of Thought.‡

There is in a popular fiction the sketch given of a melodramatic author, of the transpontine class, seated beside the fire of a cheap eating-house, and seeming to gaze at vacuity, while in fact his brain had filled the fireplace with living mobs and characters, bandits, British seamen and defenceless damsels, mingling as they may. "Every volute of smoke, as it vanished up the chimney, was, to him, peopled with sylphs and demons; ships were foundering on the coals; persecuted servant-maids escaping over the hobs, and scenes of varied and surpassing effect forming in the embers."§ Another chapter of the story gives us a silent father and daughter, whose forms the fire throws in giant and dancing shadows on the opposite wall; while the father is looking intently on the burning log, as though seeking companionship in its fitful blaze. Another presents a little boy at school—just arrived there, and in the lowest of spirits—in a large, bare, dreary room, towards the fireplace in which the desolate little man draws his box, and sits down. "There was no poker to stir the fire into a more cheerful aspect; and so he contented himself with watching the cinders, as they formed burning caverns and precipices,

\* Owen Meredith, *The Wanderer*, p. 122.

† *The Task*, book iv.—*The Winter Evening*.

‡ S. T. Coleridge, *Frost at Midnight*. (1798.)

§ *The Scattergood Family*, ch. ii.

suddenly tumbling into other forms, through all of which he saw the faces of his mother and sister in every direction."\*

On the night of Lady Glencora Palliser's meditated flight from husband and home, she sits, as pictured by Mr. Trollope, close over the fire, with her slippers on the fender, her elbows on her knees, and her face resting on her hands. "In this position she remained for an hour, with her eyes fixed on the altering shapes of the hot coals." During this hour her spirit is by no means defiant, and her thoughts of herself anything but triumphant. On a subsequent page we read, accordingly,—after the author has sufficiently analysed her thoughts, and indicated her deep searchings of heart,—that "lower and lower she crouched over the fire; and then, when the coals were no longer red, and the shapes altered themselves no more, she crept into bed."†—Here again is Mrs. Gaskell's Ruth, awaiting with a strange, sick, shrinking yearning, the crumbs of intelligence Mary may be able to give her about Mr. Donne: "Ruth's sense of hearing was quickened to miserable intensity as she stood before the chimney-piece, grasping it tight with both hands—gazing into the dying fire, but seeing—not the dead grey embers, or the little sparks of vivid light that ran hither and thither among the wood ashes—but an old farm-house, and climbing winding road, and a little golden breezy common, with a rural inn on the hill-top, far, far away."‡

But if this cold collation of scraps and sundries is to come to a close anywhere and when, why not here and now?—Remembering the starting-point of wind and rain, and the present standing-point of fire-gazing, what better lines to sum up with than the closing ones of a modern poem—

I stare i' th' crumbling fire,  
Which from my brooding eyes takes strangest shapes.  
The Past is with me, and I scarcely hear  
Outside the weeping of the homeless rain.§

\* The Scattergood Family, ch. viii. and xi.

† Can You Forgive Her? vol. ii. pp. 136, 137-8.

‡ Ruth, ch. xxiii.

§ Alexander Smith, An Evening at Home.

## NORTH-EAST AFRICA.\*

SAUAKIN stands upon a small island of a porous, dark-coloured, coral formation, 500 to 600 feet long, and 400 feet broad. The canal or harbour before it is hardly 200 to 300 feet broad, or 16 to 200 feet deep, and is entered between dangerous rocks and ramifications of the sea. The mainland is covered with sand, and presents, on the whole, an appearance less wild and desolate than the Arabian coast opposite. The houses, one or two stories high, are, for the most part, built of coral rock, but there are also a few lath huts covered with straw mats, almost every habitation having a court, surrounded by a wall or hedge. The most magnificent building is that erected by the Telegraph Company, with handsome doors and glass windows in the European style. This branch has been abandoned, so the house is empty, the windows broken, and the interior in a deplorable condition. The custom-house is insignificant, but the house of Soliman Efendi, the governor, has a pretty site and a good view over the sea and mountains. Two mosques lift their towers and minarets above the flat roofs of the houses, and there are, further, two dingy cafés and three houses belonging to the Turkish dignitaries. The streets are narrow, crooked, and unpaved, as are also the bazaars. The market, held every morning, comprises nothing beyond wood, vegetables, dates, spices, and European goods.

The mainland is reached by means of long narrow boats, and the boatmen are attired in a piece of woollen cloth, of a brown or dirty-looking colour, bound round the hips, while the remainder of the ruddy-brown body and head is left uncovered, exposed to every change of temperature. To perform this short passage they use long poles, as the green sea is never more than eight feet deep. On the landing-place are seen lying the leathern bags that convey water across to the island, itself possessed of none. A few yards from the canal stands a mosque, built upon a solid rock, and beyond this the road turns into a broad dusty street, enclosed by rude hedges, the boundaries of the yards of a few fishermen's huts. Then come stone houses with booths; and, lastly, the market-place and barracks. Dark, half-naked figures, armed with lances or sticks, rush here and there, while among them mingle soldiers, officers, and merchants; or perhaps a brown son of the desert, leading a camel, stalks majestically through. These strangers smoke cigars, chibuk, or water-pipes, and play chess or dominoes in the coffee-houses.

The native women wear bracelets and rings on their hands, the palms and nails of which they dye with henna, necklaces of glass beads hang round the neck, and a heavy ring encircles the ankle, while a ring or dark red button is embedded in the right nostril. The upper part of the body is uncovered, and, according to our ideas, is pretty only from the ages of twelve to eighteen. The deportment of the Arab women of the desert is lively and graceful, having none of the languid indolence of Turkish women.

*Monday, October 31, 1864.*—The camel-drivers came to our abode

\* Reisen und Jagden in Nord-Ost Afrika, 1864, 1865. Von Carl Graf Krockow von Wickerode. Berlin: Alex. Duncker. London: Williams and Norgate.

betimes, and my companion appointed one of the older men as the sheik of the party. The luggage occupied several hours in transportation to the mainland, and we did not cross the canal ourselves until the last package was safely over. Our people shouted, "Abd el Kader, ei a, ei a, Thor Keber!" which signifies something like "Abd el Kader, great ox, remain with us, and to thee be all praise!" as we proceeded through the streets, accompanied by a staring crowd, in a southerly direction, past the police-station. The sun was going down when the last huts were left behind us, and nothing but a broad desolate wilderness fast shading into darkness was to be seen. I walked for about four hours over an untrodden path, when, being much tired, I mounted my camel for the first time. I cannot say that the recollection of the hundred miles I have since traversed on the top of its high hump, is a pleasant one. Many persons experience sea-sickness upon the camel's back, and cannot, therefore, use them. I never found this the case, but after every ride I felt great relaxation and weakness in the limbs. The seat is rather insecure upon this great height, but the eye has great amusement in the slowly revolving scenery. We continued our march for about five hours, when we chose a spot thinly covered with bushes as our resting-place. My own bedstead was packed, so I had to make use of two quilted covers, the seat of my saddle, as my bed, and two woollen shawls as a covering. A loaded revolver, rifle, and a pair of pistols, lay beside me ready for use. The next morning the journey was recommenced by sunrise. Our caravan was composed, besides ourselves, of eleven natives, armed with lances, my companion's lazy servant, besides thirteen camels, and a mule purchased in Sauakin. A gentle rain that fell in the morning warned us to get as soon as possible out of the district of the Red Sea, where the rainy season had set in. The immensity of the desert, scarcely exceeded in solitude by the sea, forced itself upon me; the sandy plain seemed to extend in a boundless line, the narrow border of the Red Sea on the western horizon, and the Uriba mountains on the right being the only resting-points for the eye. In our vicinity were only a few tufts of grass, and some small tamarisks rising from the sand. We were following a narrow path in a south-westerly direction, and the first hours I accomplished on foot. I then mounted my camel. At ten o'clock we halted on account of the increasing heat, not far from some rocks and a muddy pond of water. We had brought eight well-filled water-sacks from Sauakin, but our Arab companions had taken care of themselves, and used our provision of water, so we had to procure our drinking-water from a spring of yellow water, barely one foot and a half deep, to which thousands of sheep and goats came daily. The nauseous taste resembles nothing that I know, nor do I like to be reminded of it. Acacias of a wonderful growth and form, often twelve to sixteen feet in height, stood on each side of the road, and between them crept low bushes of a cactus tribe. We rode through several chors, as the dry beds of rivers are called, and soon we saw wild animals, gazelles, and antelopes escaping in the distance, while above our heads hovered ravens and vultures. After a long march, which I performed partly on foot, we encamped for the night on a large sandy tract. I prepared some tea over the bright fire, and then we went to rest to gain renewed strength. The night was cool, and before sunrise the half-naked Hadendoa Arabs

were standing shivering before the fire, holding their hands, arms, and feet over it to catch some of the warmth. The camels lay close to them, and were phlegmatically watching the doings of their black masters. Not far from this the bags were filled with some dirty water, not quite so unpalatable as the first; and we went on our way, the air becoming every moment more dry and oppressive. At mid-day we made a halt, and hardly had we unladen the camels than a violent wind came blustering over the plain. A flash of lightning then issued from the passing clouds, followed by a frightful peal of thunder. I sheltered myself and my weapons as quickly as I could under the straw mats and shawls. Peals of thunder resounded on all sides; but, notwithstanding this tumult and the penetrating rain, the electrical atmosphere sent me into a soft slumber. I was awakened by a powerful crack that made the earth vibrate under me, and seeing a dusky head presently thrust itself from under my cover, I drove it away by levelling my pistol at it. When the storm had somewhat subsided, and the rain streamed down rather more slowly from the heavens, I got up and went to see how my companion had fared, when I found that he had sent the Bedouin to me to see whether I had not been destroyed by the lightning. Great torrents rushed down from the mountains past us, and clouds covered the sky until late in the night. Before it became perfectly dark I went out to collect some dry wood, when I noticed a newly excavated hole twenty feet from our camp, caused by the lightning. I then drew my couch close to one of the fires, and slept through the night.

This was my first experience of a tropical storm, and I shall never lose the remembrance of its magnificent beauty and awful character. From the wetting I experienced no bad effects, but the naked natives suffered much, the camels also. The air was sensibly cool before the sun rose up in a ruddy gold, and hid himself behind a thick mist. Far to the east were spread out large sheets of water, in extent like large lakes, divided from the Red Sea only by narrow tongues of land. The ground was too moist and slippery for the camels, so I went out and brought in two hares, of the light colour peculiar to Africa. This game was very agreeable, as we had not tasted meat for two days. When the sun was rather higher the air became clear, and the steep-pointed hills looked quite beautiful against the violet blue of the sky. At nine o'clock we set out in a south-south-west direction, and two hours later we entered a desolate stony plain, but a refreshing wind fanned our cheeks. We now turned to the west, leaving Tokar with its steep rocks to the east, and took our last peep at the Red Sea. We journeyed on under the Shaba or Saba hills, resting at about five in the evening. At half-past seven o'clock in the morning the caravan was ready, and we entered a valley so torn up by streams of water that progress was difficult, the ground being covered with numbers of spars of quartz and chalk stones. It was about eighteen miles broad, running at the base of the Sekeni hills, fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high. At twelve o'clock we stopped, and having clambered over several rocks, I made a shady resting-place by spreading a shawl over the leafless bough of a mimosa, where a little black bird sat for some time, and gratified me with a sweet song. A yellow mist enveloped the eastern hills, but the wind turned sharply to the west, and we started once more. On our way we exchanged some

tobacco for some milk with the natives. Afterwards I left the band, and wandered about for some hours in the darkness, until I was met by one of the Arabs, when I succeeded in reaching the camp.

The next morning, Saturday, a fresh wind blew, and the sun shot up in bright rays behind the hills, the western sky being covered with thin clouds. We continued in a south-westerly direction, through a country overgrown with thorns and dry grass. After this we came to a large sandy tract, filled with stones, and terminating in a flat valley. There I discovered a few weakly specimens of the fan-palm, also some bushy plants resembling broom, called *El Merch*, and some thick rushes. At about one o'clock a violent north-east wind arose, first darkening the nearest hills and the sun, then enveloping us in such clouds of sand as to obscure everything to us. A sheep we bought gave us meat for the second time; in other respects we had to rely upon the provisions brought from Cairo. The journey was continued for a long time by the light of the moon, which shone like a white frost upon the desert. The next morning the sun was just above the Barka mountains as our camels began to move; a few small valleys opened before us, and I again saw palms in large groups as I rode through the small chors that water these trees in the winter-time, and always preserve a moisture at their roots. After a march of six hours we halted near a spring, where we sheltered ourselves under a few palm-trees. The wood of this tree is very useful for building, and the sweet fruit serves as food for the natives, while the kernel is good provender for goats and asses. The leaves form sails and mats, and the fibrous hairy roots a woven material. Although much praised by all travellers, the palm does not, in my opinion, bear comparison with our oaks and beech-trees. It may lift its head in perpetual verdure towards heaven, but it will still remain monotonous in form, and only when the breeze carries on its favourite game among the leaves, or the moonlight kisses its brow, does the stranger, who listens to their speech, understand the power of their mysterious song.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we were 29 degrees in the shade, a violent north-west wind driving us along. I placed a pair of spectacles before my eyes, to the great astonishment of the Arabs; but at last the sand became so thick that we could not see the sun, and several of the Arabs had to go on to discover the caravan road. After some hours the camels in front became again visible, and when the sun went down the Arabs mechanically repeated their prayers in thanksgiving for deliverance. We left our uncomfortable night-quarters shortly after sunrise, taking a south direction. To the east rose abruptly a range of hills, four or five hundred feet high. The heaven was clear as we crossed a desert, on which only a few tamarisks, a few tufts of grass, and one or two palms were to be seen. At nine o'clock a cool N.N.E. wind sprang up, and we were able to climb up to an elevated plain and traverse several rocky passes. One of the camels had to be unladen, and the boxes carried through, and I went on foot to avoid being jerked off. We now passed several small villages, and at length entered a plain covered with small black pebbles, where we halted under a few trees until the great heat was over. The air was very warm, and not until five o'clock could we continue the fatiguing march up hill and down hill to a spot where the Arabs wished to remain, as a few trees offered a scanty food for the camels. The neighbourhood was composed

of nothing but stones, the whole landscape being wild and uninhabitable, so much so that we could hardly find tinder enough to make a fire. The night was cold, and in the morning a heavy dew covered the ground, soon carried off by the sun. The Arabs were freezing with the chill air, and the packing was very tedious. Our journey led us next over the summit of the Sekeni hills, the defiles being sometimes six to eight hundred feet high. This rocky barren country has a circle of two to three miles. I brought down a couple of dark woodcocks, which proved an agreeable addition to our simple meals. Our water-bags were filled at mid-day, but we did not stop until the desolate wilderness was interrupted by some leafy bushes.

*Wednesday, November 9.*—A cool N.N.W. wind blew refreshingly, and the pointed rocks gleamed in the approaching dawn. The dark mountains glowed with a rosy light, and the vivid yellow rays shot up higher and higher, while a few singing-birds could be heard in the bushes. Hardly had we been half an hour on our way than our young Arab was bitten by a venomous snake. I rubbed the part with a solution of ammoniac salts; but notwithstanding this precaution a violent salivation was brought on, and the young man lay on the ground insensible. This accident obliged us to make a long halt, and we had at last to bind the invalid to a camel. Many blocks of stone impeded the path towards the chor where we encamped. When our caravan set out again, I took my revolver with some ammunition and walked on in front. I found many tracks on the sandy ground, and looking about saw an antelope lying upon an open plain. I concealed myself behind some bushes, and after gaining a proper distance levelled my gun; but the shot struck with a loud retort against a rock, and the frightened deer sprang away. I reloaded my weapon, and followed the track some hundred yards, when I saw the wounded animal standing eyeing me. I aimed again, but the animal made a bound, for which I was not prepared, and I missed. I now observed that I had no more bullets, so I loaded with strong cartridge and shot. I was now led to the end of the valley, and having there lost the track by the high tufts of grass and thorny bushes, I stopped to reconnoitre, when I perceived that I was myself watched by two little brown boys. I made no sign of having seen them, being certain that there were others concealed behind, and at the same time catching a glimpse of the antelope, I brought him down with a last shot. With great haste I loosened the horns, and took out the liver as a trophy, then loading my gun I hastened up the ravine. I could now distinguish five or six men with lances approaching me behind the bushes, and their object I could no longer mistake, so I thought it expedient to let them know my meaning, and accordingly fired at the nearest man. I could only have wounded him slightly, but it had the effect of keeping his companions at a respectful distance. I descended from the steep ridge into another narrow ravine, and endeavoured to find the tracks of the caravan, but it was no easy matter to decide among the numerous paths made by deer and other animals coming and going; besides, the sun stood low in the west, and if I were to lose the advantage of its light it would be chance only that would lead me to my companions. To make matters worse, I recollected that it was upon this road, two years ago, that Herr Keller was murdered. However, I followed the direction as well as I was able,

and I soon saw my three hired animals and their owners. They told me that the chawadijo had ordered them to remain there, to await my return.

A cool north-west wind began to rise, while the sky was cloudless and of a flaming red. After leaving our encampment near the Saba hills, we were for an hour passing over a stony pebbly land, which led to a meadow overgrown with mimosas. After this we turned into a valley, in which were several groups of palms. I wrote out my notes under the shade of one of them, ate a frugal meal out of my tin pot, and went off to sleep. Suddenly I awoke with a feeling of great heat, and found that I lay with the sun glaring full upon me. I sprang up to seek shelter behind some bushes. At about four o'clock we started again towards the distant mountain peaks, illumined by the yellow pink of the sun. We now crossed a sandy desert, where grew only a few reeds and thirsty mimosas, reaching at sunset a spring of good clear water, with which I refreshed myself, and filled a leather bag. The darkness having now come on, the Arabs lost their way, and had to separate and search for a long time in every direction for the right path. We wandered for some time through thorny bushes or small sand tracts, and crossed several small chors before reaching one extensive enough to form our quarters. Howling hyænas made themselves heard with their melancholy vibrating voices, and one of them seized the poor donkey tethered twenty feet from the fire, whom we rescued only by prompt assistance. A plentiful dew fell during the night, and the Hadendoas were so much frozen that we could not proceed until after sunrise. I remarked several varieties of the mimosa, and that the acacia became more rare, as if to make room for other trees and shrubs. The hills did not look so wild, ragged, and black as those we had passed, small trees occasionally flourishing upon them. The projections were not so steep, and grass grew upon them, only the watercourses disclosing the naked rocks, the formations of which were quite changed. At about one o'clock we reached a large valley, and I there spread my quilt for a nap under a tall acacia. Several bushes of a luxuriant golden cactus crept along the ground, and I also saw several aloes. Two or three gazelles leaped past us, and, going outside of the camp, I shot one of the beautiful creatures. Our course led us over very uneven ground, until we entered at eight o'clock the dry bed of a chor. Our Arabs had not brought sufficient water with them, and I had not more than three cupfuls in my gulla, so we had to induce them by threats to go and procure four well-filled leather bags. The night was very cold, and I had fallen asleep without any covering, so that I caught a slight catarrh, that however went away the next day. At eight o'clock in the morning we quitted our encampment, and crossed two small sandy valleys. The great heat was lessened by an agreeable east-north-east wind. Shortly after twelve o'clock we reached the bed of a river, near several springs, and there rested for some hours. We here exchanged some tobacco for some goat's milk, and caught one or two ringdoves in the neighbouring bushes. I also saw a number of the gay birds of the country, and some guinea-fowls, but I could not bring any of them down. We next proceeded in a south-west direction, accompanied by a vehement north-west wind, and stopped late at night near a few bushes, where the camels appeased their hunger by eating the withered grass. The hyænas passed frequently close to our



camp, and our Arabs could not sleep for fear of lions. The next morning we hastened onwards across the hills of Maman, which rise to the height of twelve to four hundred feet, and where are many monuments to old Christians erected on the plateaux at the top. Arrived at the foot of the hills, we perceived some rocks to the north, which must have been large hills, destroyed by the inclemency of the weather. In a valley to the south-west I discovered the remarkable dwellings of the hermit, or white ant, six to eight feet high.

A man, coming towards us on foot, informed us that a caravan of goods had been attacked by some Barea Arabs, that two slaves had been killed by their lances, while the proprietors had saved their lives by flight. These robbers of Eastern Sudan might entrap us too, so we slightly altered our plans, and at five o'clock started off again, every one holding a weapon in his hand. The even ground we now entered produced acacias, mimosas, and dry soft grass, but our guide soon left the ordinary path, and turned again to the south-west. After a march of two hours we came to a broad expanse of sand, farther on to a dark range of hills, whence we could discern a village of the Hadendoas, where the families of some of our people lived. As we approached this village of tents, we heard a loud barking of dogs, and soon we had a number of inquisitive children around us. I made my couch upon the open sand, placed my fire-arms at my side, and invigorated myself with a sound sleep. The village had no name, and was placed far up the hills, with Djebel Kassala on the south, and the hills of Sabderat and Algeden on the eastern horizon. The prospect was beautiful, but the swarm of dark-coloured people, cattle, and dogs engrossed my attention.

The Hadendoas and people of Bishary enjoy a kind of wild freedom, and live a nomad life, changing their residence according to the exigencies of pasturage. Their slaves are well treated, and live in many respects better than our white free labourers, as the slave in Eastern Africa has not to encounter any of the brutality inflicted upon their unlucky brethren in America; for the Oriental master does not look upon him as a piece of furniture, but as the standard of his household. He himself does no work; therefore everything is entrusted to the hands of his slave. The men are generally five to five and a half feet high, and very slightly made. The head is adorned with long dark hair, made to stand up with the help of a piece of wood and some coarse boiled grease, so that the hair is in a vertical line above the forehead, while the hair at the side extends far beyond the ears, giving the head an appearance of great circumference. The brow is upright and narrow, the nose often curved, while the eyebrows are seldom marked, and the chin has little beard, the upper lip being shaved, or the hair pulled out. The neck is long, the chest prominent, and their white teeth stand out between their thick lips. The spine has an immense curve, and the skin is smooth and soft, no doubt owing to the application of grease, and of the colour of a nut, without any red tinge. Sandals are attached by cords to the great toe, and a piece of woollen stuff, several yards wide, is rolled round the hips or drawn over the upper part of the body. They also wear an apron of leather. The whole of their property consists of mats made from palm-leaves or straw, waterproof leather bags, gourd bottles, cords made from the palm, and stones to grind the durra. Then they have a couch, the

frame of which is made of plaited leather, a small axe with a soft wooden handle, round shields made of elephant's skin, some dirty-looking vessels for cooking purposes, and some coarsely made camel's saddles. The man carries a long lance, and a knife in a leathern case, and sometimes they have a double-edged sword hanging over their shoulder. They are lively in conversation, and carry a short twisted stick, which they strike on the ground to give emphasis to their words.

We left this village with a numerous escort, and were particularly amused with the little naked boys with half-shaven heads who had to lead the camels and mules to procure water for their parents. The great mountains were before us, and we must steer for them without road or sign. In two hours we came to the wells, where I saw several wild animals and three secretary birds. At ten o'clock we encamped on a sandy spot, and before sunset were under the first rock of the Mokran chain. When the caravan was within sight of the mud walls of Kassala, my companion and I performed our toilet before entering the town to choose our dwelling.

[We find the travellers in Kassala as late as December 11, 1864, when they start with four servants, two guides, two soldiers, three camels, and three mules.]

After passing the eastern gate and the hospital, we turned to the south, through a grove of palms, towards the cemetery under the hills; sometimes passing between large rocks, and sometimes through tall green grass or thick copse. Farther on we crossed an arm, two hundred and fifteen feet broad, of the dry sandy bed of Chor el Gash, which has a small island of palms and tamarisks. We remained for a short time on the opposite shore, that the animals might drink from a well sunk by the Arabs; but I found the taste of the water revolting. When we again set off, we found one of the guides missing, so we kept the other under a strict supervision, lest he, too, should be imbued with fear; however, the road was broad and easily followed. A number of doves, the antelope called Abu-Dik-Dik, and other animals, enlivened the thin copse. The ground was cracked and parched by the sun, but it seemed productive. About mid-day we rested under some thorny bushes, and afterwards entered a large plain, overgrown with tall dry reeds, through which we had to wade for three hours. At sunset we reached a second monotonous plain, leaving the mountain of Abu Kaml (father of camels) on the east, encamping at seven o'clock at night. A hyæna had followed us all day, and we could only drive it away by firing a shot; and even then we had to place the mules between the fires. We left the encampment by moonlight, proceeding over a black soil. In a few hours some little mounds began to rise, and a few doves and other small birds broke the uniformity of the scene. We rode on, and in a few minutes came to the dry bed of a river, eighty feet broad. This was the Chor el Mehka, which flows into the Atbara, when much swollen during the winter season. Fifteen minutes after we came to the Atbara itself, three hundred feet broad, but only half filled with water. I had been so long deprived of the sight of a large piece of water, that it had upon me a most beneficial effect. It seemed to me that this silver stream was no part of a country possessed of neither green meadows nor waving fields, but the whole vicinity assured me that I was now in the better part of an African desert. Numbers of geese, ducks, herons, marabuts, crows,

snipes, and doves inhabited the banks, and there were also flocks of goats and cattle, as well as solitary camels, led there by the natives. When our camels saw the water, they rushed towards it to slacken their thirst by long draughts of the beautiful liquid. One part of the river was covered with flat stones, worn smooth by the action of the water, and some projecting rocks showed the force of the current. Our passage was through a ford two and a half feet deep, where there was no perceptible current. On the opposite side we again encountered the naked sandy bed of a river, and on entering the first mimosa bushes we heard a strange rustling sound proceeding from a number of bright-coloured grasshoppers, three inches in length. Several of the money-loving inhabitants of the desert offered themselves as our guides to the Homran sheik; but it appeared that they were not well acquainted with the sheik's abode, as we did not catch a glimpse of the tents until just before sunset. Our course had been principally over black stony earth, but the village was in a small sandy valley. We were met by barking dogs, and an army of naked children, and dark-coloured men and women. On our inquiring for the sheik, Uad Agayl, he appeared before us with a large company of attendants, and greeted us with Mahomedan courtesy, extending his soft, light-brown hand in hospitable welcome. We were then presented with a basin of honey-water, and were questioned closely as to our journey. They soon after brought us meat, and our people a large vessel of lugma and merissa. The sheik is a man of forty, of a light colour, with little beard and dark crisp hair. He wears a rosary of carved wooden beads, but the distinction appointed by the Turks is a covering for the head; and the native governors readily accept this custom, contrary though it be to their habit, as they deem it the prerogative of power.

*Tuesday.*—We had just finished our breakfast, when the sheik and his son, a handsome youth, entered. They looked at our fire-arms, instruments, and watches, with interest and obtrusive curiosity; and the sheik showed us an old worn-out gun, at the same time making known his desire to have some powder and shot. These we gave him, with some soap and other things, in order to gain his friendship; but the avaricious man took advantage of his position to rob my friend of a sum of money paid in purchase of some cattle, which all afterwards died. At three o'clock in the afternoon our caravan was ready, and we set out with a new guide, and without the two soldiers. We now went in a direction entirely south, passed through some few bushes to a broad steppe clothed with dry grass. Two hours after, the waters of the Atbara came in sight, and we plunged into a rocky ground, the bottom of a gap, out of which a number of baboons flew past us. We next entered a grassy plain, where our guide lost his way in the darkness, and for half an hour we were wandering about over thick shrubs and thorns before we could find the broad caravan road. We continued our journey until nine o'clock at night, and then encamped. When the first beams of light appeared over the summits of Djebel Kassala and Abu Gaml, our camels were laden, and we were on our way. We met many hundreds of Shukrie camels being transported to Lower Egypt, but the character of the landscape had nothing of interest in it. At twelve o'clock we rested under the shade of a heglik tree, while our animals sought their food; and in two or three hours they were called together, saddled, and packed. We now

proceeded over hard black ground, and we again met several camels laden with durra and gum, conducted by some negro slaves, children, and their brown masters; but, beyond this, the interminable plain showed no living creature, the sky had no point of rest. An hour before sunset we stopped for a short time to fill our leathern bags, and I went out and shot a couple of doves. A sudden darkness, however, surprised me, and I only regained the caravan by hearing a signal-shot fired by my companion. An hour after I forgot my adventures in a sound sleep by the camp fire.

My companion awoke the servants very early, and we set out by the light of the moon. We found several caravans encamped by the way, whom we passed, climbing upwards to an undulating country. During the first few hours we passed a few solitary bushes, then they changed into long thin rushes. From one elevation I saw some running woodcocks, and, firing, caught two in their flight. The road now alternated between a hilly, stony ground, displaying a few osiar shrubs, and forests of rushes six to seven feet high. At half-past nine o'clock in the morning we stopped to secure a little shade and rest for our bodies, the heated air being cooled during these early hours by a refreshing north-north-west wind. While our animals sought their provender as well as they could, we ate our game; and, after a short nap, I roused our guides and servants. Grassy plains swayed by the wind enclosed our path until twilight, when we came to fields of durra. Our camels often snatched the tempting ears, munching them as they went along. Soon we could hear dogs barking at some distance, so we left the ordinary road and turned in the direction of the village or camp, making a passage for ourselves with some difficulty in the untrodden ground. After a little time we perceived a light, and shortly after reached a village of about thirty huts, surrounded by a hedge of thorns. The dogs were called off by the hospitable people, who came with a plentiful provision of lugma.

*Friday.*—The caravan was in motion by sunrise. The road wound up and down hill, and I had often to go on foot in order not to fatigue my poor mule. Consequently I had much to suffer, and I gladly accepted the offer of an exchange, in consideration of a sum of money, for a strong Shukrie camel belonging to a passing native. An hour later I left my mule behind, at a spring in a broad desolate valley. The proprietor of my camel accompanied me into the trading town of El Quedaref, and introduced me into the house of his brother and partner.

The site of El Quedaref is by no means attractive, as there is not a tree, a garden, or a bush to be seen in the neighbourhood, but it is remarkable for healthiness. Little grass-covered hills, forty to fifty feet high, rise on the outside of the hedge. The necessaries of life are cheaper than at Kassala, and the neighbourhood is the magazine for corn, chiefly durra. Eight or ten Greek merchants have settled here during the last two years for the sake of the trade, and by small gains have amassed large capital. Away from all good influences, they commit many peccadilloes, and have lost the respect and good opinion of the crafty natives themselves. As Europeans, they enjoy many privileges, and, by sums of money lent, hold the governors and sheiks in their power, but these conditions destroy confidence, and the commerce of the country is injured. The huts, here called tuckel, have commonly straw-covered sides, so thick

that the heavy tropical rain cannot penetrate them. The inner circular room has a diameter of seven to ten yards. Much vermin infests these huts, and when the hermits lodge near, the hut soon succumbs to the fury of these voracious little animals.

*Sunday, December 17.*—I found the night cold, but after sunrise the heavenly body conquered the cool atmosphere, and at mid-day the heat became almost unbearable. In the morning we paid a visit to the great sheik of the Shukries. On entering the court we saw a square tent of some linen or woollen stuff, on two sides of which were seats decorated with carpets. The crowd of supplicants, servants, soldiers, natives, and slaves was so great, that we could only approach the sheik by the help of several soldiers; but when he perceived us he smiled, and motioned us to his side. After the usual formula, coffee was partaken of and tobacco-pipes burned, after which the sheik gave me his water-pipe, which I in turn handed to my companion. After this, the business of the law, which our entrance had interrupted, was continued. A Homran Arab accused another of the same race in a long speech; witnesses were heard, questions and answers given, and at length the sheik commanded a punishment of ten stripes, which were administered in our presence on the thief. I could understand little of the proceedings, so I contented myself with watching the sheik. He is of middle height, powerfully built, and of a lighter colour than his subjects. Of energetic character, and much esteemed, he conducted the business before him with a sense of dignity and worth. His person was enveloped in a large woollen gown, bound round the waist with a bright-coloured silk cloth. On his head was placed a turban, while red shoes clothed his feet. After conversing with the sheik for twenty minutes, and informing him of our plans for the continuance of our journey, and the number of camels we employed, we obtained permission to purchase the things we wanted, and retired from his presence.

The inhabitants of El Quedaref consist of Shukrie, Rakubin, and Djialin Arabs, a few Greeks, Copts, and some hundreds of Tagruri negroes. The Shukrie Arabs closely resemble the Hadendoas in form and appearance, but short, ill-developed figures are sometimes seen among them. The complexion is, with few exceptions, of a chesnut brown, the skin being smooth and soft, caused by the plentiful use of oil and grease, which makes them susceptible to every infectious disease. The wealthy men and all the women dye the nails of their fingers and even their toes with henna. The women are often laden with necklaces, bracelets, and rings of coloured glass, wood, shells, or nuts, while the veil is not so strictly adhered to; ladies of rank wear a mask, while the slaves conceal the face with a dirty rag on the approach of a stranger.

Besides the weapons before described, the Shukrie has a stick, two feet three inches long, bent in the form of a hook at the bottom, and with this he throws with great certainty. In warfare he uses a lance, sword, and knife. Disputes often lead to murder, and the dreadful creed of revenge for bloodshed often occasions hundreds of sacrifices on both sides. The Chor Ferchere, which runs at the base of the height on which El Quedaref is built, provides the inhabitants with water, and with machines sufficient is raised to grow a few vegetables. The court of my friend's house joined the eastern side of the market-place, comprised of a double row of

low straw huts. There were to be had all kinds of knives, scissors, hardware, common sugar, ribbons, vegetables, beads, soap, and tobacco. The dealers covered upon a mat or a dirty carpet under a slight canopy of straw, while behind lay the naked figures of little black boys and girls, who are sold without scruple, the prohibition of the slave trade by the Sultan at Constantinople having had no effect, excepting to make the trade more private. Besides these rows of booths, a hundred and forty feet long, there are the caravan stores for the sale of gum, wool, coffee, skins, and durra, while near them stand the camels, donkeys, goats, and horses. Those for sale have a wisp of straw round their necks. On the south-west side were the water, milk, and wood merchants, who sold also dried dates, fruits, water-melons, bananas, onions, and small portions of salt; but with all this abundance there was nothing to be had excepting on the two market days—Monday and Thursday. There were a number of donkeys secured in the centre of the rows of shops, and a gay throng of natives, strangers, and black slaves wandered about. Hawkers of cooling drinks, hot egg-cakes, and delicious buns, screamed out their wares, while beggars and boys with purple trees importuned for a bakshish. I also saw two of the so-called saints, with their long uncleanly hair. These hypocritical dissemblers pretend to possess a secret art, and to heal sicknesses; and if they can mumble a few prayers, or should their prophecies have a small success, they receive not only honour from this superstitious people, but they also live at their expense.

The markets of El Quedaref are attended by one to two thousand men, and rank next to those of Chartum, being, together with that town, the mart of Abyssinia and the district of the Nile and Red Sea. With the exception of a few weeks of the rainy season, the market is attended by persons from Matama, Doka, Wogin, Tomat, Kassala, and Berber. Notwithstanding the crowd, the noise, and the disorderly racing about of half-naked boys, I saw no drunkenness; indeed, in no place did I see any open breach of decorum, or anything contrary to outward forms of their religion among the Mussulmans. The Moslems have no high motive for their actions, which is proved by their consumption of cognac, rum, and raki in their own homes, but they are proud of their ancient customs, and like no innovations. When the hottest hours were over, kettle-drums and tambourines were heard in some of the huts, and our servants asked permission to attend the dances and feasts. These wild, unrestrained pleasures are called phantasia, and many take part in these bodily exercises with great enthusiasm.

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## MON AMI PIERROT.

BY JOHN ESTAGEL.

Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot,  
Prêtez-moi ta plume, pour écrire un mot.

MOST of us, when we were all young together, have played or sung "Au clair de la lune." It is not every one, however, who can boast of having spent his quixotic days in company with Mon ami Pierrot. Now, I can. Boasting is wrong, of course. Still, sound humility being referable to truth, I believe my virtue will in no way compromise itself, if a faithful deposition be made of the remarkable circumstances under which, a generation ago, I fell in and fell out with the veritable Pierrot of the song.

Too many good years, alas to say, have irrevocably fled by, since I set out, a confiding, open-hearted youth, fresh from college, on a primal summer tour through France. St. Nazaire, where I landed, is a bright little port at the mouth of the Loire; but, as it presents no further of interest to an information-seeking traveller, I soon left it to steam up the river to Nantes. Fine quays, architectural streets, a busy trade, and a very happy face, form the most prominent attractions of that city. Its name alone is history, to the student and tourist: and, I know of materials which old Nantes could supply, for more than one voluminous story. In this place, I am going to relate a small part only of what I then saw and heard in it.

The period was 1848, year of revolutions; and we were just entering the last decade of June. I had already been some days in Nantes, intending to take the time coolly, and to stroll at my leisure up and down Brittany and Normandy, before advancing on Paris. Perhaps I might have thus got to Paris about the middle of August. For the while, French politics lay lulled in comparative quiet. Or, at any rate, nothing on the political horizon portended the storm which was gathering, until all at once came the thunder-clap.

One morning, going down to the *salle-à-manger* of my hotel to breakfast, I was accosted by the landlord, his voice agitated, and his cheeks the hue of ashes.

"Quelles tristes nouvelles, monsieur!" he moaned, lifting both hands dolefully.

"What has happened?" I asked, somewhat startled.

"On se batte à Paris," he replied. "The revolution has broken out worse than ever. Qu'est ce que va-t-en devenir? What is coming? what is coming?" continued the poor man, in tones of unfeigned anguish, probably forecasting to himself a new edition of the *Noyades* and the reign of a second Carrier at Nantes.

My reader may smile. And, assuredly, terror-stricken hearts scarcely denote the living generation of France. Were a revolution to surprise that country to-morrow, the French would encounter it with reliant daring and renovated ideas. But, twenty years ago, it was different. A vast number still survived, of those who personally remembered the great revolution, and a yet larger number, whose parents, whose relatives,

whose all had been engulfed in that frightful vortex. Nor had the craven days of the Restoration, or of Louis Philippe, given them back their manhood. Mine host of Nantes, when a boy, had seen the heads of his father and grandfather roll from the scaffold. His mother alone remained to him: and, in 1848, she still shuddered at La Terreur, and avoided its very mention. Something for a life's remembrance was her expression of countenance, as, on the day I speak of, she was to be seen seated in the comptoir of the hotel, anxiously bending forward in her chair, and seeming greedily to drink in the revolutionary news, which, with trembling accents, her son read aloud from a newspaper. Afterwards it was related to me, how she had made one in the desolating tramp from the heights of St. Florent to Laval, how she had nursed Madame de la Rochejacquelin, how she had seen Charette's execution in the Grande Place at Nantes, how, for six months at a time, she had secreted a curé and a vicaire of the town in her own house, how her husband, her brother, and her stepfather had been guillotined, how her youngest boy had perished in the noyades, and, finally, how she herself had escaped, like so many others, by the death of Robespierre. What wonder the impression had struck deep enough to last fifty years? When, every now and again that day, she would cry out with timorous energy, "Tenez, tenez, voilà que les Bleus nous attrappent encore," one could discern all the passions of those terrible times reviscent in her features. If a man no longer retain his première jeunesse, the consideration is comforting, that, if he did retain it, he could not have conversed with so many of those whose prime had been cast in the most turbulent epoch of this nether world of ours. By-and-by, on my intimating that, come what would, I should leave directly for Paris, the excellent pair remonstrated so strenuously as to be quite affecting, their own histories being borne in mind. In their eyes, I was a sort of Georges Cadouilhac, though without his great cause. Back to England, the home of the old émigrés. Or, anywhere rather than Paris. That should be my instant course, they insisted.

"Monsieur, vous allez vous perdre à Paris. On s'y batte; on s'y batte. Si vous saviez combien sont diables, ces Bleus-là," urged the old lady, drawing on her recollections. "N'y allez pas; n'y allez pas, *cher monsieur*."

But I was young and adventure-loving. English blood carried it. So, go I would, and did.

From that day to this, I have never been to Nantes. I have traversed Brittany once, and La Vendée twice: but the casualties of the route, or one thing or other, always prevented me regaining my old starting-point. I wonder whether my friends still exist. True representatives were they of the days of French politeness, which are now no more, and of the genial hostelry régime, which Grand Hotels and Louvres have nearly superseded. Long ago, methinks, that venerable dame must have gone to the home where guillotines make no corpses, and noyades suck none down. But, good Monsieur d'Armand, if *you* are living, and these pages should meet your eye, accept them as an earnest, that a score of summers have not been able to destroy the English gentleman's appreciation of your pathetic histories, nor to efface the kindly memories of Midsummer's morn, 1848.

And what of Mon ami Pierrot? I am coming to him. Only, when



in imagination I go roaming about those lovable lands, ever and anon I catch myself stopping to grasp the hand of some remnant of La Terreur, that together we may re-tell our tales, and renew the generous sympathies they once for all evoked.

But yesterneve, and Nantes might have been accounted a special haunt of peace. To-day,

. . . . . There was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which, some few hours ago,  
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.  
 And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,  
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or, whispering with white lips, "The foe, they come, they come!"

