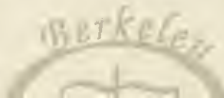


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THE BOY IN GREY
AND
OTHER STORIES AND SKETCHES

THE WORKS OF
HENRY KINGSLEY.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFRY HAMLYN.
RAVENSHOE.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS.
SILCOTE OF SILCOTES.
SIRETTON.

AUSTIN ELLIOT *and* THE HARVEYS.
MADEMOISELLE MATHILDE.

OLD MARGARET, *and* OTHER STORIES.
VALENTIN, *and* NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

OAKSHOTT CASTLE *and* THE GRANGE GARDEN.
REGINALD HETHEREGE *and* LEIGHTON COURT.
THE BOY IN GREY, *and* OTHER STORIES.

1850
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1860



“ Philarete rose and stood in the bow of the canoe, with
outspread arms to balance himself.”

THE BOY IN GREY

AND

OTHER STORIES AND SKETCHES

BY

HENRY KINGSLEY

NEW EDITION

WITH A FRONTISPIECE BY A. FORESTIER

LONDON

WARD, LOCK & BOWDEN, LIMITED

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THE BOY IN GREY.

CHAPTER I.

It was Prince Philarete's tenth birthday, and if you will find the "Court Circular" for that date, you will read what beautiful presents he had.

First, a great brass top, or, as Mr. Jenkins called it, a gyrotrope, which spun for two hours and forty-six minutes, making all the time a noise like the loudest railway whistle, only louder; which was a charming toy.

Next, a Noah's Ark, in which the elephant was as big as a Newfoundland dog, and would serve for a rantoone; and Noah was as big as your sister's largest doll. All the animals had cloth hides, coloured exactly like nature. If you wound up the brown bear with a watch-key, he would run about for five minutes (that was done by little wheels on his toes), and growl (that was done by a bellows in his inside). And the rarer and more recently discovered ones, such as the Wandoodle and Teezyweezy, and the Runtifoozle, had only just been made, under the joint superintendence of Mr. Frank Buckland and Mr. Tegetmoier.

There was another great fact about this Noah's Ark of his. Professor Huxley had superintended the models of all the extinct animals, even to that of the Xylopodotherium, the gigantic armadillo, with a wooden leg, recently discovered in the drift of the Appalachian mountains, near Millidgeville. The Professor would not have taken that trouble for every one. But he knew that this Prince could dree out the weird of the Boy in Grey, and so he did it for *him*. For the Professor talks much to the Boy in Grey, and the Boy in Grey loves him.

"That was a fine Noah's Ark," you say; "he must have been glad."

We will see about that presently.

Next he had a box of French soldiers, each three inches high, exactly like life. There were I don't know how many of these beautiful wooden soldiers, and the band of the little army was mounted on a musical box like a triumphal arch, inside of which was a barrel with two tunes—"Partant pour la Syrie," and the "Marseillaise;" and when you wound it up, you never knew which it was going to play next, which was great fun—to folks at a distance.

Well, with all these lovely presents, Prince Philarete was not enjoying his birthday at all. As his uncle, Prince Thalasses, Lord High Admiral of Liberia, remarked, "The boy was not making good weather of it." Prince Thalasses had brought to his nephew, the future Emperor of Liberia, one of the most beautiful presents you ever saw. It was a little war-steamer, wound up by clockwork, which would run for a quarter of an hour, and fire its guns three times. After this it was no good whatever unless the works were greased with the *best* butter, like the March Hare's watch.

Prince Philarete cared for none of these things. The weird of the Boy in Grey was on him, as it was, speaking with deep reverence, on some twelve men more than eighteen hundred years ago. The child wished to be alone, he knew not why, but he wanted utter solitude. Men have lived in the desert, and have come down into towns, and said the very words which, after a thousand years, we are acting on now—words which make some men mad with pure joy, now they see them being acted on, and which make old men sing "Nunc Dimittis" with a new emphasis. He wanted to be alone.

Prince Philarete had loved all his friends as a good boy should. And indeed they were good friends enough, for they could die for him, and one lad can do no more than that for another, unless he can live for him. Arturio was the one who came to him first, finding that he was alone. Arturio was one of his pages, a boy of a great house, who was with him day and night; the boy who knew his ways and his thoughts beyond all boys.

Arturio found him sitting at the window alone. Arturio was a very solemn boy. He was dressed in snow-white trousers, fitting close to his leg, a black velvet tunic, a black velvet bonnet, and he had on his breast, clasping his velvet tunic, a blazing diamond. The Prince had often asked him to exchange this splendid cold pure diamond for the flaming ruby which the Prince wore on the same place. Arturio had always refused the offer, saying, "The latter branch of our house has always worn the diamond. You are mixed in blood with the Lancelots. I cannot exchange. I

will not have my heart burnt out, even to serve my Lord and Prince."

Arturio, with his black velvet and diamond, bowed himself on this occasion, and told his Prince that their supper was ready. Prince Philarete said that he was tired of his toys, and that he was not coming to supper at all.

Arturio agreed that the toys were all nonsense, and that his Highness was right in refusing supper; but the company of his equals would surely please him.

"I have no equals," said Prince Philarete; "I shall have a thousand years hence, and then I shall be dead. But I have no equals now."

"Your family traditions, Prince, make it necessary for me to say that my family, had things been different, would have been as good as yours;" whereupon he kicked the Xylopodotherium.

"Don't be cross, Arturio," said the Prince; "I can't come."

Arturio was not in the least cross: he never was, according to his own account; but he kicked the Xylopodotherium up into the air, so that it fell on the nose of young Duke Polemos, who was coming also to summon the Prince to supper.

"Oh, hang it," said Duke Polemos, "you have broken my nose. You have shied a rocking-horse at me now: last time it was one of your wooden generals."

"It was only a carefully-executed model of a Xylopodotherium," said Duke Arturio.

"Who's he?" said Duke Polemos. "Some of *your* lot, I doubt. I'm of the Tenth Heavy Dragoons, and I don't care a hang who knows it. What do you make of that, for instance?"

"Nothing," said Duke Arturio, coldly.

"Well then, Prince, my dear, come to supper, for I am hungry. There is jam, woodcock, ice-cream, and barley-sugar. Come to supper."

"I want no supper," said the Prince; "but come near to me, Polemos."

Polemos came at once. He was a bold, thoughtless, possibly cruel boy, but he loved the Prince. He was dressed like Arturio, his legs in close-fitting white, but his tunic was green, and it was clasped at the breast by a great emerald. Arturio went, and left the Prince alone with the stupid boy, the boy of the emerald. And the boy of the emerald knelt beside his Prince, and said—

"What is it, my dear one?"

"Change thine emerald for my ruby, Polemos: my ruby burns my heart. I have asked Arturio for his cold clear diamond, and he will not give it to me. Give me thine emerald."

"Never, my Prince, will I give thee my emerald. Wear thy bonny ruby—that is the jewel of a good prince. She, look at my emerald: does it shine?"

"It is quite dull."

"Then there is peace in the land," said the stupid Polemos. "See, my beloved, how your ruby is blazing."

"It is bright indeed," said the Prince.

"Do you know," said Polemos, "that when your ruby blazes brightest, and when it burns your heart most, my old enemy, the Boy in Grey, who wears the great sapphire upon his breast, engraven with characters which no man can read, is nearest to you. He is near now."

"The Boy in Grey! I have not heard of him."

"No; and that is just the bother," said Duke Polemos. "Your family has always put up mine to fight him, and so *we* know something of him. *We* in our rude way love him. His brothers are dear to us, and die for us. You will not come to supper, then? Here is Athanasio. I will begin without you."

"Athanasio," said the Prince, when they were alone, "bid me not to supper. Tell me, my Athanasio, dost thou know aught of a Boy in Grey?"

Athanasio was clothed like the other pages; but his tunic, which was black, was a little longer, and on his breast he wore a great opal, which changed in colour as he moved. He crossed his hands on his breast and began bowing towards the door.

"Athanasio, come back and tell me of this Boy in Grey!" cried the Prince.

Athanasio declined. "My lord," he said, "my family has been in such perpetual debate with yours about this Boy for eighteen centuries, that I would prefer to leave you two to a personal interview."

"Give me thine opal, and I will give thee my ruby," cried the Prince.

"The Boy in Grey would tear your heart out, my lord, if he saw my opal there. Better wear your ruby. It is burning bright to-night. The Boy is near."

And so Athanasio left him all alone, as the others had done, in the window-seat in the shadow of the curtain.

And the ruby on his brave maroon tunic burnt bright and steady, and warmed his heart. It flashed out great rays of light, which lit up the limited landscape outside the window: only a mass of rapidly falling snow. After a time the Prince slept, and was only awakened by voices in the room.

The King in his royal robes; the Queen also dressed up for a

great occasion; and some one else, more important and greater than king or kaiser ever could be: a fairy—the Fairy Anangke. A very dear old friend of mine, whom I have known almost as long as any one.

Will you please to remark that when you know Fairy Anangke you know the best lady whom you can know. But if you can't know Fairy Anangke intimately, you should try to make her acquaintance in some sort even at second-hand through the poor. For unless you do, you are simply naught.

She was standing and talking to the King and Queen. She was a pale woman with large eyes; of very solemn aspect. She was dressed in a long sweeping robe of black velvet, which covered her feet, so that the wisest of our men never knew exactly which way she would walk. I am only telling you the simple truth when I say that she carried on her breast, one below the other, the jewels which I have told you the boys whom I have described wore upon their bosoms, all save the sapphire—the wine-dark sapphire, in whose cold dark depths lay utter infinity, and the character, on which were read nearly two thousand years ago, and have been forgotten, that she had given to the Boy in Grey.

The King and the Queen and she were talking earnestly together, and the Queen was crying bitterly, but the Prince could not hear what they said.

“My dear old friend,” said the Queen, kneeling down, “is it not possible that he could be spared? Did I not give my Henri, and you know how that ended: did I not give my Louis, and where is he? Spare me this one.”

“I have nothing to do with it. The weird of the Boy in Grey is upon him, and he must dree it.”

“And be killed by the Boy! Ah, cruel, cruel Necessity!”

“I am not cruel, Queen, indeed,” said Fairy Anangke. “I am a person of very little power, too. I am only cruel, after all, to fools. Men can fight me, and beat me. I came only to tell you that the weird is on him, and he *must* go.”

“Will he die?” said the Queen, at her feet. “Will my bonny child be killed like the others? You know. You can say.”

“I do *not* know,” said the Fairy. “But this I do know: the others met the Boy and kissed him, Henri on the brow, Louis on the cheek; the Boy should be kissed fully and fairly on the lips. If Philarete does so, all will go well.”

“Let me tell him,” said the Queen, eagerly.

“Impossible,” said the Fairy. “He must find it out for himself.”

“I *will* tell my darling.”

“If you offer to do so, I will make you and your husband dumb: you know I can do that. I did so once or twice before. I have the appointment of your Ministers nowadays, and I will strike you both dumb once more by appointing Cacodemos if you dare to say a word to the child.”

So the King and Queen, terrified into submission, departed slowly and sorrowfully upstairs, to receive their guests for the grand dinner and ball which was to be given that night.

Would you like to go with me? Well, we will just look in: we must not stay long lest we should miss the Prince, who is lying in the window-seat looking out upon the falling snow, with his ruby blazing brightly. We will keep near him, and yet see some of the company. For myself, I am very fond of fine company, and, what is more, I believe that every one else is too.

CHAPTER II.

Now the guests began to come; rattery-tattery-tattery-tat-tat-tat went the knocker, and the footmen had the door open in half a minute, and shut it instantly for fear two people should get in at once without each of them making that horrible noise all over again. This is the very highest breeding known; All The World's footmen do it.

They were all Ambassadors who came to dinner. After dinner, to the ball, there were invited All The World and his wife; Mr. Nobody with all his relations, including his aunt's baby, whose portrait was painted by the late Charles Bennett in “Nursery Fun;” and Everybody Else. We have only to do with the Ambassadors.

The Turcomanian Ambassador came first. He was very cold, and took off his goloshes in the hall, and was making himself tidy, shivering over the fire, when the Muscovite Ambassador arrived, and coming up to him, said—

“Grumph, it is hot here! Are you any better?”

“I am as well as ever I was in my life,” said the Turcoman Ambassador; “you are always saying I am sick. You said it too often once, you know.”

“Your constitution is ruined,” said the Muscovite.

“You never had one any more than I,” retorted the Turk.

“Hein! hein!” said the Gallic Ambassador; “but, Messieurs, consider!”

And the English Ambassador said, “Come, gentlemen! gentlemen! Pray!”

And the Hellenic Ambassador said, “That for his part he thought his Excellency of Muscovy was quite correct”; whereupon all the other Ambassadors, Muscovy included, told him to hold his tongue. Which he did.

The next arrival was the Ambassador from Columbia, who said to the footman, “Young man, there is my best hat: treat it as if my head was inside it, and as soon as the exchange drops I’ll give you a quarter dollar currency.—Why, if here ain’t the Etruscan Ambassador and the Latin Nuncio! Well, I do admire! How air you, neighbours? Folks have been telling me that there have been words between you two about the busting down of some rails between your two lots. Anything I can do in the way of kind offices, I am sure—always happy. Here is the young man come to say that the King and Queen are fixed up tight and spry, and ready to receive. Won’t you go first, Gaul? Well, if you won’t, I will. Come along.”

This was uncommonly cool of the Columbian Ambassador, and he seemed to think so himself, for he half turned round as he walked upstairs to give them some of his conversation, and the Prince heard him say—

“You didn’t notice the Boy in Grey outside, did you, Muscovy?”

“No,” said the Muscovite Ambassador, “I did not. He never comes after me. I go after him. I have just been after him lately.”

“Well done,” said the Columbian Ambassador, “so you have. Nor you, Gaul?”

“He is dead,” said the Gallic Ambassador.

“He is outside among the carriages now,” said the Columbian Minister.

And the Prince peered more and more eagerly into the darkness and the snow.

At last he saw him. He came and stood straight in front of the window, and looked the Prince straight in the eyes.

Save for a grey seamless tunic, which reached half-way down his thigh and half-way down his arm, the Boy was perfectly naked, and stood with his bare feet in the snow, and his bare head in the wind. His head was erect, majestic, and beautiful, and his hair was wild. At his throat, as a clasp, like all the boys we have seen, he wore a large jewel. His was a sapphire,

bright as the moon in a frost, blue as the sea on a summer's day, with varying light flashing from it on the Prince's face, and seeming to show letters which he had never seen before.

The Boy neither spoke nor beckoned. For a few seconds only the light from the Boy's sapphire mingled with the light from the Prince's ruby, and made the falling snow purple. Then the Boy turned and went away, and the Prince, bareheaded and thinly clad as he was, rose and followed him swiftly.

The guests were coming in to the ball as the Prince passed through them quickly. They most of them knew—courtiers generally can see—what had happened to him. They fell away right and left, and spoke in terrified whispers. "He is going after the Boy in Grey as his brother did," was what they said, and grew pale and horror-stricken. And the funds went down four and three-quarters on the night, as the City intelligence said; at least the earliest men on the Exchange found it so the first thing next morning.

"He is off," said the old seneschal, drawing back from the door to let him pass, with a solemn and tender awe on his old face; "off, bareheaded, just as my two boys went."

"Did they come back, Master Clerk of Owsenford?" said a young footman in a whisper.

"Oh, yes, they came back again," said he; "the cruel Mayor of Paris thought he had got them safe, but they came back again. Why, you know—"

' It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights were long and mirk,
The clerk's two sons came home again;
Their hats were of the birk.

' It grew not by the bonny hill-side,
Nor yet by holt and sheugh;
But by the gates of Paradise,
That birk grew fair enough.'

Yes; they came back safe enough to Usher's Well; but they went away again.

' The cock doth crow, the day doth daw,
The chaunering worm doth chide;
Gin we be missed out of our place,
A sair pain we must bide.'

But the Prince was gone, and we must go after him. How far? As near about thirty-five thousand miles as need be. I fancy a little more, but certainly not less. He ran down the

steps, and diving in among the fretting horses and blazing carriage-lamps, disappeared into the darkness and the drifting snow.

CHAPTER III.

THE lights of the blazing windows of the palace guided him a little at first; but as the sound of the music died upon his ear the light died away also, and he found himself alone in the dark in the lower and poorer quarter of the town, with no light but his ruby. There was no doubt about his way, for the ruby was very bright now, and before him, pressed firmly into the snow, were the naked footprints of the Boy in Grey. The Prince walked very fast, and peered before him into the darkness for a glimpse of the sapphire, but there was nothing to be seen. The cowering poverty around him was asleep and silent, and he soon cleared the City Augusta, and got into the great forest which lies beyond it. And which forest is Fairyland :

“ Oh ! see you not that bonny road
That winds along the fernie brae ?
Oh ! you’s the road to Fairyland,
Where thou and I this e’en must gae.”

In that forest there is no snow or frost at any time of the year : nobody ever feels pain in Fairyland, and nobody ever cries there. There is no hunger or thirst in Fairyland. Every one is happy in Fairyland ; but God’s mercy on the boy or man who goes to sleep there and thinks that it is heaven ! As our noble old Bunyan teaches us, there is a “ bye-way to hell out of it.” And so the Prince found himself at once in a warm beautiful summer’s night with a bright moon, which would have rejoiced him extremely, only it got so very difficult to follow the tread of the Boy in Grey through the grass and the flowers. It is always easy enough in the snow ; any one can do it then, but only a few can follow his footsteps in the summer-time.

In a narrow pleasant path among hazel trees, down by a bright stream, he met a beautiful lady all in black, with jewels on her breast, and he said to her—

“ If you please, ma’am, how am I to follow the Boy in Grey ? ”

And she said, “ Ask every one you meet,” and looked kindly at him. After which she said, “ You could not do this ? ” and,

whiff! she vanished away; and the Prince laughed till the wood rang, for it was really fine sport if you had seen it. I need not tell you that this was the Fairy Anangke.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was something scuttling along in front of him, and when he came up to it, he found it was a hedgehog.

“Have you seen the Boy in Grey?” said the Prince.

“Eh!” replied the hedgehog. “Speak louder—I am hard of hearing.”

“Have you seen the Boy in Grey?” he said, louder.

“No!” shouted the hedgehog. “Have you seen my wife?”

“No, I have not,” said the Prince.

“Then there is a pair of us,” said the hedgehog. “I thought one fool was enough at a time. She has been out ever since the morning after some partridge eggs, and I don’t know what is become of her.”

“I am sorry for that,” said the Prince.

“It is not much business of yours, that I know of,” said the hedgehog. “If you see her, tell her she will catch it when she comes home.”

“Then, perhaps she won’t come home at all,” said the Prince.

“She’ll come fast enough,” said the hedgehog; “because she knows, if she don’t come, that I shall come and fetch her. And she wouldn’t like that. She knows *me*.”

At this point the hedgehog tucked his toes in, rolled himself up in a ball, and lay for dead, with all his prickles up. But, from the centre of the ball, like a person speaking from under bedclothes, came a thin wiry voice, which said—

“It is no use trying it on. You have tried it on too often, and you never made anything of it. Come on! Come on!”

The Prince thought that the hedgehog was alluding to him, and was getting indignant: when he became aware of a pair of bright eyes, and looking down, he saw that a beautiful fox was cowering at his feet.

“Ho! then it is *you* that the hedgehog is afraid of?”

“Without reason, dear Royal Highness,” said the fox; “I assure you without reason. Our friend is too suspicious: if he would only uncoil himself for a moment, I would——”

“No doubt you would,” said the hedgehog, from under the bed-clothes. “But he knows a trick worth two of that. Come on! Why don’t you come on?”

The fox shrugged his shoulders at the Prince.

“Our friend’s temper gets the better of him sometimes. But he is amiable. Oh yes, without doubt he is amiable. Can I serve your Royal Highness?”

“Have you seen the Boy in Grey go by? I want to follow him: he must be somewhere close by.”

Whereupon the fox, exclaiming, “Traps and shot guns, and no fair law allowed!” took to his heels and sped away.

And the hedgehog, uncoiling himself, said, “I am going to fetch my wife back with a flea in her ear;” and off *he* went, but not the same way as the fox. And the Prince went on, following the footsteps, until he should meet some one else.

But before he met any one else, the moon had got low and pale, the east had brightened from white to green, from green to gold, and morning pierced the beautiful wood with millions of beams of light. This was glorious for the Prince, for he knew that a long summer’s day was before him, and there are few boys who do not know that that is the most glorious happiness which this earth can bring.

The wood was filled with infinite birds, singing in rivalry: the nightingale, who had slept an hour or so, found that he was in the wood, and began again, “Teren, Tereu, by-and-bye,” till the Prince stood and hollowed his hand against his ear, to catch such sweet cadence. The thrush said, “Lirripo, Lirripo!” and the bold glorious blackbird said, “Love! Love! Love! Love lies a-bleeding. Pick him up! Pick him up! Pretty sweet! Pretty sweet! Pick him up! Pick him up!”

“How beautifully you sing!” said the Prince, “and what a fine golden bill you have!”

“My ancestor, sir, got that golden bill at Glastonbury, hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Were you ever there?”

“No. Tell me the story.”

“At Glastonbury is the thorn planted by Joseph of Arithmathæa down in the valley, and at the top of the hill called ‘Weary All’ was the church of St. Michael. And somebody toiled up that hill one wild early spring evening; and my ancestor (who afterwards took the title of Earl of Chysorinchus, not now continued in the family, in consequence of our great lawsuit with the ring-ouzels about their assuming the white collar of the order of St. Agnes, which we have discarded) was on the bush; and we sing the story like this:

Magdalen at Michael's gate
 Tirled at the pin ;
 On Joseph's thorn sang the blackbird,
 " Let her in ! Let her in ! "

" Hast thou seen the wounds ? " said Michael,
 " Know'st thou thy sin ? "

" It is evening, evening," sang the blackbird,
 " Let her in ! Let her in ! "

" Yes, I have seen the wounds,
 And I know my sin."

" She knows it well, well, well," sang the blackbird,
 " Let her in ! Let her in ! "

" Thou bringest no offerings," said Michael,
 " Nought save sin."

And the blackbird sang, " She is sorry, sorry, sorry.
 Let her in ! Let her in ! "

When he had sung himself to sleep,
 And night did begin,
 One came and opened Michael's gate,
 And Magdalen went in.

" I am *very* glad of that," said the Prince. " I can't *tell* you how glad I am of that ; and she must have been so very glad too. And that's why you have a golden bill, yet. I am very glad they let her in. Why did you quarrel with the ring-onzels, did you say ? "

" *We* are of the order of St. Cecilia," said the blackbird, proudly.

But the jay said, " Yar ! Crar ! here's somebody coming, and we shall all be murdered in our beds." And the rook said, " Caw daw ! I wish I was in bed again." And the starling sat on a tree, and chattered very fast, " My wife ought to have got up and boiled the kettle." And the magpie said nothing at all, for he had his eye on the Prince's ruby. But his wife told him that it wouldn't do, and he agreed with regret that it wouldn't.

Here and there he could see the naked footstep which had preceded his, sometimes on dewy turf, sometimes on the sand by some clear stream, where the sleepy trout floated like the peacocks of the water. Once in an open glade he missed the trail, and looked about. Instantly there dashed down before him a beautiful butterfly, a butterfly so beautiful that it fills one's mind with humble awe and wonder to look at it. It's flight was like the eagle's, and it hovered up and down before him.

" Oh, you glorious creature ! who are you ? " said the Prince.

" I am the Purple Emperor," said the butterfly. " I inhabit

the tops of the highest oak trees in the New Forest, and I am the most artistically coloured of all European butterflies. I have come down to show you the way."

And it flew before him to the next stream, and then it flew up towards the sun, for the boy's feet were plain again now. And the Prince, as he stepped across the brook, sang out, loud, clear, and joyfully :

"Wilt thou stay, or must I follow
O'er the brae and through the hollow?
Stay, stay, Boy in Grey.
Rest thee, rest, at evening's gloaming:
Wilful one, wilt thou be roaming
Till the breaking of the day?
All night long I'll walk till morning:
Let me find thee at the dawning;
Stay, stay, Boy in Grey."

And the most remarkable thing was that the very next morn—
But I must not tell you too much at once. It would spoil the story if I told it all to you at once. At least, so they say.

What with one pleasure and another, with flowers and insects to look at, with health, youth, and vitality, the Prince was rather dawdling, when he was aware of a pair of eyes, and looking up, he saw a very large greyish bird, with its back towards him, but which had turned its head right round, and was looking down the back of its neck.

"You mustn't do that," said the Prince; "you will make yourself ill."

"Not a bit of it," said the great snowy owl; "we often do it for hours together."

"Why?"

"Because none of the English owls can, except us."

"That is not much of a reason," said the Prince.

"Good enough for us," said the owl. "I am going to fly to Greenland directly; this is too hot for me. Did you ever see me fly?"

"Never," said the Prince; "but if you fly with your head turned that way, you will fly up against something and hurt yourself. You can't possibly see which way you are going like that."

"Well, here goes, anyhow," said the owl, "before I am roasted." And away he skipped over the tops of the trees like a woodcock.

"If you please, sir," said a gentle voice, like a sigh, near him, "I am the stag."

"So I should have gathered from your personal appearance,"

said the Prince, who was not behind in the *royal art* of making a shrewd guess who people were he had never seen before. "I have seen your portrait at the Royal Academy, by Sir Edwin Landseer: it was very like. What are you crying about, for there are tears coursing themselves down your innocent nose?"

"Mere habit," said the stag. "It is my lachrymathingamy gland. Mere habit."

"Get over it," said the Prince. "We hate whimpering at our place."

And so he went on, singing, from old echoes :

"Stay, stay, Boy in Grey,
The brave birds sing on every spray ;
Stay, stay, stay for me,
And see the things I will give thee.
I follow swift, but thou art fleeter :
Sure the present time is sweeter.
Bonny, bonny Boy, this merry, merry wood
Laughs around with all things good.
For the morrow means but sorrow ;
Of the future let us borrow :
If the morrow means but pain,
Days like these come not again.
Stay for me one summer's day,
Boy in Grey, Boy in Grey."

How long the Prince would have continued singing like this I don't know, but he was stopped by a voice from the top of a tree, saying that the Prince was singing mere Crambo, and that he could make that sort of stuff by the yard. Looking up to see who had uttered the impertinence, he saw that it was the magpie, who had followed him in the hopes of his dropping his ruby. And, indeed, the rest of this poem is lost to European literature. For at this moment, crossing the small brook which divides his European from his Asiatic dominions, he came on a spectacle so *absurd* and *ridiculous*, and at the same time so *humiliating* to every well-regulated mind, that I must take another chapter even to speak of it.

CHAPTER V.

"BAROORA ! Baroora ! Baroo !" said somebody, so loud and so near that the Prince drew up short, and the whole wood echoed, "Baroo ! Baroo !" and turning to the right, the Prince saw a

ridiculous black bear, with very long hair, and an absurd black-and-tan nose ; which sat on its haunches, rocked itself to and fro, and scratched its stomach with its fore paws.

“ You must not make that noise here,” said the Prince ; “ I cannot permit it for an instant.”

“ I am the Isabella bear ! Doodle-doodle-do ! ” said the bear, weeping bitterly.

“ That makes not the least difference,” said the Prince ; “ I cannot allow such a noise from you or any other bear. You really must not do it. What is the matter with you ? ”

“ I am the Isabella bear,” said the poor thing, dissolving into tears. “ Doodle-doodle ! Baroo ! baroo ! ”

“ You are a very ridiculous person,” said the Prince. “ Have you seen the Boy in Grey ? ”

The bear rubbed her nose with her fore paws, but did not seem inclined to answer.

“ I believe that you are a thorough-going humbug, and that there is nothing the matter with you at all,” said the Prince, looking back ; and immediately after he fell headlong over something flat on his face. It was only a lion, so it did not much matter. “ You stupid old ass ! ” said the Prince, “ why do you lie across the road like that ? ”

“ Gnorr ! hrump ! ” said the lion. “ I was watching here to show your Highness the way ; and, gnorr hum garr ! I went to sleep. He is on ahead. The tiger will show you the way to my brother now.”

“ But what are you doing *here* ? ” said the Prince.

“ I am occasionally found on the north-west of India,” said the lion, sitting down and scratching his head with his hind paw, just like a cat.

“ But that is not giving a good account of yourself,” said the Prince. “ Get up ! ”

And the lion got up.

“ I want to stroke your nose,” said the Prince ; “ it is a very nice nose.”

“ Gar ! garoar ! your Royal Highness is welcome. Put your head into my mouth and look at my teeth. Do you know the use of them ? ”

“ No.”

“ They are for your Royal Highness’s enemies—that is to say, if it be true that you are following the Boy.”

“ They are fine teeth,” said the Prince.

“ The hyæna has better,” said the lion ; “ he can crunch up bones which I can’t.”

“Where shall I meet the hyæna?” said the Prince.

“When you come into Africa, you will meet him at the Cape,” said the lion. “Look out, sir; here is a messenger. Give me a good report, sir. Gnarr, snorr, churruk!”

And as the lion stood rubbing his beard against the Prince’s legs, there descended from the sky a bird so amazingly wonderful, that I would have hesitated even to mention it lest I should be accused of invention. I can only say that there is such a bird, because somebody killed one once, and got it skinned, and a lady I know wears its skin in her hat at social gatherings. And whenever I look at the bird I am less and less puzzled; for I know more and more strongly that there is a great beneficent Will.

As for describing this bird, I cannot do it. Shakespeare and Raphael could not have done it either. It is a bird so amazing in its real artistic beauty, and in the thoughts which it brings on those who choose to think, that I decline to say anything about it. It lit down on the Prince’s shoulder, and covered the Prince’s ruby with its tail; and the lion said, “Humph, snurr! this will do!” And the bird twittered in the Prince’s ear, very low:

“Stop not, stay not, pretty pretty master;
 Follow, follow on to the very very last.
 Stay not, fear not, follow, follow faster;
 Hold the Boy, kiss the Boy, hold him fast.
 Hold him, kiss him mouth to mouth,
 All the world, from north to south,
 From east to west, from night to day,
 Shall laugh when thou kissest the Boy in Grey.”

And the lion purred like a great cat, and said—

“That is something like talk. I thought he would have a messenger.” And the Prince said to the bird, “Let us sit down and talk a few minutes.” And the bird said, “Yes, my lord, we will sit on the lion for a few minutes; I have a few more words to say.”

And the lion lay down, with his nose between his fore paws, and the Prince sat on him, and played with his mane, and the bird sat on the Prince’s shoulder, with its tail falling all down the maroon velvet of the Prince’s tunic, and whispered in his ear, and

The lion heard every word,
 But not a word said he:
 “When princes talk to the Paradise bird,
 There is no word for me.”

“ Grumph ! Will he go through with it ! ”

What the bird said to the Prince you must find out for yourself. *I* know ; and I know where I learnt it, too. But this is a fairy tale, and my reverence for the Bible is so deep that I dislike to do more than just hint at it in a fantastic story like this.

CHAPTER VI.

THE end of the conversation with the bird I may give.

“ Bird,” said the Prince, “ you have not told me your name.”

“ I am the Bird of Paradise. I have come down to bring you this message.”

“ Ha ! I thought I knew you,” said the Prince ; “ and that was done for him eighteen hundred years ago. Well, birdie, I will do *that* for him. Just what Arturio and Athanasio are always telling me. I say, pretty bird, cannot you come with me ? ”

And the Bird of Paradise twittered—

“ All alone, all alone, pretty dear,
 Through the moss-bags and marshes drear ;
 By the stream, through the wood, through the glen ;
 By the crag, by the hollow, by the den :
 By the ocean shore vacant and wide,
 Left bare in the sleep of the tide ;
 Till the dawning of the day
 You must hunt the Boy in Grey.
 All you want is resolution——”

If you can find a decent rhyme for the last line, you will be able to finish the verse. You do not know what rhymes with that last word. But if you don't go after the Boy in Grey, you will find it out when you least think it.

The Bird of Paradise said, “ I must go now.”

“ Won't you come with me, pretty bird ? ” said the Prince.

“ No,” said the bird, “ I am going up there, and you must meet him all alone. Not one solitary creature must be with you when you two meet. Mind what I told you, and don't dawdle.”

“ Shall I ever see you again, sweet bird ? ” said the Prince.

The Bird of Paradise was poising itself on its wings, and preparing to fly upwards ; but when it heard these words, it came and fluttered in front of the Prince's breast.

And it said, "If you do as I have told you, and if all goes well, you *will* see me again. In the darkest midnight of the darkest night, in the darkest day of all thy life, when resolution has grown to obstinacy, courage to fury, love to despair—when thy friends are dead, thy fair name blackened, thy faith wavering, then I will be with thee, if all goes well by to-morrow morning."

"Shall I call for thee, bird?"

"The Bird of Paradise needs no calling from him who drees the weird of the Boy in Grey. I will be with you, if you do what I tell you. I can say no more. I want to fly up and warm my wings."

And up he went towards the sky.

For a time the Prince could see him curling round and round, bright as a star, but at last he was lost in the light of the sun.

"You'll mind what he told you," said the lion. "I knew they'd send a messenger here; and I'll tell you another thing: there will be another messenger."

"What is her name?" asked the Prince.

"White's thrush," said the lion; "and he is first cousin to the Bird of Paradise, and also to the lyre-bird of Australia, and he also will have something to tell you. Kiss me, Prince, and let me go, for here is the royal Bengal tiger coming, and I don't want to have a turn up before your Royal Highness. Kiss me, dear. Garr garr, garoo!"

In another instant the tiger had bounded out of the jungle and close to the Prince's legs, and with lifted lips and gleaming fangs was face to face with the lion. The lion, silent as the grave, inexorable as death, cold as fate, crouched also, belly to the earth, and waited for his spring. Every gigantic muscle was tense and sharp, and his fore paws clawed the ground in the delicious anticipation of onset. The tiger, standing erect, snarled and scowled. Between the two stood the Prince, with his hands in the pockets of his tight-fitting white trousers, who said—

"Now, you two, steady. You are losing your tempers" (which was perfectly obvious); "you are in reality the best friends in the world. Lion, old man!"

"Yes, my lord," said the lion.

"Go away, that's a dear."

And the lion went.

"Now, tiger, old boy! tell us the way to the elephant!"

Was there anything that the tiger would not do for the beautiful young Sahib? Nothing. He salaamed until his head was right down between his paws. Beautiful Sahib! It was his humble and deferential duty to inform his Royal Highness that the

elephant was a large animal with a long trunk, and that his food was entirely vegetable.

"Well, I suppose I know that, stupid," said the Prince.

"Oh, doubtless!" with another salaam. "Of course his Highness knew. Doubtless his Highness was also aware that he (the tiger) fed very much on the reindeer in certain parts?"

"No, I didn't know that," said the Prince. "That *can't* be true."

"We cross one another in the north of Asia, your Highness," said the tiger with a humble smile. "My father and the lion's father have had many a battle over the carcase of a reindeer."

And, indeed, it was perfectly true, as the Prince found out when he got more familiar with Humboldt's "Aspects" and Keith Johnstone's "Physical Atlas," strange as it seems the first time you read it.

"Well, can you show me the way to the King Elephant?" said the Prince.

"He is to be found close to the very summit of Adam's Peak, in your island of Ceylon," said the tiger; "your Royal Highness knows that, of course."

"It is impossible that it could be so," said the Prince. "The Peak is as sharp as the Matterhorn, and eight thousand feet high."

"Sweet Sahib, Sir Emerson Tennent saw his footsteps there: you will believe *him*."

The tiger was getting rather the best of it; but arguing with an Asiatic is rather difficult. The Prince said, "Hm! well, *he* must know. I think I will go on and find a common elephant." So he turned away, and all of a sudden the tiger set up such a "Garr, buck buck, buck goor," that the whole wood rang, and 2,469 monkeys, who had been sitting in rows on the boughs of trees, unobserved, and listening to every word, went up one bough higher in columns of battalions in echelon from the left. And the oldest monkey said that $x^2 + 17 + \sqrt{y+9}$ = the square described on the hypotenuse of the triangle of the First Life-Guards' band. He thought he had better say something, and so he said that—which did not happen to mean anything at all.

"What are you making that noise about?" said the Prince, turning on the tiger.

"I could not help it, Sahib," said the tiger, crouching.

"You had *better*," said the Prince; "you made that noise once before, and you remember what came of it." And on he went, until he was arrested by a very beautiful sight.

On a great straight bough, which stretched over his path, there

sat twenty-nine peacocks in a row, with their backs towards him and their tails drooping down. He was immensely delighted at the beautiful sight, and was standing with his hands behind his back, when the bird on the extreme left—who was, in reality, the drill-sergeant—said—

“Tention! Open order from the left.” And all the birds shifted along the bough until there were five feet between each.

“Right about face!” said the sergeant; and at once all the peacocks shifted their tails over the bough, and confronted the Prince.

“Prepare spread TAILS!” shouted the drill-sergeant; and the Prince heard him say, in a lower voice, very rapidly, “Now, at the second word of command, I want to see all them tails go up together, same as in presenting of arms. I want ’em all up together, and no fumbling with ’em—like a swell with a new umbrella in a hailstorm. Spread TAILS!”

And up they all went. All except 23’s, which wouldn’t go up at all. He explained to the sergeant afterwards that it was congenital weakness in his dorsal muscles, and that the doctor never should have passed him; but the sergeant reported him all the same, and the elder Duke Polemos was absolutely *furious*. However, in spite of 23’s mishap, the spectacle was extremely fine. The Prince, from his *royal education*, knew enough of drill to keep their tails up till they were tired, and then tell them to put them down again. So, after a few minutes, he sang out, “Drop *tails*. Stand at EASE!” which they did.

After such a splendid pageant, of course there was nothing to do but to make a speech. He knew enough to know *that*. He had never done it before, but as the Columbian Ambassador might say, “waded in.” He put his left hand inside the right breast of his tunic, advanced his left leg, and began.

“Gentlemen, I can assure you that I am profoundly moved by the generous manner in which you have drunk your tails—I should say, spread my health. In the whole world, gentlemen, I can conceive of no whatsaname which is more gratifying to one’s feelings than a spectacle like this. The safety of this great empire, gentlemen, upon which the sun never sets, is in my mind twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. And when I come to a remote part of it, such, for instance, as Canada or New Zealand, and find twenty-nine such peacocks as I have seen to-day, presenting tails in such a manner as the peacocks before me, I lay my head on my pillow in peace, knowing that the safety of our empire is secured. Gentlemen, once more I beg to thank you in

my own name and the name of my father for the way in which you have thingamied your whatsanames."

The sergeant called for three cheers, but the birds were all shoving and pecking, because some had too much Orange on their necks, and some too much Green. So they never cheered at all.

The Prince beckoned the sergeant down, and he floated down, and alighted at his feet.

"Why," said the Prince, "are there twenty-nine of you?"

"The Fairy Anangke said that there were to be three peacocks for every year of your Royal Highness's life, just to make $\cdot333$, which is the nearest we can get to 1,000 by decimals, which is the length of your Royal Highness's life, and which is doubled in the number of the beast; and three times 10 is 29."

"But three times 10 is 30," said the Prince.

"Not in the colonies, your Royal Highness," said the sergeant. "No! no! Look at the seven per cent. *ad valorem* duty which Canada puts upon British imports. No, no! Peacock as I am, I know that in the colonies two and two make five."

A low voice, like a vast gigantic sigh behind the Prince, said—

$$x = 20$$

$$y = 20$$

But

$$x^{2569} + y^{2569} = 50."$$

"That is the most absolute and perfect nonsense which ever was talked. How dare you say that of numbers? How dare you say that two and two could make five in any possible combination of any conceivable powers of numbers?"

And, turning round, the Prince found himself face to face with a great grey elephant, who was kneeling down with a log of wood, six feet long, tight held in his trunk.

"Why, goodness me!" said the Prince, it is *you*. I was coming after you. Why did you say that two and two made five?"

"To call your attention from the peacock," said the elephant, "who was saying just the same. Anangke says that you may ride on me for a little way. Are you afraid of me, my pretty master?"

"Afraid of *you*, dear? I was coming for you."

"Then," said the elephant, "stand still"; and he put down the log of wood, and he curled the trunk round the Prince's waist, and hoisted him up on his shoulder.

"That is nice," said the Prince; "but why are you taking up that log of wood again? We don't want *that*."

"It is a railway sleeper," said the elephant.

"*I see*," said the Prince. "Arturio and Athanasio say that the railways have done no good. Polemoi, father and son, say they will extinguish war! and the Polemoi say that war is bad, and though it is their trade they are sick of it. What do *you* think, my old?"

And the elephant said "Hough!" and he didn't say anything else just then, but he trotted on with the Prince on his shoulders and the railway sleeper in his trunk, until they came to the Elephantpoor Junction of the Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta Railway, at which place were assembled 500 elephants, 500 mahouts, 9,400 grass-cutters, 7,220 native troops, and 120 men of the Royal Artillery to keep them in order, and knock their heads together when they misbehaved: which they did most effectually.

"Has the Boy in Grey come here, for I have lost his footsteps?" said the Prince.

And the elephant put down the railway sleeper in its proper place, and then pointed steadily to the great stone railway station with his trunk, saying, "That is one of his footsteps. Did Lord Arturio and Lord Athanasio say that railways were no good?"

"Yes."

"Stuff and nonsense, and rubbish and humbug!" said the elephant with a grunt. "Rapid interchange of commodities brings about rapid interchange of ideas, and the earth not belonging to the devil, the majority of ideas are good, and will get acted on the more rapidly by increased means of communication. Believe an old Indian elephant. I say, Prince, my dear, speak to this gentleman; you are under great obligations to him."

The Prince gave a *royal bow* to a camel who was gawking and maundering by the road-side, and the camel bowed low in return. When they were out of earshot, the Prince said—

"Elephant, please tell me why I am under obligations to him."

"My Prince, it was he who brought mathematics and chemistry from the East to the shore of the Mediterranean, and rendered the railway and the telegraph possible."

"Law!" said the Prince.

"Yes, that is true," said the elephant. "Did you ever hear of the great city he founded?"

"No."

"They call it Palmyra now; formerly it was called Tadmor-in-the-Desert."

"I have heard of it. It was a beautiful city. Did he found it?"

"It was his *stable*," said the elephant. "Damascus was his home. But what between the Chorasimians, the Moguls, and the Crusaders, and the Saracens all getting together by the ears at one and the same time, Palmyra got ruined, and is what you see it now."

"That is wonderful," said the Prince. "I wish I had been more polite to him."

"You will meet him again," said the elephant.

"And where will that be?"

"In the centre of Australia," said the elephant; "opening out new lands of inestimable wealth for the brothers and sisters of the Boy in Grey, your subjects. One M'Kinlay is leading him there now."

The Prince sat forward on the elephant's back, with his hand over his forehead, thinking deeply.

"O elephant," he said, "wisest of beasts, tell me some more."

And they had arrived at the bank of the Ganges. And the elephant turned his trunk over his shoulder, and, taking the Prince round the waist, set him down on the sand, with his face to the left, opposite a little heap of black ashes. The Prince backed between the elephant's legs, and said—

"Elephant, I am frightened; there has been a suttee."

And then the elephant took him round the waist once more, and turned him to the right. And the Prince saw a bone sticking up through the sand. And the Prince began to cry.

"O elephant, do not make me look on death. I am too young to look on death. I know that this is the place where the old people were left to die; but do not let me look on death."

But the elephant held him fast for a minute, and then turned him sharp round towards the jungle through which they had come.

And lo! a British officer of artillery, clothed all in white, with a white puggery down his back, and a cloud of natives round him making representations.

And R. A. said, "What is the good of lying like that? The girl is only fourteen, and she don't want it, and the old man is not seventy, and he don't want it—he will live for ten years. And I'll tell you another thing: if I catch any of you at either of these two abominations, *I'll hang you up to the next tree*. It is indecent and abominable, superstitious savagery. *I won't have it!* I have been hard at work killing the tigers which you have not pluck to kill for yourselves, and I have missed the train listening to your lies. There!"

And in fact at that moment the train went roaring over the viaduct across the Ganges. And R. A. lost his temper to that extent that there and then, summing up matters according to the Rabelaisian manner, he boxed, cuffed, and banged his eighteen syces, his punkah wallah, his moonshee, his clean linen wallah, his dirty linen wallah, his powder wallah, his shot wallah, his wads wallah, his caps wallah.

Then he had another turn at the moonshee, who, he said, was the most thundering humbug of the lot. Then he made an onslaught on his bath wallah, his sponge wallah, his toothbrush wallah, his nailbrush wallah, his soap wallah, his hookabadar, his fixture—the best thing for curling the moustaches—wallah.

And then he had a pipe, and left the other two hundred and fifty wallahs in peace.

“What makes him so angry with them?” said the Prince.

“They lie so to him,” said the elephant. “And your people hate it, and never forgive it. But high caste people like me know what we owe to R. A.”

“Was he the man who put a stop to suttees and exposure?” said the Prince.

“He has put a stop to many things,” said the elephant. “I wish he would put a stop to Calcutta. Dalhousie, Canning, Elgin, all dead in that abominable swamp. But, pretty master, we have missed the train, and you must get right on the top of my head and cross your legs to keep your feet dry. For we must swim.”

“I don’t mind wetting my feet,” said the Prince.

“Yes, but you must, said the elephant; you will be in a cold country this very evening.”

“What country?” asked the Prince.

“Canada,” said the elephant. “We have dawdled here too long, and the Boy is at the Cape now, if he travels at his usual speed; and you will have to take ship straight from Cape Cormorin to Vancouver’s Island. You must miss the Cape.”

“Then I shall not see the hyæna,” said the Prince.

“But it is your only chance of catching the Boy,” said the elephant. “Sit tight, Prince.”

And so the elephant swam over the river, and trotted southward through India with the Prince on his head. And the Prince liked it, for in point of conversation there is no one like the elephant. He never *says* anything to you or me, but that renders his conversation the more delightful, because, don’t you see? there is no one to contradict you. *To princes*, however, the elephant will talk, and he talked gently to Prince Philarete as he trotted through India.

“If the Boy is gone from the shore,” said the Prince, “shall I find a ship to carry me after him?”

Said the elephant, jogging on faster and faster, “There will be two ships waiting for selection by your Royal Highness. I, who know nearly everything, know that. Shall I tell you about them?”

“Please, dear.”

“They are the ships of the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman, and they have been racing home from China, to get the first cargo of tea into London. And they have come to illimitable grief. You have heard of the great annual race home from China?”

The Prince had heard of it.

“Well, these two ships were first favourites for the race (I hope you don't know what *that* means, because if you do you were better dead), and they both sailed together from Hong Kong, loaded with tea. And when they were in the China Sea it came on to blow a cyclone, and all their masts went overboard. Whereupon the Ancient Mariner rigged up a jury fore-topmast on the stump of her foremast, put a rag of a sail on her, put his ship to the wind, lashed the helm, and passed the word for all hands to turn in till further orders. Which his crew did. And when the skipper heard them all snoring, he went below and turned in himself.

“But the Flying Dutchman, my dear Prince,” said the elephant, “did nothing of the kind. When his masts were carried overboard, he was determined to assert himself; and he ordered both watches on deck, and pointed out to them that he was the original Flying Dutchman, and that his mother kept the sign of the ‘Crooked Billet’ at the Five Points, New York. And that didn't do any good in any way, because the starboard watch were mostly negroes and Irish, and the larboard watch was composed of those people who have generally given your Royal Highness a jolly good licking whenever you have meddled with them.

“Then the Flying Dutchman started all his tea overboard, like the Boston folks; but the crew said that was only cutting off his nose to spite his face. ‘Let *them* try what they could do,’ they said; ‘there was the Ancient Mariner not three miles to windward making tolerable weather, and every hand asleep, with the helm lashed.’

“And the skipper said they might try if they'd a mind, but he wanted to try something else first. So he had both watches up to the capstan, and read the Declaration of Independence

in his Fire Brigade uniform ; but *that* didn't do, and so the crew began to see what *they* could do.

“ First of all they tried an ovation ; but they all got chucked into the lee-scuppers together by a sudden pitch to larboard, which, of course, pitched the starboard watch, composed of Irish and negroes, on the larboard watch, composed of the Bunker's Hillites ; and all the whitewash came off the Irish, and all the black came off the negroes, and there was a nice mess.

“ Then they gave the captain a serenade, and as soon as he had got them to leave off he came to the fore part of the quarter-deck, and, in a speech of four hours and twenty-six minutes, again pointed out to them that he was the original Flying Dutchman, and that his mother kept the sign of the ‘ Crooked Billet ’ at the Five Points, New York, and that any man who said she did not was a low horse thief. But that did no good.

“ But it all came to the same in the end, my dear,” said the elephant ; “ the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman mean the same thing, for they love the Boy in Grey. When the storm was over, they both made to the same port. We shall see them directly ; either of them will take you after the Boy, if he is gone. See, here is the shore of the sea.”

“ And there is the print of his foot on the sand,” said the Prince. “ He is gone. O my elephant, where shall I find him ? ”

“ Well, I will tell you,” said the elephant. “ When the emu wren lights on your shoulder as the Bird of Paradise did, and when White's thrush sings its tor-r-r-oo, tor-r-r-oo, you are not far from him. You have much to go through, and only an afternoon and a night. Good-bye, love ! Come again ! come again ! ”

And the elephant trotted away through the forest, and there came to him the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman.

At first he thought that the Ancient Mariner was a boy, for his gait was so elastic, and his eye and his complexion were clear ; but looking at his head, he saw that his short cropped hair was whitened with the snows of eleven centuries. He was dressed only in the man-of-war's shirt and trousers, with bare feet and bare bosom, like a man-of-war's boy, and his bare breast was tattooed over with names innumerable, which the Prince tried to read ; and as he tried to read them, he felt that the ruby was not only burning his breast, but was illuminating certain letters on the old young man's left breast over *his* heart. And the Prince read, all crowded together without order :—“ Sluys,

1840." "Sally, the Girl of my Heart." "Aboukir." "Franklin." "Magpie schooner." "Rattlesnake." "Fox yacht." "Trafalgar." "Lifeboat." "Warwick and Parliament, 1642." "Atlantic Cable." "Drake for Acapulco." "Fitzroy." And there were many more; but the Prince read no more, but said instantly to the Ancient Mariner, "I will sail with you, please."

The Flying Dutchman spoke at once, and the Prince looked at him. He was a glorious creature, nine hundred years younger in years than the Ancient Mariner, yet not much younger in work. He also had some names tattooed on his bare bosom, but they were names which the Prince hated to look at:—"Chesapeake." "Macedonian."

"It was a foolish quarrel, that of my fathers," he said.

"I shall have other names scored on my heart soon," said the Flying Dutchman. Indeed he had, poor boy; for soon after this he fell to loggerheads with his brother about the relative height of two stools, and Prince Philarete, trying to sit on both at once, to show that there was no difference in the height of them, came down by the run, and has to pay his own doctor's bill. At least, so they say; and all this is true; that is the point of the joke, if there be any joke at having such words as "Antietam" or "Chancellorsville" written on your heart.

"Sorry you can't sail with me, Prince," said the Flying Dutchman; "however, we are both bound for the same port in the end. *He* will show you to the Boy in Grey as well as I."

And the Prince went on board the Ancient Mariner's ship, which had come to grief in the China race, just like the Flying Dutchman's. It was a remarkable ship, very much tinkered up, but an uncommon good ship for sailing.

When they got the anchor up, and had put some sail on her, and she was moving through the water, the Ancient Mariner gave his orders: "Lash the helm to windward!" and they did that. "All hands turn in!" and they did that too, like winking. And when the Ancient Mariner heard them all snoring in their bunks, he went below and turned in himself, leaving the Prince on the quarter-deck singing out, "Hi! here! hallo! This won't do, you know! Get up, some of you!" but they didn't mind him a bit in the world.

"The ship will go to the bottom," said the Prince.

But she didn't, but got to British Columbia that very afternoon, after a slow passage of one hour and twenty-two minutes.

This may appear incredible to certain captious and incredulous readers; but I can only say that I who write, and live thirty-five miles from London, walked to my neighbour's door the other day

at half-past eleven. And I said to him, "Congress vetoed that bill of the President's last night. I thought they would." I forget what the matter was now: something which interested us for a time. It is a standing joke with us now. The *Times*, from which I got my information, must have had it by half-past six in the morning. To amuse one, as the French say, let us recall the great telegraphic banquet given, I think, at the Langham Hotel; when after dinner they telegraphed healths to New York and to Calcutta, and received complimentary replies while still over their wine, with an account of the weather. The worst danger of all this is, that if we mislay our tempers we shall be at war before we have time to find them again; at least, that is the elephant's opinion.

The Prince met the Russian Bear and the American Bear out a-walking the other day in Alaska, and asked their opinion on this subject; but they were diplomatic. The Russian Bear said, "Grumph!" and the American Bear spoke for two hours and forty-five minutes, using the most beautiful tropes and figures you ever heard; and ended by saying that after this short expression of his sentiments he would conclude.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a long broad ocean shore on which the Prince landed, but the naked footsteps were there before him, and he held his way steadily across the broad sands towards the melancholy forest capes which fringed them, and so plunged boldly and at once into the great pine-forests of British Columbia, where he saw nothing at all; but coming on to the tracks of Lord Milton and Doctor Cheadle, and finding that the Boy in Grey's trail was the same as theirs, he stepped out and got over the Rocky Mountains into Canada in about half an hour, singing—

"Earth moves on with accumulative forces:
 Where should we be but for those who've gone before?
 Shanks's mare, the iron foal, steamships, camels, horses,
 Toiling onward night and day by desert, stream, and shore.
 But Shanks his mare is always first,
 Spite of hunger, danger, thirst;
 So here's a health, and three good cheers,
 For all glorious pioneers.
 There are none on the earth who can compare
 With those who ride on Shanks his mare."

“The sentiment’s very pretty,” said a voice on a tree close to him, “but it don’t seem to me to scan out clean. Our people are insisting on good scanning now, except in the case of Walt Whitman, who don’t go in for that line of art. I can’t offer more than eighteen dollars, and I wouldn’t offer more than fourteen if you weren’t a Prince. I would make it more if I could, but I have a large family, and I really can’t. I’ll guarantee you a circulation in our bi-weekly of two hundred and fifty thousand. Write it down, and I’ll hand over the cash.”

And the Prince said, “I’ll see you blowed first—as my father’s herald said to his new trumpet before he bought it.” By which piece of *courtly dexterity* the Prince only just saved himself from making a most *low* and *vulgar* remark.

“Well, I don’t blame you for holding out,” said the American mocking-bird. “Say twenty dollars. Come, I will sing you a song.”

And he sung him one, a real American.

“Hah!” said the Prince; “I heard that you could sing if you chose.”

And he tried to sing himself as he passed on into the forest. But after that he did not make much hand of it, and after a time let it alone. He began again, seeking for the *divine afflatus*.

“Here’s good health, and three good cheers,
To our glorious pioneers.”

And the two pioneers in question were as near as possible finding their names wedded to immortal verse, but for the life of him the Prince could not find any rhyme for “Milton” except “Stilton,” or for “Cheadle” except “Beadle.” And they neither of them suited, for no *gentleman*, leave alone a *prince*, would take a liberty with another gentleman’s name. So he sang a song which had been taught him by a young lady-in-waiting when he was very young. And he remembered with sadness that she died soon, before his brother Henri, and how sorry his mother had been. This was the song:

“‘Who will be my love,
Now while the cowslip blows,
Bending as I pass,
Watching the wild hedge-rose?’

“‘I will be thy love,
Rang the bluebell loud and deep;
‘I am blue as thine own eyes, darling,
And the rose is asleep.’

“‘I will be thine,’ said the oak-leaf.
 ‘Cowslip and bluebell fade,
 They faint and die in summer
 Under my shade.’

“The wild rose woke at last,
 Sung out loud and free,
 ‘I am thy love, thine own love,
 Come to me.

“‘I am the flower of delight,
 Of memory, music, and song;
 I sleep through the winter night,—
 I have slept long.

“‘At the sound of thy feet in the dew,
 At the sound of thy voice in the mead.
 I awakened and budded and blew,
 Thy love indeed.’

“With a kiss for the bluebell and rose,
 And a smile for the oak overhead.
 He bore back his heart to the cowslip,
 But the cowslip was dead.”

And then he turned to whistling, and he whistled “Acis and Galatea” all through until he was near the very end. But when he was nearly done, some one, sitting on a pine bough, who turned out to be the carrion crow, said—

“Hawk. Cawk. That is only falsetto. The pitch is much too high. Don’t you know that we are all going to have new pitch forks, I mean tuning forks, the vibrations of which will be just $30,000^{\text{nth}} - 20 \sqrt{x + 48,000^2}$ lower than the old ones? You are not up to the time.”

“My time was very good,” said the Prince; “and your formula is nonsensical and impossible.”

“That is what they say about here, anyhow,” said the Crow.
 “The old pitch murders my larynx. Hawk. Shaw. Gah.



That is the way to sing.”

“You are rather hoarse, sir,” said the Prince.

“Like Falstaff, with Hallelujahing and singing of anthems,” said the crow. “Cawk. Here is the humming-bird. Now he

is going to take my character away. I fell into trouble when I was younger, I allow that; but I have been a respectable character for these three days, and am likely to be so for another week if they don't leave their things lying about."

The humming bird sang,



And then he passed into prose, and said in Canadian French, very jerky, with all the short syllables huddled together, and all the long syllables lengthened into a drawl—

"Sir-r-r, I proceed to precise my accusation against that gentleman in black on the bough there, who has just abandoned speech. At one time parson, at one time priest; at one time politician, at one time philanthropist; at one time burglar, at one time pickpocket. Now a stealer of pence out of the trays of blind men's dogs: at another the robber of the slippers of the faithful at the door of a mosque during prayer time. He is *voleur*, *coquin*, *brigand*. I precise my accusation by accusing him of stealing my wife's eggs."

"Why did she leave them about, then?" bawled the carrion crow. "I am one of the criminal classes, I am; and what I want is to be kep' out of temptation. And I don't want my moral tone lowered by corporal punishment. That don't suit me, that don't."

The Prince briefly explained to the carrion crow that he was after the Boy in Grey, and that he should be returning with him to-morrow. And he told the carrion crow what he and the Boy in Grey would do with him if they found him there on their return.

And the carrion crow said, "Oh, blow that!" and he flew away through the wood, right against Colonel Henderson, who having studied the works and ways, and also the hopes and chances, of the criminal class, as Governor of West Australia, wisely and well, happened to be walking homewards through this very wood to see what he could do for the Prince, when the crow flew against him.

And he knew his bird in an instant, did Colonel Henderson. And the Colonel boxed his ears and put him in his coat pocket, and there he is now. Only the Colonel takes him out once a year, boxes his ears, and puts him in again. Since which course of

proceeding the Registrar-General noticed that eggs, as an article of human food, have increased .228 beyond the average of the last ten years. This is at all events a result; and as it comes out of a State paper from Fetter Lane, you cannot for a moment suppose that there is anything *ex parte* about it.

The next person the Prince met was an ermine in his summer clothes. And the ermine said, "Bother *you*. Why can't your mother wear Russian, and leave her own ermines alone?" And he cut and ran for his life.

And the next person the Prince met was a noble young Highlander, in deer-skin leggings, but with a plaid over his shoulders, who was sitting in a canoe reading, and who bowed to him and said—

"Ye're late, sir, and he is on before. But I would leave no Indian to have the guiding of you. Get in, Prince, and talk to me. There is no portage now between us and the great Atlantic. Dare you go over Saute Sainte Marie with me?"

"Has *he* gone?"

"Yes, he has gone," said the Highlander.

So the Prince got into the canoe, and nestled against the Highlander. And the Highlander's name was Gil Macdonald. And once this Highlander wrote a book, about how he got from Hudson's Bay to the Red River in a canoe. The book is out of print and I have forgotten even the title; but it remains one of the best books of travel which I have read.

CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as the Prince was comfortably packed into the birch-bark canoe beside the young Highlander, it occurred to the Prince to ask the Highlander what he was.

"Clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company. Detailed by the Fairy Anangke and the Boy in Grey to help you on."

"We must go very fast."

"One thousand miles the hour. Ye'll be in time. You are to go in shore at a hail. Mind the bough, dear."

And so they began their quaint voyage through Canada.

"What is the name of this river, please?" asked the Prince.

"This is the Minnesewabaha, or River of Happy Recollections," answered Gil Macdonald. "You will see some bodies ye ken weel enow."

"It is very solemn and beautiful," said the Prince.

Indeed it was. It was a broad limestone river, ever growing wider, crystal clear, with swift streams and eddies, and it swept on walled by gigantic hemlock firs, sometimes by feathering oaks and beeches; very solemn, still, and silent indeed. The canoe scarcely wanted the aid of Gil's paddle, and the Prince, with his cheek on the deer-skin knee of Gil, looking dreamily into the tree-tops as they sped swiftly along.

"Look over the side," said Gil.

And looking down, the Prince said, "Why, there are peacocks in this water."

"They are the *Salmo fontalis*, the burn trout of Canada" (he said *Salma fontaaleese*, which King James I. of England and some *more recent authorities* tell us is the *proper* way of pronouncing Latin); "they are brighter in colour than our *Salma fleuvecaatelese*, and are not to be confounded with them."

At this moment they rounded a turn in the river, and the Prince made a jump to one side of the canoe, and with a loud glad cry held out his arms.

"Ha' a care, Prince! Ha' a care!" cried Gil. "Ye'll wholme us keel uppermost. These are unco kittle craft of ours, ye must ken. I'll put ye ashore to the daft rintherout callant e'en now."

On the point of the rock stretching into the stream stood a boy in light belted flannel trousers and a blue flannel shirt, who executed a small short dance when he saw them. It was Scud East.

"Scud! Scud!" said the Prince, "who would have thought of seeing *you* here?" and as he jumped ashore up ran Tom Brown and Arthur, and there was such a cackling of happy recollections that you could hardly hear yourself speak.

"But where is Martin?" said the Prince at last.

Scud put his hands to his mouth, and sent a shout through the forest. "Madman! Madman! here is Philarete."

The answer came from one hundred and fifty feet in the air, and it was, "Don't kiek up that beastly row, Scud. I have got the eggs, and I have got a live raccoon round the neck. He has bit me to the bone three times, but I have got him, and I am coming down."

There was a slithering noise, and a terrible cracking of broken boughs, and down came the Madman by the run; sticking, however, tight to his raccoon.

"Here," said the raccoon, "you keep your hands off me. What were you doing up *my* tree? I wasn't up to nothink. I'll have you took to the Doctor as sure as you're born. Let me go, I tell you."

Martin offered him to the Prince, who let him go, and he ran away. And he ran up into a tree, and began preaching a sermon about Naboth's vineyard, or, as he put it, the invasion of other chaps' little places. He began his sermon then, which was many years ago, and he hasn't finished it yet. The last time I saw him he was hammering away at it as hard as ever.

"We must cut, Philarete," said Tom Brown, "or we shall be late for locking-up. The Boy in Grey was with us to-day. Remember what the Bird of Paradise said."

"Ware louts!" cried Scud East.

And they turned towards the forest, and saw two dim figures stalking through it; both dressed like Indians.

"It is only Pathfinder and Chingachgook," said Tom Brown, "going to set their beaver-traps. I say, Philarete, old boy, look on the beavers when they hail you. Good-bye."

And so the Prince was in the canoe again speeding down the river. He looked back at the next bend, and he saw Tom, Scud, Arthur, and Martin standing in a row, watching him, with their arms twined as closely round one another's necks as they have twined them round our hearts.

The next turn in the river brought them a new adventure. Gil with dexterity ran the canoe up a little sandy cove, right at the feet of an aged gentleman in the costume of the early part of the eighteenth century, who sat in a chair, with one leg crossed over the other, thinking. Behind him was a black gentleman, with a sky-blue tail coat down to his heels, and his collar up to his eyes, and a large eye-glass, who also appeared lost in thought.

"How do you do, sir," said the Prince.

"I am perfectly well, sir," said Robinson Crusoe.

"Do you always sit like that?" said the Prince, for he thought he *might* have risen even if he had sat down directly afterwards.

"No, sir," said Robinson Crusoe, changing his legs; "I sometimes sit like that."

"What do you do to pass away your time, sir?"

"Think," said Robinson Crusoe.

"What do you think about?" asked the Prince.

"The permission of evil."

"And what do *you* think about, for instance?" asked the Prince, turning round to the gentleman in the sky-blue tail coat.

"Brack jebblem, sar," replied Friday, "him likewise think about permissions of evil."

"Could you not give me a tune on your banjo?" asked the Prince.

"He has quitted such vanities," said Robinson Crusoe.

And the Prince got into the canoe again.

But he most solemnly avers that he saw the end of Mr. Friday's banjo sticking out from under Robinson Crusoe's chair at the time he was talking to him. He says he is *sure* of it. And Gil declares that before they turned the next bend Friday had taken it out and was hard at it, thrumpty thrumpty, with—

“Guinea-corn, I love to hyam you.”

“Two of the best fellows who ever lived,” remarked Gil. “But they have talked themselves to a deadlock, and there they are. They dare not even get their banjos out if any one's looking.”

So they sailed on past another bend, and on a point were two gentlemen arm in arm, standing waiting for them, and beside them was a little young lady dressed for a ball *with only one shoe on*. The Prince landed, walked up to them, and said—

“Dear Colonel Dobbin, I hope you are quite well. Colonel Crawley, you are not looking well: I fear Coventry Island does not agree with you. Give my love to Rawdy. Miss Cinderella, I was delighted to hear that you got home from the Mansion House ball quite safe; I believe that I have to *congratulate* you. Give my love to Toto, and ask him to come and play with me. I have such fine toys; I have a beautiful new Xylopodo——”

Here the Prince broke off quite short, and retreated hurriedly to the canoe. For he saw, coming swiftly through the forest, a tall old lady in a dressing gown and nightcap, with a bundle of tracts in one hand and a black dose in the other. And he knew her, for it was Lady Southdown come to convert the Indians; so he fled, and left Dobbin, Crawley, and Cinderella standing together on the dim shore of the Minneseewahaha.

When he was afloat again he began to cry, which was not much in his line. And when Gil asked him “what gar'd him greet,” he said, “I am so sorry for poor Colonel Crawley.”

And Gil said, “There is more joy in heaven over the sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just men who need no repentance. See to her, for instance, now. Do you mind what the blackbird sang at Glastonbury?”

The group which confronted the Prince at this landing was the strangest and quaintest he had met yet. The woman to whom Gil had pointed with his paddle was dressed in grey, with a scarlet letter on her bosom. What the original letter was is no matter now, for it was gone, and turned into a great red flaming R. And his ruby burnt so hot upon his heart that he held it off his breast. Beside her stood a tall gentleman about fifty, with a folded paper in his hand, in clothes which apparently were not made for him, but towards whom the Prince instantly conceived

a deep devotion. Beside him stood a dead young lady of great beauty, awful, beautiful, but apparently silent for ever, under whose feet lay two rattlesnakes, crushed, thank Heaven! to death at last.

Colonel Sprowle began the conversation.

"I bid you welcome, sir. You are after the Boy in Grey. Yes, sir. I have induced my two friends, Mrs. Hester Pryme and Miss Elsie Venner, to assist with me in giving you an ovation, and, if agreeable, a serenade. I was killed, sir, as you no doubt remember, in a piece of forest-land beyond the Chickahominy. I have a neat oration wrote out, ready to deliver, sir, by old Waxworks Ward, of Baldwinsville, Indiana, who came to a heap of trouble down South himself. Instead of speaking it, sir, I will just hand it over for you to read as you go down stream in your dug-out. Our time is very short, sir; we must be back immediately."

Elsie Venner said, without a hiss in her voice now, but in round sound English—

"The cock is crowing a merry midnight;
I wot the wild fowls are boding day;
The Psalms of Heaven will soon be sung,
And we'll be missed away."

And so *they* were gone, and the canoe went onwards, but the Prince was crying again. He was crying about Colonel Sprowle now; thinking how Colonel Sprowle, when the Southerners had the best of it, had defended that narrow place in the woodlands with a shrewdness and valour beyond all praise, knowing that he was defending the retreat of the Northern army; and how at night, when Colonel Bernard came in with a flag of truce to sort the dead, he found Colonel Sprowle nearest of all of them to the enemy save two—two young men, the sons of the wild gipsy woman who lived up the mountain and brought Bernard the rattlesnakes, and were content to die with the Colonel, having seen his works and his ways, and having made up their minds that he was a good man. You say, young one, that this is all Greek to you. Read "Elsie Venner," and it will be Greek no longer.

"Dimma greet ower 'em," said Gil; "they died the death of men, fighting for their ain cause: would ye have better death than *that*? I wished them ill at one time, but they will doubtless respect the claims both of the Hudson's Bay and the North-west Company. Wipe your een, man; wipe your een. Here's a whole lot more of them."

And indeed there were. In a pretty savannah, hemmed in by the great forest, with one point of it running out into the stream, there was such a crowd of faces that the Prince was quite confused.

CHAPTER IX.

THERE was no doubt about one thing. The fat old lady in the black bonnet, who was at the very point of the meadow, and was hailing them by wildly waving a green umbrella, was Mrs. Gamp; and it was also perfectly evident that Mrs. Gamp was tipsy, for she fell into the water sideways, and was pulled out by Tim Linkinwater and Mr. Tapley. She *said* that she slipped, but Captain Cuttle and Mrs. Nickleby agreed that she had had too much to drink, and had overbalanced herself. So they left her to be watched, and, as far as possible, dried, by Joe Gargery and Mr. Snodgrass.

The proceedings were also disagreeably enlivened on the landing of the Prince, by a terrible squabble between Aunt Clegg, Aunt Pullet, Mr. Pecksniff, and the Queen of Hearts. Aunt Clegg's thesis was that Mr. Pecksniff was not sober, and had lost one of his shoes, a most undeniable major. But Aunt Pullet, taking up the argument, made such a wild wandering affair of it, that the Queen of Hearts, looking more cross than ever Temiel made her look, declared that in future all syllogisms were to be kept in cellarunt, under penalty of decapitation. And Mr. Pecksniff, a man who never spoke the truth, applauded her highly.

Said Alice to Silas Marner, "How they squabble and fight! Come away with me, and show me your loom, my dear; and show me the place where you hid your money."

And so those two trotted off, and Tom Pinch ran after them, and said, "Hi! here! Silas Marner, wait for me. Show me your loom, and I will show you my organ."

So in consequence the Prince saw nothing of Silas Marner, Tom Pinch, or Alice: those three went to Wonderland together. But he had an interview with Aunt Clegg, for all that.

I am not in a position to state what passed. She succeeded in exasperating him beyond mortal endurance, and he lost his temper. Arthur Pendennis, Don Quixote, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, three men always willing to make peace, interfered; but it was no good. She only said that three fools added to one made four.

So they sent, by the Hon. Elijah Pogram's advice, for Doctor Johnson, who said to Arthur Pendennis, "That which is nearest to us affects us most: the passions rise higher at domestic than at imperial tragedies." But Aunt Clegg had nailed her colours to the mast, and said that you could always tell the biggest fools in a company by the length of their words. There was nothing to be done with her at all, until Père Goriot, Mr. Jaggars, Falstaff, and Madame Bonbeck got her in conversation and led her away.

The elder Mr. Chuzzlewit said, "Really, that lady seems to have mislaid her temper. We wanted to give the Prince a welcome among us. Now I warn you, that if any *gentleman* mislays his temper, I shall send for John Halifax;" and then this party were among the past.

In a shady place by the river-side they saw Mr. Punch walking up and down arm in arm with a Bishop. Mr. Punch was faultlessly dressed in a blue frock coat with velvet collar, white waistcoat, and large watch chain, a beautiful new hat, and straw-coloured kid gloves: the respectable millionaire all over. The Prince hardly knew him; but he could not help wondering what the Bishop would say, if he knew that only the week before, Mr. Punch, *in far other costume*, had beaten the Beadle's brains out, and that he and his friends had stood by laughing and encouraging him, and that Athanasio had given him a threepenny-piece to do it again.

He rather thought that he had best not land under the circumstances; particularly as there was a bagpipe and fiddle plainly audible in the next reach. They were soon round the bend, and there was a crowd there with a vengeance.

CHAPTER X.

THIS crowd was more motley than the last, but Philarete knew them better than those he had last seen.

Foremost among them, close to the water's edge, were two great Scotch stag-hounds, which he knew to be Bran and Buscar, and between them stood a little withered man in the dress of the last century, whom he recognised in an instant as Peter Peebles.

"And what are ye saying till it a', Prince?" he began as soon

as the canoe touched the shore. "Ye look brawly. But I hae nae doubt ye are ganging a gait which will guide ye to sorrow. Ye are in ill company, for a breekit Hielandman is a Hielandman still. When the deil gangs to kirk, he pits his tail down his trouser-leg. A skeeley tod can make the same stink as a puir broek when the dogs are at the cairn's mouth. Aweel. I hae to apply to your Highness for letters of law-burrow against——"

"Haud your whist, mun!" said Gil, furious at his insolence against the Highlanders; "the Prince does not understand Scottish law."

"And haud *your* whist, ye ill-looking, land-louping vagabond!" replied Peter. "It is little that you or your forbears ever kenned of Scottish law, save the big gallows at Crieff. Ye are just as Hieland as the muckle deil himself. I apply to his gracious Highness for letters of law-burrow against Alexander Sanders, or Alick Glengoldnie of that ilk, vulgarly known as Alick Dhu, for that he, having conceived a great and deadly malice against the said complainer, he himself, his wife, bairns, men tenants, servants, and others, in his name, does continually cause, send, hound out, and command resett, assistance, and rehabilitation to ane Meg Merrilies——"

Here the Prince began to laugh, for he saw what was coming.

