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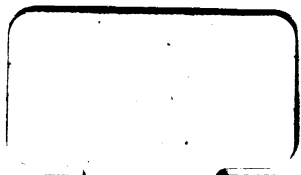
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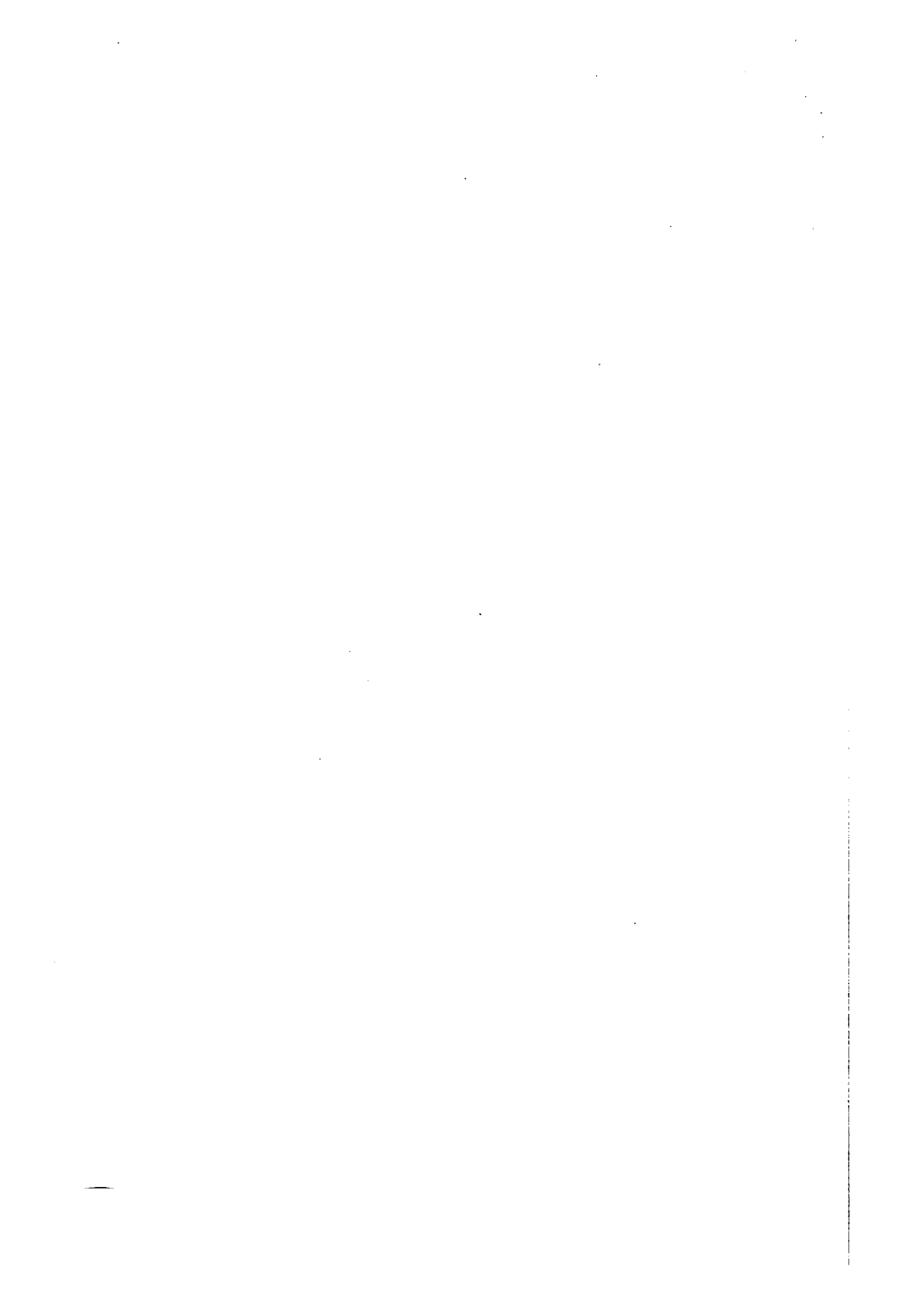
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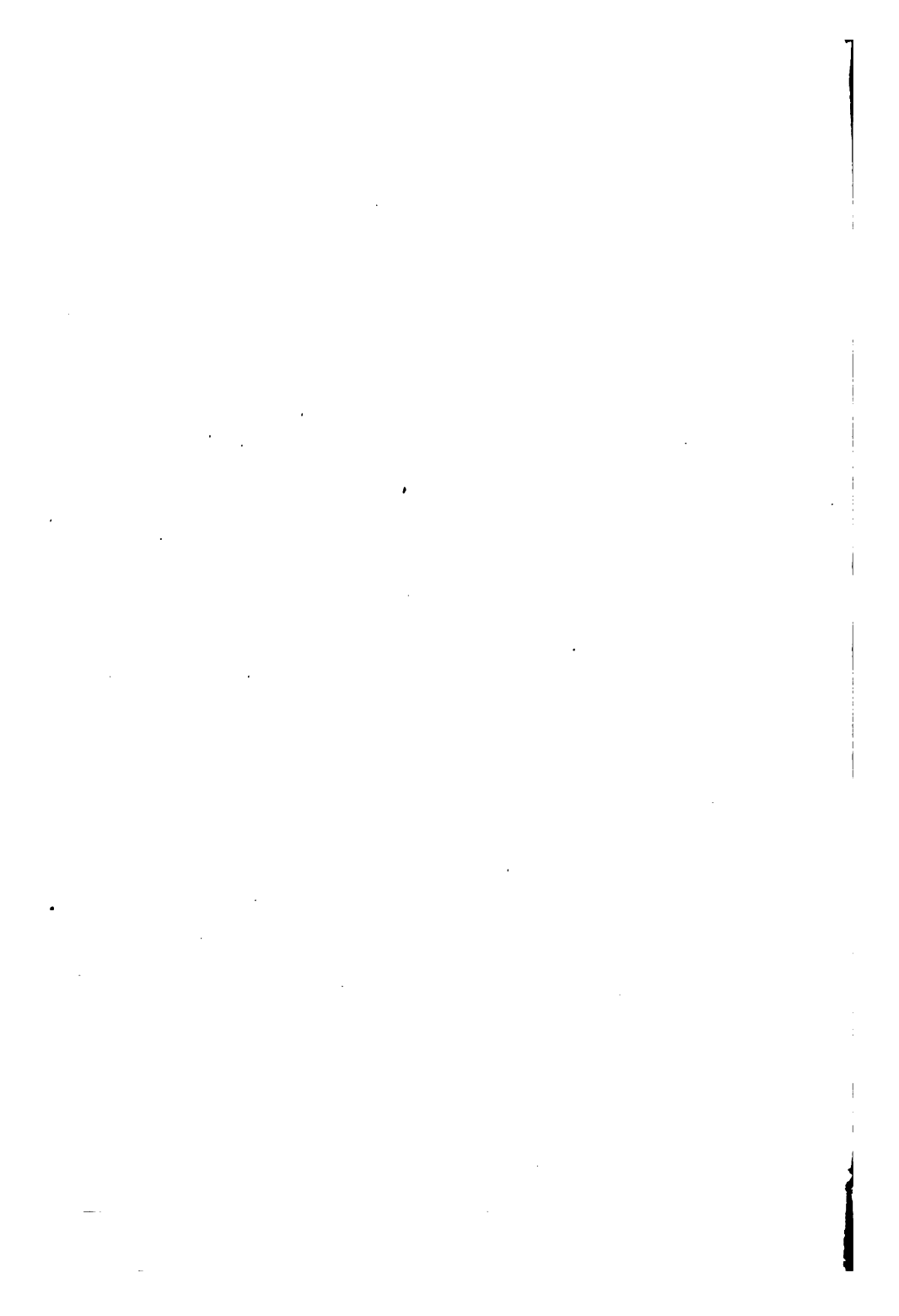