The morn of June 17, 1815, at Brussels, lending its description to the morn of June, 21, 1848, at Nantes, reads an overreach, even for poetry, does it not? Yet, I well remember the celebrated lines recurring to my mind, while wandering about the town for a couple of hours after breakfast. In truth, that crisis of 1848 can only be rightly appraised, by realising the pre-existent situation. With the moral forces of the nation almost emasculated through the enervating reaction of thirty years, the French people were only too prone to spell out their undefined future by the light of their horrifying traditions. No one being able to presage what was going to happen, every one anticipated the worst. The authorities themselves, civic and military, were the first to give the alarm. The very dispositions they so promptly made, had the effect of fanning the kindled embers into a flame. Of yore, Nantes having been a republican city, in the midst of an outlying royalist population, in 1848 the public eye naturally fixed upon it as a centre-point to secure at every hazard. Consequently, troops of all kinds, and from all reachable posts, had been collected during the night. I found infantry massed in the open spaces, cavalry patrols watching the thoroughfares, pickets at the corner of each street, with artillery on the higher ground and bridges, ready to enfilade the long reaches. In our own country, it is to be feared, the knowledge necessary to meet a town insurrectionary movement is small. Take it, that Beales, M.A., chose to play at a "barring out" in Ludgate-hill, or that some other "tribune" were to throw down the gauntlet behind an omnibus barricade in Holborn. Not a doubt of it, they would have to succumb: but, with equal certainty, we should first perpetrate a pretty considerable deal of bangles. In the case of the French, it is only by stratagem and corruption that a contemplated insurrection can steal a march on the ruling powers. Subordinates are bribed, and while the purchased sleep of those who should have watched gives time, the train is fired, and the mine explodes. It was thus in Paris in 1848. Let but both parties start fair, and the barricader stands no chance against the disciplined Frenchman. The latter knows the weaknesses and calculates the pet artifices of his canaille adversary, just as he knows his battalion drill, or as he would calculate the possible evolutions of a hostile corps d'armée. Street-fighting is simply a branch of French military education. At Nantes, in 1848, the use of such knowledge manifested itself. The French them-

selves say, the country had been lost but for the military. That the revolution would have otherwise spread like wildfire, cannot be doubted. The warning once given, all was saved. No fighting took place out of Paris. Everywhere else, whatever insurgents this or that city contained, or might have drawn to it, were rendered powerless in less than twelve hours. Still, as good rarely comes without some counterblast of evil, the poor citizens were meantime enduring agonies of suspense and foreboding. That the muniments of war were left in right hands, was their consolation; yet, would such provision have been requisite but for the imminence of some potent, and it might be overwhelming, danger? So they reasoned. No shops were open, save those which could not be dispensed with. And, if the bourgeois did flock into the streets, it was not to skip lightsome about, as is the wont of the Nantais, but to assemble in knots and groups, dismay in their looks, a halt on their tongues. All the children had been placed in safety. Betimes, the wail of some wife or mother saluted your ears. Or, turning a street corner, you perhaps beheld a young girl leaning out of window, and bidding her tearful adieux to Alphonse or Eugène, who, in his National Guard uniform, might be passing below, on the way to his company. It was all sorrowful to see, as now it is sorrowful to think of. What must not have been the dread reality, little more than fifty years gone by! This imagined re-hash of the miseries of La Terreur lasted hardly a week. The popular terrors were justified, however, by what the insurrection uncounteracted might well have become.

At that time, there was no railroad from Nantes, steam-civilisation having only reached Tours. I chose the river, as the best route. The boat was large, but there were few passengers, owing doubtless to the prevalent inquietude. All the passengers were French, except myself. I hold in my recollection three artillery officers, one old and two young (where did the Crimea or Solferino lay them?), whom a hurried order had summoned to Paris. Near them, on a bench, sat two aged curés, ascetic-looking as to their gingham umbrellas and thick cloth cassocks, but very benign and communicative. Their polished manners bespoke their gentle blood, and it transpired that they were counts by birth, cousins-german, and life-companions. Both had been driven from their college in 1794, both had served as conscripts under the First Consulate, both had been curés for forty years, both were then on their way to a house at Tours for retired clergy, and, as may be supposed, both had stores of old stories plentiful of interest. I call to mind also a superannuated cantinière of the army, clean though coarse, who contributed no little to the mirth of the hour, by recounting her seventeen campaigns, poking fun at the officers, and deferentially twitting the curés. Lastly, there was a family on board, arrived in France but a few days previously, in total ignorance of even the events of February. Fifteen toilsome years in the Isle of Bourbon had earned for them a moderate fortune, which they had just come home to spend. Good natured and sanguine themselves, sorely were they disconcerted at the sour welcome *La Patrie* was giving them. "*Comme notre arrivée est empoisonnée!*" the lady said, bitterly. "*Quelles bêtes farouches, ces émeutiers-là!*" her husband re-echoed, in indignation. I meet them occasionally when I go to Paris, and never without a good laugh over our first journeys thither. Ah, it is easy to laugh when your

perils have passed, and your ship rides safely at anchor. Those were days of ill omen to Frenchmen. The memories of our last civil war, what are they? And is it not two centuries since? The terrible memories of their civil war still hung freshly upon them. In 1848, therefore, to fear and to mourn seemed pardonable in France, while compassion came well from strangers. I like to write thus detailedly, because my diary and my memory unite in reminding me how favourable were the primordial impressions I received of the French people taken individually.

Amongst the passengers was one who, like me, travelled by himself. I think it must have been that likeness which led us to amalgamate. Perceiving how exceptionally interested I was in the country, he began by indicating the towns, the churches, and particularly the seignorial châteaux, many of which are in good preservation on either bank of the Loire. Then, warming with his subject, he went on to retail, as only a native could, the thrilling Vendean and Breton chronicles, which have indissolubly linked themselves with well-nigh every spot along those time-honoured shores. Slightly my senior in years, an aristocrat to look at, tall and handsome, as well as clever and obliging, he was precisely one of those non-English acquaintances that a young Englishman, roving about the Continent, often picks up, and gladly becomes intimate with. It was therefore only a foreseen consequence, that, ere the first sun-down, we should mutually resolve upon a travelling alliance, and exchange cards. On his was inscribed, "Pierre Devreux, Maison Lanchot, Boulevard Poissonnière, Paris." In all likelihood, a Vendean nobleman—his name originally d'Evreux—with a town-house on the boulevards, I bethought me, in my then innocence of Parisian whereabouts; or a banker; or, peradventure, some weighty man at the Bourse, that place being, as he was at pains to inform me, in the immediate vicinity of his establishment. At all events, "What an intelligent, gentlemanly, out-and-out good fellow it is, to be sure!" I many times said to myself. And truly to Devreux, and to no other, am I indebted, for the foundation of a more extensive knowledge, subsequently acquired, of that portion of France.

This is he whom I introduce to my readers as Mon ami Pierrot. It was when taking a walk—"au clair de la lune," too—over the suspension bridge\* at Angers, that the jocular idea of my having literally fallen in with the Mon ami Pierrot of the song came to me. Devreux accepted the joke with perfect good humour. His usual name was Pierrot, and he hoped that so I would in future call him. I should be Jeannot to him.

All this while they were fighting in Paris. The fratricidal struggle had recommenced with a vengeance. The famous barricade of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, thenceforth a chapter of history, had grown up mushroom-like in one night. Hundreds of artisans were manning it, determined never to yield till they had gotten—they did not exactly know what. Whilst Lamartine was endeavouring to throw oil upon the troubled waters, Cavaignac had seized the reins of government, and with Pérot, Bédeau, and Négrier to second him, the provincial prefects being previously instructed, had plunged into that sanguinary conflict which, it is now hoped, wound up for good and aye the barricade-war of Paris.

The consternation in Brittany, though great, merely reverberated from

\* The same bridge from which, a few months later, a whole regiment was precipitated into the river.

that of Touraine. The impression uppermost in the minds of the inhabitants of Tours seemed to be, that we stood upon the threshold of another Quatre-vingt-treize. Whether the authorities had information, or whether not, every possible precaution had been taken to crush out the first attempt at a rising. We found the troops in full occupation, their outposts round the city for miles, and the city itself placed in a state of siege. Business having been suspended on all sides, the tradesmen, transformed into national guards, were shouldering their firelocks, and the gamins enlisting in the new Garde Mobile. As at noon of a hot summer's day in Italy, not a mortal was visible down the spacious Rue Royale, excepting soldiers, dogs, and a few straggling English. Beside the ghost-like glimpses one caught of the cowed citizens of Tours, the pale faces of Nantes would have looked almost ruddy, and its affrighted people almost bold. In short, the revolutionary panic was running riot, and the general aspect of things such as those alone can comprehend who have been in a city during a revolution. I have been in four.

I do love to revisit poor Tours; and, howsoever frequent my visits, I never gaze on its gay streets and smiling boulevards, or mix with the merry folk inhabiting them, but I think of the sheen of the sun on a rich corn-field once barren, or of the glad looks of lovers when their quarrel is over.

The provisional government had stopped all railway communication with Paris, one train every evening excepted, an armed guard accompanying it. Hence, after our night's rest at Tours, we had to put up with a twelve hours' further detention, not getting off till late, in fact, on the 24th.

Mon ami Pierrot, unlike his quailing countrymen, showed front and a purpose. He was as eager as I was to push on to Paris; and I liked, as well as admired, him for his spirit. I remember they annoyed us with several long stoppages on the road. Irksome it was, though doubtless necessary, and by governmental orders, as averred. The sole companions of that night were our friends from the Isle of Bourbon. I can, this moment, fancy myself listening, whilst Devreux is generously devoting his wit and energies to the task of soothing the faint hearts and restoring the hopes of those returned but then dispirited exiles. I, too, tendered my quota of sympathy. So that, the day just dawning, and a party of expectant relatives waylaying them at a small station ten miles outside Paris, our friends left us not quite so rueful of visage, or harrowed in mind, as without us they might have been. We gave the dear souls a cordial shake-hands, which they have not forgotten. Later on, it came like a real pleasure to learn how, ere many weeks from our parting, their ruffled feathers had smoothed down, and their drooping plumage recovered its health and Gallic freshness.

I descended at the hotel of my family—the Mirabeau, Rue de la Paix; but it was not until we had steered through regiment upon regiment bivouacked on straw in the streets. The excursionists, who in these days go sauntering down the Rue de Rivoli, or exploring out by the Salpêtrière, little advert to the aspect of those same quarters at the period of which question, when an army of eighty thousand swarmed like bees in the streets, lining all the avenues east of the Madeleine, and when every man barricaded his own house, as a besieged people fortify their city at the approach of a national enemy.

Yet, in spite of its death-dealing, and of a well-founded apprehension of worse, the rising of June turned out a holiday revolution after all. Reduced to its proper significance, it was a handful of small politicians, striving for the upper hand by bribing the bribable to personate the populace, and to commit reckless crime in the name of liberty. The great deed had been done in the February foregoing. Happily, it fell bloodless. But the genius of the revolution was not to be balked; so, demanding its victims, it got a quantum in June. The term "revolution" is used too generically. As absurd were it to poise human battles against demoniacal, as to compare 1848 with the epoch which upheaved and laid low the whole structure of society. In 1848 the masses remained unmoved. The difference is therefore of kind, not of degree. A passing testimony to this lies in the fact that the fighting of 1848 was confined, after the opening day, to one quarter chiefly, the prevailing fear not even sufficing to keep the Cafés Chantants closed in the Champs Elysées. I can certify, also, to the panic having been far greater in the provinces than in the capital, which is another fact indubitably accounted for by the presence of an immense military force in Paris, and by the incertitude at that period inseparable from distance.

Unless I forget dates, the 29th of June was the day of a high-mass service celebrated in the Place de la Concorde, in commemoration of those who had victimised themselves at the barricades. Fayet, Bishop of Orleans, with attendant clergy, chanted the service, standing before an altar on a high dais in the centre of the Place, the members of the National Assembly surrounding him in official costume, and, I should say, about twenty thousand other citizens. At its conclusion, a black catafalque, having "Morts pour la patrie" inscribed on it in large white letters, bore away a number of the bodies to the vaults of the Madeleine; and, with those bodies was buried—for we hear no more of it—the vain revolutionary axiom, which declared "mourir pour la patrie" to be a greater glory than living for it, even when a man cannot serve his country by dying. During that requiem I stood with Devreux, our backs to the orangery, on the terrace in the garden of the Tuileries. Oftentimes since have I found myself near the same spot, viewing aeronautic performances, criticising illuminations, inspecting civic progresses or marshal displays, and as heedless as any of that solemn 29th of June. Yet that world-famed Place has an era more solemn than 1848. As, Frenchmen or foreigners, we pass and rpass through it, as we crowd it on fête-days, which of us gives a transient thought to Louis Seize or Marie Antoinette? Some balloon or other, a mile overhead, makes a loadstone more attractive to the multitude than many sites of tragic memento. Of an occasional morning one may see travellers, whose intelligence is reminiscent, taking note of the royal executions; but those intelligences are rare, and, for the most, rather gropers in antiquity than philosophers of history.

"And, the royalty of old France apart," argued Devreux, with the melancholy enthusiasm of a Vendean, and pointing as he spoke to where the guillotine once did its daily work of death, "how few of our nineteenth-century passers-by care to think, or even know, that there died Philippe Egalité, Robespierre, Danton, St. Just, Desmoulins, Anacharsis Clootz, Charlotte Corday, Brissot with his twenty-nine, and three thousand others, in sacrifice either to their own crimes or to the

intoxication of the times, if not as heirs of the maledictions invoked on their fathers! Consider those restive horses opposite careering on the self-same pedestals, from the day that Marly yielded them in 1790. They must have been the last objects to catch the eye of the unfortunate king on the fatal scaffold, and the first to catch the eye of the emperor, when, after Austerlitz, he made his entry into Paris at the head of the *grande armée* by the Champs Elysées. In presence of the cynicism of those statues, my country has proclaimed the supreme wisdom of no less than sixteen political constitutions, each the product of her passion, and each an unconscious exposition of her impotence. The horses of Marly! As one muses on their past, what acts, what words, what shades rise up in judgment! A hundred years of Montespons, Pompadours, Du Barrys, at Marly, and two years of the avenging Reign of Terror on the Place de la Révolution! Here, for half an age, has a Babel of nations paraded, now in victory, now in idle curiosity: still those Marly horses stand where it found them. They are marble; we are animated flesh. Yet see their stern sentinelate; and do they not seem the substance, and we but a fleeting shadow?" In such discourses used Devreux, with perfect grace and an enthralling talent, to cull from his poetic sense and historic store, almost forcing the grand capital to an eloquence of its own.

Previous to our first separating, he to his private residence in the Rue de la Lune (the locale is a fact), I to the Mirabeau, Mon ami Pierrot had proffered me ten days' companionship in Paris.

"Les affaires ne marchent pas. Et, comme cela me ménage un loisir inattendu, je viendrai te trouver chaque matin, mon ami. Nous déjeunerons et dînerons ensemble. Aujourd'hui, c'est moi qui paie; demain, ce sera toi. Nous verrons tout ce qu'il y a-t-à voir," said he, giving me his hand from the omnibus. And right loyally did he keep to his promise. Every morning, punctually at eight o'clock, he would look me up at the Mirabeau; and it was always past theatre-hours before we parted, except in one memorable instance, here to be narrated.

Our journey to Paris was unavoidably so protracted, that, although we came in on the 24th, the upholders of order and the partisans of confusion had already been battling the best part of four days. On the 25th the contest culminated, and on the 26th it collapsed. Having, the day of our arrival, poured libations to Bacchus and made my bow to Comus, I was sacrificing to Morpheus, next morning, at an hour which would otherwise have been injudicious, when a shake and a shout from Devreux tore my unwilling senses somewhat roughly out of that divinity's arms.

"Jeannot, Jeannot, lèves-toi, mon ami, vite, vite. Je m'en vais t'amener aux barricades. Osons hardiment!" cried Mon ami Pierrot at my bedside.

As here seen, we had begun to tutoyer each other sans façon.

I must have been dreaming of the barricades: for I recollect taking Devreux, in my semi-consciousness, for General Cavaignac, and myself for the head insurgent, and so vigorously returning the fistal salute. It appeared the notion of visiting the barricades had crossed his brain in the night, and he had been down that morning to procure our passes. We should do better, he thought, and might dispense with the passes, if I liked to put on the National Guard uniform, and didn't mind the danger. I confess that, with none less of the Englishman in me, and

despite the romantic prospect, I did think twice on the responsibility of assuming a foreign uniform. Devreux, however, clinching his arguments with another "Osons hardiment," I gave in. No profit without risk. And, in good sooth, but for our hazardous venture, my reader would have lost what most engages of this narrative.

The Rue de la Lune is a long, narrow street, running at an obtuse angle from the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle into the north end of the noted Rue Montorgueil. An abnormal abode it surely did seem to me, for a presumed Vendean noble, or for a banker, or even for a merchant of eminence. My wonder was greater when I had viewed Devreux's apartment, which, though tastily furnished and exceedingly neat, consisted of only two smallish rooms au quatri me. Till, remembering his bachelorhood, and that he had made no attempt at concealment—the reverse, indeed—that in other respects he was unimpeachable, and had himself laughed at the coincidence of a Mon ami Pierrot being lodged in a Rue de la Lune, I felt disposed to impute the idiosyncrasy of his apartment to a well-regulated mind and the simpleness of his habits, rather admiring it, I think, than not. That morning we ate a hurried d jeuner at Philippe's, as the nearest; and, half an hour after, I might have been seen issuing from the house in the Rue de la Lune, travestied as a National Guard.

Stand not aghast, my reader. We are really making for the barricades. Truth being stranger than fiction, is a disbelieved aphorism, though trite. In support of the thesis, permit me, therefore, by way of digression, to produce some coincidental facts, some feats, and some wild freaks of fortune, which, if published as fictions, would be condemned as impossibilities. Being facts, they evidence that the latter portion of my narrative, while fully possible, in no wise oversteps the range of probabilities. Once on a time, the whim took me to re-open a correspondence, which had been allowed to drop two years previously. On the same day that I wrote to my friend from Naples, he wrote to me from Northumberland, our letters crossing on the road. It may have been Shakespeare's sympathetic dust floating in the air; but it was no fiction. Another: a few months back, loitering about the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral, I met a lady, from whom, with other friends, I had parted in that identical place just twenty years ago. Talk of the "doctrine of chances," or of "living in circles!" There we were, face to face, after a score of years, neither of us having been to Canterbury in the interval, and neither of us expecting the other to come there. Show me anything stranger in fiction. Pray listen, my reader. I dare say you think with Mrs. Gamp, that "there never was no sich a thing" as the "holy poker of Mahommed," so often quoted by Marryat. Perhaps there isn't. Anyhow, I could tell you where a relic exists in the East, seriously purporting to be that "holy poker," and possessing authentications every bit as valuable as other supposititious relics. Again: I have heard placed among the apocrypha the story of a compatriot of ours, who, having declined to write his name in a visitors' book abroad, had his bill triumphantly made out to him in the name of "Monsieur de Warranted-Solid-Leather," such being the French interpretation of certain mysterious signs incised upon the exterior of his portmanteau. But the story is not apocryphal: for it happened at Nantes, and I had the reality first-hand from the English gentleman who figures in it. Then there is Jean Valjean in the "Mis -

rables" wading through the sewers of Paris, a feat decried as impossible. But I am acquainted with a man—a gentleman too—who actually performed it. Certainly he did not stay so long in the sewers, nor had he another man to carry; but the feat is his in fact, as surely as it is Jean Valjean's in fiction. Here are still more apposite improbabilities. A beautiful woman married an English country gentleman, of title and large property. She lived with him in honour and security for five-and-twenty years, until one day, going down to dinner, as fate would have it, she was recognised by a nobleman, who, thirty years beforehand, had commanded the troop in which her husband, not yet dead and a poor pensioner, had served as a private. The beautiful woman is dead. But there are authentic details in connexion with her quite as improbable as any in "Lady Audley's Secret" or "East Lynne." I know of an accomplished "lady" who steeped her soul in guilt before she was twenty years of age, and who artfully simulated guilt for another twenty. During her second cycle of life, while seemingly a model, she contrived by passion and intrigue to encompass the social ruin of two men, and the mental ruin of two ladies. Her impenitence not appearing, however, she was popularly supposed, when she died, to have been wafted into ethereal spheres in the odour of sanctity. Why will people persist in manufacturing fiction, or in ridiculing written fiction, when, mercy on us, the truth of every day is as strange, ay, tenfold stranger than any fiction? Has not the Homburg bank been "broke" twice in one week, at the hands of a casual gambler, who, on raking in his 60,000*l.*, was found to be an imperial offshoot in disguise? The great Alexandre himself gives us no one chapter so sensational. This very summer, did not Parisian society ring the changes upon an odie revelation, which, if the least true, casts Lord Lytton's "Strange Story" into the shade? What reader, if he read them in fiction, would believe the facts, communicated to me the other day by that trustworthy personage "the best authority," concerning an English gentleman of family, who fought at Sadowa as an Austrian volunteer just for the fun of the thing, and who, charging with the lussar regiment to which he was attached, up the never-to-be-forgotten defile on the right, and finding himself horseless and regiment-less at the top of it, quick as thought derobed a dead Prussian of his great-coat and cap, seized the runaway steed of some surgeon, caught a stray word from Von Moltke, and a cut of the whip from the angry old king himself, and was back again in the midst of his comrades in less than fifteen minutes from the first? I have no personal acquaintance with the hero of the tale. But, his close friend told it me, and with such enlivening adjuncts, that Charles O'Malley's escapades at Waterloo are a bagatelle by the side of them. Well then, my reader, reverting to our barricadial episode, I own, from its strangeness, to having doubted my own identity in it, and especially because, after laborious researches, I do not find the peculiar facts of it recorded in any history, public or private. But as history is often stingy, nay deceptive, the preceding proofs are adduced in provision against a scepticism, which might unsay my say beforehand as improbable, despite its incontrovertible truth. If I should not now go a-barricading, it is scarcely a sequence that I did not when I had English youth, robust health, and a venturesome will to back me.

For the use of those who were strangers to the Paris of that day, or



who are unfamiliar with 1848, I may sketch the barricades as I remember them. I presume everybody to know this much, that the then limit of the Rue de Rivoli was where the present street of the name is intersected by the Rue de l'Arbre Sec. The sole decent approach to the Rue du Temple from that side of Paris, or even to the Hôtel de Ville, and to the former little theatres near St. Jacques de la Boucherie, used to be along the river-side. If you did not go round by the boulevards or quays, you could only get to the Place de la Bastille through a maze of streetlets, the broadest and straightest being the tortuous Rue St. Antoine, now become, consequently on demolitions and rebuilds, as open as Oxford-street. In that June of 1848, barricades composed of carts, carriages, paving-stones, and rubbish, had been thrown up at various points of the Rue du Temple, in the Rue St. Martin by the church of St. Merri, at the intersection of the Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and a very large one where the Rue St. Antoine joins the Place de la Bastille, besides numerous lesser ones in the small streets branching off towards the Seine, all of which were as boldly defended by the insurgents as they were manfully assailed by the soldiers. The principal strategic fault committed by the insurgents, if it was not their misfortune, lay in their omitting to form a junction, or more truly in their neglecting to keep up a communication with their brethren in arms on the east side of the Place de la Bastille. This neglect, of course speedily taken advantage of by the military commanders, brought the subjugation of what threatened to develop into a disastrous civil war down to a question of time. Although a lawless horde, however fierce and well armed, are like babies if opposed to trained troops in the open field, the thing is altogether different when it comes to a fight behind the wall of a barricade, or from the ambuscade of houses. In such cases, the ordinary rules of strategy being observed, and supposing insurgents to get a clear start, as they decidedly did in 1848, the conflict may often be indefinitely prolonged. So, doubtless, it would have proved with the June business, had the insurgent forces not been disjointed and their centre broken at the outset. As things were, the insurrection held on for six days. The most redoubtable of all the barricades, and the one most remembered by Parisians, was that erected at the entrance to the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, and almost facing the old Rue St. Antoine. Notwithstanding its height, which was upwards of sixty feet; its scientific design, which was an escarpment; its materials, which were heavy stones and mud, and the skilful workmanship bestowed upon it, the barricade was finished, and made ready for action, within two hours of its commencement. The roofs and windows of the houses overhanging this well-nigh impregnable fortress were filled, all the insurrection through, with tirailleurs, who, though amateurs, had expertness sufficient to punish an opponent severely. One of the evils of a conscription, as then worked, is that it throws upon the country such numbers of men, young enough to have become skilled marksmen, and too young to allow of their passions having cooled. It will be understood that, from the enceinte of these barricades, all peace-minded citizens who could had fled at the first indication of revolt. The majority stayed, however, being constrained by intimidation. Among them every variety of character was represented, and every variety of scene enacted. They had brave and clever leaders, who had followers as brave and as trusty; some, whose bravery shone in

an onset, but who shrank and surrendered at the sight of the fallen; others, cowards when sober, whom orgies of wine and blood had nerved into heroes; others, again, who stood up for resisting à outrance, and others who temporised. Compassionate women might be seen tending the wounded side by side with viragoes, who loaded their husband's muskets, and swore and drank like troopers. Irreligion of all sorts came out rampant; yet, with the inconsistency characteristic of non-northern nations, priests had been pressed into the service, who went round confessing the dying. Shortly, it was the human passions summarised and parodied. In those six mad days much was drunk, and but little eaten or slept. Scarcely a man hoped for ultimate success. No doubt, at bottom, some cause did exist for discontent. "Bread, bread—give us bread!" constituted the first war-cry of the Great Revolution. And in 1848, the direct effect upon the labouring classes of the affair of February having been to stagnate trade and work, the poor lost their employ. Terrible want resulted; and though not, as formerly, intensified by the stinging injuries of two centuries, it sufficed to render them the facile tools of pseudo-patriots. The mainsprings lay hidden above them. The foremost were seduced, the rest compelled. Organised resistance to the reigning power comprised their every plan of action, with, perhaps, some vague hope of a booty such as the wars of the Fronde or the convulsion of the last century had afforded. Life must be chanced. But, under cover of the barricadial fastnesses, two-thirds might always look for luck, while speculating upon a something to be gotten in the general scramble. Where the ammunition came from, remains a mystery to this hour. But, considerable though it was, after three days and nights of incessant firing, the supply ran short. Then, instead of cartridges, the powder-flask began to be put in requisition, and, instead of bullets, buttons, bits of iron, and even pebbles. Still a brisk fire was kept up, and, as gaps occurred in the ranks of the gunners, other gunners went on stepping into their places, until, nature being overwrought, the morning of the 25th found the insurgent combatants in a state of demoralisation, physically exhausted, weak in war resources, and rapidly delivering themselves over a prey to the powerful foe, now completely surrounding them. Of which state, had the besiegers but obtained timely notice, their undoubted policy would have been, in place of sending in their men, company after company, to certain slaughter, or of putting up their bishop as a *pis-aller* to preach peace, to have simply held aloof, and to have starved the insurrection out.

Such was the posture of affairs inside the Faubourg St. Antoine and its adjacent quarter when Devreux and I resolved upon our reconnaissance. Outside, Négrier, with the National Guard,\* the Garde de Paris, and the

\* The Garde Nationale corresponds in its duties to our volunteer force, except that it may be employed for internal service as well as for repelling invasion. The service is also compulsory by conscription. The uniform is dark blue, with white cotton epaulettes. The Garde Mobile was peculiar to the First Consulate, and to 1848. Its duties were in aid of the Garde Nationale; but the enlistment was voluntary, and the recruitment entirely from among the gamins or unemployed youths under twenty years of age. The uniform was a lighter blue, with red trousers and red shakos. When disbanded, the Garde Municipale was consolidated out of it, for the permanent protection of Paris. This is a sort of mounted police. The enlistment is voluntary, and the uniform blue and red, with jack-boots.

Garde Mobile, occupied the ground east of the Porte St. Denis, stopped up all the issues which gave on that side the boulevards, and engaged all the barricades west of the Boulevard Beaumarchais; Bèdeau, with troops of the line and the Chasseurs de Vincennes, holding the Canal St. Martin and the quays opposite the Isle St. Louis; whilst Pérot commanded the centre, on the Place de la Bastille, with two batteries of artillery and more troops of the line.

Fortunately, the company to which Devreux belonged had not been detailed for duty. If it had been, I could not have masqueraded as I did. Our presence, therefore, was in the modest capacity of non-duty men in uniform, with side-arms only, though we carried a pistol each and a dozen cartridges in our pockets, more for satisfaction's sake than for any determined use. We intended defence, not offence. Nevertheless, Devreux may have been unwittingly doing Don Quixote, and my own feelings must have in some degree resembled Sancho Panza's; for I recollect that, on emerging from the Rue de la Lune, I plied him well with questions.

"How the deuce do you mean to get inside the faubourg, and in this garb, too?" was my first inquiry, as we commingled with our confrères on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

"Ah, you have not understood. I said I should take you *to* the barricades, not *over* them. Mon ami, s'il faut combattre ses compatriotes, du moins soyons du bon côté, du bon côté," replied Devreux, impressively squeezing my arm as he went on. "I hated Louis Philippe. C'était un gaillard, un lache. Neither do I love republics. I am a monarchist pur et simple. But, at present, Cavaignac is on the side of order. Those who love France ought to obey him, en attendant un meilleur. We shall get as near the great barricade as possible, help to overthrow it if necessary, but go over it only as conquerors. Soyons chevaliers sans peur et sans reproche. Comprends-tu, mon ami Jeannot?"

In accepting the invitation to the barricades, I had certainly had no definite view of what we were going to do there. I was game for anything, caring little on which side. But Devreux defining the path before us, a new enthusiasm kindled within me.

"Vendean blood! Noblesse oblige! Bayard! The Broad Stone of Honour! By my halidom! Champ de bataille! Follow the leader! Splendid fellow! Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! Vivent Charette, Cathélineau, La Rochejacquelein! Never say die! Bois sang, Beaumanoir! Vive Cavaignac! Vive everybody! Up, Guards, and at them! No peace till morn! We decline returning to the domestic hearth till sunrise doth appear!" The which ejaculations, here transcribed from the tablets of a trusty memory, having been then and there emitted by me, will throw light on the critiques of such observers of passing events as, that forenoon, caught sight of two not uncomely young National Guards prancing buoyantly down the boulevards.

As aforesaid, only a portion of the National Guard had mustered. It being semi-officially hinted, however, that the "fatigue" services of those off duty would be acceptable, non-paraded National Guards in plenty were to be seen walking about on the *qui vive*, like ourselves. Thanks to the French tongue of my childhood, I was able to take the cue assigned me without an effort. Devreux said I looked every inch one of

themselves, and that, to see me, no one could have conceived I was not "to the manner born." Indeed, so greatly do those exciting junctures mystify, that, for a while, I believe I really imagined myself a Frenchman. Phrasing it nautically, as we navigated the pavé we kept our weather eye open, heaving-to occasionally, to speak other men-of-war to assist in unshipping cargoes of ammunition, or to serve round grog from the wine-shops to our comrades under arms. Meanwhile, the crack of rifles rent the air, alternating with more regular discharges, which, by the sound, we knew to be file-firing, and to proceed mostly from the streets south of the Boulevards du Temple and Filles du Calvaire. But it was not until we had sighted the Column of July in the far that the cannon's roar burst full upon our ears, and the real heart of the battle disclosed itself.

Very soon the difficulty of General Pérot's position became perceptible. The barricade of the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine had been erected just sufficiently far back to enable it to sweep the north side of the Place de la Bastille without encountering the cross-fire of its fellow-barricade opposite, and without allowing the guns brought against it a safe purchase from the bend of the Boulevard Beaumarchais. On the other hand, whenever the military tried to bring up a field-piece, before they could even open on one barricade the other would pour destruction into their rear. Nor, when Pérot attacked both barricades simultaneously, did it much mend matters. At every advance the insurgents mowed his soldiers down, or peppered them with musketry, if they attempted to come on to the assault. Thus, advancing and retreating by turns, the division under Pérot had incurred losses, during the first few days, of from five to six hundred men, who had been taken, dead or wounded, in ambulances to the Hôpital St. Louis, that being the nearest hospital in the hands of the military. Deciding at length on a change of tactics, Pérot despatched an aide-de-camp to Bédéau, with orders to send up the Chasseurs de Vincennes, those precursors of the now famous Zouaves. His idea was to "extend" the chasseurs, and to make way by means of their light infantry manœuvres while thus presenting a less vulnerable front to the enemy. Attacking in column has ever been a fault with the French; a fault of which, used as they were to émeutes, it required the lessons of June, 1848, to cure them. Pérot's move had a beneficial result. In spite of which, the losses still bore such disproportion to the gains, that eventually even the chasseurs were withdrawn, artillery being alone found capable of wrestling with the great stronghold of the faubourg.

I think these fresh troops had but just formed, as, nervous with excitement, and flushed at our first sight of the fray, we turned round by the Rue Amelot into the upper avenue of the Canal St. Martin, where is now the Souterrain. The station seemed, comparatively, a secure one; but scarce had we measured our distance from the field of battle when a tremendous broadside belched forth from the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine; then another, as if by preconcerted signal, from the barricade opposite; then, in quick succession, another from either barricade (they mounted double rows of guns), each broadside being followed by murderous volleys of musketry, and by sharp-shooting from the roofs and windows. One grape-shot, ricocheting, struck the house above us, killing a man who stood at a window, and making such short work with the balcony

that we deemed it prudent to shift quarters. Although the troops, for the greater part, had been awaiting this cannonade in kneeling or recumbent positions, it spread havoc among them. Yet no sooner was it over, than, before the barricaders had time to re-load, the chasseurs sprang nimbly to their feet, and, rifle in hand, rushed in to the escalade. It was an awful moment. As the smoke cleared you could see the gallant little white-gaiters clambering up the death-mount like cats. All useless. The odds were too great against them. It is said that, in the battles of those two barricades, not a single man of the insurgents came by his death from the assaulting party. The barricade once built, its defenders could only be reached indirectly by cannon-balls rebounding, or by rifles picking them off from their roofs or windows. It being easy, on the contrary, to pop at the soldiers from the inaccessible houses, dozens of them fell long ere they could get to the foot of the barricade, many being shot in the back by the tirailleurs of the other barricade across the Place. No slight interest is there in life, when one can recal having witnessed such a fight, and—finest feat in the fight—the feat of its chasseur officer, who, luckier than his men, succeeded in gaining the crest of the barricade. A minute or two he stood there, hailing on his men with his sword-arm, his left clasping the tricolor. Some success seemed about to be attained, till, two herculean insurgents overpowering him, he and his flag disappeared down the other side. Pending that heroic scene there was an ominous pause, both parties of combatants holding their breath as it were. The very instant the brave officer went down you heard the indignant shout of the chasseur regiments, who, regardless for the nonce of discipline, dashed forward like one man to the rescue. Another escalade was going to entail worse woe than the first, for the troops were partially disordered and the insurgents desperate; but Pérot, seeing its hopelessness, sounded to cease firing and retreat “at the double,” his batteries being ordered to concentrate their united fire on the Faubourg St. Antoine.

“*Quel magnifique spectacle!*” cried Devreux, pulling me aside from the now increased range, “*cette mort rappelle la mort de Henri de la Rochejacquelein.*” The brave chasseur officer did not die, however. He merely received a cutlass wound in the arm, which they generously saw to in the insurgent hospital. Afterwards he was promoted; and, if I am correctly informed, he is at present a colonel in the Zouaves of the Guard.

It was at this anxious crisis of the drama that an act came to be played in it which accidentally lifted Devreux and myself into a higher grade of adventure. Hearing shouts along the line by the Boulevard Beaumarchais, in a second we had run up the Rue Amelot to ascertain the cause. There were the National Guards vociferously cheering the occupants of a light open carriage, which drove through their midst at a rapid pace, and in which were seated three individuals, habited in the long dark robe of the French clergy.

“*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*” exclaimed Devreux, excitedly, after he had taken an observation through my opera-glass, “*c'est l'archevêque de Paris. C'est, monseigneur. Qu'est ce qu'il y va donc faire?*”

Instinctively, it had gone home to every one that the archbishop was bound on a mission of peace; according to which sentiment, we joined with lusty lungs in applauding the new hero of the hour. In the strifes of nations,

to conquer by force is glory, and the greater the castigation inflicted, all the greater that glory. Not so in civil contests; for then, unless victory be ulteriorly doubtful, the bias of the superior power is towards a mercy abhorrent of needless carnage. The archbishop's coming opened a vista of hope and joy. And, howsoever a man's creed or country, I do not envy him who could have regarded unmoved that martyr of charity making offer of one life to the saving of thousands. The carriage passed close by us, so that we were enabled to follow in its wake until it arrived at General Pérot's stand-point, where took place the oft-recorded consultation which terminated in an hour's cessation of hostilities being granted at the prayer of the prelate. Quickly a flag of truce was hoisted, other flags on the barricades responding to it as quickly as though some beneficent spirit had telegraphed the reason. Then the archbishop, quitting the carriage, prepared to execute his mission. Numberless were the volunteers to accompany him, every one of them doubtless as high spirited as he. But the chance to do a deed of heroism, does it not hang on favour or on accident? They say it is the spur of the moment, decisive of what is done or not done, which creates the hero. Ay, but the chance must precede it. Many a clergyman would have acted like the archbishop, and many a National Guard have been glad to stand in our stead. Yet fortune, being given to favouritism, had so arranged that, at two o'clock P.M. on the 25th of June, 1848, the colonel of the battalion of the National Guard at hand should be none other than Monsieur Charles Anatole Lanchot, head of the house which claimed Devreux. Unaware of the opportunity, and in the confusion having lost sight of Mon ami Pierrot for a minute or two, I was poking about with some perplexity among the chasseurs, when a voice shouted, "M. de la Garde Nationale, on vous appelle, on vous appelle!" It was the brigade-major of chasseurs, and, on looking to the spot indicated, I saw the archbishop in full march, with Devreux leading the van, and energetically beckoning to me to follow. Three seconds, and I was marching beside him. He carried a large green bough, "en signe de paix," as he said. "Et nous y parviendrons à tout prix," he added, exultingly. Taking part in actual tragedy causes you to retain, not the acts and the words alone of the prime actors in it, but sometimes their very mien. I have the person of the archbishop most vividly in my eye. He was tall, inclined to stoutness, with a large head, and hair beginning to be grey. He had a noble presence, and his courage made him sublime. When Frenchmen work themselves up to the sticking-point, they certainly display magnificent traits of character. On either side of him walked his two vicars-general, one of whom is now a bishop; and as we marched on in front, we could hear them encouraging each other. In a short time the Rue de Faubourg St. Antoine had reared its stony mass before us. On the barricade itself, nothing could be seen but the flag of truce, a white sheet namely, nailed to the pole of a carriage, as I recollect noticing. Every window, however, and every roof of the two converging streets, was crammed to suffocation with human beings. If I live to the age of Methuselah, never shall I forget that extraordinary apparition. My reader, perchance you have visited a forge-gang at work in the "black country." Or, it may be, a Lancashire coal-pit is not unknown to you. I make no doubt but what you have read about

Captain Cook and the South Sea Islanders. And, I dare be bound, you have seen that picture of the "dames de la halle" assaulting Marie Antoinette at Versailles. It was all that welded into one. The men, for the most part, were stripped to the waist, the weather being frightfully hot, or at best in their ragged blue-shirt-sleeves. The women were dishevelled of hair, and in dresses as loose as well could be. Here was a bandaged head, there a blood-smeared hand, and nowhere a face not begrimed with dirt and powder. Ferocious glances and ribald leers told of the fury of the interrupted combat, and of its concomitant licence, though, as a counter-set, it seemed that the unwonted sight of a peace ambassador, striving to stem the torrent of such let-loose passions, had extracted tears from not a few, and drawn forth the brawniest of arms in eager expectation. Hades assembled, and, awaiting the descent of a saviour, could scarce have looked more appalling, or awakened more soul-stirring sympathy.

Our embassy numbered some eight or ten in all. As we drew near, the hum of unruly voices was suddenly stilled by a majestic wave of the hand from the archbishop; whereupon Devreux and I, treading a way through the strewn corpses of chasseurs, began to mount the two ladders which the insurgents had lowered for us. Devreux, having set foot on the barricade, turned to help the archbishop, the vicars-general being assisted by me, whilst a couple of attendants brought up the rear. What were the feelings of Balboa, when from the summit of his mountain he discovered the Pacific Ocean; or how a London, Chatham, and Dover shareholder will feel when he recovers his dividends, who can tell? But commensurately with the transcendence of heavenly things above earthly, so, like the heart of Him in Scripture looking out for His prodigal, must that episcopal heart have paternally expanded when, from his extemporised pulpit, he surveyed the sea of passion-worn human kind all round about him. Despite the fatality which cut him off, it is probable that his words did not waste themselves. Alas! that it should even have appeared so. Every sound was hushed, every ear and eye intent, as fearless and erect, with beaming countenance and arms upraised, he pronounced these words:

"Mes enfans. Mes très-chers enfans. Je suis le pasteur de vos âmes, et me voici en qualité d'ambassadeur. A ce double titre, j'arrive parmi vous, pour vous proposer la p——"

The rude populace had hearkened respectfully. But those peace-promising advances were not destined to be completed; for, the word "paix" yet strangely lingering, sharp crack went two rifles far down the street, the bullet from one perforating Devreux's shako, and the other bullet striking the archbishop on the breast. He fell on the instant. The catastrophe has been ascribed to accident. Whether so or not, the Parisians testify—and I avouch the same—that, of the insurgent crowd which immediately ran forward in aid, not one but with vehemence declared himself innocent of the act. The fallen prelate suffered terribly. "O que je souffre, O que je souffre!" he repeated again and again, with groans that seemed wrested from his agony. Still, just as they were carrying him away on a shutter towards the hospital of the Quinze Vingts, the good man, wishful apparently to making a dying effort, raised himself once more on his left arm, and, snatching a small branch of green

from Devreux, held it aloft in the direction of the windows, crying out loudly, "Que mon sang soit le dernier versé!" That was the last we saw of the martyred archbishop. For, though ten minutes elapsed before the troops commenced showering a fire of hell on the now doomed barricade, and though the insurgents gave us the honours of war, we were soon peremptorily bidden to—

Stand not upon the order of our going,  
But to go at once—

no person in the uniform of the National Guard being retainable within the faubourg, whatever the honour of his intentions. Upon a dispassionate retrospect, I cannot forbear surmising that, when Fate awarded us the glories of the first barricade-ladder, she must also have decreed that my fortunes, in company with Mon ami Pierrot, should thereat—using the term figuratively—reach their climax. In the sequel, our time together passed cheerily enough, independently of the instruction derived from it. But however pleasant may be bayardising in theory, or however emotional La Vendée on paper, for the man who has turned his sword into a ploughshare, be his life ever so meritorious and laborious,

Othello's occupation's gone.