"—— who casts down his dikes, destroys his henings, wins peats without license, liberty, or tolerance; the whilk Meg Merrilies is a daft randy quean, a spaewife and gipsy——"

Here he got a box on the ear which sent him staggering, and Philarete found himself standing face to face with a woman whom he had never dreaded at her worst, but had always loved; and he saw that, scarred and smitten as the face was with eighty years of sorrow, it was more beautiful than ever. She raised him, and sat him on her strong arm, and he kissed her on the cheek, just as the Baron of Bradwardine came up and demanded to take off his boots after his battle with Peter Peebles; a ceremony which the Prince graciously pretermitted.

And then came a glorious hour, an hour the like of which can come twice to no boy; an hour with the people whom Scott created.

He thought he had been but a few minutes when he heard Gil crying for him, and Meg Merrilies hurried him down to the canoe. Peter Peebles had disappeared for no good, thought Meg; and now once more they were afloat on the Minneseewahaha.

CHAPTER XI.

“Who are those two,” asked the Prince in a whisper, “who are lying there asleep together under the yew? See, she has her hand on his breast, and he has his hand in her hair.”

“Whist!” said Gil; “they are no asleep, they are dead. It is Romeo and Juliet. Sair misguided in this world by dynastic tradition, but no divided in their death.”

“Here are some others,” said Philarete. “Who are those two pretty ones sitting fishing and sucking oranges, and who are those two beside them cracking nuts with their teeth?”

“The twa with the oranges,” said Gil, “are Paul and Virginia; the twa cracking nuts are Benedick and Beatrix.”

“Are Benedick and Beatrix cross to one another now?”

“No,” said Gil, “they studied one another’s tempers, and they have but one soul between them till the crack of doom.”

“Please Gil,” said Philarete, “what became of Maggie and Tom Tulliver?”

“They live in the block house called Expiation, which is in the centre of Lake Manitou, where we shall be directly. Lake Manitou, ye doubtless ken, means the Lake of God; the place where He has prepared peace on earth for those that He thinks need it. The brother and sister live there all alone, and no canoe goes by their house. The Boy in Grey was with them for an hour yestreen, but he is gone forward.”

“Does any one else live on Lake Manitou?”

“Only Hamlet, with Jaques to see after him and mind his house. We shall see the lake directly, but we must go ashore here. Did you hear that hail?”

“I heard some one grunting,” said Philarete.

“It is the beavers,” said Gil. “Mind what Tom Brown asked of you.”

They now landed in a very swampy place, and the Prince got over one of his shoes in mud at once, and dirtied his white silk stockings. “I shall have both my shoes off here directly,” he said. So Gil hoisted him on his back, and the Prince went in that fashion to the interview with the beavers.

And a nice mess they were making of it. There were two streams which met inland, one called Capital and the other Labour. Now, the older beavers had, from time immemorial, possessed the stream called Capital, and had dammed it, and had got on very well for many years, because their progeny were always killed off by the Hudson Bay trappers to make beaver hats.

But a time came when Lincoln and Bennett invented silk hats, and then there was much less demand for beaver-skins. Then their progeny, not being killed off in war, began to grow on them, and it was necessary to come to some arrangement.

So the young beavers said that they must marry and live, and that they would go to the brook Labour, and dam that. And the elder beavers said, "All right; our brook is the biggest."

But the younger beavers made such an enormously big dam that they sent half the water over into the elder beavers' dam, and flooded their lodges. Whereupon the elder beavers, after scratching their heads with their tails, set to work and raised their dam one foot, whereby they certainly succeeded in flooding the lodges of the junior beavers, but were put to the expense of putting an extra storey on their own, which the junior beavers could not afford.

Consequently at the Prince's arrival, the whole place was in a state of crock and mud. Gil, carrying the Prince, lost both his moccasins, and drew his stockinged feet out of the dirt like drawing corks. At last he perched the Prince on the master beaver's lodge, and the beavers from both rivers rallied round him. The master beaver had rheumatism in the fishy part of his tail, and could not appear; but the Prince heard him as he sat on the roof of his lodge, underneath him, grunting.

The Prince sat cross-legged on the roof of the master beaver's lodge, while matters were explained to him by both the Capital and Labour beavers. When he had read all they had to say, he answered—

"Lower away both your dams, so as not to annoy one another," which, for a boy of ten years old, was not so bad. The beavers set to work doing it at once.

But the skunk was furious. He had climbed out on to the dam to listen, and when he heard the decision of the Prince he made such a smell that the beavers chivied him and pulled him into the clean water—a thing he hated.

But the beavers were greatly pleased with the Prince's decision. The youngest and most hot-headed of the junior beavers said that really after this the question between an hereditary and an elective presidency was open to discussion. In fact, the Prince was a success. The junior beavers at once held a mass meeting, and unanimously resolved to leave off gnawing through a tall tree called Commeree, which, had they continued, would have fallen right across the senior beavers' lodges.

And then the Great Master Beaver of all Beavers (G.M.B.O.A.B.

he called himself), in spite of his rheumatism, came out of his lodge under water, and said with a grunt—

“Come into the Great Lodge and be made a Beaver. Come and be initiated.”

Philarete said that he must hurry along after the Boy in Grey, and that he could not go under water in his best clothes.

“We will make you $\pi \beta \phi \pi \tau$.”

“I don’t think I should like it,” said Philarete.

“We will make you duplex $\sigma \sigma$ duplex $\tau \tau$.”

“I really have not time,” said Philarete.

“Will you be $\kappa \lambda \chi \delta \theta$?” said the G.M.B.O.A.B.

“I have not got so far in my Buttman’s Greek grammar as that. I remember $\lambda \mu \nu \rho$, but I don’t like it.”

“Well,” said the Master Beaver, “you will be with us in time. Take,” he continued, “these two gentlemen to the river, wash the Prince’s silk stockings clean, and find Mr. Macdonald’s moccasins. Are you going to take him over the Saute Sainte Marie?” he added to Gil Macdonald, in a whisper.

“Yes.”

“You will try his metal there.”

“It wants no trying,” said Gil. “I have tried it, and it rings true.”

“Ah!” said the Master Beaver, “what Princes could do if they chose!”

“Ye may weel say that,” replied Gil. “Alternate plagues and blessings; but Presidents and Emperors are but little better. By the by, our people are not troubling yours just now. Beaver-skins are no worth a bawbee.”

“Well, that is a good thing,” said the Master Beaver.

“I suppose ye’ve heard that the Hudson’s Bay Company are about selling their territory to the Dominion, and that you will be at the tender merey of the settlers?”

The Master Beaver instantly dived into his lodge without saying good-bye, and made his will, leaving the whole of his property to the Hudson’s Bay Company. But as he had not got any it did not much matter, and they never took the trouble to prove his will, as you will see if you examine the papers at this moment before Parliament.

The junior beavers cleaned the Prince’s stockings, and found Gil’s moccasins. After which they had another mass meeting, and unanimously voted that it was Whit Monday (it was nothing of the sort, it was the Saturday before the Tenth Sunday after Trinity, but *public opinion* prevailed), and that consequently they must all go to Greenwich fair in steamboats. Which they did.

“Where next, Gil?” said Philarete.

“Lake Manitou,” replied Gil, and added, “Mind, ye are no to say one word to any one, save me, all the time ye cross it.”

“May I not say one word to Hamlet, just to tell him how sorry I was about the accident with Polonius?”

“Not one word.”

“May I not kiss Maggie Tulliver? Oh, please!”

“Ye maun do nothing of the kind. Both she and Hamlet are dreecing their weird, whilk the Papists have erected into the superstition of purgatory, an idle and foolish thing, but for which they say they find Scripture in John xx. verse 17, and elsewhere. It is a thrawn thing to believe, but mind ye dimma speak to Hamlet or Maggie Tulliver.”

The river widened among majestic islands until it expanded into the lake, a calm sheet of water among towering woodlands. Gil had scarcely begun paddling across it, when he bent down his head, and whispered in Philarete’s ear, “Yon’s Maggie.”

She was bare headed, and was pushing her canoe up a narrow creek which ran into the forest, reading a book the while. The dark night of her hair was towards them, and the Prince said—

“Will she turn her head?”

“No fear,” said Gil. “She reads nought but her Thomas à Kempis now. Be quiet, man! ye are among the deid folk.”

“Does Tom love her now?” asked Philarete, in spite of the caution.

“Who could help it? But she is not as she was. Her face is always turned now towards that great God who inspired a woman with the genius that created her.” Which was Greek to Philarete, beyond Buttman.

“Is that Hamlet?” he asked.

“The gentleman fishing with a cork float off the little block house? No, that is Jacques. He is sitting there and thinking about God’s permission of evil and cruelty anent wounded staigs and such cattle, just as Robinson Crusoe did, you remember, and impinging live worms on his hook the while, to catch fish for Lord Hamlet’s dinner. He represents one kind of sentimentality. Prince Hamlet (a bonny chiel, but misguided) sits up near the roof, looking for his father’s ghaist, and thinking that he had cut one man’s throat too few. The O’Donoghue’s ghaist came from the Lake of Killarney to plague him, but he would have none of it, and threepit to the American Government anent the nuisance. But the American Government made reply, that although the O’Donoghue of that time had without doubt committed murder, spulsive, deforcement, raid, violent incoming, and arson, yet it was

committed on patriotic grounds; and that therefore they could not move in the matter. So Prince Hamlet retired north of the Eider."

"I don't understand that last," said Philarete.

"No fear you would. It only means this. England was stalemated by America, and Prince Hamlet went to the wall, about the Denmark business."

They had crossed the lake now, and were in the great river again. Into the reservoir which they had crossed so quickly innumerable rivers had poured their floods, and when Gil and the Prince got into the new river they saw that it was four times the size of the old one—broader, more majestic, more powerful. There is no resisting these great American rivers; you must swim with the tide. Sometimes, however, old formations, like that of the old sandstone at Niagara, rise and torture these rivers, which is a great trouble.

"Sit again with your head on my knees, Prince," said Gil. "Are you frightened?"

"No," said Philarete. "I am afraid of nothing with you."

"We are going over the Saute Sainte Marie," said Gil. "Do ye ken the mystery of it?"

Said Philarete, "No."

"The boy who dares to stand up in the canoe when she dips over the lip of the Saute Sainte Marie—whilk, ye ken, is the Fall of the Virgin—will live long, and see the Boy in Grey. The boy who dares not stand up will see him never, in this world or in the next."

As Gil spoke, the terrible roar of the great cataract was in their ears. The river, gathered from innumerable sourees, was overwhelmingly powerful, but glassy, smooth, and swift, walled by tall pine trees. Passing rapidly round a bend in the river, Philarete saw what was before him. He said, suddenly, "Must we go?"

"After the Boy in Grey? Yes," said Gil.

Philarete rose and stood in the bow of the canoe, with outspread arms to balance himself. Water and earth alike fell away from them utterly, and before he had time to say more than "O God, who stillest the raging of the waters," he was alone with Gil in a frail canoe among the hissing eddies of the most famous of American rapids.

When the canoe gave the first sickening dip into the tortured raging waters, he gave himself up for lost, the whole matter seemed so helpless and horrible. For three-quarters of a mile before him he saw nothing but a seething hill of water, dipping one foot in thirty-seven, the roar of which was heard for thirty

miles. Where were his father and mother now? Where were Polemos, Arturio, and Athanasio now? What were they doing or thinking about? But the Boy in Grey was on before, and the weird was on him, and so he stood with his arms out in the bow of the canoe and balanced himself.

Peter Peebles was the last man they saw in this terrible part of their journey. He had discovered a statute against the deforcement and wilful misguidement of princes ("and sic cattle," he said), "passed by the Scottish Parliament after the assault on the pious body of the amiable and excellent Jamie Sixth of Scotland, First of England, by the daft rintherout callant Ruthven at Perth. Whilk Act provided that any one, leave alone a Hieland cattle-lifter, who should commit deforcement, or in any way bring into danger, or have suspicion of doing constructive spulsie on the Lord's anointed, should thereby and then——"

They lost a lot of his argument here, for he was flying from one rock to another, as if he were Mr. Bright, and they were a salmon. And his wig was off, and his old coat-tails were flying about his ears. The last they heard of him was——

"And so the aforesaid Peter Peebles deponeth and maketh oath, that the aforesaid Gil or Gilbert Macdonald of Glen Strae, in opposition of the law above mentioned, has violently possessed himself of the person of an anointed prince, with a pair of silken hose worth one hundred pounds Scots, and a ruby worth two hundred millions Scots, whilk——"

They saw no more of him after this. The Prince once looked back on to the leaping wall of water which they had passed, and wondered that they had lived. Yet they were alive.

"No more law now, Gil," he said.

"Only a newer and a better one," said Gil, "and a stricter."

And that was the end of the Saute Sainte Marie. They were out on a lake three hundred miles in length, and on the first island they came to was the Fairy Anangke, sitting and netting nets for the catching of crawfish.

"Well, and what do *you* think of the Saute Sainte Marie?" she asked.

"I like it now it is over," said the Prince.

"Why did you fear it at first, then?" said the Fairy. "Take it all in all, they are as good as you."

"I don't understand you," said the Prince.

"I never supposed you would, my dear; but there, hurry away after the Boy in Grey. Dree out this weird, child, and you are safe. Causes produce effects, child. As you behave now, your actions will react. In the dark horror which you will have to

pass through, you will find the results of your own actions. Has he been good, Gil?"

"He'll do, madam."

"Well, your report is a good one; though you are not to be trusted about princes. Why did you Scotch Highlanders harbour the Pretender at Benbecula and South Uist?"

"Now I am going to catch it," Gil whispered to the Prince. "Sentimental grounds, Madam Anangke."

"Sentimental grounds!" said Fairy Anangke, scornfully. "It was on sentimental grounds that the blessed Restoration was accomplished by your Duke of Albemarle, for the benefit of Lady Castlemaine mainly. And the poor sailors lying dying in Pepys' yard of starvation for their money, while the Dutch were burning Chatham. Pish! Take him to Australia."

"She is very cross," said the Prince when they were alone.

"She *is*," said Gil.

"How far are you to go with me, Gil?"

"All the way to Australia. *She* says, and none can resist her."

"Do you mean that you and I are to go all round Cape Horn, or through Magellan's Straits, in this canoe?"

"Ye may go by the Cape if ye will."

"Shall I be frightened?" said the Prince.

"Ye'll never be frightened any more," said Gil. "You have come down the Great Rapid, and you will never know fear now; not even when you give up your soul to God. You have trusted in God and in man, and have seen that neither would betray you."

CHAPTER XII.

GIL MACDONALD and Prince Philarete went safely round Cape Horn in about fifteen hours, and this was, for one reason at least, the most remarkable part of their voyage.

Not because it was done in a birch-bark canoe, against the great booming west wind which plagued Magellan and nearly ruined Anson. Pigafetta felt it, and Byron will tell you of that wind. The reason why this part of their journey was the most remarkable was this. When they came through Canada they saw plenty of things; round the Horn they saw *nothing at all*.

You say that there is nothing remarkable about that. I beg

your pardon. Did *you* ever see nothing at all? *I* never did, and should very much like to make the acquaintance of a man who had.

Because, don't you see, you *cannot* see nothing at all. And yet that was all they saw, and therefore they must have seen that.

Let us be cool and logical. Let us not heat ourselves unnecessarily over this question. Let us get at the crux of it. There is no greater mistake in this world than unnecessary heat over deep matters of thought like this. It involves the great question of Iamity.

They did not see anything at all, and therefore they saw nothing. But you cannot see nothing. But they did. Therefore they couldn't have.

Nonsense? Yes. But you will have worse and more pernicious nonsense than this to sort out for yourself before you have worn out three pair of trousers—that is, if you mean to be a man.

Well, they saw something when they approached the Australian shore. All the male adult colonists were down on the shore; and every man had brought his grandmother, and every man had brought an egg, and was showing his grandmother how to suck it.

“Come here,” they cried, as Gil and the Prince coasted along; “come here, you two, and learn to suck eggs. We will teach you to suck all kinds of eggs, not merely those of the emu and talegalla, but those of the blue-throated warbler. And we will teach you to suck eggs which we have never seen. Come ashore, come ashore.”

But they never came ashore for all that, but coasted on till the high wooded capes, no longer jutting into the sea, trended inland, and at last were lost to the eye. Then began a long continuous beach of sand, backed with low rolling sandhills. Then even these were gone, and the coast got so low that it was only distinguished from the grey wild sea by the line of mad bursting surf which broke up. The sea which the Greeks called barren was swarming with life, beauty, and vitality; the land was barren, hideous, and seemed accursed.

A long black cloud lay along their southern horizon towards the Pole, and from it came a blast from the Antarctic ice, cold as the hand of death upon the heart, yet as mad in its rage as the Mistral. A pelting, pitiless shower deluged them, and hid sea and sky and land as Gil hurried their frail bark towards the leaping breakers, and whispered—

“Ye must land here. Good-bye.”

That was all. How it happened he does not know; how long

it took he does not know. There was wild confusion for a little time, and then he found himself standing high and dry on the awful desolate shore alone—with God.

The blinding shower had cleared away, but the deadly cold wind remained. He looked towards the sea—a mad wild stretch of tumbled waters gnawing at the land. No signs of Gil or the canoe. Gil had disappeared by glamour of his nation; his mother had been a noted *spæwife*, so that was not surprising. He turned towards the land; it was nothing but a level sea of sand and salt, stretching away indefinitely northward, hideous, barren, but only marked by the track of two resolute naked little feet, not yet obliterated by the driving dust.

He was on the track now, and the ruby blazed and flamed out finely, warming his heart. And he broke into song, even in that hideous place, which God seemed to have forgotten.

All alone, thou and I in the desert,
 In the land all forgotten of God,
 In the land the last raised from the ocean,
 In the land which no footsteps have trod,
 In the land where the lost pioneer
 Falls stricken in heart as in head,
 In the land where his bones lie sand-buried,
 In the land of the dead.

Hear me, darling, the hope of the nation,
 Stay thy feet as thou crossest the sand:
 Thou art far on before me to landward;
 I look seaward—no help is at hand.
 Stay thy feet in thy swiftness, I pray thee,
 Through this region of drouth and of light:
 Boy in Grey, I beseech thee to stay thee;
 Let me meet thee at night.

One said, who was never in error,
 That the poor we had with us alway,
 And in all times of sadness and terror,
 When night is more bright than the day,
 We can then lay our heads on thy bosom,
 And, forgetful of false friends and old,
 Find there all we wanted in this world,
 Warm when others were cold.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE was so very much pleased with his little song that he thought the best thing he could do would be to sing it over again. A

theatrical friend of mine tells me that encores are very seldom successful: this one was a failure.

He began—

All alone, thou and I in the desert,
In the land all forgotten of God—

and there he broke down. *Was* it forgotten of God?

It seemed like it. A plain of level baking sand and salt as far as the eye could reach, with a sky of brass overhead: not one blade of grass or one drop of fresh water. Surely forgotten of God if ever land was. He tried the song once more, but the words stuck in his throat.

“Peem! Peem!” Who is this alone with us in this hideous blazing desert? A little golden fly; in some ways more beautifully organised than ourselves: a beautiful little golden fly, in comparison to whose flight that of the eagle is a clumsy flapping, and that of the woodcock a clumsy dash. That little fly makes nine thousand strokes a minute with his pretty little wings. What does he say as he hovers before Philarete, passes him, goes behind him, round his head, and at last lights on his shoulder? He is a very little fly, like a small stingless wasp, and he says this—

“We are rather out of bounds, you and I. This is the desert, where God is at work to found in future ages a new place for the Boy in Grey’s plough. This weary land is, chemically speaking, already richer than the Polders which the Dutch reclaimed. It is being gradually upheaved so that it can carry watercourses in hollow places where there is but little evaporation. And the armies of God are advancing on it, to shield it from the sun. A few hundred miles northward you will meet their advance guard: first skirmishers of bent grass, the little whorls of *Banksia*; then a forest of full-grown trees; then *Casuarinæ*, at which point man can live. Walk swiftly, and you will be among the towering box forests of the gold land before you know where you are.”

And so the fly flew away, and the Prince sped on several hundred miles, until out of the salt desert he saw a small shattered mountain, and under that mountain was a pool of fresh water, with an old gum tree by the side of it. And the pool of fresh water said to him—

“I am Jackson’s Creek, and I am the finish and end of it. I can’t get any further at present, but I will be down to the sea some day.”

And the old blue gum said, “You and I have been a long time about it.”

"I am not going to be much longer," said the water-hole: "there has been a great storm up northward."

And as he spoke the Prince saw a hill of water coming down the gully, carrying with it broken boughs, and sticks, and straw, and dead kangaroos. And it burst into the pool and went seaward, making a largeish lake in the desert, but scooping out a fresh-water hole below the other.

"He is off," said the old gum-tree; "we will soon have the place in order at this rate.—Hi! here! don't go yet."

This last exclamation was not addressed to Prince Philarete, but to a small tortoise, who had emerged from the old water-hole, and was steadily bent down the side of the new stream to the desert.

"I'm off too," said the tortoise. "I'm sick of seeing your old boughs blown about. And you have been struck with lightning three times—a thing you can't deny. I'm off to see the fun." And away he pegged, twenty yards an hour.

"They are all leaving me," said the gum tree, weeping resinous tears like the Prince's ruby. "The opossums will come soon and live in my inside, and keep me awake all night; the centipedes will come and give me the tic-douloureux; and the cockatoos will come and pull and peck. And then the blackfellows will come and make shields out of my bark, and will cut steps in me to get at the opossums, and very likely set me on fire to burn them out. I wish I was dead! There is no place left in the world for a gentleman of fixed opinions."

"You take this matter too much to heart, sir," said the Prince.

"Heart!" said the gum tree. "If you could only see my inside, you would see that it has been gone for years. I shall flare up like a foul chimney when they do set me on fire."

So he did; but the oddest thing is that, although set on fire three times, he is as well as ever. I have a personal acquaintance with him, and on one occasion took the liberty of lighting a fire in front of him, and sleeping inside him.

About a hundred miles on, the Prince came into a very pretty country of acacias, with grass and everlasting flowers, where he met a running brook, and he asked the brook where it was going; for, do you see, he had come that way himself, and wondered.

And the brook said, "As far as I can at present. Not farther than the larger Banksias. This evaporation is telling on my constitution already."

"You will not get to the sea, then?"

"Not for a thousand years. In about that time I shall get there."

"Hawk! crawk! chawk! Wee! wah! chawk!" said somebody, to whom the Prince turned and wished "Good morning."

"Say that again."

"Good morning, sir."

"Ho! I am the Black Cockatoo with the yellow tail. I am the worst tempered among the Scansores. I am the biggest blackguard under the sun: that is about what I am." And he hung on upside down, and pecked, and bit, and clawed, using the *most awful language* all the time, until the Prince walked away and left him, never stopping until he was brought up by a pair of eyes in the grass.

"How do you do?" said the Prince. But the eyes were there still, though the mouth belonging to them said not one word.

This was not very comfortable. So the Prince advanced towards the eyes, and found that they belonged to an insignificant looking grey lizard, not nine inches long.

"Get up," he said.

Whereupon the lizard said, "Piperry wip!" emphatically, and bolted out of the grass down the sandy path, full gallop, as if he was going in for the Derby: he made such caracoles and demi-voltes as you never saw in your life; and when he had gone down the path for about fifty yards, he dashed into the heather again, and was gone, leaving a cloud of dust behind him. I do not know this gentleman's name. Philarete calls him the galloping lizard.

Now in this sandy path there was a strange thing. The naked footsteps of the Boy in Grey were plain enough, but in the sandy path Philarete began to be aware that they were accompanied by a fresh trail, and wherever he saw the Boy's footsteps in the sand after this, even to nearly the last (as you will hear), he saw this strange trail beside the Boy in Grey's naked footprints.

It puzzled him. The trail was so singular that I, who have seen it often, can scarcely describe it. It was as though you put your hand into the surface of the sand, and at intervals pushed it from right to left; that was all. What could it be?

In a turn of the road, in a pleasant, happy, quiet little gully, such as are to be seen in Australia and nowhere else—in a gully of shadow, and trickling waters, and flowers, and the murmur of birds, in the earthly Paradise of the Australian spring—Philarete met a quaint pretty little fellow, something like a small raccoon, with white bands all over him, and a brush like a fox; and, seeing something intelligent in his eye, determined to converse with him on the subject of this strange trail, now parallel to that of the Boy in Grey.

“What is your name, if you please?” asked Philarete.

“They call me Myrmecobius now,” he said; “but I have not got any real name. I was born before man and before speech, and I have thirty-three molars. I am the oldest beast alive, and the she-oak is the oldest tree. The she-oak has no real name either, it is only a consolidated Equisetum.”

“That is a very fine name, though,” said Philarete. “But look here, I want you to tell me something. What is the name of that—person—who seems to be leaving his trail beside my friend the Boy in Grey?”

“Why,” said the Myrmecobius, “the settlers call him the Carpet Snake.”

“Is that his real name?”

“Well, it is hard to say what his real name is,” said the Myrmecobius.

“Is he, like you, too old to *have* a name?”

“Oh no, he comes into historical times. You can read of him in the third chapter of Genesis. He has kept his name, too, very well. Cuvier gives him exactly the same name as the old Greeks did.”

“And what is that?”

“Python.”

“The snake of Apollo?”

“The very same. Some call him ‘Science’ now; and he still lives in the tree of knowledge of good and evil, which, as you are doubtless aware, grows between the devil and the deep sea.”

The frightened Prince said, “Why does he go with the Boy in Grey?”

“To catch you and speak to you.”

“Will he follow the Boy in Grey to the end?”

“No; your turn first, his afterwards. The time for the meeting of the Python and the Boy in Grey alone is not yet. If the two meet without you, there will be evil such as no man has seen. Is Athanasio with you?”

“No.”

“I wish he was. There is a great deal more to be got out of *him* yet; however, if you must get on without him, get on. Don’t hurry, and don’t dawdle. There is plenty of time, but remember that the night cometh in which no man can work.” After saying which the Myrmecobius quietly skulked away into the heather.

The next person he met was an American professor of natural history, in green spectacles, who was, as he said, “Kinder looking round and sorting things.” He never said one single word, but

he took off the Prince's cap and felt his head, after which he went straight off, and wrote his great paper on the solitary occurrence of a *Doleco-cephalous Pithecoïd* in the interior of Australia. Such is democratic respect for princes!

The moment he was out of sight there was such a noise as you never heard. If all the beasts in the Regent's Park were to have nothing to eat for a fortnight, there would be a fine noise, I doubt not; but it would be nothing to the noise which arose the instant the naturalist's back was turned. The Prince stopped his ears, but all the beasts and the birds in the bush resolved themselves into an indignation meeting, and carried him into the chair by acclamation.

White's thrush (who had been in America) always declared to the day of his death that all the pow-wows he'd ever seen were fizzle to this.

Philarete, finding himself actually in the chair, bethought himself of his *princely duties*, and called for "Order!" to which the spur-winged plover began yelling "Hear! hear!" and found himself unable to leave off for above a quarter of an hour, notwithstanding that all the other birds kept yelling and howling "Silence!" at him.

At last there was a dead silence, which was broken by the kangaroo, who moved the first resolution by saying "Poof."

"I deny it," said the scorpion, running round and round in the sand; "I deny it."

Whereupon the laughing jackass came down off his tree, ate up the scorpion, and flew up into his tree again; whereupon the duck-billed porcupine, bristling up his quills, moved that the "laughing jackass was out of order."

The laughing jackass replied only "Ho! ho! ho! Hah! hah! he!"

The porcupine was not going to be laughed out of his motion to order. He called for a seconder.

The brush-turkey said "that two courses only were open to the meeting, either to condemn the laughing jackass for his proceedings with regard to the scorpion, or not to do so. For his part he recommended the meeting to do neither."

The crow said that that was a recurrent negation.

The brush-turkey said he had left his dictionary on the piano, and so he could not reply to his honourable friend's long words.

Meanwhile there had come about a free fight between the opossum and the native cat, who had got their teeth into one another, and were making the dust fly, I can tell you. The

meeting were highly delighted and excited, making a disorderly ring round the combatants.

"Go it!" yelled the eagle; "three to two on the native cat! Go it, Dasyurus! get your teeth in his nose and hold on. Go it!" And the old rascal, who had no more fight in him than your grandmother, went on bobbing up and down in the most ridiculous manner, drooping his wings and yelling, until the Prince caught him a good box on the ears, and sent him sprawling.

"What are they fighting about?" asked the Prince of the kangaroo, who seemed the most sensible person present.

"Nothing at all," said the kangaroo; "that is the point of the joke. It's a prize fight."

"It is one of our national sports," said the porcupine.

"Oh! it is one of your national sports, is it? And what is the object of this meeting?"

"To protest against the naturalist, who has been killing us for specimens," said the kangaroo. "We have not been able to call our souls our own. He says he wants to observe our habits, and immediately kills us indiscriminately. I don't call that natural history. Blow that. Poof."

"He wants to examine your internal construction," said the Prince, who, like all true princes, was a patron of science.

"Internal construction!" said the porcupine, with all his quills up. "What odds is my inside to *him*? I don't want to bother with *his* inside. If I had the examination of his internal construction, I'd do it in a way *he* wouldn't like: yes, indeed."

The Prince argued that some of our highest poets and novel-writers were in the habit of turning themselves inside out for the inspection of the public, and that when the public got tired of that, they generally took an historical or other character and tried to turn *him* inside out; but the porcupine could not be brought to see matters in this light.

"Let him leave my inside alone, and I'll go bail I leave *his* alone," was all that he would say, and that very sulkily.

The Prince finding that the rest of the meeting were all mad over the prize fight between the opossum and the native cat, and that to argue about the first principles of art with an ignorance as crass as that of the porcupine, was useless, quietly vacated the chair and slipped away into the wood.

CHAPTER XIV.

Now he came into the solemn towering box forest. All around him were great trees, as large as his father's largest oaks, beneath which the level turf stretched away for miles in long flats, with brave flowers, orchises and everlasting flowers; and sometimes these forest flats would be broken by little abrupt rocky ridges, with red clay and white quartz showing amidst the scant grass and thick flowers; and here the gold lay about so thick that you could see it as you walked; and on one hillside there were sapphires like blue stars, and they told him of the Boy in Grey, and how he had gone by with a sapphire on his bosom bigger than any of them.* Here also were snakes in plenty, harmless and venomous; but they never troubled him, poor things, any more than they will trouble you, if you leave them alone. These rocky rises, with glimpses of the distant blue mountains between the tree-stems, were the most peaceful and beautiful places which he had seen; and here he met the king of the kangaroos. And the king of the kangaroos asked him what o'clock it was.

"Greenwich time?" asked Philarete.

"Did you say Greenwich fair?" said the kangaroo, who stood seven feet high and looked rather stupid.

"No, Greenwich time. Eight hours difference, you know."

"Ho!" said the kangaroo; "just scratch my head, will you have the goodness?"

And the Prince did so.

"I have got a message for you," said the kangaroo.

"From the Boy in Grey?"

"Yes."

"And what is it?"

"I have forgotten all about it. Or at least I have forgotten whether I remember it or not; or, to be more correct, I can't remember whether I have forgotten it."

"Can't you think of it?" said Philarete.

"Oh, yes, I can think of it, but I can't remember one word of it."

"What was it about?"

"It was about as long as my tail," said the kangaroo.

"How did it begin?"

"At the beginning," returned the kangaroo, promptly. "At least, I am not sure that it did not begin in the middle."

* Black Hill, Buninyong. The writer there found a great number of sapphires, but, not thinking what they were, ultimately lost them all.

“Do you think it began at the end?”

“Very likely, for aught I know,” said the kangaroo.

It was no use talking to the silly thing, and so he walked on. But he had not gone a hundred yards before the kangaroo called out, “Hi! hullo! come back!” And the Prince went.

“Just scratch my head, will you?” said the kangaroo. And Philarete walked away quite angry.

There were parrots enough here of all colours to have stocked Jamrach’s for a twelvemonth, whistling and jabbering and contradicting. A solemn emu whom he met, and of whom he asked the way, told him that this place was called Jaw Fair, corresponding to Bunyan’s Prating Row, and that this was the great day of the year with the Parrots’ Benefit Societies, on which they spent annually twenty-five per cent. of their savings. Pretty as the parrots were, Philarete was glad enough to get out of the noise, and thankfully accepted a seat on the emu’s back: who nevertheless stood still after the Prince was comfortably between his shoulders, and bent his beautiful neck and head in all directions.

“I am waiting for the white cockatoo,” he explained. “He has to come with us. He is attending Jaw Fair.”

“Does *he* spend his money?” asked Philarete.

The emu made a noise in his stomach like the rattling of pebbles. It was his way of laughing.

“Not *he*,” he said. “He is too wide-awake for that. But he likes society, and has great powers of conversation; so he goes. There is the eagle ready for us there on that bough. Oh, here is the cockatoo. So off we go.”

He bent his breast nearly to the ground, and away they went twenty miles an hour. The eagle dipped off his bough, rushed upwards like a rocket into the sky until he seemed a speck, wheeled round, and came rushing close past the Prince’s ear like a whirlwind; after which he took up the position which he held all through their wonderful journey, just a hundred yards in front of the emu, ten feet from the ground.

The swift elastic emotion of the emu at first engaged Philarete’s attention, and then he began looking at the eagle as they sped headlong forward. With wings fifteen feet across, this bird held his magnificent course before them. Through the deep forest, where the green and yellow lights fell flickering on his chocolate and orange back, he held on like a meteor before them, until the forest grew thinner and thinner, and they came on the wild wide open plain, with a dim blue mountain here and there upon the wide sea-like horizon—still before them always the steadfast eagle, with his flying shadow upon the golden grass.

Northward ever, beyond the bounds of human knowledge, past solitary lakes covered with black swans, ducks, and pelicans ; now racing across the lower spurs of some lonely extinct volcano, now crossing some deep ravine scooped out of the table-land by some fretting creek, growing silent before the coming summer. But as day waned, the day of all days in the Prince's life, they came to a pleasant peaceful granite country, where there were trees and ferns, as if in a European park, and a silent creek, with lilies, and reeds, and rushes, which whispered and rustled in the melancholy evening wind.

The eagle sat upon a tree, and the emu drank at the creek, holding up his head after each draught, like the Interpreter's fowl, to give thanks to Heaven. Now for the first time the Prince saw that the cockatoo was with them, and thought that he would like a little conversation ; but the cockatoo only said in a whisper, " We cannot talk here."

" What place is this," said Philarete, " so solemn, so sad, and yet so beautiful ? "

" This is the Creek Mestibethiwong, the Creek of the Lost Footsteps : follow me."

So he flew a little way and lighted on a tree, under which there lay a human figure on its side, withered long since by rain and sun, with the cheek pressed in the sand. So lies Leichardt, so lay Wills.

While Philarete was looking on him, not with terror but with deep pity, the cockatoo lit upon his shoulder, and said—

" He set his feet before the feet of his fellows, and here his feet failed him, and he lay down and died."

" All alone ? " said Philarete. " Alas ! to die so, away from all ! All alone ? "

" Not alone," whispered the pretty bird. " See there, go and look. You are not afraid."

Philarete went up undismayed to look. By the dead man's hand was a Bible, and Philarete read—

" When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

" Not alone," said Philarete ; " I see."

At this moment there burst on his astonished ear such a ravishing flood of melody that his breath came thick and short with pleasure. Beginning with a few short sharp notes of perfect quality, it rolled up into a trumpet-like peal, and then died off in a few bars like the booming of minster-bells on a still evening in a deep wooded valley, in the land which had become a dim memory.

“In all my father’s land are no such bells as those. Who is it that rings them over the dead man?”

“That is the Australian magpie,” said his companion. “Now lie down a little.”

The setting sun was smiting the highest boughs as he laid his head on the sand. For a little time he looked across to where the dead man lay, and in a little time he slept. When he awoke it was dark night, and his clothes were wet with dew. The emu, the eagle, and the cockatoo were gone, and he was alone by the silent creek with the dead man.

Philarete rose, and in the daze which followed his sleep called to the dead pioneer to arise also. But the dead pioneer was past calling by all princes: he lay quite quiet by the side of the Creek of the Lost Footsteps. Philarete was now absolutely alone, with a horror upon him. Now he knew that the dead man was dead; now he knew that he was 14,000 miles from home, alone and without help, in the company of a dead man who had lain down and died here. Who could help him in this terrible strait and in this black midnight, under the strange Southern Cross, and Magellan’s clouds?

There was but One who could help the poor child, God Himself; and the poor little man knelt down in the sand and prayed that God would tell him how to follow the Boy in Grey, as Christ did, and that he would be good to Arturio, Polemos, and Athanasio. The boy was very humble. He was alone with death, and he did not wish to die until he had seen the Boy in Grey. Sometimes he wished he was back with his toys, sometimes he wished he was with rioting Polemos, sometimes he wished that he was with Arturio, in spite of Arturio’s priggishness; but when he said his poor little prayer he thought more of Athanasio than any one; for Athanasio had loved the Boy in Grey, and his family had quarrelled with the family of Athanasio on the subject. But the poor little Prince said his prayer, as he looked on the dead man by the silent creek, and his prayer was answered in a most singular and remarkable way. From this moment he had no fear whatever. He knew now that he could dree out his weird to the end, without any fear of failure. He had been doing his very best, and his work had been accepted; the Great Cause was sending to him inferior beasts to teach him the great lesson, that the higher animals are far before us men in what is now called virtue. The poor little man had been taught to pray, and he prayed; and his poor little prayer, arriving from his heart, was answered.

There was a tiny wind on his cheek, and a tiny voice in his ear: a little bird lit on his shoulder, I doubt a democratic bird, and

said, "Don't be afraid of it now, Prince; go through with it. He is not far;" and then the Prince saw that the emu wren had lit on his left shoulder; then he remembered what the elephant had told him in India. He had no fear now, for the Elephant's words were coming true, word for word. No fear or halting now: the emu wren was on his shoulder, and the Boy in Grey was not far.

"Will you come on to my finger?" said the Prince.

The emu wren did so. When he saw it the Prince gave a great sigh. It was only a little bird, one of the smallest birds in existence; it was only a little grey bird, without any "tropical" colour at all; but yet the most astoundingly beautiful bird in creation. Conceive a little tiny wren, which has a grey tail more delicate than that of the Bird of Paradise. How did it get that tail? I, believing in a good God, cannot tell you. Competition and selection I do believe in, but I have seen things which tell me that there is a great *Will*, and the emu wren is one.

Such a very little bird, with such a very long tail. It lit on the Prince's forefinger in the dark, and it said, "Look at my tail."

"I can't see," said the Prince; "and he is dead."

"I am sorry you can't see my tail," said the emu wren, "because I am a very humble little bird, and I like to be admired sometimes. However, I had to come to you in the dark, and I have come. Do you think that my tail came by competition or selection?"

"I don't suppose it matters much," said the Prince.

"He don't think it matters much," said the emu wren. "Pipe up."

"Who are you talking to?" said the Prince, with that disregard of grammar which is not confined to princes, but which has actually been attributed to deans.

(If you want a piece of fun, young man, just examine the "grammar" of the last sentence—"a disregard of grammar which is not confined to princes." It means absolutely nothing at all, but you never would have seen it if I hadn't told you).

"Who are you talking to?" he repeated.

"It's White's thrush," said the emu wren; and White's thrush flew up on a tree, and said, "Toroo! toroo! the night is dark, but he must meet him before the morning, or the world will lapse back into its old folly. Hurry him on. I live in all lands, and I tell you he must go."

"Take me on your shoulder," said the emu wren.

"Bonny sweet, of course I will," said the Prince. "But why?"

“Because of the carpet snake.”

“Must I meet him?” said Philarete.

“Yes, he is slower than the Boy in Grey. You must be quiet, and let him have his will of you. You must be very quiet and submissive, or you will never see the Boy in Grey, and then the whole world will be ruined.”

They sped on, these three, through the night, leaving the dead man, the lost pioneer, lying where he was by the creek; it seemed nearly morning, when White’s thrush said, “Toroo! here he is.”

“The Boy in Grey?” whispered Philarete.

“No, the python,” said White’s thrush.

They were rising on to the mountains now, and Philarete put his friend the emu wren off his shoulder on to a bush, for the python, or carpet snake, had ceased following the Boy in Grey, and was lying a dark mass on the sandy path before him. You see that the emu wren had a suspicion or fancy, and the Prince, being a real prince, was afraid that the snake of Apollo would charm her, and then gobble her up and swallow her. The Prince, being *au fait* with affairs, knew that the thing had happened several times before, and his *statesmanlike intellect* told him that it was very likely to happen again (as it has). So he put the emu wren on a bush before he had his interview with the python, or carpet snake.

Yet the ruby on his breast was blazing out now with a vengeance. The Boy in Grey is not far off when the python is near. The carpet snake raised his head from the ground, and lashing his tail round the Prince’s heel, passed his head between his legs, and raised his head so that it nearly touched the Prince’s face. Its eyes were for one instant like beryl, and the Prince said, “I understand, and I will go first:” then the python, or carpet snake, uncoiled himself from the boy’s body and let him go. The Prince was alone with the emu wren and White’s thrush, and it was very dark, but he knew that if he could dree out the weird a light would break on the world such as the world had never seen yet. He had looked into the python’s eyes, and he had learnt something, for you learn quick in that school. He had learned something from the King and Queen, his father and mother; now the only thing was to catch the Boy in Grey before it was too late.

Some people older than children will read this story; to them we should say, “Help to catch the Boy in Grey. Whether you are Dissenters, Romanists, Tractarians—whatsoever you are, catch the Boy in Grey, even if you walk as far as Philarete after him.” Speaking now to my equals or superiors, I do appeal in favour of

the Boy in Grey. It would seem that they are going to keep the very Bible from him. "*Aux armes, Citoyens!*"

The Python dropped from Philarete's body into the sand, and he was free to go on through the darkness of the Australian night, through the rustling Australian forest. The Prince went very quickly; the emu wren and White's thrush said each of them that they had something to say to him, but the Prince only said, "I have seen the python." The boy said that it was merely a matter of time; the python had not spoken to him, but he had seen two things in the eyes of the python—Love and Hate. Young man, you had better listen to this: Love, played with and abused, is very apt to become furious Hate. I heard of a country called Ireland once; but that is no matter. Prince Philarete saw that he must hurry after the Boy in Grey.

Whither? There were no footsteps in the sand now. White's thrush had left him, and would guide him no more; only the little emu wren was on his finger, and he asked her, "How shall we find the Boy in Grey?" and she said, "I don't exactly know."

"I would give you anything," said Philarete, "if you could guide me to him."

"My dear," said the emu wren, "we have neither of us got anything, that would come to the same thing in the end, and it is not the least use asking the black cockatoo, he is so terribly *emporté*."

"Hah! hah! you two," said a voice over their heads. "Wec, wah! you're a pretty couple of fools. I saw Eyre through the great Australian bight. I *am* the black cockatoo, and I have heard every word you have said. I was Eyre's pilot. Do you think I could not manage two such twopenny fools as you? The Boy in Grey is just over the mountain. Look sharp!"

"I am afraid you are a very sad blackguard, sir," said the Prince.

"Well, if ye have not found out *that* before you *must* be a fool," said the black cockatoo. "You keep my counsel, and hang Henderson, that's all we convicts want of you. We black cockatoos don't like Henderson—he knows too much. We don't mind Bruce so much, but we don't like Henderson."

But we are leaving our Prince alone, utterly alone in the desert. The black cockatoo flew away *before* the Prince in the direction of the Boy in Grey, and the emu wren stepped away and saw she could go no farther.

The night was very dark and the wood was very wild, the hill was very steep, too, now, and he was utterly and entirely alone.

There was a great thicket of *Eucalyptus Dumosa* in her way, but the naked feet of the Boy in Grey had crushed it down right and left so that the Prince could follow.

But as he rose into the dim breezy solitude of the upper and more open forest, he saw that he was getting into such a presence as he had never seen before. The night was very dark and dim, and night winds were making lonely whispers like the voices of dead men among the boughs of the mountain forest trees. Yet there was a light growing in his eye, and before he could tell what light that was, he was out of the dark wood on to a breezy down, where the night wind sighed old memories in the grass. Before him was a profound valley, dark as the pit, and beyond that a vast alp leaping up into the black sky with sheets of snow. That was the light.

It was such a wild, bare, bald down, and it was so far from home, and such a hopeless place, that the Prince would have been frightened had not Cowardice and he parted company. So unutterably solitary so terribly magnificent. Around him, hundreds of miles in every direction, was an ocean of rolling woodlands, untrodden by human foot. The solitude of the plains is terrible, but the solitude of the mountain forest is overwhelming.

The wind whistled through the grass and moved it. There seemed to be nothing here save himself, and the stars, and the alp; but there was something else too. There was the Boy in Grey. A cry rose in that solitary desert which seemed to bring fresh flashes from the Southern Cross, for the Boy in Grey, with naked feet, was lying in the grass before him, and the Prince cried out, "My darling, I have got you at last! let us lie warm together, for I am so very very cold."

So prince and peasant lay together in the long grass on the windy solitary down. And as the Prince kissed the Boy in Grey, with one kiss for Henri, one for Louis, and one for Philarete, morning came down on the summit of the alp and made it blaze again.

CHAPTER XV.

WHEN they awoke and rose to turn back together, the alp was all one sheet of glory and light, and they laughed, those two together, with their arms round one another's necks.

"I thought I should never catch you," said the Prince.

"And I thought you were never coming," said the Boy in Grey.

"Where were you going?" said the Prince.

"Down there," said the Boy in Grey.

"Into that dark and horrible valley?" said the Prince.

"What is the name of it?"

"Revolution," said the Boy in Grey.

"But you are coming back with me now?" said Philarete.

"Yes."

"What is the name of the alp, boy?"

"Duty," said the Boy in Grey.

"I see," said Philarete. "You were going to scale it through the Valley of Revolution. Could we have gone up it together?"

"I don't know. I cannot tell in any way. It is a dark matter. But if you had not come I should have tried it by myself. But you were true to the time which old Anangke settled, and so we will go happily home together."

"You will live with me now, you will live with Polemos, Arturio, and Athanasio?" said the Prince.

"I think not," said the Boy in Grey. "If Polemos would give up his fury, if Arturio would give up being a prig, and Athanasio being a bore, I could get on much better with your lot; at present I don't exactly like them. But with regard to yourself, I am with you, my own love, to the world's end."

And so they walked back, and everybody saw that a coalition had been made between the Prince and the Boy in Grey. The Black Cockatoo was perfectly furious. He screeched and yelled to that extent that the feathers went flying off the top of his head, and he had to borrow an old wig from the Duck-billed Echidna, before he could go to the International Exhibition at Melbourne. And a nice figure he looked with his head all over porcupine-quills. The Carrion Crow hated this arrangement, and being out on ticket-of-leave, called a meeting on Clerkenwell Green; but Colonel Henderson, having been round by Field Lane with Lord Shaftesbury, happened to attend that meeting in an accidental way, and very soon settled the Carrion Crow. There was a good deal said about the coalition between the Prince and the Boy in Grey. The very *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* having come into it, a gentleman I know well, but not free of speech; the Whale makes no objection, the Emu is perfectly charmed. The Parrot don't care, because it is only something more to talk about; but the Echidna or Porcupine says there is a dereliction of principle. But what are you to do with a porcupine? Blackfellows brought us two one afternoon, and we desired to tame them, and let them

go. They at once buried themselves in the earth with a nimbleness and dexterity which the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, a countryman of theirs, has never equalled at his best. Poreupines are not dangerous. The Boy in Grey went quietly home with Prince Philarete, caring nothing about what was said of them.

Swiftly as they went back to their home, the enemy was swifter. The Prince and the Boy in Grey had been separated too long, and fearful mischief had occurred. The Prince and the Boy in Grey thought that only three nights had passed since one had been away after the other into the snow on the night of the great ball at the palace. The White Cockatoo soon set them right on that point.

They were hurrying into town towards the palace as fast as they could go, when some one sung out "Hi! you two!" and they stopped. And the Prince looked round to see who spoke, and it was the White Cockatoo in a cage, hung out of window, holding on upside down by his perch, and screaming at intervals.

"Hullo, you sir!" they said. "What are you doing here?"

"I have been caught by a blackfellow, and sold to a nigger, and the nigger taught me American, and then he sold me to a sailor who taught me to swear (which he could), and the sailor sold me to a Jew, who sold me to a first mate, and I learnt a deal more bad language on the voyage, and the mate sold me to Jamrach, and Jamrach sold me to my present proprietor. *She* is an old lady of religious proclivities, and she don't approve of me because I sometimes swear in conversation. I am trying to get over it, and perhaps I may. I say, you two, you have made a nice mess of it between you. Where the dickens have you been so long, you two?"

"So long!" said Philarete; "we have only been away three days."

"You fool!" said the Cockatoo (for he is a very impudent person), "you and the Boy in Grey have been away for eleven years, and everything has gone to mops and brooms" (it was his vulgar way of speaking). "We thought you were dead. The Carrion Crow has been here and kicked up no end of a row about you two."

They hurried on. "Come to the palace, darling," said the Prince to the Boy in Grey.

"No," said the Boy. "Is it true that we have been eleven years away? Let us look at one another."

And they turned: they had been in Fairyland, where all things are possible, and the idiotic old Cockatoo was right.

When they looked at one another now in the light of the

summer's evening, each saw in the other a magnificent young man, full of power, grace, and potential fury.

"I will not go to the palace," said the Boy in Grey. "I must hurry to my brothers: we have been too long away, and I must see to matters. We are too old to kiss, and I must be off. In the darkest hour of the night which is coming I will be with you. But you must call, or our people will not hear. Good-night, until the dawn smites the cathedral spire as it did the alp."

And then he was gone, and his sapphire blazed no longer.

Philarete went on to the palace gate, and at the palace gate he met a gallant young gentleman, of gigantic stature, on whose breast was an emerald, burning brightly. "Who goes there?" said the grand young man, clashing his hand on his sword. He did not know Philarete, but Philarete knew him: he said very quietly, "Polemos," and the noble old lad knew him at once, and said, not with effusion, because a true soldier never effuses—well, we will not repeat what Polemos said: it wouldn't do to repeat what Polemos said; we always said that we could not report in detail the language of Polemos, and we have not done so. There cannot be the least harm, however, in saying that Polemos took the *outrageous liberty* of smacking the Prince on the back, and saying, "None too soon, boy, none too soon."

Polemos *bellowed*—I can use no other expression—and forth came Athanasio, a fine young man, but at this time a little weak in the back (his family are troubled with chronic rickets, and have given the State a deal of trouble one way or another, though they have done much service). Athanasio came out and blessed the arrangement generally, which made Polemos take the *diametrically opposite line*. But the more Polemos went on, the more Athanasio went on the opposite track—to use the words of Boileau, "*Il bénit subitement le guerrier consterné*"—so dexterously every time he opened his mouth, that Polemos got utterly sulky and dumb, and let the quarrel stand over until the year 2666, in which year it is wildly possible this squabble between soldier and priest may be ended.

Athanasio then informed Philarete that his father and mother were both dead, that Cacodemus was Prime Minister, and that it was all Philarete's fault for going away for eleven years and six months, when——

Arturio, with his diamond blazing brightly, dashed out of the door, and said, "You fools! where is my boy?" and the splendid young giant put his arm over Philarete's shoulder, and led him in. Of all his friends, Philarete had loved Arturio least; but now—but now his heart beat only one solitary measure with his.

"Are they really dead?" said Philarete.

"They are dead," said Arturio, "and you will see them no more, for ever. You do not fear *death*?"

"I am not come to that yet," said Philarete, quickly; "I should be glad to have time to weep for them."

"Work first, weeping after," said Arturio. "To-night is the night of all time. You have kissed the Boy in Grey, and the Carrion Crow has babbled out the fact. My Prince, my beloved, have I ever been hard with you?"

"It is all forgiven now, Arturio. You have never been so well beloved as you are now."

"I shall die to-night," said Arturio, "I know it. It was not given to me to kiss the Boy in Grey. But, Prince, I wish you to see and to act. Cacodemus, weary of your long delay, is in revolution, and we must fight this night. Our only hope is in you, and in the Boy in Grey."

No time for sorrow over his lost parent; no time for anything save action. It was his dawdling which had ruined everything, as he thought. It was his dawdling after the Boy in Grey which saved the kingdom, I say.

It is no use talking politics here. Any child nowadays can understand me when I say that Cacodemus had gone to the bad altogether. He had not only deserted the monarchy, a thing we do not like, but he had been talking excited bosh among people who could not argue with him, and who, in consequence, believed in him. We have seen the same thing a hundred times over.

"We must fight to-night or never," said Arturio, and the Cockatoo quite agreed; for the Cockatoo had, it seemed, been at the Ballarat riots, and had thought it necessary to open its cage and get out, for the purpose of advising the Prince. For a similar reason the Myrmecobius came in and said that he had thirty-two molars, which was not to the point in any way; but he was a deputation, and was dismissed with politeness. The American Bear and Tom Brown also got up a deputation; but the American Bear fell downstairs (as plantigrades will) and broke a gas lamp, and said that Tom Brown must pay it, or he'd hire a judge and make him. In fact, there were endless deputations, in the middle of which the Carrion Crow escaped and carried off all the plate and a good deal of the jewellery. In fact, there was a terrible fight on hand, and Arturio, no bad politician with all his faults, could not for a moment say which way it was going.

Arturio hoped that Philarete would live through it. As for himself, he knew he must die in the quarrel, and he was content. But would Athanasio be killed? that was the question. What I

am telling you is perfectly true, that Arturio would die for Athanasio. The real aristocrat will die for the Churchman. It is an old bargain. I am not sure that it is any business of mine, I only speak of matters as I find them. On that night of storm and war Arturio was more anxious about Athanasio than he was about Philarete or the Boy in Grey.

Cacodemus had played his cards very well. He had said two lies: he had said that the Boy in Grey and the Prince were dead. The dog knew better—he knew that they had met, had kissed, and were coming. The Fly of the desert had told him that the Cockatoo had told all the other cockatoos about it, and cockatoos spread intelligence very fast, as every one knows. But he lied on, and said that they were dead. The Tiger and the Elephant had an interview with him, and begged him to mind what he was at, for they did not want the old story over again. He kicked the Tiger (Cacodemus has pluck), and ordered the Elephant out of the room. The Elephant at once departed to Jamrach's, and on his way he met the Boy in Grey and told him *his* opinion, and the Boy in Grey, now grown to a noble young giant, told him *his* opinion. The Elephant offered his services, combined with those of his friend the Tiger, but the Boy in Grey thought he had better not avail himself of them save in case of emergency. I want you to pay particular attention to this. If you have our Boy in Grey with you, you can do without either the Tiger or the Elephant. You don't see it? Wait till you are forty.

But the night was a night of storm and fury. At seven o'clock that night the attack on the palace began, and poor young Prince Philarete, who had been eleven years in Fairyland, like his elder brother Louis XVI., found himself face to face with an infuriated mob directed by Cacodemus.

Louis XVI., Philarete's elder brother, never kissed the Boy fairly. Our Prince had—that makes the difference between the two princes. The supreme and awful hour was nearly the same with both, but "you may wear your rue with a difference." There was a seething howling hell of the wrath and rage of a neglected population outside Philarete's palace. Then shattering file-firing from his soldiers, under the direction of Polemos. Then the terrible bursting of doors by the mob; then the doors burst open and the mob in; then his gallant guards fighting from stair to stair; then his gallant men and brave gentlemen lying dead around him. Polemos dead, with his sword clutched tightly in his hand; Arturio dead and perfectly quiet, having worked till death; Athanasio dead with his arms crossed (he had not fought, but was shot down). All his friends dead, and he, poor Prince,

standing at the top of the great marble staircase, with the ruby blazing-like fire, praying to the mad neglected mob to hold their hands.

They would not hold their hands. Their wrongs were very deep, and that grand young prince had been away eleven years in Fairyland. They would have his life as they had had those of Polemos, Arturio, and Athanasio; they came rushing up the staircase towards the Prince, when the struggling crowd flickered and waved like a flame suddenly blown by the wind.

For the Boy in Grey had his arm round the Prince's neck, and had his cheek against his. The gallant young men stood there together, and the mob fell back. The bare legs and the naked feet of the Boy in Grey saved that State. I am under the impression myself (I may be mistaken), that those bare legs and naked feet are a little wanted, not only in England, but in America.

And I have come to a most singular conclusion also, to which I beg to draw your particular attention; and my conclusion is that I have told my story, and the time is come when I have no more to say. I wish other writers of stories would leave off when they come to an end and finish. In point of fact, I wish I could myself. I really won't be long. It is not me, it is the Cockatoo.

The Cockatoo declares in the *most emphatic manner* that the Boy in Grey *never* made any speech at the Prince's wedding. Now, the Elephant, the Emu, the Myrmecobius, the Tiger, and the Xylopodotherium, or the extinct animal with a wooden leg, are perfectly unanimous in telling me that the Cockatoo is an old fool. I don't know whether the Cockatoo is right or I am right. I disagree with the Cockatoo on many points. I think that he sits too late at his club, and is apt to say (like the late Mr. Richard Swiveller) the first thing which comes into his head. These are habits of which I cannot approve; yet your Cockatoo is a gentleman. It seems to me that you never know when you are right. But the Prince Philarete did his best. You go do your best, and you won't come far wrong.

Do as the Wombat does. The other day I had an interview with the Wombat. He wanted to be scratched on his back, and *he told me so*. I refused to do it, but there was no bad blood between us. We are as good friends as ever.

Therefore we most earnestly hope that the Cockatoo is wrong.

HORNBY MILLS GARDEN.

HORNBY MILLS GARDEN.

HORTICULTURUS and Viator had a discussion about gardens and gardening the other day, as they went along the Great Eastern Railway, past Paul's at Cheshunt, and Rivers' at Sawbridgeworth. Viator, perhaps ill-naturedly, advanced the theory that in the matter of gardening we were going back, if not into barbarism, at least into "Chineseism;" that one of our new ribbon gardens was, in the first instance, as ugly as it was possible to make any arrangement of beautiful flowers; and, secondly, that it was never worth looking at twice. Viator instanced my Lord this's garden, and then my Lord the other's garden, and lastly lost his temper in falling foul of the last hideous horror of coloured walks: set up for the example and admiration of mankind by the Horticultural Society at South Kensington. Horticulturus, though jealous of the honour of that body, has imbibed too much of the sweetness of his own flowers to be angry with Viator. He smilingly put the question by, saying that the Horticultural Society was bound to be in the van of horticultural thought, and that brickdust walks were that van. When Viator asked him, in return, whether the Horticultural Society could not lead public taste instead of following it, he became interested in the doings of a roach-fisher on the banks of the Lea. He would not fight that point.

Viator tried him on another: on the *expense* of this bedding system.

"Every one now," said Viator, "down to the farmers' wives, are discontented unless they have their beds brown and bare for six months, and for the other six filled with formal patterns of geraniums, calceolarias, and lobelias, the keeping of which through the winter costs money. Very little has been done for cottage gardeners—which, I take it, means people who cannot afford a gardener—by the Horticultural Society. Why don't you encourage the discovery of good hardy perennials from temperate regions, instead of ransacking the tropics for things which, how-

ever beautiful, can only be grown by noblemen and rich tradesmen? Why, that most excellent and admirable handbook, 'The Cottage Gardener's Dictionary,' has got so dreadfully genteel in its notions, that I am ashamed to open it; it makes me feel like a poverty-stricken snob. Just take the directions for growing a common anemone. 'Take maiden loam from the surface of a pasture, turf and all [how would my landlord like *that*, I wonder?]; to every load of this add one of cowdung, and half a load of sea or drift sand; form the whole into a ridge, and let it remain a year *at least*, turning it every three months.' If you cannot do this, says 'The Cottage Gardener's Dictionary,' you may possibly get on (miserable snob that you are) by doing this—'Get light garden soil and rotted cowdung, one load of the former to half a load of the latter, and a quarter of sea sand.' Now, this is a fine look-out for a man who wants a few anemones, is it not?"

"Don't run down that book," said Horticulturus; "it is a very good book."

"It is a wonderful good book," said Viator; "but it is too doctrinaire for poor and ignorant people like me. I don't want cowdung and sea sand. I want anemones. And I get them."

"But you are on the chalk, you know."

"I was not always, and I always had them," said Viator; "but you cannot deny, even if I give up anemones, that you can make a garden bloom from January to December, without keeping a gardener up half the night watching your flues."

"You are in the main right," said Horticulturus; "but not altogether. I allow that we are neglecting some of the most beautiful flowers; I allow that we are getting too absurdly formal in gardening, as in many other things; but you cannot have a perfect English garden without some things which require heat through the winter, unless you are prepared to buy them."

"Unless you are prepared to buy them at half-a-crown a dozen!" retorted Viator, "that is better than having your man, your groom, gardener, knife-cleaner, pig-feeder, game-keeper, boot-polisher, message-goer, clothes-brusher, up three-quarters of the night, all through a long frost, to look after them. Yes, I allow all that. The question is, what can we poor folks do towards having a garden, if we can't afford a gardener?"

"Shall I bore you," said Horticulturus, "if I describe to you a certain *ménage* where there *was* such a garden; one of the most beautiful I have ever seen?"

Viator begged him to proceed.

"When I was a boy," said Horticulturus, "and a very young

one, I used to be very much petted, and, I fear, very much spoilt, in a certain country house in Lincolnshire.

“It was not a nobleman’s house, or a baronet’s house, or even a squire’s house. It was a large house attached to a great water-mill. The people of the house made their money by trade, as the tall chimney stalk beyond the shrubbery, by the carp pond, plainly showed to any one passing within a mile or so of the place. As for we little folks, *we* knew well enough about the business, and were rather proud of it too.

“We used to say, and I believe now, that the house had been a ‘religious house,’ because of the great fish-ponds which surrounded it. The fact that it lay in a hole, rather below the level of the neighbouring ditches, seems to confirm that theory, though the house itself was scarce a century old. There was a rookery, in elms planted certainly at the Restoration, and the garden invaded their shadows, until nothing would bloom in the shade except primroses, which grew white and flesh-colour in the darkness; a wilderness of wild hyacinths, shining in May like another heaven; wood anemones, wood sorrel; the blue pasque anemone. And as the summer heat settled down, and made the summer beds blaze like a scarlet mass of geraniums, and infinite varieties of other beautiful flowers, the golden Tutsan St. John’s wort lit up the darkness of the shrubbery. Waterer in those days was a comparatively young man at Bagshot, and Azaleas were hardly invented.

“It was a house of noble and generous profusion. There was not any venison, because there was no pretension to a park; but there was everything else. There were hunters, which would carry Uncle Jack and Uncle Tom (heavy weights) over anything, reasonable or unreasonable; there was a dog cart for Uncle Seithenin, who was fat and puffed, and who never rode; and there was a pair of carriage horses which would take Aunt Bridget to Lincoln races on the Tuesday, with I dare not say how many of us riotous young monkeys in and about the carriage, and would repeat the performance on Friday, with another relay of riotous young rascals and rascalleesses; and would never wink their eye. There was a wonderful cob, the governor’s; and there was a still more wonderful pony, bought for seven pounds ten at Horneastle fair, and brought home in the gig in a gale of wind, in front of Uncle Jack and Uncle Tom; and they had driven over two fallen trees by the way.

“There was in the house everything which makes life worth having. Maids to wait indoors (and how much better they wait than men), grooms in their proper place out of doors, running

out at the first ring of the horses' feet on the yard pavement. Cocks and hens (fine-bred Dorkings and game fowls; Cochins and Brahmas had not been selected or developed); pigeons (mainly Runts, but a pair or two of Fantails and Almonds for the ladies), turkeys, guinea-fowl. Hobbes, old Berkshire, and China pigs; ducks in the old monk's fish-ponds; carp of sixteen pounds weight, and tench of four; a hawk and a stork. It was a paradise of a place, altogether, for old as well as for young, but entirely after a schoolboy's heart. When I read *Marjorie Fleming* the other day, I fully sympathised with her when she said, 'I am going to Braehead, where there are ducks, cocks, hens, bubbly-jocks, two dogs, two cats, and swine, which is delightful.' They satisfied her soul, those pigs.

"A busy brisk house, until you opened a gate in a wall, and passed into the odorous silence and heat of the garden; here was a stillness scarcely disturbed by the cawing of the rooks. This was the ladies' quarter. This was the life's amusement of the two maiden sisters of the house, Aunt Bridget and Aunt Hester. On this garden they lavished all their own perfect refinement; to this garden I wish to call your attention, as a type of English garden now almost extinct; and before I have finished with it, I think you will allow that I was right in speaking of the general *ménage* of this particular country house.

"Young folks, folks under, say, sixteen, were, as a rule, excluded from this garden. When Aunt Bridget and Aunt Hester were younger and more inexperienced, they used to accept offers of assistance from the greatest of their little nephews and nieces; but in my time they had grown too wise. The peculiarity of that family was that it was a chivying family. No three young members of it ever got together without one member starting off like a lunatic, and the other two members starting off after him or her, howling like gorillas. This did not do in this particular garden. I was admitted to it only because, in the first place, I was a visitor; and, in the second, because in my case chivying was only an occasional weakness, not a confirmed habit. Alas! the family 'chivied' away a fearful sum of money before they had finished.

"Extravagant as all the other arrangements in the house were, there was no extravagance in the garden. There was no gardener, for instance, worth calling so, only an old man kept on by the week, with sometimes a labourer to help him; all the direction, and no inconsiderable part of the work, was done by those two charming refined maiden ladies. A rich acquaintance of ours, Mr. Dash, has made me laugh to-day, by telling me of a letter

he had received from a gardener who had advertised for a situation. This gentleman gardener said 'that he *did not like the tone* of Mr. Dash's letter, and thought the place would not suit him.' Now the old garden I speak of is not much smaller than my friend Dash's garden, and, I think, infinitely more beautiful. The one was kept in order by two old maids and a cripple; the other is handed over to the tender mercies of a prig who is an approver of the tone of his master's letter.

"In the one case, the garden is a pleasure, and has interest for one; in the other, your servant is your master, and gardens for his own glorification. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chaudière*. Make the whole place into a croquet ground. English stud grooms have aroused the British Lion, and masters have asserted themselves in their stables, and protested against the doctrine that two thousand pounds' worth of horseflesh was bought for the especial behoof of the servant: it is nearly time that the ladies of England should rise against the gardeners, whose sole object seems to be to avoid all hard work, to carry off prizes at the shows, and to make 'their' garden as much like the nearest nobleman's as possible. 'I am not going to take "my" horses out this weather,' the coachman was saying a few years ago. The gardener is equally rebellious, though in a different way. He sneers at you with precedents, until the battle is not worth fighting, and you yield. The lady is apt to say, 'He is an excellent gardener, he came from Lord Thingamy's, he must have his own way, or he will go.' Let him go, and use your own brains, which are as good as his, and your own well-formed taste, which is a hundred and fifty times better than his. If you want bands of red, yellow, and blue, like these new vulgar cockney ribbon gardens; if you want to utilise your flowers in barbarously imitating the most barbarous pattern on a bad Chinese shawl; if you want to commit the artistic blasphemy of making flowers hideous, by planting them in patterns which would make Owen Jones howl with anguish, then keep your gardener. You may partly succeed in your efforts at ugliness at first, but before autumn nature will be too strong for you, and for the gardener who don't like the tone of your last letter. Before the first frost, when you have got tired of this miserable imitation of arabesque, go and look at your long-neglected beds. You will see that nature has been hard at work against you, and has nearly undone your work, or, for politeness' sake, your gardener's work, and that the flowers have stretched out their arms towards one another, and mingled their individual beauties in a soft, hazy cloud of colour.

“ Let us look again at this garden, managed by the two maiden ladies and the old man, and let us compare it with one of your new-fashioned gardens, which show nothing but bare brown earth from November to May.

“ There were but few sorts of chrysanthemums cultivated then, and those of inferior sorts ; but such as there were, were gay and gaudy enough. In an open winter, their yellow had scarcely become tinged with the delicate rose-pink which marks their decay, when the Christmas rose (*Helleborus niger*) began to blaze out in white patches of large flowers at regular intervals about the otherwise empty beds ; and before they were gone, the whole map of the garden was marked out by brilliant golden lines. The little aconite, planted thickly, close under the box edging, showed the shape of each parterre in a hard golden line. The garden, beautiful at all times, was seldom more beautiful than at the beginning of February, when the aconite and hellebore were in flower ; but before the yellow bands and the brilliant white patches had begun to fade, the colour of the garden had changed : the Hepaticas—crimson and blue alternately, and giving a general effect of purple, planted closely just inside the aconites—marked out the beds once more with a new colour, and held on nearly till March.

“ But by this time nature, under the guidance of our two ladies, had begun to rebel against formalism, and there was no more ‘ribbon gardening.’ After the Hepaticas, the flower borders began to possess a new interest, and your admiration of ‘bands of colour’ became lost in the contemplation of individual beauty. From the *centre* of each bed, white, yellow, and purple, arose a corona of crocuses, about two feet in diameter, matted thickly together, and the whole garden shone like fire, relieved by the moonlight effect of the snowdrops. Almost with them came patches of the pale pink dog-toothed violet, and the white dog-toothed violet with the purple eye (which last is, with very few exceptions, one of the most beautiful flowers in nature, and the roots cost sixpence apiece). None of the above-mentioned roots were ever moved ; they cost nothing whatever in maintaining ; and, once planted, would flourish for ever, being far best left alone.

“ I say that one flower *succeeded* the other in this wonderful garden ; but the truth is there was no break. The crocuses were not fairly done, and the dog-toothed violets not half done, when a still more fantastic piece of colour trickery was ready for your eye. A ring arose round the fading crocuses, cunningly alternated in every other bed. In the one bed this ring was made up of cream-

colour, pink, white, and purple, all commingled; in the next, of a vivid intense scarlet, more vivid than most *Geraniums*, nearly, or quite, equalling the brightest *tropæolum*; and these bands were about a foot broad. What were these flowers? These were the *anemones*, nodding their heads to one another in the March wind, and seeming to congratulate one another on the coming spring. We must now leave the principle borders for a while, and go down to certain sloping beds near the gold-fish pond, in front of the moss-house, which were never disturbed by the gardener's fork, and which are quite ready for us now.

"The first thing which struck the eye here, in this quiet sheltered spot, sloping south, were bright patches of the common primrose, shining among the ferns and other green vegetation like groups of stars; until you had ceased looking at them, you could not take in the fact that there was a haze of blue violets mingled through them, which was loading the air with perfume. *Primulas*, too, of every wonderful variety were here. All the beautiful *polyanthuses*, some running almost into dull purple, others almost into fiery scarlet. The pale and coloured primroses, the commoner *auriculæ*, the sturdy oxlip, the delicate scented cowslip, even the rare pale blue bird's-eye primrose. There were orchises from the meadow trenches, sombre-coloured *fritillarias* from the Oxford meadows, blue pasque *anemones*: every flower which spoke of spring, of budding leaves, of singing-birds, of the renewed hopes and plans which always come to us at that time, year after year, until the eternal spring buds forth which never turns into summer; all these were collected here in that quiet sunny border beside the fish-pond, and close to the churchyard."

Viator here begged Horticulturus not to be sentimental.

"Every flower in that spring border," Horticulturus said obstinately, "spoke of spring-time, and youth, and hope, and love-making. And of all the beds in the garden, those two quiet melancholy old maids—quiet and melancholy amidst all the growing extravagance and profusion around them—loved that secluded border the best, and tended it most carefully. They may have walked out among the blooming meadow flowers, not alone, once on a time, and that may have been the reason why they bent their spare and weakening bodies, and their faces, which grew more anxious year by year, as the reckless riot went on, so lovingly over them now.

"The wonderful freshness and beauty of our English spring flowers is scarcely beaten by any class of flowers in the world," he continued, "any more than a good example of our English spring is to be rivalled, either for weather or for colouring, else-

where. The Australian spring, when nature expresses herself in a sudden efflorescence of delicate, hitherto unnamed, orchises; when the earth is all flowers, and the air like maddening champagne, that is a season which goes near to satisfy your soul; but an English spring is finer. The 'lushness' of the English spring vegetation is, I think you will find, unsurpassed in the world. I have had a glimpse of the tropics, and you may see the tropics at Sydenham and at Kew pretty well: have they anything to offer you like an acre or so of wild blue Hyacinths in the middle of May? Ireland I have not seen, but I have seen Devonshire. Devonshire is 'lush' to a degree, but coarse. Animal life begins to get scarcer there than in that richer band of country which is washed from the chalk hills of the southern and eastern counties. Where, as in Devon, every ditch is full of trout, and every little stream is overshadowed by 'osmunda regalis,' nature is beginning to get coarse, gaudy, and tropical. Nature thinks most carefully and most delicately in her temperate regions, where her soul is tried by the battle with a winter. South of the line of winter snow she gets profligate and careless. In the midland, eastern, and south-eastern counties she bestirs herself: she produces a dozen species there for one in Devon: there are ten species of fish in Berkshire for one in Devonshire. When she loses the stimulus of winter she gets lazy, and dreams herself away into such things as trout and king fern."

Viator began to wonder whether Mr. Richard Swiveller had been dining with Mr. Ruskin, and, having taken too much wine, was trying to emulate that gentleman's style. No, it was his sensible friend, Horticulturus, who was making these wonderful flights. He struck in directly.