W & A G Johnston

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NORMAN COSTUMES

Edmonston & Douglas



LIFE IN NORMANDY

*SKETCHES OF FRENCH FISHING
FARMING, COOKING, NATURAL HISTORY
AND POLITICS*



VOL. II. ✓

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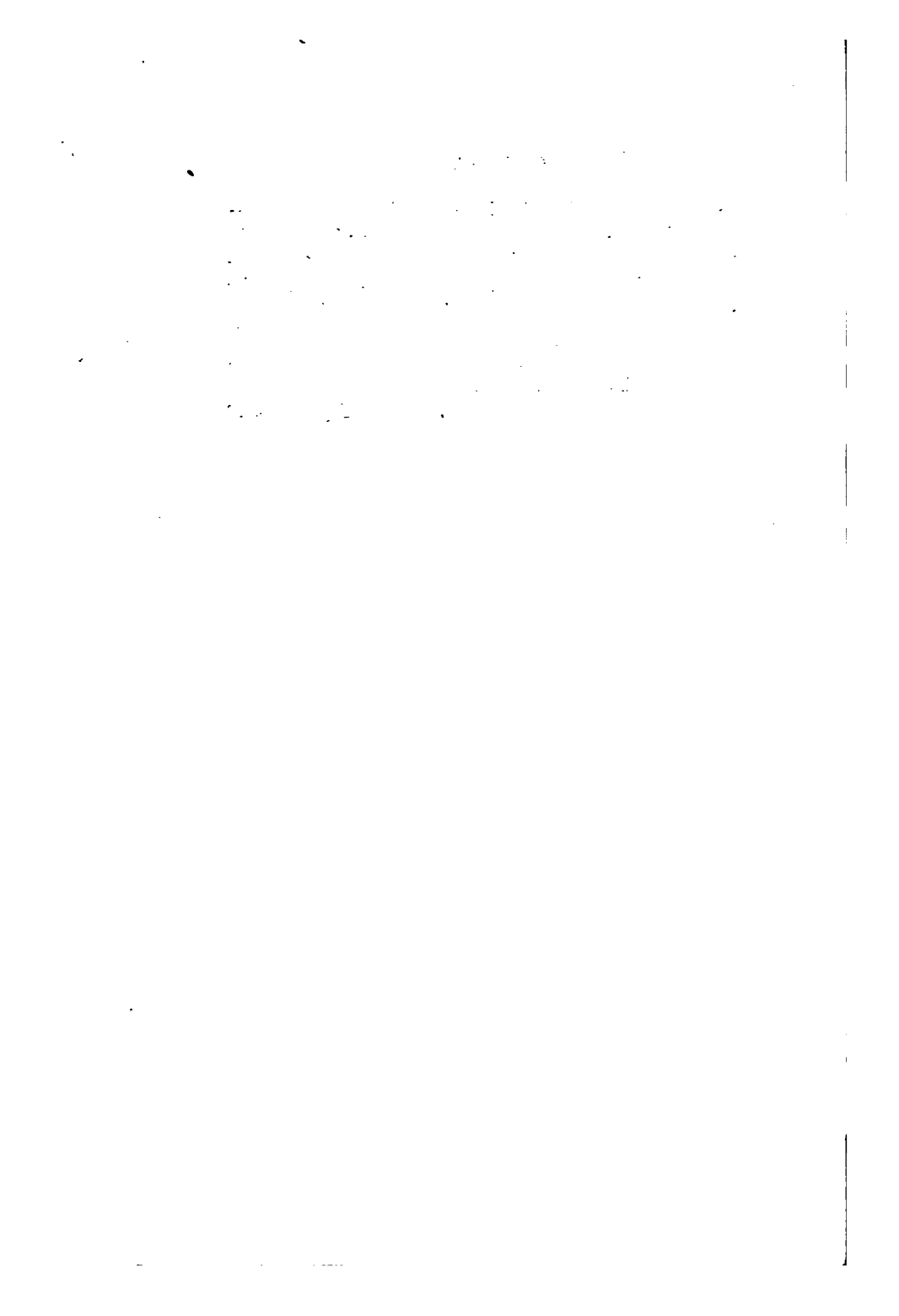
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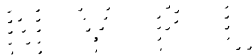
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CHAPTER VIII.

AN EVENING AT MONSIEUR PINEL'S.

It would be only an idle repetition to describe the dinner of this day. It greatly resembled the supper of the night before ; the dishes varied in the cooking, though not much in the materials ; there were some additions, it is true, namely, the bouillabaise, and some bacon dressed according to a receipt of the Marquis. The first of these was, as we have already said, nothing more nor less than a very rich variety of water zoutchee ; the latter was a piece of well-cured and well-smoked bacon, which, after being stuck full of cloves, had first been immersed in red wine for six or seven hours, and was then thickly pané'd and baked brown in the four de campagne. It was served with the chickens, which on this day were stewed in a white sauce, instead of being roasted. The two Englishmen took a note of this method of dressing bacon, as they found it excellent, but we do not allude to the dish out of sympathy with their improved perception of good things, but because, at a later hour of the night,



this said bit of bacon led the observation of the friends to a curious fact in natural history ; but when Frenchmen dine, the subject is too serious to allow of digression, so we postpone for a while the description of their discovery.

On this day there were two Frenchmen at dinner instead of one, both of whom were well and deeply read in the *philosophie des gourmands*. The proceedings therefore were far more methodical and slow than on the previous evening ; there were long pauses between each dish, and a greater delay at table afterwards. But these pauses were not wearying, neither was the sederunt over the dessert ; for while the Frenchmen ate, they talked, and talked well on subjects that amused their more taciturn companions. The soldier was, like the Marquis, a complete royalist, detesting all republics. He narrated many interesting anecdotes regarding the late royal family, and spoke highly of their personal courage, as a proof of which, among other instances, he described the conduct of Louis Philippe when Fieschi fired at him with his infernal machine. This he could do accurately, for he had stood within ten paces of the king when the shot went off. He related the manner in which the various persons fell. The report, he said, was not loud, although so many barrels were discharged at once, but

rather sounded as if a musket or two had been fired at some distance off, and this, he supposed, arose from the venetian blind which deadened the noise, or drove it back into the room from whence the shot was fired ; for it seemed by his account that the balls passed through a blind before striking any other object. " I heard," he said, " this deadened report, and at the same moment, I felt something graze my arm, and immediately a little girl, who was standing behind me, fell forward and struck the street with her face. I heard a cry, and saw many more falling and fallen. I stooped to raise the girl, but she was dead ; a ball had passed through her heart. Poor thing ! she was young and very pretty, but I could do nothing for her—she was gone for ever ! So I laid her down again. When I looked up, I saw the king's horse plunging violently, for it was badly wounded. Several of his court were trying to persuade the king to turn back, but this he would not do. I heard him give the word ' Forward ' with a cool and determined voice—so much so, that all argument ceased, and the cortège advanced. I did not proceed with them, for my attention was rivetted on the convulsed faces of the wounded, who were being carried away for assistance, and I did not like to leave the body of the little girl, who had fallen by my side so instantaneously struck by death.