Once slip off the ladder of glory, and down go your heroics for ever. *Facilis descensus*. Thus it eventuated with us. Our exit from the faubourg was not ignominious, but it was inglorious. All I am able to charge my memory with is, that amid an indescribable tumult and a mêlée of resounds most bellicose, we were conducted by an insurgent guard through a labyrinth of undistinguishable lanes, till we found ourselves, shako-less and side-arm-less, beating a retreat over the Pont d'Austerlitz, and devoutly wishing ourselves safe in the Rue de la Lune. Mon ami Pierrot had graduated in prophecy, to the extent of foretelling our *going in* as conquerors, if those who only work a principle can claim the title; but his prevision was limited as to our *coming out*, the which anticlimax bore too ridiculous a semblance to the plight of the Gallic cock at Waterloo, or to that of the British lion at Corunna, to constitute a proud reminiscence.

My final stake with Mon ami Pierrot is before me. The melodrame above related having convinced us that we had seen as much of the barricadial warfare as was good for non-combatants, Devreux re-stowed his uniform in his wardrobe, and, in my case, "Richard was himself again."

The next eight days, then—the insurrection being crushed on the 26th, and the weather propitious—we spend in lionising Paris. Devreux has the antiquities and historical localities at his fingers' ends, and by piquant anecdote and endless illustration gives a zest to every ramble, and trebles its interest. I am amazed at his information; but he refers all to the College of St. Barbe, where, with many gentlemen from his province, he has been educated. I regretfully reflect how it would fare with Devreux, or with other "intelligent foreigners," were it to fall to the lot of an English collegian to cicerone them through our "grandiose Londres," as he delights to call it. Nor does he merely day-dream of the past. If to-day it is the Hôtel Dieu, and to-morrow the Bibliothèque Impériale, or the



Hôtel Cluny, in the evenings it is the theatres, the Hippodrome, or else the never-failing Cafés Chantants, where I am indoctrinated in the secrets of the various songsters and songstresses; why "Mademoiselle une telle" sings here and not there; why "Monsieur un tel" quitted the bosom of his family for the stage; how much each singer gets a month; which of them is going to be married, and which isn't; how they, one and all, live on champagne; how the province they each come from is discernible by the peculiarities of each accent; and how the probable future of those fascinating young damsels is to become boxkeeper in a theatre, or loueuse de chaises in a church; in fine, the ins and outs, the ups and downs, of Parisian open-air life after dark. I experience the use, and the pleasure of having at one's elbow a Pico della Mirandola or an Admirable Crichton of daily life, possessed of an open-sesame to all things knowlegeable. Quelle chance! as the French say.

The parterre of the Champs Elysées was not then in such pretty order as now, neither was the Chaumière Indienne on the Boulevard du Luxembourg so accessible as is the Jardin Mabille, its successor; but with those chief exceptions, I see no difference in the staple of the Champs Elysées of these years. There were the same Arabian-night-like promenades à gaz, or au clair de la lune; the same cafés enticing you with their sprightly music, though their names have been altered; and the same Eugènes and Alphonses sipping their eau sucrée in them, that still do. Recently, I even took cognisance of a singer in one of those cafés, who, in 1848, created the notorious "Les Lampions." Now, she shines dimly in the background; then, she starred it in the fore.

One night—on the eve of our separating—Devreux and I strolled into the Café Morel, the very café which, under the name of the Alcazar d'Été, has of late years become the arena of Thérésa's triumphs. The audience was in the act of uproariously applauding "Les Lampions," a song which, with characteristic French levity, shockingly burlesqued the political mishaps of the previous fortnight. Merely to have to listen being grotesque enough, how great then my astonishment to see Devreux launch out with a flood of applause more frantically than anybody present! "Shade of Bayard! Ghost of La Vendée! The green-bough hero of yesterday's barricade to do this! Why, the man is daft; or, for the time being, perhaps worse," I soliloquised. No. It was only a latent delicacy coming on the surface, the stimulant of the last twelve days wearing out, the cause-why going, the weights lightening, the balance unsteady. "Grattez le Russe, et vous y trouverez le Tartare," said Napoleon I., or somebody for him. Let prurient wit, self-possession, and skin-deep polish, be abstracted from our French contemporaries, and commonly you will find a sharp chap underneath, but rarely a real gentleman. "Fancy Devreux applauding 'Les Lampions!' What atrocious taste!" my English daintiness criticised. I was dumb, but beginning to see.

"Mais, pourquoi pas, mon ami? Ceux qui tombent aux barricades, y restent. Ceux qui échappent, s'en moquent. C'est de la philosophie, ça. Allez. Buvez à la chanteuse des Lampions. Elle est diablement jolie, du reste," said Devreux, filling two tumblers of moselle, and at the same time sending the fleuriste with bouquets and our compliments to Mdle. Amélie, or Louise, or whatever her name.

If a vision be imaginable of the Chevalier Bayard divesting himself of his mail to "take the gloves" with the "Benicia Boy" or the "Staley-bridge Infant," some insight may be obtained into the state of my feelings as I listen to this speech.

"Je m'en vais à la maison," I coldly answer. But no sooner are the words out of my mouth than I regret them. The poor fellow turns pale; he has a sensitive heart, no doubt; upon which I extend my hand. He does not take it. Gracious Heavens! He gets whiter and whiter, then red of a sudden, then white again. What is it?

"Comment, c'est toi! Mais, par exemple, tu t'amuses à merveille. Voilà cinq jours, que je t'attends. Sacr——!" bursts in a gruff voice close behind me. I look up, and see a toothless old gentleman in a light brown wig. Observing me, he goes away, staring very unamiably at Devreux.

"Qui est-ce?" I inquire.

"Mon oncle," growls Devreux, between his teeth. He sees I am not satisfied. We rise, and, leaving the wine and Les Lampions, proceed to seek our respective couches in disagreeable silence.

I here curtail. Next evening I had appointed to return to England. Devreux, excusing himself for the morning on the plea of business, was to dine with me and bid adieu two hours before my departure. The discovery of a change of trains, however, obliged me to try and say farewell at an earlier hour. Devreux not being at home in the Rue de la Lune, I found him at the Maison Lanchot, on the boulevards. It was neither a bank nor a counting-house, but simply one of those monster linendrapery shops, gutted from the ground to the top ceiling, such as were formerly more common in Paris than they are now. The old gentleman in the light brown wig was the chef des boutiquiers, or head-shopman, and verily uncle to Devreux, the latter being just forty-sixth shopboy, out of eighty which the establishment employed. The chef's dudgeon on the previous night was explained by Devreux having taken nearly a week's "French leave" from his post behind the counter, the nephew's entire dependency on the uncle, in their small way, furnishing only too tangible a clue to his trepidation. In shaking hands and chatting over the counter—au troisième of the Maison Lanchot—I did not remark any abashment whatever in my barricadial hero, late scion of La Vendée. Neither the Chevalier Bayard nor Les Lampions were alluded to. I said, what is still true, that I should ever foster a grateful recollection of so much kindness. Not the less glad was I to have escaped that evening's dinner.

A lady-customer coming up the spiral staircase, I had to descend abruptly. The words I heard Mon ami Pierrot make use of, as he served his customer with some superfine silk stockings, though doubtless accidental, did not want for speciality. "Madame," he said,

"C'est même ma dernière pièce."

The exact issue, as far as I was concerned. Several years elapsed ere I again visited Paris. The Maison Lanchot, which used to stand at the corner of a street unnecessary here to mention, had been included in the imperial demolitions. All traces of Mon ami Pierrot being hence lost, this deposition of the remarkable circumstances under which I fell in and fell out with him, while it cannot now offend, will, I trust, entertain.

Its moral, if any, is left to the divination of my reader.

# MYDDLETON POMFRET.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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Book the Fourth.

XIII.

PROGRESS TOWARDS RECOVERY.

IN obedience to Sophy's injunctions, Pomfret remained for some time silent. He then made an effort to raise himself, and fixed his eyes inquiringly upon her.

"I now remember what brought me here," he said. "You had sent for me. You had some communication to make to me. What is it?"

"Do not trouble yourself about me," she replied. "Let your first thoughts be directed to Heaven, for the merciful preservation of your life."

"It might have been a greater mercy if Heaven had taken me," he rejoined. "I have no desire to live."

"Oh, say not so!" she cried. "Much happiness may yet be in store for you. Brighter days, I cannot doubt, will soon dawn upon you. Can you forgive me for causing you this accident? It was in compliance with my request that you came here—to meet this dreadful disaster, which might have proved fatal."

"I have nothing to forgive you," he replied. "On the contrary, I ought to feel deep gratitude, since no doubt I owe my life to your watchfulness. I now begin to comprehend who it is that has been constantly near my couch. But tell me," he added, after a pause, "why you sent for me? What are your plans? Do not fear agitating me. I shall suffer more from my own thoughts than from anything you can say."

"I have no plans," she replied. "All my notions have been scattered by the accident that has befallen you, and I have not yet been able to collect them again."

"But in your note to Eva you said you had an important communication to make to me. What is it?"

"I would rather defer the explanation till you are better able to listen to it. I may be the means of causing you further mischief."

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"Speak! You will do me no harm."

"I shall stop instantly, if I perceive any excitement. My object in sending for you was to consult you before taking another decisive step. But my position is now worse than it was, and explanation to Mrs. Carew is unavoidable. When you were brought into the house, dangerously injured, I quite lost my presence of mind, and gave utterance to expressions that betrayed the state of my feelings in regard to you. Mrs. Carew believes you to be my husband—she supposes we have been separated—but she is utterly unacquainted with my real history. She must now know all. She must know exactly how I am circumstanced."

"Tell her all. I authorise you to do so."

"Oh! thank you for the permission. However she may act in regard to me, you may be sure she will keep your secret inviolate. It may be, when she learns how I am situated, that she will no longer think it right to offer me an asylum. In that case I must go."

"Do not take any step till I am able to counsel you and assist you. As yet, I do not feel equal to the effort. But you have not spoken to me of Eva. Has she been here?"

"No. I have written to her fully. She knows who I am."

He alarmed her, and she again enjoined silence.

He had just got composed when the door was gently opened, and the surgeon came in, followed by Mrs. Carew. As Mr. Southwood approached the bed, Sophy whispered to him,

"He is better—much better."

The surgeon proceeded to feel the patient's pulse.

"Yes, a great improvement has taken place since yesterday," he said. "The fever is quite gone. You will do now, my dear sir," he added, in a cheerful voice to Pomfret. "You will soon be out of my hands."

Mrs. Carew, who was standing near, uttered an exclamation of satisfaction which attracted the patient's attention.

"Is not that Mrs. Carew?" he inquired.

Mr. Southwood replied in the affirmative, adding, in a low voice, "The good lady has been unremitting in her attentions to you since your accident."

"I am quite aware of it," replied Pomfret. "Pray accept my heartfelt thanks for the extraordinary kindness you have shown me, madam," he added to her—"kindness which I shall never forget."

"Your gratitude is not due to me," she rejoined, "but to the lady who has nursed you. If any one has preserved your life, it is Mrs. Montfort."

"Yes, I don't know what we should have done without her," observed the surgeon. "Mrs. Montfort has been a most excellent nurse."

"Say no more, if you please, sir," interposed Sophy. "Mr. Pomfret has already expressed his gratitude to me."

Pomfret again addressed himself to Mrs. Carew.

"If you decline to accept my thanks, madam," he said, "you must allow me, at least, to express my concern for the inconvenience to which I have put you. A wounded man is a great trouble in a house."

"You have been no trouble to me, I can assure you, sir," she replied. "My only anxiety has been for your recovery. You must not think of leaving me till you are quite well."

"What do you say, sir?" inquired Pomfret of the surgeon. "I fancy I am strong enough to be moved to Hylton Castle to-day."

Mr. Southwood shook his head.

"You are not so strong as you imagine, my dear sir," he replied. "I hope shortly to authorise your removal. Meantime, you must keep quiet. You cannot be better off than here."

Signing to the ladies to follow him, he then left the room.

"Mr. Pomfret has talked rather too much, and is somewhat over-excited," he observed to Sophy, as they gained the passage. "He will be best left alone awhile."

"Is there still any danger?" she inquired, anxiously.

"None whatever. He is doing as well as possible. In a few days I shall be able to send him home perfectly cured."

From that day Pomfret gradually but slowly mended. His recovery would have been more rapid, but he missed Sophy's attendance at his couch. She came near him no more. He learnt from old Nathan, the butler, who supplied her place, that she was not well, and confined to her room. He did not even see Mrs. Carew, and this circumstance added to his uneasiness.

#### XIV.

SIR NORMAN AGAIN APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

THE groom, who brought intelligence of the accident to Hylton Castle, said that he believed his master was killed, or, at all events, so severely injured that he could not survive many hours.

On receiving this alarming news, Eva fainted away, and continued in such a nervous excitable state for some time afterwards, that neither her aunt nor Mrs. Austin liked to leave her for a moment.

Very little improvement took place in her condition until Mr. Southwood himself came to inform her that the dangerous crisis was past, and that Mr. Pomfret would recover. Her nervous ex-

citement then subsided. The surgeon had assured her that his patient was most carefully nursed by Mrs. Montfort, and was doing as well as could be expected. Though rejoicing that her guardian was so well tended, Eva could not repress a slight feeling of jealousy that another should occupy the place which she would have given worlds to fill.

A long explanatory letter, which she subsequently received from Sophy, caused a complete revulsion of feeling, and satisfied her that her guardian ought to be left entirely to the care of that devoted lady.

Thenceforward she was content with the surgeon's daily report, and with the frequent messages which she received from Mrs. Carew.

During this trying time, her walks were restricted in the park, which was now in its full autumnal beauty. Beneath the gigantic chesnuts the yellow leaves lay thick, and the long glades were carpeted in like manner. The red leaves of the beeches contrasted with the embrowned tints of the oaks, the bright gold of the chesnuts, and the paler yellow of the limes. Fresh contrasts were offered between the russet hue of the fern clothing the sides of the hill and the lively green of gorse. Perhaps the avenue had been robbed of some of its beauty by the loss of a portion of its delicate foliage, but if the leaves were gone, the exquisite tracery of the overarching branches was fully displayed.

One morning, after a lengthened stroll in the park, Eva and her aunt were returning homewards through the avenue, when a sound arrested their attention, and looking back, they descried a horseman riding in the direction of the mansion. On seeing them he quickened his pace, and Eva soon perceived, to her great surprise, that it was Sir Norman Hylton.

In another moment the young baronet came up. Instantly dismounting, he explained to Eva that he was staying in the neighbourhood with his friend Lord Huntercombe, and having accidentally learnt that very morning, to his great regret, that Mr. Myddleton Pomfret had met with a serious accident, he had ridden over to inquire after him.

Eva was able to give him the very satisfactory assurance that his friend was recovering rapidly—indeed, was almost well.

She then introduced him to her aunt, and felt constrained to invite him to enter the house.

The party then moved on in that direction, Sir Norman leading his horse, as he walked by Eva's side.

"I hear you have done a great deal to the old place," he remarked, "and I am sure much was needed to render it habitable. There was a sort of understanding that I should not come here during your stay, but my anxiety about Pomfret must plead my excuse

for breaking the compact. If I had not chanced upon you, I should merely have made inquiries at the door."

"Your old housekeeper would never have forgiven my niece if you had done so, Sir Norman," observed Mrs. Daventry. "She is constantly wishing you could see the place."

"I hope you like it," he rejoined, smiling. "I am very proud of this avenue. I believe it to be the finest in England. But all the timber in the park looks to advantage just now, with the autumn tints upon the leaves. Don't you think so?"

"I am enchanted both with the park and the castle," replied Eva. "I was perfectly happy here till this disaster befel my guardian."

"Mr. Pomfret's accident was a great shock to my niece, Sir Norman," remarked Mrs. Daventry.

"It must have been," he rejoined. "Miss Bracebridge is not looking quite so blooming as when I last saw her in Switzerland. But the roses will soon return, I make no doubt."

They seemed to return at once, for Eva's pale cheek flushed at the observation.

They were now approaching the mansion, and as Sir Norman gazed around, he acknowledged that a wonderful improvement had been made in the place. Perceiving a man at work in the garden, he gave his horse to him, and entered the house with the ladies.

## XV.

### MRS. AUSTIN'S ADVICE TO HER YOUNG MASTER.

GREAT was Mrs. Austin's delight on beholding her young master, and he appeared equally well pleased to see the good old dame, and shook hands with her very cordially. Eva then desired the old housekeeper to take Sir Norman over the house, adding, that by the time he had completed the survey, luncheon would be served.

Needless to say that the young baronet would much rather have stayed with Eva. However, he resigned himself to the old housekeeper, and commenced an inspection of the place.

While looking over one of the lower rooms, and showing him what had been done, Mrs. Austin, who had been accustomed to make free with him when he was younger, began to descant on Eva's amiability and beauty, and found the young baronet a very willing listener.

"Ah! Sir Norman, I wish you would cast your eyes in this direction," she cried. "Miss Bracebridge has everything to recommend her. Of her beauty I need say nothing, and she must be rich, for you see what an establishment she keeps up. I say *she* keeps up, for Mr. Pomfret takes good care to let the servants

understand that she is their mistress. Now, Sir Norman, with all these recommendations, don't you think she would suit you?"

"Most certainly she would, Austin," he replied, with a forced laugh. "Unluckily, her affections are otherwise engaged."

"I think you must be mistaken. Ever since she has been here I have not seen a single suitor, or heard of one; nor has her maid Susan—and we've had a little confidential chat on the subject."

"And you have both come to the conclusion that Miss Bracebridge has no attachment, eh?"

"Well, I can't say that exactly, Sir Norman. Susan will have it that the young lady is in love with her guardian, but I'm sure she's wrong."

"Susan is more quick-sighted than you, Austin," said Sir Norman, gravely. "Sit down for a moment," he added, flinging himself into a chair. "I want to have a little confidential chat with you, myself. So Susan thinks Miss Bracebridge is in love with her guardian, eh?"

"I can't see it, Sir Norman," rejoined the housekeeper, taking a seat as requested. "But if it is so—as I very much doubt—her affection is not reciprocated. Mr. Pomfret is a very handsome gentleman, and likely enough to win a young lady's affections if he were inclined, but his manner towards his ward is quite that of a father. Susan herself has made the same remark. You needn't fear him. He has no idea of marrying his ward. He is very seldom here, and leaves the management of the house entirely to Miss Braebridge and to me."

"She must have been greatly shocked by the accident that has befallen him?" remarked Sir Norman. "She still looks ill."

"Yes, we heard that the poor gentleman was so dangerously hurt that he couldn't survive, and the shock was too much for her. Poor dear young lady! she took on sadly. If her guardian had been really killed, I believe she would have died."

"What does that prove, Austin?"

"That she loves him like a daughter."

"Not exactly. Has she seen him since the accident?"

"No. Circumstances have prevented her. She prefers keeping away from the house."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Norman, surprised. "Why?"

"I can't tell you," she replied. Though she looked as if she could.

He then desired her to give him full particulars of the accident, and listened to what she told him with deep interest. He was well acquainted with Mrs. Carew, but had never heard of Mrs. Montfort. The old housekeeper, however, could give him no information respecting the latter.

The questions he asked about Eva, combined with his manner,



convinced Mrs. Austin that he was greatly interested in the young lady.

"I am quite sure you need not despair of winning Miss Bracebridge's hand, Sir Norman," she said.

"Shall I let you into a secret, Austin?" he rejoined. "I know I can trust you. I have been refused already. And the cause of my refusal, I ascertained, beyond a doubt, was that Miss Bracebridge is attached to her guardian."

"When did this occur, Sir Norman, may I venture to ask?" she inquired.

"When I was in Switzerland—only six weeks ago," he replied. "So you see my case is hopeless."

"I don't think so," she returned. "I advise you to renew your suit. You have a much better chance now. Possibly, Miss Bracebridge may have been secretly attached to her guardian at that time. I won't pretend to say. But of this I am certain, she had no encouragement from him. He is far too honourable to have deceived her."

"What on earth do you mean, Austin?"

"I can't explain myself more clearly. Whatever Miss Bracebridge's sentiments towards her guardian may have been at that time, they have changed since."

"Are you quite certain of what you state?"

"Quite certain: Since Mr. Pomfret's accident she has made a discovery that must have completely extinguished any foolish notions she may have entertained. I call them 'foolish notions,' because, as I have just said, she could never have had the slightest encouragement from Mr. Pomfret. You must not ask me to give you any further explanation. But circumstances have come to my knowledge that enable me to declare positively that Miss Bracebridge can never think of Mr. Pomfret as a husband. If your supposition, therefore, is correct, and he is the person who stood in your way, you need have no fear."

"You amaze me!" cried Sir Norman, unable to conceal his satisfaction. "I fancy I understand the discovery that Eva has made. No doubt her sentiments have undergone a complete change. You have indeed revived my hopes."

"You must act with caution, and on no account allow Miss Bracebridge to suspect that you have obtained any information from me. I am betraying no confidence, but still——"

"Fear no imprudence on my part, Austin," he interrupted, joyfully. "When I came here I had not a hope, but I now feel sanguine of success. You can serve me most materially in the matter."

"You know that you can calculate on me, Sir Norman; and I hope I may be instrumental in obtaining you a charming wife. You have certainly come at the right moment."

"Yes, I begin to think that this time fate will befriend me," he cried.

Here their conference was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who came to inform Sir Norman that luncheon was served.

The young baronet immediately arose, and with a significant look at Mrs. Austin proceeded to the dining-room, where he found Eva and her aunt.

## XVI.

### MRS. DAVENTRY'S ADVICE TO HER NIECE.

WHILE Sir Norman was occupied with the old housekeeper, as described in the foregoing chapter, Mrs. Daventry was sounding his praises to her niece.

"I was not prepared to find him so agreeable as he turns out," remarked the elder lady. "As I looked at him just now, when he joined us in the avenue, and thought of his gallant conduct in your behalf, I could not help wondering how you could possibly have refused so very handsome a man."

"I refused him simply because I did not like him well enough to accept him, aunt. I admit that he is very handsome, remarkably well bred, spirited, agreeable—even clever—but I can never think of him as a husband."

"Well, my dear, I can only express my surprise. But perhaps you may now change your mind. Unless I am very much mistaken, he still cherishes a regard for you."

"If I thought so, aunt, I would not see him again, but leave you to entertain him at luncheon. There is no likelihood whatever that my sentiments towards him will undergo a change, and that he perfectly understands."

"But it is impossible you can dislike him, my love."

"I don't say that I dislike him, aunt. I am simply indifferent to him. But please don't tease me any more about him, or I shall positively carry out my threat, and not appear at luncheon."

"You will never do so rude a thing as that, my dear. If Sir Norman has not been able entirely to conquer his passion for you, as I think is pretty evident, you ought to feel pity for him, not anger."

"He has no business to come here at all," said Eva, affecting a displeasure which she really did not feel. "He has done so contrary to his promise made at the Beau-Rivage, when he distinctly said that he wouldn't come near the house while we occupied it, unless invited. He knew very well that he would never be invited."

"He came to inquire after Mr. Pomfret, my love, and for no other reason, as he expressly stated. I am convinced there was

no design of intrusion on his part. The tell-tale blood mounted to his cheek and proclaimed the state of his heart when he first spoke to you, but I am sure he did not utter a word of which you can justly complain. Really, he is such a charming man, that I wish I could prevail upon you to look upon him more kindly."

"My dear aunt, you are more pertinacious than Mr. Pomfret, who pleaded Sir Norman's cause so warmly."

"Did Mr. Pomfret plead his cause?" inquired Mrs. Daventry, rather surprised.

"To be sure. I thought you understood that. Mr. Pomfret was most anxious to make up the match. He gave me no peace during the whole time we were at the Beau-Rivage, but was perpetually dinning Sir Norman's praises into my ear."

"And why didn't you listen to what your guardian said, my love? He gave you excellent advice. Any one having your welfare really at heart would have given you similar counsel. Now that I have seen Sir Norman, I think it a thousand pities you should have rejected him. But it is not too late to retrieve the error. Very little encouragement on your part will bring him round again."

Eva shook her head, as much as to say she couldn't do it.

"Can you find any fault with him?" pursued Mrs. Daventry. "Is he not young, spirited, handsome, distinguished-looking? Is he not of a good old family? Has he not a title? Is he not owner of the very mansion in which you are residing, and which you like so much? Do not the noble domains which we view from these windows belong to him? In a word, has he not a hundred recommendations, and not a single drawback, that I can perceive?"

"All this is very true, aunt. Sir Norman is unexceptionable. But I don't care for him."

"But you *will* care for him. Give him a chance of winning your affections. But if you behave coldly to him now, you will chill him effectually, and he may retire altogether."

"I hope he has retired, aunt."

"Now, be a good girl, and do as I tell you. You may have had reasons for your former refusal of him, which don't exist now."

"What do you mean, aunt?" cried Eva, turning crimson.

"Nay, I really meant nothing particular, my dear. I want you to consider well before you entirely throw away this charming young baronet. I should dearly like to see you Lady Hylton."

## XVII.

## REVIVAL OF THE FLAME.

It was quite evident, from the young baronet's manner during luncheon, that the fire which had been smouldering in his bosom was called into fresh activity.

Without loss of time, and to the great delight of Mrs. Daventry, who proved a most useful auxiliary, he began to lay siege to Eva. Though twice repulsed before, and with serious loss, he thought—now that the most important obstacle was removed—that he should succeed in storming the citadel. It was impossible, however, as he soon discovered, to take it by a coup de main.

Whether Eva was really influenced by her aunt's counsel while feigning not to heed it, or whether Sir Norman had at last seized a more favourable moment than had hitherto been presented to him, he certainly did not meet with a decided rebuff. The young lady listened to him with more interest than she had ever previously manifested, and whenever a word could be advantageously thrown in, Mrs. Daventry supplied it. The enamoured young baronet took care to make the idol of his affections understand that she had been the cause of bringing him back to England.

"When you left the Beau-Rivage," he said, "the place appeared so dull that I could not remain there. So, as soon as I was able to travel, I moved off to Paris. There I found lots of acquaintances, and all sorts of distraction, and tried desperately hard to conquer the ennui that had taken possession of me, but in vain. I got tired of the boulevards, tired of the Bois, tired of the cafés, tired of the theatres, tired of my friends, tired of myself."

"You must have been in a desperate plight, Sir Norman," remarked Mrs. Daventry. "I wonder you are here to tell the tale."

"Yes, it is a marvel that I was not found in the Morgue. I had serious thoughts of throwing myself into the Seine. Finding Paris do me no good—indeed it made me worse, for such noisy gaiety was intolerable in my then frame of mind—I considered where I should go next: to Vienna, St. Petersburg, Madrid, or Seville? Unable to decide, in a fit of despair I hurried off to London."

"A change for the better, I hope?" remarked Mrs. Daventry.

"I didn't find it so, and was just on the point of starting for Scotland, when I got a letter from Huntercombe, asking me to come down to his place for a week's shooting. For certain reasons, this suited me better than Scotland, and I accepted the invitation. I found the house full of company. Huntercombe's preserves are famously stocked, he is a delightful host, and Lady Huntercombe,

—who, by-the-by, is a near relative of my own—is a charming person, lively, spiritual, witty. You ought to know her, Miss Bracebridge. She would be enchanted to make your acquaintance. Well, with good shooting, with an agreeable host and hostess, with so many pleasant people about me, so many pretty girls to flirt with, if I wanted to flirt, I ought to have regained my spirits, but I didn't. Just as melancholy as ever. Nothing amused me. Huntercombe noticed my gloom, and rallied me unmercifully upon it, and her ladyship said I must be suffering from a heart complaint. I had unmistakable symptoms, she declared, of a very severe attack."

"Well, if her ladyship's opinion of the case is correct, and I suppose it must be," remarked Mrs. Daventry, "it is to be hoped that the malady won't terminate fatally."

"Little fear of that, aunt," observed Eva. "Sir Norman gives a very deplorable account of himself, but his looks scarcely bear out his statement."

"I mustn't be judged by my present appearance," he said. "Had you seen me at breakfast, you would have commiserated me. I had no end of sympathy from the young ladies present, expressed in the most flattering terms."

"I can scarcely add my sympathy to theirs," rejoined Eva. "You seem to have recovered very quickly."

"No wonder. I have at last found a specific for my malady."

Mrs. Daventry smiled, but Eva affected not to understand him.

"I see you don't believe that I have been so wretched as I have stated," he continued. "On my honour, for the last six weeks—ever since you quitted the Beau-Rivage, in fact—life has been a burden to me. As I have told you, I could not amuse myself either in Paris or London. Nothing interested me or excited me. Till I came here to-day I was a prey to despair. I am better now; and shall get quite well, if I don't have a relapse."

"I trust you are in no danger of that, Sir Norman," remarked Mrs. Daventry, with a smile. "Since this visit to Hylton Castle has been of service to you, I hope you will ride over frequently while you are in the neighbourhood. We shall always be delighted to see you."

"May I come?" said Sir Norman, with a supplicating look at Eva.

"Certainly, if it will do you good," she replied. "My aunt will always be glad to see you, and I hope poor Mr. Pomfret will be back in a few days."

"Then you still think my illness imaginary? I would rather have had poor Pomfret's accident than suffer as I have done. How fortunate he was to find so excellent a nurse! Pray, who is Mrs. Montfort, who has devoted herself so much to him?"

Perceptibly embarrassed by the question, Eva merely replied,

"A very amiable lady, who is residing with Mrs. Carew."

"Very interesting — young, and extremely pretty," added Mrs. Daventry.

"A young widow, I suppose?" inquired Sir Norman.

"I can't say," replied Mrs. Daventry. "I have only just seen her when we have called on Mrs. Carew. But I was greatly struck by her appearance."

"Mrs. Montfort has had many misfortunes," said Eva. "She is in a position of most painful perplexity, and it seems as if ill luck constantly attended her. Mr. Pomfret rode over one morning to offer her aid and advice, and met with this dreadful accident."

"That is strange indeed," remarked Sir Norman, gravely. "From what you say, a fatality seems to attend the poor lady. It is evident that you take a strong interest in her. Can I be of any service to her?"

Eva shook her head.

"She had found a home with Mrs. Carew," she said; "but I fear she will be obliged to leave it."

"How so?" inquired Sir Norman. But he checked himself, and added, "Excuse me. Don't answer the question, unless you like."

"You may be quite sure that Mrs. Montfort has good reasons for leaving so kind a friend as Mrs. Carew," said Eva. "But though I know her motives for the step, I cannot explain them."

There was a slight pause. In order to change the subject, Sir Norman said:

"Does Pomfret still adhere to his design of returning to Madras?"

"I cannot say. He has postponed his departure from time to time. And now, perhaps, he may postpone it altogether."

"Well, you will be glad of that?"

"I shall be very sorry, of course, to lose him; still, I think he ought to go. He has important affairs to attend to there."

"Aha! here's a change indeed!" thought Sir Norman. "Mrs. Austin was quite right.—Do you still wish to go back with him?" he asked.

"No. I have changed my mind. I no longer desire to revisit India. Mr. Pomfret dissuaded me from accompanying him, and now I wouldn't go if he would let me."

"Well, I think you are quite right. But may I venture to ask what has caused this change of opinion?"

"I don't know what has caused it. But I certainly shall not return to Madras with Mr. Pomfret."

"Come!" thought Sir Norman. "That's decisive. Well, I hope he won't start for a month or so," he added, aloud. "I have some arrangements to make with him."

"About this house?" she inquired.

"Partly," he rejoined, with a certain significance that did not escape Mrs. Daventry. "But let me say at once," he hastened to add, "if you have the slightest desire to prolong your stay beyond Christmas, the place shall be at your disposal."

"You are excessively kind. But I may be keeping you out of the house. What will you do?"

"Oh! never mind me," he rejoined. "You must let me come and see it occasionally—that's all."

Mrs. Daventry smiled, and her countenance wore an expression that implied a good deal, though she made no remark.

"I shall hear what Mr. Pomfret has to say when he comes back," observed Eva. "I must be guided by him."

"If you desire to stay," said Sir Norman, looking fixedly at her, "I don't think there will be any difficulty on your guardian's part, and certainly none on mine."

Eva cast down her eyes, and made no reply to this remarkably gallant speech.

Matters seemed to be going on so well, that Mrs. Daventry thought it best not to interfere.

## XVIII.

### THE LEGEND OF DAME ALMERIA.

"YOU have not told me one thing, Miss Bracebridge," remarked Sir Norman, after a pause. "Have you seen the ghost?"

"The ghost!" exclaimed Mrs. Daventry. "You don't mean to say the house is haunted?"

"Don't be alarmed, aunt," remarked Eva, smiling. "I sleep in the haunted chamber, and have never been disturbed. Sir Norman pretends that he has seen the ghost more than once, but I can't believe him. I suppose there is some story connected with your castle spectre?" she added, glancing at him.

"A story that forms the darkest page in our family annals," he replied. "You shall hear it. My ancestor, Sir Digby Hylton, who flourished in the time of James I., and enjoyed the favour of that monarch, had a remarkably beautiful wife, of whom he had the misfortune to be jealous. It cannot be denied that Dame Almeria gave him cause for jealousy, for he intercepted a billet to her from the Earl of Southampton, which appeared to confirm his worst suspicions. But this cannot extenuate his conduct, though it may explain it. Much against her will, and sorely to the annoyance of her numerous admirers, and of the enamoured Earl of Southampton in particular, the lovely Almeria

was removed from court, brought down to this castle, confined to her chamber, and rigorously watched by her lord."

"Served her quite right, I think," remarked Mrs. Daventry.

"Yes, if that had been all, Sir Digby's conduct might perhaps be excusable," returned Sir Norman, "but he went a little too far. Not unnaturally, Dame Almeria tried to escape from her thralldom, but she could not elude Sir Digby's vigilance, and he threatened, if she made another attempt, to shut her up in a dungeon, which still exists in the lower part of the castle."

"I have seen the dungeon," said Eva, with a shudder, "and a dreadful place it is. Surely Sir Digby could never have had the barbarity to carry out his threat?"

"You shall hear," replied Sir Norman. "Failing in her attempts to escape, Dame Almeria was indiscreet enough to write a letter to the Earl of Southampton, detailing her sufferings, and imploring him to liberate her from her tyrant lord. The letter fell into the hands of Sir Digby, and so incensed him, that, with the aid of a devoted groom, he tied a sheet round her face in order to stifle her cries, and then dragged her down a secret staircase to the dungeon. There he left her alone, as he said, to commune with herself and repent. I won't harrow your feelings by attempting to paint the frightful anguish which she must have endured. Enough to state the result. When Sir Digby visited her next day, a terrible spectacle was presented to him. The unfortunate lady had attempted to lay violent hands upon herself, but she still lived. Her senses, however, were gone, and her raven locks had become white. Filled with remorse, Sir Digby instantly conveyed her to her own room, and would have tended her in person, but his presence inspired her with such horror that he did not dare to come near her. To make an end of this tragical story, I must state that the ill-starred dame never recovered. After lingering for a few months, bereft alike of reason and of her personal charms, death released her."

"A tragical story indeed," said Eva. "But what happened to Sir Digby? I hope he was properly punished for his cruelty."

"He was killed at the battle of Naseby. His compunction, however, does not appear to have been lasting. He married again, but took care to choose a wife whose personal attractions should not cause him disquietude. But I now come to the supernatural part of my story. Shall I proceed?"

"By all means," cried both ladies. "Pray go on."

"After Dame Almeria's death, Sir Digby caused the apartment in which the sad occurrence took place to be shut up. A report soon spread among the household that the chamber was haunted. Strange noises were heard within it at dead of night, and those who were bold enough to watch declared that they had seen the door, which they knew to be locked, fly open, and a female



figure, draped in a white garment that looked like a winding-sheet, glide forth, and pass down the secret staircase. Following the phantom, they saw it reach the door of the dungeon, and then disappear. Such is the legend. The secret staircase, I may say, has been long walled up, so that Dame Almeria has had no opportunity of late years of continuing her midnight rambles in that direction. But a fruitless attempt was made to lay the ghost with the other restless sprites in the Red Sea. The spirit could not be exorcised. Not one, I believe, of Sir Digby's male descendants, myself included, who has slept in the haunted chamber, but has seen Dame Almeria. I have seen her twice. On both occasions I beheld—or fancied I beheld, for of course I might have been dreaming—a female figure swathed from head to foot in a winding-sheet."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Daventry. "I declare I wouldn't sleep in the room for the world."

"I am not the least afraid," observed Eva. "While professing to have seen his ancestress, Sir Norman admits that he might have been dreaming at the time."

"You want to spoil my ghost story," he rejoined, laughing. "But I can assure you it is a veritable family legend."

"I suppose my maid Susan has heard of Dame Almeria, though I charged Mrs. Austin not to tell her about the ghost," said Eva. "She positively refuses to sleep in the dressing-room."

## XIX.

### ON THE TERRACE.

ALMOST immediately afterwards they quitted the dining-room, and walked out upon the yew-tree terrace.

By a lucky accident, Sir Norman was left alone with Eva for a few minutes, Mrs. Daventry being obliged to re-enter the house for some trifling matter that she required. Of course the opportunity was not neglected by the young baronet.

"Do not be angry with me, Miss Bracebridge," he said, "if I once again entreat you to listen to me. In what I have just said there was not the slightest exaggeration. I have found it utterly impossible to conquer my passion for you. I love you as devotedly as ever,—nay, do not check me, I entreat. Do not cast me off without a word. Do not condemn me to hopeless misery. Give me a chance of winning your affections."

"Were I to grant your request you would gain nothing by it," she rejoined. "Best forget me. You have suffered, no doubt. But the worst is over. Unrequited love may be conquered. Of that I am quite sure."

"You speak as if from conviction," said Sir Norman, unable to repress a pang. "My own experience proves the contrary. Love, deeply rooted, cannot be torn from the heart. I have made the attempt, and failed. Forgive me if I venture to allude to what you have just said. I trust I shall not give you pain or displeasure if I say that I guess the import of your speech. Love like mine is quick sighted. When you rejected me, I felt certain you nourished a secret passion. I told your guardian so."

"You told him!" she cried, turning crimson.

"I did not know as much then as I know now, or I should not have been so indiscreet. But since you confess that your heart is free, let me have the chance of winning it."

She shook her head.

"I will not allow my affections to be again fettered, if I can help it. I am much happier as I am, and mean to continue so."

"Remember that the love you felt was unrequited. That makes all the difference. I ask only to become your suitor. At any time you can dismiss me."

"But will you take a dismissal?" she cried, laughingly. "It would seem not."

"I will retire at the slightest word. But I am sanguine enough to believe that you will never utter that word."

"One stipulation I make before assenting, and I expect rigorous adherence to it. You are not to talk to me of love."

"Rather a hard condition that. But I agree."

"Another stipulation. You are not to speak to my guardian on the subject—without my express permission."

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me for a reason. Do you agree?"

"Oh, certainly. I will agree to anything you impose."

"Since you agree generally to obey my behests, I need not make any further conditions. But understand. I hold out no hopes, and if you are disappointed—as very likely you may be, notwithstanding your sanguine expectations of success—you will have no right to complain."

"That is perfectly understood. If I fail now, I won't complain."

At this moment Mrs. Daventry was seen descending the steps leading to the terrace. They went to meet her.

"The groom has just returned from Mrs. Carew's," she said. "Mr. Pomfret is going on most favourably. We shall soon have him back."

Naturally, this satisfactory report gladdened the hearers. The party then took a few turns upon the terrace. The conversation that occurred is scarcely worth repeating, but the young baronet's animated manner and joyous expression convinced Mrs. Daventry that he had not been repulsed. At last the ladies re-

entered the house, and then Sir Norman felt that he must tear himself away.

Mrs. Austin had a word to say to him on his departure, and was enchanted to learn that he was coming over again next day. With a lightened heart he rode back through the avenue.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Daventry to her niece, as soon as he was gone, "I am now quite sure that it will be your own fault if you are not Lady Hylton. Shall I tell you what passed through my mind when I watched you and the handsome young baronet as you were walking on the terrace just now?"

"No, don't aunt. I won't listen to it. I am sure it's some silly nonsense."

## XX.

### SOPHY SEEKS REFUGE AT HYLTON CASTLE.

How Eva spent the rest of the day, and how she got through the evening, it boots not to inquire. She retired to her room early. She had made light of the grim legend of Dame Almeria, but it now recurred to her, and caused a sensation of something approaching to terror.

Susan, having performed her duties, had withdrawn and left her mistress alone. The chamber looked unusually gloomy, and as Eva gazed around it, superstitious fears, such as she had never before experienced, began to assail her. She was only deterred by very shame from recalling her maid.

All at once a slight sound caught her ear, and she almost ceased to breathe while listening to it. The door of the dressing-room, which had been recently occupied by Susan, was locked, and as she had every reason to believe, no one was there. But she now distinctly heard a slight noise within the room, as if some one was trying to open the door.

She was dreadfully frightened. Her superstitious fears had given place to well-founded alarm. Some one must be concealed in the chamber. Still, she felt safe, for the door was locked, and the key was on her side. She could see it as she held up her taper.

As she listened, there was a tapping against the door. After a while it ceased. She was then about to quit the chamber, when the tapping recommenced, and she fancied she could distinguish a voice.

She paused, and again listened.

The tapping became louder and more importunate, and she felt certain that she heard her own name pronounced by a female voice.

Instantly her courage was restored. Stepping towards the door, she called out in firm accents, "Who is it?"

"'Tis I!" rejoined the voice. "Pray open the door."