"A *half* truth," he said, "after a whole one, which you seldom get, is one of the finest things going. It at all events promotes discussion. But I never heard any good of a *quarter* truth. What you say about animal life is a quarter truth or less. True as it is about Devonshire, it is false about the tropics, and what is more, about Scotland. I could tell you where you were wrong, but I want to hear more about this garden of yours. Let us leave these 'spring beds,' which have led you such a wonderful ramble, and come back to the main garden, which flowered like Chatsworth, without any expense, and to the two old maids. What, for instance, succeeded this waving glory of parti-coloured anemones which I have seen, and can therefore appreciate?"

"They were contemporary with the wallflowers," said Horticulturus, "which were in separate beds, and with the tulips, which were in a close-planted ring round them, and which were, about

the middle of May, removed to make room for the geraniums," &c.

"The London artisans might grow these flowers?"

"These and a great many more. I wish I could give a hand to help these artisan flower-shows. They appeal to the sentimental part of me strongly. Dickens, or rather Mr. Timothy Linkinwater, quite as real a person as Dickens himself, originated them, you know, when you and I were boys. You remember the hyacinths in the broken water jug? I thought you did. The chrysanthemums in the Temple Gardens are the glorious outcome of those hyacinths."

"H'm," said Viator, "what you would do without your Shakespeare and your Dickens, I do not know. You are always quoting them. What came next?"

"Tulips. Now there again is a flower which is probably more than any other easily cultivated by the artisan. (Working man, you say; well and good, we will *say* working man, then, though *I* work sometimes.) Your working man ought to be told with regard to tulips that if he spends a trifle of money in the first instance, he will get a flower which is not only ornamental to his window, but is remunerative. If he will get from that invaluable little book, 'The Cottage Gardener's Dictionary,' or Routledge's 'Choice Flowers,' the *points* of a good tulip, and the way of cultivating it, he will find that the second year's offset will nearly pay him for the original root. Tulips could be as well cultivated in London as they are in Holland. The smoke don't affect them very much, in fact very little. So you see that a dexterous artisan gains nearly three weeks' pleasant contemplation of a beautiful flower, and it costs him nothing. Nay, more, the contemplation of that flower in a spring evening would keep him from the public-house. What sends them to the public-houses is, that from base to garret, there is no thing of beauty on which they can rest their eye."

"Is that so?" said Viator, with a slow smile. "I should have thought otherwise. If you set me to contemplate a tulip for the whole of a spring evening, I should certainly, as the working man would, adjourn to the public-house—I mean to the club. Now go on: and get practical once more about Hornby Mills."

"Meanwhile, ever since the middle of February, a hot-bed had been made, and dozen upon dozen of flowerpots filled with choice flower-seeds, and by the time the tulips were removed the beds were ready for their reception. Carter's or Sutton's lists will tell you what these plants were. China asters and stocks are those which live most in my memory: and of these, mostly the latter."

“ Stocks ? ”

“ Yes. My first introduction to stocks was at Aix-la-Chapelle. Behind a manufactory there, was a garden, into which I had leave to wander. It was a garden with a fountain in the middle; a garden looked into by three white walls of factory, with those long continental windows, which one never sees in this little island of ours. There is no gravel about Aix-la-Chapelle, or if there is I never saw any, for the garden walks are made from the cinders of the manufactory fires. Placed against that dull funereal substitute for our bright English gravel, I first saw the dull funereal colour of first-rate German stocks, and I have admired them and believed in them ever since. Zinnias, stocks and Salpiglossis are the only flowers I can name, in the limits of my knowledge, which have good half tints. No stock with a positive colour about it is worth a halfpenny. The colour of a stock in its brightest tones should be ashy and funereal. This is not difficult to account for. German stocks naturally come from Germany, and their dull half colours are of course a natural outcome of the dreamy Teutonic mind which——”

“ Please don't,” interrupted Viator; “ where can you get the seed? Let us have done with the Teutonic mind.”

“ Page's at Southampton,” Horticulturus replied. “ I don't see what reason you have got to interrupt me.”

“ Have you anything more to tell me about this wonderful garden ? ”

“ A great deal. I could put more into your head about gardening than ever was there before; but you won't let me do it in my own way. Once more; is the garden we saw to-day, a labyrinth of badly-conceived and worse-executed Chinese patterns, with a Scotch gardener to show you over it, and point out (not explain, a Scotchman even couldn't do that) its barbarisms—is that a garden at all ? ”

“ A sort of one.”

“ A sort of one, exactly. But these two old ladies of mine had flowers in their borders all the year round, whereas my lord's beds are utterly empty six months in the year. Can you gather that ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, when the time came their garden was just as brilliant as my lord's, and ten times more artistic. Time would fail me were I to attempt to tell you of the beauty of these flower-beds in summer; of the mass of colour, confused but always artistic, which grew brighter as the summer went on, and which lay round the towering spikes of the hollyhocks, the various lilies and *bee* lark-

spurs (the *Delphinium formosum*, the most splendid of our perennials—unless the new blue columbine of last year, which I have not yet seen, is destined to beat it—was not invented then). These hollyhocks and bee larkspurs were insignificant-looking things, just outside the anemones, if you will do me the favour to remember; not obscuring them in the least till they were out of flower, and then shooting up, and hiding the untidy crocus grass, and the seedy-looking foliage of the anemones, until they in their turn died down with the first frosts of autumn.

“So much,” continued Horticulturus, “for the most perfect and well-arranged garden I have ever seen, and what is more, the cheapest. Let me recapitulate for a moment. The centre of each bed was filled in an oval or square of two feet, more or less, with thickly-planted crocuses; outside this, a ring of anemones; outside this again, a ring of hollyhocks and delphinia; then a bare space, of say four feet, to receive the summer flowers. Then the Hepaticas, a hedge of ivy-shaped leaves in summer, for a few weeks in early spring a blaze of crimson and purple; then the closely-planted aconites and then the box. Such was the garden. I can describe its colour, but the hot rich *scent* of it is beyond me. The recollection of it makes me faint. It was the sweetest smelling garden I was ever in.”

“Was?” said the unsentimental Viator.

“Yes. It is gone now. It was the most cheap and the prettiest garden of its pretensions I ever saw, but it is gone. Part of the old house is left and a well-to-do man lives in it. But he has laid three quarters of it down in turf, because he says, much as he likes flowers, that he can’t afford them. But Aunt Bridget and Aunt Hester never spent one half on their glorious garden which he does on his formal, and somewhat ugly (if flowers could be ugly), rows of *calceolarias* and scarlet geraniums. Now, in July, instead of the eye wandering from one curious piece of beauty to another, it loses itself, and gets thoroughly cocknified in running along mere bands of colour.”

“All the old perennials eradicated?” asked Viator.

“Very nearly. Nature occasionally reasserts herself, to the great disgust of his gardener. Some of the old tulips still insist on peering up through the new turfed ground, to be nipped off by the new mowing machine. Impertinent crocuses still appear in the middle of the beds. The dear old Hepaticas still hope to be forgotten by the new cockney gardener, and modestly thrust themselves up in his absence (for he never is in the flower-garden before May) and appeal to his more highly educated master. He *pleads* for them, but what pleading is of any avail against the

spite of a doctrinaire new broom? To give you an instance. There was a flower in that garden which for some reasons was very dear to Aunt Bridget and Aunt Hester. It was the 'tree balsam,' a flower which sheds its seed and reappears in spring. My friend's wife took a fancy to it, and would have some of them preserved. In my presence the gardener told his master (or servant) that it was a common cottage flower, and was not fit to be seen in a gentleman's garden, and spitefully maimed and rooted up as many as he dare. I am stating a plain fact."

"We are running too much into priggishness," said Viator; "the competitive examination——"

"Who is talking too fast now?" asked Horticulturus, sharply. "I am not the only person who ought to be taken up shortly."

"Then the old family gave up this house, as I gather, and it has passed into other hands?" asked Viator.

He grew grave. "Well, the fact of the matter is, that although the garden was very cheaply managed, it was the only cheap thing about the place. When the ruin began, or where it began, I have never been able to settle with myself to this day. You can ruin yourself at anything you take in hand, if you give your mind to it, from horse-racing up to chapel-building. There are a whole lot of ways of ruining yourself if you only take care," he continued, frowning, and scratching his head. "Fox-hunting, steeple-chasing, coursing, and farming; neglecting your business, keeping too free a table, going to law about nothing at all, going to all the races, buying horses, selling them again by the auctioneer in a hurry; building cottages for labourers at a calculated return of four per cent. when no reasonable being would do so under seven; buying pictures without knowing a hang about them; renting shooting; having a good sound family sherry at sixty-two, and port at eighty, and making your guests drink a good deal of each; going to London, which is ruin, and going to Paris, which is bankruptcy. Lor' bless you! a man with a genius for ruining himself might do it with any one of these things. And the male Hornbys had not only the genius for ruining themselves, but they did all these things together.

"Their extravagance got greater and greater as time went on, and as ruin got nearer. The old people, both father and mother, were dead by now. Uncle Jack got louder, coarser, and more dictatorial; Uncle Tom, the proudest and cleverest of the men Hornbys, got more witty and more genial; and Uncle Seithenin kept the fox-hunters and shooters up later at night. At first, gentle, but determined Aunt Bridget, and the gentle, but timid Aunt Hester, tried to stem the torrent. Aunt Bridget, the bigge-

and more strong-minded sister, would say, 'Gentleman, we shall be happy to see you in the drawing-room at your earliest convenience;' and Aunt Hester (the ex-beauty of the county) would pipe out a few words about a 'little music.' But the two ladies were left to sit in their drawing-room alone, and the men would stay arguing, sometimes quarrelling, over their wine, until a theory was erected that the ladies must be gone to bed.

"Then the counting-house and tobacco; then everybody saying the first thing which came into his head, and every one talking at once; and so on all night, till some not tipsy guest, wandering out into the glorious summer morning at four o'clock, before going to bed, would find Aunt Hester at her flower-beds. And she would turn her beautiful withered face on his, and say, 'You gentlemen were rather late last night, were you not?' And so that belated wanderer, having in his eye a distant view of strong-minded Aunt Bridget, looming large and grand among the distant hollyhocks, and seeing an immediate chance of 'catching it' from her, would sneak off to bed, feeling very much ashamed of himself.

"As time, and as ruin also, went on, matters began to get too fast and too furious for Aunt Bridget and Aunt Hester. They were always ill when there was a dinner-party; and as there was one now every day, we ought to suppose that their health was utterly undermined. But no. When the crash came, theirs were the stoutest hearts, the soundest heads, and the ablest bodies in the establishment. They knew what must come, far better than their drink-sodden brothers. The bitterness of death was past with them. They had seen the thunderstorm rising over the horizon long ago, and had spoken to their brothers. Uncle Jack had told them to mind their own business, Uncle Tom had sneered at them, and Uncle Seithenin had stared at them wonderingly out of his watery, drunken eyes."

"And how did the crash come?"

"Suddenly, of course. The whole thing went wrong at once. Everything was ready for it, of course; but it came suddenly, after all. They had been neglecting the manufactory and business, and the goods turned out were of inferior quality, notoriously so, it appeared afterwards. The goods were not consumed near the mills, but fourteen thousand miles away, and it is a far cry to Loch Awe. Then they had lost a lawsuit, a twopenny-halfpenny squabble about a trespass; and it was just so doubtful that they were able, in sheer temper, to carry it to a higher court. The married sister's dowry had never been paid, but was supposed to be invested in the business, and her husband came down for it. Uncle Tom (the clever and handsome one) came back from Lincoln

Races, looking like death; but was soon after gone again to Liverpool, with that most sour-headed horse, Nogo, and a villainous-looking steeple-chase rider, who looked like Mr. Sponge's illegitimate brother returned from Botany Bay, to try his luck at the great cross-country race; with no success at all. Then, on one Saturday night, the hands were kept about till twelve o'clock, or a little past, and regaled with beer, getting paid about half-past one. The next Saturday night they were paid in part. Still, none of the tradesmen were dreaming of pressing. No one dreamt they were coming to a standstill. Old Chaney, the lawyer, will tell you that at this time, if they had put their affairs in his hands, they might have spent their thousand a year apiece now.

"That Saturday night at Hornby Mills (and it was Easter-eve) they say was a very 'wet' one. Every one drank, and drank hard—except Unele Tom: he refused his drink (a good drinking man, too) steadily. But Aunt Bridget, walking out into the brisk, sweet spring air, and preparing her mind for the blessed renewal of all good resolutions which are made at the altar on Easter day, found him lying drunk among her lilies of the valley, in the south spring bed, which I have described before. She went and roused a groom, pointed out his master to him, walked away over the common, and tried to forget it. The groom went near the drunken man, but not very near: he went back to the rooms over the stable, looking ten years older in his fright and consternation, and roused the other grooms and helpers. Uncle Tom, lying among the lilies, was not drunk, but dead."

And Horticulturus told Viator how: and they both sat silent a minute. Unele Tom had cut his throat.

"He was the last of that family with a grain of conscience and honesty, and that was what it brought him to. And that is what consistent, selfish heathenism, not to mention heavy drinking, may bring any physically brave and originally honest man to."

"That is very horrible," said Viator. "I shall never look at lilies of the valley again without seeing a red stain on them. You ought not to have told it."

"That is right," said Horticulturus. "If you shut your eyes tight enough, you know, you won't see anything."

"I suppose the crash came soon after this?" asked Viator.

"Soon is not the word. The whole game was over in an instant: everything was perfectly quiet before this. The gunpowder at Delhi was only a stored mass of black grains, until Willoughby, looking round to the waiting conductors, saw by their eyes that they were ready, and threw down his hat. The run for the Junna Bridge, when the black thread fuses were fizzing on

fast towards the iron doors, was not more rapid than the rush of ruin on the dear devoted old house. It seems to me scarce a short week before it was all over. The other brothers made no effort: Uncle Seithenin had always been tipsy, and Uncle Jack never very sober; and now they did nothing and thought of less. Those two noble old heroes, the sisters, worthy to be mentioned with almost *any* hero, made an offer of some poor pittance they had in their own right; but the creditors had not heart to accept it: besides, the ruin, when it came to be examined, was so awful and so gigantic, that their poor but noble little offer was really not worth accepting. Nearly one hundred and eighty thousand pounds was their deficit; and in their fall they dragged down a county bank with them, which had, like Paul, Strahan, and Bates, thrown good money after bad, to keep afloat their greatest creditor; and which bank, had it not been for the Hornbys, could have struggled on until happier times. So that Aunt Bridget and Aunt Hester had to retire to a little cottage with two drunken brothers, and this additional misery. They consistently believed, to the day of their deaths, that the ruin of all the people who had to begin life over again by the failure of the bank lay at *their* doors. Poor innocent souls, *they* had done their little possible always."

"And this is your pleasant discourse about flower-gardens?" said Viator. "What became of the brothers?"

"They did what such men generally do in such cases—took to their beds and died of nothing in particular—of mildew, I should say, if the faculty recognised such a disease. Uncle Seithenin, who went first, appeared before the registrar-general with the ticket of 'Pneumonia, combined with delirium tremens.' Maria, the faithful old maid, who stuck to the family in their retirement, had been long accustomed to remark about Uncle Seithenin, 'that the drink had taken hold of his passages;' which I suppose means the same thing; and she, goodness knows, had seen enough of drinking in that house to be, to a certain extent, a judge. As for Uncle Jack, he went to bed one night, and declined to get up the next morning, and, indeed, never got up any more: *his* ticket was, I believe, 'General decay.' But he took to his bed and died, of no acute disease, at the age of fifty-five, within a year of his bankruptcy. With Uncle Seithenin you never could have done much; with Uncle Jack you might have done a great deal more; with poor Uncle Tom you might have done anything. But the school in which they were brought up would, saving your presence, have ruined me and you as certainly as it did them. The *practical* creed which those men were taught, as soon as they were old enough to stay in the dining-room after the ladies, was

this: that there was only one thing finer than low intrigue, and that was hard-drinking. I don't say that their own father encouraged them, but he sat at the end of a table and held his tongue. As for religious *thought* among the men of that household, they could hardly understand the idea, if it had ever been presented to them, and it never was. I, as a high churchman, would rather——”

“We needn't mind what you, Horticulturus, would rather,” said Viator; “but these women of yours seem to have been so vastly superior to the men, how do you account for that?”

“My dear Viator,” said Horticulturus, earnestly, “the other day I was confabulating with a Union schoolmaster, one of the finest fellows who ever stepped, whose whole heart and brain are in his work, and who studies the character of every boy as carefully, according to his light, as Arnold. His *object* is to get as many of his boys as he can into the army, chiefly as bandsmen, for he trains them to music. His *difficulty* is that the most of them *walk* so badly, and it is difficult to teach them to march, and the doctor is apt to reject them. I asked him why this was. He said ‘Sir, three-quarters (I forget the proportion) of these boys are illegitimate, or have been deserted. They have never had a mother's care, and no one will take the trouble to teach a child to feel his feet except his own mother. Now that gives one a little light. Old Mrs. Hornby was a superior woman in every respect; but old Hornby was not at all her equal. I could say a great deal about the superiority of the women over the men in the manufacturing class, but unless you wish——”

Viator begged him not to trouble himself.

“The girls, then, were carefully trained by their mother. Old Hornby was very anxious that the boys should not be milksops, and he had his will; they were taught to despise the influence of women very young, and were taken out of their mother's power almost as soon as they could ride their ponies. Old Hornby was anxious that they should be chips of the old block, as like to him when they came to his age as they could be; he had his will here too in a way, for they were chips of the old block, but only chips. Old Hornby used loudly to say that his sons should be gentlemen, though *he* could never be one. He had not his will here at all, for they never were gentlemen, not even gallant Uncle Tom, though their sisters were ladies, and most perfect ladies too. If they had been left more under their mother's influence, and sent to school when the time came, they might have made gentlemen. But then they weren't, and that makes all the difference, don't you see?”

Viator saw all that.

“Well, now we come,” said Horticulturus, “to the end of it all. Aunt Bridget and Aunt Hester lingered on a few years in their cottage, until the stouter and more energetic Aunt Bridget died very suddenly; Aunt Hester lingered on in her solitude till very lately.

“It was last Easter-day that I saw her last. She came slowly creeping up to the altar rails after every one else, and all alone. When she rose I saw that she was almost too feeble to stand, and I stepped out and took her to her pew. When, after church, she found out who it was who had helped her, the poor old lady’s expressions of humble gratitude were painfully affecting. I begged her to let me take her home, and we went together into her little cottage garden, for she insisted on giving me some flowers, ‘they were all she had to give now,’ she said. They had brought all the old, hardy, and beautiful spring flowers out of the old south border, and so her little garden was blooming bright and fair in the April sun. She made me up a little bouquet of narcissus and oxlips: I had always admired oxlips as a lad, she remembered, I used to say they were such sturdy flowers. And then, calling me by my Christian name, she spoke a little of the dead and of the past. They were all gone from her now, she said, and it was very lonely sometimes, very lonely. The winter nights were so very, very long. ‘Old people’s memories,’ she added, with a feeble smile, ‘generally get dulled, but mine is as keen as ever. I cannot forget; there is no relief for me in *that* way.’ And so I left her standing in the sweet spring weather among her opening flowers, and went my way, somewhat disinclined for noisy and foolish conversation that day.

“She was not alone long. She died five days after, the last of her name. They have built a cockney villa where her cottage was, and all the flowers are gone. I was pleased to see, however, an irrepressible tulip forcing his way up between the bricks in the stable yard. I respected him and felt inclined to kiss him as the last of the Old Lot. Well, here is Cambridge.”

*WHY LADY HORN'BURY'S BALL WAS
POSTPONED.*

WHY LADY HORNBUURY'S BALL WAS POSTPONED.

COURT JOURNAL, April 12th.—“Lady Hornbury's ball on May 2nd is unavoidably postponed.”

“What is the matter?” said all the world and his wife. On this occasion the world and his wife were very easily satisfied; Sir John must have had another stroke, and Lady Hornbury would soon be the most beautiful widow in England of her age, while her daughter Edith would be one of the greatest heiresses. The male line was notoriously extinct. Sir John was a shrewd man of business, a little apt to be near, and the very last man in the world to enrich unnecessarily a successor to his house in the shape of a new husband for Lady Hornbury. The world and his wife were easily satisfied; one of the pleasantest houses in London would be closed that season, and of course Lady Hornbury could not go out in the present state of her husband's health. So said the world that week, but the world was astonished out of all propriety when it went into the Park next day to find Sir John—faultlessly dressed and as upright as if paralysis and he had never made acquaintance—riding his celebrated bay, with his faultlessly appointed groom quite a long way behind him, by no means close to him, as he used to ride when Sir John was likely to have a seizure. The world, in short, was utterly puzzled; the more so when he answered that Lady Hornbury was perfectly well, but had been called suddenly from town on business, and would probably not appear for a considerable time. Sir John was a man who generally did his own business as well as his wife's, and it seemed very strange that he should be riding about so coolly in the Park, and Lady Hornbury gone away on business. Mystery was added to mystery when Hunter, of the Dragoons, came on the scene and reported himself returning from the camp at Châlons, where he had been professionally examining the French cavalry: he said that he had met Lady Hornbury at the station at Calais, just getting into the Paris train. Here was a

great mystery ; Edith Hornbury was at school in Paris, and was to come out at the great ball now postponed. What on earth was the matter ?

Sir John and Lady Hornbury were, deservedly, nearly the most popular people in London ; they were wealthy, clever, kindly, and good-humoured. He was much older than she, but she was absolutely devoted to him, and never left him for an instant in his very numerous illnesses, one of which had resulted in a very dangerous attack of paralysis. There was perfect confidence between them, although Sir John had hitherto left all matters relating to his daughter to the care of his wife, only asking from time to time how the girl was getting on. She was all that could be desired ; discreet, beautiful, accomplished, and perfectly obedient in everything, a most model young lady in every respect : early in her life she had shown a will of her own, but it seemed to have been perfectly subdued by her parents' kindness and indulgence. An event which had taken place a year before this had shown her submission in the most remarkable way. She had been staying at a country house, her old Aunt Hornbury's, where there was a large general society, and a style of living under the careless, good-humoured old maid most conducive to mild flirtation, or, what the old lady called it, " the young people being happy together." The old lady, however, drew a pretty sharp line in these matters, and thinking that Edith's attention was a little too much engaged by a very handsome young fellow, a Mr. Holmsdale, wrote to her mother quietly, and Edith went very submissively home. Her mother never mentioned the matter to her, and all was perfectly secret, until some months after, the maid who had been with her at her aunt's tremblingly told her that Miss Edith was corresponding with this Mr. Holmsdale, and handed her a letter of which the following were the contents :—

" SIR,—Once more I request you to cease this utter folly. I have unfortunately once told you that you are not indifferent to me, and for that one expression in a moment of weakness I am to be persecuted to death. You must take your final answer, and further letters from you, sir, will be instantly laid before my father."

" I think that our girl has behaved very well indeed," said Sir John, when his wife showed him the letter. " Deuced well. I wish my sister would keep her house in better order. The girl sha'n't go *there* again. I think we are very well out of it ; give me the letter."

“What are you going to do with it?”

“Send it to him addressed in my handwriting, with my name signed in the corner. I shall send it under cover to my sister; her butler knows his address. Who is this Holmsdale?”

“I don't know; the villain!” exclaimed Lady Hornbury.

“We don't know that he is a villain, my dear,” said Sir John; “he must be a gentleman, or my sister would never have had him to her house.”

“A clandestine correspondence!” said Lady Hornbury, bridling.

“My dear, did we have no clandestine correspondence when I was a younger brother, and a dragoon, with five hundred a year, and you a fine lady, with Lord Bumpster at your heels everywhere? Did not you tell me once that if your mother pressed on the match with him that you would run away with me on five hundred a year and your own fortune, and trust to my poor brother Tom to get us something? And you would have done it, my lady, come.”

“I was very young and foolish,” said Lady Hornbury.

“Well, and Edith is young and wise,” said Sir John, kissing her. “Now the first thing to do is to turn that maid of Edith's out of the house.”

“Why? We owe her much,” said Lady Hornbury.

“I tell you that no right-thinking young woman would have betrayed a kind and gentle young mistress like Edith in a love affair,” said the atrocious dragoon, Sir John. “What would you have said to your own maid in old times if she had done it to you?”

The *argumentum ad hominem* was a little too much for honest Lady Hornbury, and she had to laugh again. “But,” she added, “if we send her away she will talk about the matter all over the town and country.”

“Well, then, double her wages and let her stay,” said Sir John; “but don't let me see her. And as for Edith, let her have change of scene; give her a year's school somewhere. Send her to Comtesse d'Aurilliac, at Paris; she can't come to any harm with that old dragon.”

“My daughter will come to no harm anywhere,” said Lady Hornbury, proudly.

“That I am quite sure of, my dear. But the society at the old lady's pension is very agreeable; none but the very best legitimist girls, and no followers allowed.”

“I would not be vulgar, Sir John, if I were in your place,” said the lady; “will you *ever* forget the barracks?”

“ You were very nearly knowing a good deal about them yourself, my lady, that night when you proposed to run away with me.”

Lady Hornbury swept out of the room majestically, and left Sir John laughing. There was very little conversation between mother and daughter, for Edith found in a day or two, by an answer which came from Holmsdale, that her father and mother knew everything. She was completely impassive in their hands ; but apparently the Holmsdale wound had gone a little deeper than her mother had thought for. Edith spoke very little, and seemed cheerful at the thought of going to Paris. In a week she was with the Comtesse d'Aurilliac.

Every letter from the Comtesse breathed delighted admiration for her charming and beautiful pupil. Since Madame had been forced by the lamentable occurrences of the Revolution (her two aunts perished in the September massacres) to take pupils, she had never had such a pupil as Edith. She was the admiration of every one who had seen her, and the brightest star in her little legitimist galaxy : everything went perfectly well for three months, and Sir John and Lady Hornbury were delighted.

About this time there came to Sir John and Lady Hornbury a lumbering young nobleman of vast wealth, who was in some sort a connection of theirs ; so near that they called him cousin. He called one morning to say that he was going to Paris, and to burden himself with any commissions to Edith.

“ I should like to see my old playmate very much,” he said. “ I was a lover of hers when we were in the schoolroom ; I should like very much to see her once more, though I suppose she is getting too fine for me.”

There was not the slightest objection to his seeing as much of his cousin as he chose, and Lady Hornbury wrote a note in her best French (Madame d'Aurilliac did not speak English, nor did Lord Lumberton speak French), whereby the Comtesse d'Aurilliac was requested to receive Lord Lumberton as one of their own family. The Comtesse received him in French, and he responded in English : he stayed on in Paris, and in two months the Comtesse found it necessary to write to Lady Hornbury as follows :—

“ MADAME, — My Lord Lumberton's visits are extremely frequent here, and I should be very glad to know your instructions as regards them. I have not the least reason to believe that anything has passed between Milord and your beautiful daughter, but at the same time, Madame, I think that he thinks

of her a little more than he does of my other young ladies, while she treats him with merely the kindness of a cousin. I observe that in our little family parties she prefers dancing with M. de Rocroy, a gentleman of the very highest refinement and introduction, until lately gentleman-in-waiting to his most Christian Majesty Henri V. at Frohsdorf (whom may the holy saints have in their keeping); M. de Rocroy, however, appears as indifferent to her as she is to him. This feeling of Milord Lumberton's may ripen into an attachment, or it may not. I only await your instructions as to my management in this affair."

"What shall we do now?" said Lady Hornbury to her husband.

"Do!" said Sir John. "Nothing at all. If Lumberton likes to fall in love with her, I don't see why we should put a spoke in his wheel. The lad is a good honest fellow enough, and would make any woman in the world happy. Old D'Aurilliac says that she doesn't care for him, so there is no immediate danger: let Lumberton go to her, but don't say anything to the girl herself. Write and tell old D'Aurilliac that we approve of his visits."

"But Edith is not out," said Lady Hornbury.

"My banker's book tells me that," said Sir John. "If she can make up her mind before she does come out, all the better for her."

"He may gain her affections before she has had an opportunity of choosing."

"That is precisely what happened to yourself, and if you don't regret it I am sure I don't; you know that we were engaged before you came out. No, there is not an unmarried man in London whom I would prefer to Lumberton."

"But, Sir John, submissive as Edith is now, you must remember the time, not so very long ago, when she had both a will and temper of her own. Any attempt to force her inclinations would be fatal."

"When will a woman learn to argue?" said Sir John, testily. "I don't want to force her inclinations, I only want her to receive Lumberton's visits. If you don't wish Lumberton to see her, you are doing the very best thing to make her think more of him by sending him to the right-about without the ghost of a cause."

Lady Hornbury gave way after a time, good-humouredly. She was a woman, and, good and honest as she was, would very much have liked to have had Edith out in London, and to have gone through that game of chess with eligible suitors as castles

and knights, and with ineligible suitors as pawns, in which every British mother delights. But she yielded; Lumberton would most certainly "do." She wrote to Madame d'Aurilliac at once before she went out, and, being in a hurry, wrote in English. What follows is part of her letter:

"Both Sir John and I quite approve of Lord Lumberton's visits. Edith and he were cousins and playmates, and the matter is quite a family one."

Which Madame, with the aid of a dictionary, translated to mean that the two families had agreed on a *mariage de convenance* in the French fashion.

The effect of this wonderful discovery on the part of Madame was singularly delightful to Lord Lumberton, who was by this time honestly head over heels in love with his cousin; and also singularly and terribly disagreeable to poor Edith, who, for reasons of her own, was nearly out of her mind. Whenever Lord Lumberton came now he was left alone with her, Madame d'Aurilliac always quitting the room after a short time, with a far-seeing air, as though she was looking towards St. Petersburg, to see if the ice was breaking up so as to allow of navigation; and the young ladies leaving also with that air of *espéglerie* or archness of which some Parisian ladies are mistresses, and which has occasioned more than one British islander, while suffering from the spleen, to long to throw his boots at their heads. Lumberton desired to do nothing of the kind; he was in love, and he liked it, though sometimes he would have wished when they were alone that he had something to say for himself. Edith of course knew that he loved her, and she had no dislike for him, but would chat with him over old times, about his sisters, his horses, his dogs, and such things, which helped him on wonderfully. Edith knew that some day or another he would speak, and she was quite ready for him. Good fellow as he was, she would as soon have married a chiffonier. She never alluded to his attentions to her mother, and Madame d'Aurilliac only occasionally mentioned his presence at her house as a matter of form. So matters went on for months, until there came a cataclysm. Lady Hornbury received this letter:—

"MADAME,—When I receive a viper into my bosom, or a snake into my house, what do I do? I expel that snake or that viper. Madame, I have discovered a snake in the form of your daughter's maid, Rose Dawson, and I have expelled her with ignominy, having first had her boxes searched by warrant from the Juge d'Instruction. Madame, we found four thousand francs in gold, which we could not retain, so she is gone free.

“My eyes, Madame, have long been directed in a certain quarter. I have now, in consequence of the Revolution, to address my attention to the forming of young ladies. I have therefore an eye not readily deceived. I have noticed for a long time looks of intelligence pass between M. de Rocroy and your daughter’s beautiful, but wicked, maid. I saw an intrigue, and I watched; last night they were in the shrubbery together for an hour, and at last I came on them as they were saying farewell. Him I banished my house at once, telling him that his sacred Majesty Henri V. (whom the Virgin and saints preserve till he comes to his own) should hear of this violation of my hearth. Her I despatched as you have heard. I have broken the truth to your sweet and gentle daughter, who has acquiesced, though with sorrow.”

“I told you that girl was no good,” said Sir John. “You had better send for her home and provide for her, or she will be talking about the Holmsdale business with emendations and editions. I shall, if Lumberton ever says anything to me about Edith, tell him the whole of that matter.”

“I suppose we ought,” said Lady Hornbury. “If Lumberton cannot see how well she behaved, he is unworthy of her; but wait till he speaks, for it is not everybody’s business. I don’t think that he cares much for her. I hear nothing of it from Madame.”

But Lumberton spoke very shortly afterwards. He spoke kindly, honestly, and tenderly. He said he would wait any time she chose, that she should come out and look round in the London world to see if there was any one she liked better, but that he would not take No as an answer now. He looked so noble and manly in his faith and honour, that for one instant she felt inclined to confide everything to him, but she felt a chill as she reflected that she was in France, and that a deadly duel would be the consequence. She had been ready for him very long, and she was ready for him now.

“Cousin,” she said, “if you think that I do not love you and respect you for what you have said, you are very much mistaken; but I vow before heaven that if you ever speak to me like this again I will enter the Romish Church and take the veil.”

“Edith!”

“Do you remember in old times my starving myself for a day because I was not allowed to go to Lady Maitland’s children’s ball?”

“Yes, I remember it.”

"I will starve myself for good if you ever speak to me like this again. Now you must go; you must go at once."

"Never to meet again?"

"Never until you have given up all intention or hope of mentioning this subject to me."

"Then it is never," said the poor young gentleman. "Good-bye, Edith." And so he went.

"I could have managed him in no other way," thought Edith, after he had gone. "Poor fellow! how happy he will make some good woman when he has forgotten me. He has gone upstairs to Madame d'Aurilliac to tell her. Well, Madame, you will not be long in arriving, but it is to no purpose."

In fact, Madame d'Aurilliac arrived in about a quarter of an hour with some crochet work, smiling; and Edith's old will was roused, for she saw that the old Frenchwoman was going to play a game with her which a child of six years old could have seen through, and she was determined to beat Madame's refined French fence by what Madame would have called the British *bove*.

"I have intruded, I am afraid," said Madame, "but where, then, is Lord Lumberton?"

"I thought he was upstairs with you, Madame," said Edith, looking straight at her.

"He was on the stairs, and I saw him just one instant. I thought he had come back."

"I thought I heard you wishing him good-night outside the door, Madame, and telling him that you would put everything right for him."

"Lovers' ears are quick," said Madame, with a smile, which showed Edith that she had aroused the hereditary temper of the D'Aurilliacs; a notoriously bad one.

"There are no lovers' ears here, Madame," said Edith. "It is useless to fence. You know as much as I can tell you. My cousin Lumberton proposed to me just now, and I have vowed that I would sooner take the veil or starve myself to death than see him again."

"This decision must be reconsidered, mademoiselle," said Madame d'Aurilliac.

"In my coffin, then," said Edith.

"Mademoiselle is doubtless aware that the match has been made up between the two families."

"That is utterly false," replied Edith.

"I have it in black and white in your mother's own hand," said the French schoolmistress. And we must remember that she believed that she was speaking the truth and doing her duty.

"It is impossible!"

"But it is true, Mademoiselle. It is very easy to see why it is true. In France it is said by English tellers of falsehood that the majority of French ladies have attachments after they are married. It is false, at least with regard to the Court of his Majesty of France, Henri V. (as for Orleanists, Bonapartists, Republicans, all things are possible with them). But the worst detractors of our country always say of French girls that they are carefully watched and guarded until they leave the cloister or the pension for an establishment. After that the Lady Superior or the lady of the pension is not considered answerable. The husband is answerable then, and that is the reason why French husbands are the most attentive of all."

"What is all this to me, Madame?"

"Thus much, mademoiselle," replied Madame d'Aurillac, glowering at her, "if I had known as much about you as I do now, I would never have admitted you into my house."

"What do you mean by that?" said Edith, turning deadly pale, but still perfectly courageous. She saw herself brought to bay with Madame d'Aurillac, and determined to fight.

"I hardly like to say," replied Madame.

"Pray do not spare me."

"If I had known before that there had been a scandal about you with that M. Holmsdale, I would never have had you here. If it got abroad it would ruin me. Great Heaven, a clandestine correspondence!"

Edith staggered to the wall and leant against it. Old D'Aurillac eyed her scientifically to see if she was going to fall, but perceiving that she was not, unrolled some more cotton, and went on at her crochet like Clotho.

"Are you going to speak, mademoiselle?" she said at last; and Edith turned a ghastly face towards her.

"Did my father and mother tell you this unhappy business?"

"It is quite true, then," said Madame, taking up a missed stitch. "No, or I would never have had you here at all. It was your treacherous viper of a maid who told me, and gave me proofs in black and white, long after you came here, for five francs. I make inquiries of all young ladies. She is a wicked viper, that girl. You were so kind and so good to her, and she betrays you not once to your father but twice to me. Is it true? But I know it is, for you lean against the wall."

Edith roused herself. "Madame," she said, "there was a complication with Mr. Holmsdale."

"Which now is in the possession of an infuriated maid-servant,"

hissed out Madame d'Aurilliac, "who may ruin the character of my establishment by telling your story. Come, mademoiselle, no more words. This match with Lord Lumberton is fixed on by your parents. I have told Lord Lumberton to call and renew his proposals in a week. If they are not answered satisfactorily then, I must take means to vindicate the honour of my establishment at whatever cost. Go to your room, mademoiselle."

"Madame," said Edith before she went, "I have only to stay a few weeks with you: could you not let me talk about this with my parents?"

"You will find them as inexorable as I am, mademoiselle. Your cousin's visits here have been admitted in the most open manner, and this is not a *bureau de mariage*."

On the 11th of April, Lady Hornbury received the following telegram:—

"D'Aurilliac, Rue St. Honoré, Paris, to Lady Hornbury, Portland Place, London. Come instantly. Frightful trouble about Edith."

"What on earth is the matter now?" said Sir John.

"I can't conceive," said Lady Hornbury. "Edith must be ill. I must hurry away. Put off the ball."

And so we have got round to the beginning of the story again.

We must, however, leave Lady Hornbury to go to Paris, and stay in London with Sir John for a short time. Sir John took his ride in the Park very comfortably in spite of Madame d'Aurilliac's telegram, not believing that anything very great was the matter. During his ride he met with an old friend who inquired after his wife, and on being told that she was gone to Paris, asked Sir John to come and take dinner with him. Sir John declined, on the ground that his lawyer was coming to dine with him, and to discuss very particular business. "Indeed," he said, "old Compton is so very urgent and mysterious that he makes me a trifle uneasy: his news is very disagreeable, because he says that he will only discuss it after dinner."

"That looks bad," said his old friend, laughing. "I'll bet you five pounds that you have lost some money."

"I suppose I have," said Sir John. "I shall sell that horse and groom yonder. What will you give me for them?"

"I'll take the horse," said his old friend, "but I won't have the groom. You and your wife have an ugly trick of making your servants so comfortable that they are discontented everywhere else."

So they parted, and Sir John went home to dinner at six, the hour in which he delighted, but at which he never was allowed to dine when Lady Hornbury was at home. Mr. Compton was very punctual, but was evidently very serious; and before dinner was over Sir John had calculated his losses at about from ten to twenty thousand pounds. When the servants were out of the room, and Mr. Compton proposed business, that gentleman looked so very grave that Sir John thought he should be well out of it with fifty thousand.

"Now, frowner, how much is it?" said Sir John, laughing. "How much is it? Put a name to the figure, and have it over."

"To what figure, Sir John?"

"To the figure of the sum I have lost. You look so black that I have put it at fifty thousand pounds. Is it the colliery?"

"The colliery is doing splendidly, Sir John. The sixty-fathom level has been struck, and the seam is seven feet thick. But——"

"What is it, then?"

"Sir John, did you ever hear of your brother, Sir Thomas's, domestic life?"

"Yes," said Sir John.

"Do you remember a certain Marchioness de Toul?"

"And poor Tom's connection with her? Certainly. She left her husband for him, you know, and there was a fearful scandal. Tom fought the Marquis and was wounded, but he and the Marchioness did not live long together after she was divorced from her husband. She was a violent and reckless woman, and became more violent and reckless after the loss of her good name. She died in a religious house, and poor Tom broke his heart over her desertion of him, for, with all his faults, he was a most affectionate fellow. I knew my brother so well that I am perfectly sure that she left him through no fault of his. I feel certain he would have made her every reparation in his power. As you yourself know, three thousand a year was paid to her under his will out of the estates."

"That is all true, Sir John, but I fear that he married her."

"Then why on earth did he keep his marriage secret?"

"He was not proud of it," said Mr. Compton. "It was a discreditable affair from beginning to end. She found that by her conduct she had lost all claim upon society, and she led him a terrible life, accusing him, perhaps with reason, of having cut her off from the world she loved so well. She got terribly anxious about her future state—superstitiously so. She left him to enter a religious house at Amiens."

"Yes," said Sir John.

"I fear," said Mr. Compton, "that he had married her before she left him: in fact, I *know* it."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Sir John.

"Yes; and I fear that, out of mere spite to him and to his family, she concealed the fact that she had a son by him in that religious house. Such is apparently the case, however, and according to the other party's statements, that same son is alive."

"This is too monstrous to be true!" said Sir John.

"I don't know what to make of it," said Mr. Compton. "You never can reckon on an angry woman. It would seem that she left with the Lady Superior at her death a packet which was not to be opened for twenty-four years. This trust was handed from one Lady Superior to another, and was opened last year only. It contains, according to the other party, the proofs of her marriage and of the birth of this boy, which the other party have verified and are prepared to bring into court to-morrow. The other party have a terrible case, and Watson and Hicks are about the most respectable and safe firm in London."

"Then I have never been Sir John Hornbury at all?" said Sir John, with a coolness which utterly astonished Mr. Compton.

"If their story is right," said Mr. Compton. "We have got to see about that."

"What became of this boy?"

"He was given over to the Jesuits, and was brought up at Stonyhurst. His mother provided for him partly with the nine thousand pounds which she had drawn from the estate in three years, and partly from her own property, which was a very good one. The Jesuits were honest stewards for the boy, according to Watson and Hicks, and although he refused to become a priest, the young man is pretty well off."

"Do you believe this story?"

Mr. Compton did not speak one word, but shook his head.

"Ruin?" said Sir John, quietly.

"It looks very much like it," said Mr. Compton. "I have been busy about the thing without troubling you, and I cannot at present see that we have a leg to stand on. But I come to the strangest part of the whole story. This young man will make any compromise which you please on your own terms; will leave you in possession of the estates and title for your life; will do anything you can suggest, on one condition."

"You amaze me. What is his condition?"

"The hand of Miss Edith."

"Like his impudence," exclaimed Sir John, "to ask Edith to marry him before she has seen him. Why, Compton," he went on, almost violently, "if Edith were to offer to save me by such an unnatural match, I would refuse my consent in such terms as would render a renewal of the offer impossible. I would sooner live in a garret on bread than consent to such an arrangement. And Edith, my own daughter, do you think that she would degrade herself by marrying a man she did not love? You know her better, Compton."

"I do, Sir John, and I know you pretty well also. Of course neither of you would consent for an instant—only——"

"We shall have nothing then," said Sir John, "if this be true. My poor Mary, my poor Mary!"

"You will have Lady Hornbury's fortune, Sir John, five hundred a year."

"Aye, but he will want that. I must be £300,000 in his debt."

"It is settled on herself."

"Aye, but I will make her give it to him—every penny; she never disobeyed me yet, and she will not now."

Mr. Compton looked at his old friend with eyes which were brightened with admiration. "And this," he thought, "is the man whom the world calls mean in money matters, and jealous of his young wife?" "Sir John," he continued aloud, "I have something to tell you which will surprise you more than anything, my dear old friend. This young man has told Watson in confidence, and Watson has told *me* in confidence, that he not only knows Miss Edith, but is absolutely certain that he gained her affections eight months ago when she was staying with her aunt. Mr. Holmsdale says——"

"What!" cried Sir John.

"Mr. Holmsdale—by-the-bye, I forgot to tell you that the young gentleman who claims to be Sir Richard Hornbury goes by the name of Holmsdale, which the Jesuits gave him (they seem to have given him none of their evil ways, for he is behaving very well). Mr. Holmsdale says that he is absolutely certain that his attentions would not be disagreeable to Miss Edith, and should his claim, on examination, be allowed by you, he asks you to put the question to the young lady herself."

"Why, Compton," said Sir John, solemnly, striking his hand on the table, "Lady Hornbury and I sent that young man to the right-about with a flea in his ear eight months ago. I believe Edith did care for him, though she behaved splendidly, sir; nobly."

"Of that I have no doubt," said Mr. Compton. "Now the question is, supposing all things go wrong with us, will you——"

"You must ask her mother about that. If Edith really cares for the man, I would drop my title and live quietly at Huntly Bank on a thousand a year. I should be sorry to lose my servants and horses, but Mary could go into society as well as Mrs. Hornbury as she could as Lady Hornbury. No, if she cares for this man, and he is really the man——"

"Of which we are not sure as yet," interrupted Mr. Compton.

"Of which we are not sure as yet," repeated Sir John; "I would do anything I could for peace. For, Compton, we must not take this into court without a very good case; a better one than we have at present. I am not going to throw £100,000 into Watson and Hicks' lap, and leave you unpaid."

"I'd fight the matter for you if you were bankrupt to-morrow, Sir John," exclaimed Mr. Compton.

"I have not the least doubt of it at all, you obstinate old man. Now I will go to bed and sleep over it. I should like to see this Holmsdale. Have you any idea whether he knew of this when he first knew my daughter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Compton, "as Watson pointed out to me, he had been to them about his claim before he ever saw her. His affection for her is utterly disinterested. When he got his dismissal from her he waited to see if he could see her again, and win her affections entirely without letting her know the fearful power in his hands. Watson says—and Watson knows young men pretty well—that Mr. Holmsdale will not move in the matter at all during your life, unless Miss Edith marries some one else. That is Watson's opinion. I am of opinion that he might if he were to find a young lady more accessible than Miss Edith, but that is all guess-work. Has Miss Edith any predilections in another quarter?"

"That good ass Lumberton seems smitten," said Sir John, "but I don't think old D'Aurillac has given him much chance. Good-night."

We must now leave Sir John to his own thoughts, and take flight to Paris, where the most terrible events were taking place. Lady Hornbury got to the Hotel Menrice by two o'clock in the day, and by half-past two she was in the salon of Madame d'Aurillac, in the Rue St. Honoré, awaiting that lady's pleasure with deep anxiety. She had not asked for Edith, considering it wiser to see the duenna herself. It is worthy of note that Lady Hornbury had been thinking matters over and had come to the conclusion that Edith was not ill. Having allayed her maternal fears

on this point without the least foundation, she had travelled on alone, and by thinking about her sea-sickness, the rumbling of the railway, and her postponed ball, she had arrived in Paris extremely cross; and was just nourishing a mortal hatred against Madame d'Aurillac for having telegraphed instead of writing more fully, when that good lady entered the room in full war paint and feathers, looking daggers. Lady Hornbury saw that there was going to be a fight, and was determined that she would not be the last to begin it. The conversation was carried on in French, which was greatly to Madame d'Aurillac's advantage. But then Lady Hornbury had a great advantage in not understanding the most stinging of Madame's points, and so preserving a coolness which deserted that lady at one period of the conversation.

"How do you do, Madame, and how is my daughter Edith? May I ask the reason of this mysterious telegram, and whether my daughter is ill?"

"I am not in the least degree aware of the state of your daughter's health, Madame?"

"Would you be kind enough to explain yourself, Madame?"

"Certainly. Your daughter left here five days ago."

"And where is she gone, if you please?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Into Burgundy."

"With your leave, Madame?"

"No, Madame, without my knowledge. I have nourished a viper in my bosom which I was weak enough not to expel."

"If you allude to my daughter as a viper, Madame, you forget *yourself*; and as for expelling her, she seems to have expelled *herself*. Are any further explanations convenient?"

"I have been most grossly deceived, yet I have borne everything. Madame, when I took your daughter into my house, did you say a word about the clandestine correspondence with Holmsdale?"

"Certainly not," said Lady Hornbury. "It was no business of yours: and what you choose to call a clandestine correspondence was limited to a single letter from her, in which she forbade Mr. Holmsdale to speak to her."

"Madame, her late maid tells quite another story," said Madame d'Aurillac.

"If Madame chooses to believe the word of a discharged and most unprincipled servant in preference to mine, I can only pity Madame: my daughter is incapable of a mean or underhanded action."

"I think that you will change your opinion of Madame Rocroy directly," said Madame d'Aurillac.

"Madame Rocroy? I never heard of the woman," said Lady Hornbury.

"Your daughter Edith is now Madame Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurillac. "She was married four days ago secretly at the Mairie of this *arrondissement*, and afterwards at the Carmelite chapel in the Rue de Brissac, and at the Protestant church in the Rue d'Agnesseau."

Though Madame d'Aurillac said this while she was looking straight into the eyes of Lady Hornbury, the Englishwoman never flinched or changed colour. Her mouth was as dry as dust, and her heart going wildly, but she never moved a muscle before the Frenchwoman. "Not before her," she thought, "not before that woman."

"And who," she asked, "is the gentleman whom Madame has selected for my son-in-law?"

"Madame is kind enough to throw the blame on me. I thank Madame very much indeed for allowing me to admit a viper to my house, and then throwing the blame of what has happened on me."

"Now, my dear Madame," said Lady Hornbury, who by this time had managed to moisten her dry mouth and get her heart a little quiet. "We do not want any more vipers, if you please; we have had vipers enough. I must ask you civilly to give me an account of this matter from beginning to end, first requesting you to give me your honour as a D'Aurillac that my daughter was married as you say."

"Madame de Rocroy," said Madame d'Aurillac, "has made a marriage which I should have recommended myself had it been sanctioned by your ladyship. M. de Rocroy is a gentleman in every way worthy of the best woman in France, and of fortune, not large, but good. He is a gentleman high in favour with his Majesty Henri V., as these jewels will show. It would seem that his majesty condescended to take interest in the love affairs of M. de Rocroy, and knew what was going on, for these jewels have arrived only to-day from Frohsdorf, as a bridal present for Madame Rocroy. Here are the jewels, my lady; perhaps you will take charge of them."

"Thank you," said Lady Hornbury, coolly. "I may as well take them until my daughter arrives in England; they are very fine jewels; indeed, I think that I will wear them myself until my daughter, Madame — what name did you say?"

"Rocroy."

"Ah! Rocroy claims them. And now, my dear creature, how did all this come about? I am really dying to know."

"Insular wretch," thought Madame d'Aurillac; "she cares nothing for her daughter."

There was a wild, nearly bursting heart behind Lady Hornbury's broad bosom which told another tale though; and one sentence was ringing in the ear of her mind continually. "It will kill John; it will kill John;" but she faced the Frenchwoman as though she had no fox under her tunic.

"In consequence of your directions with regard to the visits of Lord Lumberton as the *fiancé* of Miss Hornbury——"

"None such were given," said Lady Hornbury, interrupting.

"I beg Madame's pardon. Here is Madame's letter, in which you told me that his visits were a family affair."

"I wish I had written in French," said Lady Hornbury.

"I wish you had, Madame. I suppose that with that letter in my hand I may be excused from blame."

"Go on with your tale, and we will talk about blame afterwards," said Lady Hornbury, who felt a trifle guilty, though she would have died sooner than show it.

"In consequence of that letter I admitted Lord Lumberton's visits; nay, after I had discovered the affair Holmsdale, I encouraged them."

Lady Hornbury nodded, and sneezed in the most unconcerned manner, and said, "Go on, Madame, for you begin to interest me."

"I encouraged his visits, knowing what I knew, and at last he proposed to her. She refused him with scorn, and he told me of it. I went to her and told her that in consequence of the affair Holmsdale she was destined to marry that young man by her parents' orders."

"Oh, you told her *that*, did you, Madame?" said Lady Hornbury.

"Yes, Madame; I considered that I was acting under your instructions, and I told her that. I told her that she must give Lord Lumberton a favourable answer in five days. On the second day after that she was gone, and at night the young Comte de Millefleurs came and told me all that had happened: he had acted as groomsman, and his sister as bridesmaid."

"How very nice of them," said Lady Hornbury. "You have not got such a thing as a hairpin, have you, Countess? for I slept in the train last night, and my hair is coming down. Now about this young Millefleurs. He is quite respectable?"

"He is gentleman-in-waiting to his Majesty Henri V."

"Ah! we call him Comte de Chambord; I respect your prejudices; he will claim his title as King of France some day,

and I wish he may get it." (This vulgarism was utterly lost on Madame d'Aurillac.) "Well, Madame, if you will send me a note of my daughter's expenses here to my hotel to-night, I will discharge it. May I ask, had you any suspicions of the attentions of M. de Rocroy towards my daughter?"

"Madame's memory is short. I thought that his attentions were directed to your daughter's maid, and so I discharged her; she was only the go-between subsidised by Rocroy."

"Ah! I see," said Lady Hornbury. "Well, Madame, I suppose that neither of us has much cause to talk about this matter. I do not want to talk about it, and I should think you did not either. *You had better not.* If you hold your tongue, I will hold mine; if you speak, I will ruin you; you depend on your pension; and affairs of this kind, so grossly misconducted as this has been by you, would ruin a dozen pensions."

So Lady Hornbury got into her *fiacre* and went to the Hôtel Maurice after her great victory. Madame d'Aurillac would have given a year's income had she seen her in her bedroom, alone with her maid, an old friend, who had been her nurse in times gone by.

"Pinner," said Lady Hornbury, throwing herself in a chair, "I have borne up before that woman, but I am going to die."

"What is the matter, my lady?" said the maid, kneeling before her.

"I never can face Sir John. And oh, my Edith! my Edith! dearer than ever, why could you not have trusted your mother?"

"Is Miss Edith dead?" asked the frightened maid.

"No, Pinner; but she has married a Frenchman, and deceived us all. Oh, Madame d'Aurillac, I will remember *you!*"

Pinner got her mistress to bed as soon as possible. Lady Hornbury wrote a letter to her daughter, *poste restante*, Dijon, full of tenderness and kindness, only regretting that Edith had not confided in her, and putting her entirely in the right about Lord Lumberton's attentions. "I will not conceal from you the fact, my darling, that we should have liked you to marry Lord Lumberton, but that old idiot, Madame d'Aurillac, mistook everything. As for this Rocroy of yours, give him a box on the ears for me, and tell him that I will give him another when I meet him."

That was the way that Lady Hornbury got out of the difficulty: was she a wise woman, or was she not? I think that she was wise. She said to Pinner before she cried herself to sleep, "She shall love me still, though that miserable old Frenchwoman made her distrust me. We must be off by the first train to Calais, and

I must break it to Sir John. That woman D'Aurilliac will send in her bill to-night. Wait up and pay it. It will be 10,000 francs, or thereabouts. Don't haggle; I'll give her *her* receipt some day."

Sir John slept over Mr. Compton's astonishing communication, and he came to this conclusion, that it was in all probability perfectly true.

In the first place, it was obvious that Compton believed it, and Compton was the first solicitor in London. It was also obvious that Watson believed it, and Watson was the last man in the world to take up a case unless he was as good as certain. Compton *might* still find something not known as yet, but it seemed highly improbable. Sir John quietly acquiesced in the matter as far as he was concerned: the worst thing was the breaking it to his wife.

"How will she take it?" he repeated to himself a hundred times over. "There will be one explosion when I tell her the truth about Compton's story, and another when I order her to give up her fortune. I wonder how she will get through with it. Poor sweetheart, she has never seen trouble yet."

Here she was, late the next day, fresh from Paris with a new bonnet and a frank smile. "Now, John," she said, "you may kiss me, but if you rumple my bonnet you rumple two pound four, and so I warn you. And how are you, my dear?"

"I am as well as ever I was, I think," said Sir John. "I am wonderfully well. But I will come up to your dressing-room while you change your dress for dinner, for I have some very heavy news to tell you."

"I suppose that you have heard about half the truth, John," she said. "Come up and tell your story. Then I will tell mine. Any one to dinner?"

"Mr. Compton."

"The very man," she said. "Now, my dear, tell me your story while I am dressing."

"Mary, I fear we are utterly ruined."

"How?—In money?" she asked, combing her hair.

"I fear so."

"How very curious. Have you been speculating?"

"No. I am, it would seem, not Sir John Hornbury at all."

"Don't say another word," she cried. "I know what is the matter. Tom was married, and had a son."

"My darling, I fear that it is only too true."

"I *knew* it," she said, looking at him triumphantly, and plying her hair-brushes. "I knew it as soon as you spoke. Tell me

all about it, and don't keep me waiting. I was certain it was that when you spoke."

Sir John sat down and told her the whole matter, as Compton had related it, from beginning to end.

"Well," she said, "surprises will never cease in the world. At all events, we have my fortune, and we can be very comfortable on that."

"Mary," said Sir John.

"Yes, dear."

"If this man is proved to be my nephew, I shall owe him about £300,000."

"I am afraid so; but we never can pay it."

"We can pay him your £15,000."

"If you think it necessary to your honour, of course I will obey you; but it leaves us penniless. I suppose that we ought to give it. I will tell you what I can do better than most women: I can give music lessons."

"You are not afraid of the future, then, without a penny?"

"Not in the least. I have got you, John, and it will go hard but what I will keep you. I am not afraid so long as you are with me."

"Come here, you golden woman, and sit on my knee," said Sir John.

She came, and their cheeks were together, and her brown hair was mingling with his grey hair, and they sat in the silence of love.

"Then you do not mind it?" he asked.

"I don't see that there is anything to mind in it," she said.

"I like money and society more than most, but I love you better than all. We are not the first people who have lost their money, and we sha'n't be the last. I should have liked my fifteen thousand pounds for your sake, but it must go if it turns out that we have been living false lives."

"Edith could make everything straight for us," said Sir John.

"How?"

"The claimant is that young man Hohmsdale who was in love with Edith. He will never move in the matter during my lifetime if Edith marries him. He says that he has won her love, could the match be brought about. And, by the way, how is Edith, for I had forgotten to ask you?"

"Now this is checkmate," said Lady Hornbury. "How is Edith? Why, Edith is as well as a bride can expect to be. Edith, living in that atmosphere of lies which every Frenchwoman carries about with her, has been frightened by old D'Aurilliac into

running away with a French count. Edith is now Madame de Rocroy."

"Is he a gentleman?" asked Sir John.

"Oh yes; a man about Frohsdorf. By-the-bye, here are the jewels which the Comte de Chambord sent her."

"She might have done worse," said Sir John. "Has he money?"

"He has enough," said Lady Hornbury.

"Well, then, under the circumstances, we really must not grumble," said Sir John. "Now come, let us go down and meet old Compton."

Old Compton was waiting for them, and dinner was waiting for all three of them; but old Compton wanted a few words on business before they went into the dining-room.

"Sir John," he said, "you have, I suppose, put her ladyship in possession of the facts?"

"I have," said Sir John.

"My lady," said Mr. Compton, "I have been at work ever since I spoke to Sir John, and I have to tell your ladyship that we have not a leg to stand on; those Jesuits are good men of business."

"Well, we have prepared our minds. We are beggars."

"Sir John told you the terms of the compromise?"

"Yes," said Lady Hornbury, "but such a compromise happens to be impossible. My daughter Edith has married a Frenchman. She is now Madame de Rocroy."

"Madame de *what!*" shouted old Compton.

"Madame de Rocroy," said Lady Hornbury. "My daughter's husband's name is Richard de Rocroy."

"Have the goodness to bring me a glass of wine," said old Compton. "I am faint."

Lady Hornbury rang the bell violently, and, not waiting for the footman, hurried Mr. Compton and Sir John into the dining-room, where she poured out a glass of wine.

"Don't you see what you have done?" said Mr. Compton, after he had drunk his wine.

"Not in the least," said Lady Hornbury.

"Don't you see that your daughter has married Holmsdale, the very man we wanted her to marry? This Holmsdale, whom I believe to be your nephew, always has taken the title of Rocroy in France. Your daughter has married her cousin, and we are uncommonly well out of it. Sir John, do you forget everything when you forget that the family name of the De Toulz was Rocroy?"

"I had completely forgotten it," said Sir John. And so they went to dinner and discussed matters very quietly.

"How could this astounding result have come about?" said Sir John.

"It is perfectly plain to me now that we have to thank the folly and stupidity of the Comtesse d'Aurilliac for this," said Lady Hornbury. "She put things in a false light to Edith, and Edith was foolish enough to believe that we should force her into a marriage with Lumberton. Well now, what do you say about my going to Dijon and taking Mr. Compton?"

"Or what do you say to my going to Dijon and taking Lady Hornbury?" said Mr. Compton.

"Well, you must fight it out on the way as to who is the commander-in-chief," said Sir John, "but you had better both go. Compton, you have full power to act for me with this man. I feel sure that I shall like him. Mary, my love, what do you say to dropping the title, and becoming Mrs. Hornbury?"

"I think on the whole that it would be the best thing to do for Edith's sake. The world will say some hard things of us—will say, for example, that we discovered the justice of the claim, and sacrificed our daughter to save ourselves, but we, knowing otherwise, can laugh at that. However, nothing can be done until I have taken Mr. Compton to Dijon."

Edith had written a letter to her mother which had crossed that lady's; she was therefore profoundly astonished, as she was sitting alone deeply anxious, to see her mother come sailing into the room, and saying, "My sweet Edith, get me some tea. I am as tired as if I had walked all the way. Where is your cousin?"

"My cousin, mamma?"

"I should say your husband. Don't you know that you have married your cousin, and are Lady Hornbury? Come here and kiss me, you curious child. So he has never told you."

Meanwhile Mr. Compton and Edith's husband had been in conversation. At first that young gentleman emphatically refused to touch the estates, titles, or anything else, save a decent allowance from Sir John. The most that he could be got to do was this: he was to be received as a nephew of Sir John's and heir to the baronetcy at Sir John's death, drawing such money as should be decided on from the estates. The marriage was to be immediately announced, and Sir John was at once to be told to do so.

"Now, my dear sir, I want to ask you to do a certain thing very much."

"I will do it," said Richard Hornbury.

"Go at once, to-morrow, to Frohsdorf, and take your wife with you. You are pretty sure of a welcome there."

"I see," said the bridegroom, laughing.

People in London have got over the matter very easily. Sir John appeared in the Park on his famous horse, and told everybody his own version of the affair. His daughter, Edith, had married her cousin Dick, abroad, and her mother had gone over to see her. The bride and bridegroom were staying with the Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf: the jewels which the bride had received from the legitimist aristocracy were very handsome, monstrous handsome: the girl had won everybody's heart over there.

The world was a little puzzled about this new nephew of Sir John's, and also rather amazed at the suddenness of the marriage; but there came half a dozen other things to wonder about, and so the postponement of Lady Hornbury's ball was soon forgotten.

*AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES
MORDAUNT.*

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES MORDAUNT.

“LORD BARNSTAPLE presents his compliments to the Reverend James Mordaunt, and will do himself the honour to wait on him at one P.M., on Thursday next, the 27th of July, to discuss parochial matters. An answer would oblige.”

“Crowshoe Castle, 25/7/53.”

This document looks innocent and harmless at first, but it fell like a thunderbolt in the quiet household of the Reverend James Mordaunt. No one was with him when he received it but his daughter Alice; he at once handed it to her, and announced his intention of selling out the only property he had in the world, £1,200 3 per Cents., and emigrating to western Canada.

“I don’t think I would do that, pa,” said Alice, “you are too old, my dear. Stay here and fight it out.”

“I am only forty-five,” returned the Reverend James, “and I am as strong as a horse, but now that this young prig of a nobleman has come to back up the Rector and the Archdeacon, I had better go at once than stay too long.”

“We don’t know that he is a prig, pa,” said Alice.

“He took a ‘first,’” said the Reverend James, “and I know what that means with a nobleman.”

“Well, my dear,” said Alice, “you would have taken one if you could have afforded the coaching.”

“It don’t matter,” said the Reverend James. “His mind is poisoned against me, and I will not stand it any longer.”

“You don’t *know* that his mind is poisoned against you,” urged Alice. “Hear the man.”

“I suppose I must,” said the Reverend James, with a vexed air. “But I’ll tell you what I will do. I will walk over to the Bishop this afternoon, get a bed there, and come back to-morrow morning.”

“Could not you borrow farmer Willesden’s horse?” asked Alice; “fourteen miles is a long walk.”

“I can’t borrow his horse, for to-morrow is market day, and he will want it. He would lend it to me and say he did not want it, but I am obliged to him too much already. God bless him! How much money have we?”

“Thirteen and sixpence.”

“Give me five, old girl,” said the Reverend James, “because if the palace is full, I must sleep at the inn. Where is Charles?”

“Oh! I forgot to tell you. Charles has got three days’ work with the railway surveyors, at seven-and-sixpence a day. His mathematics come in very well there: I wish it would lead to something permanent.”

“Is there anything owing in the village?” asked the Reverend James.

“One-and-sixpence to the butcher,” said Alice; “but I will slip round and pay that.”

“Do so, old girl, and if Charles comes home before I am back, give him my love, and tell him where I am gone.” And so the reverend gentleman put two half-crowns in his pocket, took his stick, and walked stoutly away to the Bishop.

The Reverend James Mordaunt was a curate of Sprowston, with a salary of £120 a year, and a private income of £35 arising from the £1,200 before spoken of. On this income he had married, and his wife had died three years afterwards, leaving him to bring up a boy and a girl, Charles and Alice, in the most grinding poverty. Charles was now twenty-one, and his sister nineteen, both of them marvels of beauty and intelligence. Mr. Mordaunt had nothing to give them but learning, example, and love, and he gave them all these three things without stint. Too hopelessly poor to give much in charity, he was more deeply loved by the poor than any man for miles round; and his son and daughter shared the love which was their father’s due and they deserved it. Knowing absolutely nothing of the outside world, except what their father had told them from old recollections, they grew up perfectly innocent and contented, supposing that other poor people’s lives were much like their own.

Their father was a tremendous power in their little world; there was no appeal from him. The magistrates made room for his shabby coat on the bench, and were relieved when he was gone, taking his handsome, inexorable face and his withering oratory with him. The boldest farmer grew pale if he appeared to eat his eighteen-pennyworth at the market ordinary; they wondered among one another whose turn it was for a few stinging and never-to-be-

forgotten words. The lash of the man's satire brought blood, and blood which took a long time in healing; but the man's life was so blameless, so noble, and so pure, that, as years went on, the stupidest farmers began to see that he was living consistently that life which he discoursed on every Sunday from the pulpit—the life of Christ. He made them fear him first, they got to love him afterwards.

He came suddenly from Oxford with a young wife, and he at once began fighting everybody; he took up the case of the agricultural poor, and fought the farmers more like a fiend than a decent English clergyman. He had no money, which was a disadvantage; and he had less than no influence, which was possibly worse. But he fought on for all that through thick and thin. It was a long and dark night for him after his wife died, and when he had to wake up in the morning and find she was not by his side, but in the cold churchyard outside the window. It was a long and bitter struggle to rear those two poor children without any money at all; but the man won. People generally—lords, squires, magistrates, farmers—began to be aware of a pale, handsome, and very poor man, with twice the brains and three times the debating power of any of them, who went up and down their little world, not *pleading* for the poor, but *ordering* that the law of the land should be put in force in their favour.

The poor, as a matter of course, took to him at once; the farmers were longer in winning, for they said that he made mischief, as he certainly did. But one day at the market dinner, farmer Willesden, his chief opponent at first, saw that, although he had often "caught it" from Mr. Mordaunt, yet he always, somehow, found Mr. Mordaunt in the right; and that Mr. Mordaunt was as game to stand between landlord and tenant as he was to stand between farmer and labourer. In short, Mr. Mordaunt had won the respect of the farmers; and such is the bull-headed persistency of those gentlemen, that if you once gain their confidence you must be an utter fool to lose it again.

When he first came into the parish, the lord of the manor, Lord Barnstaple, was very old, and was devoting the remainder of a very busy and well-spent life to politics; when he was not in his place in the House of Lords he was at Cannes. The Bishop was also very old and very cynical, having been throughout all his life a politician far more than an ecclesiastic, a writer of pamphlets more than a preacher. The Rector of Sprowston was also infirm and quite unfit for his duties. Lord Barnstaple was a very strong Whig, and it was to his influence that the Bishop owed his position, while the infirm Rector was also a Whig and an old college

friend of Lord Barnstaple's. What between Whiggery and old age, not one of the three interfered in any way with Mr. Mordaunt; but time brought changes, and at the time when Mr. Mordaunt had got everybody with him, the old Rector died. He sent for Mr. Mordaunt on his death-bed, and urged him to persevere in his present course as long as he lived.

"I have wasted my life in politics, Mordaunt," he said, "or I would have done what you are doing. I earnestly beg of you to persevere. Remember my words, and don't give up. One of the reasons why I am loth to die even now is, that you have got a worthless man and tyrant coming. I could not stop it; Lord Barnstaple wishes to be rid of the man, and make him hold his tongue; so he has shelved him here. I have extorted a promise from Lord Barnstaple that you are not to be removed save at your own wish—that is all which I could do. Be as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. Good-bye, my dear Mordaunt; I wish I was young again, and able to stand beside you. You will find that I have left you my private sacramental plate; take it as an earnest of what might have been if I had been younger. Good-bye."

So the good old fellow died, and the Rev. L. Easy reigned in his stead. Mr. Easy was the greatest of all bear-leaders of ancient or modern times: for winking at, or ignoring, vice among rich young men he was a Petronius Arbiter: in expanding on the virtues of a protecting family he was a Horace. The worst of it was, that he was a dunce; and when the pestilent system of competitive examination came in it was discovered that although the famous Letmedown Easy could still conceal or palliate the vices of his pupils, he was utterly unable to get them through their examinations. He found his old trade going from under his feet and into the hands of honest men; he had saved money, but it would never pay him to invest in the employment of coaches; he was as nearly as possible retiring from the trade when a job fell into his hands which enabled him to retire with honour. The second son of Lord Barnstaple was requested to retire from Eton without further delay, and did so retire.

Lord Barnstaple was at Cannes when he heard of this terrible blow; but he wrote to the Bishop, and the Bishop, then very infirm, wrote that Easy was always the man in these cases. Lord Barnstaple sent Lord Edward Hemling to Mr. Easy with a letter, in which certain contingencies were mentioned if the lad could be got through his examination for the army. It has been said that the old nobleman promised him a thousand pounds and his next living; and it has also been said that when Lord Edward Hemling

arrived, and was examined by the Rev. Mr. Easy, that the rev. gentleman scratched his head and told his wife that he did not half like the job. Encouraged by her, however, she being ten times more unscrupulous than himself, he undertook the matter. Then follows a very odd and dark story. A young man, a printer, was sentenced to six months' hard labour for stealing some papers two days before the examination. Duplicate proofs were taken, and only one set were found on the young man (now married and conducting a flourishing printing business in Ontario); as to what had become of the other set the young man was most discreetly silent, and he did his six months with a joyous alacrity which won him the good opinion of every official in Coldbath Fields. In the meantime, Lord Edward had passed his examination, and had joined a regiment of the Foot-Guards, and after three months was requested to exchange for being drunk at mess. A meeting of the Guards' Club unanimously expelled him, and he shortly afterwards joined a West India regiment on the west coast of Africa; and in spite of all that his hard-worked brother officers could do for him by advice and assistance, he died of drink and fever.

Still Mr. Easy had fulfilled his bargain with Lord Barnstaple, and Lord Barnstaple was not a man who forgot. On the rector's death, Mr. Easy came into the living of Sprowston, and all the Lord Barnstaples in the world could not put him out of it. Besides, he knew things about Lord Edward which it was impossible to talk about in society, but about which there was nothing to prevent his talking now that he had got everything he could possibly get; he had, therefore, the whip-hand of Lord Barnstaple, and, having been a rogue all his life, he would not scruple to use it if it suited his purpose. The only thing which kept Mr. Mordaunt's house over his head was this—

Lord Bideford, the eldest son of Lord Barnstaple, was a very different man to his brother Lord Edward. He was by another mother. Lord Barnstaple had married, first, Lady Alice Barty, the beauty of a family which has given us some of our best statesmen, and by her he had Lord Bideford. A long time after her death, his lordship made a most imprudent marriage, and the less which is said about that the better; the offspring of this marriage was Lord Edward. Lord Bideford was a very silent young man, and no one seemed to know anything about him, save that he had taken a "first" at Oxford, and was very silent in Parliament. Now, in the course of nature, Lord Bideford would soon be Lord Barnstaple and master of Crowshoe. Mrs. Easy, who was fond of dress and show, was very anxious to have the *entrée* of that castle; and, as some rumours had reached her as to the fact that

the young lord was not only very silent but very obstinate, she urged on her husband that it would be very impolitic to take ultimate measures with regard to Mr. Mordaunt until they had gathered the opinions of Lord Bideford. Meanwhile she quite agreed to the plan of leading him the life of a dog and making his resignation his own act: they could get a young man cheaper by sixty pounds, and that would enable her to go to London every year.

Mr. Mordaunt was a very mild High Churchman, and had introduced some extremely mild alterations in the church service, after a long consultation with the farmers; who, being every one of them Conservatives, gladly acquiesced in what he did when he pointed out to them that he was simply carrying out the directions of the Prayer-book, on which they pinned their faith. He shortened the services individually, although the actual length of them was greater than ever. He had a communion at eight o'clock every Sunday morning, which was well attended; and, in fact, did quietly and exactly what the Prayer-book told him to do. He made also, on the other hand, great friends with the dissenting minister (Wesleyan), and they had hot arguments in their walks as to what John Wesley would say if he knew that his followers had seceded from the establishment after his death. Then an Irish harvestman fell ill in his parish; and when Mr. Mordaunt found that he was a Roman Catholic, he borrowed farmer Willesden's horse and gig, drove to the nearest town where there was a Roman Catholic priest, and fetched him over in triumph in broad daylight, and insisted on his staying all night, asking one or two of the farmers, and his friend the dissenting minister, to meet him in the evening. The evening passed off in the most charming manner; though the Wesleyan minister afterwards told Mr. Mordaunt that he was vexed at not being able to hold his own in learning with the man of the Establishment or the Romanist. Farmer Willesden was so taken with the Romanist, that he sent him a pair of spring chickens on Good Friday, in all innocence, thinking that it would be a delicate attention, under the impression that Good Friday was the great holiday in the Romish church.