A few seconds before, she had been laughing and enjoying the gay scene ; but she would laugh and smile no more. I believe," he continued, "I am as brave as another. I have seen my comrades fall by my side from the balls of an enemy, and have thought little of it. There was then strife and excitement ; there was war. I was anxious to destroy the lives of my country's enemies, and willing to hazard my own. Those about me were actuated by the same feelings, and when they fell, I said, ' Fortune of war,' and all was over ; but in the moment of peace and gaiety, it is a different thing. To see a man fall in battle is nothing ; to stand by the side of a fair young girl, who has come forth to seek pleasure, and has met with death, gives a shock not easily told. I am not ashamed to own that I was greatly affected. The people began to bring the dead and lay them in a row close to the spot where I was standing. I would let no one else touch my little girl ; I lifted her myself, and laid her with the rest, and stood at her head till Louis Philippe returned. When he did so, he paused before the line of bodies, and saluted each with his sword. It was I who returned the salutation for the little girl, and as I did so, I marked well the king's eye and expression ; it was sad, but there was no trace of fear. No, no, I tell you (and he raised his voice), let

them say what they will, our royal blood is brave. They may make a mistake ; they may want moral courage in a great crisis ; but no man can say with truth that they are deficient in personal bravery. If you want another instance, I can give it you. People are not now afraid of the cholera, but in '32, whenever the pestilence broke out, wives left their husbands, and mothers their children. The very doctors were flying from the hospitals ; yet in that moment of universal panic, the king restored their courage by going through the hospitals himself, and speaking to the sick and dying. This, in my opinion, shewed greater nerve than riding calmly through the streets after an escape from assassination ; for I know that I would rather face a battery of guns loaded with grape, than walk through a pest-house."

"I remember," said Hope, "the sensation which this attempt of Fieschi's made in London. We had exhibitions and models of the infernal machine, and wax models of the heads of Fieschi and his friends, which were wonderfully well done. Every little trifle was copied : the wound on Fieschi's head, and the mark on the noses of all, were accurately portrayed. The showman told us that this mark on the nose was invariably found on the faces of all criminals who suffered by the guillotine ; but I never heard why it should be so."

“The explanation is very simple,” said the Marquis. “The culprit is fixed to a frame that slides towards the place where the knife falls. When the moment of execution arrives, this frame is let down, the culprit remaining fastened to it with his face towards the floor of the scaffold. Then the frame is pushed forward, and as the criminal lies, his head has to pass over the semicircular groove on which his neck is to be secured. As he passes over, his nose always strikes the edge, which leaves the mark you saw. It is the only pain he suffers, for in half a second his head is in the basket.”

“That is an accurate description,” said the Captain ; “but this gentleman gave a wrong name to Fieschi’s fellow-conspirators when he called them his friends. There is not a doubt that they intended to kill him as well as the king. Several of the plugs in the breeches of the muskets were made so as to be sure to fire backwards. It was one of these that wounded Fieschi. He stood a little on one side when he fired, and was only wounded. Had he stood exactly behind, he must have been shot dead. Fieschi himself was convinced of this evil intention on their part, or he never would have given up the names of the others. This I know to be the fact, for he told me so with his own lips.”

The arrival of a fresh dish stopped all further con-

versation on this topic. After the discussion of the plat and its merits, a new subject was started.

“You English,” observed the Marquis, “always converse on politics. Hitherto the French, as a nation, have done so very little ; but now all the world talk ; even the very gamins in the street speak of governing the country, and finding out the defects of our rulers. I remember the time when every man thought himself fit to be a general, and canvassed every battle that was fought, and every military movement that was made. Now, they all begin to think themselves qualified to be prime ministers, and talk of public men and public measures as they used to do of generals and battles.”

“And what are the grievances they principally complain of ?” asked Hope.

“Every district has its own,” answered the Marquis. “In this, for instance, the people are fond of their money. Economy, taxation, and finance, are therefore the themes they dwell upon.”

“Yes, a set of fools,” said the Captain. “What do you think a farmer had the absurdity to tell me the other day ? Why, he said that two hundred thousand soldiers were quite enough to protect France, and that three hundred thousand ought to be forthwith disbanded. Did you ever hear of anything so absurd ? Yet I assure

you the fellow said so ; and what most astonished me was, to hear anything so ridiculous come out of the mouth of a man who had before spoken very sensibly."

"What had he said?" asked the Marquis.

"Why," replied the Captain, "he had been saying that the industrious part of the population were eaten up by the useless quantity of civil employés, and he enumerated a good many of them that might, I allow, be very well dispensed with. I remember one in particular—the minister of public worship. He is undoubtedly very useless, for the women could certainly go to church, without our paying a large sum to a minister to look after their worship. Let the priests do that and save the salary to the country. I am sure in Paris none of our acquaintances ever think of going to church, and it is very much the same here.

"Why, my dear friend," said the Marquis, "I go to church very often, and I have seen you there also."

"True, my dear fellow, I used to go, but I have left it off, for I have some religion, and I was afraid I should lose what little I had by going to mass only to see you looking about at the women, and not listening to the priest."

"No, no, my friend," said the Marquis ; "you do me injustice, for I go to mass here occasionally, and, generally speaking, all the women in Normandy are so plain

that no man of taste would look at them twice. I present myself in church, and if I don't listen much, at all events I hear the sound of the priest's voice and the choir."

"What would our friends in Scotland say to such a method of performing our religious duties?" whispered Cross.

"Why, they would wonder," returned Hope, "that the earth did not open and swallow them; yet, strange to say, I once heard a worthy presbyterian Highland laird make a speech greatly resembling that which the Marquis has just made. My friend always went to church, at least once every Sunday, but in the hot summer weather, instead of entering the church, he always remained outside. Being asked his reason for this proceeding, he answered that the church was very warm and stuffy, whereas, by staying in the churchyard, he could smell the flowers, feel the caller air, and hear the birds sing; while at the same time he got a *sough* of the gospel through the church door."

These latter remarks and answers had been made in English, and spoken rapidly, so that they did not attract the attention of the Frenchmen, who were fully taken up with their own conversation, and the sight of another dish, which was travelling from the stove to the table. While it was being devoured there was a pause, and for

a time no one spoke ; but the same reflections, as was afterwards confessed, passed through the minds of the two friends ; namely, that although religion was at a very low ebb in France, yet there were many who perfectly understood the rule of "every one for himself and God for us all." The soldier considered folly that which the farmer and the civilian deemed wisdom, and *vice versa*, as each was swayed by interest.