Eva recognised the voice, and, though surprised beyond measure, did not hesitate a moment.

She unlocked the door, and there stood Sophy.

The poor lady was in walking attire, and her looks showed that she was in great distress.

"Is it really Mrs. Montfort?" cried Eva.

"Yes, it is really your unhappy friend," replied Sophy. "You will think it strange that I should appear before you in this manner, but for reasons which I will proceed to explain, I wished my visit to the castle to be secret. I came here this evening, saw Mrs. Austin, and was conducted by her privily to the room from which you have just liberated me. She left me there, promising to return, but I suppose she has been prevented."

"I have seen nothing of her," replied Eva. "But I retired much earlier than usual. Possibly she may yet come. But now let me know the motive of this secret visit. Has anything happened? Can I help you? Put my friendship to the proof. You shall not find me wanting. If you require another asylum, you shall have it here."

"Your kindness quite overcomes me," said Sophy, in accents of profound emotion. "It is more than I deserve."

"How can I do otherwise than pity you, now that I know your history?" cried Eva—"now that I know the full extent of the wrong you have endured—of the perfidy of which you have been the victim? How can I do otherwise than feel for you, when I know whose wife you have been—whose wife you are!"

"You may imagine the effort it cost me to detail to you the whole of my miserable story," replied Sophy. "But after Julian's accident I felt it was absolutely necessary you should know the entire truth, and then you could act as you might see fit. I think I was justified in revealing his secret to you, even without his consent being first obtained, because without such knowledge you might have continued in a delusion. After the confidence you had unwittingly reposed in me, I could not allow you to remain in ignorance of the truth."

"I thank you a thousand times," cried Eva. "You have enabled me most effectually to crush a foolish passion, in which you were aware I had indulged. Poor Mr. Pomfret—I dare not call him Julian—I pity him from the bottom of my heart—but I love him no longer."

"Would he could be released from the ties that still unhappily bind him to me!" ejaculated Sophy. "His freedom would be cheaply purchased by so miserable a life as mine. But Heaven will not listen to my prayers, and take me hence!"

"Do not talk thus," cried Eva. "But tell me why you have come here."

"Dear Mrs. Carew's house is no longer a secure asylum for me, and I am compelled to fly from it. You are aware that Captain Musgrave has discovered my retreat, and has stripped me of all my resources?"

"Yes. What more?"

"He promised me solemnly, when I gave him all I possessed, that he would never molest me again. But what is a promise to him? He has written to say that he must see me, and that if I decline to receive him secretly as before, he will force himself into my presence. After this, what was left me but flight? Were I to remain with Mrs. Carew, I should never be free from his persecution. I took counsel with her. I told her all. I showed her Musgrave's last letter, and she agreed with me that there was no other alternative but flight. But she advised me to see you before putting my plan into execution, and it is at her suggestion that I have come here to-night. I came here secretly, so that my movements may not be traced; but I have been obliged to make a confidante of Mrs. Austin. Indeed, I found that she was already acquainted with my unhappy story."

"I have related it to her," replied Eva. "She is perfectly trustworthy. Mrs. Carew was quite right in advising you to come to me. Here you can have a safe asylum. No one but Mrs. Austin need know that you are in the house. If you can reconcile yourself to such an arrangement for a time, you can easily be concealed in some out-of-the-way room. There are plenty to spare. Indeed, more than half the house is unoccupied. No one visits these deserted rooms but Mrs. Austin, so that, I repeat, you will be perfectly safe."

"Nothing can suit me better than such an arrangement," replied Sophy.

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Austin entered the room.

"You have released the prisoner, I see, miss," observed the old housekeeper. "I should have been here long ago, but I have been preparing a little room in the untenanted wing of the house, and I couldn't get it ready sooner. I've not been able to fit it up properly, but it may serve for to-night, and I'll make it more comfortable to-morrow, if Mrs. Montfort stays with us."

"She will stay," replied Eva. "But no one but yourself must know that she is an inmate of the castle."

"Oh, I'll take care of that," said Mrs. Austin. "No danger whatever of discovery, if proper precautions are taken. No one can enter that wing of the house without coming to me for the keys. Mrs. Montfort, I'll engage, will be quite safe there. But if she were to pass the night in your dressing-room, Susan would be sure to find it out, and then the story would be all over the house directly."

"No doubt," said Sophy.

"We will do the best we can to alleviate your confinement," observed Eva. "I will spend as much time with you as possible, and bring you books and newspapers, and everything I can think of, calculated to cheer your solitude."

"The thought that I am free from the persecution to which I have been subjected, will make me feel quite happy," said Sophy. "I shall not heed the confinement. It will afford me plenty of time for meditation."

"Somewhat too much, I fear," remarked Eva.

"No, not too much," she rejoined. "I have renounced the world, and therefore solitude suits me. I shall look upon myself as a recluse."

"Let us go to the room at once," cried Eva. "I am impatient to see it."

"With your permission, miss, I'll just put together a few things which Mrs. Montfort may require for the night," observed Mrs. Austin.

"Take whatever you think proper," cried Eva. "My wardrobe is entirely at her service."

Mrs. Austin, having made all preparations she thought needful, and put together a tolerably large bundle of things, went out to reconnoitre, but returned almost instantly to say that nobody was stirring, and that Mrs. Montfort might proceed to her room with perfect safety.

The old housekeeper did not carry a light, nor would she allow either of the ladies to take one, lest it might betray them, so they had to move along in total darkness.

To Eva this did not much signify, since she was familiar with the place; but Sophy was glad to take the hand extended to her by her companion.

After proceeding to some distance slowly and cautiously along the corridor, they turned into a passage on the left, leading, as Eva was aware, to the deserted wing.

Unlocking a door at the end of the passage, the old housekeeper admitted them into a vast but totally dismantled room. The windows being without curtains or blinds, the prudence of Mrs. Austin's injunction became apparent, as, if they had carried a light, their movements might have been discerned from without.

Hastily traversing a suite of unfurnished rooms, they entered another passage, mounted a short spiral staircase, and then reached the little chamber destined for Sophy's occupation.

The walls were panelled with black lustrous oak, and reflected the radiance of a cheerful fire that burnt in the grate. The chief furniture consisted of a small table, a couple of chairs, and a sofa, on which a bed had been extemporised. In other respects the room was sufficiently furnished for the purpose to which it was put.

"This was Sir Norman's room when he was a boy," remarked Mrs. Austin, "and I sleep in it occasionally myself. I can reach it without going through the dismantled rooms we have just traversed, but I thought it safer to take that course to-night. You needn't be afraid of damp linen, ma'am," she added to Sophy. "The sheets are perfectly well aired, and the blankets are from my own bed. To-morrow I will make you more comfortable. You will find wine and biscuits in that basket, and I will come betimes in the morning to prepare your breakfast."

The old housekeeper then busied herself in arranging and spreading out the various things which she had brought from Eva's room, and while she was thus employed, the two ladies, who had sat down near the fire, conversed together in a low tone.

At last Mrs. Austin's task being completed, Eva thought it time to depart. Affectionately embracing Sophy, she bade her good night, promising to come and see her in the morning. While taking her departure, the old housekeeper pointed out that the door could be bolted inside.

Sophy was then left alone, and making fast the door, knelt down beside her couch to pray.

## XXI.

### WHAT PASSED BETWEEN POMFRET AND MRS. CAREW.

POMFRET was now so much better that the surgeon told him, one morning, that he might return to Hylton Castle when he pleased. On receiving this permission, the wounded man made immediate preparations for his departure, and had just completed them when old Nathan informed him that his mistress would like to see him. He at once obeyed the summons, and, accompanied by the butler, proceeded to the drawing-room, where he found Mrs. Carew alone. His changed appearance and extreme debility could not fail to excite the kind old lady's compassion. His attire hung loosely upon him, and the ghastly pallor of his visage was heightened by the black silk skull-cap which covered his head.

Mrs. Carew rose to meet him as he entered the room, and, after assisting the old butler to place him in an easy-chair, sat down beside him. This arrangement made, Nathan quitted the room.

After expressing in a very earnest manner his deep obligations to the old lady, Pomfret said, "I hoped to have found Mrs. Montfort with you, madam, but as I may not see her before my departure, I must beg you to express my gratitude to her, and in the strongest terms."

"You owe a far deeper debt of gratitude to her than to me, Mr. Pomfret," said Mrs. Carew, gravely. "Under Heaven, she has been the means of saving your life."

"I am quite aware of it," he replied, deeply moved.

After a short pause, he added:

"May I venture to ask, madam, whether Mrs. Montfort has made any communication to you?"

"She has told me all," replied the old lady, regarding him steadfastly.

Pomfret averted his gaze. He could not bear her searching looks.

"She has fully explained her cruel situation to me," pursued Mrs. Carew. "Need I tell you that I pity her from the bottom of my heart? Before that explanation, I took a wholly different view of the matter. I had learnt enough from Sophy's wild expressions, when she thought you mortally hurt, to be sure that you were her husband, and I hoped that the differences which I fancied might exist between you would be reconciled. It was a vain hope. I now know the whole truth, and am aware that reunion is impossible."

A deep groan broke from Pomfret.

"It is a sad business indeed," pursued the old lady; "but you must forgive me if I say that you are to blame. The miserable position in which poor Sophy is placed is attributable entirely to your conduct."

"You judge me severely, madam," said Pomfret.

"Not too severely," she replied. "I love Sophy as dearly as a daughter, and my language is such as a mother would employ. You are the main cause, I repeat, of her misery. You put her to a trial to which no woman ought to be subjected. You led her to believe that you had destroyed yourself—nay, more, she was persuaded that you had committed the fatal act before her own eyes. It is wonderful to me that she survived the shock. For years you allowed her to mourn you as dead. Was such conduct consistent with good feeling or affection? Was it justifiable on any ground? What might have been the consequences? True, Sophy performed the part of a devoted wife, and really remained faithful to your memory, but you had no right to count upon such fidelity. How many years of needless and profitless anxiety would a few words have saved her? Yet they were never uttered. You allowed her to consume her young life in unavailing grief."

"Spare me, madam—in pity, spare me!" cried Pomfret.

"Your excuse is, that you were engaged in making a fortune for the wife whom you had thus abandoned," pursued the unrelenting old lady. "I can perfectly understand the peculiar feelings by which you were actuated, but I consider your conduct as in the highest degree reprehensible. Morally, you are responsible for all the sad consequences that have ensued. When you first wrote to her from Madras you ought to have avowed the truth; but, instead of doing so, you resorted to further mystification,



and created the very difficulties in which she became involved. To you the consequences are calamitous enough, but to poor Sophy they are fatal. She is placed in the power of a villain, from whom there is no escape. Great as is her wrong, she is without hope of redress."

"The wrong cannot be redressed, but she can be protected from further annoyance," said Pomfret. "And this must be done effectually. You say you love her as a daughter. Will you allow her to remain with you?"

"This house is no longer a secure asylum for her," rejoined Mrs. Carew.

"She is safer here than elsewhere," cried Pomfret. "Let me see her. I can easily convince her of that."

"I will not keep you longer in suspense," rejoined the old lady. "She is gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Pomfret, as if a violent blow had been dealt him. "Gone! without consulting me. But no! I cannot believe it. She would not leave you—her best friend."

"The step is taken, and by my advice," rejoined Mrs. Carew. "She has left this house. I would not allow her to consult you, lest her resolution might be shaken."

"You did wrong, madam," cried Pomfret, sternly. "You blame me, and justly, for what has already occurred, but if any fresh misfortunes arise, you will be responsible for them. Whither is she gone?"

"You must excuse my answering that question," rejoined the old lady.

"But she has no funds!" cried Pomfret. "She has been plundered by Musgrave of all her resources."

"You need have no anxiety on that score, sir," said Mrs. Carew. "She is not without funds. If I had thought she could remain here safely, I should not have parted with her."

"Has anything happened to cause her further uneasiness?" asked Pomfret, anxiously.

"Yes. She has received a letter from Captain Musgrave. You shall see it. She left it with me."

With this she took a letter from a drawer, and gave it to Pomfret. Not without repugnance he opened the letter, and read as follows:

"I must have another interview with you. I am going abroad. You may expect me on the third night after the date of this letter. I shall appear at the same hour and in the same way as before. I must, and will see you. There are other ways of entering the house than by the window, and if you thwart my plan, I shall present myself at the door.

· "SCROPE MUSGRAVE."

"Is she never to be free from this persecution?" groaned Pomfret.

"That letter decided me," said Mrs. Carew. "I would no longer allow Sophy to remain here. This is the appointed night. If Captain Musgrave comes, he will find me in Sophy's room."

"No, madam," said Pomfret, sternly. "He must not find you, but me. I will be there."

"No meeting between you can take place in my house," cried Mrs. Carew, alarmed.

"I promise you there shall be no violence; but see him I must," said Pomfret. "No provocation shall force me to assail him; and, indeed, I have not strength for a personal encounter with him. But it is important to Sophy's future peace that I should see him. He has some object in seeking this interview, which he will not disclose to you, but which I may be able to extort."

"Since you promise me there shall be no violence, I assent to the plan. Under these circumstances, I presume you will postpone your departure till to-morrow."

"I must needs do so," rejoined Pomfret. "I must trespass a little more upon your kindness."

"I will go at once and countermand the carriage which has been ordered for you," said Mrs. Carew, rising. "And as this sudden change in your plans might surprise Nathan, I will tell him that I have prevailed upon you to remain till to-morrow. That will quite satisfy him. But it will be best that you should return to your own room. When the servants have retired to rest, I will conduct you to Sophy's chamber."

## XXII.

### MUSGRAVE KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENT.

NIGHT had come. Midnight. Pomfret was alone in the chamber recently occupied by Sophy.

His preparations had been made. The window was left partly open, and a light placed upon the table. But he himself was concealed behind the curtains of the bed.

All the servants had long since retired to rest, and no one was astir in the house but Mrs. Carew, who had brought him privily to the room. Her windows commanded the drawbridge, and she now and then looked cautiously forth, but the night being dark, and a dense mist brooding over the moat, she could not distinguish any object.

Pomfret did not quit his position for a moment, but patiently awaited Musgrave's arrival. Listening intently for any sound that might announce the coming of that hateful personage, he at

last distinctly heard footsteps on the drawbridge. His heart beat quick at the thought that his foe was at hand. A rustling among the leaves of the ivy next warned him that Musgrave was climbing up to the window. In another moment the visitor sprang boldly into the room, and glanced around it in search of Sophy. He did not detect Pomfret in his hiding-place.

"Where the devil is she?" he exclaimed, in tones bespeaking anger and uneasiness. "She evidently expects me, since she has left the window open and a candle burning. But why is she not here?"

Then stepping towards the door, he tried it, but found it fastened.

"Locked!" he exclaimed, with a fierce oath. "Is this some trick? No, she would not dare to play me false. She will be back presently."

He then turned, and to his astonishment and dismay found Pomfret standing between him and the window. So ghastly were the looks of the latter, that Musgrave, for a moment, doubted whether a living man confronted him. However, he speedily recovered his composure.

"A devilish clever manœuvre, upon my soul!" he cried, with a jeering laugh. "But it won't answer with me, I can promise you. I beg to observe, that I have come here on a peaceful errand, and merely to see my wife, who expects me. In order to avoid a serious disturbance—for serious it assuredly will be, if you attempt to molest me—I request that you will be good enough to send her to me without delay. Understand that I wish to see her alone. For obvious reasons I must decline any conference with you. We can have no business to settle together."

"Pardon, me, sir," rejoined Pomfret sternly. "We have a very important business to settle, and till it is settled, satisfactorily to me, you do not quit this room."

"Judging by your haggard looks, you are scarcely in a condition to oppose my departure," rejoined Musgrave. "But I have no intention of going till I have seen my wife; and I must again beg that you will do me the favour to send her to me."

"You cannot see her," rejoined Pomfret, peremptorily.

"I rather fancy you are mistaken, sir," sneered Musgrave, "and I would recommend you, for *her* sake, and indeed for your own, not to force me to extremities. The right, as you will find, if you provoke me too far, is on my side, and not on yours. I shall be glad to be informed why you are here; and on what pretence you meddle in an affair in which you are noway concerned? Your presence and conduct are alike damaging to the reputation of the lady whose cause you affect to espouse. How is it, I repeat, that I find you here, in her chamber, at this hour?"

As the guardian of my wife's honour, I am entitled, I think, to ask that question."

"Since you desire to know why I am here, I will tell you," rejoined Pomfret, his pallid features flushing, and his eyes blazing. "I am here to protect your unhappy victim. Do not imagine I am unacquainted with your errand. Not content with your previous robbery—for I will use no milder term—you have come again to attempt further extortion. But I am here to tell you, on the part of the lady whom you have so foully wronged, that she will hold no further communication whatever with you, but if you persist in your infamous attempts, she will seek legal redress."

"I laugh at such idle threats," rejoined Musgrave, scornfully. "No one knows better than yourself that she dares not resort to legal redress."

"Do not presume too much on her forbearance," said Pomfret. "There are limits to her patience which you have already passed."

"I shall be better able to judge of that when I see her; and see her I will—even if I stay here till morning. If you want to get rid of me, you will acquaint her with my determination. I am unwilling to make a disturbance in the house, or I would go in search of her myself."

To prove that he was in earnest, he coolly seated himself, and proceeded to light a cigarette, which he took from a case.

So indignant was Pomfret, that if he had had sufficient strength, he would have thrown him through the window; but he contented himself with saying, "I did not suppose that any one, with the slightest pretensions to the character of a gentleman, could act thus."

"Ah, indeed. A person who goes about under a feigned name is not likely to have very correct notions as to what constitutes a gentleman. At all events, the opinion of such a one does not weigh much with me."

"Dastard!" cried Pomfret, trembling with rage. "You know that you can safely provoke me."

"Since you are unwell, I would advise you, for your own sake, to terminate this interview," rejoined Musgrave. "Let me see my wife."

"I have already told you that you cannot see her. She has left this house."

"Are you speaking truth?" demanded Musgrave, looking hard at him.

"She is gone, I tell you. Your intolerable persecution has driven her hence."

"She was a fool to go," cried Musgrave, "as even you would admit, if I cared to enter into explanation with you. If she and her advisers would only act with a little common sense, a great deal of unpleasantness might be spared. However, she must take

her own course. I shan't trouble myself further about her. Some one, I make no doubt," he added, significantly, "will take good care of her."

"I repel your infamous insinuation with scorn," said Pomfret. "I know not whither she has fled."

"I dare say I should find her at Hylton Castle," rejoined Musgrave. "But whether or not you have constituted yourself my wife's protector is a matter of utter indifference to me, provided, as I have just said, that I am no more troubled."

"Be sure she will not trouble you if you will leave her alone," rejoined Pomfret. "But what faith can she have in you? On the promise that you would never again molest her, she gave you all she possessed, and now you threaten her fresh extortion."

"It is false!" cried Musgrave, fiercely. "My letter to her has been entirely misinterpreted. I came here for no such base purpose as you impute to me."

"If not for that, for what purpose did you come?" demanded Pomfret.

"I owe it to myself to offer an explanation, or be sure I would render you none, sir," answered Musgrave. "My object in coming here was to repay the money borrowed from her for a temporary purpose. I told her I was going abroad."

"You cannot be surprised if I refuse credence to this statement?" remarked Pomfret, sceptically. "It is scarcely consistent with your previous conduct."

"Will this convince you?" cried Musgrave, taking from his breast-pocket a rouleau of bank-notes, and tossing it towards him. "There is the precise sum she lent me. Give it to her. You will easily find an opportunity of doing so, I make no doubt."

"This is more than I expected from you," said Pomfret, surprised.

"Spare me further remarks, sir," rejoined Musgrave. "I desire to go away quietly."

"Go, then," replied Pomfret, stepping aside.

Hereupon, Musgrave strode deliberately to the window.

Before passing through it, however, he looked out, and after a moment's scrutiny, came back.

"I fancy there is a man on the drawbridge," he said. "Is he set there to waylay me?"

"Dismiss the notion at once," rejoined Pomfret. "No one is on the drawbridge."

"Well, I may have been deceived by the fog. Since you assure me that a *guet-à-pens* is not intended, I will go."

And he passed through the window.

But he had only partly accomplished his descent, when a rough voice called out to him.

The person who called was the gardener. Thinking there were robbers on the premises, the stout old fellow had armed himself

with a fowling-piece, and taken up a position on the drawbridge, with the design of cutting off their retreat.

Receiving no answer to the challenge, he repeated it more lustily, with an emphatic warning which, being disregarded, he let fly at the supposed robber.

The shot rattled amongst the ivy-leaves, but whether much damage was done to Musgrave, Pomfret, who rushed to the window, was unable to determine. If hit, Musgrave was clearly not disabled, for, on reaching the ground, he at once made for the drawbridge.

Here a struggle took place between him and the gardener, but the old man released him on hearing Pomfret's vociferations, coupled with those of Mrs. Carew, who threw up her window on hearing the shot; and Musgrave, with a furious oath, hurried away.

### End of the Fourth Book.

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### Book the Fifth.

#### BELFIELD.

#### I.

BOOTLE RECEIVES A LETTER FROM HIS MOTHER, AND A TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE FROM HIS FATHER.

MR. AND MRS. BOOTLE SHELMEKDINE, whom we conducted as far as Folkstone on their wedding-day, spent their honeymoon, and another month besides, at Paris. They were quartered at the Grand Hôtel.

The pretty little Englishwoman, who dressed so charmingly, and who had such fine eyes, which she knew so well how to use, soon became an object of attraction in the Bois. The incense offered her by the cavaliers whom she daily encountered in her drives near the lakes, was far from displeasing to her. The young Parisian élégants stared very hard at her, but did not abash her. Neither did she return their audacious looks with the disdain they deserved. Bootle, who always accompanied his wife in her drives, was flattered by the admiration she excited, persuading himself that the possession of such a treasure made him an object of envy to all who beheld her.

Bootle was really very fond of his pretty little wife, and very proud of her. He liked to see her well dressed, and he liked her to be admired. This may seem odd in one who was constitutionally jealous like our friend; but there are unaccountable contradictions in human nature, and Bootle's was by no means a consistent

character. No doubt there was something very piquant in his wife's coquettish manner, for she always contrived to surround herself with admirers; and where many a far handsomer woman of a quieter turn would have been passed by with very little notice, she succeeded in attracting attention. Love of admiration was Mrs. Bootle's ruling passion. She had long desired to attach a number of captives to her car, and she was now gratified. With her the aim and end of wedded life was not quiet domestic bliss. Of that she never dreamed for a moment. Quietude and domesticity would have been no bliss to her. She never would have given her hand to Bootle if she had imagined she would be condemned to live in seclusion with him. Her notions of married life, founded upon many examples that had come under her own observation, and fortified by the precepts enunciated in her favourite French novels, were that, as a married woman, she would only have her own inclinations to consult, and she felt quite sure that Mrs. Bootle Shelmerdine would be far more admired, far more sought after, than Miss Flaxyard. The result proved she was right.

During their stay at Paris the newly married couple made many acquaintances, both French and English; and so much attention was paid to Bootle by his new friends, that he began to think there was considerable advantage in being a married man. Sometimes he felt a little jealous, but his wife soon laughed him out of such ridiculous notions.

After a couple of months spent very pleasantly in the French capital, they were still undecided in their plans. Bootle, who was rather surfeited with gaiety, wished to return to England, and if matters could have been made comfortable with his mother, he would have liked to pass the winter at Belfield. Mrs. Bootle had no sort of objection to this plan. Bury would be a change, and she had a natural curiosity to see a house of which she expected one day to be mistress.

Mrs. Bootle had written several times to her mother-in-law, but had failed to propitiate her. The letters were handed over to Mr. Shelmerdine, and answered by him.

At last, Bootle nerved himself to the task, and wrote to his mother, saying that he and his wife were returning to England, and proposed to come at once to Belfield. A prompt reply was sent, couched in the following terms:

“MY DEAR BOOTLE,—I think you had better defer your proposed visit to Belfield until the spring, when I trust I may in some degree have recovered from the inortification and disappointment which you have inflicted upon me by your marriage. At present, a meeting between me and your wife could no be agreeable to either of us. Deeply hurt as I have been, I feel I could not put a constraint upon my feelings, and my daughter-

in-law might have reason to complain of her welcome. I will not invite her till I can receive her properly.

"I am bound to state that your father is ill pleased with me for taking this course, but I must bear his displeasure, knowing that I am right.

"You tell me that your wife is greatly admired in Paris, and that whenever she drives in the Bois de Boulogne, or is seen in the Champs Elysées or on the boulevards, her personal charms and elegant toilette attract general attention.

"I can only say, in reply, that I sincerely hope all this admiration won't turn her head. In my opinion, you ought not to expose her to it; but knowing advice to be useless, I shall not offer it. Men's notions in regard to beauty seem to have vastly changed since my time. What appears to be admired now, would not have been so then. Mere charms of person, unaccompanied by breeding, refinement, and grace, would not have been admired in former days, except by a certain class of men, whose admiration was considered a very poor compliment.

"You say that if you do not come to Belfield you will spend the winter in Rome. You will find plenty of society there, and I dare say your wife will be quite as much admired in Rome as in Paris. I am not so sure that she would produce the same effect here, as we are rather old-fashioned folks in this part of Lancashire.

"Say whatever you think right from me to Mrs. Bootle. That you may not repent your choice, is the heartfelt wish of

"Your affectionate mother,

"ELIZABETH SHELMEKDINE."

"By Jove, Tiff! here's a stinger!" cried Bootle, handing her the letter.

"What a dreadful old termagant!" cried Mrs. Bootle, after she had scanned it. "But never mind, dearest boy. We'll go to Belfield in spite of her."

"There'll be a jolly row if we do," he rejoined, laughing. "But I don't like this sort of thing. I don't approve of the tone of her letter. You shan't be affronted in this way."

"Who cares for what she says?" cried his wife, snapping her fingers. "I don't. To Belfield we will go, dear boy!—to Belfield we will go. We're safe of the governor's support."

"That's not much," observed Bootle. "It won't do to count upon him. In a dispute with the old lady he invariably shows the white feather. He's not master of Belfield, I can tell you."

"High time he should be, dearest boy," remarked Mrs. Bootle. "It's important to us to establish ourselves there. We must do so without delay."

"If I felt quite sure of the governor I shouldn't hesitate," rejoined Bootle. "But you see he daren't write."



Just then a garçon entered the room.

"Une dépêche télégraphique, pour monsieur," he said, giving him a letter. "Arrivée à l'instant."

"From the governor, I'll bet a hundred!" cried Bootle. "Now we shall know how to act. Here, read it," he added, handing it to his wife.

Mrs. Bootle tore open the envelope, and with a scream of delight read the following message:

*"Never mind what your mother says. Bring your wife to Belfield. The sooner the better."*

"There! what do you say to that, darling boy? Wasn't I right?"

"Of course, my love. You're always right. I fancy the old lady will meet her match in you, Tiff."

"I flatter myself she will, darling boy," responded Mrs. Bootle, confidently. "As you say, it's a great point to have the governor with us. The old lady has had her own way far too long. A little opposition will do her good, and she shall have it from me, I can promise her, as soon as we're fairly settled in the house. She has set her face against my family, but I'll have them all at Belfield before I'm many weeks older."

## II.

CONTAINING MRS. BOOTLE SHELMEKDINE'S LETTER TO HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A FEW days after this determination had been come to, Mr. and Mrs. Bootle Shelmerdine quitted Paris, and proceeded to London.

Everything was prepared for them at the Acacias, and it is almost superfluous to say that they were warmly welcomed. Both Flaxyard and his wife had missed their daughter sadly, and though anxious to get her married, as we have shown, they felt quite lonely when she was gone. The Acacias seemed quite changed without the lively Tiffany, and was given up in a great measure to Hornby and his friends. The delight of the worthy couple at having her back again may therefore be imagined.

Mrs. Bootle Shelmerdine was now a very important member of the family indeed, and treated with proportionate respect. Hornby thought his sister wonderfully improved, though he couldn't exactly tell how, and he was greatly amused by finding that she had got, what he called, "the upper hand of her caro sposo." Bootle, however, seemed perfectly contented and happy, and if his wife "could turn him round her little finger," as Hornby insinuated,

the process did not appear to be disagreeable. It must be owned that Tiffany ruled her husband in a very agreeable way. If she occasionally took him to task, and exacted implicit obedience to her will, she was, on the whole, very good natured, petted him, amused him by her drollery, allowed him to smoke any number of cigars, and never reproved him for drinking too much claret.

But the thing that astonished Hornby most of all in his brother-in-law was, that Bootle had entirely got rid of his jealousy. When young Flaxyard had heard of the admiration excited by his pretty sister at Paris, he had pictured to himself all sorts of stormy scenes between her and her husband. He now learnt that Bootle had been enchanted by the homage paid his wife, and, what was still more surprising, that Bootle did not object to the presence of any of her former admirers. On making this discovery, Hornby of course invited Rufus Trotter and all his bachelor friends, who had been tabooed before the marriage, and many a jolly dinner-party they had.

Cheered by these dinners, Bootle passed a very pleasant week at the Acacias, and would willingly have prolonged his stay under his father-in-law's hospitable roof, but his wife was eager to commence her projected campaign. Bootle had written to announce his return, conveying a cordial invitation from old Flaxyard, and hoping his father would run up to town; but John excused himself on the plea of business.

Naturally, Mrs. Bootle had confided her scheme to her family. Old Flaxyard had many misgivings about it. He thought the plan very hazardous, and calculated to make matters worse. At all events, he said, a little conciliatory correspondence ought to take place first.

Mrs. Flaxyard was quite of a different opinion, and in favour of a bolder policy. She had perfect faith in her daughter's management. Had she not succeeded with Bootle? Could she fail now?

Flaxyard argued that Mrs. Shelmerdine and her son were two very different persons, and required very different management; but he admitted that his daughter had spirit and cleverness for anything, and he would not, therefore, dissuade her from the attempt.

Acting upon her papa's suggestion, Mrs. Bootle resolved to try the effect of a preliminary letter, so she sat down and penned the following:

"The Acacias, Clapham, Nov. 20, 186—.

"MY DEAREST MAMMA,—We have just returned from our delightful continental trip, and are spending a few days here with papa and mamma before proceeding to Lancashire. You may

expect us very shortly. I shall not feel at all like a stranger in my new home, for darling Bootle has talked to me so much about Belfield, that I seem familiar with every room in the house.

"I should think that the large room with the French furniture, and the dressing-room attached to it, would suit us best. If we don't like it, we can easily make a change.

"I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to a few months' residence in Lancashire. Darling Bootle tells me that you have many very agreeable neighbours, noted for their hospitality, and that in Manchester they have excellent concerts and assemblies. I have no doubt I shall contrive to get through the winter very well.

"I must now tell you, dearest mamma, what Bootle and I have decided upon. We must have a grand ball to celebrate our arrival at Belfield. That will set everybody going. Darling Bootle says there can be no difficulty in getting dancing men, since there is a cavalry regiment in Manchester. Cards, I think, ought to be sent out at once. I fear our proposed ball may put you to a little inconvenience, but you won't mind that, once in a way. Perhaps it might be well to have a dinner-party, followed by a musical soirée, a few days before the ball. If you approve of this suggestion, ask the nicest people you know to the dinner, including the colonel of the regiment and three or four of the officers, with lots of refreshers for the evening. As we mean to be very gay this winter, a dinner and ball will ensure us plenty of invitations.

"And now, dearest mamma, a word in conclusion. If I understand myself at all, I am of a very amiable disposition, and remarkably forgiving. In referring for a moment to the little misunderstanding which occurred before my marriage, I do so merely to say that I desire to think no more about it. It must be satisfactory to you to hear that darling Bootle and I get on together famously. He adores me—at least, he tells me so, and I am bound to believe him. When you know me better, I am quite sure you will like me, or you will be an exception to the general rule, for everybody does like me. Mrs. Malaprop, as you know, says it is well to begin with a little aversion, and, as you disliked me at first, so I feel certain you will end by becoming excessively fond of me.

"With our united best love to dearest papa and yourself,

"Believe me,

"Your very affectionate daughter,

"THEOPHANIA SHELMERDINE."

Before despatching this letter, which she considered a masterpiece, Mrs. Bootle read it to her husband and her mother. Bootle was greatly amused by it, but Mrs. Flaxyard, though equally amused, expressed her disapprobation.

"You mustn't send such a letter as that, my love," she said. "If you do, you'll never enter Belfield."

"We shall see," replied Mrs. Bootle, confidently. "I must take the high hand with the old lady. If I were to write in a humble strain, she would think nothing of me—probably decline to receive me. This letter will bring her to her senses. She will perceive that I won't stand any nonsense—that I mean to be treated properly—as her daughter-in-law should be treated—and she will give way."

"I sincerely hope she may. But I own I feel rather nervous about it."

"You are always nervous, mamma. I have no misgiving. What will you say if I ask you and papa and Hornby to the ball?"

"I shall say that you have worked wonders. But I shan't believe it till we get the invitation."

"She'll do it if she sets about it," remarked Bootle. "The little woman is equal to anything. I hope you will all come to Belfield. We shall have a jolly time of it if you do."

"Little chance of it, I fear," rejoined Mrs. Flaxyard.

"Every chance, mamma," said Mrs. Bootle. "This is the first step towards it. See this letter posted, darling boy," she added, giving it to her husband.

### III.

#### SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE LETTER.

THE letter was sent, and reached its destination next morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelmerdine were at breakfast in the spacious and well-furnished dining-room at Belfield when it was delivered. Glancing at the direction, Mrs. Shelmerdine laid it down, but curiosity getting the better of her disgust, she opened it.

A perfect explosion of rage succeeded the perusal.

"What's the matter, my dear?" inquired John, who had some suspicion of the truth.

"Read that, and you will learn," rejoined his wife, tossing the letter to him. "This is of a piece with her previous conduct, though I must say that it goes beyond any notions I had formed of her."

After scanning the letter, John laughed very heartily.

"So she wants to give a dinner and ball on her arrival," he remarked. "Not a bad idea, eh?"

"Before she gives a dinner and a ball at Belfield she must first get into the house," rejoined the lady, haughtily. "This is not a laughable matter, Mr. Shelmerdine. It is very serious—at least,

to me. If you were not a party to the scheme, you would be shocked, and not laugh. All things considered, there never was a more impudent proceeding. After I had positively declined to receive her, she coolly writes to say she is coming, selects her own room, and enjoins me to issue invitations for a dinner and a ball to announce her arrival to the neighbourhood. Can impudence go beyond that?"

"Take a more good-natured view of the matter, my dear, and comply with her request. This letter I believe to be written at Bootle's suggestion."

"May be so," she rejoined, sharply. "But that does not alter my opinion of it. If Bootle had married a lady, I should have been delighted to have his wife with me as long as she chose to make this house her home. But here is a vulgar creature, who tries to force herself upon me whether I will or not, who dictates to me what I am to do, and almost intimates that she means to take the reins out of my hand."

"No such thing is meant, my dear," said John, in a deprecatory tone. "However disagreeable it may be, you cannot refuse to receive Bootle and his wife, and to give them a home in this house as long as they choose to stay with us. Indeed, it is my express wish that you should do so. And I think you will do wisely, as well as kindly, to carry out their suggestions. Before Bootle's marriage opposition might have answered some purpose, but now that the step has been taken, you must reconcile yourself to it."

"Since it is your express wish, Mr. Shelmerdine, that I should receive her, I will do so," replied his wife, after a little reflection, which she aided by a cup of tea. "I should very much prefer waiting till the spring to see how she goes on; but if you desire to have them here now I will obey, however repugnant compliance may be to my own feelings."

"Kindly and sensibly resolved, my dear," said John, "and just what I expected from you. I am sure you will like our daughter-in-law."

"To like her is an impossibility," she rejoined, in a scornful voice. "But I will strive to tolerate her. Belfield will be no longer Belfield when she sets foot in it."

"Nonsense, my dear; the house will be a great deal livelier, that will be the only difference. We want a little stirring up. I am of opinion that you will find Mrs. Bootle an exceedingly agreeable companion. Everybody seems to like her. Bootle, as you know, says she has been greatly admired on the Continent, and I feel convinced she will be very popular here."

"Amongst men, perhaps. But to me her manner is detestable. I wish I could correct it."

"Pray don't make the attempt, my dear. And since you have so kindly consented to waive your objections, let me entreat you to

go a little further, and make up your mind not to meddle with our daughter-in-law. This is quite necessary for Bootle's sake. Interference with married people always makes mischief. However, I need say no more. Your own good sense and feeling will prompt the right course to be taken. Will you answer her letter, or shall I?"

"I could not trust myself to answer it—at least in the spirit you desire."

"Then I will," cried John. "Shall I say anything about the dinner and the ball?"

"Just as you please," she rejoined, heaving a deep sigh. "I may as well resign myself at once. If anything goes wrong, the responsibility will rest on your shoulders."

"They are quite wide enough to bear it," he rejoined, cheerfully.

So he wrote a letter to his daughter-in-law, which caused her the most extravagant delight.

"You see what I have accomplished," she cried, triumphantly, after reading it to her mother and Bootle. "All difficulties have vanished before the stroke of my magical pen. Mrs. Shelmerdine has eaten humble pie. We shall be made heartily welcome at Belfield, and are to have the dinner and the ball. So far well. But my triumph will be incomplete," she added to her mother, "unless you are all present at the ball. I will have you there."

Mrs. Flaxyard lifted up her hands.

"And she'll do it, too, since she says so," remarked Bootle, who was lost in admiration of his wife's generalship. "Never was such a wonderful little woman!"

When old Flaxyard and Hornby came home from the City, and the good news was imparted to them, they could scarcely credit it.

That night there was great rejoicing at the Acacias, and an immense deal of Laffite was imbibed by the young men.

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## SIR FRANCIS DRAKE AND HIS "FAMILIARS."

A DEVONSHIRE LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

## I.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE was a singular man  
 (A sturdier Briton find out, if you can),  
 A "Devonshire worthy" to boot :  
 All know his deeds in the Spanish Main,  
 How he scatter'd his foes like drops of rain,  
 And thrash'd them soundly, again and again,  
 Till they said that he dealt with the spirits of night,  
 And scamper'd away in mad affright  
 Whenever he came to "loot."

And "loot" he did with a vengeance, too ;  
 His men wore gold from the head to the shoe,  
 And dined off plate from La Plata ;  
 Their *cribs* were lined with ingots and bars,  
 Gold-dust was cramm'd into pickling-jars,  
 And heaps of jewels that shone like stars  
 Were all of the purest water.

'Twas whisper'd "at home," as well as abroad,  
 That Drake (besides an enchanted sword)  
 Had goblins ready at beck and word  
 To scour the land and ocean !  
 It was an absurd idea, no doubt,  
 But matters so strange, just then, fell out  
 Which no one could make head or tail about,  
 That it caused some slight commotion.

'Twas affirm'd the "old warrior" stood on the Hoe  
 When Plymouth was girt by an arrogant foe,  
 And said (at the enemy shaking his toe)  
 Some words cabalistic, implying "no go,"  
 Then ask'd for some wood and a chopper :  
 The pieces were cast in the ocean, when lo !  
 Each rose up a fire-ship, all of a glow,  
 Which dash'd piping hot at the enemy's bow,  
 And soon on his pride put a stopper !

How Drake "shot the gulf" is a singular theme,  
 And might be consider'd a wizardish dream,  
 After eating a supper of lobster and cream,  
 But for the fact (though strange it may seem)  
 That the pistol remains which was used in the scheme.  
 'Twas a popular wrinkle (as Southey explains)  
 That the earth as it was had two parallel planes,  
 Some distance between them—one higher, one lower,  
 Involving discretion in ships passing over ;  
 But Drake, always ready, without fuss or bother  
 Dropp'd his vessel from one plane right on to the other,

And to make the occurrence more worthy of mark,  
 He crack'd off a pistol by way of a lark,  
 That ages to come might remember the story,  
 And place to his credit a large draft of glory.

Then again, when at Plymouth the tanks were all dry,  
 The pumps look'd dejected, and good reason why—  
 Clothes were sent to be wash'd then at Plympton, hard by.  
 The crisis was imminent; people complain'd  
 That for forty-one days it had never once rain'd;  
 And then came the question, "Can water be got?"  
 "Ay, ay," said the admiral, "plenty, I wot."  
 So he prick'd up his steed to a canter and trot,  
 Till once upon Dartmoor, he stopp'd at a spring,  
 And said, "This is lucky—in fact, the right thing."  
 So he order'd the streamlet to follow his steed,  
 For the good folks of Plymouth were sorely in need,  
 When, true to his bidding, the water gush'd out,  
 And follow'd his courser through paths roundabout,  
 Until a vast channel was frayed to the town,  
 Such as Brindley himself to his credit might own.

So, when the Armada was shatter'd and broken,  
 'Twas said he display'd a miraculous token,  
 And calling his sprites from the east to the west,  
 They blew such a gale that the foe had no rest;  
 Right and left they were driven, and scatter'd and riven,  
 Hurl'd backwards and forwards, 'twixt ocean and heaven,  
 Till scarcely a shred of their sails could be seen,  
 And the Spaniards "look'd small" with their boasting and sheen.

This is all very odd, but the days of Queen Bess  
 Were a trifle too credulous, somehow, I guess,  
 Not to say *we* are perfect, here or there, more or less.  
 No matter,—I will not diverge nor digress;  
 As a chronicler faithful to action and time,  
 I will rub from past ages some noteworthy rime,  
     And state what occur'd,  
     Though I pledge you my word  
     Stranger tale was not told  
     By Munchausens of old  
 Than that which relates to Sir Francis the bold!

## II.

Such a crashing of bells from Buckland steeple,  
 Such a hurry and flurry of holiday people,  
 Such a bright exhibition of ribbons and flow'rs,  
 Such triumphal arches and festival bow'rs,  
 Sure Cupid is gilding the passing hours—  
     It must be a wedding, at least!  
 For maidens are blushing, and gallants are gay,  
 The minstrel is tuning a roundelay,  
 The gleeman is telling his funniest story,  
 While in the Abbey, so ghost-like and hoary,  
 The servants are bustling, and hustling, unsteady,  
 A banquet *en luxe* in quick time to get ready,  
     In fact, a delectable feast!