Now all these lapsarian backslidings from grace were very soon told to the Rev. Letmedown Easy, by the admiring farmers. That they were abominable and audacious no one could deny; the question was, how to utilise them with Lord Bideford, and procure the removal of Mr. Mordaunt without shutting up Crowshoe Castle. They could save sixty pounds a year by getting rid of Mr. Mordaunt.

The first question with this worthy pair was this: what *was*

Lord Bideford? Lord Barnstaple was a shining light among the evangelicals, and it was notorious that his brother-in-law had practically appointed the last five bishops. He was too old to be taken into the calculations, however; and the question was, what were Lord Bideford's religious opinions? It was a very difficult question to answer. Lord Bideford certainly attended, with great diligence and regularity, the afternoon service at All Saints, Margaret Street; but he was also to be seen at Vere Street listening to Mr. Maurice, and he frequently preached at Field Lane: a most tiresome and puzzling young man! But Field Lane and his preaching there did the business. He might listen to Maconochie, Stopford Brooke—to any one, in short; but the fact of his preaching under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury settled the question: the man was an evangelical, like his father.

Consequently the Rev. Letmedown Easy became violently evangelical, according to his view of evangelicalism. The leader of that party in the church remonstrated with him in an angry manner about what he did, and went so far as to tell him that he was persecuting a better man than himself. But Lord Bideford was silent; and so Mr. Easy saw Crowshoe Castle open to him.

However, the principle thing in hand was to force Mr. Mordaunt to resign. He began with the farmers, trying to undermine his influence with them. They at once burnt him in effigy on the village green, and, assisted by their hinds, howled outside his house so long, that Mr. Easy fled to the cellar for refuge. He failed with the farmers; but he had Farmer Willesden up at Petty Sessions for language likely to provoke a breach of the peace. The chairman fined Willesden five shillings, and he put two pounds in the poor-box. Willesden, meeting Mr. Easy outside the court, repeated the language, I regret to say, with adjectives. The chairman, Sir Pitcheroft Cockpole, said to Mr. Easy, afterwards, "You had better leave that man Mordaunt alone. He has been master here for a few years, and he is likely to remain master."

Mr. Easy's hands were, however, considerably strengthened by a new Archdeacon, a man by no means of the "Grantly" type of archdeacon. He and Easy had more than once played into one another's hands, it was said, though that was extremely improbable, for the Archdeacon was one of the most cautious men in creation, and had only lost a bishopric by slightly rattling at the wrong time. He was a kinsman of Easy's, and was not best pleased at finding his kinsman there, for the ugly old story about Lord Edward's examination papers was still spoken of, and, like all untruths, was believed in. Two courses only were open to the Archdeacon, either to throw his kinsman overboard, or to

back him up through thick and thin. After due thought, he chose the latter.

What induced Mr. Mordaunt just at this time to preach a sermon before his new Rector, airing his views as regarded the spiritual sovereignty of the Queen, no man can tell. It is enough that he did it, and that Mr. Easy requested him to hand over the original MS. in the vestry for immediate conveyance to the old Bishop. The old man read it in bed while Mr. Easy was taking lunch, and then called Mr. Easy to his bedside.

"This is a curious sermon, Mr. Easy," said the Bishop; "and Mr. Mordaunt is a very curious man; but you had much better make friends with him than quarrel with him. You will never get on in that parish if you do."

Mr. Easy thought differently, and put every possible annoyance he could in Mr. Mordaunt's way, until that gentleman began to think of giving up the whole thing and emigrating. Two changes happened, however, which made him hang on—Lord Barnstaple and the old Bishop died within one week.

The new Bishop was an old friend of his, and when he went to the palace received him with open arms. On the occasion of his first visit Mr. Mordaunt said nothing at all about his troubles. Mr. Easy, however, saved him that trouble by stating his case to the new, young, and vigorous Bishop without delay. The new Bishop heard them with the greatest patience and attention, and afterwards said, "I cannot see myself that there is any case against him. You say that his continuation there is scandalous. As the French say, 'Voulez-vous préciser votre accusation?'"

That was very difficult, Mr. Easy said, after a few moments. "He associates with the farmers."

"That is very good," said the Bishop. "That is an old habit of my own."

"His son takes work in the fields, and takes money for it."

"Sooner than loaf, cheat, or beg," said the Bishop. "I am sorry that the son of an educated gentleman like Mordaunt should be brought so low; but the early Christians did that same thing. St. Paul was only a tent-maker, you know, Mr. Easy. Is there anything against the young man's character? Is he the sort of young man who would have come in your way in your former line of business, Mr. Easy?"

Mr. Easy, devoutly wishing the Bishop somewhere, replied that there was nothing against the young man in a moral point of view.

"Well," said the Bishop; "it is a most disgraceful scandal. Here is a man like Mordaunt, a man worth twenty such men as

you or I, Mr. Easy, obliged to send his son into the harvest-field for a living. It is the most shameful thing I ever heard of."

So the Archdeacon and Mr. Easy took very little by their motion. Mr. Mordaunt came over to the Bishop by summons, and spent the day with him. They talked over many old matters, and at the end Mr. Mordaunt asked the Bishop what he knew about the new Lord Barnstaple.

"Exactly nothing," said the Bishop. "I think that he is a terrible prig, and will probably assist Easy, who saved his half-brother from disgrace, and who was a nominee of Barnstaple's father. Meanwhile, go home, old friend, commit no indiscretions, and hold your own."

Things were exactly in this state when Mr. Mordaunt received the intimation of Lord Barnstaple's visit. He was very anxious about that visit, and, as we have seen before, walked away to his old friend, the Bishop, to consult him. The Bishop made him stay all night, and all the next day, and the next night. The Dean and the Precentor, cunning men when there was a kindly, Christian act to be done, begged of him, as a personal favour, to stay over the day and intone for the Precentor, who had a convenient cough. Mr. Mordaunt could intone with the best of them, and so he spent a whole happy day under the glorious old arches, doing service after service.

"I feel young again, Bishop," he said at night, when they were going to bed: "I will sing matins and go home."

And after matins away he went walking, and thinking what preparations Alice had been making for Lord Barnstaple, but not much caring, for the cathedral music was in his ears, and so he sang all the way.

He arrived in the afternoon, and, opening his own door, passed into the parlour. His daughter Alice was standing beside the chimney-piece, and with her was a tall and strong man, whom he knew well, the inspector of police.

Alice was ghastly pale, and was moistening her dry lips with her tongue.

"Papa," she said, "here is Inspector Morton, who has been waiting for you."

Mr. Mordaunt saw that something was very wrong, and he left off humming a Gregorian chant to say, "How do, Morton? Come after me? I don't think you gentlemen practise in the ecclesiastical courts. You will have to take me in execution for unpaid costs in the ecclesiastical court some day, but my time is not come yet."

"Papa," said Alice, "don't joke; it is Charles."

“What has he been doing?” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“Oh, father, don’t break down; he is arrested for burglary!”

“Charles arrested for burglary!” exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt, laughing. “No: this is very good—this is as good as a play. Easy will make something of this. Leave the room, old girl, and let me talk to the Inspector.”

“What is this story, Inspector?” said Mr. Mordaunt, when his daughter was gone.

“Well, sir, I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Charles is in custody for attempted burglary at Barnstaple.”

“But that is forty miles away,” said Mr. Mordaunt, “and the whole thing is ridiculous.”

“It looks so, sir; but he was watched into a door, and then out of the same door two hours after, and was captured.”

“But, my good Inspector, this is perfect midsummer madness. My son is incapable of such an act.”

The Inspector came close to Mr. Mordaunt and whispered in his ear. As he whispered to him Mr. Mordaunt’s face grew more and more ashy pale, and at last he begged him to desist, and staggered to a chair.

After a few minutes he raised his ghastly face to the Inspector’s, and said, “I would sooner that it had been burglary than that.”

“No doubt, sir,” said the Inspector; “we know your principles about here, and we know Mr. Charles’s principles also. There ain’t two men more loved in these parts than you two. But you have not heard me out, sir. That Inspector Bryan is a fool, sir. I was over to Barum yesterday, and I went and see Master Charles, and he give me the office, and I went and got this.”

There came a flush into Mr. Mordaunt’s pale face as he looked at the little paper which I have noticed in the face of more than one middle-aged man. The lordly and imperial look of the young bridegroom is not more lordly than the look of the young grandfather. Mordaunt held his head higher than he had ever done since he led his bride out of church three-and-twenty years ago. What was Easy to him now? what was the Archdeacon? In his new pride they might go hang themselves.

“Now how did all this come out, Inspector?” said he.

“That is as you think, sir,” said the Inspector.

“We must not leave her in a false position,” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“Certainly not,” said the Inspector.

“I will step round to the old man first, and tell him the truth,” said Mr. Mordaunt. And the Inspector departed. Mr. Mordaunt

went up to his daughter's room, and found her crying in bed. "Alice," he said, "you must listen to me."

"About Charles?"

"Yes, about Charles. Charles has been married for two months, without my knowledge."

"To Mary Willesden?"

"To the same young lady. I suppose he has done very wrong, but that is a matter of detail. He was caught trying to see her, but I will go over and make it all right for him to-morrow."

"I knew he loved her, father; but I did not think of this. Our Charles is an honest man, and we can hold up our heads before fifty Lord Barnstaples when he comes."

Mr. Mordaunt went round to Farmer Willesden's at once, and after a somewhat difficult interview the farmer agreed to go to Barum the next morning, to scold Charles, and to bail him out. They went, but Charles had been discharged five hours previously, and was gone no one knew whither.

The next day came the following letter from Charles:—

"MY DEAR FATHER—I greatly regret that I have deceived you for the first time in my life; and I ought, I suppose, to regret that I cannot regret it.

"My life was utterly unendurable. I had no opening, and no chance of any opening in the world. With the education of a gentleman I was leading the life of a clodhopper. Only one thing prevented me from enlisting in a dragoon regiment, and that was my love for Mary Willesden. She urged on me that I could never marry her if I turned soldier. I was at one time actually desperate; I am so no longer, thanks to Tom Harvey."

Mr. Mordaunt paused. "Tom Harvey," he thought, "the miller's son. Why, Tom Harvey has got a mill in Canada."

"He was," the letter went on, "Mary Willesden's cousin, as you know. He was a great friend of mine when we were boys together. He has done very well in Ontario, and is making his fortune. He came over here four months ago on commercial business, and I met him in Barnstaple.

"He asked me to come back with him to Canada; but I demurred about leaving Mary. He then began to urge on me the plan of marrying her secretly and telling of it afterwards. He said that it often occurred in Canada and in the United States, that a young man would marry a young woman, and leave her with her mother until he had got a home for her. At last I determined to do so; and one reason of my secrecy was, that I knew that you were in trouble with the Rector and the Archdeacon.

We were married two months ago. Tom Harvey, whose time was out in England, returned from London to Barnstaple, and urged me more strongly than ever to come to Canada with him in a brig which is taking slates to Quebec. I consented; but of course I had to tell Mary. She arranged to let me in quietly, and I went in and stayed for two hours. As I came out, the police got hold of me, and I should have been tried for burglary if Tom Harvey and his aunt had not made it all right. Tom has paid my passage, and has lent me money. As for my darling wife, father, you and Alice must take care of her until I claim her. I regret to say that, if all goes well, you will find yourself a grandfather before I return. Now I must have your forgiveness; and, with love to Alice, I say good-bye, and God bless you!

“CHARLES MORDAUNT.”

Mr. Mordaunt and Farmer Willesden had a long confabulation over this letter; and old Lady Ascot says that they had three pints of small ale and a vast number of pipes over it. If there is one quality more than another which adorns her ladyship, it is that of inexorable truth. I had the honour of asking her, at a grand party one night, whether she was quite sure that they only had three pints and not four. She replied that it was only three, and, as she drew the beer herself, she ought to know, and so I disputed the fact no longer.

“Well, parson,” said Farmer Willesden, “so my daughter is married to a gentleman! Who’d have thought it?”

“To a beggar, you mean, I think,” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“There ain’t nought of a beggar about *he*,” said Farmer Willesden, laughing. “How sly they was about it, pretty dears! Don’t you love ’em, parson?”

“I don’t quite understand about it, farmer,” said Mr. Mordaunt. “I did not miss Mary, at all. Why was she at Barnstaple?”

“Oh! why, she wanted to go there to be finished; and so I sent her.”

“To be finished!”

“Ah, at the boarding-school. And she stayed there long enough to make her marriage in Barum legal; and so they was asked there, and they was married there. Don’t e’e see?”

“They have both deceived us sadly, farmer.”

“What would you have ’em do?” cried the farmer. “When you made love to your poor lady that’s gone, did you go and tell your mother?”

“I certainly did not,” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“Then you deceived *her* sadly,” said the farmer. “They all do it. If young folks mean to come together they’ll do it, and small blame to them. However, your son has behaved like an honourable and good young man to my daughter, which is more to the purpose.”

“In marrying her, leaving her on our hands, and running away to Canada!” said Mr. Mordaunt, aghast.

“Be sure,” said the farmer. “He had not got money enough to keep her, and so he cut away to Canada to get some. Lord bless you! if ever fortune was writ in a man’s face it is writ in Charles’s!”

“Do you know, Willesden,” said Mr. Mordaunt, “that I think you are as great a fool as I am.”

Willesden grinned, but added, more seriously, “My girl must come away from that school. She had better come to her mother.”

“No,” said Mr. Mordaunt, “she *must* come to me. My boy has made, I think, a fool of himself; and her coming here, and our making all things public, will stop every one’s mouth. Don’t you see?”

“It won’t do you any good with the Rector and the Arch-deacon,” said the farmer, rather ruefully.

“Never mind me. I am in trouble so hard with them that nothing can make it worse. Send her here to-morrow night. And so the farmer departed.

“DEAR BISHOP,—My son has married one of my farmer’s daughters, and has gone to Canada to make a home for her. The boy is as innocent and as pure as you are. Please give every one the rights of the story.

“JAMES MORDAUNT.”

“DEAR MORDAUNT,—I will do as you desire, but take the young lady into your own house at once; that act will do more than all my words. Barnstaple is to be with you to-morrow. I cannot in any way make him out. What it is I cannot conceive. He is an awful prig, and silently dangerous. You must think of this: he may mean you well or ill; if he means you well he can do absolutely nothing for you, beyond bringing his influence to bear on that (here came an erasure) Easy to keep you in your place: if he mean you well he can still do nothing; he will not have a living dropping in these ten years, and he is in opposition, and so he cannot get you a Chancellor’s living. The worst men I ever have to deal with are Cambridge Conservatives and

Oxford Radicals. As a Cambridge man myself I naturally think an Oxford Radical the worst : he is one ; mind him.

“GEORGE CREDITON.”

Poor frightened Mary Mordaunt, *née* Willesden, arrived at the home of her husband's father in a great state of trepidation and terror. But in a quarter of an hour she found that she was the most precious thing there. Poverty may be brutalising to the extremely poor and unrefined ; but one of the lessons we can learn from the French every day, if we choose to know them, is this—that poverty among refined people has a most ennobling influence. Take that little knot of highly-educated paupers in Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, as an example. Mary, the pretty, innocent bride, found herself queen of the establishment. She was to sleep with Alice, and as they went upstairs together, Mr. Mordaunt said—

“He has gone to prepare a place for you, darling. Trust him, and we shall all be together again soon in a happier land than this. See, pretty ; I have twelve hundred pounds, which would be a fortune to him, and which I will freely give if he can establish himself. Why, we are wealthy people, my love. Now, leave crying ; we shall be rich there.”

“I only cry, sir, because I am so happy,” said Mary ; “I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

However, none of these sentimentalities could put off the inexorable arrival of Lord Barnstaple, now delayed for two days, his lordship having had to make a speech at the county agricultural meeting, which was given in the *Times* at full length, and which most carefully expressed nothing at all about the movements of the Opposition. Lord Barnstaple rode up to Mr. Mordaunt's door at half-past twelve, and, finding no groom, led his horse round to the stable, took off his bridle and put a halter on him, took off the saddle, and then came out to the pump with a bucket to get him a pail of water.

At this point Mr. Mordaunt caught him. “My lord,” he said, “I did not see you arrive. I am ashamed——”

“At what ?” said Lord Barnstaple. “At a man attending to his horse ? ‘The merciful man is merciful to his beast,’ parson.”

“No, but I am ashamed that you should have had to see to your horse, when I would have done it,” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“The Church of England has got low enough without the spectacle of an ordained minister grooming a nobleman's horse.”

“You will have your own way, my lord.”

“I intend to,” said Lord Barnstaple, and then Mr. Mordaunt

looked at him. Prig he might be, according to our good Bishop's views, but a man he certainly was. A very noble-looking young man, with a singularly set jaw, and a curious reticence of expression which puzzled Mr. Mordaunt extremely.

He brought Lord Barnstaple into the parlour, where there was some simple refreshment; there was no one there but poor Mary, who was curtseying. Mr. Mordaunt asked where Alice was, and she replied that Alice was gone away. She seemed in great trepidation at the sight of the great lord, and Mr. Mordaunt did really wish that Alice had been there to receive him. He presented Mary.

"My daughter, my lord."

"I was not aware that you had two daughters, Mr. Mordaunt."

"I ought to have said my daughter-in-law," said Mr. Mordaunt. "My dear son has made a romantic match, and has gone to Canada to make a home for his bride, leaving his pretty rosebud of a bride here with us."

"Quite so," said Lord Barnstaple. "It must have required singular resolution to leave such a beautiful bride."

"Ah! but he wanted to stay with her for many years, my lord, until his death, not for a poor foolish few, and then leave her in poverty. When you think of it, my lord, he had acted like a man and a gentleman."

There was a brilliance in Lord Barnstaple's eyes when Mr. Mordaunt said this, which attracted that gentleman strangely. Lord Barnstaple only said—

"That is a very beautiful story. And you, my dear madam, are contented to wait."

"I think that he will send for me soon," she said, quietly, "for I know that he will as soon as he can. I was down to the sea the other day, and the sailors' wives told me that their husbands were away three years together sometimes. But there are no more loving wives than sailors' wives. I can wait."

The man whom the Bishop had called a prig, looked steadily at her, and Mr. Mordaunt saw a tear trickle down his face. Lord Barnstaple was himself in one moment, however.

"May I ask this young lady to retire while we talk business," he said. "We have secrets to talk of, which must be trusted to no ears but our own."

Mary hurriedly retired, and Lord Barnstaple with a bow opened the door for her, and shut it after her.

"Now, Mr. Mordaunt, as we are alone together, I will tell you what is the matter with you. You are horridly poor."

“Yes, my lord.”

“And you are bullied out of your life by a rascal and a prig. The rascal is Easy, and the prig the Archdeacon.”

“I will not say a word against either of them,” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“No, but I know it. It is in our favour that the Archdeacon is not only a prig, but a flunkey: it is in our favour that the fellow Easy is not only a rogue, but a flunkey: by one bold stroke I can mend matters for you. I have not got a living to give you, and I can’t get one for you at present; but I have no domestic chaplain. My father’s domestic chaplain and I never agreed; he has a good living, and his chaplaincy lapsed with my father’s death. I wish to appoint you my domestic chaplain, at the same salary, £250 a year. At the same time there is no librarian at Crowshoe, and the books are in a devil of a state; you must really undertake them at a salary of £150 a year. I can’t give more, and if you think that insufficient I’ll tell you what we will do to end the thing in a friendly manner, and without a squabble. Let us both write to Piazzi at the British Museum, and see if he considers it enough. If he decides against me, of course I must pay extra.”

“My lord, God is very good to me.”

“He is good to all who seek Him,” said Lord Barnstaple, sententiously. “But don’t you see, my dear soul, that the keys of Crowshoe are in your hands, and that by this manœuvre we have entirely bowled out the adversary? I’d have given you a living fifty times over if I had one, but I want to keep you here, and I don’t see any other way of doing it.”

“Why should you be so generous to me, my lord, whom you have never seen, and of whom you know nothing?”

“Know what?” said Lord Barnstaple, sharply.

“Nothing.”

“Don’t I?” said his lordship. “Now I’ll go saddle my horse. I suppose your daughter Alice will not appear. Well, it’s all equal to me, as the French say. She will have to see me some day. Talk about this matter, of your being appointed domestic chaplain and librarian, it will save you trouble. Tell the Bishop about it, he is a capital gossip, and tell him that if I am a prig, I am not the only one in the world.”

And so he saddled the horse and rode away, leaving Mr. Mordaunt dazed, but almost directly afterwards he rode back again, jumped off his horse, and laid his hand on Mr. Mordaunt’s shoulder. “I forgot one thing,” he said. “You are not ashamed of being poor. I brought fifty pounds in notes for you

in advance of your salary. Here it is—God bless you, good-bye,” and so he was off at last.

So Mr. Mordaunt stood there a rich man—rich beyond his utmost expectations; and all by the sudden act of a young nobleman, who was a prig. He had no hesitation in accepting the whole matter any more than he would have rebelled to God about a thunderstorm which had knocked his chimneys about his ears. One ecclesiastical instinct was always in his mind, and he acted on it. He wrote to his Bishop: the Archdeacon said once, “that if his cat had died he would have walked over and told the Bishop.”

His mind being eased in that way, he went to look for Alice; but Alice was nowhere to be found. She must be at some of the neighbours' houses: she had been frightened by Lord Barnstaple, and was keeping out of the way. At ten o'clock he went to bed; at eleven he was awakened by a candle in his eyes, and the figure of Alice before him, who sat down on the bed.

“Father, what money have you?”

“A great deal. Fifty pounds.”

“Has Lord Barnstaple given you money?”

“I am to have four hundred a year from him.”

She sat thinking for a little, and then she said, “I want forty pounds.”

“For what?”

“To go to Charles. To go to Canada.”

“Why?”

“Do not ask, unless you want me to fall dead at your feet. Save me! that is all I ask. Give me the money.”

A wild, dark suspicion formed itself in Mr. Mordaunt's head.

“This is Lord Barnstaple's money,” he said, coldly.

“Bless his money, and bless him for what he has done for you! He is a good man. But you must save me, father. I must go to Charles. I am innocent! but I must go to Charles. Oh God!—father, do not hesitate!”

“Can you tell me no more, sweetheart?” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“Not a word!—not a word!” she said. “I will tell you all when I am in Canada—but I cannot now.”

“Now look here, Alice, let us be in some way reasonable. You cannot go to Canada to-night, but you can go to bed. Wait till to-morrow, and we will talk it all over. If you are in trouble, which you will not tell about, what is easier than to do this: to sell out our twelve hundred pounds, and for you, and Mary, and I all to go to Canada together? I can pay

Lord Barnstaple back his fifty pounds, and we can all part friends, and join Charles.”

Then she began to cry, and then she told the whole truth.

She had been to an aunt's house at Exeter a few months before, and she had been often out walking by herself, as very poor girls have to walk. Wombwell's menagerie was there, and the tiger got out and crawled down towards the river. She saw the thing going along, and pointed it out to a gentleman, who raised the alarm, and made her acquaintance. He was a very nice and handsome gentleman, and begged to be allowed to call on her to see if she had recovered her fright. Her aunt—having inspected the gentleman on his first visit, and having seen that there was no harm in him—had allowed Mr. Mortimer's visits with great complacency, more particularly after she had seen him in eager conversation with Lord Fortescue. The old lady knew that Lord Fortescue would allow no man to speak to him who was not an honest man; and Lord Fortescue was the only nobleman she knew by sight; and so Mr. Mortimer was allowed to see as much of Alice as he chose; and he made love to Alice, and Alice was very deeply attached to him. But Mr. Mortimer never made any distinct proposal; and so, when Alice came home, she set her mind on forgetting Mr. Mortimer, but found that she could not in any way do so.

When Lord Barnstaple rode into the garden she was looking out of the window, and she saw at once that Mr. Mortimer and Lord Barnstaple were the same man. Lord Barnstaple had deceived her, and he was a false and untruthful man: he had as good as wooed her under a false name, and that she would never forgive. Yet she loved him, admired him, and, after all, respected him. All this she poured into her father's ear as she lay on the bed beside him.

“Yet you would have taken his money to fly from him.”

“Yes,” she said. “I would have taken it because I know him to be honest, noble, and good. We could pay it back. Father! he wants to marry me—I have known that some time, though he never said so. As Mortimer, I would have married him, because, in spite of his deceit, I love him; but as Lord Barnstaple I will not see him again. See if I am not right. Look at Charles's marriage, and ask me if I am to drag down a man whom I really love to that level? And look again, father, after what you have told me to-night, how should we stand if I were to marry him? You have taken money from him. Would not all your friends—even the Bishop—say that you had sold me? How would your

name stand *then*? Your name is all that you have had these many years—would you lose *that*?”

“We had better fly,” said Mr. Mordaunt. “What loose cash have we?”

“Eight pounds.”

“Nothing owing?”

“Nothing.”

“Then, if you will get off the bed, I will get up: we will send this fifty pounds civilly to Lord Barnstaple. We will go to London, sell out the twelve hundred pounds, and we will all go to Canada together. If he wants you he can come there after you.”

So it happened the next morning when the pretty bride, Mary, was lying in her bed, Alice came to her and woke her, saying, “You must get up and go down to your father and mother to say good-bye.”

“Why?” said simple Mary.

“Because we are going to Canada, to Charles,” said Alice; and as Mary put her arm round Alice’s neck, they felt they were sisters.

Free at last. No more trouble with the Archdeacon, Mr. Easy, the farmers, nay even with the Bishop, his dear friend. A new life was before him and he knew it. Haste and speed were necessary, and there must be but few farewells; all the people must learn their loss after he was gone.

It was early in the bright morning when he set out to see the Bishop; hours before Mr. Easy would leave his bed. The hinds were going to their labour, and one after another greeted him as he walked swiftly along. One very old man stopped him and asked him to sit on a heap of stones at the roadside, which Mr. Mordaunt immediately did.

“Parson,” said the old man, “I want you to tell me something. I want you to tell me about the New Jerusalem, on which you preached last Sunday. Is it in this world or in the next?”

“In both,” said Mr. Mordaunt, at once; “for me it is in this world, for you in the next. I am going to it, I believe, before dissolution; you must wait until you are dead. See, George,” continued Mr. Mordaunt, “I am going to be very rich just now, and you shall never go into the house.”

The old man nodded, but said nothing: a humbug would have loaded Mr. Mordaunt with blessings, old George only nodded, yet I do not think that Mr. Mordaunt was any the worse for the silent blessings which followed him along the lonely road.

He burst in upon the Bishop, pushing past the footman before his name could be announced. “I am off, old fellow,” was the

salutation which the serious young footman heard before he shut the door.

“Yes,” said the Bishop, “and whither?”

“Canada—Ontario, after my boy.”

“Then the visit of Lord Barnstaple was not satisfactory?” said the Bishop.

“In a pecuniary way, yes; in other ways, no. Ask *him*, he will tell you the truth. I don’t see my way to certain arrangements, and so I shall go to Canada, and take my boy’s bride with me.”

“And your daughter?”

“She goes also.”

“I don’t quite understand,” said the Bishop, “but you know best. Everything you do must be for the best. About the parish, are you going to leave it in Easy’s hands?”

“Yes: it must be so. Even Paul sowed the seed, and left it to grow among the churches. Yes.”

“When do you go?” asked the Bishop.

“Now, instantly. Give me your blessing and send me,” and he knelt down at once.

“Let us pray for a little more light, Mordaunt,” said the Bishop, and they did so, but none came; then Mr. Mordaunt knelt and received the benediction, and passing swiftly through the Bishop’s domestics, was through the town, and was making the dust fly on the king’s highway before the Bishop had made up his mind whether he should detain him or not.

Mr. Mordaunt met the Archdeacon on his cob, and he stopped him. “Mr. Archdeacon,” he said, “we have not been friends, and yet I have a favour to ask you.”

The Archdeacon, who *was* a gentleman, at once dismounted. “Dear Mordaunt,” he said, “was it all my fault?”

“No! no! All mine,” said Mr. Mordaunt. “I am away to Canada, and shall never see you again. But use your influence with the farmers in my old parish, and see to my poor when I am away.”

And so he was gone, and the Archdeacon was left standing in the road beside his cob, in sight of his wondering groom, as Mr. Mordaunt sped away amid the dust. And the Archdeacon saw there and then that they had lost the best man in the whole diocese, and like an honest fellow as he was took the lesson to heart, and acted on it. There is no stouter champion of the agricultural poor in the land now than our Archdeacon.

Mr. Mordaunt met Mr. and Mrs. Easy in a pony carriage, and he stopped them. “I am going away,” he said; “going away

for ever. Let us part friends, and see to my people when I am gone."

Mrs. Easy (who always drove) whipped the pony, and went on; and so Mordaunt went on to his own, and they drove to *their* place. At this Christmas time let us say, "God forgive us all."

Christmas time in the western part of Ontario is a very pleasant time indeed. The snow is set hard, and you can drive the most beautiful horses in sleighs from one house to another all the night through. Even in that paradise, however, there are drawbacks. You get no newspapers for a long time together in winter, while you get more wolves than you want.

In the extreme West, almost on the Old Buffalo tracks, was a Christmas party—Mr. Mordaunt, his son Charles, his son's wife, Mary, a baby of one year old, Alice Mordaunt, and some servants, Irish all, who were in a state of wonder and delight at the astounding wealth all around them. There was simply more than you could eat if you put your mind to it. Mr. Mordaunt had been away in the sleigh, late in the day, preaching, and had just come home.

Denis was bedding up the horses, and Biddy was waiting for the word to put on the dinner. Some one was wanting; it was Father Moriarty.

"Divvle a sowl of the blessed eratur will be here this night," said Biddy. "And by the name of the ever-blessed Saint Patrick, hark to the wolves. The Mother of God shield the holy man!"

"He'll come," said Mr. Mordaunt. "I left him close by; don't be a fool, Biddy."

"Sorra a one of me would be a fool, and me living in a heretic's house," replied Biddy; "but I'd like to be shrived this blessed night, to pray the better in the morning for him that needs all our prayers."

"What?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Just nothing," said Biddy; "hark to the wolves then. Whisht, all of you, there's one blowing under the door now; give me the broom, Miss Mordaunt," and Biddy with infinite nimbleness and dexterity dashed to the door, and as nearly as possible hit the wolf over the head.

"Bad cess to the divvle," she said; "I nearly had him. And the blessed father out among them;" but before she had time to blow off the steam, the "blessed father" opened the door again and walked in, saying—

"Peace upon this house and all in it; Mordaunt, this is the most splendid thing of modern times."

“What is the most splendid thing in modern times, you Irish lunatic?” said Mr. Mordaunt.

“It is an English lunatic this time, my boy, and more power to his elbow. The devil helps heretics. Here is one of your young English lords, with his doctor, has started from the Pacific side and won his way across the Rocky Mountains. Only him and his doctor, and an Indian. We shall make something of you English yet, if you attend to us.”

“It is impossible,” said Charles Mordaunt. “I cannot believe it. No man could have done it.”

“It’s true, nevertheless,” said the good Father, rather seriously. “Some said he was a prig, and perhaps he is; some said he was a fool, and maybe he might be. But to disprove their words he set a task before him such as no man ever undertook. He did not care for life, for they say that a young lady had cast away his love: of that I know nothing. He has won, however, and has done a thing which will never be forgotten.”

“Is he safe, Father?” cried Alice.

“Oh! yes, he is safe enough—and the doctor, a broth of a boy of divilment—and the Indian, the grinning, brown-faced nagur. They are all safe enough.”

“Where are they?” cried Alice.

“They were at the door just now, in the cold, among the wolves,” said Father Moriarty. “But maybe, if they are kept there much longer, they will go on to another farm.”

Alice threw the door open, and fell fairly into Lord Barnstaple’s arms. Father Moriarty kissed every one all round, beginning with Mr. Mordaunt and ending with the baby and the Indian. I have little more to tell; I fancy that the story has told itself by this time. But, as a personal matter, I should very much have liked the Archdeacon and Mr. Letmedown Easy to have seen that Christmas party; it would have done the Archdeacon good. Mr. Easy is a hopeless person.

They kept it up, I beg of you: the Indian, under the laws of the state, was not allowed liquor, but the others (with the exception of the baby) had a moderate quantity of hot wine and water; and I believe that the deleterious herb, tobacco, was used to some extent. Lord Barnstaple and Alice sat side by side, and Lord Barnstaple sang a song (he could no more sing than your grandmother, but did his duty). Father Moriarty sang the “Last Rose of Summer” very beautifully and well; and then, who should sing but Mr. Mordaunt: he sang “The Graves of a Household,” and very well, too. In short, in the whole of our good Queen’s dominions there was not a pleasanter Christmas party than there was in that

farm-house in Western Ontario that Christmas night: though the cold was an illimitable number of degrees below zero, and the wolves came and blew under the door as soon as Father Moriarty began singing.

Lord Barnstaple was married at Montreal by his father-in-law, Mr. Mordaunt; he returned to England and holds his present position, about which we need say nothing. Mr. Mordaunt never returned; he says that, with all its faults, Ontario is dearer to him than any land in the world. He lives with his son Charles, who, if he had been here, might have been a third-rate clerk. I asked an old friend the other day what Mr. Mordaunt was like now. He said, "A man swift and eager in doing good."

Father Moriarty is in great trouble about the infallibility pronouncement. He will have nothing to do with it at all. But I think that Father Moriarty is a man who can take very good care of himself in a free country. He knows as well as we do that the first real freedom dates from Christianity, and that whatever Churches may have done with our Charter since then, our Charter remains indefeasible. Christianity means freedom; and so we may wish both Father Moriarty and Mr. Mordaunt many happy Christmases, even though the snow is piled high over the roof-tree, and the wolves are smelling and blowing round the door.

MALMAISON.

MALMAISON.

PART I.

THAT part of Lorraine which lies nearest to Prussia and to Luxemburg is very little known to ordinary travellers. In good years, when the Moselle is full, idle tourists go up the river as far as Alf, get out of the steamer there and then, and go on by the quiet little baths of Bertrich, across the Eifel by Bittburg, and so on to Treves. Few, however, go higher than Treves. The river, although very beautiful, is more monotonous than the Rhine, and travellers are easily tired before they get past Treves. Beyond this glorious old city, with its Roman ruins, however, the Moselle has some grand reaches; and having passed Treves, you get to Remeck, a most beautiful place, and beyond Remeck you come to Sierck. At Sierck the Stomberg rises 1,200 feet out of the river, part of the mountain being in Luxemburg or Dutch territory, and part of it in France. From this really noble hill you look into glorious Lorraine, and see the river winding away like a silver ribbon towards Thionville, which is in sight, and so on to Metz, with her *στεφάνωμα πυργάτων*.

I have only to shut my eyes now, in this quiet London street, to see the wide plains stretching far away before me, bounded by forest, brilliant near the riverside with vineyards, and overarched everywhere by a cloudless sun. I can see the spires of the village churches, some far out upon the plain among the cornfields, some nestling among the boscage of the forest, some just peeping from among the trees in a hollow by a trout-stream—nay, I can go farther than that in my imagination, for I can hear three old familiar voices calling to me, and saying, “Confess, now, that there is no place in the whole world like our Lorraine.” I find myself answering, “No, and your Lorraine shall be as fair as ever again, my loved ones.” And so I open my eyes again, and look on the dull London street, and the old voices are dumb for a time.

I go back to Lorraine with more recent recollections. Once more I am in the old land.

“Is the green land stained brown with flame?”

They will not let me go over that ridge, and look at Bazaine lying under Metz. Not a human being on this autumn afternoon is allowed to look at him. I say that I am a swift runner, and will be back in three-quarters of an hour. The Bavarian officer says no, and the guns begin to mutter again. All around in the steaming heat the German swarm are under arms, for he is coming out once more. You may see everything and hear everything; but you must not look on doomed Bazaine. He must not know that we are here. I hold my open letter in my hand, yet I am laughed at. Mademoiselle must do without her news this time, and if Louis dies, *tant pis pour lui*.

So I sit on a broken wall, and look at Lorraine until the ambulance is ready. And wonderfully beautiful it is, even now. South is Metz, with the great cathedral, like a ship at sea, sailing amidst the grim smoke. To the right is Champagne, a dim pearl-grey cloud; to the left the Vosges and the hills of the Moselle. Around is a hideous and horrible ruin, such as the human mind cannot understand until it has seen it with the eye of the flesh. That heap of shattered stone behind me was once a farmhouse, and in the lower part of the ruins of it I detect an eye, then a head, then a very weary old woman, who pulls herself out from among the ruins, and, looking round her, asks for bread for the love of God. I have bread, and give it to her, and ask her if she knows people who lived here—one called Courrier. She throws her bread upon the ground, and clutches me by both arms. She is the very woman we thought dead—old Sophie, the nurse of the family. Is it possible, we ask, to get this letter into Metz underground? It is only to Mademoiselle Marie, to tell her that *he* is dying at Briey. The old woman looked cautiously round and took the letter from me, after which she caught up the bread again, and began gnawing it like a hound.

I asked how the letter was to get into Metz, and she laughed at me. I must do her the honour to say, that while I looked at that old lady, I felt very much reminded of the first French revolution, and of the good women who sat and knitted under the guillotine. But somehow or another I had a feeling that that letter would get into the hands for which it was intended in some way. I was doing a thing which possibly I ought not to have done. If my letter could get in, other information could get in

with it; and I felt that I was betraying my trust to my employers. But I could not help it. He looked so bonny on his bed when I thought he was dying, that I could not refuse him. And the siege was not very close then; also the doctor said, that if I did not promise him, he would die. I promised him. What could I do?

However, the letter went. The old woman finished her bread, and I was wondering what would happen to a German officer if he fell asleep in a house of hers, when she looked round again and gave a low whistle. Instantly the ruins of the house behind us seemed to move, and a young man in a blouse came into the open air. He was a very handsome young man, and I began at once to think of St. Just, and of what might happen to a German officer if that young man caught *him* asleep. The old woman embraced the young man tenderly, and, I suppose, gave him the letter, for I never saw any more of it. At this moment a Brandenberg staff-officer came riding past, and the old woman dashed out on him at once, and pulled him up.

I never in my life saw anything so astoundingly clever. We had very nearly got into a heavy scrape; for the young man, Sophie's son, was actually standing by us, with my letter on him, and in all human probability enough treasonable matter on him to hang us altogether. The old lady saved us all by taking the bull by the horns, and roundly abusing the staff-officer, who behaved like a thorough gentleman. Her cow, she said, had been taken by the German Landwehr, who chose to call themselves soldiers. The staff-officer said that he was very sorry, but that the requisition had been made formally through the maire. It was the maire who had taken her cow, not he. She replied that the maire was a gentleman, and not a Prussian, and would never have taken an old woman's cow. The staff-officer asked if she could point out the man who had taken her cow without the authority of the maire. The old woman said that she could not, at her time of life, single out one thief from 750,000. As our good luck would have it, I burst out laughing here, and the good-natured staff-officer joined, recognising me. He took out a thaler, and asked me to give it to the poor woman; "for," he said, "she would never take it from me, poor old soul."

Indeed he was right; for when he was away over the hillside, I gave it to her, and she stamped it into the earth, and spat on it. Afterwards the Lorraine peasantry got to know the Germans better, and to love them more.

That was the saddest evening I had in the whole war. I took away old Sophie, and together, under the gathering gloom of the

summer night, we saw the horrible ruins of a beautiful place, Malmaison, which I had known before under very different circumstances.

Until I went to the wars I had never seen death, save in the faces of those dear to me. Now I have seen so many dead faces, that they are confused in my memory, and I cannot say this one lay here, or that one lay there. I remember when I was a boy crying over a house which had been burnt down; but I had not known the house. Now, in a certain way, I knew Malmaison well, for Marie and her cousins had described it to me a hundred times. I had, in fact, seen it once; and as a lad I used to think of it as an earthly paradise. We four fools went in the omnibus to Hampton Court once, when we were all children, and it was my treat. They thought highly of Hampton Court, but they said one and all, "Mais Malmaison!" To tell the truth, I believed in Malmaison just as much as I did in my boyhood, when I got the last view of it, under the guidance of old Sophie. Then I saw that I and my dear French friends, who had left France so long ago, had rather miscalculated height and space. Malmaison must have been very beautiful; but had only been a grand farm chateau after all.

I have an extreme objection to the melting mood; I agree with Mark Tapley, that it never did any good to man or woman. But somehow, when I had shown my pass to the German sentry, and old Sophie had taken me round into the flower-garden which I knew so well by report and recollection, as well as by sight—when I saw the Malmaison of my boy's fancy a ghastly heap of hideous ruins, I, like a great fool, sat down on the edge of the dried-up fountain, and began crying like a girl. At that moment Bazaine (to annoy me) burst into a wild hideous roar of artillery and musketry fire two miles off. I would not have cared much for that; but I was afraid that I heard the heavier guns firing from the forts. In case of a mere sortie, I did not care; but when the "town guns" began to go sharp and swift in that month, correspondents had to be in front pretty quickly. And I was to the north, with no road, whereas all the other fellows were to the east.

But Bazaine got quiet, and the old woman and I buried our man. The Prussian lieutenant (a Pomeranian) said that she was a witch, and objected; but the old Frenchwoman and I got it through. She frightened him a little by saying that she could find amber in the forest, if she chose. *She* says that our lad was buried in consecrated ground. I extremely doubt it. Malmaison is so utterly shattered, that you cannot judge by an inch or two.

She knew where he lay—it was in the corner of the orchard by the pond. I knew the place more by observation. The Pomeranian lieutenant gave us hands, and we got a good grave dug in the orchard. I had seen by that time a good deal of trench-work, and so I happened to do the last honours of death for Alphonse, whom I remember as a mere child with a drum. I recollect boxing his ears for playing his drum on the day of the late Duke of Wellington's funeral, and I am sorry for it now. I did what none of his family could do for him—I buried him with military honours. Perhaps the stay-at-home people would care to know what military honours are like. You take your man by his two heels as if he was a wheelbarrow, and you drag him to the edge of the trench. Then you get down yourself, and pull him in, laying him as decently as you can. Then you get out, and he stays there. Then you pitch the earth down on his face as if he were a dog.

That night above Metz I spent with old Sophie, and I got all the truth from her. I do not assert that I did my duty by my employers—in fact, I know that I did not. My employers were very strongly German, and I in reason was strongly German also; but I had lived so very much in France, that I was sympathetically and sentimentally most decidedly French. I can stand unutterable horrors as well as another; I have proved it. I have looked into more dead men's faces than I could count; I have been in more hospitals than I can well remember. At Sedan I waited at the corner of the street while 12,000 French prisoners passed, yet I was always in terror that I should see the face of Alphonse Courrier. In all the hideous butchery I never saw it at all. The English doctor who got me to go with him and examine the dead at La Chapelle thought my nerve was at fault at first. He said kindly, "You will get used to this." I said, "If I could see one face, I would care for nothing." I did not know that the man we buried at Malmaison was the man whose face I dreaded to meet at Givonne. I wish I *had* known; I thought that it was a son or relation of Sophie's. In truth, the man we buried in the orchard was our own Alphonse. It is too horrible to think of now.

They look so pretty, those French dead! Long lines of scarlet and blue—you cannot tell how beautiful they look until you have seen them. I have tried hard, but I never dreamt that I should see death in this degree. And to think of my burying Alphonse, and the old witch Sophie keeping her secret! The heaped blue Germans beyond Bazailles were very terrible, the trenches there are terrible; but at the last, in the mere beauty of death, France is supreme. No human mind ever conceived anything more terribly beautiful than the French dead on these fields.

I would not have cared much, had it not been for Alphonse. I always liked the boy, and I knew that he loved Marie, as boys will love. I had loved her myself, in fact; and when the dead lad had been dragged to his grave in the orchard by the heels, and when old Sophie told me that the unrecognisable corpse was that of Alphonse, I took her away with me; and in a half-ruined room of the old château she and I talked through the whole story together. The room was the headquarters of General von Stein, who sat by the window; while I, with old Sophie under my protection, cowered over the fire, surrounded by French peasants who had crept in for warmth.* The room properly belonged to the Pomeranians, but they gave us the best places. Young Franz Hertz (of Pomerania), who was a friend of mine, and who had been educated at King's College with me, asked me why I had got the old Frenchwoman in tow. I told him very quickly who she was; and he went away at once, and came back with sausage and wine for her. At this moment Bazaine began, or, to be more correct, some of his outposts began, a spluttering fire of musketry, and a few large guns were fired. It might be a sortie, or it might not; but the German officers hurried out, and left old Sophie and me alone to talk through the story.

The Courriers have always been rich, and the Canzons are richer than they. The Canzons are of an old family—a family who, however, kept a great deal of their property in Champagne through the Revolution. The Courriers made their money while the Canzons kept it. But an alliance was made between the two families in 1838, when the gentle and pretty Alice de Canzon married Adolphe Courier. At the same time Elise Courier married young Hubert de Canzon. Some said that they were mere *mariages de convenances*, but it was not the fact. Old Courier (into whose share of the Revolution of 1792 I decline to inquire) was a kind of tenant of old De Canzon in the Champagne wine trade. The children had grown up together, and so no one was in the least surprised at their making mutual marriages. But there was something more tender between the families than mere mercantile matters. The old men had a very strong feeling towards one another. The Courriers and the Canzons had helped one another through very hard times with all loyalty and goodwill. That traditional loyalty descended to other generations. Elise Courier-Canzon died ten years after she had given birth to Marie Canzon, and old Canzon dying a few years afterwards, left Marie Canzon his heiress.

* The writer is only describing what he has seen.

The families were Huguenots, and it so happened that both old Courier (still alive at eighty) and De Canzon desired that their grandchildren should have a certain amount of English education.

It therefore came about that Marie De Canzon was in England with her two cousins. Marie used to go to school at Mrs. Protheroe's, in Earl's Gardens, Brompton; and the two cousins, Louis and Alphonse, were boarded with my father, a clergyman at Holloway, for the purpose of attending King's College. My father was glad to have two French boys in his house; and he used to make us speak French at dinner. My father was also of the Evangelical school, and was rather proud of having Huguenots in the house. If my father ever could have bored me, it would have been on the subject of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

I wanted to be a soldier; but my father could not afford it, and wanted me to be a clergyman. To this I objected; and the end of it all is that I am a journalist. When war ceases, I shall have to find a new employment. However, it has not ceased as yet. While there is life there is hope. I will undertake to go under fire for any paper—political principles no object—for fifty pounds a month, and twenty francs a day for expenses, excluding telegrams, which are always incorrect. I suppose that I shall end by going to a farm in Ontario, just to win bread between the wars, for I never can settle down permanently any more. I have the war-fever on me ever since the Crimean campaign, when I, as a mere boy, won the applause of Europe by my letters. I have been through every campaign since that; and I wake in the night, here in quiet England, and fancy that I hear the sound of guns. I have been wounded twice: once on the day of Balaclava, and once on the day of Agra. I suppose I shall have peace in my grave, for there seems no peace here.

There was a time in my life when things were not so with me. The morning of my life at college was very peaceful. Louis and Alphonse Courier used to go to the college together, though I was much older than either of them, and in the senior department. Louis, again, was much older than Alphonse, who was about the same age as his cousin Marie. I took to these gentle French lads, as some English boys will take to French boys in preference to any boys of their own nation. They were so gentle and pleasant, that it was impossible to help loving at least one of them, and besides, they were the only two pupils my father had at the time, so we were always together. They knew no ill, and were content with the simplest pleasures — an excursion to

Hampstead Heath, or, still better, a ramble among the shops, were pleasures enough for us. I have been very fine since then, and have dined with princes and rajahs; but I never was so happy as I was in the very old days before this journalist business began.

One Christmas my mother announced to us that we were to have a visitor, but she refused to tell us the name. On Christmas-eve a fly drove up to the door, and there stepped from it Marie Canzon, at the sight of whom her cousins gave a wild cry of joy.

She was an exquisite blonde young woman, of about fifteen years old; very tall for her age. I have never seen any one so beautiful in my life. She is handsome still, in spite of all she has gone through. Ask any of those kindly romantic Germans who were first into Metz, whether they remember the beautiful Frenchwoman who watched by two corpses under the cathedral; ask Bazaine if he remembers the lady who headed the women of Metz, when they came and prayed him not to surrender to the very last; ask the Germans if they remember the lady who carried the white flag in that most lamentable sortie of women.

I remember that there was deep frost and ice when she came; and that the waters were bearing, and all the world was on the ice. It was early in the day when she came, and we were going to skate on our pet piece of water, St. James's Park. She asked to go with us, and my mother gave leave; and so we took her tripping among us.

Her whole soul seemed filled with delight, but delight of a very quiet kind. She thought that we boys were doing her the very highest honour in the world. She was humbly grateful to us; and she once said to me—

“You are too kind altogether, monsieur, to burden yourself with me; but I will be very good, and do exactly as I am told. I have never seen ice, save once on the Moselle at Thionville. Monsieur knows Thionville? No! Well, I can assure monsieur that Thionville is a very nice place, though not so nice as Metz; but of all places in the world, I think Strasburg the finest, in regard to shops. Stay, I am incorrect, as usual. I said that I had only seen ice once; yet I have seen it twice. I saw some at Namur on the Meuse. Does monsieur know Namur?”

I did not.

“Ah-h-h! but at Namur, in the shop on the other side of the way from the Hôtel de l'Europe, there is the finest gingerbread in all the world. I stayed with my aunt Courrier at Lafontaine for a week, and I used to walk into Namur every day to buy that

gingerbread. It was a spécialité of Monsieur Leroy's. I like Sedan also; but Bazeilles is very pleasant—you are more in the country. There are very pleasant places round Sedan, where all the world goes and has milk and strawberries—for example, Fond de Givonne, and beyond again, up the little valley to Givonne. Monsieur must travel and see these places."

Monsieur travelled and saw them years after. Sedan was a horrible pest-house; Bazeilles a ruin and a horror such as the world had never seen before; Fond de Givonne ruined with shells; and the height between Givonne and Fond de Givonne covered with French corpses in heaps.

So we took her on to the ice, while we skated round her. I can see her now, sitting on a chair, which I hired for her, her eyes bright with pleasure, thinking herself as fine as a queen, but perfectly humble and grateful. After a time she asked us to skate away, for she was perfectly safe; and we did so. When we came back after half-an-hour, we found her in animated conversation with the man who let out the chairs and skates. We told her that it was time to go home, and she came at once; but when I offered the man the money for the chair, he emphatically refused to take it, to my great astonishment. He looked like a common "ice blackguard;" but he would have none of my money—"he would not take money for miss."

When we were tripping home she took my arm—she was nearly as tall as myself, though I am not small—and asked me if I would do her a favour. I tell the honest truth when I say that I was so madly in love with her, that I would have done anything.

"I cannot tell you how it was;
But this I know, it came to pass,"

as Christina Rossetti sings. I promised her that I would do everything she told me for ever.

"But that is unreasonable," she said; "but the English are bizarre. I ask you to do one thing for me, and you promise to do all things. I do not understand."

"Chivalry," I said.

"Oh, *comme cela*," she said, laughing. "Well, now then, good knight, you must take me to see the wife of that man who hired to us the chair. He is in distress, and I have money, and I want to give him some. You hear, you knight?"

I heard, and I obeyed. She had got the address neatly written down in her pocket-book, and we went the next day. As we started together, she said to me—

“You are so very kind to me, that I do not know how to thank you. For you to take me to the ice yesterday, and again to take me to these poor people! I will try to give no trouble to you; but you spoil me with your kindness. Will you do more for me?”

I do not remember exactly what I said, but I did not make a fool of myself.

“Then,” she said, “I want to slide on the ice, as I saw those people doing, and I want you to show me a shop where they sell chocolate.”

I went with her then to Fortnum and Mason’s; after which we crossed the ice together, and went down the Horseferry Road into a slum, where she found the woman she wanted in bed with a baby, and four children cowering about the floor before an empty fireplace. She looked round the room with a rather experienced eye, as it struck me, and without saying more than “Good-morning” to the woman, took out a sovereign, and requested me to step out and order in half a ton of coals and some small wood to be sent round instantly. I went at once in admiration, and she followed, only, however, to turn into a butcher’s, which she had observed in passing. “I am quite safe,” she said; and when I came back after ordering the coals, I found her in the woman’s room chattering, and preparing beef-tea in the only sancepan which had not been pawned.

“Have you no sisters of charity here in England?” she said.

I said, “No, with the exception of the Roman Catholic sisters.”

“*Tant pis*,” she said. “We French Protestants have, though. We are before you English Protestants in that. You English should have sisters of charity. My old nurse was one only last year, and I worked with her; so I know, though I am only fifteen. Could you nurse a man with a broken leg?”

I said, “No.”

“Ah, but I could,” she said, triumphantly. “I helped to nurse old Pierre, our gardener. I am rich, I; but I would sooner relieve human suffering than marry a minister of state. Now let us go slide. I say, you kind Englishman, you will take me there to that poor woman again to-morrow?”

I promised, and we went and slid. I can see her now, with the thoughtful look on her face as she was preparing, the look of calm pleasure as she was progressing, and the bright flash of triumph when she ended. We were on a very quiet piece of the ice behind the island, where other ladies were sliding, but Marie was as quiet as any of them. A great hulking Irish-

man, a sergeant in the Coldstream Guards, O'Halloran (he was shot through the heart just in front of Jones, of the *Daily News*, trying to get over the vineyard wall at Inkerman), came over from the barracks, and said that he would cut the slide clean for the ladies. He came down by the run, and Marie laughed so prettily, that O'Halloran said he was quite sure that her ladyship was an Irishwoman.

I don't know what I said that evening as we walked home. Sad nonsense, I doubt; I only know that she was crying when we came to the door, and that when I had gone up to my room she came and kissed me, and told me that it never could be. With her glorious frankness she told me that it might be with Louis, but with no other in this world. I accepted my fate, and am a journalist unto this day. It seems hard: I would have worked for her well, and you shall see that I did work for her. She knows why she made her decision once for all, and left me a little like the Wandering Jew, and very much like a stormy petrel.

I had got the answer which no gentleman takes twice from any woman, and with an aching heart I began to watch many things, young as I was. First, I looked at my own prospects, and saw that they were very bad. My father was very poor, and I perceived that unless I could do something for myself, I should have hard work to keep the wolf from the door. I thought of journalism, and I saw (young as I was) an opportunity of destroying the fiction that Russia only *resumed* the right of sending ships through the Dardanelles. I was the first who said that she never had it. I wrote a leading article on the subject, and sent it to a newspaper which I knew agreed with me. The article was inserted, and I was requested to call on the editor. I dared not go; I was little more than a schoolboy, almost without down on my face—I should have ruined everything by going. I told my dear father the whole truth, and *he* went to the editor with a high hand. The editor was utterly astonished at seeing my father, a London rector, and was more than utterly astonished at hearing that the article was written by his son. The editor offered money for the article, but my father refused it. He said that in the case of a young man like myself, with such brilliant prospects before him, it was extremely doubtful whether it was not the duty of a father to stand between him and the press. I think that my father got the best of it for the time, in spite of his verbosity; but at the same time I am only a journalist, with prospects of Ontario.

There was a sickening of the heart as I watched the relations

between Louis, Marie, and Alphonse. As time went on, the sickening at the heart grew worse and worse; for while I saw that she never could love me as a wife should love her husband, I saw that she loved Louis, and that Alphonse loved her. Before the end of these Christmas holidays Louis was her avowed lover, and we heard from France that the members of the two families, Courrier and Canzon, had required for family reasons that they should be affianced. Louis was therefore engaged to Marie, while Alphonse was desperately in love with her; from this moment I say nothing of myself.

I think that Louis loved her—I am sure that he did: that she loved him, I know to my cost. We must say one word for Alphonse, whom Sophie and I buried in the orchard the other day. He was as brave and as true a boy as ever lived. Always in my mind he seemed the superior of Louis; he seemed to me the model of a French lad; perhaps a lad who was more inclined to attend to words than to facts; very much the same kind of lad as is prepared to resume this war. He loved Marie with a wild and devoted love, such as Louis and I never could give her. I need not say which was his favourite author. He loved Marie and France together, and he would read Thiers at night until my father took the book away from him, for fear he should set the house on fire.

I argued with him on this matter of Francomania. France, I declared, was after all only a congeries of states, most of which had been in historical times held by England. It was of no more use than shying bread pills against the sides of the *Monarch*. He believed in France, and taunted me with the relations between England, Scotland, and Ireland. There he was unanswerable, and I had to give way to him at once. He had erected a god, and called it France, and who was I that I should gainsay him? Have we not a god called England ourselves? The pretty little fellow loved France as he loved Marie; he died for both of them; what man could do more? It seems to us, in the beginning of a new movement about the rights of women, that women, if they gain much, will lose much. The relations between men and women will be altered, and God only knows whether it will be for better or for worse. Alphonse would have been a simple slave to Marie, which would have been ill and foolish; but they might have been happy, if in this bad world any one can be happy. It was, however, evident to me that Alphonse was in love with Marie before the down was on his chin. The boy did not know what was the matter with him, and I naturally was the last person to speak about it, because I was in love with her myself.

I cannot say that I ever thoroughly *loved* Louis. He was a

prig, and I dislike prigs; and again, French prigs are the worst of all prigs, not excepting English and Prussian prigs. I do not say for an instant that I speak without prejudice, because he was my rival in regard to the matter of Marie. You may say that Alphonse was to a certain extent my rival; but I could at any time have taken Alphonse round the neck and told him the whole truth, whereas I would have died sooner than tell Louis one solitary word. It comes to the same thing in the end. Louis went to Brienne, from which school he at once, with his English education, got his commission, while Alphonse and myself were left alone in England with Marie.

I had given the matter entirely up; I saw that she would never be the wife of myself or of any other Englishman; but I was very much distressed at seeing the effect of her presence on Alphonse. As the lad matured, the love grew. He was aware that Marie was engaged to his brother; he was quite leal and true; but I have had that lad, who slept in the same room with me, crying half the night over a matter which he would sooner die than divulge. I knew what the matter was; and I take the opportunity of saying, that the mere matter of crying is no proof of cowardice in a French boy, as it is in the case of an English boy. They are more excitable; but in the face of an enemy they have always had the character of courage. Alphonse used to cry, and I used to think him a fool for doing it; we shall see the end of this boy before we have done.

My father had three months' leave from his living from the bishop, and, bethinking him of many economical matters, thought that the cheapest thing to do was to go abroad, brush up his languages, and also take my mother, myself, and Alphonse. Marie stayed at her school. It was a trip well conceived (there never was any one like my father) and well carried out. We went to Antwerp; from Antwerp to Cologne, from Cologne to Coblenz, and so by steamer up the Moselle to Alf. Now my father was a geologist, and he must needs see the Dolomite. After we had finished trying to break our necks, and drown ourselves in numberless lakes (now marked by the track of Prince Frederick Charles's armies), we headed for Treves, and from Treves on to Wasserbillig and away into Lorraine on foot, three happy boys—for my father was as good a boy at fifty-three as either Alphonse or I. Leaving Wasserbillig, we walked so far and so fast, that we got into Metz as the drums were beating the "couchez." Heavens! it seems as if it had all been a hundred years ago, and in another world.

My father was a singularly resolute man, who had not only read history, but who was determined that every one else should hear

it from his mouth. The end of our journey was Malmaison, close to Amandvilliers (the centre of the battle of Gravelotte, according to Bazaine) ; but my father wished to improve our minds by going round to Thionville and Longwy ; and so we tramped with him over the dusty roads, and when we got near Thionville, we hung on his words as he told us the glorious old story of the horse and the bundle of hay. We slept at Petonville, I remember ; and I remember also that my father took us over Luxemburg frontier to a place called Otange, where the landlord of the inn in which we slept told him that he had killed forty boars with his own hand in the last winter. My father said that he had not come to hear lies, but that he wanted to see the iron gate from the heights. We boys kept close to my father's coat-tails while he brushed through the copsewood, for we expected a boar every instant. I recollect seeing chimneys below me through trees ; and my father turned and said to us, or to the air, "The French are mad ; in case of a violation of neutral territory, this place might be shelled in an hour. I shall go on to La Chapelle, you boys."

We had not the slightest objection to go on to La Chapelle, so long as he took us to Malmaison at last. We walked quickly away with my father, and we got a bed in one of the outskirts of La Chapelle, at a place called Aboue. It was a very pleasant little place, and Madame Duprez (the landlady) was very kind to us boys. My father and she fell to what may be called "polite loggerheads" on the subject of Romanism ; but when she gave him his chamber candlestick they were the best of friends. My father hoped that she would find her way ultimately to a good place, and she hoped most sincerely that he would not find himself in a very bad place. She had nailed her colours to the mast, and I do not think there was much harm done ; they agreed to squabble over religious matters, and they did it. The next time that I was at Aboue, madame's house was ripped to pieces by shells, and I saw there what I hope I shall never see again—the French dead who had died from their wounds were brought out into the pretty street, and laid with their faces covered by a cloth, ready for the German burial-party.

Then, I remember, we looked about Sedan, and we thought it a very dull place ; and we went across to Bazeilles, and that was intolerably dull. Little did we dream that Sedan was a word to be written on the hearts of this generation. My father did not think highly of Sedan in any way. He did not like the cookery. Perhaps if he had known that his son was to sit there with German officers, eating horseflesh, he would have liked it less.

My father, Alphonse, and myself cut straight across the country

from Sedan to Briey, passing as we went Montmédy, a place which caused my father to lecture about the old Spanish-French fight there. From Montmédy we passed away south; and my father, who carried a little fishing-rod (from which implement of war he was never separated), caught trout, grayling, and ehub, while Alphonse and I rolled in the grass, and read Grant's novels. It was a quiet happy time; and going over the ground again last year, I could not help making a fool of myself at seeing the pretty dead Frenchmen lying in the old spots unburied, where my father had been catching trout. If this is read by any young man who intends to be a journalist, let him take my advice, and get rid of sentimentality. I can assure that young man, that after he has looked into the first dead face, the process will be by no means difficult. After one or two violent outbreaks, he will become perfectly fit for his work—that is to say, to a certain extent brutalised.

I can still hear my father's British roar in the principal hotel at Briey. I remember the little inn in front of the château, served, even in those old times, by the little niece of old Sophie, and who bore her name. Young Sophie has grown up now, and has covered herself with a glory which is not of this world. On the horrible day of St. Privat, when the glass was broken in her house and her brother's with the concussion of the cannon, she never lost heart for an instant. She slaved all the morning among the French and German wounded; and the next day, when the Germans came in, she served them without any pay at all. I have few pleasant recollections in my life, for I have been a wild wandering bird; but have a pleasure in remembering young Sophie.

Briey, I remember, in the old times before the cataclysm, was a pretty, abrupt town over a little stream, with narrow streets and a nice château in a little square. My father knocked up the curé (as was his habit in all Romanist towns), and had a rather strong argument with him on the subject of religion. On the occasion of our visit to Briey, the argument between Romanism and Protestantism was continued far into the night; and when my father came to bed with me, he talked himself to sleep on the subject. Meanwhile Alphonse and I had been doing a little matter on our own account. The lady of the château had caught us in the square, and had taken us into the château itself. Little did I think to what purposes that château was to be applied last year.

When I went in with her into her garden, it was a garden of all delight. She let us turn on the fountains, and she let us eat the strawberries, which grew on terrace after terrace. When I went into it last year it was a hospital. There were five young

Frenchmen and one young German in the *salon* ; and there was also some one else, of whom we shall hear anon. At the time of my first visit to the château of Briey there was no dream of the horrors of war. I have been there twice ; but I never will go any more—never more, for ever. Briey is, as the Scotch say, a place which I have “ put past.”

My father’s argument with the curé was so exceedingly warm, and so successful on my father’s side, that the curé insisted that he should accompany us to the village of Ste. Marie aux Chênes, where lived a curé who would demolish and ruin my father, with fifty-Protestant power at his back. The curé was politely infuriated at my father’s arguments, but pleaded inexperience in divinity ; so all the way from Aboue to Ste. Marie my father hurled the fathers of the Church at his head like German cannon-shots. In the horrible shattering roar of last year, I remember smiling at the old ecclesiastical battle. My father had distinctly the best of it until we reached Ste. Marie aux Chênes, and met the curé of that place out walking. Our good young man of Briey handed my father over like a bale of goods to the curé of Ste. Marie, and the curé (now Monseigneur of R——) took him in hand. My impression was, that although my father’s arguments were excellent, he got the worst of it. But I am only a journalist, and not worth listening to.

But under the broad black skirts of my father and the curés of Briey and Ste. Marie aux Chênes, I saw, in the midst of the ecclesiastical battle, the village which is the centre of one of the battles for this century at least—the village of St. Privat. Bazaine says, that Amandvilliers, three miles away, was the object of his centre attack, in the battle called Gravelotte. Bazaine should know better than I ; but St. Privat is shattered far more than Amandvilliers ; and so I fancy that Bazaine’s grand plan must have gone a little wrong, as French plans generally seem to have done last year.

Alphonse and I liked St. Privat very much, because the maire had a remarkable kind of early pear in his garden, which, as he proudly remarked, were ripe before the strawberries were gone. I pointed out to the maire, that if I said that we had eaten pears and strawberries together, we should not be believed. The maire laughed, and advised me not to tell the story, adding that I was a boy of genius. Yet I have something stranger to tell than the fact of eating pears and strawberries at one and the same time.

I have come home so weary and so broken-hearted over this matter, that I must be allowed to tell my story in my own way, or I cannot tell it at all. I must, for instance, tell you what St.

Privat was like before the day of judgment came, and it was left the hideous heap of ruins which it is now. It was never a pretty village; it lay out on the bald plains of the table-land of Lorraine, looking at the pearl-grey cloud which we boys were told was Champagne, and at the rolling peaks which we were told were the Vosges. It seems very strange to me that those who have taken such an interest in this war have heard of Gravelotte, but do not seem to have heard of St. Privat. The horrible shattered ruin of St. Privat is worse than anything except Bazeilles. Among the men who guided those God-sent waggons of the International Society you will not find one who does not tell you that St. Privat is the worst thing of all. Readers may think I am writing fiction when I mention St. Privat; would they be so good as to get the Report of these glorious Quakers, who have been risking their lives by disease? I, who write these words, was in St. Privat in the lowest depth of her ruin. We had to ask the German doctor where certain wounded were after whom we had come. "Moved to the rear," he said; "we expect Bazaine out every instant, and there will be a great battle." I looked right and left over the desolated fields, and saw the steel-blue line which hemmed Bazaine in, and I came to certain conclusions which were found to be correct. I remember in these late horrible times likening Bazaine to Sterne's starling, but that is no matter. On the old visit to St. Privat things were very different. My father was now determined to see Metz or die, and the last memory I have of St. Privat is this. My father had so violently squabbled with the curés of Aboue, Ste. Marie aux Chênes, and St. Privat, that he gave the curé of St. Privat his own private copy of Thomas à Kempis as a keepsake. The curé of St. Privat gave my father pears in his *bonhomie*—he had little to give then, and less now—and my father put them in his pocket, and when the diligence for Metz came in, sat on them, and made jam of them. Pretty old times! I do not like laughing at my father, God bless him; but it is better to make a harmless joke about one's own father than cry over the corpse of Alphonse. Through all this break-beart business my father is dearer to me than any other. Yet we who have seen matters, get so used to them, that we can make a joke about our own fathers. Believe me that I tell you the truth about that. *Experto crede*; war is brutalising, not ennobling. The German officers, commanding the best of all good men, say so, and in the German army there are men who can think while they fight.

My father was bound to go to Metz, or perish in the attempt, because he said that the expanse of that great apse dominated in the most inartistic way the height of the main tower. Whether

he thought that he could put the matter right by going there, I am unable to say: I can only say that we never went there, in consequence of my father having a violent attack of sciatica, which laid him up at Amandvilliers. Some fool of a doctor had told my father that his life was not good: and so, when I and Alphonse got him to his bed at Madame Leroy's at Amandvilliers, four miles from Metz, my father told me that he was not in any way afraid of death, and that all his affairs were in order. (They were not, but that is no matter.) My father now told me for the first time, that Louis was at Metz, and he begged me to send for him. I of course at once sent Alphonse. He went and fetched Louis but by that time my father was perfectly well; and instead of having his dying directions, only found a powerfully-built English parson before him, intent on bullying him on any point he would like to air. I am a little bit afraid that my dear father did bully Louis. I never had sciatica myself, but I should conceive it to be nearly as exasperating a disease as toothache. At all events, my father, who was the sweetest-tempered of human beings, was very cross over it; but he brightened up and got pleasant when Louis said that he had got leave from his regiment, and that he insisted on our all going away to Malmaison together. Malmaison was Louis's property, you will see, and he was to marry Marie in spite of every one. Nevertheless, we had a very pleasant day, though my father would be jocular over Louis's red trousers. These were old, old times.

We got, I remember, one of those queer vehicles now called an *américaine*. Louis and Alphonse sat in front, while my father and I sat under the hood. Louis drove, with his red trousers, on the splashboard, and, as my father remarked once or twice, drove principally into the ditch; but that ditch was not deep enough then to bury dead men, and so we reached Malmaison with nothing worse than my father's objurgations.

At that time the ghastly old harridan who now calls herself Sophie was an uncommonly handsome woman of forty-eight. She was then very brisk and gentle, and she showed us everything, to my father's great approval. The country around was bare, without hedges, and well tilled, and my father said that it reminded him of Waterloo. There was an undoubted resemblance, as we all agreed. Malmaison is singularly like Hugomont, only it is bigger, and stands more alone.

That day among days was a great day for me. Sophie got the peacock to come and eat corn; and she gave me a feather which he had dropped out of his tail. And there were fowls there of the *Crève-cœur* sort, which could hardly see to eat for

feathers. There was also a delicious kind of swine, like a greyhound, about which I irritated Sophie, because I said they must be wild. Sophie said that they were such good pigs that they would fatten on anything. I asked her why she did not give them something to fatten on. She rode the high horse with me, and said that I doubtless knew best.

We were to lie at Malmaison, and that was most delightful; because we should see the place again the next morning. I went to bed very early with Alphonse; but my father and Louis sat up to drink a bottle of Walportsheinner together. I was very restless (Heaven only knows why—I do not believe in brain-waves), and I was walking up and down the room in my shirt, when my father came in.

“I was going to rouse you up, my boy,” he said. “Why are you not in bed?”

And I answered that I could not tell. I could not sleep. I said that there were ghosts—I was young enough to say that—and my father did not laugh at me, but said that there were ghosts enough there, without doubt, but that was not the time for seeing them. He then told me to put on my trousers, which I did, and to come downstairs, which I did.

I had to look on the game which the forester had just brought in, and the beauty of the sight was beyond belief. The heaped French dead, which I saw afterwards in the dung-yard before the door, were not more beautiful. The forester had cast down a great wild boar, and on it he had thrown hares, blackcock, hazel-hens, and quail. I was very much delighted with it. My father pointed out to me that the real beauty of heaped game consisted in the wondrous half-tints and colours. And then I went upstairs, and lay quiet beside Alphonse until the glorious sun awoke us in the morning, and we rose and stood looking together across the vast fields of waving grain which spread round us on all sides. I said to Alphonse, “What a big dog is yonder on the lawn!” and he said, “Dog! it is a boar.”

I dressed hurriedly and ran downstairs as fast as I could, and out round the garden to capture that boar. I very nearly succeeded, for I met the brute in an alley, with a box-hedge on each side, through which he could not pass. With the madness of youth I tried to seize the animal; but after a fierce grunt he turned back and hurried through some flowers. Louis, who ran up, drew his sword as the boar went past him, and cut at him, and says he thinks that he hurt him; but I am now so used to French war despatches, that I am very doubtful.

Louis had come out after me, and had met the boar at the end

of an alley through which I had chased him. Louis was at that time seventeen, whereas I was nearly nineteen; but Louis, in consequence of his red trousers, was a great deal more than a hundred years older than I was. I yielded entirely to Louis's knowledge of the world, and gave way to him on all points. Louis had had four months in a French regiment, and knew everything. My father used to talk too fast; but my father, although a clergyman, knew a great deal, in consequence of having to take pupils to eke out his income.

Louis said to me—

“Come to breakfast, and leave the hunting of boars. There has arrived a German, a cousin of Marie's, from Saxony. Come quickly, or he will eat all.”

I ran up to our bedroom and made myself tidy, and I came down and met this brute of a Saxon. My French proclivities were then so strong that I considered this young man as my natural enemy before I saw him. I was most agreeably surprised. The young man to whom I was introduced was one of the handsomest young men I had ever seen. He was very blonde, and, in fact, his moustache was no darker than a tooth-brush, though his whiskers were darker. He took me utterly by surprise with his politeness and his wonderful knowledge. He told me quietly that I was the first educated English youth he had met, and he wished me to explain to him some passages in Mad Tom in *King Lear*. He was puzzled about the “old grey rat and the ditch-dog;” and I explained to him the difference between the old English rat and the water-vole. Then he must have me explain why “Hopdance crieth in Tom's belly for two white herring.” I explained to him that white herring was to be distinguished from red herring, and that Tom was supposed to be thirsty. Then I got talking over the subject, and among other things told him that the character of Mad Tom was entirely artificial, although probably the greatest effort of all Shakspeare's genius. I said that Mad Tom was a gentleman, who was fit to govern the people by knowing their wants, and that he showed his knowledge of their wants in his assumed madness. I warmed with the theme to this young Saxon officer, and told him roundly to his face that no German poet had ever equalled the line in Mad Tom in which he says—

“Away to wakes and fairs and market towns.”