"With interests so opposed, it will require a wise head and a strong arm to restore prosperity to this fine country," said Cross, when, at a later period, they compared their thoughts.

The longest dinner must have an end. The tables were at last cleared, after a long sederunt ; cards were produced, and the four were soon established at whist. The stakes were five sous a fish, or what certainly sounds better than either, twopence halfpenny, or five sous ; they played for twenty-five centimes. The Frenchmen were by way of being good players ; they were undoubtedly in constant practice. The Englishmen seldom played ; yet such was the course of luck, that soon after eleven o'clock, when the party broke up, the Frenchmen were in very bad humour, being losers of thirty points. "You remember the Scotch proverb," said Hope, "The deil's good to beginners."

As they were passing through the house door to mount their own outside stair, Cross stopped. "I remember, by the by," said he, "you doubted the strength of the jelly which could be made by boiling fish and fish bones under pressure. The remains of our bouillabaise will now be cold. Come into the larder and see how firm it becomes, and you will appreciate the use of confining the steam in the pot, by laying a weight on the lid."

"I should like well enough to see that," answered Hope. So they turned back to ask permission of the landlady to enter her larder.

"Certainly, certainly," said she; "here is a light. The door at the end leads into the larder." She opened a back door, and pointed down a short passage made of wood, leaning against the house, and leading to a detached building.

Cross took the light, and led the way. There were two doors on one side, and one in front; and when they came to the second, Cross opened it and walked in. He had fairly entered before he perceived that he was in a small bedroom, not in a larder, and that the apartment was occupied. A man was sitting at a table, with his back towards the door. On the table were the remains of a supper, and a small lantern, which threw a faint

light over the room. The man had been leaning his head on his hand, perhaps asleep ; but when the door opened, and he heard the sound of footsteps, he sprung up evidently in alarm. As he arose, he held a pocket-hankerchief to his face, so that his features could not be seen. He wore a peasant's blouse, and both it and his lower garments were covered with mud.

"What may you please to want?" said the man, after a moment's pause, during which he had accurately surveyed Cross.

"I beg your pardon," answered the latter; "I thought this was the larder."

The man recognised the accent of an Englishman, and seemed reassured, for he removed the handkerchief from his face as he replied, "The gentleman is mistaken; this is my room, not the larder."

Cross, while he spoke, was standing within the room; Hope was still in the passage. Cross carried the candle, so that both the stranger and himself were in light, while Hope remained in the dark shadow of the door; he could thus see them, but the stranger could not distinguish him.

Cross apologised for his intrusion, and was in the act of closing the door, when the landlady rushed bustling into the passage.



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BREAKING WOOD FOR THE FIRE

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"Oh, mon dieu!" she cried, "that is not the larder. It is in front of you, at the end. How foolish he is! Could he not have the sense to bolt his door?"

She followed close on the steps of the two friends, as they walked into an apartment, built of wood, which opened at the end of the passage, and closed the door behind her as soon as they were all entered.

"You are so generous, you English," she said, "I am sure you will not betray the poor gentleman or me. I was mad not to shew you the way, and he was worse not to fasten his door."

"Don't alarm yourself," answered both the friends together; "we shall never mention that we have seen any one here."

"Not even to the gentlemen with whom you dined?" said the landlady, looking anxiously in their faces.

"To no one, be assured," replied Hope; "for though we suspect him to be an *ouvrier* who has been concerned in the late outbreak at Paris, we shall not betray either him or you."

"He has been foolish, I am afraid," said the landlady, "but why or how I know not, for he is not an *ouvrier*, but a gentleman, who was once rich and liberal. My brother was servant in his house, so I could not refuse him shelter when he was in danger."

“And, believe me,” said Cross, “we respect your feelings. No one shall know from us that we have perceived any one in your house ; so set your mind at ease, and shew us what we came to see, namely, the cold soup from the bouillabaise.”

The landlady produced a jar, in which stood a clear and very firm jelly. She was still slightly nervous, but in answer to questions put to her, she explained that this jelly would serve for another time by the addition of a little water ; that it turned sour and bad if allowed to cool often ; but when kept hot, and water added, it would be equally good for a long time. It was while Cross was talking to the woman, that Hope cast his eye round this apartment, half pantry, half dairy. The room, or rather shed, was divided into two parts by a canvas screen. On one side were ranged the milk vessels, on the other, cold meat and vegetables. A small quantity of raw meat hung from the roof. The milk vessels were as unlike those in an English dairy as possible, for instead of being large and flat, they were tall and round, looking like brown English beer jugs without handles. Close to Hope was placed the remainder of the piece of bacon, which they had thought so good at dinner. This caught his eye, for he thought he saw something move upon it, and when he stepped forward to ascertain what it could

be, he was thunderstruck by perceiving an immense bright orange slug, having some small black spots on the back, which was busily engaged in devouring the bacon, in which it had already made a considerable hole.

“Hang it, Cross, look at this ; here is something that will astonish you ! a carnivorous snail ! and not only eating meat, but salt meat. Why, I have always thought that a pinch of salt would kill any of the snail tribe ; yet here is a fellow that has eaten a pretty good hole in this bacon, and is still going on with his meal.”

“Oh the villanous beast !” cried the landlady, as she seized a wooden fork and jerked the slug on the earthen floor, where she crushed it with her sabot.

Hope made a dash to save its life, but was too late. “I am sorry you killed it,” he said ; “I should like to have kept it.”

“Keep that vile creature !” exclaimed the landlady. “They are the plague of my life. I find them here constantly ; sometimes eating the meat, and sometimes the bread. It was only two days ago that I found two of them eating a loaf of English bread, that I had brought from Granville for Monsieur le Marquis ; and how they get in, I cannot conceive, unless they come out of the ground.”

“Most probably they do,” said Cross ; “for though

the earth is hard and dry in the centre of the floor, it is quite soft round the edges, and I see several holes through which these creatures might come."

"Have you ever seen them eating meat before?" asked Hope.

"No, I have not," answered Cross; "but I have seen them eating filth on the road side, and I have heard that they attack the fat of meat, especially when it has been panéed as this bacon is."

"But salt meat!" said Hope; "to eat that is to me doubly surprising."

"I doubt," returned Cross, "if there is any salt left in this meat. What between soaking in water and simmering for so many hours in wine, I suspect the salt must be all extracted; and we are not the first to discover that snails are carnivorous."

"I am aware," said Hope, "that the garden snail, the *Helix aspersa*, eats insects in its native state, and meat in confinement. I know also that the Kensington slug devours worms and grubs, but I never had the slightest idea that these large sleek looking fellows ate anything but vegetables."

"I rather suspect," answered Cross, "that these orange-coloured slugs are a different variety from any we have in England. Works on natural history are not to be

got here, and I have never met any of the natives who care the least about such studies. Observation is therefore all we have to trust to, unless you are in correspondence with any of your learned friends in Paris, who may help to enlighten us. Our friend the Marquis may be able to tell us if they are ever used as food. You know there is a variety of snail that is eaten both here and in Germany ; and I think I have been told that they make a sort of soup of slugs which is given to people in consumption."