And why all this hubbub, this clamour and haste,  
Heads disorder'd, bewilder'd, and prodigal waste ?

The bells as they clatter  
Ask what is the matter,  
And a triple bob-major in jubilee scatter.

Ask the Lady of Buckland herself, who is standing  
Half-trembling, half-pleas'd, on the old Abbey landing ;  
Now wringing her hands, and now smiling through tears,  
Half-doubting, half-hoping, half-wishing, half-fears—  
No news of her husband for seven long years !

"Alack, lack-a-day!"  
Would the good lady say,  
"Sir Francis has passed to his shrift far away ;  
And here is Sir Courtenay—'twere hard to discover  
A man in all points so approv'd for a lover.  
Poor Drake, could he speak from his bed in the ocean  
(If not roasted and eaten, as some have a notion),  
Could wish me no substitute better than this,  
Or one that could raise me from sorrow to bliss.  
Still"—Here her words were cut short,  
For the noise in the court  
Gave rude indications of boisterous sport.  
Then rose far and near a true Devonshire cheer,  
As Sir Courtenay in doublet of satin drew near,  
Lawn frill and a love-knot, besides a rapier,  
As the fashion was then, half as long as a spear ;  
With a hat *à la* Hatton, and garters and hosen  
That a critic fastidious would say were well chosen.

The lady was dress'd in a long-waisted gown,  
With a stomacher pointed, and surcoat of brown  
(Velvet, of course, of the richest material),  
With ruffs of a character truly aërial ;  
Gauze kerchief and fardingale, mantle of green,  
Tight sleeves, and a coif introduced by the Queen,  
Prick'd out with such jewels as rarely are seen.

Thus equipp'd, knight and lady  
Declare themselves ready.

A procession is form'd, rather frisky, unsteady,  
For the ale has to some proved a trifle too heady ;  
The barrels were broach'd by a prodigal hand,  
And their lively effects are display'd in the band ;  
The cornets play one tune, the trumpets another,  
The fifes and the drums dis-accord with each other :  
No matter—with shouting, and joking, and singing,  
The bells, too, at intervals, merrily ringing,  
The church is soon reach'd, and the service beginning.

Sir Courtenay he smiled—'twas a proud day for him ;  
The lady *she* smiled, but her bright eyes were dim ;  
The guests, too, were smiling, in festival trim ;  
The priest, though he smiled, was a little more prim.  
A halo of sunshine is beaming around,  
When lo ! comes a crash, such a smash, such a sound,  
As threatens to shake the old church to the ground.  
A cannon-ball shoots through the door with a bound,

Piping hot, hissing madly, it speeds on its course,  
 At the moment the priest says "for better or worse;"  
     And the bridegroom and bride  
     Leave a space far and wide,  
     And in haste turn aside,

For the ball passes near them, so hot in its flight,  
 That it curls the moustache of Sir Courtenay the knight,  
 And sings the lace in the bride's pretty whimple,  
 And shaves from the nose of the clerk a large pimple.  
 With a racket like thunder it then disappears,  
 Leaving those in the church half bewitch'd by their fears.

The lady herself is the first to recover:  
 With a glance full of meaning, she looks at her lover;  
 But trembling and nervous, and anxious and pale,  
 She leans for support on the priest and the rail.  
 She speaks: "It is clear that our marriage is broken;  
 That Drake is still living I know by this token.  
 No will, but *his* iron-one, could have thus spoken.  
     'Tis my husband's behest,  
     And wherever his quest,  
     North, south, east, or west,  
     Though long years may pass  
     Ere he come back, alas!

His wife will be faithful and true as the best."

### III.

Long years did *not* pass, but a few months slipp'd by.  
 Dame Drake is still waiting, and moisten'd her eye.  
 She works at her distaff, but oft heaves a sigh:  
 Her husband is truant. There was some excuse,  
 For postal arrangements were barely in use,  
 And men who adventured their lives far away  
 Had no Reuter to telegraph news in a day.

A ring at the gate:

"Now, who can this be?" thought the lady; "'tis late—  
 The butler, I hope, takes good care of the plate."

A servitor enters: "A mariner begs

A truss in the loft and a supper of eggs:

He seems to be jaded, has travell'd long miles,

And craves that my lady would see him awhile.

He has news of Sir Francis." "Marry, bid him come up;

Bring the best of the larder, a flagon and cup,"

The lady replied, and the stranger awaited,

Hope rising and falling, downcast and elated.

The door opens wide, with a half-subdued stride

He enters; then folding his garments to hide

The stains that a wearisome journey implied,

He bow'd to the dame with a reverence lowly,

And address'd her in words somewhat eager, but slowly:

"Fair lady, I am but a seafaring man,

Rather down in the world." He had scarcely began,

When the dame gave a start: "Sure, that voice I have known,

It sounds,—but my nerves oft mislead me, I own,—

Continue your story, good mariner, pray."

"To be brief, then, my lady, it fell out one day,

As wind-bound our ship off the Celebes lay,

I was thinking of those whom I loved far away;

The captain had dined, and was merry withal,  
 When sudden his goblet of sack he let fall,  
 A tremble came over him, loud was his call.  
 The summons in wonder and haste I obey'd.  
 'Brave friend, trusty Oxenham,' husky, he said,  
 'There is something amiss with my lady just now,'  
 And, excited, he dash'd the cold drops from his brow.  
 'I will send her a message she dreams not, I trow.'  
 He went towards a culverin, angry and hot,  
 And lighted a match, when away swept the shot,  
 Fierce enough to go through the earth's centre, I wot.  
 'Spin fast on your journey to Buckland,' he said,  
 'And my dame in your own saucy fashion upbraid.  
 Tell her Drake is still living: unmake what is made.  
 The wind is now changing, so, Oxenham, haste,  
 Take a pinnacle and scud o'er the watery waste,  
 Then seek out my lady, and give her this ring,  
 And tell her good news of her husband you bring.'"  
 Fresh tears in the eyes of the fair lady spring,  
 As she looks at the signet, which truly reveals  
*The wyvern suspended in air by the heels,*  
 The crest of Sir Francis, bestow'd by the Queen,  
 When his kinsman, Sir Bernard, with envy and spleen,  
 Tried to close from the hero the family tree,  
 Just as though *he* had needed the best pedigree!  
 I will not disguise that the dame was affected  
 At the sight of a token so dear, unexpected;  
 She told the strange mariner what had occur'd,  
 Which he stated in part he had already heard—  
 How the wedding was stopp'd in a manner so curious,  
 How the guests were astounded, Sir Courtenay was furious,  
 How the priest closed his book, and with candle and bell,  
 Walk'd thrice round the church any sprites to expel.  
 The mariner listen'd; so dark it had been,  
 That through a huge beard not a feature was seen;  
 And unable, 'twould seem, to control his delight,  
 He laugh'd in the face of the lady outright.  
 A moment, bewilder'd, she gazed in affright,  
 The next—she was lock'd in the arms of her knight!

No mistaking *that* laugh; it was Drake's, so outrageous,  
 So racy, so bracy, so ringing, contagious,  
 It waken'd the rooks as it smote on the breeze,  
 'Twas as loud as a giant attempting to sneeze;  
 It roused the fat butler, then having a nap,  
 It startled the maids, and it ruffled each cap,  
 It waylaid the ghosts that were prowling about,  
 And sent them, post haste, to their roosting, no doubt,  
 It shook the old Abbey within and without,  
 That put the whole house in a pleasant confusion,  
 And brings my strange tale to a welcome CONCLUSION.

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## MYOPE.

Just fifty-five years ago—namely, in November, 1812—Mr. James Ware, F.R.S., published the result of his inquiries as to the number of short-sighted persons in different grades of society.

Among ten thousand soldiers belonging to three regiments of infantry, he ascertained that short sight was almost unknown; that during twenty years there had not been six soldiers discharged on account of that infirmity, nor six recruits turned back as disqualified by it. In the military schools at Chelsea, containing in all one thousand three hundred children, he found that no complaint had at any time been made of weak sight, until he called attention to the subject; and then only three declared that they experienced any inconvenience from it. At the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the number of spectacles in use was considerable, as in a list of one hundred and twenty-seven undergraduates, obtained by Mr. Ware from one college in Oxford, not fewer than thirty-two wore glasses. Mr. Ware adds: "It is possible that many might abstain from this use were it not so fashionable." Unfortunately, we do not know what investigations were made among the boys in the schools at Chelsea, nor what were the arrangements of the schools. The result is certainly highly gratifying, but it cannot be considered as approaching accuracy, since Mr. Ware did not himself examine the children's eyes, having merely calculated the number of children who complained of weak sight. When it extends only to a certain degree, this evil may escape the sufferer; while, on the other side, a previous inflammation, or other disease of the eye, might mislead a careless observer. Children's assertions are not to be relied upon, and a scientific and accurate report can only be obtained by a physician's inspection of the object. It is also evident that Mr. Ware gave only the number of students wearing glasses, and not having seen them himself, many of them might be convex glasses, therefore not used by short-sighted persons.

In the German colleges, where weak sight is everywhere prominent, it became an object of earnest attention to the government. In the duchy of Baden, every school was compelled to send in a report of each scholar suffering from short sight; the result of which was, according to Schurmayer, that among 2172 children, in fifteen lower schools, there were 392 short-sighted; that in the commercial schools, among 930 scholars were 46 short-sighted; while, in the higher schools, the proportion was very unfavourable, being one-fourth or one-half of the whole. This intelligence, however interesting, must not be implicitly trusted, as it is based merely on report, and we agree with Dr. Szokalski, who writes: "It is much to be regretted that these investigations, began so well, should have had so unsatisfactory a result. Two questions present themselves to every one—namely, in what do the causes of short sight in educational establishments consist? and could the development be prevented by any change in the regulations of the schools? If an academical dissertation is required to answer the questions, the knowledge displayed by the faculty is sufficient; but this load of theoretical opinion can only serve to fill the mind of the reader, and

that it will suit the requirements of the students I doubt very much. This is one of the errors into which they have fallen in Baden, Saxony, and Bavaria. Instead of closely examining the peculiarities in the colleges, instead of examining and proving the customs and habits of the scholars, they have invented ideas of cross light, and of the small print of books, which would sound well in a pamphlet on the treatment of the eyes, but can have little to do with the matter in hand, the proof being that myopy has not abated in the establishments visited." If we acknowledge the truth of this, we must feel surprised that Dr. Szokalski did not himself undertake an examination of the children's eyes, or of the school regulations, when he had such abundant material in Paris. In 1848, he says: "I reside in the vicinity of several large establishments, and many young people are brought to me suffering from the eyes. They are principally short-sighted from excessive exertion; and rest, and a few soothing remedies, generally serve to lessen the inflammation, but the eyes remain short-sighted, a return to amblyopia (weak sight) being only obviated by the use of well-chosen glasses. The frequency of these cases drew my attention to the presence of myopy in the school, and I found that among 807 scholars attending the College Charlemagne there numbered 89 short-sighted persons; among 170 pupils of the College Louis le Grand, 25. This result was surprising, as among 6300 children in the elementary schools of the suburbs of Paris, there was not one child short-sighted, nor among the young pupils of the mercantile Quartier du Temple was this failing encountered." The point provoking dispute is the latter communication, since it is scarcely credible that among 6300 children there should not be one short-sighted, as from scrofulous tendencies some few must have appeared short-sighted to the master, even if nothing could be detected in the eye. Or are these cases reserved? The report of the College of Louis le Grand is important, inasmuch as Dr. Szokalski conducted the investigation personally; but it is scarcely just to compare this establishment with the College de Charlemagne, as the numbers in the latter are calculated from the first to the sixth class; whereas in the College Louis le Grand they are calculated from the third to the first, which alters the proportion. Further, the distances at which short sight begins are not given. Did Dr. Szokalski give a wide range, or a narrow one, attained without difficulty?

Professor Von Jager has distinguished himself above all his predecessors by his use of the mirror invented by Helmholtz, by which means the labour of inspection is somewhat lightened. He started with the idea that in order to obtain a correct result, he must accept no help from the child-subject, and he decided by use of the glass, without any proof by reading, whether the child had a healthy, short, or long sight. There is no doubt that the diagnosis of short or long sight may be ascertained by the mirror alone, and that by an elaborate use of it the degree of irregular sight may be reached; yet some mistakes will occur. Jager examined the eyes of full-grown individuals in various conditions of life, as well as the children in the educational establishments in Vienna, and the population of the neighbouring villages, in order to find out the influence of various modes of life and occupations upon the eyesight. In the summer of 1865, Professor Rute commenced an examination of the children of the free schools and benevolent institutions of Leipzig with

the co-operation of Dr. Schroter and Dr. Dietz. The information given is perfectly accurate, proceeding as it does from a professional optician; but it must be remembered that it was not the 2514 children who were examined, but only the 213 children pronounced by the teachers to be suffering. The degree of myopy is also withheld.

It appears, then, that no examinations have been strict enough to fix the acuteness of sight, even with the aid of the modern optical instruments, nor has the number of children examined been large enough to render small inaccuracies unimportant, until Dr. Hermann Cohn\* accomplished both, by the personal inspection of the eyes of ten thousand and sixty scholars in the winters of 1865-66. Dr. Cohn's method was to place each child, during the hours of study, with the back towards the window on a bright morning, the desk, on which was raised a sheet printed especially for the purpose, being at the distance of four feet opposite. The name of the scholar who could not read the single words and numbers easily at the given distance was then noted; and, after this preliminary trial, he had to undergo inspection either in a light room, or else with the aid of a side light, or an eye-mirror. In this manner were examined five village schools in Langenbielau, twenty elementary schools, two girls' schools, two commercial schools, and four colleges in Breslau; and, from the tables given, we learn that, among 10,060 children, 1730 were of defective sight—that is, the astounding proportion of 17 to 1. In the category, the number increases with the demands made upon the eye. Thus, in the village schools, among 1486 children, were 78 weak-sighted; in the city elementary schools, among 4978 children, 733; in the commercial schools, among 426 children, 82; in the girls' schools, among 834 children, 183; in the colleges, among 2336 children, 654. Before proceeding further, it is necessary that we should know under what forms of irregular sight the 1730 weak-sighted persons with whom we must now occupy ourselves, were suffering. Such a calculation appears especially important, as it throws light upon the frequency of the different diseases, not only among eyes seeking exterior help, but among 10,060 persons ranging from the age of five to twenty. We now find that of those suffering from short sight and refraction of the eyes (ametropy and astigmatic), there are 1334, while of those having long sight, hereditary weakness, or weakness arising from former disease, there were 396; so that here is conclusive evidence that in youth myopy is twelve times more frequent than long sight, and six to seven times more frequent than hyperopia and strabismus, or oblique sight. In some classes there was no short sight; out of the 166 classes inspected there were eleven such, but in the higher schools there were none without myopy, and in every school the number of short-sighted scholars increased with the advancement of the class. For although some of the first classes contain fewer short-sighted persons, yet it must be remembered that the upper class comprehends fewer pupils, as, after the termination of the years allotted by government to education, the parents often withdraw their children from school even if they have not entered the first class. Were the class better attended the proportion would be great.

\* Untersuchungen der Augen. Von Hermann Cohn, Med. et Philos. Dr., Augenarzt in Breslau. Leipzig: Friederich Fleischer. London: Williams and Norgate.

Any one who has good eyes knows that a manuscript which he can read perfectly at the distance of three feet, can also be read as he brings it nearer and nearer to the eye, until only a distance of three inches intervenes. At three inches' distance, reading becomes difficult, and at two hardly possible. A change has taken place in the interior of the eye, attended by a certain effort, to obtain this near sight: from optical reasons the pupil must make a larger curve in order to throw a picture of the object so close to the eye, on the retina. This extreme convexity of the pupil is contrived by the action of a muscle at the back of the eye, called the accommodation muscle. For distant sight it is inactive, as the pupil requires only the ordinary gentle curve. But if that muscle is acted upon, a pressure at the back is felt; consequently, the most compliant part of the soft young skin at the back of the eye is distended, and the axis of the eye lengthened. If, then, the use of near sight is prolonged, if the pupil has not time to return to a level, if the muscle cannot repose, the continued effort will end in short sight. And it is not alone by this forced exertion, but also by the over-abundance of blood in the veins of the retina, that the interior of the ball is enlarged. Such an overflow is generally produced by the return of the blood from the eyes having been arrested. This may be caused by the forward inclination of the head, and will infallibly lead to myopy. As it is, then, undoubtedly a fact that long attention to an object placed close to the eye, the head being bent down, will render a healthy eye short-sighted, we arrive at the consideration whether the furniture of the schools has anything to do either in hurting or repelling myopy.

In the thirty-three schools visited by Dr. Hermann Cohn, not one had made any provision in the height and breadth of the forms and desks for the growth of the child in different classes; and from this circumstance alone they would be injurious to the children's eyes, since it is impossible that a child three feet and a half in height and a man of six feet can use the same form and desk in writing without much discomfort to one or other. The higher the desk, the nearer must the eye of the child be brought to it; therefore the greater the difference between the form and the desk the greater must be the excitement of the interior of the eye while reading. In order that no uncomfortable effort of the eye may be felt, the paper or slate should be one foot and a quarter or one foot and a half from the eye—that is, the distance from the eye to the elbow. If, through the great difference of the form and desk the latter should be too tall, the writing hand will be brought too close to the eye—a position detrimental to a proper deportment, as the body now hangs to the arm instead of the arm to the body. Another point of the utmost importance is the horizontal distance of the desk and seat, which occasions by faulty width a still more fatal approximation of the eyes and the writing. It is clear that the greater the space between the form and the desk, the more must the body of the child be thrown forward, and the nearer must the head be to the paper. While eating, we instinctively draw the chair so that the edge of the table is perpendicular with the foremost legs of the chair, or, if possible, an inch beyond; but in all schools the forms are fixed immovably in such a manner as to allow the children to pass between them and the desks, and to stand up while saying their lessons, so that the distance

varies from five to nine inches, and is never negative. Comparatively, the desks in village schools are narrowest, as they are from five to six inches; further we see that in the villages alone do foot-boards exist, so that in every other case the floor of the room must be considered as the support of the child's body; and, in order that the child may sit comfortably, the form should be the height of the lower part of the leg. This, however, has, with the exception of some of the upper classes, been nowhere contrived. During the many hours of writing, therefore, when the child cannot allow its feet to dangle in the air, it must press forward and stretch out its lower limbs to reach the ground with the points of its toes, thus bringing the head near the paper, and playing into the hands of myopy. If this position becomes irksome, there remains nothing for the unhappy child but to perch on the edge of the form instead of sitting upon it—a posture which soon fatigues, and causes a return to the old pernicious habit.

Without bending forward the head we cannot read in a book lying vertically before us; but if the book is placed in an angle even of two inches, we can read easily, for the eyes then fall upon it without altering the position of the head. Hence we conclude that for writing purposes the desk should not be level, but have an incline of two inches. Turning to statistics, we find that in the classes visited seventy-three had horizontal tables, while those of the remaining ninety-three had a slope of one-half to three inches. Dr. Hermann Cohn also gives the space allotted to each child, the breadth of the desks, the size of the shelves for books, and the rests for the back. These have only an indirect influence on the eyes being connected with the comfort in sitting, but we have still one important point—namely, light.

It is well known that in proportion as the light diminishes in a room, the writing must be brought nearer and nearer to the eye; it is therefore of great importance to ascertain the degree of daylight received into each room, and to compare it with the number of short-sighted persons. Unfortunately, no photometer, or instrument for the measurement of light, has yet been invented. The only method, therefore, was to establish a table of questions: How many windows are there to the right of the scholars? How many to the left? How many in front? How many at the back? Are the windows to the east, west, north, or south? Of what colour are the walls? How high are the houses opposite? How many feet are they distant? How high are the windows, and how broad? In which floor is the schoolroom? The answer to one of these questions would not suffice, but from the answer of all we can arrive at an accurate conclusion. We have seen how, by continued use of near sight, or by the forward inclination of the head, short sight may be brought on or augmented; and we now find that the daylight admitted into the schoolrooms is in many cases so insufficient that it obliges the eyes to be brought close to the paper and the head to be bent, and may therefore be one cause of myopy. From Dr. Cohn we discover that not less than one hundred and six windows in forty-three classes were to the right of the children, and, as is universally known, the shadow of the hand must then fall upon the paper, necessitating a considerable approach of the eyes to trace the black ink upon a dark ground. Again, if the windows are before the children, the shadows cast by the heads of the occupants of



the first rows darken the room to the others; but these are only found in two classes. When windows are built, on the contrary, both on the front and side, they assist in illuminating the room, but they distress the scholars seated immediately underneath, as it is almost impossible in such a dazzling light to distinguish a letter upon paper. The most unfavourable combination of light, then, is that from the front and the right. Light from front and back is not sufficient, and is not to be recommended, the best light coming from the left alone. Light from the front somewhat paralyses the sight, but light from the back, as well as from the left, is not in any way injurious. As to the aspect of the windows, it is obvious that those with a southern aspect must have ten times as much light as those looking north. The best light will always come from east and south, the rays of the morning sun giving warmth, while any excessive light can be moderated by the use of blinds. Western windows have the objection, that the afternoon study is short.

The sixth question is, of all others, calculated to bear an influence on the evil we discuss. We have ascertained that myopia increases from school to school; and were we to refer to the height and propinquity of surrounding buildings, we should see that the broader the street in which the school stands, the lower the buildings facing it, or the higher the floor in which the room is situated, the smaller will be the number of short-sighted persons. On the other hand, the narrower the street in which the school is built, the higher the opposite houses, the lower the floor in which the class is held, the greater will be the extent of myopia. And this is not found in two or three schools only, but is the result of an inspection of thirty-three schools, in which the increase of short-sightedness exactly corresponded with the narrowness of the streets. This is a fact demanding the attention of all interested in the welfare of children; since it is not a case in which injury may be done to them, but one in which it has been clearly proved to have been done already. It is expedient that in building new schools, such a spot should be chosen that the erection of new buildings may not at any time deprive the inmates of light. Many schools are so dark, that in the early morning and afternoon reading and writing must be postponed, which is a breach of all discipline; but through the opening of new windows, or enlarging the present ones, the greater number of the class-rooms might be made habitable. The ground floor also in a street is by no means adapted for study. Too much light can never be had in a schoolroom, and as it will be long before we adopt the American plan of a glass roof, the windows should be at least a hundred inches high and sixty inches broad. At such a window as this twenty children may be placed, thus giving three hundred square inches of glass to each child.

The colour of the walls is also material, since white oppresses the eye, and dark grey absorbs too much light and reflects too little. Walls should therefore be painted of a light grey.

## THE FRENCH ALMANACKS FOR 1868.

## THE YEAR OF THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

"How has it fared with my beloved Lutetia," to paraphrase the words of the Apostate Julian, "this year of the Great Exposition?" Paris taps its pockets, and echo says, "Pretty well, thank you." The "sapeur," to whom nothing is sacred, smiles, and mutters between his teeth, "Those profits will come ultimately to us." The year of the Great Exhibition was the year for the harvest of the Parisian; the year that follows may be that for the harvest sown on the field of battle. There is no telling. France is as turbulent as Paris is factitious, and both like to fare upon the prosperity of others; France by annexation, Paris by mulcting the stranger—honestly or otherwise; Paris is not particular. But the stranger has his revenge—and that in a manner not generally taken into consideration by those who beat the great drum of Parisian felicity, and blow the trumpet of Parisian fame. The stranger shares in the prosperity of Paris. It is a remarkable fact, founded upon positive statistics, that of the 2,150,916 souls constituting the population of Paris, only 733,478, or little more than one-third, are born in the whole department of the Seine. The remaining two-thirds are provincials or foreigners. Of the latter there are 119,126 in Paris, of whom 34,273 are Germans, 33,088 Belgians, 10,687 Swiss, 9106 English, and 7903 Italians. This does not include the moving population, only the sedentary, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that all these are German princes, Belgian millionnaires, Swiss financiers, English lords, or Italian dukes and marquises. On the contrary, the great portion of this sedentary population earns its bread in the French metropolis, and shares in its prosperity. As the great bankers and financiers, and the leading men of business and artists of the day, are all foreigners, it may be questioned if they do not even get the lion's share!

But it is with the Great Exposition itself that we have to do at present. That the Parisian bourgeois, who, if he has any pretensions whatsoever that elevate him above the smoke of his "pot au feu"—they are those of a taste for art, and an instinct for scientific inventions—should have appreciated this great international exhibition, and should have gloried in it, with a noble indifference to the addition made to the number of consumers attracted by its fame, is attested in innumerable instances. Witness the case of Monsieur and Madame Lehuchoir, who made an excursion to the Champ de Mars in the month named after the same mythological hero. How great was their disappointment at finding a chaos instead of an exhibition.

"These gigantic works," sighed Madame Lehuchoir, "will never be completed by the 1st of April. We shall fail in our promises to strangers who will arrive in crowds to admire the marvels of our genius."

"Alas! too true!" echoed her patriotic spouse; "and look there at that waggon imbedded in the mud, it will never get out."

"Suppose we lend a hand," observed madame; "you often boast of your biceps; turn it now to good account."

"I will. You take up that geological specimen, and put it in the hole when I lift the wheel out."

"But I am already tired. It is heavy."

"Hold on a little; we are toiling for the glory of France."

Thanks to the patriotic couple, the waggon is extricated. Monsieur Lehuchoir wipes his brow, and casts a triumphant glance around. "These people," he says, "do not know how to work. Friend," he continued, addressing a mason who was coming down from a scaffolding, "it is only one o'clock, surely your day's work is not over."

"I can't get on; my monkey is ill."

"The indisposition of the interesting animal may afflict you; but I do not see in it a reason for giving up your important labours."

"We call the boy who prepares the plaster, and carries it up, a monkey; mine is ill, so you see I cannot work."

"Oh! if that is all, I will take his place, sooner than the Exposition shall not open at the time."

"But, mon ami!" interrupted Madame Lehuchoir, "what are you going to do?"

"Anastasie, you forget that the five quarters of the globe will be disappointed. If punctuality is the politeness of kings, so it ought also to be that of a nation."

The honourable bourgeois had, in the mean time, tucked up his sleeves. Anastasie condescended to remove her crinoline and stir the plaster, and the happy couple worked till evening, when they were conveyed home in triumph on a plaster cart, and had to stand "petits verres" all round.

No sooner the Exposition opened, than Monsieur and Madame Lehuchoir hastened to gratify their eyes with the spectacle which they had assisted in bringing to a completion.

"But where have they put all the wonders of industry?" exclaimed Anastasie, on penetrating through the crowd into the building.

"They are not all come yet, madame," observed a functionary; "but walk that way, there is plenty to see."

They walk. "Ah!" exclaims the husband, "here is a window of painted glass well worth examining!"

"You cannot look at it!" said the artist, rushing up to the window and holding a sheet before it.

"Why not?"

"Because it is in an incomplete state, and to see is now would be to ruin my reputation."

"Look here!" said Anastasie. "A notice: 'A very curious machine for thrashing corn will be here.'"

"Let us consult the catalogue," replied the husband.

Whilst doing so, a gentleman approaches and takes off his hat. "The machine belongs to me," he observes.

"Possibly, monsieur; but unfortunately it is not there."

"It will be there in three weeks' time."

"Then I shall see it, for I do not leave for the country for a month."

Another exhibitor rushes up. "Leave in a month!" he exclaims, in breathless excitement.

"Yes! in what way, monsieur, can that affect you?"

"Why, monsieur and madame will not see my machine for undressing, which will arrive in the middle of May."

"We regret it much, for there is nothing so wearisome as to have to undress oneself," observes Anastasie.

"Before I pay my forty sous," remarked our honourable bourgeois, on returning to the turnstile with his amiable spouse about a month after, "will you swear that the Exposition is in existence?"

"Oh! for more than a month. Walk in!"

Once more they walk in, and now they are confused by the multitude of objects, the crowd of people, and the various openings.

"Oh! dear, we shall never find our way!" M. Lehuchoir groans forth in despair.

"Ah! here is the gentleman who was so polite to us on board the steam-boat," observes Anastasie.

Monsieur advances, and saluting the worthy couple with much deference, "Will you allow me to be your cicerone?" he says. "I am here every day, and know every object in the building."

"We shall be delighted," retorts Monsieur Lehuchoir, "if you do not charge too much."

"Entirely an act of kindness," retorts the stranger, with an assumption of ruffled pride.

"How can you be so absurd," whispers Anastasie, "as to put such a question to a perfect gentleman? He is an English milord."

"Madame, you will be a great deal too warm with your shawl on; and you, monsieur, you had better take off your paletot."

"But where shall we leave them?"

"My servant here will take charge of them."

"Then I will leave my bonnet, too!" exclaims Anastasie. "I told you he was a milord," sotto voce to her husband.

"Now I will conduct you, in the first place, to the machinery; for without a person who can explain things to you, they will be but so many gigantic puzzles. This," pointing to the thrashing-machine—"this is a magnificent invention. You put in an idea at one end, turn the piston, and a romance in three volumes comes out in as many minutes at the other."

"Anastasie, dear! I must buy a machine like that, and become a great literary character."

"Oh! But, mon ami, you must first have an idea."

"Ah! true. I had not thought of that."

"Now, sir, allow me to call your particular attention to an invention calculated to ensure the happiness of husbands. It is a carriage with an indicator, which tells precisely how far your wife has driven, and the interior is covered with a medium which preserves the resemblance of any one who may intrude."

"Monsieur, you are very rude. I do not deceive my husband!" interpolates Anastasie, colouring up—not a very difficult process with madame.

"How foolish you are, Anastasie! No one was speaking about you. But come, I am getting thirsty; let us refresh ourselves a moment."

"I will show the way," remarked the cicerone, with exquisite politeness; and at the café he insisted upon paying the "consommation." But, on starting to begin again, the cicerone was no longer visible.

"Where is he?" uttered Anastasie.

"We must have lost him," replied her husband. "And I was going to ask him to dinner."

At this crisis an agent de police comes up. "Where is the individual who was in your company just now?"

"Where is he? Why, that is just what we were asking one another."

"Has he anything that belongs to you?"

"Yes, he has our outer garments and my purse, which I thrust upon him that he should not pay for refreshments."

"Then you have lost them, for he is one of the greatest wonders of the Exposition—an English pickpocket."

"I think, Anastasie," observed Monsieur Lehuchoir, "after this we had better go home; and the less we say about our lesson in mechanics, the wiser we shall be. Here is a commissionnaire. Will you please to order us a carriage?"

"Monsieur, is joking. Such a thing is not to be obtained for love or money."

"I cannot walk," moaned Anastasie.

"Well, if madame will get on my back, I will carry her home," said the auvergnat.

"Don't, Anastasie; you don't know how to ride."

"Oh, I won't let her fall! Where do you live? My charge is a hundred sous the hour."

"Rue Pigalle."

"In three hours you shall be at home."

"Three hours!"

"Yes, three hours, mon bourgeois. You can boast of one thing, and that is that your wife is not light."

Some days elapsed before Monsieur and Madame Lehuchoir recovered from the désagrémens attendant upon their visit to the Exposition. But at last the persuasion of a friend overcame their temporary repugnance to another venture, and madame was astounded one morning by the announcement that her amiable spouse had heard so much of the buffets that he was determined to déjeûner and dine at the Exposition. The first visit paid was to the American bar. Anastasie, however, did not like the look of the tumblers.

"Do you wash them?" she inquired of the lady who mixed the drinks.

"Certainly," was the curt response.

"Well, before I have anything, the tumbler must be washed in my presence."

"You are disgusted with foreigners," a swarthy Brazilian interpolated at this point.

"I did not speak with reference to you," retorted Anastasie.

"I am glad of it, or I should have asked satisfaction of your husband for the insult."

"To prove that what you said was not personal, you must drink out of my glass without its being washed."

"As for that, I certainly won't," replied Anastasie, sick at heart with the idea.

"Drink, wife—drink," whispered Lehuchoir, terrified at the ferocious aspect of the Brazilian; "my life depends upon your doing so."

Madame was obliged to comply, but her stomach was upset by the sacrifice. To repair damages, monsieur proposed a visit to the restaurant of the Celestial Empire, where a *déjeuner Chinois* was forthwith ordered.

"What are we to eat with?" inquired our worthy citizen, when the first dish was served up.

"Those little sticks. It is necessary to give a local colouring to the establishment, that Chinese customs should be upheld."

"That is very inconvenient. But what have we here—Chinese macaroni?"

"No; those are earth-worms in a white sauce."

"What a horror!" exclaims Anastasie, pushing away her plate. And both rose together, and took a walk in the gardens to recover from their emotions. Here they stumble upon Monsieur and Madame Durand, and relate to them their misfortunes.

"Oh!" says Monsieur Durand, who is not quite as timid as Lehuchoir, "come with me to the Spanish buffet, and I will give you something that will set you all right."

"Why, what is that?" exclaims Anastasie, when they had successfully fought their way into the Spanish restaurant. "Why, that Andalusian is Julie, our old servant!"

"Yes, ma'am, it is Julie, but don't say anything about it."

"But why did you never tell me that you were an Andalusian?"

"Because I never was in Spain. But I was dark, and so I got an engagement to be an Andalusian at the Exposition."

The conversation was interrupted by a third person asking for a glass of malaga.

"Kekerousti, signor, della podrida," retorted Julie.

"What, and have you learnt the idiom of Narvaez?" whispered Anastasie.

"Oh no, I say anything. It tickles the ears of the consumers."

"It is my turn to stand treat at the brasserie Bavaoise," observes Monsieur Lehuchoir.

"But really you will make yourselves ill," interposed Madame Durand, who best knew her husband's little failings.

Notwithstanding this uxorial advice, the two friends, under pretence of comparing international produce, visited several buffets in succession. At length they became so lively that Durand ventured to propose a little flirtation with the pretty English barmaids.

"Farceur!" smiled Lehuchoir. "But our wives?"

"We will tell them to take a little walk, and that we will join them immediately."

"Oh, is not that blonde charming?" exclaimed Lehuchoir, on nearing the counter. "But how shall I get on? I do not know a word of English."

"By means of a lively and animated pantomime, we shall be soon understood," replied Durand.

Lehuchoir carries the pantomime to an extreme, kisses the blonde, and gets kicked out of the establishment.

"Heavens! my husband, and in what a condition!" exclaimed Anastasie, picking up her over-enterprising friend.

But the too summary expulsion from the premises had upset the

honourable bourgeois's equilibrium. All he could say was that he was very ill. He declared that he was suffering from an international indigestion. The authorities were at length obliged to remove him in an ambulance, where he was laid on a mattress, and so conveyed to his own domicile.

"What a cunning fellow that Lehuchoir is," observed Durand. "There are no cabs, so I shall do like him, go back to the buffets till I am ill enough to be conveyed home free of expense."

To indemnify Madame Lehuchoir for the irregularities that occurred upon the day of buffets, monsieur was obliged to promise a serious walk among the works of art. But, once more, it was towards the machinery that madame guided her spouse. "Ma bonne amie," he at length ventured to inquire, "what is that parcel you carry so carefully under your arm?"

"It is stuff for a new dress. Madame Moutonnet told me they had sewing-machines here that would make it up in a few minutes. Madame" (turning round to a lady at a sewing-machine), "could you make up this dress for me?"

"Certainly. Does madame wish it long or short?"

"I only bought sufficient silk for a short dress, but if madame can make it long I shall be much obliged."

"That exceeds our art. Here is the dress."

"Oh! But I must try it on."

"Not here," interposed Monsieur Lehuchoir.

"Here is a capacious pipe. No one will see me." And Madame Lehuchoir, getting into an atmospheric tube, was at once conveyed to a distant part of the building.

"Heavens! my wife is gone!" exclaimed the disconsolate Lehuchoir. But his grief was overheard, and he was guided by an attentive agent to that part of the building to which despatches were usually forwarded, but not of the description which upon that occasion met the astonished gaze of the clerks.

No sooner had the loving couple embraced upon the happy termination of an unexpected temporary separation, than Monsieur Lehuchoir's nerves were once more subjected to a severe trial by the sudden appearance of a man brandishing a long and sharp knife. "Sir," he said, "I cannot let you go by without showing you a thing that will not fail to interest you. Permit me, in the first place, to make an incision. No matter where; you can select the spot."

"Thank you, I do, do not precisely see the fun of the thing," tremulously observed Lehuchoir, whilst his wife clung closer to his arm.

"With the Pagliari paper which you see here," continued the exhibitor, "I stop all bleeding in a moment, and you have nothing to fear. Allow me to make a free incision?"

"Rather not, thank you; but I have no objection to buy a few papers."

"That will do just as well."

"Here is a pocket telegraph," observes Anastasie.

"Yes," replies the exhibitor, "by its means, if you are attacked in the streets, you can summon the police."

"Who will come half an hour after the robbers are gone," interposed Monsieur Lehuchoir.

"The secret of sending four men and a corporal along an electric wire has not yet been discovered," continued the exhibitor, "but with time that also will be probably achieved."

"Oh dear me! what a number of great guns and little guns, and ammunition of all kinds and descriptions, and this is called 'la fête de la Paix!'"

"Madame," interposed an exhibitor, "the more the means of destruction are perfected, the less inclination will there be to make war. This portion of the Exposition is in reality quite as pacific as that of silks and satins, which give birth to a more wide-spread rivalry, and to far more hostile feelings."

"What a magnificent cannon! Would you be kind enough to fire it off for us?"

"Not just now; the building is too crowded; but if you will come in the evening, we will see what can be done to please you."

"Monsieur, do not pass by without examining my carriages."

"I have not the means to keep a carriage."

"Just a reason more why you should look at them. They interest pedestrians; for, by means of caoutchouc on the wheels, no one is hurt even when run over. Will you try it?"

"I will not allow your carriage to pass over the body of my husband," interposed Anastasie.

"But, my dear, there are no scientific conclusions arrived at except by experiment. It is the duty of every Frenchman to sacrifice himself for the welfare of others."

Accordingly Monsieur Lehuchoir lay down, and the carriage was drawn over him, backwards and forwards, two or three times, to the great edification of the bystanders. He was not hurt; nay, so much the contrary, that he wanted Anastasie to submit to the same process, but that good lady wisely demurred at constituting herself a portion of the Great Exposition.

Interested by the patriotism of Monsieur Lehuchoir, another exhibitor stepped forward to claim his patronage. But this new claimant to his suffrages was a man of a cynical turn of mind—not uncommon, by-the-by, among exhibitors. He insisted, before entering upon details which otherwise might be equally boresome to himself and his auditors, that his patron should possess an ordinary amount of intelligence. Monsieur Lehuchoir insisted upon those gifts with which every Parisian believes himself to be superabundantly endowed. But madame threw a doubt upon the matter by intimating, "You are not certain, Théophile, so don't insist upon the fact." At this crisis a third exhibitor came forward and declared that he was quite prepared to at once determine the amount of intelligence possessed by monsieur.

"Who are you?" inquired our worthy bourgeois.

"I am a distinguished naturalist. Sit down, and let me examine your box of bones, vulgarly called a cranium. Your forehead is low, and the top of the head is like a sugar-loaf. Your mental faculties of intelligence have suffered from the development above and behind. The action of the latter must lead you into many perplexities."

"Too true," interrupted Anastasie; "there never was his like for not being able to distinguish between love and duty."



"But what is this?" exclaimed the phrenological manipulator. "Here is a bump which clearly indicates a suicidal monomania. You must be frequently exposed to the temptation of destroying yourself, as manifested in your willingly placing yourself under the wheels of that carriage." (Applause from the audience.)

"On the contrary," indignantly exclaimed Monsieur Lehuchoir, "I am exceedingly frightened of death. Come away, Anastasie; this monsieur is not at all amusing."

"Yes, dear, they are playing the piano close by, and a crowd is assembling. Let us go and hear."

"What powerful notes! Whose instruments are those?" demanded M. Lehuchoir of an attendant.

"The pianos of Steinway, of New York, which carried off the gold medal."

"My patriotism is hurt!" retorted our bourgeois. "How is it that the French manufacturers cannot make better? But I shall write to Steinway to have himself naturalised."

"What beautiful diamonds!" exclaimed Anastasie. "Monsieur, cannot you spare me a small diamond as a souvenir of the Exposition?"

"Your request is as absurd as it is indiscreet," observed the husband.

"Why so? They gave us a Bible without our paying for it."

By this time Monsieur and Madame Lehuchoir had become fairly done up, and they inquired the way to the telegraphic-office to summons a cab. The station of the Madeleine was tried, then that of Chaillot, then the Place de la Concorde. There was not a cab disengaged. The expenses were two francs.

"It is very dear," observed Monsieur Lehuchoir, "to enter into conversation with cab-drivers by means of electricity."

"True," said the clerk; "but you do not consider that we spare you the abuse heaped upon the telegraphers."

"Théophile!" said madame, as they walked away disconsolate, "I have another idea. You have seen how many pretty places there are in the gardens, all furnished, and yet uninhabited. Let us sleep in one of them, and to-morrow we can continue our exploration of the Exposition without paying for admission."

"A magnificent idea, Anastasie. Well, if I have no brains, at least you are not stupid. Let us proceed to the selection."

They soon found a model cottage which satisfied their modest ideas of accommodation. But at midnight they were disturbed by the police going its rounds.

"Do not trouble yourselves," said the officer. "What are you doing here?"

"We are not evil-doers, only people who could not get a cab."

"Well, you must go with me to the guard-house."

"Wherever you like, sir, so long as you do not insist upon our returning on foot."