I went on eagerly, and abused Shakspeare for the utter improbability of Edgar acting so wondrous well as to identify

himself so thoroughly with a lunatic beggar, whose only pleasure was motion and excitement. I went through the character from beginning to end ; and when I had finished my say, I saw young Caspar the Saxon and my father looking at me steadily and calmly, while Louis and Alphonse were laughing.

"He should write that down," said my father. "The boy thinks."

"He has told me more than I knew before," said Caspar. "Who knows the route from here to Ste. Marie? Can one get to Aboue any shorter way than by La Tige?"

"I cannot say," said Louis. "You seem to know the country pretty well."

"We study geography, we Germans," said young Caspar. "We may need it."

Louis was furious in a moment.

"You mean the geography of Lorraine," he said.

"I mean geography generally," said Caspar.

After this, Louis strutted and fumed, and I was very glad that we got out of it without a quarrel, more particularly as Caspar told me that he happened to be in love with Marie, and that he was perfectly prepared to put a bullet into any man who ventured to be in love with her besides himself. I replied, on the other hand, that I was violently in love with her myself, and that I was perfectly ready to be shot at his earliest convenience. He saw the outrageous nonsense of his proposition, and laughed. But he asked me whether Marie loved me; and I said no, I did not think so. "Any one else?" I said that we were all such children, that we should not think of such things. I said that I was still such a baby, that I could run after a peacock; and he said, that though his beard was grown early, he was as great a baby as I was.

So we parted; and my father insisted on having sciatica again and going back to Luxemburg. On arriving at Luxemburg my father sent for the doctor; and the doctor being out, he sent round for the prime minister. The prime minister being at the Café de l'Union, and being hunted up there by a dexterous and nimble commissioner, came at once on being told that an Englishman of eminence was in trouble. I do not know why my father did this; but I only know that there was the most *awful row* you ever heard in your life. The most unfortunate thing was that the prime minister could understand English, and so could understand what my father said. I do most sincerely hope that the new Education Boards will put an entire veto on the learning of languages. It is the greatest mistake in the

world. All difficulties with America, for example, would sink into nothing if we did not understand one another's language. My father could talk both German and French to a limited extent; but that night, with the irritation of the sciatica on him, he persisted in talking English, and, as I have said, the prime minister understood him. My father ended by saying that a state which would raise no army had no *raison d'être* at all.

The prime minister burst out of the room, and fell over my father's foot-pan. At the same time the Prussian officer of the garrison came into my father's bedroom, and asked to see his passport. My father was thoroughly cross now, and said that his passport was under his pillow, but that he would not show it to any German unhung. This conduct on the part of a British rector naturally led to a terrible scene, in which I, as an undeveloped journalist, took part. My father refused to get out of bed, and so the whole quarrel was carried out on the stairs. Alphonse was of no use; he got frightened. I stood on the stairs, and called the Prussian officer every name I could lay my tongue to; but he would not go at all. Then I said in German that I would make him go. Upon this he requested me to come to the bottom of the stairs. I at once did so, and there was a struggle, the landlord holding the light. I got by far the worst of it; for the Prussian was stronger than I was, and I was marched off to a guard-house, while my father was arrested in his bed.

Alphonse meanwhile had knocked up a bill of sixteen francs in bribery and treating. The lad said that he paid for a bottle of wine for the prime minister; but I doubt that, because the prime minister was a gentleman, and the boy could not be trusted to tell the truth. My father and I were liberated, and so ended our first expedition through Luxemburg and Lorraine.

It is as well to state the whole truth, even in a story like this. Luxemburg must be very careful, if she desires to preserve her neutrality now. The Germans have been very long-suffering with her, and she must take care. The neutrality of Luxemburg has cost the Germans 20,000 lives; and when men get mad, as they are getting now, a small state like Luxemburg must look out lest she commit a violation of neutrality.*

* On the great day of Sedan, when we were pushing forward to the fight, the Brandenburg Hussars, the regiment of the ever-memorable Ziethen, were sitting with their horses' fore-hoofs on the frontier of Luxemburg. The writer happened to be with them; and sooner than the line should be violated, they backed their horses, *lest the hind feet of their horses should go over the frontier line*. To this I can swear. One violation of neutral territory occurred: a hunted Saxon hussar, of

PART II.

So ends our first visit to Malmaison. After this there came a long time and worry. Louis wanted to marry Marie, and the whole party of Courriers and Cançons, who seemed to get more innumerable as time went on, insisted most emphatically that they were both too young; and as the wild argument went on it became evident, both to myself and my father, that Marie was getting very doubtful whether she cared to marry him at all. There were two parties among the Courriers and Cançons, by no means divided by name, only by sex. The women, to one woman or nearly so, said that she ought to marry him; and the men, to a man or nearly so, said that she ought to have time to think over the matter. As it was no possible business of my father's, he naturally took the most lively interest in it. He took the female side of the question, and worked at it to that extent that he got into trouble with his Bishop. My father knew one of the Courriers, a teacher of languages, who was an *émigré* of old times, and who lived at Chelsea and cultivated tulips and ranunculuses; my father must needs go to him and talk over the matter. The end of the interview was so very stormy, that the old Frenchman told my father that he was to be found at Boulogne, or, if it pleased him, at Calais, any day which he chose to name. On discovering that my father was an ecclesiastic, he got still more infuriated, for he said my father, by his language, had violated the sanctity of his order. I do not believe that my father went farther than to tell the old man that he was not speaking the truth. My father was the most perfectly refined gentleman; never rude, though he might be boisterous and contradictory at times. Anyhow, he wounded that Frenchman's feelings to that extent that he wrote to the Bishop; and the Bishop wrote, in a rather peremptory manner, to my father. I will give the correspondence:

Enclosure No. 1. From the Bishop.

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the enclosed copy of a communication which has been addressed to me by M. Ernest Courier, and I beg to call your immediate attention to it.”

a regiment I know pretty well, crossed the Alsette, and his horse was shot dead under him on the wrong side of the frontier. With the exception of that case, I will defy any Luxemburger to prove a case of violation of frontier against the Germans. They were violating such neutrality continually, as I can prove.

Enclosure No. 2. From M. E. Courier to the Bishop.

“MONSEIGNEUR,—I beg emphatically to call your attention at once to the conduct of the Anglican parish priest of Holloway, who has, under protection of his sacred cloth, spoken injuries of me in my presence, not in any way to be tolerated by a man of honour. Had I been living in a civilised country, I, as a military man, though now retired, should not have dreamt of writing to any man’s colonel about such an affair myself; I should have taken the usual course with Mr. Thompson, and have fought him. But, Monseigneur my Lord Bishop, I have already done that, and he declines to meet me, on ecclesiastical grounds. My sword failing me, I am obliged to invoke the thunders of the Church, and request your excommunication. As a republican and communist myself, I do not think they will have the least effect, as I am bound to tell you; but a Frenchman’s honour is at stake.”

Enclosure No. 3. From the Bishop to M. Courier.

“DEAR SIR,—*Vouslez-vous préciser votre accusation ?* What has he said? I know that he is often *emporté*, but he is certainly a gentleman; pray answer at once, for I have a great respect for him.”

Enclosure No. 4. From M. Courier to the Bishop.

“MONSEIGNEUR,—I deeply regret the conclusion of your most courteous (though brief) letter. You say that you have great respect for Rector Thompson; I, for my part, have none whatever, and so it gives me deep pain to disagree with so gifted a man as your lordship. The affair between myself and Rector Thompson eats itself, and I have been informed by a compatriot that the Rector Thompson has called me in public an old fool of a French-grammar teacher. I take no notice of this, because it only comes from second hand; but as you ask me to precise my accusation, I will do so, and tell you what Rector Thompson said to my face. I will leave you, monseigneur, to decide whether or no he is fit to minister the offices of the religion in which you both believe, but in which I do not.

“A marriage is on the *tapis* between my cousin Louis and Marie Canzon. I, with the rest of my family, object to it. They are both too young to know their own minds. When I said this to Rector Thompson, who knows nothing about the matter, he said I was as one deprived of understanding; and when I said that the girl did not want the man, he said that I was not

speaking the truth. I have thus, my dear Monseigneur, precised my accusation."

Enclosure No. 5. From the Bishop to my Father.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—I have received a letter from M. Courrier of Chelsea, in which he accuses you of calling him an old fool, and also accusing him of untruth. Is this so?"

Enclosure No. 6. From my Father to the Bishop.

"MY DEAR LORD BISHOP,—It is perfectly true that I called M. Courrier an old fool (and if he is anything, he is that); it is equally true that I think him so; and if your lordship chooses to suspend me, I shall submit to your lordship's decision with the most perfect and entire obedience. I am here, my lord, to speak the truth, and I will speak it. The man *is* an old fool; I never saw a greater. With regard to my telling him that he was not speaking the truth, I acknowledge that also, and I will hold to my words. Any punishment from your lordship will be received with thankfulness and meekness; but I am resolute."

Enclosure No. 7. From the Bishop to my Father.

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—There is something behind-hand which you have not told me. Please, like an old friend and fellow-collegian, tell me why you are so hot over this business. *Dear Sam, tell me the whole truth.* Never mind Bishop or Rector, but let me know all, as if we were in neighbouring beds, as at Eton thirty years ago. This Frenchman is very troublesome, and you know that you were a fighting boy in old times. Let me know all about it, old friend—dear friend for ever. You know my position; don't try me too hard."

Enclosure No. 8. From my Father to the Bishop.

"DEAR GEORGE,—You remember that pretty boy Shepherd of Lincoln? Well, he has done no good except marry a wife as pretty as himself, beget nine children, and then die of phthisis. He was my curate when he died; and I don't in the least degree see what Mrs. Shepherd is to do. Under-paid parsons should not marry;—but, at all events, send me something for her, and get some of your charitable women to do something to prevent her going entirely to the bad.

"There has been trouble between us for a post or two, my dear George, and I will tell you all about it. As in all great rows of this kind, there is something personal going. Marie Canzon is

engaged to one of my former pupils, Louis Courier; but his brother Alphonse is as badly in love with her as Louis. Now this I could stand—I could see my way out of all that; but my own boy, the boy of my heart, who will take to nothing [this is your journalist] is as bad about her as any one. I want to see her married out of the way. She is a good girl, and has money; but I do not want my son to marry her. He is a capital fellow, but an utter fool. [I must pause to call your attention to the fact that my father is alluding to *me*. Nothing has happened since which makes me think my father wrong.] I don't know what I can do with him, and I wish I may be hanged if he knows what he is going to do with himself. But he must not marry that girl. If she were poor, my dear Bishop, I would not care; for the boy has pluck and chivalry, and they would get on together; but the girl is rich, and my boy would never stand being kept by his wife. Old Courier is exasperated over the matter, and I have lost my temper with him. That is all. Mind you, Bishop—or rather George—I am not sure whether she does not love Alphonse the best, when all is said and done; but I will not have my son marry a rich woman, on whom he is dependent. A man had better hang himself than do that.”

Enclosure No. 9. From the Bishop to my Father.

“DEAR SAM,—I see you have not clearly explained the old Frenchman's exasperation; but I will do that for you. *Don't let the girl marry your boy.* Any man who lives on his wife's money becomes necessarily brutalised. The very savages don't do it. I don't want to make woman utterly dependent on man; but, until these rascally laws against women are abolished, the old evil will go on. I know a very good fellow now, who through illness has been forced to cut into his wife's property, and now wishes he was dead for doing so. Pray don't let your son marry this rich Frenchwoman. A man had better marry a dairy-maid than marry a rich woman, more particularly of another nation, with all sorts of foreign influences around her, political and religious alike.”

Here closes this curious correspondence. Old M. Courier made friends with my father, through the Bishop's influence; and with regard to Marie, myself, Louis, and Alphonse, we never married at that time.

Pretty times came. I did little good at the university; but a man came to me and asked would I go for the *Daily Intelligence* to Balaclava. I would have gone on bread and water; and I

went. The affair of Sebastopol must never be compared to the affair of Sedan. It must always be remembered that the affair of Sedan is the most terrible thing in history. In those very old days I was very young, and went away with the most enormous belief in the French army; and as a matter of fact I have never had to alter my opinion of it at all. I believe now, that if the best generals are appointed, and if the officers will get out of that absurd habit of sauntering into the first café the moment their men are dismissed, there will arise from the ashes of the present ruined army an army as fine as France ever saw. A French baron said to me the other day, just after Forbach, "Nos officiers sont toujours en café." It is terribly true about French officers; let English officers take care that it is not said about them. In the Crimea there were no temptations of that kind, and look how well both English and French did! No three armies ever behaved more nobly in the field than the British, the French, and the Russian. For me, after Inkerman, I would back the Russians against the Germans; but then I should require one German to three Russians, which is very long odds. I am of opinion, that, of all the troops in the world, the Germans are the best, and the Bavarians the best of the Germans. (An exasperating friend of mine says that the Affghans, give them equal arms, are the best of all; but he is a lunatic at large.) It is most perfectly certain that Saxony, Bavaria, and Baden have developed powers of swift marching, and *elan* in attack, to which no other nation can compare. I am speaking simple truth when I tell this story. I interchanged bows with General Alvensleben in Lorraine, and in five days he had taken up his command before Paris. In old times the French used to say of other armies, "Ils marchent, nous courons." The reverse is the truth now. The French march slowly and fight badly. Why? Because in the flashy Italian war the Emperor Napoleon III. won his battles by destroying his best troops. That is the little reason why.

As to the Crimea, Louis was in that fight on the telegraph-hill at the Alma, which Kinglake denies altogether. He was, however, wounded and decorated, and seemed to like it. After this he went to New Caledonia, where he did not get decorated; and then he went to Mexico, where he did. He was out of the Italian business altogether, and was always going to marry Marie when he came home. He seemed in no great hurry; and indeed Marie waited with wonderful patience. She, during the Mexican business, went into retreat, taking vows for four months with the *Sœurs des Sept Douleurs*, in a dirty, silly, insignificant place called Sedan. (The place is on the Meuse, and has pleasant

groves on the glacis.) Louis was very angry at her doing this ; and when Bazaine sent him home with despatches, he went straight to Sedan, after depositing his despatches at Paris, for the purpose of seeing Marie. Marie, being *en retraite*, was not allowed to see him, which gave rise to the following correspondence :—

The Lady Superior of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, Sedan, to M. Louis Courier.

“ MONSIEUR,—I have the honour to inform you, that Mademoiselle Canzon is *en retraite*.

“ AGATHA.”

M. Louis Courier to Lady Superior.

“ VENERABLE MOTHER,—Mademoiselle Marie Canzon is *fiancée* to me, and if I do not see her I will beat your doors down. We have done by no means well in Mexico, and are a little out of temper. If you refuse me a sight of Marie, I will have the garrison of Sedan at your gate.”

The Lady Superior of the Sept Douleurs to the Captain Louis Courier.

“ DEAR SIR,—I received your communication duly. I have only to say that we will die praying. You have our entire forgiveness. When we meet in another and a better world, which seems hardly probable, you will regret this.”

Louis Courier to the Lady Superior.

“ MADAME OR MOST HOLY MOTHER,—I should be very much obliged if you would explain yourself. Neither I nor any of the garrison have the slightest intention of cutting your throat or injuring you in any way. I have come from Mexico, and I want to see my *fiancée*. Why can I not see her ?

“ LOUIS COURRIER.”

Lady Superior to Louis.

“ SIR,—I am not aware that you wished to cut my throat ; but Mademoiselle Canzon is in retreat, and cannot be seen at present.”

Bishop L— to Louis Courier.

“ DEAR CAPTAIN,—I am very sorry for you, but what *can* I do ? Your lady-love is in retreat, and, as far as I see, must stay there

for another month. Let her remain; let her be. Are you sure of her? In my opinion you have rivals. I know who those rivals are, but I do not choose to tell. Don't plague the girl with your addresses. I assure you that I want to see the girl as well married as if I was her father. I would not object to her marrying a Protestant Englishman or an utter atheist like yourself. Leave the girl alone, and she will come to you. She does not know her own mind yet. Let her alone, and you may get her yet. I could tell you more, but I dare not. Be kind to her, lad, and she will be kind to you through everything."

Louis to the Bishop.

"MONSEIGNEUR,—I do not understand your letter entirely. Marie was *fiancée* to me, and, in the name of all furies, I will have the contract carried out."

The Bishop to Louis.

"MY DEAR BOY,—No one ever dreamt that you *would* understand my letter. I only say this to you—don't marry that woman until you have thoroughly won her heart. Come, captain, let us have it out between us. What have you done to deserve her? I have got you there. She is infinitely your superior. You are a mere machine. She has genius; you have none. You are a sharp fellow; she is no fool. She may marry you if you behave yourself. If she marries you, it will be the first piece of folly she has ever committed. In the meantime, I ask you to leave the Lady Superior of the Sept Douleurs alone."

Louis to the Bishop of L——.

"MONSEIGNEUR,—I thank you for your allusions to my Voltairism; but I deeply regret that I cannot take your advice, excellent as it was. My sweetheart is mewed up by the Lady Superior of Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs, and I cannot in any way get at her. I am only a young Frenchman, and not a young Englishman; if I am not allowed to see my sweetheart, I will raise a dust about your head and that of the Lady Superior which will sweep you utterly away. Such an affair would not be tolerated for one instant in England or Prussia. I demand to see this girl, who is *fiancée* to me. I demand to know her mind about myself."

The Bishop to Louis.

"DEAR SIR,—I will take good care that you see the girl. Do not get *emporté*. I will meet you in Bazailles to-morrow morning at ten, and I will bring the girl with me."

That is actually a fact. Louis, by some of those wonderful arrangements of the French army, found it possible to be at Sedan, because Marie Canzon was staying with her aunt. The Bishop, for reasons only known to himself and probably the Pope, was there also; and Sedan being a most disagreeable place, you naturally strolled out to Bazeilles. So the Bishop, Louis, and Marie were all together in the street of Bazeilles.

Bazeilles was a little suburb of Sedan, with a very pretty street. There were trees there, and the workpeople from the manufactories made it like a Clamart or a Meudon, and used to go out to it and amuse themselves in front of the cafés. They used to bathe in the Meuse also, but no one bathes now lest he should swim against a corpse. I asked, the other day, at Namur in Belgium, "Had any corpses come down?" and the singularly practical answer was, "Not yet; we shall have no bodies down until the winter flood." It was at Bazeilles that Marie and Louis met at this time.

He saw her at the street's end; and when the Bishop had deserted him, he went into the church and assisted the curé, leaving her to tell the whole story by herself. I think he was wise.

Louis came clanking on towards her, in his blue tunic and scarlet trousers, looking like a king of men. She was dressed in quiet grey, but looking as lovely as Frenchwomen always do. She ran up to him and took his hands in hers.

"There is difficulty in seeing you," he said.

"Will you kiss me, Louis?"

"Do you care for me, Marie?"

"I think I care for you more than any man on the face of the earth. There are two others, Louis—there are two others whom I love."

"There may be half a hundred, for all I know. All I want to know is, whether you love me above all men in the whole world?"

Marie said—

"I love you as well as any, but I love the Englishman and Alphonse as well as I do you. Dearest well-loved, do not let us marry; it would be a *bêtise*."

"I will murder Alphonse and the Englishman!" said Louis.

"Dearest, why?" she answered. "They have done no harm."

"They have done harm to me, curse them! I wanted you, and you will not come to me."

"Think of your own folly, my Louis. You would never be contented with one-third of a heart. Pray think one instant. I

love you, but I love others as well. What would you have? I know that you do not want my money; if you care for it, I will give it you at once. You have only to say one solitary word, and all the money which I have is yours for ever. Leave me poor, for your own dear sake; but understand once for all, that at present I cannot be the wife of you or any other man. Will you take my money, and let me go free?"

Louis could not do that. I think that at the bottom he was a snob, but at all events he was not snob enough for that. He said—

"Am I such a hound that you cannot take me?"

"Dear Louis, you are the best of men, I am sure, the very best of men; but, dear, dear Louis, I am afraid I cannot marry you."

Louis urged his case.

"Am I ill-looking?"

She answered by saying, "Give me a kiss."

And he bent his handsome head down, and gave her one.

"You are the handsomest man in France," she said.

And he did not disagree with her.

"Am I cruel?" he said.

"I never knew you so," she answered; "you have always been kind."

"Have I worried you with my attentions?"

"Never, dearest Louis, for an instant."

"Then why cannot it be?"

"Because it cannot, Louis; it can never be in all time. I cannot, cannot do it."

"Are you going to marry the Englishman?"

"Now, Louis," she said, "we are coming to terms. I swear to you, in this street of Bazeilles, that if I ever marry any one, it shall be you. Will that content you?"

Louis said, "That ought to content any man;" for Louis, though a prig, was a gentleman.

"I love Alphonse, I love the Englishman, and I love you far more dearly than you think; but why cannot I love you without marrying you? I have three friends now; why should I make two out of the three enemies? Do you see?"

Louis never could be brought to see it. Alphonse and your humble servant accepted their fate. Marie did not want to marry—an old fool at our club said that she would have been a great fool if she had; but he was only an old fool, such as one meets.

At this period of the conversation the Bishop, having finished service, deployed out of the church, and came upon Louis and Marie.

"I know," he began, "all that you have been saying. Has she told you that she has taken vows for one year?"

Louis stood aghast. His hopes were over.

"Ah, but she has, though," said the Bishop; "and I think that she is perfectly right, if it is only on the ground of defending her property. Like a true woman, she has concealed the whole truth; but she has done it. She did not tell you?"

"No, Monseigneur," said Louis.

"You must have penance for that, my lady," said the Bishop. "But you see your fate, M. Louis Courier. For me, I would sooner have had her marry the Protestant Englishman; for the English have a notion of Christianity, though their sacraments are of no avail to salvation. It is all over; she has taken vows for one year."

The dark, horrible cloud came down. In an evil hour France marched on Germany, and the Teutonic wave rose like a sea. Every one who knew anything about affairs knew that it was a horrible and ghastly affair; but our daily press insisted on fiddling while Rome was burning. I was among the French *émigrés* at Mondorf, and was talking to them about the state of affairs. It was most obvious that I could not get into Metz (the last man who ever left Metz was the correspondent of the *Scotsman*). It was obvious on the 10th of August that I could not get into Metz, and so I determined to get into Thionville. With this idea, I stayed a little time at Mondorf, making expeditions across the frontier.

I came, hurried with dust and heat, back to Mondorf. The first thing I asked for was my own paper, which was handed to me. I was very late for the dinner, but I asked for soup, and ate it. Then I looked up at the French Baron, an *émigré* from Metz, a man whom I had met often before. I bowed to him, his wife, and his two beautiful young daughters, and they returned my bows.

"What news, M. le Rédacteur?" he said.

I said in reply, "M. le Baron, the worst of news. I cannot conceal the truth from you. The French are beaten back on all quarters. M. le Baron, the French are not fighting."

A Frenchman said the 32nd Chasseurs had been cut to pieces; a lady in the room rose and left the table. She went down through every kind of danger to Metz. The 32nd Chasseurs was her own son's regiment; at Metz she heard that the regiment had never been engaged, but was at Strasburg.

But to resume: When I told the Baron of the results of Forbach and Spiccheren he sat silent, and his beautiful daughters began to

cry. And looking past them I saw a woman I never thought to see again; it was Marie Canzon, dressed all in grey.

I said to her at once, "Come here;" and she came. I said, "Where are you going?"

She said, "Into Metz."

I replied, "I am a hired man, and cannot go. Hired men can do nothing. Hired men have no souls. When once a man is hired and paid, he is dead for most good things: a man had better be dead and trusting to God's mercy than be hired to lie."

"You need not lie," she said. "You never did lie in old times."

"I never lie now," I answered; "but I am irritated, dearest Marie, by my proprietors writing and asking me to put a gloss on to matters which are perfectly obvious, to suit their politics."

She laughed so pleasantly. "I can give you a piece of good advice," she said.

"And what is that?"

"Do nothing of the kind, but speak the plain truth. You are poor and must live; but you are not poorer than I am."

"You are so rich."

"I am vowed to poverty; my money goes to the poor. Now we must have a most important talk together; you must get me into Metz."

"Marie, it is utterly impossible. — has come out, the last man left; — has been too late; — dare not try it for his life. I cannot do it; it is utterly impossible."

"I know that it is utterly impossible," she said; "but it must be done, and you must do it."

"But my duty to my proprietors?" I said.

"I am not talking about your proprietors; I am talking of mine."

"Who are they, Marie?"

"The Jesuits. I am ordered into Metz, and I must go. Am I to go alone, or will you help me? If you can get me to St. Privat and Malmaison, I am safe. You must do it, you know, dear. We have got word that Sister Agatha is dead, and I am to take her place. I do not know the route from here to Malmaison; but I *must* go as far as that, and then I will trouble you no farther."

A dog would have done it for her, though how it was to be done required the sharpest of brains, and a considerable knowledge of localities, already got by scouting; and I may say that I have a considerable amount of that courage which Aristotle calls *ἐμπειρία*; besides, an old Oxford captain or Cambridge captain is not easily

beaten : I took it into my head that I would do this thing, and I did it. I went a rather remarkable way to work about it, however. I told her to stay where she was for two hours, and not go to bed until I came home ; I then lighted my cigar, and sauntered down the street to the Café de l'Union to look at the telegrams, with my hands in my breeches-pockets.

I knew that I should meet the staff of the Luxemburg army there—but I commit no one in any way whatever, the Luxemburg people *are* terribly French. But I was not very long at that café ; I was very soon down in the lower town (the only thing worth seeing at Mondorf, if it mattered), and went into the Cabaret Moses, which was kept by an aged Jew ; and if there was a Christian in the place except myself, I am none. I wish that I had had a Jew with me, but I had not, and being extremely unlike a Jew myself, I had to brazen it out as an English commercial traveller. I seemed to play the *rôle* pretty well, for the Jews took me entirely at my own valuation. I spoke neither French nor German, but simple plain English. I knew that by that means I should catch a Jew who could speak English, and I caught three in no time. The English are by no means the stupidest of nations. I had not been speaking ten minutes when a young Jew came rushing into the room eager to see the English commercial traveller, and eager for trade. I at once saw that he was the man I wanted, because he was obviously the poorest of the Jews, but I did not tell him so. I saw that he was poor, and a tanner by trade from the colour of his fingers ; he was my man.

I say that my course of action was most distinctly immoral, but I thought that it was for the best. She was very dear to me even then, and I would have died to serve her.

To this young Jew I pointed out that it was notorious that they were certain to have their horses die in Metz, and that it would be (God forgive me ; I cannot forgive myself) a most excellent thing to have an agent in Metz to buy up the dead horses—at that time I did not know that they would have to eat them. I will tell the truth, and the truth is that I lied for Marie's sake, though she never knew it. I told this young Jew tanner that I was a commercial traveller, and that if he could get my wife underground into Metz I would pay him, and, if it suited us both, do business with him as regarded the horses' skins. I expect that one of the heaviest outcomes of this war, as of all others, will be a habit of hard lying not known in times of peace.

The young Jew believed me, for which I was extremely sorry ; he winked his eye and went away. I sat there smoking and thinking for above an hour, and the results of my thoughts were,

that I was a great rascal, and that the cigars were extremely bad ; but my Jew came to me at last with a man whom I had seen before. I dare not give his name, or the place of his abode. I was most utterly astounded.

“ M., you know what I want.”

“ Tout est possible, monsieur.”

“ Mais, mon cher, c'est si dangereux.”

“ Le danger est pour vous, mon ami.”

I never was more astonished in all my life. He was perfectly ready to help us in any way, and if the *revanche* came, it must ultimately fall on him. It is no use blinding our eyes to the fact that the Luxemburg people love the French in the deepest manner. They may be foolish or they may not, but we consider the definition of a fool is “ a man who won't face facts.” I wish that Ireland loved us as well as Luxemburg loves France. Ireland seems not to love us at any time, but the love of Luxemburg for France is a matter which I have by no means made out.

My grey-haired acquaintance said that matters would be extremely difficult, but that he would do everything he could.

I asked what could he do ?

He answered, “ Rien du tout,” and went away.

And as I was asking the Jew if he could do anything, he suddenly flew into a most violent temper, and said that all we Christians were congenital fools. I let his temper go by (and a Jew, though violent, is not ill-tempered for a long time), and then I asked him, “ was there a chance ? ”

“ A chance with a Jew in it ! ” he said ; “ you have only got to hold your tongue.”

“ At what time shall I have to come to you ? ” I asked.

The Jew said, “ About eleven.”

I went to Marie, and told her to hold herself in readiness about twelve ; then I ordered the horses, stipulating that they were not to go farther than Bettemburg, and then I sent off my despatch. My despatch was all lamentation and mourning and woe ; for our paper went a little on the French side at that time. But a journalist must live—every one must live ; and it seems to me that this war has plagued the journalists worse than any others. For me, I am a sad fellow, I doubt, for I should have minded my own business before getting Marie into Metz.

Some things a journalist remembers for ever. I remember the getting of Marie into Metz. When I remember that great journey, I am a little proud of my own courage, but I am still prouder of hers. When I came to her at twelve, every one had gone to bed except one sleepy waiter. I was attended by the Jew whom I had

deceived, and the tall grey-headed Luxemburg gentleman, also a Jew. Marie was nearly asleep; but I roused her, and I told her that it was time to go. She had everything ready, and between sleeping and waking asked which route we were to take.

"What matters it, Marie?" I said. "We have consulted, M. L. has consulted, and M. Solomans has consulted. We are in the hands of M. Solomans. Come, therefore, away."

"Go, dear lady," said M. L.

"But what route?" she still urged.

"Esch, Audun la Tige, and Briey," I answered; "it is the only chance. We must get on through Ste. Marie aux Chênes and St. Privat."

"God's will be done," she said; and we went away together.

I don't know what women are made of, myself; I only know that, as we were rattling over the great Luxemburg bridges, Marie kissed my hand, and said, "Are we going to see Malmaison?" And I don't know what men are made of; for I did not kiss her hand in return, and made the perfectly idiotic remark that we should find out some day. As that remark meant nothing, it can have done no harm.

How strange it seemed, rattling all alone with her over the great bridges which span the magnificent glen of the Alsette in the moonlight! Our carriage was a small open one, a very pleasant little carriage indeed. M. L. and the Jew were on the box beside the driver, arguing as Jews will, and I found that they were driving to the railway station which is outside the glacis. I stood up, and whispered to M. L.—

"That is no use, the line was cut to-day."

M. L. said, "Taisez-vous, mon cher, taisez-vous."

We were at the railway station in a minute, and at a beck from M. L. I jumped out. The Luxemburg line was in French hands, as the Luxemburgers know to their cost; and I was hurried into a room between the two Jews, and found myself face to face with a small Parisian, who happened to be a friend of mine. The matter was put before him, and he was at once a conspirator."

"Mademoiselle is a Sister of Charity," he said, "and she will get into Metz. Our line was cut below Bettemburg to-day, but where we do not know," and then he pegged away at his telegraph, and began eating chocolate.

He took things remarkably cool, and said that the French were getting badly beaten, while we waited. Before there was time for much discussion, the wire began clicking again; and in ten minutes from our entering the office, he had got his answer, and said—

“ I have asked if there are carriages at Bettemburg, and if there are carriages at Esch. The answer is Yes. We are sending down two engines to Bettemburg at once to examine the line towards Thionville, but an engine will also start to Esch immediately after, and time is short. Will Mademoiselle—I should say *la sœur*—dare to go on it? It will save much time.”

I ran out to ask her, and she consented at once. There was no trouble with the railway people; we merely paid first-class fare, and I hoisted her up among the coke on the engine, and took my place beside her. A great man saw us, and came up and spoke to me, asking my intentions. I pointed to her sitting on the coke, and told him quietly what we were trying to do—that we were trying to get into Metz. He said not one word; but he went to the buffet (then shut), kicked at the door till it was opened by a sleepy young man (also of my acquaintance), and returned with a basket containing a fowl, some bread, and a bottle of wine for the refreshment of Mademoiselle.

“ You,” he said to me, “ will be shot for a spy, but stay by her as long as you can; ” and so he jumped off the engine just as my young friend the Jew tanner jumped on.

“ I have made it right,” he said, in English. “ I have telegraphed to all our people. I have to pay altogether sixty-six francs: but you will pay me in return when the business between us is settled. The gallantry of your wife is so great, that I would do ten times that for you.”

I was so taken aback, that I felt like a dog. At the risk of ruining everything I told him the whole truth, standing on the step of the engine; she was not my wife, and I had deceived him.

“ I wish you had trusted me before,” said this good young man. “ I thought it was odd that your wife should have taken vows; but I never know what you Christians will do next. At all events, it is not too late; I and M. L. and the rest of our people will see you through, depend on that.”

“ Let me pay you for the telegrams,” I cried.

“ Not one stiver,” he cried. “ The God of Moses bless you both ! ”

And that was the end of my singularly sharp bargain with the Jew tanner. I felt fearfully degraded, and I told Marie so; in fact, I told her the whole truth; and I rather fancy that that Jew tanner in Mondorf will find himself in possession of more capital for his business than he anticipated.

The drivers were French, one a native of Dol in Brittany, and the other from Dieppe in Normandy. Until we were fairly under

way they never noticed either Marie or myself, and I thought they were going to be uncivil. But it was merely diplomacy; the instant we were off they were "down on us" by turns. The stoker was the first, and he instructed me how to take my own greatcoat, lay Marie on it, and cover her with my railway rug; "for," he said, "those who go to God's good works must be cared for by all who love God."

I thought that this benighted stupid Breton papist was not very far from the kingdom of God—in fact, I thought that he was very near it indeed.

Marie lay on the coke, quite quiet, without asking one question. She said once—

"I am not in the least afraid with you; but it is so very strange."

I said, "It is as strange as a nightmare."

Then the Normandy driver came up and said, "She should cover her face over, for I must open the furnace. We are in danger, Monsieur, for those two locked engines are close before us; but we are safe, for she is going to God's work. I hear that our people are beaten everywhere?"

"I fear so."

"A very good thing for them. But we must be very careful. These Prussians care neither for dog nor devil, and they may have cut the line on neutral territory. Have you seen these Prussians, M. the Englishman?"

"I have lived among them."

"What do you think of them?"

"That they are the best and kindest people alive," I said.

"That is very possible," he said. "The only one I ever knew worked with me at Mulhouse, and all the difference I could see between him and myself was, that he knew ten times more on general matters than I did myself. Monsieur, as a neutral, do you think these wars right?"

I said, "I think them of the devil. The English are never at peace, and so an Englishman may at least speak."

"How beautiful she looks!" he said, turning round from his crank and his fire, and declining further argument. "Attend to me, Monsieur. She wants to get into Metz. Well, then, they say that the line is cut somewhere between Bettemburg and Thionville. If you choose, I will follow the two engines before us, and try to get her to Thionville."

"My lad," I said, "I would go to the mischief after you, but we want to get in by the line of Esch; follow your orders, and shunt at Bettemburg."

"She should try Thionville," he said.

"Ah, but she'd fail," I said. "She has courage enough, but she does not know everything."

So when we came to Bettemburg we were properly shunted on the line to Esch, at which place I took leave of my two friends of the locomotive, as far as I can see, for ever.

I got Marie a bed in Esch, to my immense surprise, and I also slept myself with the landlord's son over the henroost. That young man had a dexterity in catching fleas which I never saw exhibited before, though I have had some experiences in Germany. It is my opinion that that young man never sleeps at all, which seems on the face of it an impossibility. I can only say, that the night I was there he spent in cracking fleas. I allowed myself to be "grazed on," and slept until the cock woke, which seemed to me to be about five minutes after I had got to sleep. I dressed myself in a *négligé* manner, and tried to get hold of that cock and pay for him after; but I could get neither the front door nor the back door open. In the mean time the landlord, who had been dining with some friends, and who likewise had bought a revolver, raised a cry of "*Volours!*" on me, and my life was saved by the nimbleness and dexterity of a little Jew; and I was allowed to go to bed again, wondering why all the Jews in Jewry should turn up just when they were wanted.

When I came down to breakfast next morning, I was received with remarkable *empressement* by every one. Every one seemed to know our business, and every one seemed most frantically fond of me. When Marie came down, the whole of the little company rose like one man. There was a place left next me for her—next to the landlord; but I noticed that the little Jew stuck to his place on my left. I soon knew why.

"Monsieur," he said, "it is all equal. I know all about you. You are not of the Red Cross of Geneva?"

I said frankly—"How could I be? I am a journalist."

"But you want to get through with the good Sister?"

"I must."

"I know. I know all. My uncle has telegraphed to me. Will you please take my directions? The Red Cross with — and — are going to and fro, but you cannot."

"Why?"

"Because you have Bernstorff's pass on you at this moment to the Brandenburgs, and you would be torn to pieces if your papers were examined."

“How the devil did you know that?” I asked, furiously.

“Jews know many things,” said the boy. “Now I want you to listen to me. There has been a row this morning at Andun la Tige, and six Germans have been killed. Archduke Charles has ordered the place to be burnt; but you must get through it. You must *walk*, and you will find your carriage on the hill beyond the town.”

“But our luggage?”

“Your luggage has gone on. I was with Mademoiselle Marie before you were, and she packed her bag and sent it on. That is what made her so late for breakfast. Do you know that my brother has been up and packed your things for you, and that they are over the frontier now?”

“Now I am ruined,” I said; “this has ruined everything. My private papers—good heavens!”

“What, you mean your locked writing-case?” and the young rascal produced it from under the table.

I did not know whether to kick him or kiss him. I said—

“You are pretty free and easy, my lad.”

“Jews are,” he said. “Now look here,” he went on; “you look out for our people, and don’t quarrel with the Jesuits. We rule the roast; you others are nothing.”

I was so utterly astounded at the boy that I said—

“What do you think of the Red Republicans?”

The scorn of that boy’s face is not to be described by powers so poor as mine.

I said, “They’ll win.”

And the Jew boy said, “Win!” and sniffed.

However, this is only the opinion of a Jew boy on the confines of Luxemburg. In what follows, the author is most extremely careful to keep perfectly close to the truth in details, and so he will omit Marie altogether, and, merely saying “we” instead of “I,” will just simply tell the plain truth, without one single exaggeration.

We walked very fast to the frontier on the little Alsette, and there saw our first dead horse—a disagreeable experience, for he had bled so terribly on the grass of the pretty meadow. And there was other blood than that of horses, and one of us got a little frightened. Not I. I said, “You will have to go through worse than this;” and the other person said, “I do not doubt it.” But as we were in the midst of one of the most famous fights, *at that time*, known in history, we said no more.

The French peasantry had taken Archduke Charles at his word, and were flying into Luxemburg. I saw it with my own

eyes, and so I can describe it; or if you bind me down, I *cannot* describe it. It was all so utterly new, and to me so extremely painful. I will not say that it was horrible, even at the worst moment. It was immeasurably *sad*.

We found ourselves pressing on amidst a sea of blue-clothed peasants, talking loudly, and carrying burdens, walking as swiftly as they could, the men carrying the bundles and the women carrying the children and leading the cows. I said to Marie, "If this goes on, I shall put my head in a corner and make a fool of myself."

My companion expressed exactly the same sentiment, though in more refined language. The flight from Audun la Tige is a thing which no man born of a true woman will ever forget to the day of his death. We adhere strictly to facts, and adhere so strictly, that some of our facts about Audun la Tige may have been read before.

In the crowd and confusion of the fugitives one thing struck me most strongly: a woman—and a beautiful woman too—was standing before a little *auberge*, and saying continually, "*Dix-huit ans, dix-huit ans!*" I do not know in the least what she meant; but she had a baby in her arms, and the baby was dead.

We went on walking swiftly, until there were very few fugitives. The last we met were three young men running, and after them a young man who was very drunk. Then we entered the French village, which we believed to be doomed.*

It was a very pretty village, with sheets of rolling woodland all around it. A prosperous little village; but the first thing we saw as noticeable was a white flag with a red cross on it, and a dark-blue figure in the centre of the street, who instantaneously seemed to aim at us with his musket. I at once threw myself between Marie and the *Zündnadelgewehr*, and running towards the German, asked what he meant by coming to the "present" before a lady. He was a fine lad, a finer I have never seen, and he laughed at me. "It was the new drill," he said. "Why, the very Belgians did the same." It was pretty true; but I most certainly wish, that in challenging entirely inoffensive persons like myself, foreign nations would not come to the "present." I blew this lad up about it, and he, like a sensible lad, agreed with

* It is scarcely fair to write all this down in a little story which is professedly fictional, because it happens to be every word of it true. The flight of the French peasantry from Audun la Tige was in its way more remarkable than the slaughter at Sedan. At least so the writer thinks, who saw both things.

me, and also asked me if I had the *Illustrated London News*. I happened to have that paper, and gave it to him.

"The staff-officer," he said, "is of the Brandenburg Hussars. He is at the upper end of the town. I know who you are. You are the Englishman who is pushing his wife into Metz; a Jew told me."

At the upper end of the town we met the Brandenburgers—the Brandenburg Hussars, the regiment of Ziethen. They had called back the carriage which had been sent on by the Jews, and they kept us there. The colonel came to me personally, and said that Madame must wait, for that he knew absolutely nothing. She must go into Metz, of course, if she chose; but he could say nothing at all.

A very old German Jew, a sutler, came out and took the commandant aside. If I were to die to-morrow, I could not tell you what that Jew said to him; but he came back to me and said—

"Has the young lady courage?"

I said, "She has the courage of a Frenchwoman."

"The business will be very difficult in crossing the lines. It would be much better for her to go in one of the Johanniter wagons, if she does not mind riding in the straw. The Jew says that it would be much better."

I thanked him heartily, and put the question to Marie; and she said she would like it better; and so I dismissed the carriage, and hoisted her into the tail of the Johanniter wagon, and we began our quaint journey into Lorraine.

We soon left the trail of Brandenburg and Saxony, who had, you will understand, kept very closely to the Luxemburg frontier in their eagerness to dash at the French left; for in real truth they troubled Vinoy but little, and fought against M^cMahon. We were, by advice of the Jew, on a Johanniter wagon; but the English Society under Furley was in the same train, and so Marie and I in the straw went travelling up the hills, on one of the strangest journeys ever known.

So very strange it was to be sitting beside her in that straw, and talking over old friends and playmates, and passing through quiet, empty villages, in which every house was shut up. There was above Audun la Tige a solitary old woman in a field with a cow. She had a rope round the cow's neck, and was arguing with it; but the cow disagreed with her, and she banged that cow on the neck, and made it come the way she wanted. I remember that that was one event. After the desolate old woman and her solitary cow, we mounted to the plateau of Lorraine, and began to get to the German outposts, toiling along very slowly.

A German general came pricking up with gold spectacles, and I jumped down and arrested him. I told him that I was helping a young French lady to get into Metz, and he at once rode up to the tail of our wagon, and getting off his horse, spoke to her bareheaded.

"You will find it both difficult and dangerous, Madame," he said; "but if anything can do it, this will. I will write you a paper, which will do you all the good I can. I understand, of course, from looking at your face, that you will not read this paper, but will merely present it to Dr. F. I also understand that you will give no military information."

"Sir," she said, "I am utterly incapable of such a thing. I am as incapable of it as I am of neglecting to thank you for your wonderful kindness. Do not destroy our country utterly, sir."

"Madame, that must depend on your rulers. Mein Herr" (to me), "stop your wagon, for I must write."

I shall never forget his sweet calm face as he stood and wrote a note in a book which he took from his pocket, standing at the tail of our wagon. It was very quickly written, and I never saw it; he folded it, and handed it to Marie. It was hurriedly directed in pencil to Dr. Fuchs, the hero of the hospitals, the man whose name should live for all time.

When the wagon-wheels had ceased rattling, I became aware of a sound in the air other than thunder. I took the liberty of asking the general if there was any heavy bombardment going on. He said, "Our people are saluting Thionville; nothing more than that." And so we toiled on again; and after a few miles, now in the rear of the other wagons, we were out of the German band, and into the French band, which extended there from Audun la Romain to Briey. The last we saw of the Germans was this: Our friend the general was feeling the French with the extreme left of the Brandenburgers as far as he dare go. He rode very slowly, and hung about our wagon with one of his staff-officers. On a sudden, close to Audun la Romain, three flying horsemen, accompanied by a prisoner, came round on the tail of our wagon, one of whom made reports to him, and one of whom was sitting on his horse, deadly pale, and spirting blood over his blonde moustache. These were his Uhlans, sent to "feel" the enemy, and one of whom had felt a chassepot through his chest. The young man with the blood running over his moustache had his hand clutched tight on the bridle of a young French officer and that young French officer was Louis, though Marie did not see it!

That was all that we saw of him for the present, for dealing a blow to the wounded German, he got his bridle loose, and sped away across the fields. The German general cried out to the Uhlans, who were away after him, and they came back. The wounded Uhlan looked round sleepily, kicked his feet out of his stirrups, and fell heavily over on the ground, with that ugly noise which nothing but a falling man can make.

“He is in your line, I think,” said the general. “Will you take him?”

I had got him into the wagon already, but I heard the general say to the other Uhlans—

“If Bazaine is out again, we shall have a battle to-morrow. Von Hezzerstein, Alvensleben is at Amandvilliers; get to him across country, and see for the orders.”

By this time I had got my wounded Uhlan up into the straw. Von Hezzerstein, the Uhlan—a nobleman, if it mattered—jumped off his horse, and kissed him. They seem to have been fast friends, for he kissed him before he sped away, and our wagon went on.

I said to Marie, “Now you have one of your enemies in your hands.”

And she said, “Thank God.”

But we could do absolutely nothing. The German had been shot through the chest, and the wagon with the doctor was on before. We did not know what to do in any way. It became evident to us that he was dying in our arms, and Marie asked him of what religion he was. He said feebly that he was a Catholic.

“Then we are both puzzled,” said Marie. “We can neither of us do anything for him.”

“Why can’t you leave him to God?” I said a little angrily.

And indeed we did; and when morning broke over the beautiful Lorraine, and we got into Briey, the horrible thunder of the battle of the 16th was roaring in our ears, and the young German was dead between us in the straw. We had to take him out ourselves, with the help of the driver, who gave us very little assistance, for he was scared. The Johanniters buried him according to their vows.

Marie was bound by her vows, and I was determined to follow her as far as I could; so I went about at Briey, and asked everybody. Everybody said that getting into Metz was folly; but Marie was most resolute, and I determined to go with her as far as my duty to my proprietors would allow me. I was very late in making

my inquiries, and Marie had gone to bed; so I told the immortal Mademoiselle Sophie that I must speak to Marie in her bed.

“Mais elle n'est pas madame.”

“Diable!” (I am afraid I went so far as that,) “I want to get her into Metz, and must speak to her. Come with me, and rouse her. If she is fool enough to mind you and me in her bedroom, she is not fit for the work which is before her.”

Sophie nodded her head nearly off, and when it was nearly off her handsome shoulders said—

“Mais vous avez raison.”

Sophie went in, and turned her head over.

“C'est Monsieur le Rédacteur,” she said.

And Marie turned her face on her pillow towards me, half-asleep and half-awake, and said—

“What is it, my friend?”

Ah, heavens! if she could have said that a few years before! Not that I complain in any way; things would have been different, but they would not have been so well. I told my mother this story (as I tell her everything) when I came back from the war, and she said to me, “Sweetheart, would you have had it otherwise?” and I said, “Not for a million worlds.”

I sat on a chair in the room, and I said—

“Marie, there is but one chance for us. Can you walk to Metz? I have been in every direction asking, and that is our only chance.”

“I can walk far and fast,” she said.

“I have been collecting information,” I said, “and I have found a Jew who can take you in. It is horribly dangerous, and let me persuade you not to go.”

“I am bound to go,” she said.

I said, “I cannot go farther than St. Privat or Amandvilliers.”

“My dear friend,” she said, laughing, “I would not be bothered with you farther. But we must pass Malmaison?”

“I fear so. Let me see the place before I die, and then let me die.”

We left her to sleep. Mademoiselle Sophie came out of her room with me.

“Your Englishwomen are both resolute and *spirituelle*,” she said; and I agreed with her.

Let me give a tribute to a very grand woman. Mademoiselle Sophie of Bricy is not the sort of woman at present producible in England. She has worked like a galley-slave with her brother to make her house a good one, and the war has ruined her and her brother. They have actually nothing at all; but in her complaints

about the German requisitions there was not one word of anger. She was quite prepared to begin life over again. Lazy English ladies might take a lesson from Mademoiselle Sophie.

I can see her now coming into my bedroom at four o'clock in the morning with the *petites choses* for Mademoiselle Marie. When we started at half-past four, the awful horror of the day of the 17th had not begun. Sophie shrieked after us "*Bon voyage*," and we were away together down the steep street over the pretty bridge, and then up through Aboue, one of the sweetest places on the earth. I remember that we waited on the bridge to see a man throwing a casting-net, and while we were there we heard the cannon begin in the summer morning.

I asked her to turn even then, but she refused, and we went up aloft on to the plateau, where we two solitary poor fools saw the affair of the 17th, one of the most terrible battles of all. I was afraid of her a little at first, because she clutched my arm once when she saw Ste. Marie aux Chênes burn, but she only said—

"The thing has to be done, and must be done. I must get into Metz this way."

The affair of St. Privat was singularly horrible among all the great battles. The Germans felt for Bazaine's left, and debouching from the woods, found him in force at Ste. Marie, at St. Privat, and at Amandvilliers. We believe that that is the real truth about the August battles. I see that Bazaine now says, that Amandvilliers was the central point of the great battle of Gravelotte. We shall never know.

Marie and I saw the battle of St. Privat very well from a distance. She stood the fire and smoke very well, and she sat most patiently with me under a tree. The French were not driven back fairly before three in the afternoon, and then I thought it safe to go on. There was not the least difficulty. There was not one who was not too tired to interfere with one; but just before we came to Ste. Marie aux Chênes, I saw, from the heaped scarlet and blue masses on the road, that we were coming among the dead, and I was anxious.

I said, "You know what those are, lying in the road and in the fields?"

She said, "I am not in the least afraid."

But, as in all cases, the first dead man upset her—a very pretty lad, in scarlet trousers and a blue tunic, who lay across the road right in our path, with his face to the sky, one leg straight out and one bent up nearly double. She began to cry; but when I bent down and searched the dead man for papers to send to his friends she was quite comfortable again. She never flinched during

the whole of that horrible day after the first dead man, though I flinched more than once among the wounded.

As an illustration of her nerve, I can tell this : The Germans were hurrying away the wounded French to Ste. Marie, St. Privat, and the Château at Jerusalem. She left me to look at the piles of dead by herself, and after a little while came hurrying to me, saying, "Here is a man who is not dead;" and I hurried away breathless. It was a chasseur, and I tore his tunic open, and put my hand on his heart. She was right. She had seen it from his face. I ran to the German officer, and we saved the man.

I was not in the least degree afraid of her now. I *could* not go with her myself; I must leave. I got her safe through the dead to Malmaison, which is between St. Privat and Amandvilliers; at that place I thought her life had come to an end, for although the last ruin of the place was reserved for a time, yet it was as good as ruined now. Everything was so much destroyed by the troops, that the bombardment affected it very little. It was only made a heap of broken stonework after every room in the house had been violated before.

From Malmaison I got her to the ridge above Metz, and there was an objurgation between a German officer, a Jew, and a Jesuit. But the Jew and the Jesuit had the best of it; for, after I had shown Dr. F. a pass, she was let to go on; and I saw her go down all alone along the road with the Jew beside her, while the German officer marched me in an entirely contrary direction. I took the liberty to remark that I was a British citizen; but it was no good. *That game is over for the present.* As far as my experience goes, you had better call yourself a Greek than an Englishman nowadays. I, in my own person, have been taken to task by Luxemburgers. National humiliation can't go much further. However, Marie was safe into Metz, and I had to go to work for my newspaper again.

I ran off as hard as I could go after the Brandenburgers, and got in with them, whereby I got into trouble with my proprietors, because Von Heldensheim insisted that all my letters sent by the field-post should be open; and I now discover that he has put lewd (in the good sense, *ludibricè*) remarks into them, and has done me no good, either with my employers or the general public. Von Heldensheim shall answer for this. He dared not have taken such a liberty with some others. It is altogether too bad of him. A Frenchman would never have made such a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. But I have my eye on Von Heldensheim; and when he least expects it, I will be down on him.

Then came the unutterable ruin of Sedan. But, as Thackeray

did in "Pendennis," I began my story at the latter end. Will you have the conclusion of it? I will give it you.

Marie was in Metz all through the siege. I have nearly told my story, and why should one continue a story when every educated person could end it for himself?

Marie had been a whole fortnight, or nearly so, in Metz, when my duties called me once more to Briey; and I at once went to the inn kept by Mademoiselle Sophie, the niece of old Sophie, the nurse of the Courriers, who has been mentioned before.

She was very mysterious and cool; and I asked her if I had given any offence, whereupon she kissed me, and began to cry. I could not exactly understand why at first, but it seemed that there was plenty to cry about. Louis was desperately wounded, and lying at Amandvilliers.

"So close to his old home," I said.

"There is no home now," she replied; "Malmaison was burned down on the 18th."

"Anything further?" I said.

"Yes," she said; "he wants a letter got into Metz to Marie. Can you do it?"

"I cannot undertake it," I said. "I got her in, but I cannot undertake to get a letter in now. Have you heard of Alphonse?"

"Yes, he was here yesterday; he has gone in person to the Archduke, to get his brother brought here. If you could go to St. Privat, I believe that you could get a letter taken. Louis will die if he does not see her—indeed I believe he will die anyhow."

"Has Alphonse gone to the Archduke?" I asked, amazed.

"Yes; I told him to go and speak for himself."

"Why? he might have written."

"He refused to write to the Archduke save as citizen," said Sophie. "Hark! O God, they have begun again?"

The windows began shaking and clattering, and the German garrison poured swiftly out from their billets, and formed up in the square. I left Sophie with the letter to Marie on me; and running into the stable saddled my horse, and rode southward at a hard gallop. When I was on the plateau above Aboue, I saw at once that Bazaine was out, and that one way or another it was all over. Men now call that horrible, hopeless confusion the battle of Gravelotte.

It only took seven hours; but I was twenty-six hours before I could get on to the ruins of Malmaison, and helped old Sophie to bury Alphonse. He had been on his way towards the Archduke, but had come to his old home, and had stood there a little too long. He could not have been very long there; but the business

of Gravelotte was very sudden, and the French raced up so quickly, that they were in the orchard before the Germans were ready; and it is quite doubtful whether Alphonse was killed by French or German bullets. The rest you know. The letter from Louis got into Metz, *but no answer ever came out.*

The sortie of women had taken place, and the surrender was over, before I ever saw Louis. He was lying still at Amandvilliers, greatly better, but still weak. When I turned his head over, he asked me had Marie been heard of.

I said that I had been into Metz.

“Did you see Marie?”

“No.”

“Is she dead?” he asked, sitting up in his bed.

I bowed my head.

“I wish I was,” he said. “I wanted to begin all over again with her. I know I could have won her. I am so utterly changed, now that it is too late. I am so much better than I was. All my chauvinism is gone, and I am so very humble. It does seem very hard of God. How did she go to Him?”

“She was killed in the streets by a shell, helping the wounded.”

“Where is Alphonse?”

“With God. Killed in the orchard at Malmaison, trying to get at the Archduke.”

He lay down for a moment, and then turned his face to me and said—

“There shall be vengeance for all this.”

God grant that his words may not come true!

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT WINDSOR, 1327.



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SIR HENRY MALLORY'S STORY.

"THE story must be told, Sir Henry, here, and at once, without delay or omission, or you will exchange Windsor for the Tower. On your allegiance! tell me something to make me forget these Scots, I pray you of your love."

"But, sire!"

"I say nothing about that. Go on, sweet Sir Henry: I want to hear much how you saw this man, and what he was like. Why do you delay?"

"The story is dull."

"Then both Mortimer and Despencer were liars. Go on, old friend. Such modesty does not become an old ambassador. Seneschal, is there an army of bears down there? I do not demand silence, but the noise is abominable. Altogether villanous. If the men below the salt can't take their Christmas liquor without that noise, they must have no more. If they are quarrelling, send a herald to them. Now, Sir Henry, as soon as you can hear yourself speak, go on. Drink from my cup first, finish the wine, and put that ring on your finger, which you shall find at the bottom. Hey, Sir Henry, we have a jewel or two. Got you such a ring as that from your wondrous Venetian friends for the telling of a tale?"

"Your Majesty's generosity surpasses theirs, as their splendour surpasses yours. Well turned, but not true. I must unsay it. The men I speak of were as generous as they were splendid."

"And we, poor King of England, are nobody. Go on. I cannot buy you to speak aught but truth, not with a hundred rings."

"When I come to compare Windsor," said the sturdy old gentleman, "with the palace of those two merchants at Venice, your Grace, this dear old palace where I have lived so long, and where I hope, by your Grace's mercy, to die, seems to me like a

mean barn. I am no minstrel—so little a one that my old tongue cannot tell all the magnificence of what I saw at the house of those two venerable men, still less can I invent aught. When I arrived at their house, the night I was bidden to supper, and stepped from the boat, I told my name and titles. There were some forty servants about the door, and when they caught my name, two beautiful youths, of a courtliness and a grace which——”

“What are you looking at?” asked the King. “Herald,” he roared, “tell those young bears’ whelps, Percy and Seymour, to be still. It is monstrous, one’s pages fighting before one’s eyes. Two such beautiful and graceful youths, whose courtliness and grace my pages (Satan couple the young hounds, a thirsty ill-scenting day, on the top of Bagshot-heath!) had as well imitate. Yes, Sir Henry, I follow you. What said these youths to you?”

“They told me that they were detached for my service the whole of that evening, by Signor Nicolo and Senor Maffeo, and they begged me to follow them to the banquet-hall. I, seeing by their manner that they were gentle, begged of them to walk slowly, that I might admire the wonders in the great galleries through which we passed. They pointed them out to me, but I did not notice them so closely as I might have done, for the largest part of my mind was given up to counting the paces which I stepped, so that I might gain, on my own authority, some idea of the length of the vast corridors which we were traversing. This puzzled my two youths considerably, for they ran on before me, and placed themselves before the most remarkable objects, to wait my coming; and they evidently wondered why I walked with my head down, and counted as I went. One of them thought I was doing my devotions, and seeing that I was without a rosary, offered me his, which was of large pearls; but the other said, in a low voice, in his musical tongue, ‘He is an Englishman, he is only mad,’ and after that they wondered no more.

“‘Mad, you say!’ said the first. ‘But he is ambassador from the King of England.’”

“‘My sweetest Antonio,’ said the other, ‘what should a madman, King of Madmen, do with a sane ambassador? What fearful political complications would arise if he were to send us any one but a lunatic; or even a lunatic whose lunacy does not exhibit itself openly, as this one’s madness does. We might think him a sane man, and believe what he said. And what then?’”

“I heard every word of this, though they did not think it. I amused myself with them.”

“But,” interposed the King, “can you tell me anything of the galleries which you passed through? Was your whole soul taken up with counting your steps?”

“I can tell your Grace this. I passed through three corridors, each one hundred and twenty feet long, before I came to the last and fourth, in which the supper was laid, and in which the guests were assembled. These three galleries, three hundred and sixty feet in length, were all lined with mirrors in golden frames, which reached to the richly-fretted ceiling: excepting, of course, the windows, which, now it being night, were draped with crimson satin. Thus much I observed; but the other wonders—the statues, the tall vases of glass, banded and twisted of various colours, the great picture of the proud Cimabue, of Michael slaying the Dragon—many other things I hurried by, or only had them shown to me by my two guides, lest I should miss my counting. The floor was covered with the richest cloths.”

The King's fool had assumed, at the beginning of the story, a look of respectful attention, which by degrees he had developed into a look of deep wonder, which now had become an expression of the most dumbfounded astonishment caricatured to the uttermost. Of course every one had been watching, knowing that he would be doing something soon, and at this point young Percy the page found that he could not help it any longer, and giggled. The spark had fallen on gunpowder. The whole of the party burst into such a roar of laughter at once, that the people down the table looked towards the royal chair. The King was very angry, but when he saw the fool's face he was forced to grin.

“Pr'ythee, gossip,” said the fool to Sir Henry, “pass on and come to the dragons.”

“There be no dragons, fool.”

“Marry, thou shouldst have had dragons. Thou art a poor jongleur. Thou wilt mar the tale without a dragon or two. I pray let us have them.”

“Wilt thou peace, thou ape?” said the King, angrily; and Sir Henry went on.

“The floors were covered with the richest fabrics, and the galleries were grander than anything your Majesty can fancy, and yet the banqueting-hall infinitely surpassed the galleries in beauty. My tongue fails to describe the richness of the plate, and still more the wondrous splendour of the flowers which covered the supper-table in great profusion, and all of which were utterly unknown to me, as they were from roots and seeds which Signor Nicolo had procured from the uttermost limits of the East.

“They tarried for me, it appeared, and, after their form of

politeness, came forward in a body to greet me, each presenting himself by name. I prayed their forgiveness. They, on their part, abased themselves before me for having assembled too soon. All were Venetians, sire, except myself, and a Genoese prisoner, to whom these true gentlemen gave the precedence, as a prisoner of war, before every one else, myself included. He insisted on waiving his claim in my favour, and so I sat on the left of Signor Maffeo, and he below me. The conversation, as supper went on, was mainly addressed to us two, and I supposed at first it was only politeness; but, after a little conversation with me, the Genoese prisoner raised his forefinger slightly, and the conversation became general, Signor Maffeo even turning from us and talking to the infirm Signor Nicolo, his brother. I began to see, sire (otherwise I had been a poor ambassador from England), that there was a plot, a good-natured plot abroad, and that I was to act in it.

“I now turned and looked at my fellow-conspirator, the Genoese gentleman prisoner. He was a young gentleman of singular beauty, and dressed with extreme richness and elegance. His manners were as charming as his appearance.

“‘Dear English signor,’ he said, as soon as the others were talking freely, ‘I want your help. Let us drink together.’

“We did so. ‘There is a play, a plot, a conspiracy, to be acted here, and you must play the principal part in it. Do you consent?’

“‘The players in mysteries have their written parts given them,’ I said, ‘and even the mummers rehearse their nonsense in a dark barn. I consent, but I must know my part.’

“‘It is only this. When I nudge you—so,—speak out to Signor Nicolo, and ask him to show you his magic amulet. When he has handed it to you, pass it to me, instead of giving it to him.’

“‘Is that all I have to do?’

“‘That is all. You were late for supper, and I was waiting to explain more to you. We are too close to the old man to explain now.’

“‘Can you explain nothing, sweet sir?’

“‘I fear being overheard, but I will say thus much. Signor Maffeo is talking loud to his brother. Signor Nicolo is infirm, and any agitation will make his heart beat dangerously. The leeches dread his death in case of any news being conveyed to him suddenly. Now a most unexpected and joyful event has occurred, and we wished to break it to him. The only thing which will make the old man speak of his son is that talisman. He never

speaks of his son but when he is telling the story of that talisman, and we want him to tell it to-night. It is our only chance of breaking the glorious news to him without killing him.'

"I understood him now, and grasped him by the arm. 'Do you mean to say that he is free?' I asked.

"'Sweet sir, he is in Venice. You did not catch my name, as I saw, when I introduced myself.'

"'Who are you, dear gentleman?'

"'I am Giovanni Doria, and he is exchanged for me.'

"I brought my hand heavily down upon the table, and as I committed that breach of good manners, I perceived that the Venetian gentlemen who were supping with us had for once in a way, in their eagerness, forgotten theirs. I saw in a moment that every man in the room was in the plot, for they had all ceased talking and were looking eagerly at me and Doria. I smiled so as to show them that I was in their secret, and the general conversation buzzed up louder than before.

"But the sudden silence, and the smiting of my fist upon the table, had aroused Signor Nicolo, and he turned and spoke to me. 'Has anything irritated you, my English friend?' he said. 'Doria is a sacred person, but if it were any other, I will answer for it in my own body, my boy being away, old as I am.'

"'No one has irritated me, dear sir,' I said. 'Only the spiders spun a cobweb between me and my goblet, and in breaking it through I hit the table.'

"The old man was puzzled but contented. Doria laughed at me.

"'It was not so bad,' he said; 'but your English humour will never stand comparison with our Italian wit. You should have said, "I was contented to think that I should never have words to make our poor islanders believe in the splendour of the Venetian merchants, and in my vexation at that thought I committed this breach of manners."'";

"'That would have been rather clumsier, and much more untrue than the explanation which I gave,' I answered. 'Let be: he believes neither the one nor the other. Let us talk sense. Why did you select me for your fellow-conspirator on this most joyful occasion?'

"'For the first reason,' he answered, 'because he is very jealous of showing his talisman to any one but foreigners, and he never shows it twice to any man; and, as I told you before, never speaks of his son unless he shows it. I have seen it once, and you were the only available foreigner. That is the first reason.'

For the second, we felt sure that you would come kindly into the plot. Your gentle demeanour, and your beautiful and amiable face——”

At this point the King's fool was taken with an obstinate fit of coughing. The King looked up. "Sir Hubert Venables," he said. "Sweet friend, smite me my poor fool upon the back, I pray thee. He hath a cough, and the phlegm will kill him. I should be wood were my poor fool to die."

Sir Hubert, nineteen stone of strength and good-humour, moved towards the fool: but the fool was not fool enough to bide a slap from that terrible hand. He dived under the table and passed below the salt, where he revenged himself by telling a story very like Sir Henry's but with a few utterly incredible incidents, caricaturing that most excellent old pedant's voice and manner in a way which made necessary the presence of the seneschal, a herald, and lastly the order of royalty itself to silence the uproarious laughter.

"Twenty years ago, Sir Fool, I was handsomer than any man in this room, except, of course, your Majesty."

"Exactly," said the King. "Now go on."

"I was, it appeared," continued Sir Henry, "to take my opportunity to ask for Signor Nicolo's amulet, and to request him to tell me the story about it. To lead up to this result, Giovanni Doria left off speaking to me, and left me sitting silent. It was a long time before the dulled faculties of Signor Nicolo took notice of this. The main part of the supper had been cleared away, and nothing had been on the table for some time but the fruits and the wine, but yet I sat still and silent, acting my part the best way I could.

"Signor Maffeo was not in the secret, and he and his brother remained talking very eagerly together. The general buzz of conversation which went on along each side of the table made them think, I suppose, that their guests were well entertained, and that they might speak together without breach of manners. At last, Maffeo, who sat next to me, turned and saw me silent, and saw also that Doria was deeply engaged in conversation with the man beside him. He instantly nudged his brother, and said, 'Nicolo, we are poor hosts. I thought, Signor Mallory, you were in talk with Signor Doria.'

"'I have been silent this half-hour,' I said. 'I have not spoken to a soul since Signor Doria entered into talk with you Florentine gentleman.'

“They used great civility towards me at once, these two old gentlemen, asking my pardon many times. But I answered that I had been well entertained looking at the admirable beauty of their riches; but I said I had a favour to ask. If they thought they had erred in any way in courtesy to me, the granting of that favour would throw the balance of debt on my side. I asked would Signor Nicolo show me the great talisman, and tell me the story about it.

“He willingly acquiesced. He put back the collar of his dark-blue velvet and gold gown, and took from his neck, from underneath his clothes, the chain on which the talisman hung, and handed it to me. Your Majesty, it took away my breath. In my wonder and excitement, I dropped the whole thing rattling into my plate, to the great amusement of the brothers; but none of the other gentleman at table took notice of the rattle, but only talked the louder, almost as though they were brawling.

“The chain on which the talisman hung was the handsomest and the thickest I have ever seen; but it was the talisman itself which struck me with such amazement. It was an oblong sapphire, close on three inches in length, which was attached to the chain by the slender thread of gold which went round it, and which could scarcely be called a setting. It was a water-worn sapphire, having over nearly the whole of its surface a frosted pale blue colour; in one place only had it been touched by the jeweller's wheel. On one side only of it, a space of some half an inch, had been cut flat and polished, and through this shining surface you could look down into the wine-dark depths of the greatest jewel which the world has ever seen.”

“This is a good tale,” said the King, “a wondrous good tale. I like much these great jewels in a tale. They cost the teller nothing, and the hearer feels as though they belonged to him, or, at least, that he had seen them. Give me jewels in a tale. They are better than dragons.”

“But this is every word of it true, your Majesty,” said Sir Henry.

“Did ever any one accuse *thee* of being able to invent a tale for thyself? Thou hast no talent that way. My grandsire sent no minstrels or jongleurs on his errands. That diamond on thy finger would show that these Venetians have jewels such as we have never seen. The story is a good story, but the worse for being true. Canst thou not invent aught? Go on.”

“I asked him, then,” continued Sir Henry, “his tale about this jewel, and he told it to me. I will pass by that tale and come to the end of mine.”

“At thy peril,” said the King. “It may be a better tale than thine own, for aught I know. Tell it.”

Sir Henry Mallory put his hands slightly abroad, and bowed his head gently, as though he would say, “If you choose to be bored, it is not my fault,” and after this courtier-like protest, went on to tell Signor Nicolo’s story.

“‘It is a mistake to suppose, dear Englishman,’ said Signor Nicolo, ‘that my friend Kublai Khan was the son of Octai. On the contrary, he was his youngest nephew save one.

“‘Mangu, his brother, was son of Tuli, and was left young with an only sister, to whom he was deeply attached; gave her in marriage to the Emperor of India, Conon the First, and took his, the Emperor’s sister, as his bride in exchange.

“‘He had never seen this lady until she arrived at Campion, the day before their nuptials. Mangu became deeply in love with her, and from all I could gather from those old men, who in my time were still about the court of Kublai Khan, and who remembered her, there was no wonder at it. She was a most peerless body. But beauty does not save from death, and before they had been married seven months this beautiful lady died.

“‘Mangu was inconsolable. He made a vow before the small household idol, an idol which corresponds among the Tartars to the Lares or Penates of the Romans, Signor Mallory, that he would never look on the face of woman again. He kept his vow religiously, as religiously as any of our churchmen, with the hope of immortality before them, keep it. He was a heathen, and had no such hopes, but he kept his vow, and he died without issue.

“‘When he felt death was creeping on him he began to feel anxious about his successors. The wife of Conon, the elder King of India, had now three beautiful sons, Ganlu, Camul, and Kublai. Mangu wrote a letter to Conon, begging that in brotherly love he would send him his three youths, and that he would give him the one he should choose to fill the throne of Tartary.

“‘The King Conon wrote, saying, ‘Choose between them;’ and the three princes were started on their journey with the greatest magnificence. What need to dwell on the elephants and the camels, the horses, the rich presents which were sent? Read any eastern tale, Sir Henry, and fill up the gap according to your own imagination.

“‘The great procession which accompanied these three princes took a year in reaching Mangu’s capital. Many delays took place from flooded rivers, from snowstorms, and other accidents of

travel, such as I have related to my friends in this hall in recounting my own travels until my tongue has grown weary. Many lives were lost, the camels most of them died, but the elephants and the horses arrived towards the end of the year, within a day's walk of the capital of Mangu. There, for the first time, they met with his emissaries. Hitherto, since coming into the dominions of the Khan, they had had no credentials save the golden plate which he had sent with his ambassador. This had been enough: the mere showing of it had been sufficient for each governor of every province through which they had passed. The whole resources of each province had been put at their disposal, but they had hitherto had no personal recognition. At this point, with the towers of the capital in sight, they were met by ten thousand cavalry on white horses, each common man clothed in cloth of silver and blue velvet, and the officers clothed in cloth of gold and crimson satin.' ”

“Beat me that fool,” cried the King, in extreme anger. “Bang me that fool on his pate, with a flagon. Cut me his ears. Percy, spawn of the devil, why laughest thou? Can I not hear my tale without this indecent laughter? It comes from the incredible babble of that fool there. What said he, Percy? I will know, by—(go to Chaucer for an oath). Speak, sir.”

“He said only,” replied that mischievous young rascal Percy, who ought to have been a midshipman, by-the-bye, and who was very much frightened at the King's manner—“he said only that this Signor Nicolo of Venice was a better story-teller than Sir Henry Mallory: that we should have dragons anon now, and mayhap some unicorns and a phoenix if we gave Sir Henry time.”

“Turn the fool out,” cried the King; and the fool went out by one door, ran down the lower ward to the curfew tower with a face of dismay, told a drunken old warder that the castle was on fire, and persuaded him to ring the alarum bell, aroused all the townsfolk of Windsor, (who came swarming into the middle ward to render assistance); and long before Sir Henry's story was finished stepped back again by a door behind the dais, and, with a sanctimonious air, quietly took a chair behind the King, beside his confessor, as he did so passing his finger three or four times round the crown of his head in an impertinent allusion to the reverend gentleman's tonsure.

“‘The three princes,’” continued Sir Henry, “‘were met

by this splendid cavalcade, the commander of which, clothed in——,"

"Let that pass," said the King. "Let us have no more tailor's bills, sweet Sir Henry."

"—— told them that they were to be conducted into the town the next morning in the greatest state, but that Mangu Khan desired that they would house where they were for the night. The apartments set aside for them were very homely, after what they had been accustomed to in India, but they all three acquiesced with a good grace.

"At twelve o'clock that night," said Signor Nicolo, "Ganlu, the oldest prince, sitting alone in his room, among his books, heard a knock at his door. His servant, timidly appearing, announced that an old priest would speak to him.

"A Nestorian, I doubt, or a Mahomedan," said Ganlu, looking up from his books.

"A priest of our own faith," said the servant.

"The priest was shown in, humbly dressed, but a noble-looking old man.

"What wouldst thou, my father?" said Prince Ganlu.