"Yes," said Hope, "I know that to be a fact. I have heard of the same thing being done in England ; and it is said that soup made of the common black slug is one of the lightest and most nutritious kinds of food that can be given to an invalid. I have the means of knowing that slugs are very nutritious."

"How so?" asked Cross. "Have you ever tasted them yourself?"

"Not exactly," answered Hope ; "but I know that they were eaten to a great extent by an Irishwoman and her family. The circumstance is rather curious, and I will tell you about it. You may remember that my family lived for two years in Kent, near Sydenham. There was a large common near our house, greatly frequented by gypsies and tramps ; in a gravel-pit on

this common, an Irishman and his family thought proper to squat. They built a hovel against the side of the gravel-pit, in which they lived ; and the man earned large wages as a gravel-digger. One unfortunate day, however, when the poor man was employed in cutting down a bank, the fall came before it was expected, and he was smothered. The widow and children still continued to live in the hut, and it was remarked that, although she had no visible means of earning her livelihood, both she and her children were more fat and rosy than any labourer's family in the parish. Now, several hen-roosts had been robbed, and a great many sheep stolen in the neighbourhood. Suspicion fell on widow Scudder, and a warrant was granted to search her house. I chanced to be walking on the common when these myrmidons of the law had completed their search, and I met them returning to the village. One of them had the poor widow in custody, and two others were carrying a good sized cask on a hand-barrow ; the children were following their mother, all weeping most bitterly. I was but a lad at the time, but I had taken an interest in this poor woman, as I had heard of her husband's death, and she had once given me a viper, which she had killed on the common. She had shewn me the folding teeth and the poison bag at the root of

the fangs ; and this viper formed a very conspicuous feature in my boy's museum, where it hung in a bottle of spirits of wine, with its mouth open to shew the fangs. I could do little in her behalf, excepting to use my tongue ; but this I did exert to the best of my ability, remonstrating with the men, and asking what the poor woman had done, that they should make a prisoner of her. One of the constables knew me, and so far condescended to sink his dignity, as to inform me that they had plain proof that widow Scudder was the person who had stolen all the sheep, for that they had found this cask which they were carrying full of the salted meat which she had minced into little morsels. I looked to the poor widow to learn what she said to this accusation. 'Oh, darling, spake for me and the children,' she said ; 'it's not mutton, though it's their meat and mine, and has kept death from our door this bitter winter !' 'What is it then, mother ?' asked one of the constables. 'That's nothing to you, you false-hearted blackguard,' roared the widow. 'The curse of the Lord fall on you and yours, that would lay a hand on a poor lone woman that never did hurt to you or your belongings.'

" I tried to persuade her to tell what was in the cask, but she refused to speak before 'them blackguards,' as

she called the constables, and as no arguments could influence her, she was taken before the magistrate, who was fortunately a very kind-hearted man. I went with her. Mr. B. spoke mildly to the woman; he examined the cask, which was half-full, declared the contents were not mutton, and then asked the widow to reveal to him what they were, as this information was the best way to clear her from all suspicion. 'Send them fellows away, and I will tell your honour,' replied the widow. The constables were dismissed. I, as her friend, was allowed to remain. She then told the magistrate that the cask contained nothing more or less than salted slugs. She had seen them given to a young man in Ireland supposed to be in a consumption, who had recovered his health, and got quite fat on this food, and in consequence she had thought that what was so good for him might be good for her children. She first tried them fresh, and finding that her children thrive, she then took to salting them. Her mode was to drop the slugs into boiling water, and afterwards lay them with salt in a cask. She and her children had thus prepared two casks full, which had supported them all during the whole winter, and the cask then in the room contained the remainder of her store. She besought the magistrate not to reveal her confession to the constables, which he

promised not to do, and he kept his word; but he told the story to a few of the gentry in the neighbourhood, who joined him in a subscription, which enabled the widow in future to have some bread to eat with her slugs. I too kept her secret, till she left the country, but I have never forgotten that no one need starve, where there are plenty of black slugs to be got."

"I think," said Cross, "that I must be very far gone before I could eat a black slug. I am quite sure I would rather die than eat one of these orange ones, after what we see they feed on."

"Well," replied Hope, "I agree with you, and yet I am aware it is prejudice. We eat periwinkles, and think them very good, and they are nothing more nor less than sea-snails; and we have eaten this very day those spider crabs, which are certainly more disgusting to look at, and quite as foul feeders. I wonder if an orange slug would eat a man as well as a bit of bacon! You know your friends the crabs would make no objections to such food."

This conversation had been carried on by the two gentlemen in English, the landlady looking on with curious eyes while they were speaking, as she did not understand a word of what they were saying. At last she shewed what was passing in her mind by asking—

“Are you talking of the poor gentleman? pray speak low if you are; for some one may hear you in the yard, and understand you, although I do not.”

“Oh no,” said Hope, “all the world might hear us without danger; we are only speaking of snails, and wondering if they are good as food. Can you tell us if the people about here ever eat them?”

“Yes,” she answered; “they are sometimes used here, but only as a medicine. In La Vendée and some other parts of France, they are eaten (the Lord defend me) from taste. When my husband was on service in the army, he was a sous-officier, and was caterer for their mess. Among the sous-officiers, there was a sergeant who belonged to La Vendée, with whom he had a quarrel, and they fought with sabres. Their dispute was about snails, for this man would always bring a capfull of these creatures, which he cooked and ate at the table with my husband, though it made him sick to see them. Well, my husband desired him to give up such nasty tastes, which interference he took much amiss, so they fought, and gave each other some very pretty blows with the edge, and then they were good friends again; only the Vendean agreed to eat his snails at another mess. After this, you would hardly believe that it was my husband whom I first saw cooking snails; yet so it was.

A girl who was in our house as servant had a very bad illness of the chest ; she was constantly spitting blood, and all the doctors said she must die. We were very sorry, for she was a good girl and pleased us, when my husband remembered that he had heard of such wonders being done for illnesses of the chest by soup *au Limosin* ; so he set to work to prepare some for the poor girl as he had seen it made by the sergeant in La Vendée. He gave it to her, and she had faith, for she got better. She then learnt to cook it for herself, and took it twice a day, and she got quite well and fat, and now she is married and has two fine boys."

"Just your Irish widow over again," said Cross.

"Very like the way she learnt to eat snails, certainly," answered Hope. "And pray, madame," he continued to the landlady, "can you tell us the manner in which they are cooked?"

"With pleasure," she replied ; "but you are not surely going to try them?"

"Not at present," said Hope ; "while we have the honour of living with you, we are quite contented with what you provide ; but there is no knowing what may happen, and it is always wise to take a lesson when we can."