Monsieur and Madame Lehuchoir's experiences of the Great Exposition did not finish here. When visiting the Turkish mosque, an insolent Moslem gravely inquired of our worthy bourgeois what price he set upon his wife—a question which, while it irritated the husband in the highest degree, seemed rather to amuse Anastasie. At the Mexican temple he

was charged a franc for admission, when he declared that the Mexicans were, on the contrary, deeply indebted to him in the shape of dishonoured coupons. Finally, poking his head into a tent, he was seized upon by some savages, who pierced his nose and ears for rings, and crowned his bald pate with a tuft of Gallic feathers.

"It was," his wife said, "the most memorable souvenir of the Exposition of 1857!"

The Exposition has its own especial almanack. It is entitled, "Le Gazomètre International." The editor describes the Exposition of 1867 as the glorious product of an august commission. The commission was seated in an Olympus inaccessible to mortals. It summoned all the talents, gathered together all the industries, it had to build a palace for their reception, and it erected a gasometer! Not that he wishes to detract from the merits of this feast of industry—on the contrary, he preserves the most agreeable reminiscences of the pleasures of the turnstile and of the abundance of beer. It brought money and thieves from all the countries of the world into Paris. When there was a nationality deficient, self-sacrificing Parisiennes disguised themselves in order that the Exposition should be complete. "We must laugh at it," he says, "or else we shall cry. A poor palace, most assuredly, but a superb gasometer! Therein is the secret of our contentment!"

The spring of 1867 brought verdure and the Exposition. The birds began to sing by the time that the turnpikes screeched. A lighthouse rose up in the centre of a pond known as the lake of the Champ de Mars. The boatmen of Asnières rallied at the light. How their hearts were filled with delight when turning the point of Saint Cloud they could hail a place of safety, and where they could repair their forces at a Chinese restaurant! The Parisians will have the sea wash the quays of the Louvre. They cannot forgive the Marseillais who said, "If Paris had the Canebière it would almost be a little Marseilles." Paris had a real frigate. It is now a restaurant, and silver globes hang pendant from its rigging. It has now its marine aquarium—an ocean in miniature. Surely it ought to be satisfied.

Starting from that lofty "phare," the adventurous traveller could, by dint of skilful navigation, reach the villages of all countries, each with its special landscape, habitations, inhabitants, costumes, and diet—everything, even to the accent, in keeping. Let us penetrate into this hut of a Russian serf—recently emancipated—we will rock his new-born suspended in a hammock. He will present us with a draught of hydromel, and will place a loaf of bread made of the bark of birch on the table. We ask him how he likes Paris?

"Pretty well, petit père; it is great fun to be looked at like a wild beast."

"Petit père" we set down as a Russian familiarity—but the sound is very much like that of the faubourg. We will try again: "Brother, have you heard the 'Etoile du Nord'?"

"Oh yes, it shines in our country."

This is really too much. We turn to the hut of an Indian.

"Come in!" says the red skin; "the threshold of my door is free to men of good will."

"Friend! we salute you. You have left the Far West to visit our beautiful France?"

The revelation was so overwhelming that it brought all further attempts at conversation to an abrupt end. An oignon de mer in the eye, which grows larger every day! what a terrible visitation! we thought. Just as we were about to depart, two fresh-looking and very pretty English girls came in, but one of them had a slight obliquity of vision. When we got home we looked at our dictionary, and close by the English word for *loucher* (squint) was another, which signified *oignon de mer* (squill). In his hurry, the excellent *paterfamilias* had mistaken the one for the other.

We were glad to go and wash down this terrible misunderstanding at the American bar. If the Russians and the red skins were of doubtful nationality, there was no mistake about the English and Americans. Push the door of the American bar; good-by Paris. We are in New York. There are only two tables. The Americans take their drinks standing. They keep their hats on, like Spanish gentlemen in presence of the king. They scarcely condescend to speak, but imbibe their brandy-punch in majestic silence. A few alone lift up their boots against the wall, and whistle "Yankee Doodle." "Brandy-punch," Jules Claretie assures us, is a variety of sherry cobbler, and is to the Americans what a *tutti frutti* is to the Neapolitans. But there are other drinks which are duly described. Champagne and brandy, we are told, is imbibed before dinner; brandy-punch in the evening; champagne and burgundy all day long. On Sundays the stomach is allowed to rest. It is the Yankee gastric Sabbath. Around are advertisements concerning Sothern and Lord Dundreary; the clown Robinson; the Jardin des Fleurs, which is the American Cremorne; railway tables and steam-boat placards. One is decidedly a hundred miles from France. Some Parisians were pleased with the Exposition; others, of a more cynical or patriotic turn, were disgusted.

Among almanacks of all kinds and descriptions, there is still an "Almanach des Cocottes," although we are assured by a writer in the "Paris Guide" that the word is utterly obsolete. But so one writer also says of Paul de Kock, although the veteran is himself a contributor to the pages of the same volume. These are quiproquos to be expected when a multitude of writers are made to contribute to the same publication. There is, among others, an "Almanach Bismark." But there is nothing Bismarkian in it, save that, "as in Germany, France wears dead leaf and Spanish tobacco colours. Fashion imposes upon every one alike its capricious creations. M. de Bismark is passing into the legendary state. He has his almanack." There are some clever little things, however, in this "Almanach Bismark." Such is the story of a chiffonnier who, in the time of revolution, carried a child in his "hotte" to paste up insurgent placards. This was done by leaning his back to the wall, and whilst he pretended to be examining a heap with his classical hook, the child would affix the placard.

La France est un pays libre par excellence,  
Où l'on vous emprisonne au sortir de l'enfance.

Such was the chorus of a little fellow when only five years of age. His papa came home in a bad temper. The child had a plate in his hand. Terrified at the sight of his amiable parent, he let the plate fall. A day's imprisonment in a dark closet ensued. His college comprised no less

than three prisons, one within the other, and each as dark, as damp, and as mournful as a convent of monks. One was, it is true, whitewashed. There was a table, a fixture in the wall; and a stool, a fixture on the floor; there were materials for study—a jug of cold water and twelve hours' imprisonment. There was another prison. It had neither table nor stool, and only a gleam of light was admitted through iron bars. Into this he was incarcerated for twenty-four hours for having said that Jeanne of Naples died in the flower of her age—an historical fact, which he had furtively borrowed from the forbidden pages of Alexandre Dumas. There was a third prison. It was a dungeon.

The "Hôtel des Haricots," so called because the recalcitrant members of the National Guard who were imprisoned there had to *déjeûner* and dine upon haricots, has been levelled to the ground, in imitation of the Bastille; but prisons are like hydra-heads—they spring up again as fast as they are cut down. Our collegian was present one night at a first representation at the Odéon. People whistled and shouted. He asserts that he was not one of those who whistled or shouted, and yet that very night he had to pen his favourite distich on the walls of cell No. 17. Some people are always in bad luck. He tried to calm the fury of two combatants in the streets. It was he who was conducted to the guard-house. He put his name to a bit of paper, worth only two sous, and he was enclosed within four walls of a mansion, with a flag floating, as in derision of those within, freely in the breeze. He declared in his irritation that a usurer was a thief barricaded by the code, and he was sent to Sainte Pelagie, the patron saint of journalists.

"At last, one day, sir—it was so written—I entered the Bagne de Toulon. I pray you hear me to the end. I was not guilty."

"All convicts say the same thing."

"Yes, sir, but listen to me!"

"I know quite enough."

"Get away with you. You are not curious. I was so, for it was out of curiosity that I went to see how crimes were committed, and that I came here."

"The country of the Indian is the world. He transplants himself like a tree. Wherever the earth is clad with verdure, wherever there are forests, wherever the great rivers carry their waters, the Indian is at home. Nature has no secrets for the red skin: he is his elder brother!"

A disagreeable feeling comes over us of having read this in an author, known in Paris as Fenimore. We, however, keep our unpleasant thoughts to ourselves. People who travel should not be too critical. We light our cigar. The Indian smokes his calumet—which is very like a pipe well culotté. We are transported thousands of leagues from Paris, and dream of wigwams, buffaloes, and virgin forests. Red skin arouses us from our dreams.

"Has my brother any fire-water?"

"I do not carry a pocket-pistol."

"Pity, we could have imbibed it in the cranium of an enemy mounted in silver by Cristofle. The wine-merchant does not give credit to the wife of the great chief. Will my brother give me five francs?"

"Here they are."

"The Great Spirit will give them back to his brother. He will come and see me again. He will find my heart open."

We take the hint, and our departure at the same time. We had seen a better red skin on the Boulevard du Crime—at less expense. We stumbled next on an English cottage, and ventured within. The master only was at home. Not one of the bearded and paraded promenaders on the boulevards—a burly, good-natured citizen, who sat with a dictionary before him—for in the absence of his daughters that was his only conversational resource.

“You are alone in the cottage?” we ventured to observe.

“Yes, mes enfants sont allé dehors,” he replied, looking at the dictionary.

“You have many children?”

“Yes, j’avais douze.”

“Twelve!” we exclaimed; and in an impulse of astonishment we looked at the dictionary. His finger was at “deux,” which he pronounced as “douze.”

“Two,” we explained to him.

“Merci, j’avais deux enfants-femmes.”

“Filles,” we expounded.

“Merci. Yes, deux filles. Ma fille avait une.” And he put his hand to his eye.

What could it be? we thought. “She has something in the eye,” we ventured to remark.

“Yes, très gros.” Looking assiduously at the dictionary, and after seeking a long time, he exclaimed, “Oignon de mer!”

“What!” we said, “your daughter has an oignon de mer in the eye?”

“Yes,” said the father, pleased at his progress.

One of not the least pointed sketches of Parisian life is that penned under the nom de plume of Moleri, in the “Almanach pour Rire.” “A window opens on the other side of the street. It is that of Madame V., a sparkling brunette. What is she doing at the window? Seeing if it is fine, or watching her husband, who has just gone out to his daily duty as sous chef de bureau? I am inclined to adopt the first supposition, Madame V.’s dress conveying the impression that she is about to take a walk. Madame V. always dresses well, and with infinite variety. Sometimes mauve, sometimes blue. Yesterday in velvet, to-day in silk. And then what hats, feathers, ribbons, and jewels! And when I think that to meet these expenses, not to mention those of keeping house, she has only the 3600 francs earned by her husband, I am astounded.

“The window is shut, and madame appears in the street. She takes a direction opposed to that by which her husband went out. A gentleman comes up, salutes her, and walks off with her. I catch myself humming a distich of Béranger’s:

Sa femme, fort gentille,  
Fait payer ses atours.

Madame V.—and Paris is full of Madame V.s—brings to mind Madame C., who shines neither by her beauty nor her dress. Poor woman! She had a dowry—unfortunately so, for her dowry found her a husband. C. was in want of a dowry to meet the extravagances of his mistress; and C.’s mistress, of a jealous disposition, only permitted him to marry a plain woman. Only the other day, C. celebrated the festal day of his mistress by presenting her with a pearl necklace that cost 500 francs. The

same day Madame C. took her earrings and gold chain to the pawn-broker's, in order to procure a white dress for her daughter, about to take her first communion. There is nothing funny in this, and I must be amusing. Let us pass on to others.

"What is this pamphlet? A vaudeville by F. and another. What is to be said of F.? That he is stupid and rich. Well, there are many others besides him in that predicament! He has obtained his fortune by fifty plays, which all meet with the most brilliant success. Well, what is there surprising in that? F. never had a play performed written by himself solely, and if he is stupid, it does not follow that his collaborateurs are so. Very good; but two lines would suffice to announce the fact, only two lines do not make an article.

"I know a little fellow not above ten years of age who thinks himself a man because he smokes. If he only devoted as much energy and perseverance to translating Horace and Virgil as he does to enable him to smoke a cigar without being sick, I would guarantee him a first prize at school. I am also acquainted with the formidable B., who beats his wife, beats his daughter, fights his friends, and allows himself to be beaten by his mistress. Another of my acquaintances is the inexhaustible chronicler, D., whose dramatic sketches, scandalous anecdotes, and smart sayings are devoured by the public. D. said to himself one day, 'One cannot live in Paris upon less than three thousand francs a year. I give up the idea, then, of breeding rabbits. Why should I not be a chronicler?' No sooner projected than carried into execution. The first step was to make a collection of secret memoirs, historical and literary curiosities, dictionaries of anecdotes, anas, and almanacks, all dating back some fifty years ago, collected at ten centimes the volume at open-air shops. He gathers from these his indiscretions of the day, which belong in reality to history. Only he associates them with living and known personages, and he dresses them up in a modern style. He also raises the social position of personages. He makes a Prince of Garguille and a Duchess of Manon. This leaves it to be supposed that he has his entrée in the salons of the aristocracy. Good business that of a chronicler. Two hundred lines a day, at twenty centimes the line, makes fourteen thousand six hundred francs a year!

"And then, again, my neighbour M., an amiable gandin, with spare limbs, curved back, pale and hollow cheeks, and a bald head. He smoked cigarettes at twelve, cigars at thirteen, pipes at fifteen. At sixteen he imbibed champagne in tumblers. At eighteen he played at baccarat, kept his racing-book, and treated ladies to supper at the Maison d'Or. He is now twenty years of age, and his limbs give way beneath him, he coughs at every word, and his stomach has no digestive powers. He will marry when he is twenty-five to secure a nurse, and he will perish decrepit at thirty, leaving behind him two abortions, to the great advantage of future generations. But there is nothing new in all this, nothing but what every one knows. People will not laugh at the personages whom I bring upon the stage, but at myself, who cuts a figure as if I had just come back from another world.

According to the prophecies, no less true than comical, of Monsieur le Bremond, in January, 1868, fourteen hundred and thirty-three journalists will write as many articles to explain that the word "trennes," (new year's gifts) comes from "strenuæ." We suppose "strena" of

Suetonius is meant. English philologists will retort by proving that "cheek," in one of its modern acceptations, is derived from the French "chic." A ruined nobleman will marry the daughter of a vendor of cocoa, who made a large fortune at the Exposition. The aristocracy, furious at such a *mésalliance*, will be appeased by the newly-married couple paying the expenses of a pontifical Zouave. Machines invented for dancing will be in full force, and the Parisians, enriched and relieved of one of their chief burdens—that of being obliged to dance to any tune—will petition for a new Exposition in 1868. This will not prevent a gentleman being called away at the epoch of the *bal de l'Opéra* on business for a few days, which will lead to his wife detecting a costume of *débardeur* in his *portmanteau*.

In February, a *savant* having discovered the secret of perpetual motion, his confrères will subscribe five hundred thousand francs to carry out the discovery; but it will only carry the discoverer to Belgium, where he will never more be heard of. Swindling is the only true perpetual motion. The suppression of imprisonment for debt having deprived the *gandins* of credit, they will petition for its re-establishment. Rents continuing to rise, the Parisians will take refuge in the quarries and catacombs. A gastronome will summon Baron Brisse for an indigestion brought on by one of his "menus."

In March, the usual struggles between Rossini and Offenbach for popularity will be at their height. New prizes—artificial legs, arms, and noses—will be assigned to winners at steeple-chases. The friends of peace will propose that *Chassepots* be converted into pastoral pipes. A fat *épiciier* having to mount guard, will be horrified to find, upon its coming on to rain, that he cannot squeeze himself into his sentry-box. The different crania said to have belonged to Voltaire will be sold by auction. There will be thirty-three.

In April, a first tenor will be paid at the rate of seventy thousand francs a year. The exhaustion of gas necessary to fill a monster balloon will leave Paris in darkness. To ensure the immortality of the Forty of the Academy, it will be decreed that they shall be embalmed for the future. A mother, whose daughter has no dowry, puts her up in a lottery. Fifty thousand tickets at two francs each are sold, and a chimney-sweep wins the prize.

In June, a new magazine will make its appearance, entitled, "*L'Ami des Crétins*." Great will be its success. Several celebrated pickpockets will arrive. They will be hospitably received "*au violon*." A report will spread that the yellow fever has broken out at Montmorency. It will be traced to the donkeys, who are terrified at the approach of the season of excursions. A bather in the Seine will be horrified at the appearance of a shark. The manager will relieve his apprehensions by explaining to him that it is there to give a local colour to the place.

In July, cooks will strike for an increase of fifty per cent. Races with locomotives will take the place of horse-racing. A medical man will be attached to the service of each particular tree on the boulevards. Auburn hair will no longer be the fashion. It will be replaced by green, as better suited to the season of the year. Paris will be lit up by the electric light—the effect will be the same as daylight. Restaurants at two francs will supply table-napkin and water. The consumer must bring his own meat and wine.

August.—The omnibus proprietors will decide that each passenger shall be obliged to carry one on his or her knees. There will be so many *rosières* at Nanterre that a subscription will have to be raised for prizes. The Garde Nationale will adopt a new invention, fusils-parapluies—or muskets provided with umbrellas. A cook will insist upon her master going to Strasburg, because her regiment is quartered there. A gourmet will start for Perigord in order to find truffles.

September.—Eleven hundred and sixty-two candidates present themselves for the part of Cupid in the “Orphée aux Enfers.” A statue will be raised in honour of “Timothée Trim,” of the *Petit Journal*.

October.—Alexandre Dumas fils will write a comedy to rehabilitate *cocottes*. House-proprietors will not let apartments to married people, unless with certificates that they lead a quiet domestic life. People will not be allowed to ascend the Colonne Vendôme without making oath that they will not precipitate themselves from the top.

November.—An ink will be invented for signing bills, which will evaporate before they fall due. The same ink may be used for protestations of love. The railroad from Calais to Dover will be completed. Baron Brisse will be elected to a chair at the Sorbonne. As the course will be illustrated, it will have a great success.

December.—A powder will be invented to destroy people as well as insects. The size of head-dresses will diminish, but the price will increase proportionably. Thérèse will appear as a tragic actress. People, before inviting guests, will inquire if they really wish to come. Truly, where politics and state matters are utterly tabooed, prophecies for the future can no further go.

Paris, it will be observed, moves in a groove. It is impossible for it to extricate itself. There is not an almanack, except such as are devoted to specialities, that does not open with some lachrymose joke about new year's gifts, and then wade through the mire of the Quartier Breda, with interludes at Brebant's and the Maison d'Or. But next year we are promised a social revolution. Then, and on the 1st of April, the “*Almanach Astrologique*” promises us “disinterested barristers, conciliating solicitors, doctors without empiricism, men of letters without jealousy, modest painters, polite savans, impartial critics, careful barbers, conscientious grocers, clean cooks, humble parvenus, scrupulous ambitions, temperate men, domestic happiness, girls that are not coquettish, *rosières* worthy of their crowns, a wholesome literature, comedies after Molière, actresses who think more of their diction than of their dresses, gambling banished from the “*Bourse*,” marriages of inclination, devoted husbands, wives sacrificing the world for their homes, old women not given to scandal, amiable porters, young people listening to the lessons of experience, old men indulgent for the faults of youth, and shops in which the good quality of the goods will take the place of gaudy decorations.”

It only remains, then, to obtain in the ensuing year, as predicted by the “*Almanach Astrologique*,” the great prizes in temperance, morality, virtue, and modesty, in order that the edifice of a universal superiority shall be definitively crowned.



## PRESTWOOD PAPERS.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

## II.—ABOUT SECOND AND THIRD READINGS.

REFERRING to the instance of a man who made it a law for himself never to read any book again which had greatly pleased him on a first perusal, lest a second reading should in some degree disturb the pleasurable impression which he wished to retain of it, Southey remarks that the person in question must have read only for his amusement, otherwise he would have known that a book is worth little if it deserves to be perused but once; and, moreover, that, as the same landscape appears differently at different seasons of the year, at morning and at evening, in bright weather and in cloudy, by moonlight and at noonday, so does the same book produce a very different effect upon the same reader at different times and under different circumstances.

Schleiermacher, in one of his love-letters to "dearest Jette," tells her he has just been re-perusing some of hers; and that, strange to say, on this re-perusal several of the passages seemed to him quite new: how could this be, as he had certainly never been guilty of overlooking anything in her letters? "It is true," he says, "that the same thing happens to me in regard to the books I like the best; each time I read them over again the chief impression which I receive is determined by some special passage or other, and the rest remains as it were in the background."\* Every re-perusal in such a case involves, therefore, not merely the refreshing of old impressions, but the production of new ones.

The studious man who at forty, as Southey's Doctor has it, re-peruses books which he has read in his youth or early manhood, vivid as his recollections of them may be, finds them new because he brings another mind to the perusal. "Worthless ones with which he may formerly have been delighted, appear flat and unprofitable to his maturer judgment; and on the other hand sterling merit which he was before unable to appreciate, he can now understand and value, having in his acquired knowledge and habits of reflection the means of assaying it."†

That is at once an amusing and a suggestive story that Sir Walter Scott tells, of a grand-aunt of his, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone, who lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age, and enjoyed reading to the last of her long life. One day she asked her grand-nephew, when they chanced to be alone together, if he had ever seen Mrs. Behn's novels? He confessed he had. Well, could he get her a sight of them? He said, with some hesitation, he believed he could; but that he did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles the Second's time to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the old lady, "I remember them being so much admired, and being so much interested in them myself,

\* Life and Letters of Schleiermacher, ii. 142.

† The Doctor, ch. clx.

that I wish to look at them again." To hear was to obey. So Walter sent Mrs. Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to his gay old grand-aunt. The next time he saw her afterwards, she gave him back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with nearly these words: "Take back your bouny Mrs. Behn, and, if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she added, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?" This, of course, as Sir Walter observes,\* was owing to the gradual refinement of the national taste and delicacy.

A. K. H. B. is right enough in describing the "something like indignation" with which we occasionally re-peruse a volume which enchained us in our boyish days. For, having now burst the chain, we have somewhat, he says, of the feeling of the prisoner towards the gaoler who held him in unjust bondage: what right had that bombastic rubbish to touch and thrill us as it used to do? "You sit by the fireside and read your leisurely *Times*, and feel a tranquil enjoyment. You like it better than the 'Sorrows of Werter,' but you do not like it a twentieth part as much as you once liked the 'Sorrows of Werter.'"† The Country Parson who now hails from St. Andrew's had harped on the same string in his essay Concerning Scylla and Charybdis, and the Swing of the Pendulum; for that Common-place Philosopher loves to remind us how curious it is to look over a volume which we once thought (to use his own diction) magnificent, enthralling, incomparable,‡ and wonder how on earth we ever cared for that stilted rubbish.

There are works, as Goethe's English biographer remarks—adverting to the general disappointment felt on a first reading of Faust—which, on a first acquaintance, ravish us with delight: the ideas are new; the form is new; the execution striking:—in the glow of enthusiasm we pronounce the new work a masterpiece: we study it, learn it by heart, and somewhat weary our friends by the emphasis of enthusiasm. "In a few years, or it may be months, the work has become unreadable, and we marvel at our ancient admiration. The ideas are no longer novel; they appear truisms or perhaps falsisms. The execution is no longer admirable, for we have discovered its trick. In familiarising our minds with it, our admiration has been slowly strangled by the contempt which familiarity is said to breed, but which familiarity only breeds in contemptible minds, or for things contemptible. The work then was no masterpiece? Not in the least. A masterpiece excites no sudden enthusiasm; it must be studied much and long, before it is fully comprehended; we must grow up to it, for it will not descend to us."§ Directly in the teeth of most "intellectual tea-circles," it may be asserted, and by Mr. Carlyle it is asserted, that no good book, or good thing of any sort, shows its best face at first; nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of Art, if its

\* In a letter to Lady Louisa Stuart. See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, ch. liv.

† See Dr. Boyd's *Discourse of Immaturity*, reprinted in his *Leisure Hours in Town*.

‡ *Recreations of a Country Parson*, ii. 280.

§ *Lewes, Life of Goethe*, book vi. ch. vii.

excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment.\*

*Plus cette bibliothèque est restreinte, mieux elle vaut*, writes M. de Sacy, when discussing† the works of which “les gens de bon goût et les honnêtes gens composent leur bibliothèque choisie.”—When there were few books, Mr. Mill has said, and when few read at all save those who had been accustomed to read the best authors, books were written with the well-grounded expectation that they would be read carefully, and if they deserved it, would be read often. But now the world “gorges itself with intellectual food, and in order to swallow the more, bolts it. Nothing is now read slowly, or twice over. Books are run through with no less rapidity, and scarcely leave a more durable impression, than a newspaper article.” It is to this, among other causes, that Mr. Mill‡ attributes the production of so few books of any value.

If to Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, expatiating on the unspeakable pleasures that attend the life of a voluntary student, the first time he reads an excellent book, it is to him just as if he had gained a new friend,—so, when he reads over a book he has perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.§

So advantageous, argues Hume, is practice to the discernment of beauty, that, before we can give judgment on any work of importance, it will be indispensable more than once to peruse that individual performance, and survey it in different lights with attention and deliberation. There he is, he goes on to say, a flutter or hurry of thought which attends the first perusal of any piece, and which confounds the genuine sentiment of beauty. “The relation of the parts is not discerned: the true characters of style are little distinguished: the several perfections and defects seem wrapped up in a species of confusion, and present themselves indistinctly to the imagination. Not to mention, that there is a species of beauty, which as it is florid and superficial, pleases at first; but being found incompatible with a just expression either of reason or passion, soon palls upon the taste, and is then rejected with disdain, at least rated at a much lower value.”|| In another of his essays Hume casually informs us, that, as regards Martial, the first line of an epigram recalls the whole, “and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus, has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at first.”¶ A fiftieth reading of Parnell! What per-centage of the reading world's present population has vouchsafed Parnell a first?

\* “A number of years ago, Jean Paul's copy of Novalis led him to infer that the German reading world was of a quick disposition; inasmuch as, with respect to books that required more than one perusal, it declined perusing them at all. Paul's Novalis, we suppose, was of the first edition, uncut, dusty,” &c.—Carlyle, *Critical Miscellanies*, ii.

† In his review of Joseph de Maistre.

‡ On Civilisation. See an interpolated passage in vol. ii. of *Dissertations and Discussions*, p. 185.

§ *The Citizen of the World*, letter lxxxiii.

|| Hume's *Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary*, ch. xxiii. On the Standard of Taste.

¶ Ch. xx. Of Simplicity and Refinement in Writing.

Talking of fiftieth times, here is a fragment from Byron's diary at Ravenna; written on a day when snow was on the ground, and sirocco above in the sky: "Read the conclusion, for the fiftieth time (I have read all W. Scott's novels at least fifty times), of the third series of 'Tales of my Landlord'—grand work—Scotch Fielding,"\* &c. A really good novel will bear, as a really good critic has affirmed, to be read again and again, to be thought over in various connexions, to be meditated upon in various moods, to be discussed and commented on. There are second-rate novels—and he takes an example—the merits of which are almost certain to strike us at a first reading, and quite sure to escape us at a second. "We liked the spirited narrative yesterday—to-day it seems poor, for we know what we are going to be told." The characters, it is added, seemed not amiss at first, for we were always expecting a new insight into them; but on a second reading we can scarcely endure them, because we know that this insight into their essence is never to be given us, and that the delineations will be sketchy and external to the last page. "If you are pleased with a common acquaintance," we have been warned, "be rather careful not to see him again." If you have read a common novel with pleasure, the warning of criticism is never to open it again.†

Sir Walter Scott's journal shall furnish us with examples from his experience. In 1826 we find him reading over for a second time Lady Morgan's novel of O'Donnel, in which he indulgently recognises some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, with not a little that is "very rich and entertaining" in the comic part. "I do not remember being so much pleased with it at first. There is a want of story, always fatal to a book the first reading—and it is well if it gets a chance of a second. Alas, poor novel! Also read again, and for the third time at least, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*."‡ That would bear, and reward, the third reading, and a fourth. But one finds it harder to go along with Scott in another of his enjoyable third readings. Some twenty years before this we find him writing to Robert Southey: "As I don't much admire compliments, you may believe me sincere when I tell you that I have read *Madoc* three times since my first cursory perusal, and each time with increased admiration of the poetry." The world seems in no hurry to ratify Scott's confident prediction, that (although Southey might have to content himself for a while with the applause of the few whom nature has gifted with the rare taste for discriminating in poetry, yet) "the mere *readers of verse* must one day come in, and then *Madoc* will assume his real place at the feet of Milton. Now this opinion of mine was not that (to speak frankly) which I formed on reading the poem at first, though I then felt much of its merit."§ It reads almost like irony, the earnest hope expressed by Scott in conclusion, that Southey neither has parted with, nor means to part with the copyright.

Complimenting (notwithstanding Scott's disavowal) an author by telling him how many times you have read his last book, is quite of the Chesterfield type of politeness. That noble earl, for instance, writes to Monsieur de Voltaire at Berlin, to thank him for the pleasure and in-

\* Diary of Lord Byron, Jan. 5, 1821.

† *Saturday Review*, No. 181.

‡ Diary of Sir Walter Scott, March 14, 1826.

§ Scott to Southey, Oct. 1, 1807.

struction his lordship has received from the *Histoire du Siècle de Louis XIV.* True, my lord has only read it four times at present, but that is only because he wants to forget it a little before the fifth reading—which, however, he finds after all to be impossible. “Je ne l’ai lu encore que quatre fois, c’est que je voudrais l’oublier un peu avant la cinquième, mais je vois que cela m’est impossible.”\* Not that Chesterfield was white-lying. He *had* read the book four times, and tells his son so,—though in a letter that was probably meant to meet Voltaire’s eye. “I have lately read over all his works that are published, though I had read them more than once before. I was induced to this by his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, which I have yet read but four times. In reading over all his works, with more attention, I suppose, than before, my former admiration of him is, I own, turned into astonishment.”† Horace Walpole is another of the astonished admirers and re-perusing students of Voltaire. “I have been reading again, as I have often done, Voltaire’s *Universal History*,” he tells the Countess of Orrery. “I admire it more than ever, though I always thought it his *chef-d’œuvre*. It is a marvellous mass both of genius and sagacity, and the quintessence of political wisdom as well as of history. . . . I wish you would read it again, Madam; there are twenty passages that look as if written within these six months,”‡ though Walpole was writing in 1789. He liked to recommend his own meritorious practice of re-perusals. Thus, to Mason he says in 1775, “Let me tell you, you have no more taste than Dr. Kenwick, if you do not like Madame de Sévigné’s Letters. Read them again; they are one of the very few books that, like Gray’s Life, improve upon one every time one reads them.”§ If any indirect persuasive could induce Mason to comply, that dexterous compliment “like Gray’s Life” ought to have done so.

Walpole’s panegyric on the quintessential wealth of Voltaire’s History, reminds us of what *on raconte* of Sièyes and M. de Tracy,—namely, that they “*lisaient perpétuellement Voltaire; quand la lecture était finie, ils recommençaient; ils disaient l’un et l’autre que tous les principaux résultats étaient là.*”|| Jean Paul, who for the re-perusal of Lichtenberg professes to have commonly waited but one year, for the re-perusal of Voltaire waited a clear ten.¶

Bayle, who read everything, preferred reading Plutarch and Montaigne over and over again. This was the case with him at nineteen; and in him, as in Father Prout, was exemplified the durableness of first attachments, as regards the *liaisons* of literature. The odes of Horace were Father Prout’s earliest mistresses in poetry, we read; and as they took his fancy in youth, so their fascinations haunted his memory in old age. *L’on revient toujours à ses premières amours.*\*\* Goethe declared in his eighty-first year, that the “Vicar of Wakefield” was his delight at the age of twenty, and that he had recently read it again from beginning to

\* Chesterfield to Voltaire, August 27, O. S., 1752.

† Chesterfield to his Son, Oct. 4, 1752.

‡ Horace Walpole’s Letters, vol. ix. p. 235.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. vi. p. 237.

|| See Sainte-Beuve’s essay on Joseph de Maistre, in the second volume of his *Portraits Littéraires*.

¶ See Jean Paul’s Review of De Staël.

\*\* See Reliques of Father Prout: The Songs of Horace, Decade the first.

end—with renewed delight, and with a grateful sense of the boon it had been to him in early and in middle life.\*

It has been said to be very hard to preserve a relish for poetry after middle life has begun. Fortunately, however, as the same observer has shown, almost all persons read good poetry at first much too quickly, and therefore, by taking a far larger time to study it, they can see meanings in it which escaped them in their younger days. A dull time in the country enables and disposes them to do this. "There is plenty of time at a deplorable little seaside village to think what the poet meant;" and "thus we get an after-harvest of youthful impressions, and although the second harvest has little of the pleasure of the first, it is much better than having no crop at all, and acquiescing contentedly in the decay of all poetical excitement."†

Lord Lytton, in one of his essays, prescribes it as a great preservative to a high standard in taste and achievement, to take every year some one great book as an especial study, not only to be read, but to be conned, studied, brooded over; to go into the country with it, travel with it, be devotedly faithful to it, be without any other book for the time; compelling oneself thus to read it again and again. "Who can be dull enough to pass long days in the intimate, close, familiar intercourse with some transcendent mind, and not feel the benefit of it when he returns to the common world?"‡

There are some books, observes M. de Sainte-Beuve, *que les cœurs oisifs et cultivés aiment tous les ans à relire une fois, et qu'ils veulent sentir refleurir dans leur mémoire comme le tilas ou l'aubépine en sa saison.*§ Among books thus to be read once a year, by readers so qualified, he accounts the "Edouard" of Madame de Duras; which very few readers now living, on this side the Channel at any rate, have read once in their lifetime even.

Huet was a *si fervent adorateur* of Theocritus, that, in his earlier days at least, he made a point of reading through the Sicilian poet once every year,|| appropriately selecting the Spring quarter for that purpose.

Sainte-Beuve adverts to this pretty practice in the closing paragraph of his essay on M<sup>de</sup>. de Staal-de-Launay. "Huet (l'Evêque d'Avranches) nous dit qu'il avait coutume, chaque printemps, de relire Théocrite sous l'ombrage renaissant des bois, au bord d'un ruisseau et au chant du rossignol. Il me semble que les Mémoires de M<sup>de</sup>. de Staal pourraient se relire à l'entrée de chaque hiver, à l'extrême fin d'automne, sous les arbres de Novembre, au bruit des feuilles déjà séchées."¶

Boswell professes himself to have been not satisfied if a year passed without his reading *Rasselas* through; and at every perusal, his admiration of the mind which produced it was, he affirms, so highly raised, that he could scarcely believe he had the honour of enjoying the intimacy of such a man.\*\*

Charles Nodier is said to have made a practice of *relisant* (or at least

\* Gespräche mit Eckermann.

† Essay on Excitement, *Sat. Rev.*, x. 297.

‡ Caxtoniana, vol. i.: Hints on Mental Culture.

§ Portraits de Femmes: Madame de Duras.

|| Rossignol, Virgile et Constantin le Grand.

¶ Derniers Portraits, 442.

\*\* Boswell, *Life of Johnson*, sub anno 1759.

of *refeuilletant*) the "Mascurat" of Gabriel Naudé once every year at the least—a book which a leading French critic describes as still remaining the delight of not a few *érudits friands*.\* So Henri Beyle (De Stendhal) *relisait sans cesse* the French *grands prosateurs* of the seventeenth century.

Sir Walter Scott at one time of his life made it a practice to read through the "Orlando" of Boiardo and the "Orlando" of Ariosto once every year.† Lord Macaulay did the same with "Gil Blas."‡ John Galt's biographer, in his panegyric on that author's "Entail," hails the "curious coincidence" that it is known to have been thrice read through by Lord Byron and by Sir Walter Scott. Of what book could the same be said? is *Delta's*§ enthusiastic demand, rather wild in scope.

Worthy of being prison-companion to M. Dumas's wonderful Monte Christo in the Château d'If, is that wonderful Abbé Faria, who, having had five thousand volumes in his library at Rome, discovered, by dint of reading and re-reading them, that a student may learn all that is necessary for man to know, by carefully perusing about a hundred and fifty well-selected works. "I devoted three years," says the Abbé, "to reading these one hundred and fifty volumes over and over again, so that when I was arrested I knew them almost by heart. With a very slight effort of memory I can beguile my prison hours by recalling them nearly word for word."||

But to recur to the prescription or the practice (*c'est différent*) of re-perusals once a year. Voisenou places the "Mémoires de Grammont" at the head of those works that ought to be regularly re-perused once a year. "Cet ouvrage est à la tête de ceux qu'il faut régulièrement relire tous les ans." Gibbon in his autobiography quotes the Provincial Letters of Pascal as a work "which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure."¶ Further on again he says: "According to the wise maxim, *Multum legere potius quam multa*, I reviewed, again and again, the immortal works of the French and English, the Latin and Italian classics." Not but what Gibbon read *multa* as well as *multum*. Few men were ever so capable of doing both.

In a fly-leaf of one of the volumes of a copy of Lessing's works, which belonged to Coleridge, the latter entered this record: "Year after year I have made a point of re-perusing the *Kleine Schriften* as masterpieces of style and argument."\*\* Napoleon seems to have read "Werther" almost oftener than once a year. At any rate, he told Goethe that he had read it seven times, at the time of their meeting at Erfurt, and that he took it to Egypt with him. Werther and Ossian—strange predilections on the part of Napoleon the First.

The late Lord Abinger drew up a list of books for a law-student, at

\* See the *essai* on Gabriel Naudé, in tome ii. of "Portraits Littéraires."

† Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. lxxxiii.

‡ In a letter to Mr. Leigh Hunt, he says: "I see Rousseau's genius as clearly as any of his admirers. But he does not attract me. I read Gil Blas once a year; and I do not care if I never see Rousseau's novel again."—Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, ii. 35.

§ Memoir of Galt by D. M. Moir.

|| Monte Christo, ch. xvi.

¶ Memoirs of my Life and Writings, by E. Gibbon.

\*\* Quoted in Mr. J. H. Green's Introduction to Coleridge's Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit.

the head of which stands "Cicero de *Officiis*, once, twice, thrice; once a year."\* How often, M. de Sacy tells us of himself, has he, on a fine day in Spring or Autumn, when all was smiling, youth, health, the present and the future, read over again, in his walks, this same treatise *De Officiis*, that most perfect *code de l'honnêteté*, written in a style as clear and brilliant as the sky at its purest! †

Saint-Evremond declares that he could read "Don Quixote" all his life, without being disgusted one single moment; and that his favourite Latin authors he could read a thousand times over without being cloyed. ‡ He declined making indiscriminate acquaintanceship with untried authors, and preferred tying himself up, as he styled it, to certain books in which he was sure of meeting satisfaction. In much the same tone the late Lord Dudley, in his letter to Dr. Coplestone, tells the Bishop how he differs from him in taste for new publications. "I read them unwillingly. You abstain from them with difficulty, and as a matter of duty and self-denial. Their novelty has very little attraction for me; and in literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance, with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate; and I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again, than to read a new one for the first time." If his lordship heard of a new poem, for instance, —and those were the days in which Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Southey, were bringing out so prolonged a series of new poems,—he asked himself first, whether it was superior to Homer, Shakspeare, Ariosto, Virgil, or Racine; and, in the next place, whether he already had all these authors completely at his fingers' ends. And when both questions were answered in the negative, he inferred that it was better (and, to him, it was avowedly pleasanter) to give such time as he had to bestow on the reading of poetry to Homer and his peers,—and so of other things. §

The re-perusal of one's own productions ought not to be forgotten in a retrospective review like the present. When a king of old displayed his wealth and magnificence before a philosopher, the philosopher's exclamation was, "How many things are here which I do not want!" Does not the same reflection, asks Petrarch in Landor's Pentameron, come upon us, when we have laid aside our compositions for a time, and look into them again more leisurely? Do we not wonder at our own profusion, and say like the philosopher, "How many things are here which I do not want!" It may happen, he adds, that we pull up flowers with weeds; but better this than rankness. "We must bear to see our first-born despatched before our eyes, and give them up quietly." || When Byron read over again his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," nine years after publication, he wrote on the first leaf of the copy now in Mr. Murray's possession, "Nothing but the consideration of its being the property of another, prevents me from consigning this miserable record of misplaced anger and indiscriminate acrimony to the

\* *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1844. Art., Lord Eldon.

† *Variétés Morales*, par S. de Sacy, La Rochefoucauld.

‡ *Cœuvres de St. Evremond*, *passim*.

§ Letters of the Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Landaff, p. 142.

|| Walter Savage Landor, *Pentameron*: Fourth Day's Interview.



flames."\* Napoleon, in the height of his power, happening one day to mention his having written a prize essay while at Valence, Talleyrand made search for the forgotten manuscript among the archives of the Academy of Lyons (which had adjudged the prize), and presented it to the author. But Napoleon, after reading a few pages of it, threw it into the fire.† Every one, says Mr. J. S. Mill, whose mind is progressive, or even whose opinions keep up with the changing facts that surround him, must necessarily, in looking back to his own writings during a series of years, find many things which, if they were to be written again, he would write differently, and some, even, which he has altogether ceased to think true.‡ Dr. Boyd apostrophises "you, clever young student of eighteen years old when you wrote your prize essay"—and goes on, "But now, at five-and-thirty, find out the yellow manuscript, and read it carefully over,"—and "you will feel now little sympathy even with the literary style of that early composition; you will see extravagance and bombast where once you saw only eloquence and graphic power,"§ &c. &c. But these re-perusals have in some cases their complacent aspect too. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, five years after "Rokeby," writes to Miss Edgeworth that he has not read one of his poems since they were printed, excepting last year (1817) the "Lady of the Lake," which, he owns, "I liked better than I expected, but not well enough to induce me to go through the rest—so I may truly say with Macbeth—

I am afraid to think of what I've done—  
Look on 't again I dare not."||

But of more importance alike to himself and to the world was Scott's casual re-perusal of the Ashestiel fragment of "Waverley," which his eye chanced to light on when looking into an old cabinet for fishing-tackle: "He read over those introductory chapters—thought they had been undervalued—and determined to finish the story."¶ Hence, the Waverley Novels.