"I have here a talisman," said the priest, showing him the talisman which you hold in your hand, Signor Mallory, "which will enable you to win the love of your uncle, and to succeed to the throne of Tartary. I would know what you would offer me for it."

"Dost thou believe, dear father," said Ganlu, "in commandment xe.?"

"Not I," said the old priest.

"Dost thou then believe," retorted Ganlu, "that any man can come to salvation, save through our faith?"

"I must certainly believe it," said the old priest. "But what wilt thou give me for my talisman?"

"The curse of Kehama fall on thee and thy talisman, thou heretic! Depart!"

"So he departed from the prig Ganlu, and went on to the drunkard, Camul. Camul had not only gotten himself disguised, in liquor but his servants also. The old priest found them all uproarious, and was hustled in before the presence of the Prince by a dozen grooms and courtesans, somewhat more drunk than the Prince himself, who was drunk enough. He delivered his message.

"I bring you here a talisman which shall secure your succession to the throne of Tartary. What will you give me for it?"

“ “Sit down and drink, you old fool,” cried Prince Camul. “Make me this old fool drunk, you fellows,” cried Camul, “We will bargain afterwards.”

“ “But the old fellow escaped them, and went to the lodgings of Kublai, to see what mart he could get there for his talisman.

“ “The whole building was wrapped in darkness, but the old man passed quietly in, picking his way through the sleeping attendants by the light of a few dim lamps, which were still left burning, until he came to the chamber of the sleeping Kublai, whom he shook by the shoulder, saying once more, “Prince, arise! I have here a talisman which shall give thee the Khanate of Tartary.”

“ “May the great fiend seize the Khanate of Tartary! I had as lief you made me whipper to the madmen in India. Avaunt!”

“ “Yet, see my talisman.”

“ “Thou and thy talisman! Thou prating old knave, is there not a time for all things; and is not this the time for sleep? Harow! Wala! there!—Push me forth this old fool; yet use him gently, youths. If the gods bless you, your curls will some day be grey and thin as his locks are now. Good night, thou foolish old person. Here is money for thee.”

“ “The old priest was gently and kindly pushed out by the young warriors in attendance, and disappeared. The next day the cavalcade moved on into the town, and at the palace the three youths were brought into the great hall of council, and among fifteen hundred warriors, sitting in all his awful magnificence, was Mangū, mightiest sovereign of the earth, grandson of the mightier Gīnghis.

“ “And when they saw that he was none other than the old priest, their hearts failed them. Here was a to-do indeed! The eldest had consigned him to condemnation as a heretic; the second had insulted him, and had wanted to make him drunk; and the third had called him an old fool and turned him out of the house. India was a year's journey away. Was there no hope? They looked round; the serried ranks had closed in on all sides, and the infuriated Khan had descended from the throne and was advancing towards them.

“ “Face it out like men,” Kublai had time to say, when the Khan was upon them. He smiled sweetly to them and held out his hands. “I see three pairs of my sweet sister's eyes,” he said. “Ganlu, thou art scholarly and wise. Camul, thou art a merry companion. You two shall stay with us a time, and carry presents back to our brother. Kublai, you know that there is a time and a season for all things. You know the reverence due to grey

hairs; you go home no more. Henceforth thou art Khan of Tartary.'''

“And immediately he had spoken these words,” continued the fool, behind Sir Henry Mallory, with the most perfectly absurd imitation of his voice and manner—“four thousand three hundred and seventy-six golden trumpets began to play, each one a different tune, and played until dark, so that the day was spent in harmony. This Cubley Khan, your Grace, and my very sweet and gentle masters all” (here came a grin and a bow even more ridiculously like Sir Henry’s than the voice in which the fool spoke), “was own brother to Cubley, the bear-warden of Southwark, who last year, coming home disguised in drink, was refused entry by his wife, and went to bed with his bears; since when naught has been seen of him. Gallant and noble knights, this is all my tale.”

“’Tis a merry fool,” said the King, laughing; “you must forgive him, Sir Henry.”

“I will when I have done laughing at the knave,” said Sir Henry, good-humouredly. “Now I come to the more serious part of my story.”

“Now hath Sir Henry finished fooling, and beginneth to be serious,” shouted the fool with the voice of a herald.

“Quiet, dear gossip,” said Sir Henry. “I will make thee weep ere I’ve done, even now;” and there were no more interruptions.

“Such was the story of Signor Nicolo, your Grace, about the talisman which I still hold in my hand. It was, he went on to tell me, the very talisman which Mangu Khan had carried in his hand, as an excuse, when he went at night in the disguise of a priest, to see his three nephews, as they really were. At this moment the talisman was gently taken from my hand by Giovanni Doria, the Genoese gentleman prisoner who sat at my left. I saw that my part in the play was done, and I sat back, while Doria leant over me and Signor Maffeo and entered into eager conversation with old Signor Nicolo. I wondered much what was to follow, and I looked round. All the guests were sitting perfectly silent, looking steadily at us; and I noticed, moreover, that a great crimson silk curtain had been let down in the arch which divided the banqueting-hall from the first of the great galleries which I have described, and which now blocked the view of the first gallery from us. We were shut in together by that curtain, which filled the arch. What was to come from behind that

curtain I could not guess. I had ears for the conversation of Signor Doria and Signor Nicolo, but my eyes were on the curtain.

“Signor Doria, leaning over me, began a sharp eager conversation with Signor Nicolo. I could see now, that whatever of a secret there was, Signor Maffeo was not in it; he was as puzzled as I was. And I may now remark, your Grace, that the whole of these Venetian gentlemen, on that night, and on every other occasion, showed a fineness of breeding, a giving up of themselves to others, a consideration of others’ wishes and hopes, such as one never sees in this dear England of ours. But of all the gentlemen, Signor Doria of Genoa was the finest. If he had been the old man’s son, instead of a prisoner of war, he could not have shown a finer courtesy. He, with the talisman in his hand, began the conversation across me. I leant back, watching all parties.

“‘You have not told us yet,’ said Signor Doria, ‘how you became possessed of this talisman, my dear father.’

“‘It is not mine,’ said the old man, with a sigh. ‘It is my glorious son’s. Kublai Khan gave it to him after his return from his mission to Caracan. When your uncle Lampa took him prisoner, I wore it myself as a relic of my poor boy, whom I am never to see again. Your uncle Lampa was my dear friend when we were boys at Genoa, before this weary wandering began. Why has he not sent me my boy back, dear Giovanni?’

“‘This talisman has magical properties, has it not?’ said Doria. ‘May I look into it?’

“‘Fools say that it will show the past and the present, but not the future,’ said Signor Nicolo. ‘Any talisman would do that, I think. I only want my boy. I am a-weary of waiting. Let me look upon his face and die.’

“Doria had got the sapphire between his face and Signor Nicolo’s, and was looking over it at the old man, with his great grey eyes. A more beautiful face, or more beautiful eyes, I shall never see again, your Grace, until I see Doria’s in heaven. ‘I will look into this jewel, dear father,’ he said, ‘and I will tell you what I see. The past and the present, saidst thou? I will tell thee what I see.’

“‘Go on, then, if the humour takes thee,’ said the old man, smiling. ‘Canst thou see my boy’s face? That were the bravest sight of all.’

“‘I see,’ said Doria, who was not looking into the jewel at all, but watching the old man—‘I see two gentlemen, wandering on through woods, mountains, towns of people, so strange that I know

not of their nation—year after year towards the east. And with them I see a youth, with whose beauty none living may compare; and they have wandered so long that the youth has grown into a man. At first into a young man, whose laughing eyes sparkle at each new wonder on his wondrous wayside; but at last, before his journey is ended, into a solemn man, a statesman, a king among all the kings of the earth—a man before whose gentle and wise counsels wild war dies into silence, and treason and anarchy give way to loyalty and peace.'

“‘Thou readest truly enough,’ said the old man, weeping. ‘Who could not read this of my son? But ah! the bitter present!’

“‘I follow this young man, now middle-aged, on his glorious career. I have seen in this stone twenty-six years of his life. I see him wearying of his noble work among the nations who know not God, and pining for his own beautiful Venice. I see him persuading the two old gentlemen, who are with him, to return, and I see them return.’

“‘Ah, weary day!’ said Signor Nicolo.

“‘Now I see a sea-fight, in shallow waters. And I hear the cries of the victorious Genoese galleys, and they cry, “Doria! Doria!” and then they sail away, and two old men are left wailing on the shore.’

“Signor Nicolo bowed his head.

“‘Then I see the palaces at Genoa, my own dear home. And I see the man we speak of courted, caressed, loved by high and low. A prisoner, truly, such a prisoner as am I, but with the court of a prince. That is what I see.’

“‘That is all the past and the present,’ interposed solemn Signor Maffeo, ‘I could see that. Thou canst not see the future, dear Doria. They who said that that talisman could show the future, lied. What more dost thou see of the present?’

“‘I see nothing more,’ cried Doria, casting the noble jewel down with a dash, ‘but I hear. I hear footsteps. I hear them coming towards us. Up the staircase, through the corridor, through gallery after gallery towards us. And those footsteps are the footsteps of the Arbiter of Cathay, and he is here!’”

“I, your Grace,” said Sir Henry Mallory to Edward the Third, “had begun to guess what was coming, but very dimly. I, therefore, hearing every word which Doria spoke, looked steadily at the crimson curtain which filled the arch, knowing by instinct that the secret would be read by that curtain. Not another Venetian gentleman looked towards it, though some of them were

young, and, of course, curious. As I said before, your Grace, their manners are better than ours.

“But at a certain point in Signor Doria’s conversation, I saw that I had not looked in vain. The curtain was raised at one corner, and a man came in and stood perfectly silent and still before it, looking towards us, who were at the upper end of the table. He was a very tall man, with a large brown beard, not shaved according to the Venetian fashion of the time, but growing large and loose. He was clothed entirely from head to foot in white satin, with a few slashes of amber-coloured velvet here and there; and from his left shoulder hung a short amber-coloured velvet cloak. One could, in these colours, see him well with the crimson satin curtain behind him: he stood perfectly still and silent, as I said, and I knew in a moment that I was looking on the immortal MARCO POLO!

“I left feasting my eyes on him at once. I had seen him. My grandchildren could say now, ‘Our grandsire saw Marco Polo at Venice, after his return from captivity at Genoa.’ I turned to the group on my right. Doria sank back in his chair, saying, ‘I hope it has not killed him!’ Dandolo, who had been talking ship-talk all the evening, on the left side of the Poli, came up and said, ‘What ho! Signor Nicolo, thy son is come back!’ But we could not rouse the old man for some time. We brought up Marco Polo himself, but the old gentleman did not know him at first. When he did, he kissed him, and asked him where he had been. The whole plot was a failure, as it seemed to us, after all the pains we had taken. Marco Polo knelt at his father’s knees, and took his head on his shoulder. There was the brown beard of the one and the white beard of the other intermingling, and the blue velvet and gold of Signor Nicolo’s dress was intermixed with the white satin and amber of Signor Marco (a strange picture, your Grace), with all the brilliant dress and jewellery of Venice crowding round. Every one stood perfectly silent; Maffeo alone weeping. Since the world began, your Grace, I doubt if a nobler company was ever assembled; there were twenty-nine of the most richly dressed men in Europe crowding round the old man and his son, who were in one another’s arms after their weary separation, and whilst we looked on, we were joined by another.”

“And who was he?” said Edward the Third.

“Death, your majesty. Marco Polo, after a time, half rose, and looked into his father’s face, and then gently laid him back in his chair, and closed his eyes. He turned his noble presence round on us, and said, ‘Gentlemen, I have been bravely welcomed

back to Venice. The conqueror of all conquerors has come to greet me."

"And that was the only time you ever saw him," said the King, "Now describe to us what manner of man he was."

"He was," said the fool, with his former imitation of Sir Henry, "as like my Lord Mortimer as two peas. I mean as my Lord Mortimer was fifty years ago, when he was younger, and not so ill-looking. I——"

At this moment a grave old gentleman approached the King.

"May it please your Grace, my Lord Mortimer humbly, and of his duty, prayeth you incontinent to send him your fool, to answer certain matters."

"Thou lunatic!" said the King, "what hast thou been doing?"

"Your Grace's fool has roused the townsfolk," said the old gentleman.

"Bid them go to bed again," said the King.

"But the townsfolk have aroused your Grace's mother, the Queen," said the old gentleman.

"The devil," said the King. "Thou unlucky fool! what hast thou been doing?"

"I did but tell a mournful story, like Sir Henry Mallory," said the fool, fairly aghast at having aroused the 'she-wolf of France from her lair.' "I did but tell the warder that the castle was a-fire, and bid him ring the bell. I am lost," continued the reckless man, "unless with your Grace's protection. It will be a worse business than Berkeley."

For one moment after these terrible words the poor young King stood ghastly white, licking his dry lips, and making as though he would swallow something down his choking throat. But he was a king, and he swallowed it. In less than a minute he spoke again.

"Fly, fool, fly! Get sanctuary at Eton. Tell my mother that my fool is not here. I will be with her directly. To bed, gentlemen, to bed. Sir Henry Mallory, I thank you for your story."

NOTE.—The Printer's Devil, who is going in for a scholarship at Christchurch, would be very happy to know what the author means by taking such astounding liberties with the pedigree of the Great Mogul family; more particularly as the P.D. is indebted to him in another work for a very correct pedigree of those rascals.

Author to P. D.: The necessities of fiction are unavoidable. Look at Scott, and don't abuse *me*.

JACKSON OF PAUL'S.

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PART I.

“It is a terribly fast college,” said Mrs. Jackson to the Dean of Crediton as they lay in bed together one night; “it is getting a very bad name. Mr. Dickson, who was senior proctor last year, said that it had the worst name for riotous conduct in the whole university; he said that quiet men were afraid to walk past the gate, because the men dropped champagne bottles on the pavement, which exploded just in front of the feet of passers-by.”

“My dear,” said the Dean, “I have done that trick with an empty bottle a hundred times; it is perfectly safe if you calculate the distance: all you have got to look to is the pace your man is walking, and so put it well in front of him and not hit him on the head. I don’t see any harm in that.”

Mrs. Dean sniffed and went on with her accusation: “Then they caught one of the marshal’s men, who was posting a notice on the buttery door rather late, and they forced ice-cream down his throat with spoons, until he roared for merey, and has had neuralgia ever since.”

“Serve him right,” said the Dean. “The marshal’s men have no right inside our gates; the notices are always posted by the porter. In my time I’d have——”

“Never mind what you would have done, Mr. Dean; spare me if you please,” said Mrs. Dean. “I suppose that you approve of their getting over the master’s garden wall, stealing his cabbages, and planting them in rows in the turf in quad. with their pokers; I shall hear of your approving of that next, I suppose. Perhaps you would like the minor canons and the choristers to do the same by you.”

“Well, I don’t uphold that,” said the Dean, who was a great gardener. “Of course they oughtn’t to do that; but a cad can’t exist in that college, if he ever gets in—the men are all gentlemen.”

“Do you call it gentlemanly to steal cabbages, Dean?”

“They did not steal them, my love,” said the Dean, “they did not put them to any improper use—or at least they made no use of them,” he added, correcting himself.

“I consider that cabbages are not grown to be planted on grassplots,” said Mrs. Jackson.

“My dear, boys will be boys,” said the Dean, “and they have had four first classes in this year, and are head of the river. By George—I meant St. George, my love—how I laughed when I saw the dear lads go dancing away ahead of Balliol. No, no, my love, he will come to no harm there.”

“There have been eighteen rustications in two terms,” said Mrs. Jackson.

“Well, my dear,” said the Dean, “there were about as many when I was there, and the college has turned out ME.”

There was no use for the good-natured lady to continue the argument any further; she only laughed and said that she wished Charles was going anywhere else.

Charles Jackson was following fairly in his father's footsteps, and there was every appearance of his taking a first-rate position in the world. At the great school of Stevedon, almost the greatest in all England, the cleverest masters said that he was a boy who would “do” before he had been there a week. Among the other boys of his own age he was a little king, and very soon gained the respect of the senior boys by his talents and his manly bearing; he went through the school like a lord, taking at one examination more prizes than he could carry, as many as Prince Giglio in “the Rose and the Ring” ever got; he left that school captain, and his name is fondly remembered there now by the older masters.

When he went to that school he met another new boy, and in the confusion of the new comers that boy and he were thrown together in the junior dormitory. Here, for the first time, all the new boys were overhauled, and their names asked. Charles Jackson was passed without any particular comment, for he was excessively cool and strong, and looked quite the match for any boy in the room; but when his ordeal was over the other boy, with whom Charles had made a slight acquaintance, without asking his name, was had up before the conclave on the biggest boy's bed, and he was asked his name. He was as big and as bold as Charles, and he answered quite quietly and coolly—

“Lord Edward Deverest.”

“Oh, this one's a lord,” said one of them. “Here's a lark! Who is your father?”

“Lord Eyre.”

“How much money have you got, my lord?” said the biggest boy, sarcastically.

“Three-and-sixpence,” the boy answered, with the most perfect coolness; and added, “that must last me to the end of the half, so I shall take care of it.”

There were yells of laughter and wild dances round the lord with the three-and-sixpence, but Charles, slipping on his trousers, ducked in among them and laid his hand on Lord Edward's shoulder.

“You snobs and cowards,” he said, “ridiculing a boy because he has no money. Come, we two will fight any four in the room, won't we, you other boy?”

Lord Edward Deverest thought highly of the arrangement, but no other four seemed to see their way to it, and so, after a few growlings from the senior boys (the eldest of whom had not been there a year) about cocky youngsters, our pair were allowed to go to bed unmolested; and during the whole of the school career the notorious impecuniosity of Lord Edward Deverest was never once alluded to. He never went in debt, and never borrowed. Once Charles, who was an only son, and very rich, begged him to borrow the money from him to buy a new bat on which Lord Edward had set his heart. On that one occasion the lad borrowed the money of Charles, and instantly wrote to his father to say what he had done, adding that nothing but *extreme emergency* would have caused him to do such a thing, for that the bat would have been gone the next day; by return of post Lord Eyre sent back the money, but not one farthing extra. A short time after he met the Dean in society, and said to him—

“My son borrowed fifteen shillings of yours the other day, Mr. Dean. I have paid it back without a word, because I want to teach my young rascal economy. I am poor enough in all conscience, and Northcot” (his eldest son) “being blind and unable to take his place in the world, Edward will have next to nothing.”

These two went through school together. This poverty of Lord Edward kept him from a great deal of the society of the school, because many of the amusements were very expensive, and Lord Edward would have nothing for which he could not pay. This fact threw him almost entirely on the society of Charles Jackson, and the two boys had that boy-love for one another which I hope none of our readers have forgotten in the turmoils of life: there is no love except the love of a good woman which surpasses it in purity and in the incitement to noble deeds. Lord Edward was very clever, but not quite so clever as Charles Jackson, yet his

diligence was such that they ran a kindly race with one another : when the Erle scholarship was competed for, the matter seemed to lie between Lord Edward and Charles. Charles won.

Lord Edward's tutor had him into his private room, and said, "Deverest, what a horrible mess you have made."

"Well, sir, I could not help it."

"It is your Latin prose has ruined you, and would ruin any tutor's reputation, sir. You put 'dicebit' for the future of 'dico.'"

"I did it on purpose, sir," he said, looking stubborn.

"In the name of confusion, why?"

"Can I trust you not to tell?"

"Of course," said the tutor.

"I did it to lose the scholarship. Charles Jackson is the only friend I have in the world, and I think he is glad he has got it. I did not know how the thing was going, for I am better than him in mathematics, and so I muckered my Latin prose."

The tutor said not one word, but he tapped the lad on the shoulder, and sent him out of the room.

So came the end of school and the parting. Lord Eyre was terribly poor, and had been saving hard, poor gentleman, to keep Lord Edward at the university, in hopes that he might make a great name and get into office. The loss of the scholarship determined him; he wrote to his son:

"DEAR LAD,—Better luck next time, but you must go into the army; you have done well and nobly, but your mother and I have talked over matters, and you must prepare your mind for the Grenadier Guards. Come home, my boy, and bring Charles Jackson with you.

"EYRE."

So it came about that while the Dean and his wife were disputing in bed about Charles being entered at another college (Charles had been already entered at Paul's), the two lads were amusing themselves at Eyre Castle.

Lord Eyre was a lean and worn gentleman of the middle age, bitterly poor for his station, paying every one their last penny, but often trudging home from the House of Lords to his lodging through the mud to save the expense of a cab. He said once at the foreign minister's dinner to a young nobleman, "My lord, my daughter Edith is dressed very much by the money which I save in cabs and cigars."

"But you are a great smoker," said Lord Desmoulins (he was

an advanced Radical, and claimed collateral kinship with the great Camille Desmoulin of the Revolution).

"Yes, my lord, but I smoke pipes; and to tell the truth I always drink beer, when I can get it, in preference to wine. I drink Mr. Michael Bass's beer, my lord, a most respectable man whose acquaintance I have the honour to have made. It has been urged against him in a late election that he is a brewer, a fact which he cannot deny, but further than that there is nothing against his character."

Lord Desmoulin, the extravagant dandy Radical, ventured no more words, but asked after Lady Edith Deverest.

"She is quite well, and will appear rather later this season in consequence of one of my tenants having died, and of my refusing to push his widow for the rent. I had only eighteen pounds to come to town with myself."

This Lord Eyre, with the heart and head of a gentleman, the body of a giant, and the kindness of a Pantagruel, was the justest, kindest, and best loved landlord in the county. Poor as he was, no man ever dreamt of seeking a farm on any other man's estate, if there was one to be had on his. The people called him "the good lord," and although on economic grounds he smoked tobacco and drank Bass's beer, he was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in the land, and his house was most refined and perfectly *mise* for twenty miles round.

"There is my father," said Lord Edward to Charles as they got out at the station. "God bless his sweet heart? he's getting younger every year. He has brought over the waggonette, and I'm blessed if there is not Edith sitting in it. Here Tom, Tom, see after the luggage. Charley, let me run on." And in less than a minute the young gentleman had bounced into the waggonette and was exchanging kisses with his father and sister.

Charles came up and was welcomed.

"Now," said my lord, "we have got the young rascal who has robbed my son of his scholarship. Now we have him, and we will put him in the dungeon under the keep. Mind he does not bolt, Tom," he added to the groom.

The groom laughed so pleasantly that Charles came to the conclusion that Lord Eyre was a good master. He looked at Lord Eyre, and gave his word of honour that he would not make any attempt to escape. While they were laughing he turned, and for the first time in his life saw Lady Edith.

It was all over at once. There was no doubt about the matter. In Lady Edith he saw the friend of his heart, his boy-love, transformed into a beautiful young woman, the flash of whose eyes sent

his blood tingling about his ears. The creature he had loved best in the world had been Lord Edward, and he was repeated in his sister. It was all over at once: there was no mistake about it: that woman or death—that woman or ruin.

To all honest men this matter will come sooner or later: what I say is, the sooner the better. In this particular case, however, the young lady had been to a certain extent prepared for the arrival of her brother's friend. He had written to her about him for four years, and had extolled him as a marvel of learning and diligence. He had confided to her the fact that he was doubtful about Charles's mathematics, and that he had deliberately muckered his own Latin prose, and she had congratulated herself on the nobility of her brother. She had expected to see a pale-faced young bookworm; the lad she saw was one of the grandest and noblest lads ever seen.

"He is more beautiful than my brother," she thought.

And he thought, "She is far handsomer than her brother."

Now this is not a love-making story; it is a simple matter-of-fact little story of no pretensions whatever, limited as to space (for our editor stands no nonsense, and I do not blame him), so I will just say this: Three weeks afterwards Charles Jackson had his arm round Lady Edith's waist in the conservatory. And if you do not know what that means you had better try it by experience. The fact is, they were engaged: with only the father to get over.

"You had better go to papa," she said.

"I think I had." And he went to papa.

Lord Eyre was busy at his accounts. "What do you want, my dear Charles?" he said, briskly and cheerfully.

"I am in love with Lady Edith, sir," blurted out Charles.

"I don't see my way to it, my lad," said Lord Eyre. "It won't do."

"Can't you? as we are both plain speakers, my lord, give me a trial, and see how I do at the university?"

Lord Eyre hesitated; but at the end he said, "No, the thing must be finished and ended." He would not even give him a trial. "Have you spoken to her?" he added.

"Yes, my lord."

"And she?"

"She said yes, my lord."

"Well, come back with a good degree this time three years, and we will think of it."

"May I see her before I go, my lord?"

"You may see her as much as you like as long as you stay;

and as for the letters you write to her, you may write as many as you like, and her mother sha'n't look at them. I am going to write one now, so good night."

His lordship wrote :—

"DEAR DEAN,—Your son has proposed to my daughter. I am utterly opposed to the matter altogether, for I believe she would have Lord Atterly, who will be home from the Mediterranean next week. If your son does well within the next three years, I shall have no objection further to offer.

"EYRE."

The Dean wrote :—

"MY LORD,—I am perfectly astounded at what you tell me. The ungrateful audacity of my son in proposing marriage at the age of nineteen has filled me with dismay. At my death my son will have nearly £80,000 first and last, and the idea of his daring to propose marriage without consulting me is absolutely preposterous. I have ordered him home by this post."

Lord Eyre wrote :—

"DEAR DEAN,—You had better keep your breath to cool your porridge. I am a very poor man, because I have to pay off some heavy mortgages ; but I shall be a rich man, if I live, in ten years. Northcot will have no children, and I am going to send Edward into the Guards, where, if I am any judge of politics, he stands a good chance of having his head broke. I won't have the matter broken off entirely, unless she accepts Atterly. If she does that, it is all over between us. I am at present a poor man, and I want to keep two strings to my bow. Your son will be a very good second string, and I believe that the girl likes him better than she does Atterly.

"EYRE."

It was all over for the present, and Charles went to Paul's while Lord Edward went into the Guards. Sometimes Lord Edward would come to Paul's and have a boisterous day and night, and sometimes Charles would get leave from the head of his house to go to London, and have a rather boisterous day in Birdcage Walk. On one occasion, I remember, he missed the last train, and the kindly Guardsmen invaded the Paddington station and chartered a special engine for him. He got to his destination at a quarter past two. It is not true that he knocked up the vice-

chancellor to explain the delay. It was Giggles of the Fusiliers who did that, and the vice-chancellor pointed out to him in a neat speech that he was not sober (which was actually the fact). The Guardsmen telegraphed up the line, and then went back on the engine at half-past three. Where are they now? Rotting on Crimean hillsides.

Charles was the steadiest of youths. He certainly caught it most fearfully at collections for this engine escapade: all his dons had a turn at him one after the other; but his diligence was so great, and his escapades were so few, that he got off pretty easily; the more so as they had previously whetted their teeth on one Charles Ravenshoe, a very bad character, who had come up just before, and had caught it hot and heavy. The fact of the matter was that the dons saw a prospective first in Charles Jackson, and they liked firsts at Paul's. Making a first out of Charles Ravenshoe was a hopeless thing, but Charles Jackson was a very hopeful subject, and a proper amount of wiggling might do it. The master said that really and truly, when all was said and done, he did not see much wrong in the young man's collections. His papers were simply admirable, and his "viva voce" was as good as he had ever heard.

The Dean said that his papers were good enough, and his "viva voce" good enough, but that if he was going to make it a practice to come down in the dead of night on steam-engines with a parcel of howling drunken Guardsmen, he had better carry his talents elsewhere.

The bursar, no one ever knew why, said that his father was a most eminent man in the Church.

This exasperated the Dean, who said that some of the most troublesome cubs he had ever known had come from great Church families.

Charles got his caution from his first collections, and was very careful, working hard for the first three terms. His smalls were, of course, a day's holiday to him, but he wanted honours in moderation; there he was a certain first, in two schools. Everything was going well with him, when——

There came a letter from Lord Eyre:—

"DEAR LAD,—Cease corresponding with Edith. Conceive it to be all over. Atterly is come, and she will have him.

"EYRE."

Consider it as all over! Certainly he had not heard of her for

weeks. "They will break her heart, but I will not help," the gallant lad said. "Oh, my darling, my darling!"

He had already rowed stroke in the torpid, young as he was, and the torpid was a good one. He went to Jones, the captain and secretary, and he said—

"Jones, you only row well bow side."

"Well, that is true, young one. I row three in the four now. What do you mean?"

"Try me as stroke of the four."

Jones looked at him. "Can you mark your stroke, lad? You are very young."

"Try me," said Charles.

"You row well, but you are very inexperienced."

"I'll tear the d—d boat to pieces for strength," said Charles.

"We don't want the boat torn to pieces," said Jones; "but you row before me and see what we can do. We ought not to go on at all; there is not a week to the race, and we are all mops and brooms. Urquhart is sick, and I cannot row stroke side. My lad, if you can give us a stroke well marked, we will take the boat from Chelsea to Hackney."

They paddled down to the white tree, getting gently together. "See," said Balliol and Exeter, "those Paul's men have got their torpid stroke in their four." And the cads betted six to four against Paul's at Itley, but the watermen at the University barge only would bet at evens.

For before starting from the white tree Charles said, quietly, "I only want my stroke rowed up to, and if you can do it we must win, for I have the devil in me."

The watermen listened to the oars all clicking together, and made their arrangements at once. In times of extreme anguish the intellect gets quickened, and Charles's intellect was quickened now. He knew the stroke those men wanted, he had studied them from the bank day after day; he had seen that four long-backed men will never row well behind a short-backed stroke, and he gave them their will. As soon as they had stretched themselves he gave them a sharper stroke, and they answered to it in that short course. They came thundering up from the gut, in a way which made any speculation about the fours perfectly useless. Paul's raced down Pembroke and Exeter in an absurd manner, and Jones, the Paul's captain, said, "I will never distrust a youngster as stroke."

Must I go on? I fear so; there is so much mincing of matters nowadays that real truth is nearly useless. After the race Charles went to the supper in the rooms of a man he hardly knew,

and there and then, before the first lobster was eaten, he announced his intention of getting entirely drunk.

Jones, the captain, reasoned with him, but he was not to be dissuaded. "I am going to get drunk—indeed, I am drunk now."

"But you have had nothing to drink," urged Jones.

"But I am drunk, and intend to be more so. I'll be a drunkard for the rest of my life, and I will die of delirium tremens. Confound it, our family is a good one, and we could buy him up ten times over. But he is a good fellow, and yet I have ten devils in me."

"Don't get drunk, old fellow," said the captain.

"Oh, you mean intoxicated. No, I have not come to *that* yet. But I am going to make hay."

"Don't be a fool," said the captain, in a whisper.

"Why not?" replied Charles; "a girl has made a fool of me. I will make a fool of myself. I say, you fellows, I want to know the number of your staircases. Jones, old boy, one word with you."

"Come here, old man," said the captain, gently.

"Jones, I am mad. I have been true to her, and during this last week, after her father cast me off, she has not written me one solitary line. If she had written one solitary line to say that she loved me I would not have cared; but she is false, and I am mad!"

Jones (God bless thee, dear Jones, our old captain! shall I give thy name? no, for thou art a country parson now) did not quite know what to say. He asked if insanity was congenital in the family, for he had been in for physical science, and knew what he was about.

"No," said Charles, "there is no madness in our family; but I am going to have a bonfire in quad. this very evening."

"I will punch your head if you try it," said the captain.

"Of course you can do it if you choose," said Charles; and so the matter ended for the time.

Now it so happened that Charles, who had announced his intention of getting drunk, took hardly anything to drink, and although he grew more boisterous and reckless as the hours went on, remained perfectly sober as far as stimulants were concerned. "One thing she shall never hear of me," he thought; "she shall never hear that I was drunk." But all this time, I regret to say, our beloved old captain insisted on drinking "bishop" in large quantities, and what with coming off training and with being half intoxicated with success at winning the fours before he began at

the "bishop," he at about eleven o'clock began to look on Charles Jackson's idea of a bonfire in quad. as a very good one, and to wonder that he had not thought of it himself.

"You are a deuced clever fellow, Jackson," he said, in a loud voice, to no one in particular. "You are fit to be an arch-chancellor, I should say a vice-bishop. We'll do it, my lad."

"What shall we do?" shouted Jack Croft (No. 2).

"You are interrupting the chair, sir," said the captain; "you always are interrupting the chair. Hold your tongue, sir."

"Hang it, old chap," said Jack, "we are out of training, and a man may speak."

"A man may *not* speak, sir," said the captain, solemnly. "I believe that I am captain of the boat, sir; you will scarcely go as far, I take it, in your course of mendacious inebriety, as to deny that, sir."

"I never denied it," said Jack Croft, who saw that his chief had had more than was good for him, and who wanted to keep matters quite quiet.

"Very good, sir. I am captain of the eight, but I am *not* captain of the eleven. The captain of the eleven is a gentleman possessed of every Christian virtue; but he is doing his best to ruin the boat, and ruin this college in the eyes of Europe."

The captain of the eleven, who was present, said, "You had better go to bed, old chap."

"Not at all, sir," said the captain of the eight. "To a mind constituted like yours, sir, I should conceive that the spectacle of my being carried to bed drunk would give satisfaction. But I am not drunk, sir; I never am. You seduce my best men, sir, to your cricket—a most immoral game, sir—and leave me a widow and an orphan, comparatively speaking; have you no morality, sir? have you no thought about what I must feel? Why, only last term, sir, you spoilt the boat by carrying away young Diekson—you tore him shrieking from my arms, and instead of rowing a good seven in the boat, he was bowled out with five runs at Kennington. And you, calling yourself after that a man and a Christian, tell me to go to bed. Sir, I propose that we have a bonfire in quad."

There was no hope of the captain after this, but his nonsense seemed contagious. What in broad daylight would have seemed a monstrous piece of folly, now seemed rather a smart piece of nonsense. It was odd to see Charles Jackson, the only perfectly sober man of the party, marshalling this outrageous and perfectly objectless act against law and order. He was the most persistent of the whole lot. Jack Croft told him to take care, and not be

too prominent ; Dundas warned him about the same matter, like a cautious Scotelman ; Livingstone the American pointed out to him that he had a career before him, and that he might better leave it to others ; O'Flaherty the Irishman, who loved him well, told him that he would see the bonfire through and the captain to bed, and take the consequences. But Charles Jackson said, quietly, to O'Flaherty, "A girl has sold me, and I am going to the devil," and O'Flaherty understood at once.

O'Flaherty and Charles had never been such hearty friends as they were now. "I'll be into it with you, lad : there'll be blazes own row, but save the captain. If there's a woman in the case, I'm your man. But the captain is drunk, and will think better of it on the morrow. We must save the captain."

Among all the young lunatics the Irishman was the most thoughtful. "We will have the divvle's own diversion," he said. "I have no reputation to lose, but you and the captain have. Come, go to your beds."

But Charles was perfectly desperate—he *wanted* to be rusticated. He and O'Flaherty ransacked the scout's holes and got the necessary faggots. The proceedings were very much interrupted by the captain, who insisted that no bonfire in quad. could be lucky unless it was fed by a freshman's tea-things ; they accordingly went to the next freshman's door, broke it down with a coal hammer, and threw (under the captain's and O'Flaherty's directions) all his things out of window. I am not exaggerating in the slightest degree. I would give chapter and verse for every word of this, and at the same time I would have let any lady I know walk unattended through the town, while I would not have let her walk through Bonn or through Paris.

The bonfire came off at eleven ; a little before twelve there was a great riot at the porter's lodge. The captain had been carried to bed after trying to immolate himself on the ashes. His ground for this proceeding was that the quad. was Smithfield, and that he was a true Protestant so far as regarded the captain of the eleven. The Dean came out in his shirt and trousers, and said that if the porter could not keep the place quiet, he would do it himself. He then, after recognising two or three rioters, went to see the smouldering bonfire. The next morning there was a common room on Charles Jackson and O'Flaherty the Irishman.

"Could not you have spared Charles Jackson, Mr. Dean ?" said the Master.

"No," said the Dean, "the boy has gone mad and must be brought to his senses. It is make a spoon or spoil a horn with him. I think there is a good chance with him ; he has been

disappointed about a woman ; give him two terms, Master, and he will come back again. I like a boy that will go to the mischief for a woman."

"And O'Flaherty?"

"O'Flaherty is an Irishman, and consequently a lunatic. But he is a fine fellow, and the time will come when the English and Irish heart will beat together. Don't send him down, Master, it would break his heart. Dear Master, whatever you do, don't send O'Flaherty down."

The young gentlemen were brought in at once. The Master asked Charles Jackson if he had anything to do with the gross breach of discipline which had occurred the night before.

"I am in reality the sole culprit," said Charles; "I egged the others on."

"Why?" said the Dean.

"I wanted to get rusticated, sir. You are a good man, Mr. Dean, and I tell you that I am half mad."

There was a flush on the Dean's face which had not been there for many years, when he said to the Master, "He must go down for two terms, Master."

Master acquiesced, and down went Charles for two terms; and the Dean followed him out of the room.

"Don't be downhearted, old man," said the Dean when they were on the stairs; "go back and study with your father and come back to us. Have I ever been harsh to you? If I have, forgive me. My poor boy, win her by work: you can do anything."

"Sir," said Charles, "she is going to be married."

And the Dean said, "The devil!" It was very wrong of him to do so, but he said it.

The Dean was much shorter and sharper with Mr. O'Flaherty than the Master supposed he would have been. The Dean, on returning to the common room, requested sharply to be informed whether English colleges were to be invaded by low Irish riff-raff; but Mr. O'Flaherty, seeing with the wonderful perception of his nation that the Dean meant no mischief, replied that "Begorra, he couldn't tell."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Only what I say, sir. I was sent here to be educated, and I'm having a beautiful education, the best part of which I have got from you. This is a fine University altogether, Mr. Dean; and if there is a bonfire in quad. now and then, why, it's good for the gardeners. Put it to yourself, sir: you look out of window and see us making a bonfire, and we look up at your window and

see you looking out at it. I'd bet my life, sir, that whenever we make a bonfire we shall find you looking out at it."

"It's no use rusticating the man, Mr. Master," said the Dean. "Gate him."

"That's not much," said the irrepressible Irishman; "I've been gated ever since I came here. I was gated two days after I came into residence, and my accumulations of gating have got so large that if the last trump sounds next Good Friday before nine, as Dr. Cumming says it will, I sha'n't be out of college."

"Don't talk that nonsense here, sir," said the Dean, "You are gated."

PART II.

CHARLES was very anxious about his father's reception of him, but there was no necessity for his anxiety at all; the College Dean's letter had gone before him. The College Dean's letter was so like himself that I give it:

"Don't scold this boy, it won't do. There is a woman in the case. Make him read with you: be kind to him, he is a splendid fellow."

I do not suppose that there was much need for this letter, but it had some effect, for the Dean of Crediton could scarcely have been well pleased at having his son rusticated. When Charles got out of his fly at the door of the Deanery, the Dean kissed him on both cheeks and said, "You young Gaby, what on earth did you want to make a bonfire in quad. for? My dear lad, I will tell you the honest truth, I did the same thing in that very same college in 1806, but that was a political bonfire. I pointed out to the dons that we burnt Bonaparte in effigy after Ansterlitz. You should have burnt the Emperor Nicholas in effigy, and you would only have been gated for two days."

Charles's mother, further than saying to the Dean that she had told the Dean what would occur if he went to that college, never more alluded to the matter, and so Charles was perfectly comfortable at home. His father and he had a long talk, and they agreed that this disaster would ruin all chances of his getting a first. "You see, my boy, that hard as you read with me I am past the age. I *do not know* the new art of cram, but let you and I go to the bottom of things. I am better in mathematics than in classics, and we will go in together on good sound solid *work*. I have such faith in the old University (never use that horrid word 'varsity,' my lad; don't vulgarise the old place)

that I feel sure some men are left there who will recognise it in the schools."

Father and son sat down to their labour of love in the old cathedral close. The Dean was rector of one of the parishes in the town, but he took an additional curate, and explained the matter to the Bishop. "I am teaching my son, my lord," he said. "The poor in my parish are excellently tended, and shall suffer no harm in any way."

"Your son got into a scrape, did he not, Mr. Dean?" said the Bishop.

"Yes, my lord, and I want to get him out of it."

"Money?" said the Bishop in an indifferently inquiring way, spinning his eye-glass round and round.

"No, my lord, a woman," said the Dean.

"Hey, hey!" said the Bishop, "that's bad—that is a very sad pity indeed. The world looks lightly on a young man who has gone wrong with his money, particularly when there is a rich father to pay; but the world looks askance when there is a woman in the case. Has he married her?"

"The mischief is that she won't marry him," said the Dean.

"Some previous tenderness, I suppose," said the Bishop. "Is the young woman of the lower class?"

"My lord," said the Dean, "you are labouring under a mistake. The young lady in question is Lady Edith Deverest."

The Bishop gave a great start.

"She has refused him and he is desperate, my lord," continued the Dean.

"Oh, this will do, Dean. This will make a man of him, if we guide things rightly. Bring the boy to dinner at the palace. He is rusticated, is he not? What did he do?"

"Made a bonfire in quad. after the fairs."

"Which he won, I remember," said the Bishop, with a somewhat guilty look. "I rather think that he is not the first member of his family who did that."

"He is not, my lord," said the Dean, roundly. "I remember a ladder which was used in getting into college when some people forgot the hour at Christ Ch——"

"Not another word, Dean; not another word. You said ladder, I think; bring your boy up the ladder of learning, and do not remember everything, because one man's memory is quite as good as another's. Keep the lad to his books, and we will see him through if he were to burn the college down. That young man Dickson is ill again, and we shall lose the best tenor in the anthem this afternoon, and I fear for ever. Choristers

never make good tenors, so I never asked for a note out of that young man's head in church till he was eighteen. He was Mrs. Bishop's pad groom, and foster-brother with my eldest boy, but he will die, Dean. With regard to your boy, keep him to his books. Dean."

"My lord."

"Bring your lad to see young Dickson after service. Let him see him in his bed; it will sober him."

"Is he very ill?" said the Dean.

"He will never sing any more," said the Bishop, with a sigh.

The Dean did not go to evensong that afternoon. He took Charles to see the young singer who was dying.

The Dean left Charles entirely to himself, and sat in a corner talking to the young man's mother. The Bishop was perfectly right, for even Charles could see that the young man would sing no more except in heaven. Charles did not know the meaning of those thin grasping fingers—fingers which seem always trying to grip the shore of time to avoid the sea of eternity. Charles had never seen death, had never seen a dying person. The young man asked him in a rattling whisper to raise him up; Charles did so, getting his body behind the young man's; and he sat so patiently for a quarter of an hour, with the young man's hand in his. The young man did not speak till after a few moments, and when he did, he asked Charles to kiss him. Strange as it was to his habits, he did so. Almost immediately after came that strange quiver which no man used to hospitals ever forgets, and then the young man rolled off Charles's arm into the bed—dead!

Though he had never seen death before, he knew what had happened, and he called his father. The Dean closed the eyes before the wailing mother, but he did not wait to catch the Bishop as he came out from evensong; he stayed with his son to watch what the first effects of the sight of death would have on him.

"Father, I have had a great lesson," said Charles. "Death looks beautiful like that. I wish that Edith had been there with us. Let us go home to our books."

The Dean gave up his son's logic as hopeless after this, and considered him as ruined in that respect. But then it must be remembered that the Dean had not fallen in love for five-and-twenty years (when he courted Mrs. Dean), and that logic and love do not go together. Still there are measures in affairs, and the Dean could by no means understand why Charles Jackson should have wished Lady Edith to have been with him at the

death of this young man. Perhaps he had forgotten that the highest and purest form of sentimentalism crops up over a death-bed: almost as if the dead clay cried to Heaven for reproduction. A conceit—*cela va sans dire*. I have only to say that the Dean and Charles went away to their books.

Father and son worked away, and day by day the father saw that, great as his scholarship was, he was not up to the time; he had to call up a lean young Minor Canon to their assistance, and after that they got on much better; but the three worked like horses, and made pretty good weather of it. The lean Minor Canon was eminently good at mathematics, having been educated at Cambridge, where he had been fifteenth wrangler, and had been glad to take a minor canonry with £250 a year, and a wild chance of mathematical teaching. The Dean's classics were unimpeachable, and so Charles was not so very badly off; but the hopes of a first were extremely dim. "In fact," said the Dean to himself, "the idea is impossible: the loss of these two terms has ruined us utterly. I wish Lady Edith was at the bottom of the Red Sea. I wonder if he thinks of her."

The way that those three sat hour after hour and inked themselves was a great "caution," as an American would say. Sometimes they read the newspaper (the *Evening Mail* three times a week), and they became gradually aware that a great European war was on hand, and that the allied troops had landed in the Crimea.

"But what does all this matter unto me,
Whose mind is filled with indices and surds,
 $X^2 + 7x + 53$
 $= 1\frac{1}{2}?$ "

as Lewis Carroll sings in "Phantasmagoria."

Charles began now to take great interest in the war, a far greater interest than his father and the Minor Canon liked. Mr. Dean happened to speak to my lord bishop on the subject.

"My boy is not going on well, Bishop," said the Dean.

"What is he doing *now*?" said the Bishop.

"Reading the newspaper about the war."

"That is not unnatural," replied the Bishop, "seeing that his sweetheart's brother landed in the Crimea a fortnight ago."

"It plays mischief with his work. His tutor says that he wishes me to stop the paper altogether."

"Your tutor is no better than one deprived of understanding," said the Bishop, angrily. "You must not make a fool of the boy; you should excite him about the war, he will work the

better. Man, how I worked in the Waterloo year when I thought that Laura would have had Petre sooner than me. I said to myself, if she cannot have one kind of honour laid at her feet she shall have another. Petre was killed at Mont St. Jean. Atterly has gone with his regiment, has he not ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ That is against your boy's chance. All the women will be mad over the men of this campaign. Ha ! I could tell you something if I chose.”

“ Well, tell it.”

“ Lady Edith would be very sorry if anything were to happen to Atterly, but I am not at all sure that she would break her heart.”

“ Does she not love him ? ” said the Dean, in a whisper.

“ My dear soul, how can I possibly tell ? ” said the Bishop, petulantly. “ Leave things alone and don't fuss. Will you intone Litany to-morrow morning ? I wish you would. Your continual attention to this boy of yours makes people talk. You are neglecting the services, you very scandalous man.”

The Dean intoned the Litany the very next day (it being Friday), perfectly unconscious that a Litany of quite another character had been previously intoned. In those days intelligence did not travel as fast as it does now, and the Dean was totally unaware that the Guards had, before he sang a note, pressed up the hill beyond the Alma above the stream, had never gone back under the deadly fire of the glorious Russians, but had gone on. The Dean had no idea, I say, of what *had* happened, but had some kind of idea of what *might have* happened. When he came to the most affecting passage in the most beautiful service used by any Church he began to waver. He was a man worthy of *feeling* the Litany ; and he began to waver at this point, though he had been singing splendidly before :

“ That it may please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water ; ” and here he suddenly thought of Lord Edward Deverest. He got through the passage about women labouring with child, sick persons, and young children, but when he came to “ all prisoners and captives,” the organ went on, but the Dean stopped : and a very sharp chorister says that he never took up the intoning until he came to “ our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers,” and that the rain must have been coming in through the north window, for that the Dean's book was spotted with water. Well, after all, it was only his own boy's boy-love—the boy dearest to his son after that boy's sister—who might be prisoner or worse. A man may surely be allowed a tear over

his prayer-book, when one of those who is dearest to his own dearest is likely to be lying dead.

"Why did you stop in Litany this afternoon, father?" said Charles.

"I thought of Edward, my dear," said the Dean, wearily.

"Father, let me go as war correspondent or something. I shall go mad like this."

"No," said the Dean most emphatically, "you will stay where you are. You could not do the slightest good to the country. You must stay here and keep to your books. Do you think that all victories are won by war? You shall go to the next one, but you shall not go to this."

"But Edward?"

"How in the name of confusion could you help Edward if you did go?"

This was unanswerable, because there did not happen to be any answer to it. The Dean, the Minor Canon, and Charles sat down to their books again; but the Minor Canon had a heap of trouble with Charles, who began to give him theorems in mathematics which, as the Minor Canon pointed out with tears to the Dean, travelled out of mathematics altogether and went into the region of logic and ethics. They were, as he pointed out, hopeless:

$$\begin{aligned} x &= \text{population of Russia} \\ y &= \text{population of England} \\ \text{therefore } x &= 60,000,000 \\ \text{and } y &= 30,000,000. \end{aligned}$$

Annual increase of Russia (say) 10,000, annual increase of England (say) 40,000. Wanted the relative powers of fighting—that is to say, the exact value of the difference between x and y .

The Dean was very angry at this particular theorem, and consoled the Minor Canon by telling him that there had not been lunacy in the family since his grandfather had voted for Fox.

The classics of Charles were very good, and they were all working away at the mathematics, in the intervals of their talking about the war, which even the Minor Canon began to understand, when they had a very rude awakening.

There came a day in Charles's life when "surds" by no means rhymed with "eleven-thirds." Charles and the Minor Canon were alone together at some advanced mathematics when the Dean came in and put his hand round his son's neck.

"Charles," he said, "I want your attention. There has been a great battle—the battle of the Alma."

“Have the Grenadiers been engaged?” shouted Charles.

“Yes.”

“Is Edward mentioned?”

“Yes. Sit down and listen; I am only reading you the telegram from the daily paper:

“‘Young Arbutnot ran on with the colours, and fell at once, the flag folding over his body. There was a struggle for the colours, in which Lord Edward Deverest and Lord Atterly took part, and I regret to say were both killed. Lord Edward Deverest fought to the last, using a gun rammer with terrible effect after his sword was broken. Lord Atterly, like Lord Edward Deverest, was killed by a close musketry fire with the old round ball. When I got up I thought that Lord Edward Deverest was alive, for he looked so very quiet, and was smiling, but he was quite dead. Lord Atterly lay with his face downwards, and so I could not see it.’”

Charles rose and said, “Edward! Edward! Edward!” Then he broke out into a passion of tears and said, “That I should be floundering here among these mathematics while my love lies dead.”

“Go to her,” said the Dean, furiously. “Go to her, if you are a son of mine; leave your studies for a week and go to her. She loves only three in the world—yourself, Edward, and Atterly. I doubt if she cared much for Atterly. I say nothing about that; she may have loved the man or she may not. Eyre has been a fool about Atterly. I would have settled as much on the girl as Atterly; it was only the title which kicked the balance. Go to her; there is nothing wrong between you at all, but Eyre wanted her to marry into her own order, and the brave girl gave up everything to her father’s will. Go to her, boy. Two of those she loved have died bravely: go to her at once and comfort her. I don’t know what her relations were to Atterly, but do not make love to her; speak only about her brother, and if Lord Eyre asks any questions, tell him that I will give you £40,000 on the day you are married. Nay, stop, do not do that: he is a gentleman, and I am a gentleman; just simply go to her and see how she will receive you.”

“I want to see Edith, my lord,” said Charles when he was shown into his presence.

“My boy, it is a sad time,” said Lord Eyre.

“The better reason that I should go to her, my lord.”

“God knows she wants comforting,” said Lord Eyre. “Do you know, lad, that the matter between her and Atterly came to nothing at all. That is why Atterly went with his regiment. Go to her and comfort her. Come here.”

Charles, awed, went to him.

“Did you love him as you said?”

“I only loved her through him,” said Charles, very quietly. “I loved him before I ever loved her. My darling lies out on the Crimean hillside, but his sister lives, and loves me as I loved him.”

“He was your Xenos,” said Lord Eyre, bending his head down.

“He was more than any Xenos to me, my lord: and if you will let me go to her I will be more than a husband to her.”

“I urged her about Atterly,” said Lord Eyre.

“You have no reason to urge her about me, my lord. I knew that you wanted money brought into the family—I can bring it. Now, my lord, quick and let me go to her.”

He went to her. What passed I do not know in any way, for the simple reason that lovers are not in the habit of telling their secrets before third parties. I could tell a secret or two myself perhaps, but it would not go into evidence, because no jury will convict without three witnesses, and the third is always wanting in cases of this kind. It is quite enough to say that Charles returned to Lord Eyre and informed him that as far as Lady Edith was concerned there was no trouble whatever.

“Then all you have got to do,” said Lord Eyre, “is to get a fine degree. I don't mind leaving my lassie with you now. I want to be buried in Oxford, and I have left the money for a funeral sermon.”

“Do not talk of funerals, my lord.”

“Here it is,” said Lord Eyre. “Edward, sweetheart, love, I will be with you directly!” and Lord Eyre fell heavily back on the sofa.

Charles was eager and diligent with him: you may be as eager and as diligent with a man as you choose, but after he is dead you can do nothing with him.

Charles went very quietly back to Edith after he had arranged everything. It was a terrible moment.

“Edith!”

“Has he given his consent?”

“Yes.”

“Then you can stay and comfort me, for my darling Edward. Oh, my darling Edward! Oh, my pretty darling! And poor Atterly, Charles; he was rough and rude, but he loved me dearly. Charles, when we go to church, let us say a prayer together for the souls of Edward and Atterly. It is very wrong, I know, but God will not be very angry. Let us go to papa and comfort him.

Oh, my beloved, let us weep together, for we can never rejoice any more ! ”

“ Edith ! ”

“ Yes. ”

“ Can you bear any more ? ”

“ I do not think so. Come closer to me. I think that I can bear anything with you. ”

“ Your father is dead. ”

There was a burst of tears and then a long silence. The last words she said to him were—

“ I'll go to my old nurse, Charles. How kind it would be of God if He would let us all die and meet in heaven ! ”

The terrible catastrophe of the deaths of her brother and her father following so closely on one another made her refuse the visits of Charles. He went back to the Dean his father, the Minor Canon his tutor, and to his studies.

“ Father,” he said once, “ I feel like a brute. ”

“ And in what ? ” said the Dean.

“ I have been living the life of a brute here while our boys have been dying in the Crimea. ”

“ If we are all to go fighting,” said the Dean, “ let me know, and I will go into training at once. You will do far better for *her* if you can get a second than if you went fighting, ”

Very little passed between Charles and Lady Edith after this. She was relegated to an aged aunt, who was also a dragon, and Charles saw very little of her, except, as one might say, through the wrong end of a telescope. This pleased the Dean his father very much, and it also pleased the Dean of his college. The Dean of Crediton about this time was made Fellow of All Souls, and came into residence, bringing with him the Minor Canon as mathematical tutor to his son—a measure which gave the deepest offence to the College Dean. All kinds of reports have got out about that dinner (I mean of course the celebrated dinner in Paul's common room to the Dean of Crediton). The hall was under repair, and they dined in common room, and the scouts say that the Dean of College called the Dean of Crediton no better than a fool for thinking that his son would be a first. The Dean of Crediton is represented as replying with considerable vivacity—a fact which heated the quarrel. The College Dean went so far as to say that it was an insult to the University to bring a Cambridge man up as coach. But this is only what we heard through the scouts. As for the noise they made over that dinner I can answer with a dozen others. If *we* had made half such a row, there would have been half a dozen gated for the rest of term. I heard them, and so

did O'Flaherty and Jack Croft ; and the devil prompted Jack Croft to bet O'Flaherty two pounds sterling that he would not go into the common room and ask if the college was on fire. Which thing O'Flaherty instantaneously did, winning his two pounds and getting gated at four o'clock for the rest of his ill-spent life.

It is very odd about this fantastic young gentleman that he got an uncommonly good second, and is carrying everything before him at the bar. We have not to do with O'Flaherty, however. The captain passed and was ordained before Charles's turn came. Livingstone passed the American, though only third in classics, was first in physical science. But now came the autumn in which Charles was to stand or fall. And it was noticed that the Dean his father got more proud as the time went on, came more to Oxford, and fought the College Dean in the most persistent manner. Nobody ever got the best of the College Dean yet (at least I never heard of any one who did), but if ever the College Dean met his match he met it in the Dean of Crediton.

The examinations came on, and folks talked about them ; there were three or four certain firsts, beyond that all was chaos. Jackson was mentioned as a man who might have had a first, but he had been sent down for a row, he had been disappointed about a woman, and her brother had been killed in the Crimea, and her father had died in a fit. Jackson had no chance among undergraduates. He would do well in his classics possibly, and might get a third.

The Dean chose to satisfy himself, and when he went to the schools and heard his boy's name read out the first time he was not very much surprised. He went back to the hotel and said, "You have got your first, my lad." And there were great rejoicings. But the old Dean stayed up for the mathematical class list, and if you will believe me the Minor Canon had done his duty so well that Charles Jackson was first in mathematics too. A Paul's man says that the Dean put down his shovel hat and danced on it, but Paul's men in the good old days were always poking fun, and were never lower than fourth on the river. Let it pass. Charles was a double first.

Did he marry Lady Edith ? I suppose he did, because in the visitors' book at Balaclava you will find the name of Charles Jackson and Lady Edith Jackson side by side. He is an eminent Q.C., and will be a judge before long. The calumny of his having ornamented the statue in the quadrangle of Paul's with a wash-hand basin and daffodils on Easter Monday is a pure fiction, which has been traced to *another quarter*.

So sadness passes into laughter. He had loved the boy so

dearly that he had a double love for his sister. There is no cloud between them. Sometimes in the winter's night he will awake and say to her, "Edward must be lying cold to-night." And sometimes when they are walking together in spring-time, she will say to him, "I wonder how brave the irises look on Edward's grave." And there, if you please, is the whole of my little romance. He loved the brother with the love of a boy, and now he loves the sister with the love of a man.

As for the Dean, Charles's father, he is living an entirely new life. It is told of him that in old times he fought "Abingdon Bill." But that was nothing to his present pugnacity. He is fighting Purchas, Voysey, Liddon, and O'Neil all at once. He says that he has beaten Dean Stanley, and not only Stanley, but the whole of the Evangelical party. He may have, or on the other hand he may not: but, put it how you will, Dean Jackson is a good man, and the world would be worse without him. There is one man, however, whom he will never beat, and that is the Dean of Paul's. Having heard that that inexorable man has taken a college living, my friend, long Galton, has put his name on the books again, and is going to take his master's.

EYRE'S MARCH.

EYRE'S MARCH.*

PART I.

THE colony of South Australia, now the largest of the five colonies, was, about the year 1841, practically the smallest. The area available, either for cultivation or pasturage, seemed at that time to be extremely limited. Northward of the colony lay, or seemed to lie, the hideous, hopeless basin of Lake Torrens—a land of salt mud and shifting sand, from the description of Sturt and Eyre, in which human life was impossible, and the external aspects of which were so horrible that the eye wearied with looking on them, and the sickened soul soon brooded itself into madness. North-westward nothing had as yet been discovered but grassless deserts, while westward no human foot had penetrated beyond Eyre's peninsula. But the coast line to the west, between Port Lincoln, in South Australia, and King George's Sound, in West Australia, a distance of thirteen hundred miles, had been surveyed by Flinders from the sea, and pronounced by him to be what it is.

That main part of the South Australian coast called the Australian Bight is a hideous anomaly, a blot on the face of nature, the sort of place one gets into in bad dreams. For seven hundred miles there is no harbour fit to shelter a mere boat from the furious south wind, which rushes up from the Antaretic ice to supply the vacuum caused by the burning, heated, waterless continent. But there is worse than this. For *eleven hundred miles* no rill of water, no, not the thickness of a baby's little finger, trickles over the cruel cliffs into the sailless, deserted sea. I cast my eye over the map of the world, and see that it is without parallel anywhere. A land which seems to have been formed not

* This narrative was written *four months before the Jamaica rebellion*, at a time when the author believed Mr. Eyre to be dead; not in the least degree knowing that Eyre, Governor of Jamaica, was the old hero Eyre of his youthful admiration. Both parties, therefore, in the great Eyre controversy may read it without prejudice.

by the 'prentice hand of nature, but by nature in her dotage. A work badly conceived at first, and left crude and unfinished by the death of the artist. Old thoughts, old conceptions which produced good work, and made the earth glad cycles ago, attempted again with a failing hand. Conceive digging through a three-foot crust of pleiocene formation, filled with crude, almost imbecile, forms of the lowest animal life, millions of ages later than Eozoon Canadense, yet hardly higher; and then finding shifting sea-sand below! Horrible, most horrible!

This, the most awful part of the earth's crust, a thousand miles in length, has been crossed once, and once only. Not by a well-appointed expedition with camels, with horse-drays, preserved meats, and a fiddler; but by a solitary man on foot. A man irritated by disappointment; nigh worn-out by six months' dread battle with nature in her cruellest form: a man who, having been commissioned to do something in the way of exploration, would not return home without results: a man in whose path lurked murder—foul, treacherous, unexpected—the murder of a well-trying friend. To such a man has hitherto been reserved the task of walking a thousand miles round the Australian Bight. Was there ever such a walk yet? I have never heard of such another.

Of this Mr. Eyre, who made this unparalleled journey, I know but little, save this:—He knew more about the aboriginal tribes, their habits, language, and so on, than any man before or since. He was appointed Black Protector for the Lower Murray, and did his work well. He seems to have been (*teste* Charles Sturt, from whom there is no appeal) a man eminently kind, generous, and just. No man concealed less than Eyre the vices of the natives, but no man stood more steadfastly in the breach between them and the squatters (the great pastoral aristocracy) at a time when to do so was social ostracism. The almost unexampled valour which led him safely through the hideous desert into which we have to follow him, served him well in a fight more wearing and more dangerous to his rules of right and wrong. He pleaded for the black, and tried to stop the war of extermination which was, is, and I suppose will be, carried on by the colonists against the natives in the unsettled districts beyond reach of the public eye. His task was hopeless. It was easier for him to find water in the desert than to find mercy for the savages. Honour to him for attempting it, however.*

It is interesting to remember also, that this band of country of

* These words were published in *Macmillan's Magazine* one month before we heard of the Jamaica rebellion. I have not altered one word of the narrative.

which we have been speaking practically divides the penal settlement of Western Australia from the civilised republics of the eastern coast, and must be crossed by any convict who should make his escape. The terror of the colonists which showed itself in such extreme irritation the other day, when it was proposed to send more criminals to Perth, was not without foundation, however. There is very little doubt that a practicable route exists from the east to the west, in the centre of the continent, about a thousand miles to the north of the southern coast, probably, I have thought for a long time, by the Valley of the Murchison.

It was originally proposed to send out an expedition under the command of Mr. Eyre to cross the height to the westward; but his opinion was that although a light party might force their way, yet their success would be in the main useless, as it would be impossible ever to follow with stock in consequence of the badness of the country, and thus the main object of the expedition would be missed, and the expense incurred without adequate commercial results. The committee, therefore, yielding to his representations, commissioned him to go north, and attempt to explore the interior.

In this he was unsuccessful. Four hundred miles to the north of Adelaide he got into the miserable country, known then as the basin of Lake Torrens—now known as Lakes Gregory, Torrens, and Blanche—a flat depressed region of the interior, not far from equal to the basin of Lake Superior, of alternate mud, brackish water, and sand; after very wet seasons probably quite covered with water, but in more moderate ones intersected with bands of dry land varying in size. It is certain that in 1841 Eyre found a ring of water round him five hundred miles in extent; and that in 1860 MacKinlay crossed it, finding nothing but a desert fifty miles broad, without water visible on either hand—came immediately into good country abounding with water, and crossed the continent from south to north.

Such an achievement was not for Eyre. To MacKinlay and others was left the task of showing the capabilities of Australia; to Eyre that of showing her deficiencies. Beaten back from the north at all points, he determined to follow out the first plan of the expedition, and try the coast-line westward. He forced his way out of this horrid barren region, bounded (if the reader will kindly look at his Keith Johnston, plate 19, enlarged plate of Australia in the corner, or at any available map of Australia) by Lakes Torrens, Gregory, and Blanche—he crossed the quasi-embouchure of Lake Torrens into the sea: he passed through that great peninsula which now bears his name, "Eyría"; and after various difficulties and aggravations, he formed a dépôt of his

party at Streaky Bay, just a thousand miles on the eastern or wrong side of King George's Sound, the object of his journey.

Here weary months were past, in desperate fruitless efforts to find a better country to the westward or northward. No water was to be had except by digging, and that was generally brackish, sometimes salt. The country was treeless and desolate, of limestone and sand, the great oolite cliffs, which wall the ocean for so many hundred miles, just beginning to rise towards the surface. The heat was so fearful that, on one of the expeditions which Mr. Eyre made westward, a strong, courageous man lay down, as uneducated men will do when things get to a certain stage of desperation. But Eyre got him up again, and got him down to the shore, where they found the shadow of a great rock in that weary land, and saved themselves by bathing the whole afternoon. This was the sort of country they had to contend with.

Eyre succeeded in rounding the head of the bight by taking a dray full of water with him, making a distance of 138 miles. The country, however, did not improve, and after seven months he was back at his depôt at Fowler's Bay (lat. 32° S., long. 132° E.) with no better results than these.

The expedition had hitherto consisted of Mr. Eyre, Mr. Scott, Mr. Eyre's overseer, two Englishmen, a corporal of engineers, and two natives. Moreover, a small ship had been at his command, and had more than once communicated with Adelaide. It had been Mr. Eyre's later plan to take part of his party overland, and keep this vessel to co-operate with him; but the answer from Adelaide was inexorable, though polite; the vessel must not leave the limits of the colony—must not, that is to say, go further west than long. 130° E.; no farther, indeed, than Eyre had been himself. This was a great disappointment and perplexity. What to do?—But home save by one route—never! After very little cogitation he came to the following desperate resolution—to dismiss the whole of the expedition except one man, and with three natives to face the thing out himself.

Taking his young companion, Mr. Scott, to walk him upon the shore, he unfolded his plan to him, and gently but firmly dismissed him. Scott pleaded hard to share the danger, but Eyre was immovable. He had selected another, a trusty, tried servant and comrade for years past, the man hitherto mentioned as his overseer.

This man Mr. Eyre took on one side, and spoke to most earnestly. He pointed the almost hopelessness of their task—the horror of the country before them—the perils of thirst, the perils of savages, the awful distance—nine hundred miles. Then

he told him that he was free to return to Adelaide and civilisation, and leave him alone ; and then he asked him, Would he go now ? And the answer was, " Yes, by heaven, to the very end ? "

His name is worth recording—John Baxter. A good, sound, solid English name. The man himself, too, seems to have been nobly worthy of his name, and to have possessed no small portion of the patient and steadfast temper of his great Shropshire namesake.

Baxter remaining firm, his plan required no more maturing. Although the Adelaide Government had refused to allow the schooner to co-operate with him, they had generously sent him everything else he had asked. With a view to his westward journey, he had asked them to send him large quantities of bran and oats, to put his horses—in sad, low condition, in this almost grassless desert—into such strength as would enable them to start with some wild hope of success. They had done so, and now Eyre, dismissing all his companions except Baxter and three natives, determined to remain encamped where he was until the bran and oats were consumed, and then set out.

So in camp he remained for six weeks, his horses improving day by day. Baxter, the self-devoted hero, was a somewhat diligent and unromantic hero, and all this time worked like a galley-slave. A strange fellow, this quiet Baxter. He could make shoes among other things, could shoe the horses, make pack-saddles, do a hundred and fifty things ; all of which he did with steady, quiet diligence these lonely six weeks, as if a little voice was ever singing in his ear, " The night cometh in which no man can work." I confess that I should have liked to know that man Baxter, but that is impossible ; one can only say that once there was a very noble person whom men called so, and that not ten educated persons living ever heard of his name.

The six weeks passed ; the horses and men got into good condition, as well fit for their hopeless journey as horses and men were ever likely to be. It became time to start, and they prepared to start ; and here occurs one of those curious coincidences of time which do not startle us in a novel like " Aurora Floyd," because we know that the author has command of time and space, and uses them with ability for our amusement, but which do startle us, and become highly dramatic, when we find them in a commonplace journal like that of Eyre. Eyre and Baxter were engaged in burying such stores as they could not take with them, when they heard a shot from the bay. Thinking some whalers had come in, they hurriedly concealed their work, and went towards the shore. It was no whaler. It was their own cutter,

the *Hero*, which had been to Adelaide, and had returned. The two men they met on the shore were the captain of the *Hero* and young Scott, who brought a message and innumerable letters.

The message, verbally delivered, nay, enforced by Scott, and the gist of the innumerable letters, was all the same. "You have failed in your plans of invading our hopeless interior country. So did Sturt and others. But don't take it to heart. Come back to us. You have done and suffered enough to make the colony love and respect you. Come back to us, and we will give you a welcome, with three times three. But for God's sake give up this hopeless, suicidal, solitary expedition to the West. You yourself first pointed out the hopelessness of such an expedition, and we see from your reports how utterly hopeless it is; you were right. Come back, and make a fresh start. Don't in your noble obstinacy commit suicide."

Not a word said, if you will please to remark it (though *he* does not, never thought of it), of sending the cutter along the shore to co-operate with him. Rather singular, and rather, I think, disgraceful. "My dear fellow," said the Irish gentleman, "I'd share my last meal with you. If I had only a potato left, I'd give you the skin."

The answer to these letters was quietly, and possibly foolishly, decisive. "The money raised for this expedition was raised for exploring the West coast. I diverted these funds, and persuaded the committee to let me undertake a Northern expedition. I have failed in that. I decline to return home without result, and so—and so—will go westward, thank you, to such fate as God shall send. Will not at all events return an unsuccessful man; will leave my bones in the desert sooner than that. And so good-bye, young Scott; Baxter and I will pull through it somehow—or won't. Love to Adelaide friends, and many thanks for kind wishes (not a word about the twopenny-halfpenny business of refusing him the ship), and so we will start if you please. As for going home again, save by King George's Sound, once for all, No."

A most obstinate and wrong-headed man. Baxter it seems equally wrong-headed. Scott went back with his message, and Eyre and Baxter started, with three savages, on their journey.

One of these savages requires notice from us; his name was Wylie. A frizzly-haired, slab-sided, grinning, good-natured young rascal; with infinite powers of giggling on a full belly, and plaintively weeping on an empty one—at least so I should guess. But withal some feeling of a faithful dog-like devotion in the darkened soul of him, as events proved—something more in the inside of

the man than any marmoset or other monkey ever had got, or ever would get, after any number of cycles, one cannot help thinking. This fellow Wylie was a *man* after all; as were, indeed, the other two natives, though bad enough specimens of the genus.

Having now brought my reader on to the real starting-point of the great adventure, we may as well sum up the forces by which this campaign against Nature, in her very worst mood, was to be accomplished. The party which accompanied Mr. Eyre when he took a final farewell of Mr. Scott, on the morning of the 25th of February, 1841, consisted of—John Baxter, the useful hero; the black boy Wylie, before spoken of; two other black boys; nine horses; a Timor pony (a small kind of fiend or devil, who has been allowed, for purposes, to assume the form of a diminutive horse, and in comparison with which Cruiser, or Mr. Gurney's grey colt, would show like Cotswold lambs who have joined the Band of Hope); a foal (the best part of one of your high-bred weedy Australian colts is a certain cut out of the flank; if you are lucky enough to happen upon a Clydesdale foal, try a steak out of the shoulder—but this is mere cannibalism); and six sheep—merinoes (ten pounds to the quarter, at the outside). Along the shore Eyre had, in a previous expedition, buried flour enough to last the party, at the rate of six pounds a week, for nine weeks. With this army, and with these resources, Eyre formed a flying column, cut himself off from his base of operations, and entered on a march of eight hundred and fifty miles through a hopelessly hostile country. Hostile, not so much because the natives he might meet on his march outnumbered him as fifty to one, but because Nature herself was in her cruel, thirsty sleep of summer, and was saying to him, in every high floating yellow cloud which passed over his head southward, "Fool, desist; I am not to be troubled yet." Murder, too, was looking at him out of two pairs of shifting eyes; but he did not see her, and went on.

On the 26th of February, 1841, they made a place called by the few scattered natives Yeerenmban Kowee, the furthest point they had hitherto reached in any of their excursions from the camp. It is so much less abominable than the country around that the natives have thought it worthy of a name. It is in fact a few hills of driving sand, where, by digging, one may obtain water; but, for all that, the best place in seven hundred miles of coast. It is the sort of place in which an untravelled reader would suppose a man would lie down and die in despair, merely from finding himself there, or would suppose so until he found out how very little man can live with, and how very, very dear life

gets in great solitude. Or to correct myself once more, how very, very strong in such situations becomes the desire of seeing a loved face again; or, failing that, of seeing a face which will connect one, however distantly, with the civilisation which is so far off, with the face of a man who will at all events tell those for whose applause we strive how we strove and how we died.

Here the terrible part of his adventure begins. From this he was 128 miles without water, toiling over the summit of those great unbroken cliffs which form the southern buttress of Australia. I must say a few words about these cliffs, once and for all.

These cliffs make two great stretches; first from the 131st to the 129th parallel, east of Greenwich, 120 miles, and then again from the east of the 126th parallel to east of the 124th, a distance of 120 miles more. They range from 300 to 600 feet high, the height, let us say, of the ghastly chalk wall at Alnm Bay, or the cliffs between Folkestone and Dover—and are unbroken almost by a single ravine leading to the sea; and, where such ravines do occur, they are only waterless sandy valleys. Their geological formation is very fantastic. The strata are level, showing a gradual upheaval from a vastly distant centre. The upper half consists of a limestone—corresponding in some way, I guess, to the Maestricht beds of Europe, but infinitely harder—the lower part of chalk, very soft and friable, with horizontal beds of flint. The lower half has succumbed to the sea and to the weather at a far quicker rate than the upper, leaving it overhanging. In many places, the upper strata have come crashing down, a million tons at a time, producing, in that land of hopeless horror, a specimen of coast scenery more weird and wild than one has ever seen, or, to tell the truth, wishes to see. One would rather read about such places among the rustling leaves of an English spring.