"Very true, sir," said the landlady, who had curtsied

low to Hope's implied compliment on her cookery, "There are two ways of cooking them. The snails with the shells are used in the winter, for the slugs are not then to be found. These snails with shells are found under ground at the foot of a wall, or in holes in the walls. Those with stripes on them are not used, because they have a bad taste and smell, but only those which are of one colour. These are put for a minute into boiling water, and then they come out of the shell quite easily. A little bit of hard matter is taken from the head, and afterwards they are stewed for a long time in milk. This is the winter soup, for at that season those snails are easily found and have no slime, but in summer they use the slugs, and prepare them much in the same way, only with this difference, that the slugs are plunged into boiling water to kill them, and then they are washed in cold water, when a great deal of nasty slime comes off, after which they are stewed in water for a long time, and milk and seasoning added ; or they are stewed in milk in the same way as the snails with shells."

"Thank you, madame," said Hope ; "and now we may go to bed, and let you go too. You may sleep soundly and without fear, for we shall never say one word to any person, of the stranger to whom you are giving shelter."

The good woman thanked them and conducted them to the foot of their outside stair, where she handed a lantern to Cross and bade them good-night.

“Well,” said Cross, when they had entered their room, “that lady’s receipt interested me, for her treatment of slugs was exactly similar to that followed by your Irish widow. The striped snails which she describes as being rejected are, I suppose, the *Helix Nemoralis*, or carnivorous snails of Sowerby. But what a fright she was in, poor woman, when she saw us in that man’s room. I have a great fancy that he is one of the insurgents of Paris who has escaped, and has come down here to hide himself.”

“And I am pretty sure that he is one,” said Hope ; “I have seen him before, and not many weeks ago.”

“Ah!” exclaimed Cross ; “pray tell me about him. Was his one of the faces you saw grinning over a barricade ?”

“No,” replied Hope ; “I never saw him at a barricade—though I have no doubt he was behind some of them—but I will tell you my story and you shall judge. I was going into the *Jardin des Plantes* a few weeks ago with one of my learned friends, Monsieur G——, whose father is a banker. As we entered one of the walks, we saw two good-looking young men sitting on one of the benches.

“They were dressed in rather shabby-genteel clothes. After we had passed, one of them, the very man now down stairs, followed us and touched my friend on the shoulder. He stopped, and the intruder, addressing him by name, requested him to pause and speak with him. From the look he cast on me I saw I was not wanted, so I walked on, and waited for nearly a quarter of an hour before Monsieur G—— again joined me. When he did so the first words he said were, ‘How painful it is to be obliged to say ‘no’ when one would wish to say ‘yes.’ Did you ever find yourself in such a position?’ I told him that few men reached my time of life without meeting with such an event. ‘I am not as old as you are,’ he said, ‘and this has happened to me to-day for the first time.’ You saw those young men; they are my juniors, it is true, yet we were at college together, and I protected the one who stopped me just now. I had a great liking for him, for he was full of talent, of good family, and not ill off for money; but he was very wild and would never follow my advice. His present companion, Pierre B——, I knew less and liked less, for he was quite as wild, without the talent of my friend, Jules F——. With Pierre there was no reasoning; he was as obstinate as an Austrian, and this obstinacy Jules F—— mistook for firmness, and allowed a man

far his inferior in ability to lead him by the nose into all sorts of scrapes. After vainly endeavouring to draw Jules into steadier courses I gave him up, and we ceased to be the intimate friends we had been, though I still met him in society, where he was running a reckless course of gambling, extravagance, and dissipation, spoiled by the admiration of the world, who helped him to his destruction, by applauding his wit and never checking his vices. About two years ago I heard he was ruined ; then I learnt that he had got some situation under government and had gone to live in the country. Shortly after this I received a letter from him, asking me to assist him with a loan to establish him in his new situation, and telling me he was resolved to turn over a new leaf, as he deeply regretted not having followed my advice. I lent him the sum he requested, and he has repaid me nearly the whole amount, as he transmitted every quarter a portion of his salary. It unfortunately happened that the other young man whom we have just passed, Pierre B——, was also appointed to a situation in the same district where Jules F—— was placed, and I heard that they had got into several scrapes together before the Revolution. The interest of Jules saved him from dismissal ; but with the Revolution came a change. Men in power, new men especially, always want to pro-

vide for their own friends and followers. Those who replaced the king were only too glad to take advantage of the faults of Jules F—— and his companion. They were summarily dismissed to make room for others, and I learn from him that they are both now absolutely in want of the necessaries of life. When Jules stopped me a minute ago it was to shew me a letter, in which an editor of one of the papers offers him a situation, provided he will lodge five thousand francs in the concern as security for his good behaviour. He asked me to advance him this sum, or to persuade my father to do so. My father, I know, will not, and I cannot lend it. I was therefore obliged to say that painful word ‘no,’ and most painful I found it to do so; but I had no remedy. All the money I had in my pocket I lent him—some two hundred francs—and if he keeps clear of the gaming-table that may give him food till he finds something to do; but that, alas! just now is most difficult, for distress is universal; and who knows whether I may not in a week be as much in want of a few francs as he is to-day.’

“I told my friend Monsieur G——,” continued Hope, “not to distress himself; but he was low, and out of spirits, during the remainder of our walk, and when we separated, he was still depressed. A few days before

the last outbreak, I was again walking with this gentleman, when, at a corner of a street, we came upon a considerable number of blackguard-looking men, like the flash mob of Paris. I saw one of these trying to avoid us, and in another I recognised the elder of the two men whom I had seen in the Jardin des Plantes, whom Monsieur G—— had named as Pierre B——. He stared daringly at us from the centre of this group. We proceeded for about a hundred yards in silence, when Monsieur G—— said, 'I had an anticipation that this would be the case. That young man is gone. Nothing can save him now.' I asked for an explanation of these remarks, and he told me that he had been making inquiries about the young man Jules F——, to whom he had given the two hundred francs, as his father had offered to take him as a clerk in his bank till something better turned up. But he had learnt that his exertions would now be of no avail, as Jules F—— had taken his place in one of the clubs, and was already one of the most admired orators and leaders in the communist department of the Ateliers Nationaux. 'I did not believe it,' he continued, 'but I have just seen that it is too true. Jules had the grace to try and conceal himself, but I saw him in that group, many of whom I know to be leaders of the very refuse of this city.'