Thomas Moore, in 1827, journalises himself, one "wretchedly wet" day, as employed in correcting some sheets of a new edition of "Lallah Rookh," and remarks: "The first time I have read it since it was published; accordingly, it came quite fresh to me, and more than one passage in the story of Zelia filled my eyes with tears."\*\*

Lord Lytton makes a study of Leonard Fairfield looking over his manuscripts,—lingering over a collection of verses, that were as a diary of his heart and his fancy. "And those first desultory grapplings with the fugitive airy images that flit through the dim chambers of the brain, had become with each effort more sustained and vigorous, till the phantoms were spelled, the flying ones arrested, the immaterial seized, and clothed with Form. Gazing on his last effort, Leonard felt that there, at length, spoke forth the Poet."††

The mortifying thing, it has been said, is when your own taste and

\* Moore's Life of Byron, ch. viii.

† Las Cases' Journal.

‡ Preface to Dissertations and Discussions by John Stuart Mill.

§ A. K. H. B.'s Discourse concerning Veal.

|| Scott to Miss Edgeworth, March 10, 1818.

¶ Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xxvi.

\*\* Diary of Thomas Moore, Oct. 10, 1827.

†† My Novel, book vi. ch. v.

judgment say worse of your former productions than could be said by the most unfriendly critic; and the dreadful thought occurs, that if you yourself to-day think so badly of what you wrote ten years since, it is probable enough that on this day ten years hence (if you live to see it) you may think as badly of what you are writing to-day.\*

Cowper says he had this peculiarity belonging to him as a rhymester—or rhymist, as he phrases it—that, although charmed to a great degree with his own work while it was on the anvil, he could seldom bear to look at it when once finished. The more he contemplated it, the more it lost its value, till he became at length disgusted with it. He then threw it by, took it up again, perhaps ten years after, and was as much delighted with it as at the first.†

Montaigne tells us that his works were so far from pleasing him, that when re-tasted they disgusted him.‡ Like Ovid—

Cum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,  
Me quoque, qui feci, iudice, digna lini.§

Francis Horner journalises a holocaust of his literary offspring on this wise. "This morning a bundle of my own works fell into my hands, essays on imagination, the dramatic unities, the marvellous, imitation, national character, the opposition party in parliament, &c., the offspring of former labours, the nurslings of former self-applause; but I was so mortified with them, that I committed them without mercy to the flames."|| More tenderly does T. Lovell Beddoes discuss his first-fruits on a re-perusal. "I know not what the creator of a planet may think of his first efforts, when he looks into the cavernous recesses which contain the first sketches of organised beings;—but it is strange enough to see the fossilised faces of one's forgotten literary creatures, years after the vein of feeling in which they were formed has remained closed and unexplored."¶

With a few miscellaneous addenda on re-perusals in general, let this chapter of instances come to a lingering end. Fontenelle records with some complacency his having accomplished a fourth reading of the masterpiece of Madame de la Fayette: "Je sors présentement d'une quatrième lecture de la *Princesse de Clèves*, et c'est le seul ouvrage de cette nature que j'aie pu lire quatre fois."\*\* M. Cuvillier Fleury, in the same tone, records his having thrice read Madame d'Arbouville's novel, entitled "Une Maison Hollandaise," and his quasi-intention†† of emulating Fontenelle, by reading it for a fourth time. Happy the author, happy the readers, of a book which can claim *de jure* the epigraph of one of Henry Stephens's—

De moi auras profit sitôt que me liras;  
Grand profit, grand plaisir, quand tu me reliras.

\* Second Series of Recreations of a Country Parson: concerning Scylla and Charybdis.

† Cowper to Unwin, Letters, ccxxvii.

‡ Montaigne's Essays, l. ii. ch. xvii.

§ Ovid. de Ponto, i. v. 15.

|| Journal of Francis Horner, March 16, 1800.

¶ Memoir and Letters of T. L. Beddoes, May, 1837.

\*\* Mercure galant, Mai, 1678.

†† Dernières Etudes Historiques, i. 385.

The same Henri Estienne, by the way, in dedicating a second edition of his Thucydides to Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, invites him, in a preliminary epistle, to read this historian as many times as Demosthenes had transcribed him with his own hand.\*

Madame de Sévigné, like the sensible woman she was—whether as regards sense or sensibility—often counsels her daughter to follow her example in re-perusing a work of merit. Thus of the *Morale* of Nicole. If you have not read it yet, read it at once, she advises; and if you have, then read it again, with new interest and attention.† Nicole is again on the *tapis* a month later: “Devinez ce que je fais, je recommence ce traité; je voudrais bien en faire un bouillon et l’avalier.”‡ Some twenty years afterwards we have madame rejoicing in the fact that her son delights to read a second time, and a third, whatever he thinks really fine in literature. “Il le goûte, il y entre davantage, il le sait par cœur, cela s’incorpore; il croit avoir fait ce qu’il lit ainsi pour la troisième fois.”§ She can enter into his taste for these second and third readings, and cordially joins him in them: “Je relis même avec mon fils de certaines choses que j’avais lues en cousant, à Paris, et qui me paraissent toutes nouvelles. Nous relisons aussi, au travers de nos grandes lectures, des *rogatons* que nous trouvons sous la main,” &c.|| And ever as they come upon some familiar beauty in their favourite classics, *il ne faut point dire, Oh! cela est vieux; non, cela n’est point vieux, cela est divin.* Madame almost breaks out into pæans of thanksgiving, which she may be said to sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also. As indeed she reads; for her re-perusals are not of the sterile sort satirised by Tristram Shandy, where he says: “You must read Longinus,—read away:—If you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over, never fear, read him again. Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle’s metaphysics forty times through apiece, and never understood a single word.”¶

It is but the smaller number of books, as Mr. Carlyle observes, that become more instructive by a second perusal; the great majority being as perfectly plain as perfect triteness can make them. Yet, he adds,\*\* if time is precious, no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all. A profound thinker of our time has said: “Je ne lis plus, je relis.” Quoting which *mot*, M. Nisard professes for his part, “Je suis de cette humeur-là. Le plaisir qu’on goûte à lire les chefs-d’œuvre, n’est-ce pas celui de l’absent qui rentre chez soi? On relit pour se retrouver. Et le cercle n’est pas si étroit qu’il paraît être.”†† A man may read “Lear,” says Mr. Roscoe, ten, twenty, and a hundred times; and if his mind be awake, he will every time find something fresh, something he did not before know was there said, or implied, or hinted at.‡‡ “Pour la centième fois,” writes Béranger in his autobiography, “je

\* Léon Feugère: *Caractères et Portraits*, i. 103, 150.

† *Lettres de Mmc. de Sévigné*, Oct. 7, 1671.

‡ *Novembre 4, 1671.*

§ 8 Janvier, 1690.

|| 11 Janvier.

¶ *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iv. ch. x.

\*\* See his review of Goethe’s *Helena*.

†† Nisard. *Leçon d’Ouverture du Cours d’Eloquence Française*.

‡‡ W. C. Roscoe’s *Essays, on Unideal Poetry*: Crabbe.

me mis donc à relire mes auteurs favoris."\* And such centenarianism may be said often to pay cent. per cent.

M. de Sacy tells his readers in the Preface to his collected essays and reviews, that having never had time enough to read as much as he would, he made a point of reading only *des livres excellents*. "Je les ai relu sans cesse," he adds. His essays themselves repeat the avowal, again and again. "Je l'ai relu avec tant de plaisir!" he exclaims, of a favourite passage he transcribes from Bossuet. And on an after page, asserting his discovery, in mature age, of new beauties in the same author, he adds, "Vieillir est donc bon à quelque chose!" Even the best writers of the second class he pronounces it sufficient to have read once with care. "Si on les lit deux fois, c'est beaucoup; trois fois c'est trop."† In an article on M. Saint-Marc Girardin, he has a gentle hit at that critic as a traveller who sees much and sees rapidly, a reader who devours an immensity of volumes, and seldom indulges in a second reading. M. de Sacy refers in various other essays, now to his delighted re-perusal of Plato (the Laws), in the bad times of 1848;—now to his re-iterated studies of La Bruyère: "Combien de fois je l'ai lu, et que de fois encore je le relirai s'il plaît à Dieu de me laisser vivre!"—now to Barante's *Tableau de la littérature Française*, of which he says, "Je l'ai relu bien des fois; je l'aime comme on aime ses meilleurs souvenirs de jeunesse;"—and now to Burigny's Life of Erasmus: "J'ai lu ce livre bien des fois; je le relirai encore." So again his best compliment to M. Jules Janin, on his history of dramatic literature, is, with regard to Plautus, that he gives you a longing to read that old classic: "Grand mérite, but suprême de la critique: inspirer l'envie de lire et de relire les maîtres." And so again in the instance of M. Lefèvre and Fénelon: "Pour ma part," exclaims M. de Sacy, "je sais gré à M. Lefèvre de m'avoir fourni l'occasion de relire le Télémaque, bien qu'à vrai dire il ne me faille pas d'occasions très-pressantes pour relire un bon livre. Un prétexte me suffit. Je me passerais même de prétextes."‡ One is reminded, however, of Macaulay's being fain, at the close of his Boswell essay, to part in good humour with even Mr. Wilson Croker, as the editor who, ill as he, on his adversary's showing, had performed his task, had at least this claim to that adversary's gratitude—that he of the *Quarterly* had induced him of the *Edinburgh* to read Boswell's book again.

\* *Ma Biographie*, p. 98.

† *Prosateurs Français du second ordre*.

‡ *Variétés Littéraires, Morales et Historiques*, par M. S. de Sacy, t. i. pp. 53, 62, 110, 136, 193, 327, 328, 400; t. ii. pp. 74, 444, 558.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VISIT TO BANGKOK, THE  
CAPITAL OF SIAM, IN THE YEAR 1862.

THERE are few more novel and striking scenes to the traveller than that which this city of the waters—Bangkok—presents. Everything connected with it is unique; the appearance of the city, the manners, customs, dress, and religious ceremonies of its inhabitants, and the abject slavishness of the nation to the rule of their despotic yet learned kings.

The majority of the houses repose, as it were, on the bosom of the broad and beautiful Meinam, seeming to the poetical mind as though they had sprung from its waters. Oriental imagination has invested this strange capital with various flowery titles, such as “the angelic, the beautiful, the uncaptured;” and its coup d’œil from the river seems fully to justify such graceful imagery.

It is distant, by water, about thirty miles from the sea.

The limits of Bangkok are defined by a semicircle of the Meinam on the western side, and by a canal on the eastern; the two extremities joining render the city almost circular. As a small steamer conveyed us up the river on our first arrival, a very striking panorama met our view; varied always, rich in colour, and often beautiful in outline. The continual passage to and fro of every description of boat, from the veriest nutshell of a skiff to the magnificently decorated barges of royalty, and the luxurious ones of the nobles, imparted a life and gaiety to the river which powerfully contrasted with the dreamy influence of the scenery on its banks. These were lined with numerous floating habitations and shops, interspersed with gardens sloping down to the water, and relieved by a background of occasional stone and brick edifices, numerous temples (the roofs of which glittered with the richest tints of blue, brown, green, and gold) of gilded minarets, tapering aloft with their graceful spires, and groves of luxuriant trees, which conveyed that delicious sense of shade and repose so grateful in a hot climate, and a pleasing contrast to the gorgeous colouring of the temples, which the brilliant rays of a powerful sun lighted up and enriched. Our destination was the British consulate—a spacious building with gardens, conducting by steps to the water’s edge.

The river and canals supply the place of roads and streets at Bangkok. The canals are very numerous, forming the principal means of intercourse for the inhabitants, who greatly delight in their aquatic mode of life.

There are a few streets within the walls, and a smaller number without; but some of these are almost impassable. The strange and wild sounds that greet the ear add to the singularity of the stranger’s impressions. Air and water seem teeming with living creatures, amongst which is a remarkable species of the lizard tribe, that might fairly be styled the speaking lizard, for its cry has the sound of a barbarous word, and one’s slumbers are frequently interrupted by hearing “Tokay, Tokay,” distinctly uttered, as if by a human voice. We greatly enjoyed our daily excursions on the river, which had generally some new and interesting object in view. On the first occasion we made the tour of the city, alighting occasionally to visit a passing temple. The religion of the Siamese is

Buddhistic. The temples, or wats, are very numerous—as it is considered an act of the highest religious merit to build one. We had, however, frequent occasion to observe that the same pains had not been taken to keep them in good preservation. We were informed that these wats usually occupied from three to five acres of ground, and generally consist of two or three lofty buildings of brick, covered with a cement, which gives them the appearance of marble, the slanting roofs of which are covered with tiles composed of vitreous and metallic substances, which, under the influence of the sun's rays, have a brilliant effect. The interior of such buildings resembles a large hall, the centre of which, as also the verandahs attached to them, are supported by massive pillars; at the upper end is invariably enthroned a colossal golden image of Buddha, generally seated, and in an attitude of repose, though sometimes in a reclining posture; the walls are frequently covered with paintings, illustrating some religious or mythological history; the doors are large and numerous, and the windows close with thick and heavy planks; both are richly ornamented with coloured glass or gilding.

These large buildings are invariably surrounded by small pagodas with gilded spires, the bases of which are decorated with gaudy porcelain and coloured glass; thick plantations of trees surround the courts and shade the gardens, which are generally well cultivated and filled with flowers, and decorated with fish-ponds. These may either contain gold fish, or, as we have seen, pet alligators, which abound in the river. We inquired whether it might not be dangerous to approach too near the edge of the pond. An affirmative was given to this question; and with the utmost coolness our informant said that a boy, who one day watched the movements of this favoured and also venerated reptile too closely, was caught by the leg and dragged into the water, and was only rescued after he had been crippled for life; but no sympathy was expressed for the boy—our informant seemed rather to bestow his on the disappointed, revered alligator.

Flowers are much cultivated, as being greatly used in the service of the temples, and also, as combining with the trees, to lend a silent charm to the monotonous, lazy life of the priests, or bonzes, who are very numerous, closely shaven, and dressed in yellow garments. They are vowed to celibacy and to a monastic life, and are held in the highest reverence by the people, who dare not approach them save with the most abject homage, and who consider it their highest privilege to be permitted to offer them the necessaries of life from their own choicest stores, and which they accept as a right.

Death is the certain consequence of any known departure from the vow of celibacy; a priest must not even be supposed conscious of the presence or existence of such a temptation as woman, to the interruption of that abstract contemplation which is the aim and end of the Buddhist votary. That human nature, even in these self-denying ascetics, is not always equal to the task they impose upon themselves (under the influence of a mistaken view of God's providence, in His provision for man's happiness), was fatally proved shortly before our arrival in Siam. One amongst the priests, who swarmed in one of the large monasteries attached to the temples, had been remarkable for his unflinching zeal in the practice of every act of self-sacrifice enjoined by his religion, observing the most

rigid abstinence, and also a silence, which gave external evidence of the abstraction of his mind from all the cares and concerns of this mundane existence. He had taken his turn with his brethren to issue forth upon the river at early dawn, to receive the daily contributions of provisions so willingly set aside by the people for the sustenance of their bonzes. Sometimes he went alone; sometimes in the company of other of the monks; latterly, on the occasions of his fulfilling this mission alone, he had not returned without some unusual delay. The hungry priests, whose practice it is to take no food between the rising and setting of the sun, had marked this occurrence with displeasure; and, not deeming the explanation given for his tardiness satisfactory, suspicion had succeeded to displeasure, and watchfulness to both. There is a certain body amongst the priesthood whose especial duty it is to watch over the private and public conduct of the other members of their fraternity, and to bring them to trial for neglect of duty, or on conviction of any crime, religious or moral. These officials, being apprised that a grave suspicion attached to one of their order, placed a spy over his conduct. Having selected for this purpose one of the most tried and sagacious amongst themselves, he began his task by studying closely the movements and actions of the supposed delinquent. On his return from one of his missions on the river, unperceived, he watched him as he sat alone. He appeared frequently to take something from his bosom, which he pressed to his lips, and then returned to its resting-place. The spy, drawing gradually nearer, was enabled to satisfy himself that the treasured article was a rose; further observation and vigilance now became necessary. On the next occasion of the culprit's sallying forth on the river, his course was tracked by the spy, by whom he was seen to enter the gate of one of the gardens sloping down to the water, and to meet a young and handsome Laos girl, with whom—contrary to the sacerdotal law—he was seen to exchange words, from whose hands he was also guilty of receiving a rose, which he pressed to his lips. No further proof of guilt was needful to render him amenable to the severest penance and degradation; still, the spy resolved to dissemble for a while, and to redouble his vigilance. At length, being found absent from his cell at a late hour in the evening, he was proved to have kept a secret assignation with the same maiden—an act which sealed his fate. The following day he was tried for his crime, and condemned to a cruel death; while a similar sad fate was adjudged to the unfortunate maiden. He had forgotten the precepts of Boodha:

Attach not yourselves to the pleasures of this world:  
Be not the slave of love or hatred.

And he had paid the penalty.

Our tour of the city had afforded us ample opportunity to observe the appearance and construction of the houses, the greater portion of which float on large rafters, and are fastened by cables; they are constructed of boards, or of bamboos and palm-leaves, having a verandah in front, with a wing at each side. The shops have no verandahs, and all the articles for sale are exposed to the view of the passengers on the river.

Other houses are built on piles sunk several feet in the ground (as are often the Malay houses in the island of Singapore); the floor is raised six or eight feet from its surface, and is reached by a ladder, accessible at low

tide. Those of the middle classes are of wood, and those of the poorer of light bamboo, covered in with palm-leaves.

The people manage their boats with the utmost dexterity; they and the children seem all but amphibious. The latter delight in sporting in the water; accidents in the river are of frequent occurrence, but seldom attended with loss of life. On the second day after our arrival we were presented by our consul to the first king. It is well known that there are two in Siam, denominated the first and second kings, and who were brothers at the period of which we are writing.

The origin, as in several other Buddhistic countries of so peculiar a form of government, appears to have been a desire to typify the double power vested in a Buddhistic ruler—the religious and executive. Our interview with the first king, which took place under the auspices of the consul, was strictly a private one. We had a charming row from the consulate to the king's palace; the boats, or barges, are long and spacious, roofed, cushioned, and curtained, and are therefore quite luxurious.

High white walls enclose the palace of the first king: it contains a variety of beautiful edifices, temples, public offices, military stations, and buildings for favourite animals, including the sacred white elephant; the courts are paved with marble or granite. Our walk from the entrance of the king's palace to the pavilion (opening in front into a garden), in which his majesty received us, was quite a pilgrimage, both from the distance and from the influence of a very powerful sun, from which our umbrellas were insufficient to protect us. We rested by the way in one of the open halls by which some of the courts were bordered. Our interest had not been a little excited to see this despotic prince so absolute in his own dominions, and in whose presence the very highest of his subjects become the most abject slaves.

His majesty received us very graciously, and asked many questions regarding our travels, displaying an especial interest and curiosity respecting the courts and *personnel* of other Eastern despots whose countries we had visited. The king spoke English, but with an accent and with an abruptness of style not easily comprehensible to a stranger. In person he is rather tall and thin, with an intelligent but austere countenance; his dress consisted of a simple linen wrapper, surmounted by a small blue jacket, bound with gold cord; on his head he wore a red cap.

His majesty was surrounded by several of his children, some of whom were good-looking and intelligent, and by no means shy with strangers. These little princes and princesses were elaborately attired in cloth of gold or silver, with many jewels on neck, arms, and ankles.

The Siamese women are extremely good-natured and cheerful; they are in some respects better treated than in most other Oriental countries: they are not veiled, nor so thoroughly secluded. The cringing homage they are compelled to pay to their husbands (and in which respect they are not worse off than their countrymen towards their sovereigns) does not prevent their exercising a considerable influence over them. The system of polygamy, however, here, as elsewhere, often leads to the commission of cruelty and crime. One of the highest nobles or mandarins in the country had introduced into his establishment a band of musicians from Laos, one of whom was a young girl of prepossessing appearance,



and considerably accomplished in music and dancing. At that time the mandarin had a Siamese wife, a very intelligent woman, who had been able, hitherto, to maintain an unbounded influence over him, to the exclusion of all the other pretenders or domestic aspirants to his affection. All his leisure hours were devoted to her company; every night music and dancing beguiled the time until the early hours of the morning. Soon, however, after the arrival of this new company from Laos, the attractions of the accomplished maiden began to exercise a potent spell over the heart of the mandarin, and it became too apparent to the now unhappy wife that her dominion had been usurped by a powerful rival. Her jealousy became fired; but, dissembling her feelings, she summoned to her aid one of the matrons of the establishment, who brought forward against the maiden a false accusation. The husband, unsuspecting of his wife's jealousy and of the whole intrigue, believed that the poor girl was guilty of holding secret assignations with a lover, and she was condemned to be daily beaten until she should confess the full extent of her guilt. Inspired with pity, and satisfied of her innocence, her companions laid a counterplot, and exposed the guilt of the wife, while they fully established the innocence of the maiden. Disgusted with his wife's jealousy and cruelty, he repudiated her, and married her victim, ordering the same punishment which she had occasioned her rival to be inflicted on herself.

The Siamese are remarkably fond of their children (who in return greatly venerate their parents), and are universally kind and beneficent to their relatives.

The king seems constantly to surround himself with his children, both in public and private. We were informed that his present majesty had originally been superseded by an elder brother, who, as the offspring of an inferior mother, was not the legal heir to the throne, but who had contrived, through the medium of his talents for intrigue, to get confirmed in his usurpation by the council of princes and nobles, in order that he might not be compelled to do homage to the usurper, and also from religious motives. The present king had taken advantage of a Siamese custom to devote himself to the priesthood for a while. For twenty-seven years he had remained in political obscurity, during which period he had turned his attention to learning, and had become a great scholar in the Pali, or sacred language; acquiring also Sanscrit and other Oriental languages, he had also sought by an examination of the sacred writings to reform the abuses which had crept in, by separating and rejecting the masses of fable and tradition that had been superadded to the original doctrines of Buddhism. His majesty had also studied Latin, English, and astronomy. On the death of his usurping brother he was unanimously called to the throne, having while in his religious retirement gained the universal respect and good will of the nation. The king is stated to be very active in the discharge of his civil duties, and his knowledge in matters of his religion can be disputed by none. He has a favourite temple, which contains an antique statue of Buddha, composed of an entire green stone, having the appearance of porphyry. This temple is within the precincts of the royal palace, and in it he is said to exercise his priestly office.

Though his majesty was stated to have preserved his vow of celibacy during his monastic retirement, on ascending the throne he had espoused

a royal wife, besides having an immense assemblage of ladies, for whom there is ample accommodation in the royal palace, and of whom, while some formed the king's especial domestic circle, others performed the household duties of the palace. There are also said to be a great number of royal children, for whose education the king had procured the services of an English lady as governess. The claims on her tuition soon became so numerous as to include amongst her pupils many of the principal wives of his majesty, who, with all his wealth and magnificent public display, was said to possess the Oriental characteristic of a love of parsimony in his private affairs. On the first arrival of the governess for the royal children, the accommodation fitted to an English lady had been but very shabbily provided. After repeated applications through the first minister for the redress of these grievances without effect, she took the opportunity of remonstrating (on the occasion of an interview) with his majesty in person, declaring her determination not to remain in the royal service unless his majesty could more fittingly discharge the duty of a host to a lady. The king, whose subjects of every degree tremble and prostrate themselves before him, was so much astounded at the independence of spirit displayed towards his august person by a simple individual and a lady, that he sent for his minister in all haste, and ordered that whatever she demanded should be given her immediately, but that on no consideration could her services be dispensed with, or could she be allowed to depart.

At the termination of our royal interview, the king gave orders that we should see the sacred elephant, who also maintains his court within the walls of the palace; and, indeed, well may it be so said, for he has numerous and regularly appointed officers and attendants devoted to the care and attendance of his sacred person, and beautiful courts to dwell in. This animal, so venerated by Buddhists as the supposed depository of some future incarnation of Buddha, is of a dirty cream or tan colour, and, to the uninitiated European mind, far less handsome than the colour to which we are accustomed in that noble animal; but all white animals are more or less sacred with the Siamese, and obtain an amount of respect from the priesthood which they never deign to confer on human kind apart from their own order.

After having paid our respects to so venerated an object of Buddhist credulity and superstition, we visited the grand hall, in which the king gives audience to foreign ministers. A magnificent hall it is, and is placed in the midst of the principal court of the palace. It is oblong in form, is covered with varnished tiles and ornamented with sculpture, and is surmounted by a tall gilt spire; the interior is adorned with columns. The arrangement of the throne is remarkable, but in keeping with other singular customs we observed. It is raised from the ground twelve feet, like a gallery; a red curtain is drawn before it. The king is not seen to enter by his court; his arrival is announced by the sound of music; the curtain is invisibly withdrawn, and his majesty appears in all his splendour, seated as much as possible in the attitude of Buddha, and doubtless with the intention to impress his subjects with the due sacredness of his religious office as well as with his dignity as a monarch.

All are prostrated when the king's arrival is announced; and on the right and left, at the foot of the throne, are grouped the royal princes,

the nobles taking precedence of each other according to their rank. The ladies of the palace are, some of them, allowed to walk out in the evening, within certain limits, and under the surveillance of a trusty matron of the royal household. The spirit of intrigue sometimes displays itself amongst these caged doves, and leads to most fatal consequences. At the period of our stay at Bangkok we were informed that one of the most interesting of these ladies, who had been accidentally seen on some of those excursions by one of the married nobles, had (through the agency of his wife, whom he had selected as his messenger) received a letter, which he had had the temerity to address to her, requesting her to meet and converse with him at a given time and place. She was tempted to return an answer by the messenger. But of these forbidden and clandestine proceedings tidings were conveyed to the king by some spy or enemy. His majesty immediately assembled a council, seized the three culprits, and had them tried. The council condemned them all to death; the fair delinquent's life (the heroine of this tragedy) was spared, through the timely intervention of the British consul, who had been forewarned of her impending fate by a secret message from one of the young daughters of the king; but her punishment was a fearful one—solitary confinement, chained to a pillar, after having been previously branded in the face by a hot iron.

The royal wife, or queen, had died while still quite young, prior to our visit to Siam, and was deeply lamented by all for her many virtues. During her lifetime an Amazonian guard was kept up, which always attended the queen when she went abroad, shouldering their muskets and undergoing daily drill in one of the courts of the palace by a French sergeant in the service of the king. His majesty is reputed immensely rich, for he carries on an important trade with China and many of the western islands, in the Indian archipelago; he possesses considerable talents and sagacity, and on many points very liberal ideas. Siam is tributary to China, and sends yearly a mission to the emperor; but it is little better than a nominal vassalage. There is an immense Chinese population in Bangkok, whose superior enterprise and industry has monopolised nearly all the active business; they intermarry with the Siamese women, who are said to improve in industry under the temperate dominion of their Chinese lords. The children of such marriages are invariably reared in the religions and customs of the father, even to the dress and adoption of the grotesque tail.

Soon after our interview with the first king, we received an invitation to accompany our host, the consul, on a visit to the second king's palace, to witness an imposing religious ceremony about to take place in the royal family. The Siamese, both men and women, wear their hair in a fashion quite peculiar to themselves: until the age of puberty they cultivate a long lock of hair, which crowns the summit of the forehead, the head being otherwise, according to the sex, either closely clipped or shaven of its hair; this lock is fastened in a knot, secured by ornamental pins, and surrounded by a wreath of flowers, until the period I have named, when it is cut off with great ceremony in the temples. This office is performed by a priest with much dexterity, who removes the whole with one stroke of a sharp razor; it is afterwards permitted to grow again, but to such a length only as shall admit of its standing

erect, like a round brush, which is intended to represent the open flower of the sacred lotus. It was to witness the ceremonies connected with this performance on a youthful princess of twelve years of age that we had been invited. The king kindly sent his son, whom they style Prince George, to conduct us in one of the state barges; he appeared to be about twenty, and was an amiable and intelligent youth, who spoke English very well.

A spirit of Anglomania appeared to pervade the second king's mind; his palace was furnished with carpets, sofas, easy-chairs, footstools, chandeliers, and all the appurtenances of European civilisation. One of the rooms was fitted up as a library, with English books of science and history, mathematical and astronomical instruments, &c. His majesty possessed several naval and military uniforms, and nothing pleased him more than to equip himself occasionally in the uniform of an English admiral. Soon after landing we entered (on our approach to the palace) an open square, or maidan, in which athletic sports were being performed.

The maidan was skirted on one side by buildings belonging to the palace, on the other by open halls; into one of these we were conducted to witness the procession, which formed a portion of the ceremony. Numberless attendants were at hand, supplying the guests with coffee, tea, sherbet, cakes, biscuits, &c., and of which we gladly partook. The procession soon began to form, and to pass us; a military band, playing gaily and loudly, took the lead; then all the troops marched past in military order, forming an escort to the young princess, who, seated on a gilded chair, borne on men's shoulders, presented a most unique figure. Her dress consisted of a rich gold jacket tightly fitting, having epaulettes on the shoulders decorated with jewels, which had the style and effect of small wings; similar ornaments formed the cuffs; a short drapery, or skirt, the lower portion of the dress; while the head-dress consisted of a miniature pagoda of gold and jewels. This dress closely resembled one of those appropriated to the ancient green statue, I have before named, in the royal temple. The princess was closely followed by a train of the members and attendants of the royal household, succeeded by a long band of captives, with fettered hands, in the respective costumes of the various countries to which they belonged, and who were intended to represent, both in dress and condition, the various tribes who have at different epochs been conquered, and made tributary by the kings of Siam. The races tributary to Siam are the people of Laos, Cambodia, of a portion of Pegu, numerous Malayan tribes, and a variety of mountain races.

The procession wound round the maidan, and was hailed with delight by vast crowds assembled to witness the spectacle. After it had faded in the distance, and had been for some time out of sight, we received a message from the king, desiring our presence in the hall of audience. A novel and most striking scene presented itself on our entrance into the hall—a very fine and lofty apartment, beautifully carpeted, and with highly decorated walls and ceiling. His majesty was seated on the ground in the centre of the room, to whom we approached as rapidly as we could make our way. We were then presented by the consul to the king, who received us with much kindness. His majesty was darker in complexion than his royal brother, and inclining to corpulence. He ordered cushions

to be brought, on which we were soon seated in somewhat Oriental fashion.

On our first entrance into the hall, our confusion, on emerging from the brilliant sunshine into comparative obscurity, caused the scene around us to be almost incomprehensible; but when seated, and with leisure to look around, what first met our gaze as a confused, undistinguishable mass, began speedily to assume the distinct outline of dozens of prostrate human beings—the nobles of the land—who completely lined the walls of the apartment, reclining on their sides, supported by the elbow. They were incessantly occupied in passing to and fro three-branched candelabra, containing lighted candles. Equi-distant from the king and from the door of entrance, seated on a chair or throne, was the newly shorn princess, in the same sacred dress as that worn in the procession. On each side of her were female attendants, engaged in fanning her, while ever and anon a slave drew near, placing restoratives in her mouth, the assisting herself being a carnal operation, evidently at variance with the sacredness and dignity of her temporary position. The hair is a symbol of reproduction; the cutting off the lock of an offering to the creative deity; and, in fact, the high head-dress and everything connected with the performance of the ceremony are suggestive of an interior religious view.

The second king was more communicative than his royal brother, and also spoke English more fluently; he also displayed much interest in such topics as related to our wanderings. After some conversation he issued an order somewhat loudly, in Siamese, which instantly set in motion a distantly prostrate figure, who approached on all fours, dragging himself across the floor in what appeared to us a most ludicrous yet painful style. On his nearer approach, to our astonishment it was our amiable conductor, the Prince George, who, having received the royal commands, withdrew backwards in the same humiliating and unseemly fashion. The whole scene in this hall of audience was a page in the history of humanity humiliating to its pride, as a striking commentary on the tyranny, weakness, credulity, and imbecility of which mankind may be capable, while description falls short of its effect on the civilised, free, and educated mind.

The Siamese seem naturally a mild, courteous, and joyous people. We cannot wonder at their defects, which are the natural result, in a great measure, of the despotic system which enslaves their minds. The ladies are frequently accomplished in the arts of music and dancing, for it is usual for the noble and wealthy to be entertained during the greater part of the night with similar amusements. But the real and best musicians are the people of Laos. We were taken to witness a musical performance in one of the floating houses. We have heard much barbarous music, and in various lands, but have alone derived pleasure from the performance of this simple band of the musicians of Laos, reminding us, as it did, of the distant tones of an organ combined with some of nature's sweetest sounds; its effect was thoroughly sylvan or pastoral. The organ-like instrument is composed of reeds of bamboo of considerable length, bound together with a circle of ebony. An aperture is left in this circle, through which the player blows, as on a flute, which causes the vibration of a number of small pieces of silver, placed near a hole in each bamboo,

and over which the fingers run dexterously, as on the keys of a flute. Other instruments were composed of sonorous pieces of wood, suspended and struck in concert. The music, though apparently impromptu, was perfectly agreeable and harmonious to the ear.

The Laos people are small in stature and delicately framed. Their expression is mild and gentle, more especially that of the women, who have the superiority in personal charms over the Siamese, and are much sought as wives by the nobles.

The Siamese children frequently give promise of a comeliness, which subsides as they reach maturity. Nothing, it is true, can be more hideously trying and unbecoming than their dress and method of wearing their hair, and for such disadvantages much allowance must be made. They do not seem addicted to the use of paint, like the Chinese. The Siamese are generally much given to pleasure and amusement, and are far from industrious in their habits.

The women of Laos wear a silk drapery, or tissue, which extends from the waist to the knees; the lower portion of the legs and the feet are bare; a slight silk scarf is crossed over the shoulder and breast, much after the fashion of the Scotch tartan. The dress of the Siamese women is very similar.

The ordinary meals of the Siamese are at seven A.M. and at five P.M. They eat from one common dish, and either with their fingers or with spoons.

The priests seem the fatal incubus on the shoulders of the nation. Their idle, useless, dreamy lives are neither calculated to set a good example nor to confer any benefit on the people whom they ought to love and protect, and regarding whose welfare and advancement they are wholly indifferent, content with the odour of their own sanctity, and its superstitious influence on the credulity of others. Tranquillity, inaction, insensibility, are the leading aspirations of the Buddhistic votary, while the hopes of the Christian are inseparable from the noblest associations of active duty.

Soon after the ceremony I have described we quitted the interesting city, with its good-natured inhabitants and quaint usages, much gratified by the kindness we had experienced, and in the hope that the progress of Christianity and of an advancing civilisation will contribute to expand the many good qualities of the Siamese, and to remove those relics of barbarism which, while they enslave the minds of the people, disgrace the rule of their kings.

E. B. LEWIS.

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## SOR EUSTACHIO.

A TALE OF THREE CHRISTMASES.

BY JOHN ESTAGEL.

If it be poetic truth that distance lends enchantment to the view, often making the false seem the true, is it not prosaic truth, and therefore truth more truly, that close acquaintance dispels illusion? Such, at least, is the truth I design to illustrate, with respect to Italy, by a relation of adventures that befel me, three years successively, at Christmas-tide.

According to English untravelled prejudice, every Italian is a born musician, a finished artist, or, at all events, a child of the poets and of chivalrous romance. In particular, an Italian cavaliere is pre-supposed to possess his soul star-height above filthy lucre, to converse in Danteian phraseology, to paint like Raffaele, to occupy himself daily in composing serenades and nightly in executing them, his plumed cap, his velvet doublet, his parti-coloured hose, and his sword, having been doffed solely in deference to the conventionalities of the unpoetical age we live in. It may be, that not many of us islanders of the north, if arraigned on our opinions, would plead guilty to this phantasmagorial view of Italy. But, because thoughts shrink from cross-examination, they are not, for that, to be taken as next to non-existent, or even as inactive promoters of action, especially when left unchallenged. I once had transcendental notions of my own respecting Italy. My reading had been of the laud of Titian, Petrarch, and the Medici; and a pressure of disenchantments was necessary before, step by step, I came to look upon Italy as a very common-place expression of our century, and upon Italians, albeit neither ill-disposed nor mannerless, as what in such great measure they prove to be—casuistical by nature, unscrupulous by acquirement, devoid of honour, cute as to the main chance, rather braggadocios of the Orlando Furioso type than heroes after Rienzi or Savonarola, illiterate, grievously wanting in refinement, and anything but a nationality of artists and musicians. The thoughts which antecede our travel reverse this picture. But, as a case, take the subject of music. I believe there is no exaggeration in saying that our people, entering Italy for the first time, expect to see a round proportion of the inhabitants going about with guitars slung over their shoulders. The idea might not bear probing, even within ourselves. We preconceive it, nevertheless, basing our expectancy on the illusion that a taste for music is universal among Italians. What are the facts? Now and then you do meet with first-rate voices; and when Italians have ears, musically speaking, their ears are fine to a fault. But those are the rarities of the profession. May not church-chants be accepted as data from which to compute the musical capacities of a nation? Could, then, any ecclesiastical singing be more execrable than what, except in the papal choir, you customarily hear throughout Italy? The Italians know nothing of local bands, of orchestras, or of choral reunions. Sometimes a padrona treats you to a nasal drawl from her loggia as she

spins at her primeval wheel, or lays out clothes to dry on the house-top: but the famous guitar, with its accompanying tenor or bass, is a myth. Music is scarce ever cultivated in the family. During a protracted residence in Italy, I never met with an Italian lady, not a professional, who either sang or played; and, being curious on the subject, I did meet with numbers who were guiltless of the smallest taste for music. In brief, they are not a musical people, in the sense the Germans are, or, I make bold to say it, not nearly as universally as are we English. So with regard to history, and so with the arts of painting and sculpture. Eliminate professionals, and the ignorance of Italians as to the treasures or productions of their own country is at times astounding. Even professionally they seem superficial. An Italian musician ignores Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Their harmonies are too much for him. Cognate science is held to be supererogatory. An Italian gentleman of literary pretension, an historian, said naively within my hearing, "Che bella cosa che la geografia! bramarei molto saperla"—"What a fine thing is geography! I should much like to know it." Another, who passed as an educated gentleman, asked me, with an innocent face, whether I had heard of a *late* anti-Jesuit writer of the name of Pascal. However, the worst is, that the longer you live among them, the more you feel their best men cannot be trusted. We all remember the cardinal whose smile boded sure ruin to him he smiled on. Condescending to every-day life, I recollect a comical occurrence, which refers to the son of an English poetess, himself no mean poet. In the vetturino from Naples, one of his fellow-passengers was an Italian gentleman of our period, to wit, an oily, sallow, much unwashed, and a good deal seedy individual, but cunning, plausible, and a "dust" on literature and the arts. As they travel Romeward, the English gentleman and the Italian gentleman discover points of contact, and scrape the ground of mutual admiration. Alba Longa and the "Æneid," the "Journey to Baia," the "Inferno," the "Gierusalemme Liberata," Giotto's frescoes, Palæstrina's lyre, and other appropriate topics, beguile the tedium of the way. Rome being reached, it were unlawful to doubt but that our mutual admirers, thus roseate in the dawn of acquaintance, had the fates been ordinarily kind, would soon have basked in the mid-day sunshine of friendship. *Dis aliter visum.* For, the day after their arrival, the Italian poet, who is likewise a baron, finds it impossible to resist the opportunity of decamping with the English poet's gold watch and chain, value forty guineas, by which misadventure our countryman receives the somewhat smart lesson, that Dante, Tasso, and the rest of them, are luxuries too expensive at the present day on cis-Alpine territory. Some may reply, "Are there no chevaliers d'industrie in other countries?" Undoubtedly. But not in the same walks of society, nor in the professions, in which you trust to meet with honest men, and not either sheltered by such treacherous social surroundings. Beneath the sun of Italy nature is resplendent with beauty. Italians know it, and for their ends it suffices. Regenerated Italy! What will it be? But for how many lost years has not the land "where Cicero and Antoninus stood" been a fallow waste intellectually, and, from the points of view of honour, culture, and moral worth, a very cipher in the midst of the nations, and an unreality subsisting by sufferance on the reputation of its ancestors?



One of the most glaring unrealities of Italy is that which a late writer so aptly terms "the poetic-peasant-imposture." Whoever has visited Rome must have taken a mental imprint of the Scala di Spagna, with its live collection of artists' models. A tableau, truly; and, if they really were peasants, instead of what they in general are, namely, "walking gentlemen and ladies" from the Ghetto, bedizened to suit the purpose, inspecting them would be no less profitable than pleasurable. Then, who and what kind are the renowned Pifferari? Are not the Pifferari presumed shepherds from the primitive districts of the Abruzzi mountains, who, like certain shepherds of old, are supposed to have made their pilgrimage to the Holy City from afar, with the purest of motives, and for the single purpose of devoutly preparing for the Christmas coming of Our Saviour? For the four weeks of Advent, these devotees frequent the street corners of Rome, enveloped in sheepskins à la John the Baptist, Fra Diavolo hats on their heads, and moccasins on their feet, always two and two, one man screaming away through a pandean double-pipe, while his mate blows a dismal drone out of a pig's bladder. At first, as they jog your path and claw your ears from morning to night, you are involuntarily edified by the seeming devotion of these men in the guise of pilgrims. "Well," you think, "there must be some genuine religious sentiment in the country, after all." Gradually you become aware, that, despite the omnipresence of the street images in Rome, the Pifferari exhibit about ten times more "devotion" in the rich quarter than they do in the poor. Next, your observations tend to the inevitable conclusion that the shepherd-pilgrims turn a pretty penny by their Christmas devotions. The bubble has yet to burst, however; for, lastly, comes the interesting disclosure, that the Pifferari are neither shepherds from the Abruzzi nor pilgrims of any kind, but a set of ragamuffins from the Roman Suburra, and, not unusually, even disguised Jews from the Ghetto. That the shameless humbug confined itself to the streets, were a consummation to be wished. But see the finale. In olden times, say under a century past, the entire caravan of the then real Abruzzi shepherds were accustomed to gather in St. Mary Major's on Christmas-eve, for the midnight mass of the pope, and, at break of day, to depart in a body to their homes. Remembering the strong religious feelings of the Italian peasant of those times, it formed a not unpleasing wind-up to the little homely ceremonial they had been separately going through during the preceding month. But, now that the kernel is gone, and the legitimate actors supplanted by mountebanks, the shell is made to serve a miserable end, and the unreal play still carried on to its closing act, with as much effrontery as if it were not all a farce. Abounding in such like farces is the Italy of our day. Behind these scenes another Italy has been born, though it has yet to come forth and develop. I am merely putting my finger on some flagitious unrealities heretofore existent, and notably just here on the "poetic-peasant-imposture," because the concluding act of that mock-Pifferari pilgrimage is it which will open this Christmas story.