Eyre judged that his first spell towards water would be a long one. He started first with two horses, a black young man, and the sheep, leaving Baxter and the two other blacks to follow with the rest of the horses. The black he took with him was, I think, Wylie, the good one, but I am not sure. It does not much matter. His royal laziness behaved much as such always do: insisted on riding the saddle horse, and making Eyre walk and lead the pack horse; Eyre also doing what civilised men always do on such occasions, submitting. And in this way they went for four days, with just enough water to keep them alive, but none for the horses or the poor creeping sheep. On the fourth day, rain threatened, but none fell; the sheep could get no further;

so they made a yard of boughs, and left them for Baxter to pick up, and hurried on to find water, and if possible save the lives of the whole party, which even at this early stage seemed doomed.

At the 120th weary mile the cliffs broke for the first time, and there was a ravine to the sea. The blacks had told them of water hereabouts, to be got by digging; but their ideas of distance were as vague as those of Melvill's South Sea islander. "How ole I is? Berry ole. Thousand year. More." The question was, "Was *that* the place?" It is as useless to speculate what would have become of the expedition had there not happened a lucky accident, as it was for Mrs. Wilfer to calculate on what would have happened to her daughter Lavinia, if she, Mrs. Wilfer, had never got married. "With all due respect, ma, I don't think you know either." A lucky accident did occur, however. Eyre passed this, the wrong valley, in the dark, and at daybreak found himself so far beyond it that he halted in an agony of doubt as to whether he should go back or not. He saw, however, miles ahead, that the cliff had receded from the sea, and that there was more promise of some drain of underground water ahead. He decided to go on, and, at the 135th mile, came upon sand-hills, with a few holes which the natives had dug for water.

Try to realise this for yourselves. Fancy being alone in London, with the depopulated ruins of it all around, and having to lead a horse to the nearest available water at Gloucester, in burning weather, through deep sand. Who would do it for a bet? And this with a knowledge that there was worse to come. But why enlarge on it? This Eyre expedition is entirely without parallel; and so comfortably forgotten too!

They scraped away five feet of sand that night, and watered the horses, now *five days* without drink, and unable to feed on such miserable grass as there was for sheer choking drought. Please to notice this fact, you readers who are interested about horses. It strikes one as being curious, and somewhat new. There is no such insatiable drunkard as your horse, but see what he can do if he is pushed.

Eyre had nothing with which to dig out this five feet of sand but shells left by the natives, who rambled down here, at the risk of their lives, to get fish, a certain red berry which grew hereabouts—and which I cannot identify—sea anemones, winkles, and other alongshore rubbish, which, however, were luxuries to them (the country behind must have been a bad one). These said shells, I take it, were the Australian type of those great Venus' Ears which one sees in the shell-shops here, and which come from

the Channel Islands. However, he got the sand dug out with them and went to sleep : which makes pause the first.

He had now to go back, with water slung in kegs, to fetch up Baxter and the two natives, who were toiling along after him, in that weary, waterless track of 135 miles along which he had come. He had just got back to the dry ravine first mentioned, when he saw Baxter and party winding down the opposite side towards him. He had got over that first weary spell as well as Eyre himself.

The sheep, which Eyre had left behind for Baxter to pick up and bring on, had been now six days without water, and the horses five. Baxter had left part of the luggage and of the pack-horses behind some miles. They sent back for these, and then prepared for another start.

The natives had told them of two watering places hereabouts, but they had found only one. They now moved westward ; but, after forty miles, finding no water, Eyre had to send Baxter back for a supply, remaining alone with the sheep, and six days' supply for himself, until Baxter's return. In spite of the restlessness of the miserable thirsty sheep, he had time to look at his charts and calculate his chances. He was eight hundred miles from help, and might possibly hope, with all luck, to do it in twelve weeks. He was being choked with sand. He counted twenty blood-sucking flies, each leaving an irritating aching sting, in eight square inches of his legs at one time, and other things far too tedious to mention to us gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and to whom quick Indian marches and thirsty bush-rides are but as dreams. And the worst was by no means come to him yet ; there was disaster waiting on his track still. We have just been sympathising deeply with Frederick's troubles in the Seven Years' War, but poor Eyre has put him out of our head altogether. Frederick got himself into a great mess—might have been left a mere duke, like Devonshire or Sutherland—but never into such a mess as this. Here we come to pause the second.

Baxter came up. They got the whole party together and went on. The cliffs had now receded from the shore, but were still there, inland some few miles, leaving a band of sand-hills between them and the sea.

When they were seventy miles (London to Portsmouth, say) from the last water, their way was impeded by dense scrub (*Eucalyptus Dumosa*, I suppose, though the surveyors will make *Eucalyptus masculina*, and birch don't grow in Australia). Here they began, in despair of pulling through otherwise, to throw

away their baggage. They then took to the shore, but found themselves turned out of their way, and their weary journey nearly doubled, by a strange new enemy. Vast lines of dry seaweed, too high for them to surmount, resembling stacked hay more than anything else, turned them right and left, across and across the vast ocean shore, until the tide rose and drove them against the impenetrable scrub; where the two younger blacks amused themselves by getting water from the roots of the scrub trees. These wretched boys, though but poor adepts at this sort of thing, got some pints of water in this way; and I should like to transcribe a passage from Mr. Eyre's journal at this place, which bears on their singular way of life, and is curious. They are a few of the words of a man who knew that doomed race better than any man has done before or since, and are entitled to respect on that account alone:—

“Natives who, from infancy, have been accustomed to travel through arid regions, can remain any length of time out in a country where there are no indications of water. The circumstance of natives being seen, in travelling through an unknown district, is therefore no proof of the existence of water in their vicinity. I have myself observed, that no part of the country is so utterly worthless as not to have attractions sufficient occasionally to tempt the wandering savage into its recesses. In the arid, barren, naked plains of the north, with not a shrub to shelter him from the heat, not a stick to burn for his fire (except what he carried with him), the native is found, and where, as far as I could ascertain, the whole country around appeared equally devoid of either animal or vegetable life. In other cases, the very regions which, in the eyes of the European, are most barren and worthless, are to the native the most valuable and productive. Such are dense brushes or sandy tracts of country, covered with shrubs—for here the wallabie, the opossum, the kangaroo rat, the bandicoot, the leipoa, snakes, lizards, iguanas, and many other animals, reptiles, birds, &c., abound; whilst the kangaroo, the emu, and the native dog are found upon their borders, or in the vicinity of those small grassy plains which are occasionally met with amidst the closest brushes.”

The horses now, on which so much depended, began to fail. Five days of waterless misery had passed over their heads, and horse nature failed under the strain. The poor little Timor dropped at the 120th mile of this stage, the first of all. The others, whenever there was a halt, with dull eyes and drooping ears, followed Eyre and Baxter about like dogs, mutely praying for that water which they were unable to supply. They were as gods to the poor dumb helpless animals.

The tide once more drove them against the impenetrable scrub on the shore, and forced them to halt. Poor Baxter began to get

very low spirited ; nay, worse than that, began to set his mind on the hopeless task of going back to Fowler's Bay. Eyre beguiled him on, but agreed with him as to their nearly hopeless position, knowing that things would be much worse before they were better. During this halt it became evident that the horses must be hurried on to water. They buried all their loads in the sand, and pushed on with the barebacked horses ; but they had tried them too far—two more dropped behind, and they were overtaken by night.

The cheerless morning found them among the fragments of some ancient wreck. Some ship, years long ago, perhaps before the miserable coast had a name, had been blown on shore, and the crew either mercifully killed in the rollers, or left to wander a few days among the thirsty scrub before they lay down for the last time :—a dispiriting incident. They were now reduced to the dew on the leaves ; Eyre collected it with a sponge, the natives with wisps of grass.

The miserable details are wearisome to write down. At the 160th mile from the last water, after seven days' drought for the horses and their one sheep, and two for themselves, Eyre and the overseer having gone on in desperation alone, digging in the first likely spot they had seen, found the sand moist and fresh, and soon came on an abundance of excellent water.

Among these sand-hills they stayed for twenty-eight days, Eyre going back alone with a boy to recover the baggage. On the occasion of this expedition they speared a sting ray, and ate him. This proved a somewhat valuable discovery, as it eked out their fast-failing provisions. The weather became cold, but no rain fell though there were occasionally heavy thunderstorms. The cliffs again approached the shore about fourteen miles to the westward ; and Baxter went forward to examine them. His report was exceedingly unfavourable. Of course it was impossible for them to go any way but along the top of them, and the downs appeared to be grassless and waterless. Baxter was anxious to go back, but Eyre quietly determined to go on.

They killed one of their horses, and the natives feasted on it all day long, while they made some unsuccessful efforts to jerk it. The effect of this great feed of meat was exactly such as Mr. Bumble would have expected. The natives grew rebellious, announced their intention of shifting for themselves, and marched off. Even the gentle Wylie, the King George's Sound native, shared in the revolt. The younger of the two Port Lincoln blacks, however, was sufficiently under command to obey the eye and voice of Mr. Eyre, and to remain behind.

Still they lingered here, unwilling to face the next 150 miles of

cliff, where they knew there could be no water without rain. But the rain did not come; and, having killed their last sheep, they prepared to set forward. The night before they started, however, the two native deserters, beaten back by hunger and thirst, returned. Wylie was frankly penitent, and acknowledged that he had made a fool of himself; but the Port Lincoln blacks sat sulking by the fire, refusing to speak.

They now went on their weary way and ascended the cliffs. The downs were, as Baxter had reported, waterless and stony, with a dwarf tea-scrub (much like our chalk-down juniper). The first night, for the first time on the journey, the blacks were set to watch the horses.

Eyre had intended to travel the main part of the next night; but when it came on, Baxter urged him so strongly to remain that he yielded, the more easily as Baxter's reasons appeared good. Rain was threatening, and they were now in a place where water might be collected from the rock-pools, whereas, were they to advance, and the country to get sandy, the rain would be of no use to them. So they stayed where they were, and it was Baxter and Eyre's turn to watch the horses. Eyre, not being sleepy, took the first watch, and Baxter and the natives lay down to sleep.

The night was cold and wild, with scud driving across the moon, and a rushing wind which tossed the shrubs and sang loudly among the rocks. The place was very solitary—a high treeless down 400 feet above the vast Southern Ocean: a place not unlike the great down above Freshwater. The horses were very restless, keeping Eyre moving up and down, till at half-past ten he had lost sight of the camp fires. While he was looking round to catch a sight of them he saw a gun fired about a quarter of a mile off. Calling out, and receiving no answer, he ran towards the spot, and was met by Wylie, crying, “Come here! come here!” He ran in terror on to the camp fire, and there he found poor Baxter weltering in his blood inarticulate. How many minutes it was before he died, Eyre cannot say; but he did not speak or recognise him. The poor tortured body sank into quiescence, without one word having passed the lips; and the soul, still in its agony of torture, of indignation, of horror, with a burthen of explanations and messages to loved ones at home still struggling, and struggling in vain, to get sent by its usual channel, went wandering away over the desolate down-lands to —.

And poor Eyre was left alone in the waterless desert, 500 miles from help, with terror, unutterable grief, and despair for his com-

panions. No others, unless it were the crawling sea, the thirsty down, and a crouching whining savage, who wrung his hands and whimpered! No other, indeed, except the God in whom he trusted, and who delivered him even out of this!

PART II.

FIVE hundred miles from any hope of help, in the very centre of the most horrible waterless desert on the face of the earth, poor Eyre stood that night, on the desolate down above the desolate sea, all alone save* for one crouching, guilty-looking savage, and the corpse of his dearly loved companion lying stark and bloody in the flying gleams of the moon.

First terror, then indignation, then grief, then the dull horror of utter loneliness and despair, and the indescribable ghastly oppression of great and hopeless distance, which clawed at his heart like a nightmare; these were his other companions. Sometimes he prayed, sometimes he wept, sometimes he walked up and down, in short, tiger-like snatches, in his furious indignation meditating revenge before death. But all the time the cold chill wind rushed over the down, drove the sparks of the fire landward, and moved the dead man's hair. Whose imagination is powerful enough to conceive the unutterable horrors of such a night, in such a place?

The man was a high-strung and very sensitive man. This mad journey of his would prove it to a thoughtful reader, even if he would not take my word for it. But, high-strung and sensitive as he was, he was as *indestructible* a man as Big Boone himself. Nay, if Big Boone had, with his vast frame, found himself in this match against Nature, I think, if I may be allowed a sporting phrase, that I should have backed Nature.

But there was such an irrepressible vitality about this man, such a dexterous manipulation of the very worst materials, that he could not be beaten. In the midst of his very despair he had taken measures for continuing the struggle, and had completed them long before the morning dawned. The first discovery he made in the dark was the very unpleasant one that he was left without the means of self-defence, or, what was dearer just now, Revenge; that the two blacks had got the available firearms, and were lurking round among the scrub with them; and that his life was not worth five minutes' purchase of any one's money. He had pistols, but no cartridges. His only other hope was in a rifle, which they had not taken. But this rifle was unservicable.

The murdered man had, a few days before, done the only undexterous thing recorded of him—tried to wash out the rifle while it was loaded. By the time he had found out it *was* loaded, he had wetted and partly washed out the powder, so that it was impossible to get it out; they had no screw to draw the bullet, and the rifle had been thrown aside as utterly useless. (Rifles are the most utterly useless trash in Australia, even for kangaroo-shooting. Eley's green cartridge in a double barrel is the only arm which a reasonable man uses for the larger game.) This disabled rifle was his only hope, and his only chance of getting it to work was to melt out the bullet. He put the barrel in the fire; but there was powder enough left to explode, and the bullet whizzed close by his ear. After such an accident at such a time he may be considered safe.

When the rifle was loaded he felt more secure. The next thing which engaged the attention of our *πολυμήτις* was the horses, on whom everything depended. He went into the scrub after them at the risk of being shot, and got them. After this he waited for morning.

The raving wind went down towards morning, and by degrees the grey dawn crept over the desolate down, and bit by bit showed him all the circumstances and all the extent of the horrible midnight disaster. Baxter lay in his shirt about five yards from his bed, shot through the breast, soaking in blood; his eyes, Eyre tells us, were still open, but glazed in death; and the same expression of stern resolution which he had worn in life was still on the face of the corpse. The camp was plundered, and everything was broken by the murderers. After examination he found that all they had left was forty pounds of flour and four gallons of water.

Before he started westward, one duty remained to him, that of paying the last tribute of decency and friendship to his dead friend. The soil was bare limestone rock for miles around, and time was life. All that he could do for the poor senseless corpse was to wrap its head decently in a blanket, and leave it to wither in the winds. There it lies still, and there most likely it will lie for ever. Old Earth is such a bitter cruel stepmother in that accursed country, that she even refuses to take her dead children back to her bosom.

You must be nearly sick of these accumulated horrors. But from this point a new horror begins to dog his steps—Murder. However long and weary the thirsty day might have been, sleep, rest, unconsciousness, dreams of home, now became impossible. His life was at the mercy of two sneaking, crawling savages, who

might pounce on him the instant his eyes closed, and kill him. A kinder or gentler man never lived, but he made a certain determination. He resolved to shoot these two savages on the first opportunity. "Would they give him one?" That was the question; or would they prowl and sneak round him until they murdered him?—a fine problem for a maddened man, five hundred miles from help. Meanwhile there was one other chance. He had not studied these savages so many years for nothing; he knew their laziness, and he thought, with his horses and his pluck, that he might outwalk them. So he started away as early as he could, and left Baxter with his head rolled in a blanket alone on the desert down.

Of Wylie, the black who had stood by him, he had no fear. He knew that the two South Australian blacks would, after the manner of their folk, inevitably murder Wylie, the King George's Sound native, who came from another tribe and spoke another language, the instant they had done using him, as the strongest of the three, in helping them back to Fowler's Bay. He knew also that Wylie was perfectly aware of this himself. And, although he strongly suspected Wylie of being a participator of the plunder of the camp, he knew that Wylie's only chance of life was loyalty to him. Wylie, he believes, had arranged with the two other natives for a grand feed on the stock of provisions, but had been frightened and shocked by the murder. Events proved that Wylie knew on which side his interest lay.

Wylie was a very good, a somewhat exceptional specimen of his people, as Eyre, a lover and protector of the blacks, allows. Now, you know these people will *go*. God never made the Portland Bay district for *them*. All one asks is, that the thing should be done with decency, and with every sort of indulgence; whereas it is not, but in a scandalous and disgraceful manner. Of course these Australians must be improved, but let the improvement be done with some show of decency. But we may preach and preach, and the same old story will go on, now there is no Governor Gipps; and so we will leave preaching, and mind our business, for public opinion, unbacked by a Governor Gipps, is but a poor thing for the blacks.

Eyre, however, as he started at eight o'clock on the morning after the murder, with his forty pounds of flour and his four gallons of water, was not, probably, in the humour to think deeply over this question. His life's work had been, and was to be, the protection of these savages against the whites. But on this particular morning things had gone so very cross with him, that he found the leading resolution in his very resolute mind was

to cut off the first one he caught sight of, like a rabbit. "How circumstances do change people." His horses had now been three days without water, and where the next was to be got he had no idea. However, he started over the downs, on his five hundred miles' tramp, in an exceedingly defiant mood. "Not an ounce of die in him," as I heard a cockney blacksmith say about a sick friend.

He had one interview, and one only, with these murderous young vagabonds. At four o'clock in the afternoon, he saw them approaching cautiously. One cannot help wishing that he had had an Enfield rifle, instead of one of those miserable things we called rifles in those days; but he had not. A rifle of those times was not sighted above a hundred yards, and they would not give him a shot. He walked towards them, but they kept beyond distance; and at last, in despair, he threw down his own rifle, and advanced unarmed, hoping to get near enough to run in on one of them, wrest his loaded gun from him, and, &c. If I am not mistaken, the Victoria Cross has been given for less than this. But they would not come near him, but kept away, crying out for Wylie. Master Wylie, to whom every cry of theirs was a fresh piece of evidence as to his complicity in the murder, did not know them, had never seen these low coloured persons before, wondered what they could possibly mean by hollering after him, and so on, with all the transparent childish cunning of a savage; leading his horses on, and leaving the question in the hands of Providence, and those of an extremely infuriated English gentleman called Eyre; and walked calmly on in saint-like innocence.

Eyre could do nothing with them; they only went on running away, and implicating Wylie's character to an extent which must have exasperated that young gentleman to a pitch many degrees beyond murder. After a time Eyre came back, picked up his rifle, and saw them no more.

What they did, or what became of them, we shall never know exactly. If they did not die of famine, they were most certainly murdered by the first natives they came across. One can guess at their motives in plundering the camp and murdering Baxter. They possibly (I will go no further than possibly) wanted a good feed, and hated Baxter. But this is an exceptional case. In general, you can form no guess whatever of an Australian black's motives. If you notice, you will find yourself very much puzzled by the motives of your own children. But their motives for action are the hardest common sense, if you compare them with those of an Australian black. The only crime which I have heard of on this side of the water, and which I can compare to

the aimless murders so common among these queer Australians, is the murder committed by Constance Kent on her little brother. It was Australian "all over." I knew the old hand at once.

Allow me to tell an anecdote in illustration. I was staying in an Australian country house once, in the far west—a real Australian country house, where the kangaroos came skipping, and staring, and gaudering past the dining-room windows; where the opossums held high jinks and murdered sleep in the shrubberies every night; where the native cats stowed themselves under your bed until you had gone to sleep, and then proclaimed their case against an ungrateful world in a noise which might be achieved, in an inferior degree, by a wicked old tom cat, carefully trained by a howling ape and a hyena;—a house with a flower-garden, at the bottom of which was a lake on which no one was allowed to fire a shot, and which swarmed all through the burning summer's day with teal, widgeon, great cranes, pelicans, black swans, and purple water-hens;—a house in which the scorpions came tittle, tittle, tittle, along the passage, looked in at the library door to see how you were getting on, and then packed themselves away under the door-mat; where enormous centipedes came from under the fender at a terrific pace, eight inches long, twenty legs aside, struck with a sudden uncontrollable impulse to walk up the leg of your trousers, and see what *that* was like;—a house where some one was always going to bed after breakfast, and "coming down" as fresh as paint, just out of his bath, to an eight o'clock dinner; where you slept all day, and went out a-fishing as soon as the night was dark enough; where your papers were the *Spectator* and the *Illustrated London News*, and one's drink weak claret and water;—a real old 100,000 acre, two thousand a year, Australian country house, in short.

In such a house as this, it once befell that I had to stay for an indefinite time. On the first morning, when I came down (there was only one storey, but I will continue the fiction) to breakfast, I found a very smart-looking native girl, dressed much as your own housemaid is dressed, dusting the room. She looked so much smarter and brighter than any native woman I had ever seen before, that I asked Mrs. L—— (may her days be long in the land), the Scotch housekeeper, about her antecedents.

There was a queer story about her. Her brother, a native, was one groom, and another young native was another groom; and one day, not two months before, these two young rascals had agreed to murder her. There was no more cause for it than there is for your murdering me, but they thought they would like to do it; they had not tasted blood lately, and, although they

were very well off, had plenty to eat, worked no more than they chose, and so on, yet things were rather slow in these parts; so they thought they would murder this young woman. They proceeded to do so; they had got her down, her brother was throttling her—hope was lost—it was a matter of moments—when——

Here comes your sensation—Mrs. L——, a very strong and opinionated Scotchwoman, came in and caught them at it. Not only caught them at it, but caught the principal offender across the back of the head with a carpet-broom, stopped the whole business, and routed the enemy single-handed. It is time we walked on with Eyre, and so we must have done with Mrs. L——; I have no more to tell you of her than this: When the station was attacked by the blacks, she and the two gentlemen of the house were alone. The two hundred savages were so near accomplishing their object, that they actually were upon the roof, and were casting their spears in upon the three. The roof would not fire, in consequence of a heavy rain, and my two hosts picked off every man who appeared in the gap of the roof which they had made. Mrs. L—— all the time stood between them, loading their guns and handing them to them alternately, until assistance came from Port Fairy. Another fact about her is this: I never could convince her that the great wedge-tailed eagle of Australia was to be compared to our own two-penny-halfpenny golden eagle. The colonists have, for their own reasons, christened these birds “eagle-hawks.” “Ye have no been to Scotland?” she would say; “I tell ye, sir, they are naething to the Scottish eagle.” Common specimens measured fifteen feet across the wings!

What with Mrs. L—— and the eagles, we have left poor Eyre on his waterless down, five hundred miles from help, somewhat too long. We shall have one more terrible push with him, and then the story will become more pleasant, or rather less horrible, to read.

After the interview with the murderers, Eyre pushed on as rapidly as possible far into the night, for eighteen miles further; knowing well that he would thus get a good start of those lazy young gentlemen, who would not travel more than a few miles without lying down. The next day, which was the 1st of May, the first day of winter in that hemisphere, they got the horses along twenty-eight miles, and it was getting evident that it could not continue much longer, as they had been already five days without water, and had no hope of any for two days more.

No change has as yet taken place in the character of the country. They were still travelling over the weary downs; the

surface of the ground a cream-coloured limestone, full of shells, but with no water, and scarcely any grass or vegetation at all, except the scrub I have compared to juniper, for the sake of an English reader. But to Eyre's keen, well-trained eye, a change had taken place which made his heart leap with hope. Stumbling along, lame, suffering, and miserable, he came on one little *Banksia*, trying to grow in the cruel, rocky soil. Only one tiny twig, I guess, with a whorl of oak-like leaves around the top, brave little pioneer of the following army. At first only one. Then, after an interval, two or three; then half-a-dozen, I dare say, and one bigger than the rest, which had succeeded in blossoming and seeding, and was the parent of all these little ones. But, at all events, there were the *Banksias*, with hope hovering over their delicate green foliage. They were the harbingers of a better country beyond—they never erred. But oh, the next two days, and the horses failing, mile after mile! To be so near, and yet so far off! Wylie wanted to lie down, and so he did. Eyre himself would have been most willing to lie down and die, but still the weary feet went on almost mechanically.

At last it was done. Seven days, and 150 miles from the last water, they led their horses down a gorge in the cliffs, to the shore. The cliffs had come to an end, and a long line of lower sandhills stretched before them. They found a native well immediately; the horses were watered, and they lay down to sleep, away from the well, lest, as was most improbable, the murderers should have kept pace with them, and should surprise and kill them in the night. No such thing, however, occurred, and they never saw them again. Without doubt, they perished miserably in the bush, as, when they deserted, they were seventy miles from water in one direction, and eighty in the other.

Here another symptom of a better country appeared in the form of black cockatoos—an immense funereal-looking bird, with the most funereal note I ever heard, "Wee-wah! wee-wah!" like a rusty sign on a post—yet welcome to them than a lorikeet would have been for plumage, or than an organ-voiced magpie, finest of song-birds after the nightingale. Rain came now, when it was not wanted, and the weather on that broad desolate shore grew wild and stormy. Eyre was suffering agonies of pain with what is called there "poisoned hand." But things on the whole looked brighter.

One of the horses was now so utterly done up that he determined to kill it, and to stay in one place for a few days to feed upon it. He communicated his intention to Wylie, who said, with extreme emphasis, "Master, you shall see me sit up all night

eating ;" a promise or threat which he carefully fulfilled. No sooner was so much of the horse's skin removed as to make it possible to get at some of the meat, than Wylie lit a fire, and began cooking and eating. That night he cooked twenty pounds weight of it, and he ate the main part before morning. Eyre calculates that Wylie, or any other black, would eat you his nine pounds a day on an average. I never myself calculated the amount, but I have seen them at it. Of course Wylie was horribly ill. I think I know his symptoms, though Eyre does not give them. Set a number of blacks to work on a bullock which—which you don't want for your own use, let us say ; and you will see very nearly this : Your black fellow will begin cooking and eating, the meat not being done quite so brown as Mrs. George Rokesmith liked her cutlets ; and after a time his stomach will begin to swell. As the swelling goes on, the feeding becomes slower and slower, and he becomes silent. Then his face becomes passive and thoughtful, then perturbed and anxious, lastly morose and fretful. Then he begins to whimper, and throw the things about, and make foolish blows in the direction of his wife, who is far enough off by now, I warrant you. To finish all, he rolls himself on the ground with plaintive howls, until the colic has mended itself.

This feed of meat made Eyre very ill, too. Even Wylie found out that the pleasure was not worth the cost, balanced in *his* mind the relative values of horse-flesh and colic, and gave up the horse-flesh, consenting to a frugal supper of a little bit of bread and a spoonful of flour boiled into paste. I mention this fact as being the only circumstance which seems in the least degree incredible in Eyre's journal.

Though the weather set in deadly cold, though so cold that sleep was difficult, though Eyre's health began to fail, and though they had between four and five hundred miles to go, yet new signs of hope followed one another faster and faster. Here (position roughly 121° E. 33° S.) the Banksias became more common, and a new tree began to appear—the silver wattle (an acacia, one of the most familiar trees in the rich parts of Australia, but whose botanical name I have not handy). More than this, at this point they saw their first hill. They had passed over a weary table-land, four or five hundred feet high, which I have, perhaps wrongly, characterised as a "down" ; but it was only a table-land, the southern lip of that miserable internal basin or depression which so long deluded geographers into the belief of a central sea—the elevated ground which stops all the internal waters, originated by a rainfall nearly equal to that of Ireland or Devonshire, back into

that vast depressed region which we used to call Lake Torrens, to be evaporated there instead of finding their way to the sea by a hundred beautiful harbours. They had passed over this weary table-land, but they had never seen a hill. Now they saw one. A real Australian hill, with its crags rounded by the forest which grew upon it; a real hill, a father of waters. Eyre, with his traveller's eye, rejoiced; and one who has travelled in those quaint regions can sympathise with him. Once, after a long spell through a depressed forest country, with a somewhat depressed and saturnine friend of mine, I saw such a hill. My cynical friend turned to me, and said quietly, "High hills and all pleasant places, praise ye the Lord."

The character of the country continued to give them fresh hopes of ultimate success, for its geological character changed, and sheets of granite began to appear at low water. It gradually rose until it displaced the porous oolite; and, at last, Eyre found that he had come to a country which would carry water upon its surface. He found a slender thread of water trickling over a granite rock. It was but a mere "weep," but it was the first he had met since he had left Streaky Bay, nearly eight hundred miles behind. Grass grew more abundantly also; and the Xanthorea, or grass tree, began to appear. It got bitter cold, so that a new fear took possession of him—whether or no he should be able to face the next three hundred miles with cold and starvation as his companions. Scurvy, according to all precedent, would soon set in; and already he had to use force to get Wylie to move after sitting down. Really it seemed a hopeless business even now. He little knew what a glorious piece of good fortune God's providence had in store for him. One cannot help seeing that, but for one singular accident, the chances were still 100 to 1 against him.

The French whaler, *Mississippi*, commanded by one Rossiter, an Englishman, had found herself in these Australian seas just as the Pritchard-Tahitian dispute had breezed up to that extent that war between France and England seemed almost a matter of certainty. Rossiter became very much alarmed. To go home and lose his voyage was ruin; to be captured by a British cruiser was ruin and imprisonment besides; yet there was no coast but that of the enemy for some thousands of miles. Under these circumstances he betook himself to the most desolate and out-of-the-way place he could think of, and anchored in a bay in lat. 34°, long., 122° behind an island. It was a fine enough anchorage, but in those times it had no name. It was so desolate and so utterly out of the way of all human knowledge, that in the year of

grace 1811 it had actually no name, for the simple reason that no one had ever been there before.

“ A waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world.”

They knew this coast—that it was waterless and uninhabited for a thousand miles. It did not matter to them : they had their ship, and cared little for the shore. They used to see it there every day, yellow and bare and treeless, with a few mountains on the left in the dim hot distance ; so it had been for ever, and would be for evermore. But one day it had a strange new interest for them : they, as they were idly busying themselves with cleaning their cables, which were foul, saw a man moving on the shore. It seemed incredible, but their glasses confirmed it. It was a white man, who knelt on a point and was making a fire to signal them. Half-a-dozen of them tumbled into a whale boat ; and, as the beautiful craft came leaping and springing towards the shore, their wonder grew into amazement. It was a white man indeed, but such a man as they had never seen before. He was wan and thin, his clothes were ragged ; he seemed wild, and looked like one who had risen from the dead : a man who had evidently such a story to tell that you trembled while you waited for him to begin. Such a man stood on the very verge of a wave-worn rock among the climbing surge, with strained eyes and parted lips eagerly holding out both his wasted hands towards them.

To say that they had him into the plunging boat off the slippery sea-weed in a minute ; to say that they embraced him, patted him on the back, and looked fondly at him, that they in one breath demanded his story of him, and in the next forbade him to open his mouth until he had refreshed himself—is only to say that they were sailors, and, what is more, Frenchmen. Here was something which suited their great sailor hearts entirely. Here was unprecedented headlong courage: here was endurance equally unprecedented : here was a man who had been where no one had been before, and had seen what no one could ever see again. To be blown a thousand miles out of your course was one thing, but to have *walked* a thousand miles was quite another. If Eyre had done the distance in a fast spring cart (that mode of locomotion which a sailor specially affects), it would have been a noble action. But to have walked seemed, I suspect, to put a halo of romance about the affair which it would not have had otherwise. At all events, their hearts were in the right place ; and Eyre, from a lonely, hopeless wanderer, found himself suddenly transformed into a hero.

One must be allowed to be mildly jocular for a moment, for the story has been so miserably tragical hitherto. We would try to avoid the sin of jocularity as much as possible; there is very little temptation to it here; and yet I should be disposed to guess that Eyre was inclined to laugh boisterously at the smallest joke.

That night he slept on board the *Mississippi*. As the night darkened, the wind rose and moaned till the moan grew into a shriek, and then raved on till it became a gale. But the good ship *Mississippi*, in the lee of the island, cared little for this, and Eyre less. Lying warm and snug in his bunk, between the blankets, he only heard the slopping tread of the officer of the watch overhead, and so knew it was raining: only heard the wild wind aloft among the rigging, and so knew that it was blowing. He thought how that rain was beating and that wind was tearing among the desolate sand-hills, where he would have lain this night had it not been for the providence of a merciful God, who, it seemed to him, was resolved to see him through it all, and not let his adventure end in utter useless disaster. So, every time he was awakened by the officer of the watch or the wind in the rigging, he said a short fervent prayer of deep thankfulness to Almighty God for His mercy, and then turned himself to happy sleep once more, only to hear the wild rain and the wilder wind singing a pleasant bass through his hopeful dreams.

For, if he *could* get through with this business, he had done what no man had ever done before, or would ever do again. The thing could never be repeated; there was not, and there is not, room on the earth for the repetition of such an adventure by a sane man. If he did it—if the cup was not dashed from his lips now—he would be immortal. It is perfectly certain that his adventure was, in its way, the greatest ever carried through; but, as for the immortality of it, I cannot find any one in London who ever heard of it or of him. A few of the oldsters in Melbourne, and a few more in Sydney, remember the thing being done; but the expedition led to nothing positive—only proved in the most offensively practical way that you *could not*, whereas Eyre's duty as a man and explorer had been supposed to be to prove that you *could*.

He stayed a fortnight with Captain Rossiter, who treated him with the extremest kindness, though he himself was in deep anxiety about the war and the fate of his ship. He fitted out Eyre with every necessary and luxury, and started him again on his journey with every good wish. Eyre gave him bills on his agent at Albany for the things he had, but they were never presented. He never again saw or heard of the man to whom he was so deeply indebted.

He had now been a year exactly on this expedition. The splendid staff of companions with which he had started was dwindled down to one solitary savage, and there were yet two hundred and fifty miles of distance; but still hope grew stronger each mile they made forward through the driving bitter weather. The country got more interesting as his journal becomes less so.

One morning when he rose he told Wylie that they would see the mountains beyond the Sound before night. Wylie was very sceptical about it—in fact, never really believed that they would reach the Sound at all. But in the afternoon the grand rugged outline of his native hills broke upon his view, and he gave way to the wildest transports of joy. He knew every valley in them, and every tree which feathered their sides. There his own brothers and relations were waiting for him now.

The fourth day from this they left their horses and pushed on rapidly. It was a fearfully wet day, and, though they were close to the town, they had not met a living creature facing the furious weather. The first creature they met was a native, who knew Wylie, and from him they learnt that they had been given up two months before. Shortly after Wylie was in the bosom of his enraptured tribe, and Eyre was shaking hands with Lady Spencer.

Wylie was pensioned by Government, and retired to his tribe, where, I have no doubt, he took heartily to lying about his journey, and in due time got to believe his own lies. He may be alive now, and may have seen Redpath. Peace be with him!

Mr. Eyre had now finished his journey. From the time he had dismissed the rest of his staff, and had come on with the overseer alone, he had been four months and ten days, and had travelled in actual distance about a thousand miles. Since Baxter was murdered, and he was entirely alone with Wylie, he had been two months and five days, and had come between five and six hundred miles. The distance passed over, without finding one drop of surface water, was seven hundred miles, the distance from London to Vienna. He returned to Adelaide, and met with the welcome he deserved, and so the great adventure came to an end. That dreadful band of country has never been invaded since, and Baxter's bones still lie out on the desolate down, bleaching in the winds.

THE MARCH OF CHARLES STURT.

THE MARCH OF CHARLES STURT.

JUST now, when so much attention is being called to Australian exploration, and while the work is going on so very satisfactorily, it may not be amiss if we while away half an hour in recalling the deeds of an earlier adventurer in the same field, at a time when the nature of the country towards the interior was utterly unknown, when nearly every plant was new, and when no navigable river had been discovered to the eastward of the Blue Mountains. Let us follow the footsteps of the first successful explorer of the interior of the great continent—of the man who penetrated almost to the centre of it, and who left his name like a monument on the great bare map of Australia for twenty years, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the boldest of his contemporaries. Let us follow the track of Charles Sturt, the father of Australian exploration.

From 1788 to 1813, the narrow strip of land between the Blue Mountains and the sea was found sufficient for the wants of a population amounting, in the latter year, to 10,400, including 1,100 military (population at present about 1,100,000). At this period, no white man had penetrated 100 miles from the sea; but, to the west, the mountains hung like a dark curtain, and shut out the knowledge of all beyond.

These mountains are but little more than 3,000 feet in height, but among the most singularly abrupt in the world—so abrupt, that they baffled every attempt to surmount them. The intrepid surgeon, Bass, explorer of the southern coast, was foiled, after the most desperate efforts. Mr. Cayley penetrated sixteen miles, to meet with the same disappointment. At length, however, in the year 1813, the first great drought of the colony settled down inexorably; and Providence said, in most unmistakable terms, “Cross those mountains or starve.”

Three men rose and obeyed—Blaxland, Wentworth, and Lieutenant Lawson, of the 19th regiment. They fought their way to the summit, and looked over into the glorious western land. Then their provisions failed, and they came back and told what they had seen.

Australia was blessed in those days with a most energetic governor. This governor, Macquarie by name, not only sent instantly his surveyor-general, who confirmed the good news and discovered the river Macquarie, but set his convicts to work, and made a splendid road—an Australian Simplon through the mountain—and in fifteen months from that time, just as Bonaparte landed from Elba, drove his wife over the mountains (say in a gig, for respectability's sake); picnie'd on the Macquarie river, and founded the flourishing town of Bathurst.

Everything went charmingly. Mr. Evans proceeded to the westward from the picnie party, discovered another fine river (the Lachlan) flowing, like the Macquarie, full and free to the west. It seemed that, according to all precedent, these waters ran into larger ones, and that a Nile or a Mississippi was to be discovered by merely following one's nose. The men of those times were ignorant of the vast depressed basin of the interior, in which so many fine streams lose themselves by evaporation. Oxley discovered this region. Sturt attacked it; was beaten back from it time after time on the west and north-west, but conquered it gloriously on the south-west, after a journey for which we are at a loss to find a parallel.

In 1817, Mr. Oxley, surveyor-general, went down the Lachlan, and found that it lost itself among level marshes. He tried the Macquarie, with the same result. The channel of this last river was lost among vast reed beds. A third river (the Castlereagh), traced by him, confirmed the previous observations. There was no doubt now that, in ordinary seasons, these large streams were spread abroad into a dead level country, and were lost by sheer evaporation, unless, indeed, they found their way into a vast tideless sea in the interior.

So stood the question until 1828. In 1826 another fearful drought set in, and lasted for two years. After that time the western rivers were reported to be lower than they had ever been seen; and it became evident that now or never was the time to penetrate the vast reedy marshes which had stopped Oxley, and, by crossing them, to see what lay beyond. An expedition was formed, and the command of it was given to Captain Charles Sturt, of the 39th regiment. He started from Paramatta on the 9th of November, 1828; and on the 26th of December, having proceeded about a hundred miles down the Macquarie, and having passed for some days through a level, dreary flat, with belts of reeds, he came to a wall of reeds, which prevented his further progress by land, and necessitated the launching of his boat.

At first the course of the river was narrow and tortuous; but at

length, in a very few miles, it grew broader. This, so far from being a good sign, was a bad one. The river was spreading out into the marsh; for the flood-marks, which formerly were many feet above the water, were now barely a foot. It was evident that the river was losing power; the current grew almost imperceptible, and at this point, also, the trees disappeared. Three miles further the river, thirty yards broad as it was, came to an end; the boat grounded, and Captain Sturt got out; and, for his own satisfaction, walked right round the end of it, and got in again. There was an end of the Macquarie.

Unsupplied by any tributaries, and receiving its waters entirely from mountains 200 miles away, the time had come for the river when its mountain supply was counterbalanced in the very dry season by evaporation. In very wet seasons the surplus water is carried westward by fifty tiny channels. Carried westward, but whither? Into an inland sea, or into a great watercourse running north-west? That was the problem before Captain Sturt—the problem he solved at last.

Having rowed back to his camp, Captain Sturt made an expedition, a circuit of some 200 miles to the north-west, which resulted in nothing. From this time till the 18th of January the whole party persevered in their efforts to get round the north of the miserable country which surrounded the marshes. Every attempt to the westward was foiled. The ascent of a small mountain rising out of the waste revealed nothing whatever except the horrible level expanse, stretching westward like a sea. They were, in fact, standing on the St. Kilda of the dividing range, and looking over the Atlantic of low land so recently raised from the sea.

So they struggled, westward and northward, without hope, down a dry creek, with sometimes, but very seldom, a pool of water in it. And suddenly, without expectation or preparation of any kind, they came to the edge of a cliff some fifty or sixty feet high, at the base of which flowed a magnificent river, stretching away from north-east to south-west in vast reaches, eighty yards broad, and evidently of great depth. Splendid trees grew on its banks; its waters were covered with countless legions of pelicans, swans, and ducks; the native paths on each side of it were as broad as roads. It was a magnificent discovery. In one instant it dispelled the notion—which had arisen one hardly knows how—that the trend of land was towards the north-west. It proved at a glance that this was a great trench, carrying off all the innumerable eastern rivers southward, and showed that the Southern Ocean, and not Torres Straits, received their waters. That its sources and its *embouchure* were both far distant from the place where Sturt stood, in silent

gratitude, was evident from its great size and depth; and from this moment the Darling took its place for ever among the great rivers of the world, and Charles Sturt's name was written down among the foremost of the great band of successful explorers.

Though a great geographical blunder, involving an error of nearly 2,000 miles, had been cleared up, it fared but poorly with the expedition. In five minutes, or less, congratulations and hand-shakings were exchanged for looks of incredulous horror. They forced their way to the banks of the stream, and found it was salt, too salt to be drunk.

But little more remains to be said of this great river in this place. They followed it down for many miles, subsisting precariously on the puddles of fresh water which lay about the bank. The river at night was covered with leaping fish; innumerable wild fowl still floated on its bosom; the banks were fertile and beautiful; but the water is salt. The bullocks stood in it, with only their noses above water, and refused to drink it; the men who attempted to do so were made fearfully ill. At one time they found a current in it, which they discovered was fed by great brine springs; at another it ceased altogether, and a bar of dry sand, over which you might ride, crossed it. A strange, weird, anomalous river, on whose banks they were nigh dying of thirst!

It was necessary to turn. It was resolved on. Captain Sturt was merely to go a few miles down the river, on a forlorn hope, leaving the party behind in camp. The day was intensely clear and cloudless, burning hot, without a breath of air. Captain Sturt and Mr. Hume were sitting on the ground together, making their chart, when they heard the boom of a great cannon, fired apparently about five miles to the N.W. The whole expedition heard it; there was no doubt about it. A man was sent up a tree, and reported nothing but perfectly level wooded country in every direction. What that sound was we shall never know. Neither the captain in the army, nor the brave gentleman-pioneer and bushman, nor the convicts, could make head or tale of it. No doubt, coming at such a time, "it made a strong impression on us for the rest of the day."

Captain Sturt, with Mr. Hume, went forty miles down the river, and found it stretching away south-west, in reaches grander and more majestic than before, covered with wildfowl, swarming with fish, but as salt as ever. There he left it, to meet it twice again—once higher up, as we shall see immediately; and once again hundreds of miles away, in the most awful moment of his adventurous life.

We need say but little more. After terrible hardships the ex-

pedition succeeded in striking the Darling ninety miles higher up than the first point of discovery, and recognised it in an instant. The same long canal-like reaches; the same clouds of water-fowl and shoals of fish; the water still intensely salt! They had now seen it through 150 miles of its course, and found no change. It was time to abandon the expedition. They got back in safety, having by tact and courage avoided any collision with the natives. The results were important. The trend of the interior basin was southward, not northward! From the water-marks by the shore of this great canal-like river, it was evident that in nine summers out of ten, in any season almost but this, the driest hitherto known in the history of the colony, the rainfall would be sufficiently great to overpower the brine springs in its bed, and make it run fresh. And, lastly, from the size of the channel, it was inferred that the sources of the river were many hundred miles to the north, probably within the tropic.*

And now we come to the second and greater expedition. The question remained, "What becomes of the Darling towards the southwest?"

It seemed an utterly hopeless task to carry boats back to the point at which Captain Sturt had touched it, to launch them on its waters, and to run down. The plan evidently was to try and cut it at a point lower down; but how? The Macquarie had been tried, as we see. The Lachlan was known to be a miserable poor thing of a river, worse than the Macquarie. What remained? What river was there flowing west with vitality sufficient to reach the Darling before it perished?

The Murrumbidgee? Well, that did seem something of the kind — rising here behind Mount Dromedary, fed by a thousand streaming creeks, from a thousand peaceful gullies, till it grew to manhood, to strength, to passion, and hurled itself madly from right to left, against buttress after buttress of its mountain-walled prison, until it was free; and then sweeping on, sleeping here, snarling there, under lofty hanging woodlands, through broad, rich river flats, through a country fit for granary of an empire, sometimes in reaches still as glass, sometimes in long foaming shallows of frosted silver. A river among rivers, growing in majesty and beauty, as a hundred tributaries added to its volume, until at last, where the boldest stockman had left it and turned, it went still westward, a chain of crimson

* This branch of the Darling, which may be called the true Darling, loses its name higher up, but may be roughly said to rise in the latitude of Moreton Bay (27°). The lower part, however, receives waters from far inside the tropic.

reaches, towards the setting sun! Could this river die, save in the great eternal ocean? Was there a curse on the land, that such a thing should happen?

This is very unbusiness-like language. But I think it must have been something of this kind which Charles Sturt meant, when he said that the attention of the Colonial Government was, under these circumstances, drawn to the fact that the volume of water in the Morumbidgee was more considerable than that in either of the rivers before mentioned, and did not seem to decrease, but rather the contrary, in a westerly direction. So they deputed Captain Sturt to follow down the Morumbidgee, and find out whether he could carry it on until it cut the Darling. Saul went after his father's asses, and found a kingdom. Captain Sturt went to look after that miserable old Darling, and found a kingdom also, and a very fine one too.

But there was another reason which gave people great hopes that the Morumbidgee went somewhere, and not nowhere, like other Australian rivers. In 1825 Mr. Hume (before mentioned) and Mr. Hovell had gone a strange journey to the south-west, keeping great mountains on their left, to the south and east, nearly all the way, through an utterly unknown but fine and well-watered country, until, when 500 miles from Sydney, they came on a great arm of the sea, and came back again, disputing whether or no they had reached the Port Phillip of Collins, or the Western Port of Bass. It was, in fact, the former, though they could not decide it. This journey of theirs, down to the desolate shores of a lonely sea, was made only forty-five years ago; yet the best way to describe it now is to say that they passed through the towns of Yass, Goulbourn, Albury (with the wonderful bridge), Wangaratta, Benalla, Seymour, and Kilmore, until they came to the city of Melbourne, which is now slightly larger than Bristol, and exports eleven millions a year. "Darn 'em," said an old Yankee to me once, *à propos* of the new South Australian discoveries, "they're at it again, you see."

On their route they crossed three large streams, going north and west from the mountains which were between them and the sea, which they named the Hume, the Ovens, and the Goulburn. Now, if either of these streams joined the Morumbidgee, there were great hopes that their united tides would be strong enough to bear one on to the junction with the Darling. These were the prospects of the expedition. We will now resume our narrative.

A whale-boat was constructed, fitted loosely, and taken to pieces again and packed in the drays, ready for construction in the interior. A still was also provided, lest the waters of the Darling

should be found salt where they struck it. The expedition started from Sydney on the 3rd of November, 1829, exactly a year after the starting of the previous one, whose course we have so shortly followed. Mr Hume was unable to accompany Captain Sturt on this journey. His principle companions were Mr. George Macleay ; Harris, his soldier servant ; Hopkinson, soldier friend of Harris ; Frazer, an eccentric Scot, declining to forego his uniform ; dogs ; a tame black boy on horseback ; Clayton, a stolid carpenter ; the rest convicts.

On the 21st of the month, they were getting among the furthest stations. "From east-south-east to west-north-west, the face of the country was hilly, broken, and irregular, forming deep ravines and precipitous glens, amid which I was well aware the Morumbidgee was still struggling for freedom ; while mountains succeeded mountains in the background, and were themselves overtopped by lofty and distant peaks." So says Captain Sturt, in his vigorous, well-chosen language.

At last they reached the river of their hopes, rushing, crystal clear, over a bed of mountain *débris*, in great curves and reaches, across and across the broad meadows, which lay in the lap of the beautiful wooded mountains which towered up on all sides, and which, in places, abutted so closely on the great stream that they had to cross and recross it many times, with great difficulty. Immediately they were beyond the limits of all geographical knowledge ; the last human habitation was left behind at the junction of the Tunut, a river as big as the Morumbidgee, about ten miles above the present town of Gundagai, which has since acquired a disastrous notoriety for its fatal floods. The river was stronger and broader than ever, leading them on towards the great unknown south-west.

The reaches grew broader, and the pasture on the flats more luxuriant ; yet still hope grew stronger. The natives, such as they saw, were friendly ; they caught fish, one of which weighed 40 pounds (a small thing that, though ; they run up to 120 pounds). The ranges still continued on either hand. Hope grew higher and higher—it was to be a mere holiday expedition ! At length they left the ranges, and came out on to the great basin of the interior once more ; and a dull, unexpressed anxiety began to grow on them hour after hour. The country was getting so horribly like the miserable desert which had balked them before, on the Macquarie.* Still the river held on bravely, and any

* How greatly would their anxiety have been increased had they been aware, as we are now, that the river had actually bifurcated already immediately below the beautiful Hamilton Plains, and that, after a

unexperienced man would have scouted the ideas of its losing itself among reed marshes. But ugly symptoms began to show themselves. The soil grew sandy, and was covered with the claws of dead crayfish. The hated cypress began to show, too. Two blacks, who had been induced to accompany them, turned back, evidently never expecting to see them again. Things began to look bad.

And worse as they went on. They began to get among the reeds again. The plains stretched away treeless and bare to the north-east as far as they could see, and the river, their last hope, began to grow smaller. They got entangled among sheets of polygonum (a gloomy and leafless bramble); the crested pigeon and the black quail appeared—all strong symptoms of the interior desert.

Toiling over a dreary sand plain, in which the dray horses sunk fetlock-deep, they came to a broad, dry creek, which seemed to be the junction or one of the junctions of the Lachlan. They headed back to the river again; but one of the men, sent on on horseback, rode back to say that the noble river was gone—that there was nothing to be seen but reeds, reeds, reeds in all directions. They had been deceived by another Macquarie!

Fortunately not. After a terrible day on horseback, Sturt forced his way to the river once more, and lay down, half dead with fatigue, in utter despair on its banks. He could not sleep, but, as he lay awake under the winking stars, his purpose grew. At daybreak he was up and on horseback with Macleay. They rode till noon through belts of reeds, the river still holding its own to the south-west. At noon Sturt reined up, and the deed was done. He asked no advice, he allowed no discussion. He told Mr. Macleay that to push round the reeds toward the north-west in search of the Darling was to endanger the expedition—that the river was still alive; that at any moment it might join a stream from the south-east (he meant one of the three streams discovered by Hovell and Hume before mentioned); that his fixed and unalterable purpose was to send the drays and horses back, to put together the whale-boat, and to row down the river into such country and towards such fate as Providence should will.

One can fancy the smile that came over Macleay's face as his tall, gaunt chief sat upright in his saddle and announced his determination to take this bold and desperate step, for such it was. All the expedition, convicts and all, understood the situation

ramble of 150 miles, with more or less prosperity, the smaller arm reached the Murray eleven miles above the junction of the main channel!

perfectly, and worked accordingly. *In seven days not only had the whale-boat been put together, but a tree had been felled from the forest, sawn up, and another boat built and painted; and at the end of the seventh day both were in the water ready for loading.*

Of the convicts he took the carpenter, Clayton, who had superintended and mainly done this wonderful week's work (what *could* such a fine fellow have been doing to get transported?), Mulholland, and Macnamee; of free men, Harris, the captain's servant, Hopkinson, and Frazer (all these three, I believe, soldiers). The others were sent home, under charge of *Robert Harris*, with despatches.

So they started, rowing the whale-boat, and towing the little boat which they had made after them. The stream was strong, and they swept on between the walls of reeds at a good pace. Two emus swimming across the river before them caused them to land; and, forcing their way to the other bank, they found that the reeds were ceasing, and that they were fairly committed to the level interior on a stream which was obviously contracting.

Again the reeds hemmed them in on all sides, so closely that there was barely room to land and camp; the river holding due west. On the morning of the second day the skiff they were towing struck on a sunken log, and went down, with all their stores. The day was spent in raising her, and in diving after the head of the still to which they attached such importance. In the morning it was recovered, and they made sixteen miles. The fourth day of their voyage found them still hemmed in by reeds, which overshadowed the still diminishing river; and it came on to rain, turning also very cold. They camped at two o'clock. No tributary had met them as yet, and hope began to die.

As the current began to deaden, the vast logs carried down by the floods from the better country above began to choke the river, rendering the navigation difficult. But on the sixth day of their voyage there came a gleam of hope. A running creek from the south-east, the first tributary for 340 miles, joined the Mornumbidgee, and the boat struck on a reef of rocks, the first ribs of the earth found west of the dividing range; the river grew slightly better, and even the country seemed slightly to improve.

But next day it seemed as if it were all over with the expedition. The river contracted, and was so obstructed by a network of fallen logs that it was impossible to proceed. Night fell upon them, and they delayed the attempt of their forlorn hope until the morning.

They started early. The current was, strange to say, swift once more, and every man had to be on the alert to keep his

part of the boat from striking the jagged points of the trees, which, being carried down roots foremost, presented a horrible *cheval de frise*, one touch against which would have left them hopelessly destitute in the midst of a miserable desert. Hopkinson stood in the bow, and behaved like a hero, leaping off on to snags, which sank under his weight, and saving them a dozen times. They pushed through the barrier, which had delayed them the night before; but, alas! at every reach the same difficulties occurred. At one o'clock they stopped a short time, and then proceeded, the banks becoming more narrow and gloomier, the turns in the river more abrupt, and the stream very swift. At three o'clock Hopkinson, who was in the bows, called out that they were approaching a junction; in less than one single minute afterwards, they were shot like an arrow from a bow, through a narrow channel into a magnificent river. The Morumbidgee was no more; and they, dazed and astonished, were floating on the bosom of the majestic Murray, henceforth one of the great rivers of the world.

What a moment in the man's life! It was not merely that a desperate adventure had terminated—as it would seem at the moment—favourably. There was more to congratulate himself on than the mere lucky issue of an adventure. A very carefully considered geographical problem, originated by his sagacity, had been solved by his perseverance. He had argued that the Hume, Ovens, and Goulbourn, seen by Hume and Hovell flowing north, would “form a junction,” or, as vulgarians would say, “join,” and that the Morumbidgee would retain sufficient strength to carry its waters to them. The one difficulty had been the Morumbidgee, and that river had not deceived him, though he had so cruelly suspected it. Sturt must have felt on that afternoon, as Adams did, when, having finished his vast calculations, he sat looking through his telescope, and saw the long-expected Neptune roll into the field, or as Herschel and his sister felt, after their three months' labour to correct one unfortunate mistake, when they saw a dim needle of light in the west, which was not a star.

If one had to find fault with Captain Sturt's proceedings, one would be forced to say that it would have been better, on the discovery of this great river, to have gone back at once, to have brought on his depôt, to have communicated with his base of operations at Sydney, and to have done the whole thing with a Fluellen-like attention to the rules of war. I am happy to say such a thing never entered into his head. Sir Galahad saw his horse, armour, and sword, and recognised it as the means of

reaching the Sangreal. Sturt saw his boat full of convicts, and recognised it as the means of solving the great problem of the out-fall of the western waters. I say I am glad that Sturt committed himself to this strange, wild adventure without one moment's hesitation, like a knight-errant; if for no other reason, because one is glad to see the spirit of the sixteenth century so remarkably revived in the nineteenth. Charles Sturt, the Dorsetshire squire's son, turned his boat's head westward, down the swift current of the great new river, knowing well that each stroke of the oar carried him further from help and hope, but knowing also that a great problem was before him, and begrudging any other man the honour of solving it. It is not well for us to sneer at motives such as these. We must recognise personal ambition as a good and necessary thing, or half our great works would be left undone. He disconnected himself from his base, and began to move his little flying column. Whither?

It seems, from a later passage in his journal, that he had some notion of reaching the Southern Ocean, and coasting back in his whale-boat. I cannot but think that he (who afterwards showed himself so patient and so sagacious in his unparalleled journey to the centre of the continent) had, on this occasion, calculated, to some extent, the chances against him; yet by his journal one finds no trace of any calculation whatever. Here was the great river, flowing swiftly westward, and he turned his boat's head down it "*voque la galère.*"

The Murray, where he joined it, was 120 yards broad: say, roughly, one-third broader than Henley reach. The Murray, however, above its junction with the Morumbidgee, is both swifter and deeper, as well as broader, than the Thames at Henley. Captain Sturt speaks of it as being perfectly clear. It doubtless was so in January; but later on in the summer I think he would have found it assume a brown, peaty colour. At least, such is my impression. I used to notice this fact about nearly all the rivers I knew in Australia Felix. While the vegetable matter was thoroughly washed out of them and diluted by the winter floods, they were—instance the Yarra, Goulbourn, and Owens—very clear. But later on in the summer, towards February, they began, as the water got lower, to get stained and brown, although not foul; and the little *Thymallus* of the Yarra, the only one of the salmonidæ which, as far as I am aware, exists to any extent in Australia, seems only to rise to the fly while the waters are clear and green, but to go to the bottom during the summer.

On the lower part of the Morumbidgee they had seen no natives; but on the very first day on the Murray, as we now call this great river, natives reappeared. In the evening a large band of them, painted and prepared for war, advanced on Sturt and his few companions, through the forest. The sight was really magnificent. They halted and broke out into their war-ery. They threatened and gesticulated; but at last, when they had lost their breath, they grew calm, nay, began to get rather alarmed, for no one took the slightest notice of them—which was very alarming indeed. Sturt got them to come down to him, and gave them presents; then put them in a row, and fired his gun in the air. The result was an instant and frantic “stampede.” However, after a time, they were induced to return, and sixteen of them, finding no one was the worse for the gun, stayed with them all night. Next day they followed them, and entreated them to stay with them. Their astonishment at the gun shows that Sturt and his party were the first white men they had seen.

It was, in all human probability, *these were the very blacks*, at least the children and young men among them, who gave some curious trouble to the police at Swanhill, as late as 1854. I say, in all human probability, for Sturt was at this time barely sixty miles from the town we now call Swanhill, though then close upon four hundred miles from human habitation. The story about these blacks, as it was told me at the time, was this:—A Chinaman, one of those wretched Amoy emigrants that were poured in on us so plentifully at that time, wandered; and he wandered to Swanhill. Why he went there nobody knows, for the simple reason that he had no earthly cause for going there. But he followed his nose, did this Chinaman, and he got to Swanhill; and, when he got there, there were a tribe of river blacks hanging about the town who found him walking in a wood near that place; and these blacks instantly possessed themselves of his person and carried him off into the bush on the other side of the river. The Chinaman did not care a button. He had come on his travels, and during those travels he had come on a tribe of savages, who carried him away into a forest—an ordinary piece of business enough to a man whose knowledge of the world was confined to a back street in Whampoa. You cannot astonish a Sindee or a Chinaman—the wonders they *do* meet with fall so far below their ignorant anticipations.

So the Chinaman was marched off, perfectly contented, by the black fellows, into the bush. The black fellows removed from the neighbourhood of the settlement, that they might enjoy their prize without interruption. They fed him with the rarest dainties.

Grubs, opossum (originally, and with careful cooking, nasty, but which, when chucked on the fire unskinned, ungutted, unprepared, is a good deal nastier), snake, lizard, cockatoo, centipede, hermetically sealed meat from the station which had been unfortunate, lob-worms, and every other inconceivable beastliness which black fellows devour before their wives come and beg Epsom salts of you, did this Chinaman enjoy. And they sat and looked at him all day long. The thing was kept a profound secret. It was a wonderful catch for them.

Why? Just for the same reason that you, my dear reader, not so very long ago, used to be so proud when you caught a mouse or a squirrel, and let your sisters peep into the box where you keep it, as a very particular favour. Nothing else than that—just the childish instinct of keeping something they had caught, as they kept Buckley the convict. But, unluckily, the thing leaked out.

One of those old men ("flour-bag cobblers," as they are irreverently called by the young men), who are allowed to visit three or four of the tribes neighbouring their own without molestation, happened to visit this particular tribe. They could not keep their counsel. In a weak moment, with looks of exultation, they showed him their tame Chinaman. Fired with rage and envy at such an inestimable prize having fallen into the clutches of a rival tribe, this wicked and envious old man went away and informed the police.

The thing got wind; philanthropists took it up; they were determined to benefit this Chinaman, nill-he will-he. That he was comfortable in his present quarters was nothing; he had no business to be, if he was. Public opinion was brought to bear, and a policeman was sent into the bush, to fetch him back.

But they wouldn't give him up. They put their case in this way. They said, "He is not a white man, as you yourselves will allow; therefore he can't belong to you. He is not a black man, for he is yellow; therefore we set up no claim that he is ours. But we, on the other hand, found him walking in a wood, and caught him. Consequently, by all laws, human and divine, he *must* belong to us." Their case was strong, but it would not do; the trooper was sent back again and fetched the Chinaman away from among the sulky blacks. I do not know what became of him; he may have followed his nose—a thing that may be done without the slightest personal hardship in Australia—to this day; but I rather think I can guess what happened to the old black man who "split" to the police. I rather fancy that he found himself laid on his stomach on the grass one moonshiny night,

getting himself beaten raw sienna and pale yellow madder about the back; which is the same thing as being beaten black and blue is to a white man.

Such were these poor children of the wilderness in 1854, who were frightened by Sturt's gun in 1829. Poor wretches! It unluckily happened, by mismanagement on both sides, that it came to be a struggle for bare existence between them and the first squatters. Horrible atrocities were committed on both sides; Glenelg poisonings and seven stockmen massacres on the part of the whites, and innumerable butcheries of lonely shepherds on the part of the blacks. Having heard the case argued so very often as I have, I cannot pronounce any sweeping condemnation on either blacks or whites. If you deny the squatters the right to defend their lives and property, you come inexorably to the conclusion that we have no business in Australia at all. Have we, or have we not, a right to waste lands occupied by savage tribes? If we have not, the occupation of Australia is an act of piracy. If we have, then the confiscation of the Waikato lands ought to have been done thirty years ago, before we supplied the Maories with guns. This is the sort of result you come to, if you apply any general rule to our colonial policy. The law of purchase, which makes us legal owners in New Zealand, proves us to be pirates in Australia.

Meanwhile Sturt sleeps his first night on the Murray. It is time that he, Macleay, and his boatful of soldiers and convicts should awaken and go on.

The river improved with them mile after mile. The current, fed by innumerable springs, grew stronger, and its course was often impeded by bars of rock, which formed rapids, and which showed, also, that they were near to high, water-producing ground; elevations of sandstone, seventy or eighty feet in height, began to appear also; still, however, the river held towards the *north of west*, and the country appeared unpromising in that direction.

For six days, passing over a distance of say 190 miles, they swept onwards down the river without adventure. On the sixth day they fell in with a great tribe of natives, who at first threatened them, but, after being encouraged, made friends with them; for in Mr. Macleay they recognised a dead man, named Rundi, who had been killed by a spear-wound in his side, and had come back to them in his shape. The poor fools ran with the boats which contained their beloved Rundi for two days, and on the morning of the third day Sturt saw them clustering eagerly on a lofty bank ahead of them, watching their movements with intense anxiety.

He soon saw why. Sweeping round a sharp turn in the river, he, without a moment's preparation, found himself on the glassy lip of a rapid, which instantly below burst into a roaring cataract. There was just time for him to stand up in the stern sheets and *decide*. There seemed to be two channels, and he rammed his boat at the left one. In the midst of the rapid she struck on a rock. The skiff which they were towing swept past them and hung in the torrent, but the whale-boat remained firmly fixed. At the terrible risk of her being so lightened as to sweep down the cataract broadside on, two men got out and swung her into the comparatively still water below the rock. After this, having got her head to the stream, they lowered her into safety—thus passing, with incredible good fortune, an obstacle which would have to be passed again on their return. Again the behaviour of the convicts was splendid. One need say nothing of the others, of course.

So passed one adventure: we now approach another and a more terrible one.

The river still perversely held to the north of west, but the friendly natives, in describing its course, always pointed a *little* to the south of west. But, besides this, they made a curious diagram by placing sticks across one another, which no one could understand. Frazer, the Scot, played with them; he sat up with them all night, to his and their infinite contentment; but in the morning they were gone.

The reason was soon apparent, they were approaching another tribe. The next morning, the river being so much wider, they hoisted a sail, and sailed pleasantly on. They saw vast flocks of wild-fowl overhead; and, after nine miles, looking forward, saw that they were approaching a band of magnificent trees, of dense, dark foliage; and beneath them was a vast board of natives, in full war-paint, chanting their war songs, and standing line behind line, quivering their spears. The passage of the river was about to be disputed at last.

At first Sturt thought nothing of it. The river was so broad that he could easily pass them. But the blacks knew what they were about. The river suddenly shoaled; the current was swift; and Sturt saw that a great sandbank stretched suddenly one-third across the river below. This the natives took possession of, and this Sturt had to pass.

It seemed a perfectly hopeless business. The expedition was within five minutes of its conclusion. The people at home in Dorsetshire yonder, praying for those travelling by land or by water that Sunday, would have prayed a little more eagerly, I

take it, if they had known to what pass tall young Squire Charley had brought himself at eleven o'clock that morning. Macleay and two of the men were to defend the boat with the bayonet; Captain Sturt, Hopkinson, and Harris were to keep up the fire. There would not have been much firing or bayoneting either, after the first flight of a couple of hundred spears or so, each one thrown by a man who could probably hit a magpie at ten yards.

The boat drifted on, the men again behaving nobly. Sturt fixed on a savage, and said he must die; his gun was at his shoulder, but it was never fired. Before he pulled the trigger, Macleay called his attention to the left bank. A native, running at the top of his speed, dashed into the water, swam and splashed across, seized the native at whom Sturt was aiming by the throat, and forced him back; and then driving in the natives, who were wading towards the boat, back on to the sand-bank by the mere strength of his fury, the noble fellow stood alone before the whole tribe of maddened savages, before three hundred quivering spears, stamping, gesticulating, threatening, almost inarticulate in his rage.

They were saved. They were just drifting past their preserver when the boat touched on a sand-bank; in an instant they had her off. For a minute or two they floated like men in a dream, incredulous of their safety; and, while they were preparing to go back to the assistance of the gallant savage, they looked to their right, and saw the Darling—saw it come rolling its vast volume of water in from the northward. The Darling—the river they had tried to follow the year before, five hundred miles to the north, in the miserable desert—found once more, at this terrible time, when each man sat on his thwart, paralysed with the fear of the terrible danger just overpast!

They saw about seventy natives on the bank of the new river, and landed among them. Seeing this, the others, on the tongue of land between the two rivers, began to swim across, unarmed, in curiosity. Now they saw the extent of their danger. Captain Sturt, a soldier, used to calculate numbers of men, puts the number of hostile natives at no less than six hundred. They soon became quiet. Sturt rewarded his friend with every expression of good will, but refused to give anything to the hostile chiefs. After rowing a few miles up the Darling, which he found a more beautiful stream than the Murray, and perfectly fresh, he turned his boat's head and renewed his voyage, running up the Union Jack and giving three cheers. They hoisted their sail, and went onwards with their strange adventure.

The channel grew to be much obstructed with large fallen logs

of timber, and sand-banks began to appear. Sturt considers that, just after the junction of the Darling, they were not more than fifty feet above the level of the sea. Enormous flocks of wild-fowl flew high overhead. The blacks were friendly enough and curious enough. They broke up the skiff they had towed so far, and found the river, since the junction, holding, as the black fellows had shown them, slightly south of west on the whole. They had now been rowing rapidly down stream for eighteen days.

Day succeeded day, and they still rowed on. After they had passed the junction of the Darling, no further hostility was exhibited by the natives. Their valiant friend, who had risked his life to save theirs, had done his work well. They now found themselves passed on from tribe to tribe, by ambassadors, and treated in the most friendly way. Seldom do we get an instance of the action of one powerful mind producing such remarkable results. The poor savage was a typical person. In reading the history of the encroachments of the white race on the coloured race, one always finds a Montezuma, a man in advance of the thoughts of his countrymen—a man who believes in us and our professions, and thinks that the great hereafter will be a millennium of tomahawks, looking-glasses, and Jews'-harps. This poor fellow could hardly have succeeded in keeping the blacks quiet without some degree of eloquence. That, when he, single-handed, drove back two or three hundred of them on the sand-bank, he merely frightened them by his fury into believing that the whites were a sacred and terrible race I can quite believe. But after this he must have gone into particulars, and, showing the tomahawks Sturt had given them, have begun to lie horribly. There is no other way of accounting for the singular change in the behaviour of the natives. Captain Sturt's great gun trick fell perfectly dead on the audience at this part of the river. They had heard of it, and never so much as winked an eye at the explosion, but sat defiantly still. The temper of the natives must have been at this time neutral. They were determined to give these men—these white men—these men who came from the land of looking-glasses—these distributors of tenpenny nails—these fathers of Jews'-harps—a fair trial, on condition of their acting up to the character given of them by those natives who already had received tomahawks—on condition in short of being each one furnished with a looking-glass, a string of beads, and a tomahawk. This being impossible, Sturt was treated very much like an impostor on his way back, being made answerable for the wild representation of his friends. If the blacks had any cause for their behaviour, it must have been this.

They let them pass on from tribe to tribe, undergoing the most loathsome examination from the poor diseased savages. And now a new feature showed itself upon the river. The left bank became lofty, above a hundred feet high, of fantastically water-worn clay, apparently like the domes of the Mississippi or the cliffs near Bournemouth. The natives as yet gave no information about the sea.

Now, after twenty-two days on the river, and when they had come some three hundred miles on it, it came on to rain heavily and steadily. They noticed the height of the flood-marks, and saw that a flood would be their destruction; for the men were beginning to fail rapidly.

The river turned hopelessly north again, thrown in that direction by cliffs, apparently, from Sturt's description, of pleiocene or post-pleiocene formation. The river ran in a fine glen between them. Still for another hundred miles the river held north-west, and there was no change.

At last there came a message from the sea. A very, very old man, whom they met walking through a wood, fell in love with Hopkinson, and followed them. He got into the boat with them, and spoke to Sturt by signs. He pointed to the north-west, and laid his head upon his hand; that was intelligibly—they would sleep that night at a point to the north-west. But what did the old fellow mean by insisting on sleeping due south the night after, and why did he roar like the sea, and imitate waves with his hand? What strange change was coming?

The great change of all. They had come to the Great Bend, which lies exactly on the thirty-fourth parallel of south latitude. From this point the character of the river changes, and it runs due south towards the sea. The scenery becomes magnificent, the water deeper, the reaches longer, its breadth about a quarter of a mile; and so it goes on, increasing in beauty and magnificence, for the next hundred miles.

Here for the first time the gulls came overhead, and Frazer would have shot one, only Sturt forbade him to kill the messengers of glad tidings. Here, too, the south wind, which saved their lives, began to blow, and the whale-boat began to leap and plunge upon the waves which rolled up the long windy reaches. Sometimes the river would strike tall cliffs, beautifully ornamented with trees; in other places would sough among great beds of reeds.

When this weary hundred miles was nearly passed they found that there was a tide in the river of nearly eight inches; and next day Sturt got out of the boat and climbed a hill, and saw that the

end of it all was to come. *Thalatta ! Thalatta !* There it was at last, in the distance, with one great solitary headland, wrapped in a mist of driving sea-spray.

Between where he stood and the sea, the river expanded into a large lake, and this he determined to cross for the purpose of seeing whether there was a practicable channel into the sea. The spot on which he stood is nearly identical with the Ferry, at Wellington, a township on the Adelaide road. The nearest human habitation to him at that time, 1829, must have been nearly seven hundred miles away as the crow flies. Now, if he stood there, he would be able to take coach to the city of Adelaide, fifty miles distant, containing 25,000 inhabitants and would pass through a beautiful settled country all the way. Or he could get on board one of the fleet of steamers which now ply on this river, and might go up in her above a thousand miles into the network of rivers which spread out of the Murray and the Darling.

Lake Alexandrina was the name he gave to this beautiful lake, fifty miles in length, across which they sailed in one day, and at sunset heard the surf bursting in on the sand. The next day they went down to the shore, and bathed in the great Southern Ocean.

There was no available passage into the sea. Had there been, Sturt thinks he would have made for Van Dieman's Land. As it was, he was eight hundred miles from help, with failing provisions and sickening men, a strong current, a danger of natives, who had by this time repented allowing them to pass, and violent physical pain of his own to contend with. Was ever man in such a case ?

The men could not have rowed all the way, as became evident afterwards. God, it seemed, would not have the expedition perish, and most unexpectedly He sent a strong south wind, which lashed the broad lake and the long reaches of the Murray into waves, and before which they hoisted their sail and sped away homewards, across the solitary lake, among the swift sea-fowl, as though their whale-boat was seized with a panic as soon as they turned, and was flying for life.

At last the breeze died away and the weary rowing began ; but the wind had just made the difference between safety and ruin. They had a row before them of seven hundred miles, on bread and water. They reached the Great Bend twenty days after they had left it, and turned the boat's head eastward. From thence to the junction with the Darling they were frequently in danger from the natives, but no accident occurred. They rowed on with failing strength, frequently sleeping while labouring at the oar, through intensely hot weather, and with the growing terror of the rapid,

which had nearly shipwrecked them before, getting only stronger as they approached it.