“Well, the outbreak took place. I need not say anything about that. On the second day after it was put down, I went to call on Monsieur G——, and we set off together to look at some of the districts where the fighting had been the hottest. We were returning home again, when we perceived a large crowd advancing towards us. There were a number of regular troops, and a considerable body of the Garde Mobile, guarding about a hundred prisoners; and these again were followed by a crowd. We drew on one side to let them pass. As they came up we could distinguish their faces. In the front marched a prisoner, whose bearing struck me forcibly. He had on neither hat nor coat; his face was black with powder, and he was evidently wounded, for his shirt was stained with blood; yet his hands were tied behind him. As he advanced, he held his head very high; looking now up at the windows, now at the people in the street, with the most daring bravado. The rest of the prisoners seemed so much depressed and wan, that this man’s conduct was the more striking. I own I did not recognise him, for his face was so begrimed with black that I could not distinguish his features. Monsieur G——, however, when they came near, got behind me and held down his head. ‘It is as I expected,’ he said in a low voice; ‘tell me when they are passed, and look for me, if you can see my poor

friend Jules, for if he is not among them, he has fallen!' Upon hearing this, I again looked at the leading prisoner, and then I knew him to be Pierre B——, the elder of the two men whom I had seen first in the Jardin des Plantes, and afterwards with the party in the street. I fixed my eyes on all the other prisoners as they passed; Jules F. was not among them. This I told to Monsieur G—— when they were all gone by. 'Then he has fallen!' he exclaimed: 'and perhaps it is as well; better to die at once on the field, than perish on the scaffold, or pine away life in the Bagne!' He begged me, however, to follow the prisoners, which we did; and we saw them all taken to their quarters. Here Monsieur G—— began to catechize one of the Garde Mobile, who gave us a graphic description of a hunt they had had after the flying insurgents, and for those who were hiding themselves in some of the woods round Paris. The horrors that had been committed by the insurgents on all the Garde Mobile who had fallen into their hands were universally known by the survivors of that corps; and they had been panting for revenge. By the description which this man gave us, they seemed to have glutted themselves pretty well with the blood of their adversaries; for, by his account, their hunt had been a sort of battue, where men were the game, and not rabbits. 'When we had placed our posts,'

said the Garde Mobile, 'at one end of the wood, to catch any stragglers, we spread out, completely surrounding the other three sides ; then the bugle sounded, and we advanced. Oh, it was grand sport to see them stepping from among the trees, and starting out of their lairs. The moment we got a glimpse of one, if he ran, *plon !* down he came ; if he stood still, we tied his hands and drove him on ; and indeed, I am not sure that a few of us did not take a sitting shot now and then. It was I who dropped that fine fellow with his nose in the air ; he was mighty big when he got into the streets ; but he sung very small when he came to himself, and found his elbows fast in my cord.'

" Monsieur G—— called me away, quite convinced that Jules F—— was dead, and, truth to tell, so was I ; and I was therefore not a little astonished to-night when I looked over your shoulder in the passage and recognised him still alive. For Monsieur G——'s sake I will try and do something for this unfortunate young man. At all events I may be able to communicate with his friends, though he dare not do so himself. In the meanwhile, let us to bed."

As the two friends had been undressing during the time that Hope was speaking, it did not take them many minutes to conclude their preparations, and both

stepped into bed at nearly the same time. Silence followed, as far as words were concerned, yet neither slept, and each heard the other turning and sighing, by which the other knew that his companion was awake. This had lasted nearly half an hour, when Hope sat up in his bed and said softly—

“Are you awake, Cross?”

“Yes,” answered he, “I am restless and cannot sleep.”

“And so am I,” said Hope; “I hear a child crying, that annoys me terribly and makes me nervous. Listen! don’t you hear it? there again!”

A sound was heard very distinctly and then Cross laughed.

“That is not a child crying,” he said; “it is a number of young cocks in coops in the yard below who are trying to crow.”

“Cocks crowing!” exclaimed Hope, “impossible! why it is barely midnight, there is no moon, and it is as dark as Erebus.”

“All true,” answered Cross; “nevertheless, what you hear is nothing more nor less than cocks crowing. Open the window if you doubt me, and listen; you will hear the same sounds coming from every yard in the village.”

Hope jumped out of bed, groped his way to the window, opened it, and leaned out.

"By Jove! you're right," he exclaimed; "I hear cocks crowing distinctly all around me, both near and at a distance. It is very extraordinary, for the night is so dark I cannot see my hand a foot from my face."

"It struck me also as very singular, when I first came here," said Cross, "but now I am used to it and forget to think that it is unusual, for every cock in this country crows half the night. I suspect they must dream and do it while they sleep, for, dark or light, it is the same, the cocks are always crowing. I suppose the garrulity of the men descends to the feathered as well as to the unfeathered bipeds of the land. I have been told, however, that in the West Indies both dogs and poultry are mute during the day, but make up for their silence in daylight by barking and crowing all night."

"I have never met with this before," said Hope; "or, if I have, it never struck me. I am glad, however, I have heard it, for it has changed the current of my thoughts, and I may now go to bed again and try to sleep."

He shut the window and groped his way back to bed.

"Neither am I sorry that you disturbed my thoughts," said Cross. "Our conversation about the cures wrought

by eating snails called up some sad remembrances. I have been thinking that, had I thought of trying it, it might have saved my poor sister as effectually as it did the maid of an inn. With such well authenticated cases, I wonder the remedy is not oftener tried. If the relations of an invalid were afraid of disgusting the sufferer by telling her that she was eating snail soup, they might give it without letting her know how it was made, and mark the effect. They say it has no disagreeable taste and looks like a white soup. A little parsley in summer or celery in winter might disguise it, even if there was any peculiar flavour."

"I have heard," said Hope, "that the cure has often been tried, and with great success, among the lower classes in Britain. The receipt is too simple or the fare too disgusting to be adopted by the upper classes; but, do you know, since I have been told the way the soup is made, my own disgust is greatly diminished. My horror was always at the idea of the slime, but when convinced that this is got rid of by scalding and washing in cold water, I should not have any objections to trying it, were I ill and anxious to get well. Being, however, in good health, I own I should not like to eat snail soup as a luxury, or to fight for my dish like the Vendean serjeant whom our hostess told us of. I was

very much interested certainly, by our discovery of to-night, namely of a carnivorous slug ; but I was not kept awake by thinking of snails or slugs ; the sight of that man down stairs recalled to my remembrance the scenes I had witnessed in Paris, and I was wondering to myself how many unfortunate people had been led by want to take a part in those deeds of blood. Then followed the question, Whence came that want ? and I thought of this young man reduced to his present position of an outcast by that accursed love of gambling which is the bane of this country. One reflection called up another, and brought back the nervous, feverish sensation that oppressed me before I left Paris. But now, thanks to those midnight crows and the breath of fresh air which I got at the window, the feeling is gone and my eyes are heavy ; so, let us, as Richard says, 'once more try to sleep it unto morning,'—good-night."

" Good-night," answered Cross.

The cocks in the yard continued to crow, but no one heard them ; certainly not the friends, for in two minutes it would have required a trumpet to awaken them.

CHAPTER IX.

A NORMAN BREAKFAST AND A STROLL.

THE morning was well advanced when they woke, but although the sun was high, the room still remained sombre and dark. Hope was the first to rise ; he went to the window and threw back the curtains, meaning to look out ; this, however, he found to be impossible, for a dense white fog was drifting slowly past the windows, and was so thick, that it prevented his seeing anything twenty yards distant.

“Hallo, Cross!” he exclaimed, “look, here’s a fog as dark as any I ever saw in London in December ; is not such a thing extraordinary at this season of the year?”

“Oh no,” replied Cross, “fogs are very common here. Remember we are on one side of the Channel and England on the other. With easterly winds the fogs which gather in the Channel fall on the English coast ; with west and north-west winds they are drifted on to this coast. They gather in their passage from the ocean,

first on the Channel Islands, and then pass on here, where they seem to accumulate and become more dense, being as it were dammed up in the large bay which is formed by the Norman coast and the long point of Brittany. Fog, as you know, thickens above wet ground."