The meridian of life had not passed for me when I made up my mind to winter in Rome. Before I started, November fogs were besetting London. By the road, I found hoar-frost already lordling it over France. A change, indeed, that descent from the snow-bound Alps, and

in among the orange-groves of sunny Italy! The wintry cold of Rome penetrates to the marrow: but it is a dry, healthy, and delightful cold. And, as you have an Italian sun to counteract it, who can complain? So, once arrived and settled there, what with churches, antiquities, and galleries every morning, "coming the Pincio" every evening, and coquetting with Terpsichore four or five nights every week, one felt the six weeks till Christmas glide away only too quickly.

In Rome, nobody goes to bed on Christmas night. Weather permitting, you keep on your legs between St. Mary Major's, St. Anastasia's, and St. Peter's, in which three churches three several papal services succeed each other almost continuously. Towards eleven o'clock P.M., on December the 24th, everybody meets everybody else in the basilica of St. Mary Major. The Pope sits enthroned, cardinals, monsignori, and smaller clericals by dozens encircling him. There is no instrumental music: but singing, good of its kind, goes on without let or hindrance, while candles and incense are freely handed round. Whatever the proceedings within the sacred enclosure, the aspect of the church in the lay part of it totally fails to convey the notion of worship. Nave and aisles are profusely lit from glass chandeliers, of the pattern proper to Willis's or Hanover-square Rooms, while pillars of splendid marble are carefully shrouded in the tawdriest of red-white drapery. The Ingoldsby Legends assure us that, at the Queen's coronation,

There were cakes and apples in all the chapels,  
And beef and mustard on the tombstones.

Well, in behoof of refreshments they do not stint you at the papal ceremonies. A Swiss Guard may perchance feebly protest, or a dark gentleman in purple and fine linen may look knives at you. But, inasmuch as the whole system is a direct encouragement to light behaviour, no one believes the reproofs to be in earnest, and consequently no one heeds them. I am uncertain whether I haven't heard the pop of a soda-water bottle; but I can certify to having seen oranges and sandwiches, together with flasks of sherry, in constant use. Seats or benches for lay-people there are none, and all the world meandering hither and thither as its unguided fancies dictate, the idea that you are assisting at a promenade concert, instead of at worship, irresistibly impresses itself on your inward senses. Amongst the earliest arrivals are the so-called Abruzzi shepherds. From first dusk they have congregated outside the church; and, when the chandeliers are lit and the doors open, they flock in, flinging themselves along by the walls, or setting to at their beads before the pictures and statues, in such attitudes as they imagine will better enforce their right to mendicancy. The old Romans know the Pifferari pantomime by heart. Hence it is only we foreigners who get imposed upon, and that not for long. Nor are the "shepherds" at all singular in turning this midnight promenade to worldly profit. Artists go walking up and down, pencil and portfolio ready to hand, eyeing the pastors artistically, and sometimes even stopping to sketch them. The entire scene, howsoever painful, considering what it professes to represent, brings out the shams of Italy very tellingly.

On the Christmas-eve which comes first in this tale, I had conveyed a party to St. Mary Major's. Certainly about a hundred thousand un-

ostentatious nobodies thought it better to stay away. But their place was more than filled by those who owned good coats to wrap their souls in, or whose mortal guise could in any way add to the pomp and circumstance of the solemn occasion. Great though the concourse, and various the enjoyments provided, the basilica fully sufficed to hold all, which is saying no little for its vastness.

Is not that the chapel of the Borghese family in the aisle on the left, as you look towards the altar? It must then have been one o'clock A.M. when the members of our party found themselves standing near the Borghese, vainly endeavouring, amid the hurry-scurry to and fro, to catch the modulations of Palæstrina's unearthly music, and to comprehend something of the elaborate ritual which was being carried out before us.

"Scusi, signore. Shall I have the pleasure to explain?" said an insinuating voice, addressing itself to me in a sort of Italian-English.

The brilliant light from two chandeliers close by enabled me to guess that our impromptu friend was an Italian artist. And a more attentive observation showed him to be about thirty years of age, of middle height, slim of stature, in complexion olive, blue-black in beard, hooked of nose, and the proprietor of the softest pair of brown eyes I ever beheld. Having overheard our perplexed conversation, with a polite bow and many apologies he volunteered his services, which, seeing that he appeared a gentleman, we nothing loth accepted. In a short space of time he had disentangled for us the intricacies of the papal court ceremonial, and, by means of cutting sarcasms, strangely at variance with his mellifluent eyes, had given us a clearer insight into the mystifying chaos of the nave and aisles than we could have obtained in a month from a fellow-countryman. When I state that, to his good will and practical knowledge, he added a peculiar fascination of manner, it will be understood that we thenceforth had an agreeable and instructive Christmas night of it, and parted company only with the dawn of Christmas-day.

As in duty bound, I called as soon as possible at the studio of "Signor Eustachio de' Monj, Pittore, 240, Piazza Barberini," for so he had announced himself. His studio was not a quarter filled, which the more surprised me, as what specimens the place contained manifested decided talent. He assigned as a reason the immense competition from abroad, the foreign artists numbering just three to one of the natives. He looked forward, however, hopefully to better things. Or rather his words hoped, for his tone and air did not. At last, indeed, I so compassionated those wan looks, as to offer to engage him as a "consultore." I was a bit of an artist myself, and in my explorations about Rome a professional adviser would come in usefully. Accordingly, from that Christmas-day till towards the close of the following February, Sor Eustachio\* and I passed our daytime together. There was no hole or corner in the Vatican, Lateran, Borghese, Rospigliosi, Barberini, and other galleries, that we did not rout out, no bas-relief or mosaic which we did not examine, nor a painter's vista of Rome which we did not visit and study, from sunrises by Tasso's tomb on Sant' Onofrio, to sunsets

\* In Italy, "Sor" is used conversationally as an abridgment of "Signor." It is something like our "Mr." abridged from "Mister," except that the Italian abridgment is spoken as well as written. It has the peculiarity, moreover, of being usable with the christian name alone, and never with the surname.

with Claude Lorraine on the Pincian Hill. Like all Italians, his acquirements were limited to his bare profession. The history and antiquities even of Rome seemed *terræ incognitæ* to him. But in matters of pure art he was invaluable. And we worked hard.

"But, Sor Eustachio," I said again, "how is it that, with all this talent of yours, you do not make more of it?"

"There can be only one answer," he replied, despondingly. "The cause of an Italian artist is the cause of his country. Italy has sunk low in the scale, because its several classes so little understand mutual assistance. Italians are not wealthy enough to patronise art. The English and the Americans have become its chief patrons, and they prefer German and French artists to us unfortunate Italians."

The answer was scarcely an adequate one. Still, if you want to sound the under-current of a nationality, there is nothing like getting hold of one of the disappointed many. You may hear more than is altogether trustworthy: but what you do so hear will set you sifting both evidence and counter-evidence, and lead you by much the shortest cut to true estimates. Certes, the lamentations of Sor Eustachio must have inspired compassion, for his long yarns were listened to by me with sympathetic patience. And though, assuredly, he was no Massaniello or Garibaldi, never had they or their compeers an audience more regardful. I must say, too, that, allowing for the spice of his private hardships, I generally found the criticisms he vented upon oppressed Italy to be just and deserved. But a chronic state of grumble tires out the best disposed. So that at length his prolix harangues provoked me to shake him off. My resolution proved easier to make than to carry out. Sor Eustachio was not merely fascinating, but powerfully and dangerously so. Whenever I broached the subject of his engagement, or only hinted it, he would exert himself doubly. Then an indescribable feeling crept over me, though not till then, that some ineffable spell or other attached to his presence, and that some secret lay hidden, to fathom which would be to read the mystery of his life. If now, his expressive eyes lit up with such tenderness that one felt drawn almost to love him, the next moment, in the event of contradiction or even of inattention, he would shoot home such a tiger glare from out of those same brown eyes, as to demonstrate the existence of undefinable horrors in his character, and to make one wish one had never gone near the man. But, whichever phase of him predominated, it produced the effect of nailing me for the time being to a *status quo*, alternating from the delightful to the fearful. Nevertheless, one's homeward cogitations each afternoon equi-balanced between favour towards my companionable informant and annoyance at the dilemma in which his now forced companionship thrust me.

What could be the solution of Sor Eustachio? For, that a mystery of some description did hang about him, I felt by this time quite convinced. Talented, very talented for an Italian, yet doing as little professionally as any briefless barrister; and not an Italian only, but a Roman, yet isolated in his native city; amiable, nay, gentle-hearted, yet vindictive even to ferocity when thwarted; capable of compelling to friendship, almost to love, yet repelling by demoniacal traits in his character.

Could it be that I had erred from the beginning in my appreciation of him? Was his painting really so good? Artistic knowledge? Perhaps

he "dusted," like other Italians? I had thought I knew something of the arts; but must not all Rome be better judge? As for his natural disposition, was he in reality an adroit actor? None of these suppositions satisfied me, however. And, on weighing them, I only succeeded in reassuring myself that he was as good a painter as that he possessed attractive qualities of heart. Fruitless is the endeavour to unlock what is keyless. Diligently we spin a web of probabilities, till our gossamer breaks in the middle, the mystery remaining more insoluble than ever.

Once I thought I had hit it. Sor Eustachio, it should be remarked, not only was friendless among the artists, but could gain no admittance into any society in Rome. He was even shunned publicly in the streets. Italian acquaintances, by whom I used at other times to be cordially greeted, when they saw me walking with Sor Eustachio, would slip into a house, or dart down an alley, clearly intending to avoid us. His lodgings being at the corner of the Piazza, and the entrance-door overlooking an adjoining street, I had presently observed that the people on the different flats of the houses opposite would regularly watch for my coming, as though there was an oddness about it, and as regularly slink behind their windows the moment Sor Eustachio and I made our appearance in the street below. A nobleman, too, in whose company I happened one evening to mention Sor Eustachio, ominously shrugged his shoulders, twitched the corners of his mouth, and motioned his head from side to side, after the manner affected by dissatisfied Italians; whilst another Italian gentleman, standing near, said more boldly to me, "Signor Inglese, sa chi e, questo Eustachio de' Monj? Guardi, per non comprometterti"—"Do you know who this Eustachio de' Monj is? Be cautious, so as not to compromise yourself."

Lying sleepless one morning, all of a sudden it occurred to me that my "consultore" of the foregoing two months was simply a felon at large under police surveillance. "Dear me," I said to myself, jumping up elated at the Gordian knot being thus easily severed, "how very extraordinary that I never thought of this before!" Yet it was a mere mare's-nest. On inquiring at the Monte Citorio police-office, I found they knew nothing particular about Signor Eustachio de' Monj, of the Piazza Barberini. Thrown off the scent once more, it seemed clear I could not seek for the slightest clue without creating suspicion, or without wounding Sor Eustachio. The impetus to prosecute inquiries was uncontrollable, notwithstanding. No doubt the artist's behaviour was outwardly irreproachable; but, on the other hand, the very urchins, from No. 212, Piazza Barberini, to the farthest limits of our walks, ran like hares when they saw him coming.

Curious, moreover, that I had not earlier been more observant, and that I should have begun secretly to analyse his character, before perceiving that the whole Roman community had already done the same, and apparently by no means to their satisfaction. There is no lane but has a turning, says the proverb—a doubtful proverb, though. Anyhow, in this case, I had got an inconvenient distance down my lane of embarrassment, before, the puzzle still unravelled, and the inauspicious Ides approaching, some sympathising zephyr or other blew me a sybilline leaf, post-wise, on which was inscribed—

Chi non sta all'erta, Mal'occhio incanta.

"Eh! an evil eye upon me! and, unless I keep wide awake, a bewitched destiny in store! Most precious augury! The Ides of March, too! Beware! Of course," said my internal monitor in reply to my oracular letter-adviser, as I flung the letter on the table, and myself into a fauteuil to consider.

The northerners of Italy are not by any means as superstitious as the southerners. The latitude would appear to have something to do with it, for, the more north you travel, the freer the moral atmosphere from superstition. Rome being, geographically, half way house between Naples and Florence, the Romans are less superstitious than the Neapolitans, but more so than the Florentines. Compare the Roman people with the Venetians or Turinese, and you would take them to be red-hot fanatics. The superstition of "the Evil Eye" is the one which, above all others, they cherish. Let any one unhappily get the name of it, be he or she of the highest order of genius or the veriest angel of goodness, and the genius or angel is shunned as would be a leper. Ha! Sor Eustachio had the Evil Eye, had he? What are the symptoms of Evil-Eyedom? A strange power of infatuating, which is principally wielded through piercing eyes, although likewise by a general air and demeanour; a temper so vengeful, as not to seem human; together with a mysterious influence for evil, supposed by believers to be irresistible to the influenced. Now, I am laying no claim to any special strong-mindedness, when I declare myself disinclined to superstition. Nay, it happens that I cannot realise the preternatural without much effort. I may therefore freely confess to a fit of "the cold shivers" seizing me as I brought to mind these symptoms, and bethought me how to the smallest tittle they characterised Sor Eustachio. This key opened the door to all his mysteries, to his seeming conversational ability, his amiableness, the seductive lure of his eye, his failure professionally, the sanitary cordon drawn round him, the warning words of my Italian acquaintances, his non-delinquency with the police, the mingled attachment and dread I had begun to entertain, my difficulty in getting rid of him, and—truer symptom than all—the singular kind of resentment he exhibited, on my preparing to do so. Pleasant position! Who has not heard of the Vendetta? Whatever the truth or untruth of the Evil Eye theory, here I had been taking up with a species of boa-constrictor on legs, who, unless history belied itself, would, if displeased, as soon bury his fangs in my throat as look at me.

Not infrequently it happens, that new clues to a man's actions not merely modify or change, but absolutely reverse, one's previous estimate of him. Extraordinary also is it to find, when one comes to practice, that, despite our magnanimous disclaimers of superstition, other people's superstition should insensibly act upon us. I have seen a French scoffer, who writes in the *Siècle*, and who follows Auguste Comte, look nervous enough when there was question of sitting down thirteen to dinner. And, however one may laugh at the speculative unluckiness of certain days, I opine that, if possible to avoid it, even we northmen would rather choose any other day than Friday upon which to begin an important work or journey. The cross-currents of life make puppets of us to a greater extent than we like to admit. Theoretically, the cap of Evil-Eyedom fitted Sor Eustachio closely. But in rational parlance what was this Evil Eye? Could a man

be reputed as ready to inflict deadly evil on his fellow-kind, and yet not be a villain of some description? Sor Eustachio was a villain, then. That which everybody said of him must be true, no matter how accounted for. As I reflected whether to visit him again or not, I imagined his satanic grin, I felt his stiletto stab me in the shoulder. Some ignorance may be bliss, and some folly may be wisdom: but, are the ignorant so blissful, that timely wisdom conduceth not to better bliss? By a speedy avoidance—all the easier, as I had really been contemplating Florence—I should probably prevent a rare piece of present mischief, besides war to the knife in the future. Cold shivers again. For, wars in posse are less pregnant with mischief than wars in esse. Therefore, consequent on this diagnosis of my mental condition, I do not fear the imputation poltroonery in relating how, in order to escape a tussle with the newly-discovered villain, I posted a civil note that same evening to Sor Eustachio, enclosing a cheque, which he must have received the next day, by the time I had got about as far towards Florence as Radicofane. Doubtless he understood the hint, doubtless his neighbours wondered, and doubtless my sybil and other friends approved. That my own spirits exuberated no little on deliverance from Evil-Eyedom, witness the dirty padrone of the dirtier hotel at Sienna, who declared he had never seen an English traveller *tanto allegro e giocosso*.

The season verged on twelve months later, when I happened to be passing through London, having, meanwhile, disembogued my mind of Sor Eustachio and his Evil Eye. An old friend of mine, the Hon. and Rev. C. de Vant, of Broadweir, near Bristol, was in town at the same time, or rather he was expected there, on his way to his country rectory. Some days before he came I received a letter from him, charging me to look after his two daughters, whose schooling had just terminated, and whom he purposed taking home with him for good. The school was at Notting-hill, or, more properly, on that part of the Holland Park estate which, though Notting-hill by rights, is better pleased to be denominated Kensington. On reconnoitring the other day, it quite took me aback to find such a transmutation, impudent roads now percolating, and stuccoed terraces parading, where, not so many Christmases ago, midden among the fields and in dignified solitude, honest bricks housed the scholastic establishment of the Misses Laborde. I was to pay the bills, receive the last school report, and arrange with my friend's daughters for their journey down to West Gloucestershire. The cabman nodded knowingly when I mentioned my destination, and, indeed, there could be no mistaking that school. A grand gateway presided in the Uxbridge-road, while, above the gate, or-blazoned capitals surgent from a board azure informed an admiring public that inside stood "Barbauld House, the Misses Laborde's Seminary for Young Ladies." The grand gate was only used on "academy days," at the end of the Midsummer half. Ordinarily, you entered by a sort of postern-door from one of those green lanelets, which, it is a pleasure to see, have resisted the hand of the innovator, and still run over the hill towards Kensington. The postern has vanished, however; and, I am much deceived, or the damp-looking buildings, which stare you out of countenance in Brazen Face Terrace, are no other than Barbauld House itself, beplastered, renovated, and chopped up into a pair of semi-detached villas. It was a huge Queen Anne sort of house,

with a clean-cut lawn to its three fronts. Knockers and handles superabundantly polished, window-glass painfully clean, door-steps unnecessarily whitened, trimmed hedges, and spotless gravel-walks, yet, somehow, a pervading air of shabby gentility—perhaps for the very reason of its being so striven against—were the features that struck you on entrance. Of the Misses Laborde—their part here not being prominent—I shall only say, that the elder one was tall, spare, keen, and voluble of tongue, though kind of face; while the younger, short, plump, and silent, lived evidently under the dominion of her sister.

“Oh, you are come about the Miss de Vants! Maria dear, call the Miss de Vants. Hear our report? Exactly. Very good of you. Settle their account? Thank you.” Miss Laborde went rattling on after the first greeting: “We have attended to them. We have, indeed. Pray, tell Mr. de Vant so. Foreign languages, piano, drawing, dancing, embroidery, all the branches of an English education, history, geography, and the use of the globes. They are diligent, docile, and as nice dear girls as could be. We shall miss them sadly, that we shall. Our terms high, did you say? Terms *not* high. Certainly not. I thought you would think that. Pay immediately? Very kind indeed. Our respectful compliments to Rev. Mr. de Vant. *Thank you.*”

I had not been able to put in a word. But Miss Laborde was a host in herself. With the air of a person who has satisfactorily inspected both sides of a question, she thereupon rose, made me a ceremonious curtsy, wrote out the receipt in the best boarding-school angulars, and then resumed again, though this time speaking slowly and with hesitation.

“There is another matter, which, sir, I now feel bound in conscience to mention to you, as the friend of their parent. As I said, we have no fault to find with either of the Miss Vants. But of one thing there had been a surmise, sufficient, I considered, to make us resort to strong measures, even at the risk of troublesome scenes. You are aware that Miss de Vant—Clara, that is—has a penchant for languages, and also for drawing. She can sketch anything with her pencil, and the more ludicrous the subject, the cleverer she is. Well, we thought we should not be doing our pupil justice without a master. My dear sister here teaches drawing, but a lady is not like a regular professor. We therefore applied to Mr. Quodlibet’s Agency-office, and an Italian was recommended to us. An excellent master, very industrious, with quite a way with him: too much so, indeed, as it turned out. You know what those Italians are, probably.”

Something of a Burleigh nod was my reply to the last supposition.

“Clara de Vant is a good, good girl,” continued Miss Laborde, visibly embarrassed and fidgeting about in her chair, “isn’t she, Maria dear? But she is imaginative, and—and she had never—she had never seen any one before. Poor thing! she fell in love with the signor, didn’t she, Maria? At least, we—we think so. We took care not to leave them alone together, so that we really can’t conceive how ever it came about. But one day, after lessons, we found a bit of handwriting. There were only a few lines, commencing ‘Carissimo Signore.’ My sister and I consulted. Dear Maria was against dismissing him on so slender a proof; but you will kindly report to Mr. de Vant, that, feeling his charge too



precious to be trifled with, I decided to be on the safe side. Well that I did, wasn't it, Maria? When the signor came next morning, we had him in here, and, politely excusing ourselves by reason of other arrangements, we handed him his quarter's salary. I thought dear Maria would have sunk through the floor, so dreadful was the look he gave us. Running to the bell, I felt my arm caught as in a vice, and a sort of hiss resound in my ear. *You think to ruin me, but I shall ruin you*—those were his words, weren't they, Maria? Over and over he repeated them, half shouting, half hissing. His face was livid with passion. Oh, he did frighten us: it unnerved us for days and days after. Then, though we made no accusation, he volunteered a disclosure. He had won Clara's heart, and have her he would. When at last he went off, he turned round and spit at the door like a viper, just like a viper, wasn't it, Maria dear? Such an eye, too, he had!"

Miss Laborde was greatly excited, and, with all her strong-mindedness, seemed glad to take breath a moment.

"Have you seen anything of him since?" I inquired.

"No, not seen. We fear, however, there has been some correspondence. Only yesterday the signor was in the neighbourhood, and yesterday afternoon Clara came in flushed and trembling from a walk in Kensington Gardens. We merely suspect, of course. Sorry, indeed, to lose our dear pupils. Still, it is fortunate they are going. Oh, sir, if you had but seen the signor that morning. A man so mild and insinuating at other times. But that look of his, and those resentful words, haunt us as bad things from a bad, bad place."

Naturally I proffered a just meed of praise and thanks to the worthy care-takers of my friend's daughters, promising to second their views to the best of my ability with Miss Clara.

Mr. de Vant being a fine-featured man, I had expected to find beauty in my temporary protégées, yet hardly the lustrous beauty I did find. They were not town-cast. Their charms lay in that well-born bearing, and in that healthful, half-rustic, Anglo-Norman comeliness, which so commends itself to foreign taste, and which acts as the dearest of all welcomes-home to us English, when we return from amongst the swarthy, faded, belles of the Continent. Ellen was the younger and prettier, but Clara, the elder, was the lovelier, if expression may outweigh feature. The oft-praised combination of the lily and the rose will describe her; to which, if magic seventeen be added, with a marked ingenuousness of character, no fairer prize could have presented herself to an adventurous bird of prey from the south.

She was a sensible girl, for all that. Tears, woman's refuge, coursed their course. A man's sorrow encrusts him, like the foggy clams of winter; but a woman's sorrow more resembles the passage of summer clouds. Given one good downfall of water, and, unless there be some twist in her moral being, all is brighter after the shower than before. Miss Laborde had calculated rightly; if love did exist on Clara's side, it was only the seed sown. By kind reasoning we easily led her to see the suspicious motives which must actuate such a man, the misery of an alliance with an unknown, and his real character, as made manifest by himself to the Misses Laborde. And so our united endeavours succeeded in restoring to Clara whatever inchoate affection her incaution had allowed to

stray from her. At parting, she said, "You may depend on me—indeed you may; but pray don't tell papa."

Forty hours more—the day December the 23rd, the hour nine o'clock in the morning—and Mr. de Vant, his daughters, and myself have taken possession of a four-seat compartment in a railway carriage at the Paddington terminus. The train is the 9.15 express. Clara had remained true, and I had not thought proper to inform her father. The young ladies are seated with their backs to the engine, my seat being the outermost opposite. I have just deposited the umbrellas and ladies' bags in the netting, suspended the gentlemen's hats, placed the cloaks, arranged the rugs—it is freezing bitingly—and invested in a *Times*. The guard whistles, the train threatens to move. Clara gives a half-suppressed scream. I should not have minded, for the girls are merry things, and extract fun out of everything. While I was acting as courier, they had employed themselves in caricaturing the passengers, quizzing the news-boys, and condoling with the geese and turkeys that were lying about expectant of Christmas. But Ellen touches my arm and points outward, upon which I let down the frosted window, and admit—O Spirit of Evil-Eyedness—the head and shoulders of Sor Eustachio! It is written that, when you are drowning, your entire life flashes before you in a single instant of time. And although the sages wisely abstain from telling us whether their electro-retrospective faculty can be exercised under water only, and in no safer place than the grave's brink, what I know is that, as the lightning half blinds yet illumines, so did the Piazza Barberini and Barbauld House instantaneously dissolve before my eyes into one clear panorama. Sor Eustachio and the signor identical! The girls sit in terror, Mr. de Vant is dumb-struck, and the signor confounded, I myself stupifying at the very flood of enlightenment poured upon me. But there is no further time for anything. Another moment, and the train starts off with a jerk, leaving Sor Eustachio like a baffled fiend on the platform.

The evil effect of that presence was transient, the good durable and efficacious. Mr. de Vant, who regarded the incident as a mere oddity of travel, soon fell asleep beneath his fur travelling-cap, whilst I profited by the parent's somnolence—occasionally parents *do* go to sleep at the right time—to recount to the daughters my previous connexion with the signor, which as much amazed them both as it individually benefited poor Clara.

"Oh dear! oh dear! Do you think the dreadful man will follow us?" said Ellen, in a beseeching tone of voice.

"No, you may be certain he won't. That kind of man never makes attempts where he knows his intended victims are protected," I confidently replied, little cognisant as yet of the circuitous persistence of Evil-Eyedness.

"Then you must stay with us ever so long, will you not?" exclaimed Clara, as imploringly as her sister.

I assured them their father's protection would amply suffice, gallantly adding, that I should nevertheless be only too happy to enlist in such a delightful service; at which their rosy cheeks blushed rosier, and their merry eyes twinkled merrier.

That same night we slept at Broadweir, or, more correctly, "we kept it up" there, for a jovial Christmas party awaited us.

I have met with but few persons in my life, not residents of the country, who have been beyond Bristol into Gloucestershire. The rail from Bristol to Gloucester forms a line of demarcation, over which people are rarely found trespassing, unless they claim membership with the Berkeley hunt, or that professional business takes them into the Forest of Dean. The southern part of that district, of all others in England, is where people desirous of passing their lives quietly can live without molestation. No railway has penetrated it, and as yet none seems likely to. From fifteen to twenty square miles would come near its measurement. The land lies high, but is still flattish, here and there spreading out into large commons or downs, with an upward inclination as you approach the coast, and a slight declension when you reach within a mile of it. There are no towns, and what should have grown to substantial villages have, if two or three be excepted, continued mere hamlets. Good farms, however, may be counted in hundreds, and gentlemen's seats proportionately; and, by mounting to one of the few eminences which occur in those parts, the district will be seen to be wooded and cultivated. The sea towards the west is the Bristol Channel, or just there the embouchure of the river Severn. Stand-points for sea views are not easy of discovery, but occasionally you do come upon spots, from which the eye takes in a fetch of the finest landscape, including Wales from Chepstow to Cardiff on the north, and Somerset from Clevedon to Weston-super-Mare on the south.

About twelve miles down that out-of-the-way district stood Broadweir Rectory. In an old-fashioned house and grounds, on a tight six hundred per annum, had lived for twenty years, in rural felicity, the Hon. and Rev. C. de Vant, rector. The living was in the gift of his college; and my friend had taken it, partly because he was a student, partly because he was a Gloucestershire man, and partly because, having just been united to the object of his affections, his then frame of mind would have made him to look upon a lonely cottage with her as preferable to a palace without her. Poor good fellow! Clara and Ellen are now orphans, and Broadweir has been raised to a very high-church level indeed. At this distance, therefore, I may frankly deponate that the last but one rector was of the leave-you-alone school, caring for naught but classics, and for making life pleasant to all around him. Peace to the ashes of so much geniality!

Holly and berries in abundance, mistletoe to one's heart and lip's content, mince-pies and snap-dragon, tripping it on the light fantastic, and all manner of home enjoyableness, tempered with open-handed charity to the poor, and a sermon from the worthy rector—every syllable of which, the village doctor told me in confidence, he had heard fifteen Twenty-fifths of December running—such that year was our Christmas at Broadweir.

After four days of festive indulgence, some business obliging me, I came for a day into Bristol, putting up the rector's gig at the Gloucester Hotel, Hotwells. My reader, have you ever seen Leigh Woods and St. Vincent's Rocks? It appears like yesterday, when, ascending the Avon on an initiatory voyage from my native Devon in a packet called

the *Lord Palmerston*, which used to ply between Bristol and Ilfracombe, I first beheld those woods and rocks, and the fair-banked stream that owns them. I have travelled since "full many a clime in," and up leagues of rivers, which were broader, grander, and perhaps more river-like, yet, I bethink me, up no river so endearingly impressive as that river of Avon to Clifton Hotwells. Even now, the once familiar prospect smiles back to me, undiminished of interest. Its scenery cannot wane: nor has railway ramification, however extended, been able to reduce its sea-traffic with the multifarious ports so long allied to Bristol. How instructive, as well as picturesque, the tidal steam-boat procession. In consequence of the shallowness of the river, no ship of any draw can pass the bar of the Avon till tide-time. I have seen not fewer than twenty paddling up and down outside in the Channel. By-and-by, the tide flowing, they form tail, and steam in for Bristol, one after the other. And an interesting sight it is. Flax and hemp from Belfast; whisky from Dublin; pigs and cattle, bacon and butter firkins, from Cork and Waterford; fish from Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea; dockyard stuff from Pembroke; cheese and cream from our Devon; and, in the summer months, tourists returning from Tenby, Lynton, and Ilfracombe. Through reddish, muddy waters, past Pill, along by Leigh Woods, round the elbow-turn by the quarries, under St. Vincent's Rocks, over the ferry-line, and on to Cumberland Basin, above the Gloucester—yes, that was the beautiful route. Add Clifton suspension-bridge, and the route is obviously still the same. Truly, if people but knew how much there was to see at home, and where to find it, while not ignoring other countries, would they not give more of their vacations to England?

On this occasion, having a couple of hours to spare, starting from the Gloucester, I went for a walk by the river-side, thinking to catch the steamers then expected. It was too soon, however. So, leisurely retracing my steps, I sat me down on a stone, and began watching the ferry-boat take in its passengers. First, came a lot of market wenches, with their big baskets and Somersetshire hats, looking as though they had dropped out of a last-century engraving; then, a drove of smock-frocked cow-men; then, a young curate and his wife, a soldier on furlough, and two boys home for the holidays. The boat was freighted, and the ferrymen began shoving off, when "Ho! Ha! H—s-s-s!" and other such outlandish ejaculations, drew attention to two persons of un-English appearance hurrying down in hot haste.

"Good God! Sor Eustachio!" A quarry-block concealed me: but there was he, as plain as could be, beard, seedy hat, black cloak, and all.

"So my prognostications had proved wrong," I reflect. "The signor *had* followed us. Some plot clearly on foot. What but the execution of his threat to Miss Laborde? Have Clara he would. That was what he said. Back to Broadweir now, without delay. Frustrate his knavish tricks. No, first try for information. Yet where, how? What on earth could the fellow be going to do, on the Somersetshire side? Only sea-gardens there, and woods, though certainly woods that smacked of murder."

These thoughts directed my looks across the river. The other passengers had landed, and were already up the bank, while Sor Eustachio and his companion still stood by the water's-edge holding an animated

conversation with the ferryman. I kept my eye on the group, until I saw the two foreigners move away towards the woods, and the ferryman begin pushing back with another boat-load. A sovereign did the rest. They had engaged the ferryman, I learned, to row them down the river at nightfall, and to put them ashore a mile to the west of Pill. I knew the place well, as, years before, I had crossed the Avon at the very spot, on a pic-nic excursion from Broadweir. The ferryman could tell me nothing more, as neither could any one else; but, coupling his information with my knowledge of the signor, and of recent events, I concluded to have learned amply sufficient for every purpose.

The signor was a man of rapine, possibly of blood, the rector a man of peace. In such a case, there could be but one means of providing against contingencies, to fight the rascal with his own weapons namely. A run into Bristol did not take long, so that, within the hour, I was again trotting Mr. de Vant's best cob at a rapid pace over Durdham Downs, a brace of revolvers under the seat, and a detective policeman on the seat beside me.

"We've notized two furriners about Clifton these days back," said the detective, who was a Somersetshire man. "Yez we hev, zur. The inspector was a-goin' to zet us on 'em, but we lost zent, zur. Be zure the'v bin down Broadweir wee, to zet their nets like. Uncommon dangerous, them furriners. They takes advantage o' this country, but they ain't conformable to it. They alluz overdoes their game, zur, they does. But, we'll giv 'em a rolling for their holly-fir,\* as the play zays, or my name's not Ebbie Smith."

Whatever meaning Mr. Ebenezer Smith occultly attached to the latter clause in his remarks, enough that he was an intelligent fellow, keen and handy at his work, although somewhat given to treating non-professional arguers with contempt. As we bowled along in the gig, I gave him a succinct account, adapted to his capacity, of Sor Eustachio at home and abroad.

"Lor' love you, zur, you needn't a-fear," rejoined Mr. Smith, with a patronising air. "Zuch as him ain't like one of our reg'lar burglars. If he'd ha' know'd what he was about, he'd ha' paid a reg'lar to come from London, special. Them two thinks to hide thezzelves, a-comin' here alone, and a-trustin' nobody. But they're too deep, zur. The paazon needn't a-mind, not he. I knows how they'll try it on, ay, as well as if I was a-lookin' at 'em. They'll come down the river after daa'k, an' dodge nigh the houze, till they think it's bedtime. Wheu the lights is out, they'll hev a ladder or zummut agen the wall, thinkin' the young lady's all pleasant to go with 'em—the furrin villins. We'll jest fire a shot over their heads, quite harmless, and they'll run like sheep with a dog at their heels—zee if they don't, zur."

On my venturing to interpolate, that an element of danger must lie in the desperation the signor had palpably worked himself up to, Mr. Smith bestowed on me one of those self-complacent smiles which are only inspired by an intimate acquaintance with the weaknesses of gentlemen in the burglary line of business.

"Lor', zur," pursued Mr. Smith, encouragingly, "it's child's play with

\* Probably Mr. Smith's reading of "A Roland for an Oliver."

the likes of them. *That fellow 'll never trouble you again. No fear, zur, no fear.*" Whether the detective was not right will be seen.

"Why, I knows every inch of this here common," resumed the loquacious Mr. Smith, as we emerged upon Broadweir Downs. "Wonderful clever hidin'-places, for them as is up to it. Time of the Leigh Woods murder, me and Tom Billis zearched it all through for days; and zo quiet we was, that the rabbits in the warren yonder used to come up to uz confidential, b'lievin' we was a-goin' to feed 'em. A reg'lar might do zumnut here, that is, if we wasn't on 'em. Italians, did you zay, zur? I hev heard they was good hands at a-stabbin' o' folks, at the corner o' streets, in their own country. But they'll never do no harm on the downs of old England. No, not they, nor hundreds like 'em."

By this, we had driven up to the rectory gate. Feeling certain that poor Clara had remained steadfast, and, although her touch of incipient love might have left a sore, that she was now as cordial a detester of Sor Eustachio as could be desired, I agreed with the detective that the rector only should be informed. Then came the question, as to the mode of doing it. Mr. de Vant hadn't a notion of the so-called love-affair, and, for his individual peace of mind, I felt somewhat timorous of telling him. There was no help for it, however; and surely, I thought, Clara would have consented had she known, nay, have thanked me, which afterwards she did. I determined, consequently, on making a clean breast of it to Mr. de Vant. When the rector had heard me out, he turned to as angrily as the Vicar of Wakefield in a far worse predicament, and, like that prototype, which he in so many ways resembled, was for sallying forth, then and there, to confront "the dastardly disturber of his hearth and home," as he indignantly styled Sor Eustachio.

"To think of a brigand like this trying to kidnap my darling Clara! The double-dyed villain!" stormed my excellent friend, striding about the rectory library, his thumbs in his waistcoat-armholes, and his white cravat loose and crumpled. I suggested how lucky it was that the Italian had been so providentially forestalled. "Ah, true, true, my dear old friend; you are our second providence," he replied, bending over my chair, with tears in his eyes. Ultimately he calmed down, acquiescing with much humour in Mr. Smith's view of the final result.

Of the Broadweir portion of my story there is little more to narrate. In detailing the detective's prognostic I have all but foretold events. Fortunately, we were alone that evening at dinner. Tea over, the ladies retired to rest, after which the rector, Mr. Smith, and myself proceeded to our chosen post at the garret window, whence, favoured by an inequality in the building, a full view was obtainable in the daytime of the outer wall of the ladies' bedroom, and quite a sufficient night view. The moon had gone to bed; yet, as it was not pitch-dark, advancing objects could be readily discerned. For a while, a dead silence reigned. At last, the rector fancied something rustled in the shrubbery. I forgot to say that, by Mr. Smith's advice, we had sent away to a neighbouring farm-house, thereby greatly surprising its inmates, a large mastiff which acted as watch-dog at the rectory. We feared that a premature alarm, such as the faithful fellow would be certain to give, must at least spoil our fun if it did not mar our plan altogether. Mr. de Vant had good ears; for soon

appeared two figures, one behind the other, picking their steps stealthily through the flower-beds. Between them they carried what by starlight looked like a rope-ladder, but which by daylight turned out to be the mast of a boat, with a pulley and small cordage at its top. In what way the poor fools imagined their mast and pulley could serve in lowering even the fastest of young ladies from a high bedroom window, was a question provocative of many a witty conjecture next morning. They pause a moment, and, as they mumble together while scanning the premises, whether my fancy or not, Sor Eustachio's eyes appear to glisten in the dark like the twin fireballs of an enraged cat. Presently, the bedroom light going out, the two men sneak on towards the house-wall. It is precisely what we want. Just as they plant the boat-mast against the trellis-work, Mr. Smith, whispering to us, "Now's the time, gen'l'men," fires his revolver, innocuously enough, but not the less effectively, for, without more ado, they throw away their mast, and run helter-skelter for their lives down the avenue into the road. Upon such a precise fulfilment of the detective's predictions, we could not forbear bursting, all three of us, into a roar of hearty laughter, and, bestowing a parting salute on the scoundrels from our revolvers, as incontinently they fled across the downs.

"Told you so, gen'l'men," cried Mr. Smith, in triumph. "It's the trap a-snappin' the nose off a rat like, when he zmelles at the cheese. Nat'ral conzekens. Never zee *that* chap here again. Take my word for it. Reg'lar done him, we did. What I call a first-rate do, that is. Ain't it, Mr. de Vant?"

"Well, I think so. The wretched impostor!" said the rector.

"What's to be done now, gen'l'men?" the detective put in again, when we had got back into the library, after overhauling the shrubberies. "Let the furniners slip, or catch 'em?"

"Catch them? No, they're not worth the trouble. Let them slip. To be sure, let them slip," replied the rector, summing it up judicially.

So we did let them slip. And thus ended that Broadweir adventure.

It now remains to tell shortly how Sor Eustachio came by his last grief of all, together with incidents pertaining to that grief, which are here of particular point, only because, most odd to say, they occurred the next Christmas after Broadweir, that is, the second from my encountering the Evil Eye for the first time.

It was one of those muggy unwholesome days which of late years have gainsayed the traditions of Christmas-tide. I had been travelling all night, by the mail from London to Paris. In the grey of the morning, the train stopped at St. Denis. Nobody was at the station but boys crying the morning papers: "Messieurs et Mesdames, voici les nouvelles du jour, demandez *Le Moniteur*, demandez *La Presse*, demandez *La Gazette des Tribunaux*," and so on. I chose the last, with the object of quickening my half-dormant senses with police intelligence.

What! O unlooked-for horror! The paper drops from my hands, for in the first page I read:

"Ce matiù, à neuf heures, doit subir la peine de mort, sur la Place de

la Roquette, le Sieur Eustace de' Monj, citoyen Romain, pour un meurtre commis sur une dame, à laquelle il donnait des leçons de peinture."

I had never been to an execution, and I have never been to one since; but I suppose there is nobody in the world who, in my place, would have taken any other course than I did on that December morning, which was the 23rd, and a Thursday—dates accurately registered.

Instead of driving straight to the Mirabeau, where I always descend, I only sent the luggage there, and set off myself for the Place de la Roquette as quickly as the lazy voiturier would take me. Leaving my cab at the bottom of the Boulevard des Amandiers, I went the rest of the way on foot.

It was drizzling small rain. Police and gendarmes à cheval kept the Place, effectually preventing the scenes we have heard so much of in England. The crowd, however, seemed to be composed of decent people, and they were orderly and even reverent; for when the condamné came out, I observed that every man lifted his hat. There was little yelling and shouting, and less singing; and as for "Gare à la hache, Gare à la hache," the well-known song only struck on my ear once.

Here a feeling for the unhappy signor bids me cut short my melancholy recital. The crime had been atrocious, but the criminal sincerely repentant. So it was said. And I see no reason to doubt either statement. Through my glass, his hair and beard seemed to have turned colour, and his fiery eye to sink subdued, as he submitted to the operation of pinioning. Still, nature vindicated her rights. Just as he was going to die, I distinctly saw the tiger-glare flash from his eyes, and then the world lost sight for ever of Sor Eustachio.

Do I believe in the Evil Eye? No, a thousand times no, in the Italian sense of the superstition. What I do believe is, that all the evil characteristics of a race may intensify themselves in one individual, to the detriment or neutralisation of its good characteristics, just as our best national qualities personate in the figure of John Bull, or as our worst might become incarnate in any other personification.

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