At last they reached it. Their most desperate efforts were utterly unavailing ; they were up to their armpits in water, holding their boat in the lee of a rock, where they were suddenly surrounded by hundreds of armed natives. They were utterly defenceless, and the captain thought that the end of it all was come in good earnest this time. But the natives remained silent, resting on their spears, and Sturt heard the deep voice he knew so well—the voice of the native who had saved them before. The noble fellow was there again, just at their extremest need.

With the help of the natives they got their boat through and went on. Noticeable at this point is this circumstance :—The sugar had run short, and there was but six pounds remaining. The convicts and soldiers unanimously begged Sturt and Macleay to keep it for their own use. Now what sort of convicts and soldiers were those who did this ? And what sort of men were they who brought them into this temper ? These extracts, too, are worth keeping, as exhibiting character :—“ We were not always equal to a trial of temper (with the blacks) after our day’s work.” And about the blacks again—“ They lay down close to our tents, or around our fire. When they were apparently asleep I watched them narrowly. Macnamee was walking up and down with his firelock, and every time he turned his back one of the natives rose gently and poised his spear at him ; and, as soon as he thought Macnamee was about to turn, he dropped as quietly into his place. When I say the native got up, I do not mean that he stood up, but that he raised himself sufficiently for the purpose he had in view. His spear would not, therefore, have gone with much force ; but I determined it should not quit his hand, for, had I observed any actual attempt to throw it, I should unquestionably have shot him dead upon the spot.”

We return to him entering the Morumbidgee, since leaving which they had rowed 1,500 miles, through an unknown desert country. Pause and think of this an instant ; it is really worth while to do so. On the fifty-fifth day from their leaving it, they re-entered the narrow, gloomy channel of the tributary ; the navigation was much obstructed, in consequence of the river having fallen. On the seventy-seventh day, having reached the place where the whale-boat had been launched, after a voyage of two thousand miles, they met with their greatest disappointment. Their companions were not there. The drays had failed to meet them, and the depôt was deserted.

The men lost heart now for the first time. The river suddenly

rose, and for seventeen terrible days longer they rowed without energy—almost without hope—against a swift current. They became terribly haggard, and at last the first man went mad, and showed the others the terrible fate in store for them, and forced them in addition to their own gloomy thoughts, to listen to the raving of a lunatic. The mind of the chief himself became a little off its balance. With his noble simplicity he says:—"I became captious, and found fault when there was no occasion, and lost the equilibrium of my temper in contemplating the condition of my companions. . . . No murmur, however, escaped them. Macleay preserved his good humour to the last."

At Hamilton Plains, being still ninety miles from assistance by land, they abandoned the boat and took to the bush. It became necessary to send the two strongest men for assistance. Hopkinson and Mulholland were honoured by the selection, and the others remained camped. On the eighth day Sturt served out the last ounce of flour, and prepared to move his foodless and exhausted men on their way towards assistance. Suddenly there was a shout, and they knew that aid was come one way or another. Hopkinson and Mulholland had found the drays; and then these noble fellows, disregarding their fearful condition, had hastened back with a few necessaries to their chief, to fall utterly exhausted on the ground before him, but to tell him with smiling faces that he was saved.

The two great successful river-adventures of this century are undoubtedly Sturt's discovery of the Murray and Speke's discovery of the source of the Nile. But Sturt's discovery has of course led to commercial results far greater than any which can come from that of Speke. The Murray, draining a basin nearly equal to that of the true Mississippi (omitting the Missouri and Arkansas basins) is now covered with steamboats, and flows through three splendid republics, whose presidents are nominated by the British Crown. No city stands on the Murray, in consequence of the unfortunate bar at the mouth, and so the dock-yards required by the fleet of steamers are on Lake Victoria. But the beautiful city of Adelaide is but seventy miles off, and now, unless I am mistaken, connected with it by the Goolwa railway. And Charles Sturt has earned for himself the title of the father of Australian exploration.

*SOME ACCOUNT OF THE VILLAGE OF
INVERQUOICH.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE VILLAGE OF INVERQUOICH.

AFTER all, what is best worth seeing and studying in Scotland is, not the Scotch scenery, but the Scotch people; and the way to make acquaintance with the people of any country is not to go raging about in cars and coaches along route 794, and stopping at station 65 two hours, so that you may see the Druidical stones, and be in time to get to station 66 in time to see the sun set behind Ben Dumbledore, and catch the steamer on Loch Houlakin next morning, but to set yourself quietly down for a month or so in some quiet interesting place (say Aberfeldy), and make acquaintance with the people and the scenery together.

This is what we did at Inverquoich; and we think that very few people enjoyed themselves in Scotland last year more than ourselves. One advantage we gained, which is worth something. We have left some faces behind us in Inverquoich which we hope to see next year, but which, even if we never see them again, we shall always hold in most affectionate remembrance. Answer us, headlong tourist, How many friends did *you* make in Scotland last year?

THE SCENERY NEAR INVERQUOICH.

The best approach to Inverquoich is from Aberfeldy. And, in mentioning Aberfeldy, I may say that all, or nearly all, which we found at Inverquoich may be found there or at Rannoch, or at fifty other places in Scotland, if people will only take the trouble to find them out.

Leaving Aberfeldy, you cross Marshall Wade's bridge over the Tay, the largest river in Scotland—here carrying about the same flood of water as the Thames at Oxford. In the meadow to the left the old Black Watch embodied itself into the Forty-second Highlanders, and marched forth into the world conquering and to conquer. And, while you are trying to recall some of the main

incidents of that regiment's glorious career, the driver stops, and points out Menzies Castle, close to the road—Tully Veolan itself—with 700 feet of towering wood rising sheer behind. Menzies Castle, however, is not the original of Tully Veolan. The place most like it is Grandtully Castle, five miles from this, rented this year by Maharajah Dhuleep Sing (the black prince, as they call him here), who has earned a reputation in these parts as a good shot and a capital fisherman. He must find it rather cold. There can be no harm in mentioning that the present owner of Menzies Castle, Sir Robert Menzies, and his brother Fletcher, rowed in the Oxford boat at Henley years ago, Sir Robert being ill, when they beat Cambridge with seven oars against eight.

The valley of the Tay at this part is about two miles in width. Looking westward, you see Ben Lawers, streaked with snow; you have one glimpse of the Towers of Taymouth and the lake. Then you turn up the valley of the Lyon for two miles, and then leave it, and begin climbing slowly aloft beside a roaring burn which tumbles wildly about among its rocks hundreds of feet below.

This is the Keltie burn. In old times there was a nunnery on an island in Loch Tay, close to Kenmore. And the nuns' chief steward was as the chief officer of Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians—a dexterous man at foraging in winter time, a Keltie Caleb Balderstone. And he went foraging one winter's day across to Tummel Side, and he got roaring fou with Alaster Kennedy (that was forbear to Sandy Kennedy, that now is) in the change-house at Glen Goldnie, and he coupit his ereels into the burn, coming home, and was drowned, and the burn is called the Keltie burn to this day, in proof of the truth of the story; which seems to us to have such great elements of probability about it as hardly to want confirmation of any kind.

Passing Garth Castle, an old robber tower, and a beautiful waterfall, you creep on through the growing desolation of Glen Goldnie, till cultivation ceases; and, passing suddenly round a scarp of rock, you cry, aha! and come face to face with the top-most soaring peak of Sechallion.

It springs up from the side of the road, in one vast cone of grey stone and yellow grass, without a wrinkle—almost without a shade—save where some happy wandering cloud throws a purple shadow into the deep summer blue for a moment, and then passes on again, leaving the mighty pyramid to repose in crystal silence aloft in the summer air.

Such was Sechallion as we saw it, in June, on a day when it was a happiness merely to breath and look. In winter, when the accumulated fury of tempest gathered from the wild Atlantic is

raging in every cramy—or worse, when the south-east has poured his hoards of snow, day after day, before the driving wind; when the rocks, now so lovely a pearl-grey, in contrast to the yellow grass, show black as ink amidst the snow; when the whole peak hangs up, an angry, dark, snowless cone, above the drift—the beautiful Sechallion, Hill of Storms, becomes a terrible demon, a pitiless devourer of men, whose wives look out into the howling night, listening in vain for the well-known footfall amidst the storm.

For hush! What place is this? A little desolate lake at a turn of the road, grown up with sedges and moss. And what are these heaps of grey stones, lying about here and there? This is the worst bit of the road, and these cairns point where the corpses were found of those who have at different times defied Sechallion in his angry mood. The oldest cairn has been there about thirty years, the newest, alas! but six months. It was that of a young man, going down to spend his new year in Rannoch. “When they found him, he was sitting by the burnside where you are standing now. Yes, indeed, sir. And his poor body was laid along sideways. And here, in this bit alder-bush, they found his umbrella.” One walks about cautiously after this, lest, lying about, among the summer flowers, buckbeans, and white orchises, one should see some more decided relic of the poor young fellow who started for Rannoch, last new year, for his holiday, and was lost in the snowdrift.

But now, passing round a knoll of limestone (all the base of Sechallion is limestone, from the caves of which large streams, almost big enough to turn a mill, come flushing out, crystal clear, into the sunshine), we come upon a sight which makes us forget at once the grey cairns of the dead men. For below us is Strath Tummel. Close to the left, Loch Rannoch stretches away for eleven miles, and from it the mighty river starts into life, and goes flashing and gleaming, a broad silver riband, in sweeping curves, from one side of the valley to the other, till, to the right, you lose sight of it among the woodland, under the towers of Dunalister.

The way down from the lonely, reedy little lake before mentioned, to Kinlock, passes through some of the most beautiful scenery I have ever had the luck to see—a succession of brilliant green mountain lawns, fringed and broken by feathery birch, and everywhere the peak of Sechallion showing above the trees, making some new and splendid combination with the broken green braes at every turn of the road. After a sudden pitch down of near a thousand feet, you drive along under the sycamore, birch,

and chestnut woods, and come to Kinloch, a little village at the east end of Loch Rannoeh, with a charming inn. And, if you are a fisherman, and a wise man, you will go no further.

Inverquoich is further on. Not far. I consider Kinloch as part of Inverquoich. I would as soon stay at Kinloch or Aberfeldy as there. I really do not know which is the most delightful of the three places. I do not go so far as to say that Kinloch is the most charming place in Scotland, because I believe that there are many others equally charming. But it is, in its way, very nice. The lake fishing here on Loch Rannoeh is very fine, trout, salmo-ferox, and charr. The river fishing is very good also, but not perhaps equal to that of Aberfeldy, where you get salmon, of which there are none in this part of the Tummel. But neither in the Tummel at Rannoeh, nor in the Tay at Aberfeldy, is it any use for a man to fish, unless he knows the way how. Having now pronounced judgment on these matters, we will go on to Inverquoich. Perhaps we may find time to say a few more words about Kinloch and Aberfeldy hereafter.

DESCRIPTION OF INVERQUOICH.

Inverquoich is situated about seven miles from Kinloch, in a N.N.E. direction. At the lower end of Loch Darroeh this great loch fills a vast basin in the hills eleven miles by three with crystal clear water. At the further end, among the mountains, the deep, dark river Eran joins the lake through a wild pass in the hills; and, following up this river for five miles, you come upon another lake, larger, wilder, and more desolate than the one you have left. Passing up this lake again into the very heart of the mountains, beyond human dwellings, you come at the last on a deep river again, and beyond it the mighty Loch Glydoeh, eleven miles of water, covered with birchen islands, and whose shores indented with intricate wooded bays, the one within the other, are almost untrodden by the foot of man, and echo only to the cackle of the breeding gull, and the sullen plunge of the great trout of the lakes.*

You will perceive, therefore, that the drainage of an immense tract of country, the gathering of ten thousand silver threads of water from a thousand hills, all comes into these great lakes, and ultimately into Loch Darroeh. So when you stand on the handsome stone bridge at Inverquoich, about a quarter of a mile from where the Darroeh leaves the lake, you must not be

* The writer seems to be describing a chain of lakes similar to Lochs Rannoeh, Ericht, and Lydoeh, but hardly so fine.

surprised to find that the brown, swift, boiling stream is as large as the Thames at Sonning, or the Severn at Worcester.

This is the river Darroch, which gives its name to Glen Darroch, the whole of which is the property of the Marquis of Strathgrampian, though it forms but a very small part of it (for his estate runs sixty miles due west from his house, and he is a very great man, and is kind enough to let us fish; so we will speak respectfully of him, for there are dungeons in his castle, and what a terrible thing it would be if a tourist should happen to get shut up in one of them, and it were to get into the papers).

But, although this accounts for the name of the Strath, it does not for the name of the village, Inverquoich, which means the place where the river Quoich debouches into some larger river. There must be a river called the Quoich, then? There is the stream which comes down through dim, dark wood, passes under the road, and turns the wheel of the sawmill. That is the Quoich. It does not look very hysterical here in the village street. We will go up the glen by the manse presently, and see what happens to it up there.

Inverquoich is a large village; there are two thousand inhabitants in it. It is a very thriving place, and they are going to bring a railway here. It consists of one street and a market-square, over which market-square our rooms look. I should call it an ugly village. The houses are all of grey stone, with slate roofs, all of the same pattern, and that not at all a pretty one. There is no attempt at a flower-garden in front of any of them. It looks sadly dull, after a pretty English village; but the houses are better built than the majority of the cottages in the south of England, and, I fancy, might be very clean and comfortable, if the people chose to keep them so—which they don't. If the cottagers in the warm, moist, dripping climate of Devon were to venture on the same amount of dunghill and slops with the people of Inverquoich, they would be in a chronic state of typhus. They would if they dared, I don't doubt, for they like to do a little in that way as well as their neighbours: but the instinct of self-preservation keeps them from being quite as bad as the Highlanders.

The people at Inverquoich consist entirely of shopkeepers and labourers. Inverquoich is the largest place for many miles, and the shops there supply a very large scattered population among the hills around. Formerly the country round was cut up into a great number of small farms, from ten to forty acres; but at the time of the Reform Bill, and afterwards, the present Marquis, then Lord Glenbroa, threw a great many of the small farms into one, so as to

make holdings of more than fifty acres apiece, and so create votes. This was found to act well for the landlord; firstly, because the land was better farmed; and, secondly, because there was but one homestead to keep in repair, instead of half a dozen. It acted well in another way too. Scotch sporting was becoming fashionable among the English, who came north and rented moors; so game was becoming valuable. Game was more easily preserved by this suppression of the small holdings, which lay out in desolate glens. It was better to rent the land for sheep-pasture to one responsible man, whose homestead was miles away, to have no one to travel over it but his shepherd and collies, than to have six or seven outlying farms, and sixty or seventy long-legged Highland lads, with nothing very particular to do that any one knows of. It has certainly stopped poaching. There is no poaching now. We had another way of stopping that though, which very soon did it. If any member of a family was caught poaching, *he* was prosecuted, and his whole family were evicted from the estate. That is why we have so many grouse.

And where, you ask us, are the small, suppressed farmers, and the routed families of the poachers? Well, they are in Canada and Australia, and some in America. (The watchmaker in Inverquoich is called McClellan; the daft callants call him Young Bonny.) All the better for them, you say. That may be so, but I wish they were back in the Highlands. They were doing no great harm there. Since the Forty-five, the Highlands has been quiet enough, and, until twenty years ago, the Highlands was one of our best recruiting grounds. Where the late Marquis, in 1803, raised a battalion, the present one just keeps a company together.* It is hard to persuade one that it is politic to throw land out of cultivation, and depopulate a country. We don't like to come everywhere, in pleasant lonely glens, on unroofed cottages and ruined homesteads—we are not used to it. If the reader wants to hear the other side of the question fairly stated, he will find it in "Vacation Tourist," for 1860, article "Sutherland." We certainly detest poachers, and rejoice in the new Act; but it would be utterly unfair to confound the Highland poacher with the murderous English ruffian, against whom the Act was framed—the fellow who will murder an honest gamekeeper, if he is interrupted in his task of stealing pheasants, which cost a guinea a piece in rearing, to sell them to the London poulterers. Your

* Volunteers in Perthshire, 1803—Cavalry, 160; Rank and file, 3,897; Artillery, 63; total, 4,036. What the total number are now I do not know. Lord Breadalbane's volunteers, however, carry out what I have asserted here. They are 50 this year, against 300 in 1803.

Highland poacher, where he exists, is a sad fellow of course, but not, from any account we have heard, such a brute as your Lancashire or Middlesex game thief.

We knew at Inverquoich a certain eminent poacher, Mr. Alexander, Alistair, Sandy, Alick, or Saunders MacTavish. He was the best hill-runner of his day; now he is a respectable butcher, doing a good business. A middle-sized man, almost a little man, about ten stone, or hardly that. Slow in his movements, almost vacant in look, till something catches his attention, and then as bright and keen as a hawk. He is a good husband, a good father, capital man of business, a pious man enough, but *he was* an awful poacher. He never fired a gun on Lord Strathgrampian's property; he kept his attentions for his lordship's neighbour, the Duke of Tullygoronndabout. Coll Grant, the fleetest of the Duke's keepers, was set on to him. He started one day, *expeditus*, with nothing on but his kilt, shirt, and bonnet, and, by stalking, came suddenly within a hundred yards of MacTavish, who was loaded with a heavy double-barrelled gun and five brace of grouse. Without throwing away either one or the other, he started on his race. For five long miles of heather and bog, he easily headed the keeper, who saw, with utter astonishment, that MacTavish had, from the very first, been running straight as a line towards the *Duke's own castle*. And now he was fairly in the lion's jaws, for there was only a gentle rise between him and the castle grounds. The poacher topped it sixty yards in front. The keeper followed in twenty seconds. The ground beyond was clear open birchwood, without a place big enough to hide a rabbit. He could see the Duchess walking in the garden, reading her book; he could see the little ones, Lord Ronald and Lady Constance, making themselves in a confounded mess with a watering-pot. But Alistair MacTavish had *disappeared*. His disappearance had a sobering effect on Coll Grant. He was always very civil to MacTavish. He believed in *odd things* after this. In fact, if the story as it was told me is true, it amounts to the most wonderful instance of sleight of person I ever heard of. Three hours after, he walked into the market-place at Inverquoich, gun, grouse, and all.

THE DOGS AND CHILDREN AT INVERQUOICH.

We must put the dogs first, because we respect the dignity of labour, for the dogs work (at least the collies), and the children do not. Besides, the children retain, to a certain extent, the ancient Egyptian dog-worship. Whether, as asserted by Herodotus, in Euterpe, of the Egyptians, they shave their heads on the

death of a dog, we do not know—no dog died whilst we were at Inverquoich. Their almost religious reverence for them is undoubted, however. No child will eat its supper unless the dog has part of it. And the most fractious child, be he ever so naughty, may be lulled into quiescence in an instant, by giving him to Rover; that is to say, by putting him on the floor, and letting him put his arms round the dog's neck, and nestle his little cheek against the dog's honest face.

Father, you know, is on the hill, or in the field all day; and mother is washing, or cooking, or mending; Rob and Elsie are at school; so what is there better for us to do than to lie the livelong, happy summer's day in the dust before the door, whole heaps of us, bare-legged, bare-headed, bare-footed, kilted, little rascals, with the old bitch and the puppies. Let us throw the sand on one another's heads, and dust ourselves like partridges or chickens, to kill the vermin.

Stay, though; there is better fun than this. Here's auld Gil Sanderson going out with his barrow to cut grass by the toll-pool for his cow that has calved in the loaning. Let us go with him. All the twenty or thirty of us. Three can ride in his barrow, and three in his bareleggit lassie Mary's. The rest can walk. Ronald and Donald can be carried pickaback by their sisters. Yes; let us all go. The gipsies are away at Kenmore tryst, at the review of my lord's volunteers; therefore let us go forth under the cloudless sky, and take the old dog and her puppies with us, and lie all day among the long summer grass by the river side, while auld Gil cuts his grass. And baby shall lie asleep among the golden fern, with the purple shadows playing over his face.

“Kings have no such couch as thine.”

And we will weave garlands of purple geranium, and globe ranunculus, and gem, and white orchis, and wild rose. And we will wade into the golden shallow, and see the parr scud away from under our feet. And the old bitch shall hunt for mice; for Joek Gourlay's grey terrier killed a mouse one day, and why should not she? And here comes the English gentleman with the gold watch-chain and brown shoes, that goes fishing with John Hossack. “Are ye going fishing the day, sir? Have you got a trout to give us the day, sir? D'ye think it will thunner the day, Mr. Hossack, for we're going down to the toll-pool, and its unco far from home, ye ken?” And so we will spend the long summer afternoon, and clap our hands, and shout, and scream with joy, when we hear the mighty salmon splash sullenly in the dark black

pool, where the wicked laird's daughter drowned herself lang syne ; until the woods of Craig-Arth grow black, and the highest rocks of Craig-Oil begin to blaze their farewell to the dying day. And then we will go straggling home along the turupike road, for father will be back from the hill. And, when we have kissed him, and said our prayers, we will fall fast asleep as we stand, or sit, or lie, and mother shall lift us into bed, like so many happy dead dogs.

How much would you give to be one of them, reader, just for a day or two. All you are worth ? Why, no ; but it must be very pleasant.

AN EVENING'S WALK AT INVERQUOICH.

A man who has been hard at work fishing all day, knocking himself about at the river-side, earns a right to a good dinner ; but, at Inverquoich, whether he earns it or not, he will get it, and, if he is so disposed, a good glass of wine after it. We dined comfortably together one night, and after dinner we asked the waiter for the key of the glen. Armed with this, we went across to the other side of the street.

The volunteers were still lounging about ; a pleasant sight for any man who cares about "the movement." A most capital sample of men, not equal to the Londoners in size and strength we should say (who are ?), but, probably, equal in courage (the highest compliment we can pay any men on the face of the earth), and, probably, superior in enduring fatigue—a sample of men, which could be readily equalled in any part of England, but which it would be hard to improve upon. They looked splendid in their Highland dress, and were, like the rest of volunteers, quiet, courteous, and obliging ; anxious, like the rest of us, by these means, to make the dress they wore popular and respected. When the Chinese invade England, and the great decisive battle is fought on Farnham heights (while our fleet is engaged with his Imperial Majesty's junks), we shall feel very comfortable if we have the South Middlesex or Queen's Westminster on the one flank, and the Inverquoich Rifle Volunteers on the other. We would not wish to be in better company.

And, while we sat together beside the bowling-green, smoking, the conversation turned on a fiction which some Scotchmen have persuaded themselves to be a truth, "that Scotchmen are physically superior to Englishmen." One of us, fresh from Hythe, remarked that the *two* finest men there were members of the Honourable Artillery Company, "cockneys," *pur sang*. Another remarked how odd it was that the Scotch were always so ready to apply the

term "cockney" to an Englishman—apparently unconscious of the extreme offensiveness of the word, constituting, as it does, in some companies, a *casus belli*. Another mentioned Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Devon, Cornwall, and Kent, in which counties every man, or nearly so, was a giant, and which contained a larger population than Scotland. A third noticed that almost every rower, runner, boxer, or cricketer came from south of the Tweed, and said that, although the trade of an athlete was a despicable one, yet it was hard to believe that, if the Scotch possessed that superiority in athletic exercises claimed for them by Christopher North, none of them would ever have tried for the magnificent prizes given in England for such worthless accomplishments. And a fourth quoted, from the author before mentioned, a passage, describing a Scotchman airing his brawny limbs on an island after a long swim, while a cockney (by which his school seem to mean an Englishman) was spewing (to use his own language) on the bank. Then he went on to notice that from Perth, all up Tay side, he could hardly find a man who could swim; that, asking one of the best informed men in Aberfeldy, he had told him that he believed he was the only man in the town who could; that Scotch boys in the Highlands seldom or never bathe at all; and then wound up by mentioning, as a ridiculous *per contra*, that every boy of fourteen along Thames side could swim like a duck. After wondering among ourselves that *such* a nation as the Scotch condescended to such ridiculous self-assertion, we left the bowlers, and unlocked the gate of the glen.

Thanks to you, my Lord Strathgrampian, for your permission to walk up this glen on a summer's evening after dinner, with our cigars! May the towers of your castle stand till the crack of doom, and may its long corridors echo always to the babble of your grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, down to the fortieth generation! till young Whigs be as thick as Scotch firs on Craig-y-Barn! May your larches take root in every cranny among the rocks, until they are worth, at an average, from 39s. to £2 4s. apiece! May your salmon increase and multiply, under the new Act! May the owners of stake-nets, cruives, and dykes, on the lower waters, be utterly confounded and put to shame for stopping your lordship's fish! May their whiskers grow inside till they bite them off, and their shoes go down at heel! May your factor be ordered to take down the palings which prevent any one catching a glimpse of Loch Darrach! May your deer and grouse multiply to the *n*th, and may there be no confounded row, if one tries to stalk a stag for the purpose of drawing him! May your potatoes—! If there is any other wish your lordship would like one to express, we will

express it, for the sake of the walk you have allowed us up this glen, this evening.

For, passing through the gate, we came into the blessed valley of Avalon. All of us had been in fairyland before, on many occasions, but never in so fair a portion of it as this. The path leads on, for a mile or more, through a dark wood, under larch, and beech, and oak, and all the way comes, leaping and pausing, and leaping again, a loud brawling brook. The timber is some of the largest we have ever seen; and here and there, between the boughs, we can see great scarps of rock, rising on either hand, densely wooded, hundreds and hundreds of feet aloft, and thus, and thus only, know that we are following the brook up a great cleft in the hills; and all about us, under the shadow of the trees, there is a tangled jungle of fern and flowers.

And so we pass on a mile or more. What is that? A roe doe, heavy with young, looking about for a place to lie by in. She is close to us, and walks slowly away towards the brook, and we follow to see what she will do. We get a long vista of hanging woods, with the stream brawling down between them, and in the foreground—the eye-piece to the picture—the deer, standing elegantly in mid-stream, looking wearily about her. “As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,” says one of us, and is not corrected. Poetical quotations are allowed here, for we are wandering among “the Birks of Aberfeldy;” walking along the same—the very same—path, along which Burns walked, when the wondrous beauty of the place inspired him with that, almost his best, lyric.

So we pass along till the path begins to rise, and there is a corner of rock before us, which shuts out further view. And the foremost of us goes round it, and cries out, “God bless me! Come and look at this!” And we hurry round. And, lo! the black glen, the darkening wood, and the towering cliffs, are all lit up and illuminated by a mighty, shivering waterfall. And hundreds of feet aloft, and half a mile away, in the dim recesses of the feathering woodlands, we can see cascade beyond cascade, one above another, streaming diligently away for ever—a broad, waving riband of light.

And at last, climbing aloft, we stood upon a frail bridge, and saw the stream beneath our feet leap down sixty feet into a black chasm, and, far below again, begin to crawl lazily away in long dark pools. From here, too, we could see back to the earth we had left—actually, miles away and below, could see the world, with cornfields and farmhouses, the homes of our brother-men: and we aloft in Avalon! And then we came swiftly down out of

the dark wood into the bright green mountain meadow, into the village street, and told what we had seen. And they told us that, in winter-time, when the frost had laid his hand on that waterfall, every little spouting jet, and every wreath of spray upon the hazel-twigs, was changed to frosted silver work; and that, as the winter went on, the waterfall by degrees formed itself into a crystal hollow temple of ice, supported by many columns, and adorned with a thousand fantastic minarets, through which the stream finds its way to outer air. Fairy-land is not a safe place in winter-time; but a few adventurous spirits climb up each year to see the ice-temple. After a few days' thaw, some one comes and looks into the lim, and finds it all gone, and the stream spouting away in his own familiar channels once more. And every year, as soon as the ice-temple in the lim is ready for his reception, a little old man—some say a Piet, some say something worse—comes down and inhabits it. When the spring has brought his ice-house crashing about his ears, he goes up to Løch Houlakin, and lives with the breeding gulls. No one has ever seen him; but if, on a bright summer's day, you stand in front of Crag Arth, and call to him, he will answer with a shout which sends the gulls barking over the hill-side, and awakes a thousand shattering echoes throughout the lonely corrie.

AN EXCURSION TO GLEN LYON.

It is not very far from Inverquoch to Fortingal; and Fortingal is at the mouth of Glen Lyon; and Glen Lyon belongs to many people now, but once it belonged to the Macgregors, who were hunted out langsyne by the Campbells. We do not say undeservedly; we only say, that the consolidation of those various clans of Highland gentlemen under one great responsible head (like MacCallum More of Argyle) was, on the whole, beneficial to the progress of the country, and to the great doctrine of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Our opinion about the extermination of the clan Macgregor is, that it is an act against which we should have protested at the time (provided we had not been engaged in some other employment), but would afterwards have sulkily acquiesced in, as being an unavoidable, though somewhat harsh, measure. We are not sure that we should have cared to live in Strath Tay, while the Macgregors held Glen Lyon. Of course our personal courage is beyond suspicion; but still we should have preferred living a little nearer the big gallows at Crieff (if we had the choice), in those times before they sang,

“Glen Strae and Glen Lyon no longer are ours.”

And, while we are on this theme, let us say that we shall be glad to hear of a young poet who can write us two such lines as those which follow:—

“They deprive us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give our roofs to the flame and our flesh to the eagles;
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregarach.”

Suppose, now, your name had happened to be Campbell; that, some two hundred years ago, you had lived in Strath Tay, in a lonely house; and that you were awakened in the night by a dozen or fourteen honest gentlemen of the Macgregor persuasion, singing that song under your windows; what would you have done? We should have sent the servant-girl for the constable!

Also, before we start for Fortingal, we will remind you that Campbell of Glen Lyon, the leader of the massacre of Glencoe, was connected by marriage with poor Macdonald. (“Macaulay’s History,” vol. iv. p. 208.)

When I came to Fortingal, I found myself in Glen Lyon, which is here an open and most uninteresting strath, apparently stretching open and bare for miles to the westward. We had heard so much of the scenery of Glen Lyon, as being, without exception, the very finest in its way in Scotland, that I felt very much disappointed. I could see three or four miles up what I thought was the strath, but there was no appearance of even decent scenery.

But, soon after I left Fortingal, I began to be astonished. On the left was the mighty, broad river, sweeping brown among the meadows and cornfields; and on the right, close to the road, a great bank of waterworn boulders, as like the pebble ridge at Northam, in Devonshire, as need be. I turned to John Hossack, the Aberfeldy fisherman, who was on the back of the dog-cart with the rods, whistling a psalm-tune under his breath, and putting up a cast of flies, and asked him to explain the extraordinary bank of boulders. Strange to say, even he, intelligent and well-informed as he was, had been that way a hundred times, and had never noticed the composition of that bank before. It caught my eye in one instant; it would catch the eye of any alluvial gold-miner. It was the deposit of centuries of the flux and reflux of ice at the mouth of some great estuary, as the land rose from the sea. But where was the estuary narrow enough to form a current to move such boulders as these? The strath was broad and flat. The difficulty was soon explained. The road wound round the

end of the great Moraine. I had time to see that it was flat at the top, and was from ten to fifteen acres in extent, when I found myself before the gates of Glen Lyon.

I seized the driver by the arm. "Man! man!" I said, "do you mean to tell me that that river comes down *through there?*"

John Hossack burst into a fit of laughter at my discomfiture, and nearly swallowed a salmon-fly. I may or may not have been saying a little too much about Caernarvonshire and Madeira before this. By my exclamation, I quite lost the whip-hand of him on the subject of scenery.

The broad, open strath which I had mistaken for Glen Lyon, was merely a blind valley leading, behind Drummond Hill, back to Loch Tay. The real Glen Lyon was before us. There was a great rift in the everlasting rocks, and beyond, in purple distance, fold beyond fold, a vista of jagged mountain and feathering woodland.

I humbly confess that I have never in my life seen anything so beautiful as Glen Lyon. It lies between Schhallion and Ben Lawers; and the wonderfully picturesque spurs of those two mountains, running down and throwing the great river from side to side of the well-wooded strath, give some new and beautiful combination every quarter of a mile. Other people, I do not doubt, will laugh at me for saying that I have seen nothing more beautiful, and naturally. I have seen so much of the surface of this earth that, if any one were to assert to me that this or that was the finest thing in nature, I, in my turn, might laugh at him; for there is no harm in laughing. Glen Lyon is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen; and so laugh away.

Many of the readers of this sketch have seen the pass of Llanberis. Glen Lyon is something like the finest part of that pass; but the hills on either side are loftier: the level space of the valley is, perhaps, six hundred yards broad. There is great abundance of timber. The glen is thirty miles long, and down through it comes a great river, as big as the Conway at Llanrwst.

The gates of the glen, at which you enter, are the most abrupt part of it that I saw. There is only room for the river, none for the road; that is cut artificially in the side of the hill. The river here is a shoreless linn of alternate pools and rapids, with very large beech and maple timber growing in every cranny.

Soon after this the glen opens out. I had asked people where lived Captain Campbell, of Glencoe. Nobody knew. But, passing a long, low white house, standing back from the road, with a row of maples before it, the driver, who had not so very much to say for himself, poked me in the ribs, and said—

“Ye have heard of the massaere of Gleneoc, sir?”

We rather thought we had.

“And of Campbell that did it, maybe?”

“Certainly.”

“Yon’s his house, sir. Did ye ken, John Hossack (to the fisherman), that Chesthill had biggit a muckle new wa’ between,” &c.

We, however, had seen the house where Campbell of Glen Lyon lived. And the only remarkable thing about it is that it is white-washed; as is not Campbell himself.

At least not yet. But so many men have been daubed with untempered mortar lately, that it is quite possible that that most eminent cut-throat scoundrel may come in for his turn in time. We hope, wherever he is, that it may benefit him. But it will be a nasty job. Campbell of Glen Lyon, Nero,* and the Devil, seem to be the only three men waiting for their turn of the brush.

What more about Glen Lyon? Nothing, except a never-to-be-forgotten day, among feathering woodlands, dark purple cloud shadows, gleaming bands of golden meadow grass, and everywhere the great river sweeping from side to side of the glen over his amber-coloured pebbles. And in one place a reft in the south side of the glen, with Ben Lawers blocking it up, rising from the river side in terrace after terrace of dark rock, towards the zenith, and down his side a gleaming torrent leaping and pausing and leaping on again, among the mountain lawns.

In the evening, as we were going home, John Hossack dropped his fly-book, and I sent him back in the dog-cart to look for it, and walked on. And, as I walked amidst the gathering gloom, all alone, I came to a darksome wood; and in the middle of the wood was a wicked old castle.

Evidently a haunt of the Macgregors in old times—now, I am happy to say, roofless and windowless, or I should hardly have whistled in approaching it, with two pounds ten and an Albert watch-chain on me, and I, too, coming from the direction of Inverary. I had a look at the castle, and the place where it was built, and I came to the conclusion that the man who built it meant no particular good to some one, who might be expected to come up the glen from the east; *and also*, that the man who built it knew perfectly well what he was about. Put me two companies of the Strathgrampian Rifle Volunteers between these four walls, surrounded by their dense thicket of timber; erect me

* Since this was written, Nero *has* been done in the *Fortnightly Review*, by a professor. Perhaps the same hand will undertake Campbell and the Devil. Then we shall be square.

a small sence on the hill called Drumsnab, and put me another two companies in it; and then I rather think that, if the Emperor of China found himself profoundly penetrated with a generous enthusiasm for taking his whole army up to show them the scenery at the head of Glen Lyon, then, in that case, consistently adhering to his great idea of a bloodless solution of European difficulties, he would find himself compelled to go all the way round by Kinloch, and come in at the west end of the glen after all.

Ah! they were rough old times in Glen Lyon, when the Macgregors had their backs to the wall, and were fighting, inch by inch, against the Campbells for the possession of this glorious Glen Lyon: the Campbells coming over the hills from the west; the Macgregors retreating from one bend in the river to another eastward, still eastward, towards those other Campbells, who possessed Strath Tay, who were also their deadly enemies, but had never dared to penetrate beyond the awful rock-walls at Fortingal. Rough times, indeed. One would that some one was alive to tell us what these clan fights were like.

No need. There are some mounds of earth in yon hollow by the bridge which spans the foaming waterfall, and above which Ben Lawers begins to roll in lofty steep downs, one above the other, until he tilts up his last mighty slab into the sky. That is the remains of a Highland village. Let us people it once more.

Easily done. A few grey stone huts; a dim, dark, autumn morning, and the eastern scarp of Ben Lawers dimly lit up by the October dawn; a hundred green-kilted men brushing swiftly through the dewy heather; a surprise, and a running to and fro; a rattle of broad swords and targets for a time; a few dropping shots; and then naught save the smoke of burning hovels mixing with the morning mist, and rising up the hollow of the mountains, and the wild wail of widows and orphans rising possibly higher even than that.

Says Humboldt, "In places where nature is terrible and powerful," so and so occurs. Nature is terrible and powerful in Glen Lyon, and the passions of men rise in proportion to the sublimity of the scenery which surrounds them. Who can wonder, then, at any deeds of blood and violence which may have been committed under the shadow of these awful mountain walls? The black horror of Glencoe suggested the blackest deed ever done beneath the face of heaven.

The above paragraph is rather pretty. It has only one fault—that of being intolerably nonsensical and false. Nature is as powerful and terrible in Glen Lyon as ever she was; but there

are no deeds of blood done there nowadays. A man may walk down Glen Lyon on the darkest night. Lord help him if he dares to walk across Hyde Park! A more gentle, affectionate set of people than the inhabitants of Glen Lyon don't exist, I take it, on the face of the earth. There is just so much wildness about them as gives them a game flavour, no more. I like a partridge better than a chicken.

Yon is the kirk, and next it is the manse. The minister who lives there is a bold hill-walker; and however wild and terrible the winter's night, that minister will away through the snow to the failing pilgrim just entering on his rest, to see if perchance some ray of the Divine glory which is to be his portion hereafter may light upon his face from the eyes of the dying man.

Such is Glen Lyon now. A place where freedom, honour, truth, and justice lie firmly fixed among the everlasting hills.

ON KILTS AND ON ANGLING.

While I, John Bull, was at Inverquoich, there was held, by some of my Highland admirers, a Durbar, Palaver, Big Talk, Cabinet Council, Corrobory, or whatever they call it in the Highlands, in which it was unanimously voted that I *must* wear a kilt. So Gill Duff found the material, Coll Grant made it up, and I paid for it.

The evening it came home it was determined that I was to go out fishing in it. A committee waited upon me in my bedroom, and showed me how to put it on. It was pronounced to set well. I was declared unanimously to have a good leg for an Englishman. I dismissed the committee on some trifling excuse, and immediately afterwards walked downstairs in my *trousers* amidst the groans of the assembled spectators.

I couldn't do it. I couldn't really. There was an airiness about the legs, and a general dread of some horrible disaster, which rendered it impossible. Good heavens! I said, suppose I were to meet the ladies?

I suspect that my popularity was on the wane that night for half an hour or so, in consequence of my rebellion against the kilt; but it was all forgotten by the time I came home, and had passed into a merry joke. For the Inverquoich fellows are good fellows, and don't bear malice long.

But at last on a very dark night, I, going out fishing, put on the kilt for the first time, and slipped down to the river side. I rather liked it now, that no one could see me, and I worked hard among the rocks and stones till one in the morning.

Young Alister, the fisherman, had gone away from me, and I could hear him rattling upon a great, long shingle bed, a quarter of a mile off. I was dead beat with a noble basketful of trout; as happy as a king, and very sleepy. I thought I would go home to bed; so I sat down, and began "coo'eeing" (I like an old Australian) for Alister.

And as I "coo'eed" I fell asleep in my kilt, under the winking stars. I slept perhaps five minutes, but it was long enough to unseat reason from her throne. I awoke, with a sensation of cold about the legs. I felt them, and found they were bare. I looked round and saw mountains and woods. And then I became possessed with the horrible idea that I had gone to bed at home, had risen in my sleep, and wandered out an unknown distance from help, in my *shirt*.

I have been troubled, from boyhood, with a cyclical dream; to wit, that I have awaked, and found myself in broad day, in the King's Road, Chelsea, opposite the Asylum wall, without any trousers on. When I awoke this night, I thought I had gone and done it at last.

I brought my kilt to England with me. When my servant found it among my other clothes, on my arrival home, he brushed it, and took it for granted, as a Hampshire man should. Soon after I found that he, by some involution of ideas—by some process of mind which I confess myself unable to follow—thought that it was a garment, which it was "de rigueur" to wear when you played croquet. I had to tell him that it was worn when salmon-fishing. But he no more contemplates the possibility of his master's having worn it without any trousers underneath it than he believes it possible that the Bishop of the diocese would attend a prize fight. I have not dared to break the fact to him yet.

And now about the fishing at Inverquoich. I must not say too much about it, I fear; because many of our readers do not care about fishing, and because the pages of the *Field* are always open to descriptions of sport of all kind.

There are no salmon at Inverquoich; but the trout fishing is the best I ever had in my life, and is equal, I think, to most *unpreserved* fishing in England.

I am aware that this statement will be received with profound astonishment, if not incredulity, by most English trout fishers, who have tried Scotland, and have come away with the idea that there is no (what we call) trout fishing there: but Inverquoich is an exception. The burn trout at Inverquoich have been killed as high as eight pounds. I myself killed, with a little whip of an

English trout rod, and twenty yards of line, a fish of 3 lbs., which took me forty minutes to land. I killed bigger than that, but with a bigger rod, and with a parr. In the lake, the *salmo ferox* is abundant, running up to 14 lbs., or larger. I consider that the trout fishing at Aberfeldy, also, is nearly equal to that in the Thames.

This is a bold assertion ; but any good fisherman who goes and stays at the Breadalbane Arms, Aberfeldy, and waits for the troubling of the waters, will find that I am right. One night, last June, while I was away at Ramnoch, a gentleman at Aberfeldy fished through the night in the Tay with a spoon, and did the most wonderful stroke of business among the burn trout I almost ever heard of.

People read Stoddart's "Angler," and books relating principally to the South of Scotland, and fancy there are no great trout in Scotland, as in England. I have before me now a clever little book, called, "Hints to Anglers," by Adam Dryden, which relates to the fishing in the South of Scotland. He gives the results. His greatest day is 36 lbs. weight, averaging a quarter of a pound each, and so making twelve dozen. A very good day for those who care about the sort of thing, but, if the fish ran all of a size, rather a tiresome one! Mr. Dryden, provokingly, won't give us the size of his biggest fish. One three-pounder is worth fishing all day for, but one dozen quarter-pounders most certainly are not. From Mr. Dryden's book, the fishing in the parts he writes of seems similar to that in Devonshire—not to be compared to that in Hants and Wilts, which I suppose is almost the best in the world.

But, in some of the big Perthshire rivers, when you can get leave to put a line in them, you run Hants very hard indeed. Of course you cannot expect, in a poor country like that, to get trout equal in size to those of the Thames ; but in certain linns you may expect anything up to eight pounds ; and the biggest trout caught in the Thames last year was, I think, not quite 15 lbs. But, as in Thames, so in Perthshire. You must be a fisherman, and a good one, to catch them. If you are not a good fisherman, go out on the loch in a boat and you may catch trout till you are tired.

But, whether you are a fisherman or not, take a rod out with you, and make believe. For so shall you be tempted to the river-side on summer's evenings ; ay, and be tempted to stay out all through the summer's nights, which are never dark, but through which the *Crepusculum* creeps round from N.N.W. to N.N.E., and then begins to brighten once more, till the loftiest ribs of *Schehallion* begin to glow like molten gold—

“ Ere that the moon from his cold crown
In crystal silence creeping down.”

Or, earlier in May, you may quote, if you are out late or early enough—

“ Far off the torrent called me from the cleft,
 Far up the solitary morning smote
 The streaks of virgin snow.”

Or else—

“ Beyond the darkness and the cataract,
 God made himself an awful rose of dawn.”

I have seen many awful and beautiful things; but the calm, quiet glory of the summer's dawn, flushing up among the mountains, is the most solemn and beautiful thing I have ever looked on. And so let us brush swiftly homeward through the quiet graveyard at Inverquoich, and hear the whispering voice of awakening nature say to us, “Once more, my child, once more.”

MEERSCHAUM.

MEERSCHAUM.

“THE foam of the sea,” or if you choose, the “seum” of sea, is the meaning of the name which poetical Germans gave to this singular substance before English science stepped in and called it “soapstone.”

Forty years ago it was not much known in England; now, combined with amber, it is in the mouth of half the lawyers’ clerks of London. It is a wondrous vehicle for tobacco; better even than the root of the *bruyère* or wooden pipe, which is made of the root of the Mediterranean heath, but the name of which has been vulgarised into “briar-root,” and is derived, after all, from the Welsh “brwg,” heather. We repeat that meerschaum is the best vehicle for tobacco: and now the question arises, what is the best tobacco to put in it? The milder, we should say, the better; such tobacco as we have just lit will hurt no one: puff! there goes the cloud. How it rolls up and obscures the prints which hang before me! the dead emperor, with the crucifix on his breast, is no longer visible; the woman looking for the piece of silver has her lamp put out. Lord Dufferin, Bishop Wilberforce, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Gilbert Scott, have disappeared; Anne Boleyn was being arrested just now, we suppose they have carried her off. The smoke swells like storm clouds, and rolls about like ocean waves, with no obvious figure at first. Stay, there is one forming, growing more real every instant: now distinct as he was years ago.

A boy, large for his age, say about twelve, with very bold, fearless, courageous, handsome features, and most remarkable eyes; head well shaped, and well set on, a curly crop of fine hair in want of the barber; dress, two garments only, a ragged shirt, with no buttons, and an old pair of footman’s breeches with but few buttons.

There he stands at the end of the bench, just come in, holding his breeches and shirt together by a clutch with his left hand on his left hip. We have never seen him before. On the tramp?

no, his well-shaped feet show no signs of it. A thief? no, he would be better dressed. Tried with a hymn-book upside down, he knows no difference, but says he came there to see if the gentlemen would teach him something to get his living by. This demand for technical education being pretermitted until the proper time, the boy is asked if he knows anything; he replies that he learnt some of the Catechism once: here is an opening.

“What is your name?”

“Meerschaum.”

“Who gave you that name?”

“Judas Iscariot.”

This would not do by any means. There was a burst of laughter from the more boisterous of the Field Lane boys, and the interrogator was about to suggest a more private interview, when Meerschaum explained further, with the most perfect amiability—

“It ain’t his name, but they *give* him that name because it was wrote up similar over his shop, after the gentleman give my mother her trouble, because Akers wouldn’t give his evidence. Which I could have given the same evidence as what he did, but the magistrate wouldn’t let me, ’cause he said I didn’t know the nature of a oath. I ought to, for I have heard as many swear as ever he has. Know the nature of a oath, why I could swear as many as a clever gentleman like you. But I don’t do it because Judas says that God will be angry with you for it—and——”

Meerschaum was proceeding into the theological regions, far beyond the farthest flight of his questioners, when the Evening Hymn was started, previous to the closing prayer; which was fortunate for one of the two parties in conversation, at all events. Before the boys were sent to bed, the original interrogator of Meerschaum and the manager had an interview with the boy.

Father had been a sailor, drowned. Mother had been very kind to him, until the judge gave her seven years about a bad half-crown: they were always giving his mother bad money. Any relations? An aunt, married, at Gravesend, but no good, at least not to *him*. He wanted to learn a trade. Would he be good? If he hadn’t wanted to be good, he would not have come here; if he had wanted to be bad, he might have gone to heaps of places. Wanted to be like his father: wanted to be like the good gentleman that old Judas told him about, Jesus Christ. What did he know about *Him*? Nothing except that he was a good gentlemen without any money: though he would have helped him to learn a trade if he had been alive, but he was dead now, though Judas said that he was coming alive again. Wished

he would come soon : thought he was very much wanted. Asked as to the character whom he had so often mentioned as Judas, he replied that he was a general cove who lived in Gravel Lane with a young girl the same age as he, Meerschaum, was. The boy was dismissed to bed.

The original interlocutor and the manager merely nodded their heads at one another. The former said "Great Queen's Street, of course," and the latter said, "Of course." Then the interlocutor took his hymn-book, and departed up Farringdon Street, past Coldbath Field Prison, towards his home at Highgate, praying for compulsory education, denominational or other, at any price.

Before he was well past King's Cross, looking for an omnibus, the manager had gone in with his lamp, to see if the boys were asleep. Meerschaum emphatically was ; he had put on a clean shirt provided for him, and was lying on his back, a picture of innocence and beauty among the more squalid and meaner faces around him. The shirt he wore was too small for him, and he had pulled it up until his left fore-arm was bared. On it, done in gunpowder, probably by his sailor father, were the initials M. D.

Shortly after the manager slept the sleep of the just, and the next day Field Lane knew Meerschaum no more ; he was absorbed into Great Queen Street, into the home for houseless boys, an institution which honours itself, while it disgraces the State which so feebly supports it.

After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the French Protestants fled away like storm-birds in a gale of wind in spring time, to find the nearest place in which they could make their nests. The nearest place for many of them was the east of London, and in Spitalfields, where we find them still, or, to be more correct, their descendants.

The Couliers came there at the Revocation ; they were Dieppe people, and worked at ivory. Long after the revocation of the Edict, even after the Great Revolution itself had been forgotten, the name Coulier stood over the shop in the east, and in a part which was then a suburb. They were in their way what the Childs are in the banking way.

It was never known, and will never be known, exactly what money they made, but at the end of the first half of this century their business had utterly declined. There was a little dusty ivory work still in the window, but no one went in to buy it, and if any one had, old Jerome Coulier would have asked him six times its price, and then have made faces at him. Jerome Coulier

was supposed to be the last of the whole family : he was very old and morose : he lived wholly alone in his house, doing even his own house work. He was deeply pitied by his neighbours, for the story of his life was too well known by repute about there, and had been more than once confirmed from his own mouth. In an evil hour, when pressed for money, he had, for the sake of ten years more life, sold his soul to the devil in consideration of ten silver forks and a fish-slice, which he afterwards discovered to be plated.

The neighbours were very sorry when the devil took him off one windy night, because the devil's money is better than nobody's money ; and in spite of his bad bargain about the silver forks and the fish-slice, he had money out at interest somewhere, and instead of keeping it to himself, he used to give it to his neighbours when they had need of it. Mrs. Nym said that that was to try and save his soul from his most unfortunate bargain. Mrs. Brough would never believe a word about the whole story, but insisted that, if old Jerome had sold himself to any one, it was to God, and not to the devil. Neighbours, however, like to talk about neighbours, and as what they say is never true, it all comes to the same thing in the end.

Jerome died, and the next day a young gentleman from Albert Gate appeared ; the solicitor of the French Embassy accompanied him. Then the old man was buried, but the old house was only shut up for a few days ; its new occupant was coming. He was fully inducted, and put in possession ; no alteration was made in the shop, except that over the window the name Jerome Coulier was rudely painted out, and the name J. Escriot painted in its place. Of this legend one of the wags of the neighbourhood at once made Judas Iscariot, the more so as the newcomer was a dark man with a large nose, consequently he was voted a Jew, though, if his neighbours had looked a little more at his facial angle and his splendid grey eyes, they might have seen that he was no Jew. He was the nephew of Jerome Coulier by a sister ; he was the last of an Huguenot family in Lorraine, in a part where there was not another Protestant family of his way of thinking. He was so poor and so lonely that he was at once glad to receive his uncle's money and to get some chance of attending the worship of his forefathers held in his native tongue. His uncle's money was all invested in London household property in the East End ; it would not have suited him to sell it, had he been allowed by the will, but he was debarred from doing so. He came and lived on it, for the purpose of seeing after it.

He was over fifty years of age when he moved into the little

ivory shop with his granddaughter Ninnette, his last surviving relation, then about ten years of age; and the two had that strange and overwhelming admiration and love for one another which one seldom sees save between the very young and the very old. Neither of them could speak a word of English when they took possession of their wealth, with all its squalid surroundings; but before long their poorer neighbours found that they had not made a bad exchange between the eccentric Jerome Coulier and the apparently equally eccentric Judas Iscariot. And the French child too was such a source of wonder and admiration among them all; so clean, so bright, so intrepid, so graceful. She could not understand a word of their language, which was fortunate for her: they knew this perfectly well, yet the worst of them would cease cursing when the innocent, smiling, dauntless little face passed among them. Conscience made cowards of them all.

Time had been when M. Eseriot was a small farmer, with a large education, bent on raising the condition of the proletariat; but the Catholics disliked him because he was a Calvinist, the Calvinists because he declined to believe in the infallibility of Calvinism on eternal punishment, and the republicans of those parts because he was a Christian. He had never had a single stroke of good luck since he was born, until he came into this property; and had had but few opportunities of helping his neighbours. His theories had died out long ago: he had stood in need of assistance himself on more than one occasion, and friends had violated every law of political economy by helping him: now, therefore, that he was rich, he set to work to see what he could do for the savages, and worse than savages, by whom he was surrounded. To learn their language was the first thing, and he and his granddaughter set to work at that, but before they could make themselves clearly understood, they had become sacred persons in those parts, in consequence of their active though discriminating charity. We have nothing more to say about that just now. We proceed with our story.

A sailor had been away for over two years, leaving his wife and little boy behind him: when he came back he found that his house was shut up, his wife in prison, and his boy on the streets. He had been a good husband, had remitted money regularly, and had always believed his wife to be a model of respectability. Soon after his departure she had started a lodging house, which, whether through her ignorance, her folly, or her culpability, was turned into a receptacle for stolen goods to a very large amount. When the police broke up the establishment, her previous good

character was of less than no use to her ; she was looked on as a very artful and dangerous person, and sentenced to a very long term, and her boy was left to take care of himself.

How half of these children live without crime is a wonder : this boy ostensibly lived by sweeping a crossing. When his father came home and realised the disaster which had befallen him, he found the boy at this employment. He was too young to take to sea just then, so he clothed him and took him to Gravesend, to the house of a married sister. She and her husband took the money for the boy's keep, but they hated the task and were cruel to him. No sooner was his father safe at sea, than the boy ran away and came back to his old haunts, free at all events.

M. Eseriot had now been a year in his new home : among all the thousands of faces which he saw every day, one of all others began to attract his attention ; it was the face of our boy. He got into conversation with him, and helped him. At last he took him home one night, set him before the fire, and made him tell his story.

The boy's story was straightforward, and most absolutely true. He had seldom seen his father, he was always at sea, but his father was a very good man. His mother was a very good woman, no better woman in the world, but she had been imprisoned on false evidence : it was very much as we have previously told it. M. Eseriot asked him his name, the boy refused to tell it ; he was no credit, he said, either to his father or mother, and was not in any way likely to be, and so he would keep his name to himself ; he said that M. Eseriot might give him a new one if he liked, and M. Eseriot said—

“ Poor little piece of sea-foam, shall I call you *Ros Marinum*—*Rosemary* ? ”

“ No, that is a girl's name,” said the boy.

“ Then we will put it in *Lorraine German* for you ; shall *Ninnette* and I call you *Meerschaum* ? ”

That took the boy's fancy more readily, and he assumed the name. The neighbours who had known him had forgotten his real one, so M. Eseriot never knew it, and really never cared to inquire about it.

The boy came to him at intervals, sometimes of days, sometimes of weeks ; he was always kindly received by them, and if he wanted it, fed. M. Eseriot was treating many boys so, but this one seemed to him one far above the common herd ; and as he seemed deteriorating, the old gentleman and his granddaughter were determined to rescue him somehow, and were discussing the

best means, when the boy came to them one winter afternoon to say good-bye.

Where was he going? That he could not tell, but he had met a boy who had met a "bloke" who had told him of a place where you could get taught a trade, and he was going there. Then he lifted up his voice and wept, not alone, for one of them at least had got to love him very dearly, and then he was gone.

M. Eseriot was sorely exercised in his mind immediately after his departure. Where could the boy have gone to? what trade was he to learn? Perhaps he was taken by some young thief to a den, to learn some infamous traffic. The old man was very anxious, but without reason; the boy, as we have seen, had only been seduced as far as Field Lane.

He had, however, completely disappeared; nothing could be heard of him; he was absorbed into the State, but for good, or for evil? As time went on, it seemed as likely to M. Eseriot that he should recognise a brown leaf upon a swollen autumn torrent, as that he should see and know again the poor waif whom he had known as Meerschaum.

In the sea of misery which surrounded the Eseriots—that sea against which they always strove with small effect, so many drowning hands were held up towards them, that it is no wonder if one small pair were almost forgotten; yet, after three years, something occurred to bring their lost piece of sea-foam to their minds.

One night a woman came to them, an extremely beautiful woman, but apparently very poor. It had been raining, and the rain-drops were in her long black hair. Ninnette put a chair for her before the fire, and she cowered over it and warmed her hands.

"Sir," she said, turning to Mr. Eseriot, "you have a good name in these parts for assisting the unfortunate."

"Madam," said M. Eseriot, "I have known poverty myself, and so I know how to relieve it."

"Yes, with money. But you see I do not exactly want money, poor as I seem. My husband will send me all the money which I do not earn. I want information."

"Money, madam," said M. Eseriot, "I could give you, but information! I and my pretty Ninnette here are hermits."

"Still, I think that you can do what I want. I will tell you the truth. I have been undergoing seven years' penal servitude on a false accusation. I think that I can ultimately prove my entire innocence; God knows it, but I think that I can prove it before man. When I was taken away my husband was at sea,

and I had a boy who went on the streets. My husband and I had one interview in prison, and he of course never doubted my innocence, but he told me that he had provided for the boy. I came out of prison and found that he is once more at sea, and that the boy is not to be heard of. He was last seen with you. Can you tell me anything about him?"

"What was his name?"

"Michael Durnford."

M. Eseriot knew of no such name. All at once Ninnette exclaimed, "Father, as sure as you are born, this is Meerschaum's mother."

Of course it was. The likeness was too extraordinary not to be remarked, now that the key to it was found. But what had become of Meerschaum? The three put their heads together to find out, and they could find out nothing at all.

The inquiry was similar to the famous one of looking for a needle in a bundle (or more correctly a bottle) of hay, and after a time they gave it up. Meerschaum had gone away with another boy, and had never been seen since. Meanwhile M. Eseriot and Ninnette found Mrs. Durnford a very remarkable woman, and a very agreeable companion.

She was a woman of considerable diligence and ability. She started herself in a small business, and did well. She was in continual communication with her husband, from all parts of the world. He, still a young man, had now got a full certificate from the Board, and was in command of a small ship; his business kept him in the Pacific entirely, and as time went on Mrs. Durnford told the Eseriots that it might be years before they met, but that she had his confidence, and that perhaps it would be as well for him to stay away until everything was forgotten. If she could only prove her innocence to the world as she had to him, she would care for nothing except the finding of the boy.

No one about Upper East Smithfield wanted it proved. In those quarters the majority of a certain class of people disagree with the law because it interferes with them. How the School Board will get on there, we do not know; badly we doubt. Mrs. Durnford, however, was rather popular from having been in prison, and was considered to be quite one of themselves. Religious she was, certainly—they all became religious when they were shut up—but otherwise an excellent woman; we all had our faults, and if she was a little religious, she would doubtless, with her good common sense, get over it in time.

Still she did not get over it, and Eseriot, after the facts had been told to him, more and more desired to prove her innocence.

She always said that she could live her accusation down, he desired her to do more ; he was in the end right ; but the telling of the lives of Eseriot, Ninnette, and Mrs. Durnford for the next two years would try the patience of any reader. It is enough to say that Mrs. Durnford got more and more intimate with the Eseriots, that she prospered in trade, and sent money to her husband, which he invested well. The ex-convict woman became as well known in those parts for discriminate charity as the Eseriots ; but the husband was still in the Pacific, and could not come home.

One night, a winter night, about seven o'clock, the Eseriots, grandfather and granddaughter, were sitting together, when there came a ring at the bell, at once answered by Ninnette. She admitted a fine-looking young sailor, in the dress of a man-of-war's man, who hurriedly asked her if he could see M. Eseriot. M. Eseriot was to the fore at once.

"You remember me, sir," said the young sailor.

"No."

"I remember you, though," said the young sailor ; "you were very kind to me when I was on the streets. My father wants to see you, sir, and he is dying.

That was enough for M. Eseriot ; he got his hat and went out into the street with him. When they were alone together, M. Eseriot asked, "What is your father's name ?"

"Akers," said the sailor. "I expect he wants to tell you about Mrs. Durnford's business. He wants to make an affidavit that she was innocent, I think. She *were*, and he wants to right the woman, as he says he can, before he dies."

"Where has your father been ?" asked M. Eseriot.

"West Australia. He will do right now. I am afraid he is going, and he has been a good father to me."

M. Eseriot shook his head. Nothing could be done with these English, they were such fools. Akers had been twice imprisoned for starving and beating his children, and here was his son and heir crying over the loss of an excellent parent !

Yet it is so. A few pence, and a few kind words, now and then, will in an English or American boy's heart atone for months or years of cruelty and neglect. As for the French, we have nothing to say. Their piety (in the old Latin sense) towards their fathers is more like a craze than anything else.

It was late into the night before M. Eseriot had done with Akers. The man was dying and wished to make a clean breast of it. To make a long story short, he entirely exonerated Mrs. Durnford, and ultimately the judge who had tried her allowed that

there had been a miscarriage of justice. We rather anticipate here, because the course of the story carries us away with M. Escriot and young Akers.

He came soon after to M. Escriot and announced his father's death. "I am glad," said M. Escriot, "that he eased his mind." Young Akers the sailor, said, "Now I want to ease mine. Is Mrs. Durnford handy?"

Mrs Durnford and Ninnette were produced.

"You mind me, ma'am," said young Akers.

"I remember you now, and I thank you for what you have done for me," said Mrs. Durnford.

"You remember your boy, Meerschaum?"

"Ah!"

"Well, it was I that took him away out of this. He was too good for it, and so was I, though I never was so good as him. I took him away out of it, and I am proud on it. I took him to Field Lane, and then he went to Great Queen Street, and we went to the *Chichester* together, and we were both drafted into the Royal Navy."

"And where is my boy now?" said Mrs. Durnford eagerly.

"Burn me if I know, ma'am. There was only eight of us drafted into the Queen's service that year, and he might be anywhere: I don't as much as know what ship he went into, because I left the *Chichester* before he did. But don't you see what you have got to do, ma'am? You go to Field Lane, and they will remember him by his name of Meerschaum, which he always gave there as elsewhere, because he thought it would do him harm to give his real one. Or you might go at once to Great Queen Street; they will track him for you at once."

The lad departed with an extremely grateful recollection of M. Escriot's generosity. The clue was got at once: Field Lane was the nearest place, and Mrs. Durnford went there at once. The manager was at home, and she asked him if he remembered a boy called Meerschaum.

"Yes, certainly, madam," he said, "I remember him well; a fine, handsome lad, marked with M. D, on his left arm."

"That is my son, sir."

"Indeed, madam. But the boy, I well remember, told me that his mother was in prison; and when he came to us he was half naked, and had been fearfully neglected for some time. I don't understand it."

"His father was at sea, and I was in prison for six years on a totally false charge; the boy must have been two years on the streets with no one but God to take care of him. Now his father

and I are prosperous, but our boy is gone. Can you help me?"

"Let us come together at once." And so they went along Holborn together, the manager silent and puzzled, wanting to say what the manager at Great Queen Street said for him before they had been in conversation three minutes.

"If your life, madam, has been such as you describe," said the latter, "is it wise for you to drag him back into contact with such associates as you may have formed? I only ask you to speak as a mother for your boy's sake."

"I am an absolutely innocent woman," she replied. "Your suspicions are natural, I allow; but they are unfounded. Make any inquiries about me that you like. You are not clever enough to see one thing: if I had wished to trace my son for any evil purpose, I should scarcely have acknowledged to you two gentlemen that I had been a convict."

This was so indubitably true that the two managers looked at one another. Great Queen Street smiled and spoke. "Well, God deal with you as you deal with your son when you have regained your influence over him."

"Amen," said Mrs. Durnford. "Then he is alive?"

"He is alive, and he has done so much better than well, that any antecedents of his will make little difference to him now. You might have seen the absurd name by which we knew him in print, had you looked for it. The boy distinguished himself greatly at the Peiho forts."

"And where is he now?"

"Still on the China station. Address H.M.S. *Blonde*, Hong Kong or elsewhere. Would you like to see one of his letters?"

She took one away with her. Perhaps the manager had forgotten which it was, but perhaps also he gave it to her on purpose; at the close of a well-written letter in a fine bold hand he wrote: "In spite of what you say, I shall find my mother out when I get to England, for I tell you that she is the best woman in the world."

Mrs. Durnford wrote to her son, but before he got her letter the turning-point in her life had passed.

She was sitting quietly one night in her little back parlour, reading, but not understanding what she read. The lines and words passed her eye, but she knew not what they meant; it had happened to her often before, and would most likely happen to her again. She was reviewing her life while she was pretending to read.

The time had been when she was a very beautiful girl: well

educated as times went, a ladies'-maid in a great family. A handsome young sailor had made her acquaintance at the small seaport near my lord's house. She had given up everything for him, in spite of remonstrance from every one, and at last she had married him.

He was a true and honest fellow, but at that time uneducated. He had been much away from her, and she had to shift as best she might. When one of his long absences occurred she thought that she had done for the best. She started that unhappy lodging-house, and after a short time her great trouble came. She was put into prison, and had to leave her boy on the streets.

Six years penal servitude! At first her soul seemed to die within her, and she was incapable of exertion; but by degrees, with her intense vitality she began to work. For the first two years her husband knew nothing of what had happened to her, so his letters were never forwarded to her. After two years were passed, she was told one day that she had a visitor.

The visitor was put in one cage and she in another, with a turnkey in the empty space between. They could say but little to one another; and, for our part, we think the arrangement objectionable in some cases. He told her of his unalterable confidence, and she begged him to see after the boy: with what result we have heard.

Many letters passed between them, but he never saw her again, save once, in a similar interview. He always wrote that he was doing his best to make her happy once more, but he had never come back. She knew, when she thought of it, that he was making more money where he was; but there was a sad spot in her heart which only he could heal.

Did he love her still? More, would he even know her if he saw her? She had been beautiful once; was she so now?

It was not the first night she had thought of these things. She thought of them every night when the candle in the shop was burning low, and the customers were fewer and fewer as the night went on. To-night she wished to close earlier and get to her bed, and, if possible, to forgetfulness; but the wretched little shop-bell clinked again, and she went out to serve a customer, a seafaring man by his complexion, but dressed like a gentleman. She looked straight at him, and he looked straight at her. As their eyes met she thought that he was a kind-looking man, and that was all. He, for his part, thought that she must have been a handsome woman once, and was handsome still. There was no shadow of recognition.

"I beg your pardon, madam," the man said. "There is a

Mrs. Durnford lives near here, in one of the shops right or left of you. Can you tell me which it is?"

"I am Mrs. Durnford," she said. "What did you wish with me?"

He looked at her like a man awakening from a dream: then he stretched out his arms towards her, and as he did so a light seemed to grow upon his face. Then he said, "Mary."

And then with a happy sigh, like that of a mother to her child, she looked on him, and she knew him.

We will close Mrs. Durnford's shop-door for the night, and serve no more customers. It was known amongst the neighbours next morning that a gentleman had gone into her house immediately before her closing, and had not come out again. It was known later in the morning that M. Escriot had gone there the first thing, and that Mrs. Durnford's husband had come back from "the Indies" with a vast fortune.

That was by no means true: he had only come home with an old ship, and had been appointed to a new one by a great firm whose confidence he had gained. He came to fetch his wife at last, and they sailed away with loving adieux from the Escriots; and Upper East Smithfield knew Mrs. Durnford no more.

The Escriots did, however. By every possible mail came letters from the Durnfords about Meerschaum. The plan about him was that he was to quit the Navy at once and come as mate under his father. He might enter the N.R., but he must sail under his father to learn navigation and take his proper place: he would certainly come to M. Escriot, and M. Escriot was earnestly prayed to help them in the matter. They would only be away a year, and they wanted to end their lives all three together.

M. Escriot used to go out for walks on fine days with Ninnette, far beyond the East End, far beyond the city, out into the pleasant parks and squares of the West. He was in a quiet part of Kensington Gardens one day, when his Ninnette left him and wandered away along the Serpentine. It was the time when the rhododendrons were in bloom, and as she stood looking at them she found herself face to face with a young gentleman in civilian's clothes, but somehow looking like a sailor.

"Mademoiselle Escriot, I believe," he said.

"Yes, surely."

"I am afraid you do not know me. I should have known you anywhere."

"And I should have known you nowhere, monsieur."

"So I dare to say; yet I know *you* so well that I have followed you about for the whole afternoon, afraid to speak to you."

“Yet I am not difficult of address, monsieur. I have strange confidants.”

“May I be one of them? Do you remember a boy called Meerschaum?”

“Perfectly. Do you bring news of him?”

“I do.”

“I hope that it is good, because, sir, between us, I loved him when we were children together so very deeply. I think that if he were to come before me now, the brave, patient little fellow grown into a man, I could love him again. You try by your dress to conceal from the world that you are a sailor. But a sailor’s eyes are too frank for a woman’s scrutiny. You have seen Meerschaum. Where did you see him last?”

“Do you not see him now?” said the young man.

It was Meerschaum, and, in trying to remember what she had said to him before the recognition, she pretended to herself that she had forgotten it all. They joined M. Escriot, and went home with him. One thing only was certain to the old man, and that was that his granddaughter and the son of the convict woman were in love with one another, and that nothing which he could ever do would separate them.

The simple fact was that he had no word to say against the arrangement. He was getting very old. Michael Durnford was everything he could desire. His father and mother were accumulating money and doing well. Under the English law his granddaughter’s money could be tied up on herself. He had asked about the young man’s character, and it was good. Why then should they not marry? He determined to ask his granddaughter if she had any objection.

She answered that she had none at all, and continued, like a true daughter of France with money in her purse, that, if he could not keep her, they, grandfather and granddaughter, would be most certainly able to keep *him*. It was not an English way of putting the case, but it was most certainly practical.

So golden days came for poor Meerschaum. M. Escriot sent him to a college at Southsea to learn navigation. That science, in its rudiments, is not difficult. We have learnt it three or four times ourselves, and can say, with a safe conscience, that we know nothing about it now. Meerschaum, however, assimilated navigation, and Lieutenant Maury, of the U.S. Navy, having appeared on the scene shortly before, Meerschaum followed his theories, hanging on his words.

His examinations were passed splendidly. There was a slight difficulty about his obligations to the Royal Navy, but they were

easily got over. He went into the Reserve. Ninnette and he were to be married when his parents came home; they were expected every day.

The weather got dim and wild early that year. It stood at north, then at north-east, backing steadily against the sun. Meerschaum, full of Reid, Maury, and Fitzroy, told them that a great storm was coming. Ninnette and he walked across the sands to Broadstairs; the boatmen were ready for anything there.

The great south-westerly storm of those days came on them more suddenly than they had thought for; it came on a rapidly-rising barometer. From the ghastly position of 27.10, the barometer went up to 28.0. At three o'clock the disaster was upon them. There came a flying, almost green-coloured cloud from the direction of Calais, and after that no one knew much more until all was over. The wind drove the sea in masses of foam towards the land. As darkness came on, it was evident that all the lights in the Channel were useless on such a night as this. Their own North Foreland was invisible, and the lights, even in their own castle, were dim spots.

In the horrible roar and confusion, one young man kept his head. Towards midnight Michael Durnford went out and tried to rally the boatmen. They were at first disinclined to go with him, for it was useless.

"I tell you," he said, "that there is a ship close to us. I have heard the voices of the people on board of her."

A man came staggering through the surf, holding tight to a woman. Then a woman came, holding a baby; and then others reeling in the wash, which was now beginning to slop up with the ebb.

All Kingsgate were out at once, and up to their waists in water; Michael Durnford pulled a man on shore and asked him what ship it was which had been wrecked.

"The *Aurora*," the man said. "Captain Durnford. She is on her side on the reef there. He is going to stop to the last, and his wife with him."

M. Eseriot and Ninnette knew nothing of what was happening. In the awful roar of the storm, they once or twice held the door partly open, and peered out into the wild night. He faced it bareheaded, but she wrapped up her head, because Michael always kissed her hair before they separated. She raised her hands and said, "Let us thank God that our boy is not at sea."

And M. Eseriot said, "I will copy Lear. I'll pray and then I'll sleep."

When Michael heard the name of the ship, he knew what had

happened ; he was perfectly quiet ; he said to two young men who stood by him : " My father is captain of that ship, and my mother is with him. I must get off to them."

The two young fishermen to whom Michael spoke showed him, that if the ship were where she was reported to be, he could get to her along that reef which lies to the west of Kingsgate. So he went out along it into the spin-drift, and was seen no more until the next morning.

Blinded and bruised among the rocks, he made out the ship at last. She was lying at the edge of the reef breaking her back ; as he approached her he heard her cracking and ripping herself to pieces. She was on her side, and a ruin of masts and rigging was between himself and her. He saw his father and his mother advancing together along the mainmast to get as far on the spar as they could before launching themselves, and he called to them, " Hold on, and I will be with you directly. Keep your arm round my mother, and I will get you on shore."

Captain Durnford cried out, " We are the last ; go back and bring us a rope."

" I can get my mother on shore, and you can follow," shouted Michael.

He made towards them, and was clambering on the spar, when a piece of the wreck surged against his chest and sent him down.

When M. Eseriot and Captain Durnford found him next morning, the sand was in his hair, and the sea-scud was driving over his face. Captain Durnford said, " God has been very cruel to us in this matter."

M. Eseriot said, " My friend, you have scarcely read the story of Cleobis and Bito. Raise his head, and let me wipe the sea-foam from his face. If there were no future, who would live ? In the hands of God we are all as Meerschaum : as the foam of the sea."

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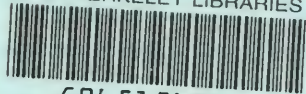
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