"And yet," said Hope, "those two Frenchmen were joking us about English fogs, and asking on how many days in the year we saw the sun in Scotland."

"That is ignorance and prejudice," said Cross. "Fogs are rare in Paris, and it is the fashion for Frenchmen to talk of English fogs, and to boast of the clear sky of la belle France ; I never take the trouble of contradicting them, for no power on earth could ever persuade a Frenchman to believe that there is more ugly country in la belle France than in any other part in Europe ; or that the fogs on the coast of Normandy are as frequent and as dense as they are in any part of England ;—nay, more, that in Brittany they are even more frequent and more dense, not to mention that more rain falls there than even at Manchester in England, or at Greenock in Scotland, which are supposed to be the two most rainy spots in the United Kingdom ;—yet so it is."

While Cross was speaking, he had got out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, and reached the window. The

density of the fog struck even him ; for he continued—
“I have rarely seen such a fog so early in the year. I suspect there must have been a gale of wind out at sea, which has caused it, and this will explain the very high tide which so nearly washed us off the rock the night before last. But I hear voices in the street, shewing that the world is awake, so we may as well dress, although we can do very little in the way of sport to-day. We must content ourselves, I suspect, with a stroll round the country, and make our arrangements for going to try what we may catch in the Mare de Bouillon to-morrow. There will be no use in going to-day, for I never saw fish rise in a foggy day. I have had good sport in a bright sun and in heavy rain, but never in a dry fog.”

“I have had very good sport with bait in foggy days,” said Hope, “and once I had a remarkable day in the river Colun, by fishing with the live May-fly, during a very dense fog. The morning was very bright, but about ten o’clock a thick fog came on. While the day had been bright I had caught two or three very good trout. The fly was rising very thick and the trout were in full feed, but the moment the fog came on both trout and flies ceased to shew themselves. I changed my flies and tried every sort in my book, but not a fish

would move. I was just going to give up in despair, when I saw an old fellow watching me, whom I knew to be a regular poacher. I hailed him, and after talking with him for a few minutes, I gave him half-a-crown to drink, and began to wind up my line. 'I think I could give you a wrinkle,' he said, 'that would make you stay by the river.' I asked him to explain himself, and promised to add another half-crown to the first if he told me anything that would make it worth my while to stop at the river, instead of going to kick my heels at my inn. 'Were not the fly rising plaguy thick this morning?' said he, grinning. I told him that they had been, and the trout also, but that since the fog had come on neither fish nor fly had shewn themselves. 'And don't you guess why?' he asked. I answered that I supposed they were frightened by the sudden change in the weather. 'Not a bit,' he said; 'the fish be a-feeding below, and they don't require to rise to the surface. The May-fly be a-coming out of their cases just now as fast as ever; when the sun is bright them creturs is up and away in a jiffy; but when the day is dark, any as does come out of his case, either crawls up the reeds at the side, or if they does rise in the stream, they gets on but slowly, and the fish nabs them afore they reach the surface, as I will soon shew you.' He went to the

bank, where there were a number of flags growing in the water, and shewed me a vast quantity of May-flies clustered round the stalks close to the edge of the water. He collected several of these, and I saw that their wings were quite soft and puckered. He then asked permission to arrange my line for me, to which I agreed. So he set to work while I watched his proceedings. First he took off my flies and put on in their place two small bait hooks, the one about a foot above the other. Then he took two large split shot out of his own pocket and fastened them on the casting line, three feet above the upper hook. The two hooks were then baited by running them through the tails of a couple of the May-flies he had gathered from the flags. This done, he declared all was ready. We then went to the head of a wear, where the stream was very deep ; but there was a rush of water through two or three places where the sluice-boards were drawn. He bade me cast my line across one of these small rapids, allow it to sink for a minute and then draw it gently towards me through the rush. I did as he directed me, and no sooner had the line reached the rush than I felt the dash of a strong fish. 'That be a good one,' said the old rascal, 'and when you lands him you owes me half-a-crown.' I did land a very fine trout, paid my debt, and continued this

newly-learnt practice, catching more trout that day than ever I caught before or since in the same river."

"Regular poaching," said Cross. "I wonder you are not ashamed to acknowledge such deeds."

"I differ from you," returned Hope, "in calling it poaching. I thought it then, and I still think it, a very scientific mode of fishing. Angling, after all, is the art of deceiving fish by pretending to feed them, in order that they may ultimately feed you. Skill consists in finding out the food that is the most tempting, and placing it before the fish, as near as possible in the way that nature would present it; and I cannot think it more poaching to play a fly below water, than on the surface. By what I knew before, and by what my old man taught me, I can shew you that on a fine day the natural fly lights gently on the water. You imitate this by throwing a fly as lightly as you can, or by allowing the wind to blow it to the spot where you see a trout rising. On a windy day, the natural fly is blown on to the water, and struggles on the surface, to escape drowning. This you imitate by drawing your artificial fly, and giving it as much as possible the action of the drowning reality. Neither of these plans you call poaching; why, then, should you give that name to my old man's method? He shewed me, and I felt he was right,

that a May-fly changes from its pupa state into a perfect creature, choosing a bright sunny day for the transformation. If the day be bright and warm, he rises at once from the bottom, and takes his flight, to fulfil his one day's destiny ; but if the weather changes, when these creatures have begun to cast their skin, they have no power of resuming their greatcoat with the change of atmosphere. They must go on ; but they are weak. Deprived of the sun's rays, they cannot rush into life with the same speed and force. They struggle slowly to the surface, and, before they reach it, the fish, who has been previously dashing after the flying game, snaps them up with greater ease, and swallows them below water. My old man taught me to imitate these struggles ; for when the lure is thrown across the stream, it sinks. As you draw it gently towards you, the weight of the shot keeps the upper part very steady ; but when the force of the water catches the loose end to which your flies are fixed, it makes it wave about in the stream, giving exactly the motion of a weak fly struggling into life and light. The fish are deceived by the cunning of man, who thus acts to them as Satan does to us. A fish is wiled to his own destruction by a fly. The devil baits his hook with gold, or a pretty face."

" What do you think of ambition, or a French cook ?"

said Cross ; " the last is the bait I should try for our friend the Marquis."

" You are right," answered Hope, laughing ; " and a pack of cards might do for the Captain. I am glad you have made me laugh, for I feel rather prosy and low. I have been dreaming all night of that poor devil down stairs, and I must see him as soon as possible. So let us dress ; you must kindly keep the people engaged, while I slip away to him."

This arrangement was agreed to, and their toilet proceeded with all possible despatch. When dressed, they went down together to the door of the inn, where a considerable party was congregated. There were also two horses with panniers on their backs. By one of these stood a man they had not seen before ; by the other was collected a group of fisher-women. Hope did not pause to speak to either of these parties, but passed quietly into the kitchen, where only the landlady was to be found, engaged in arranging her implements for cookery. Hope whispered to her for a minute ; she looked round, and perceiving no one but Cross, who was standing at the front door, she led the way to the other, through which she had gone the night before, followed by Hope. The door was opened, and the moment after it closed behind them both. Cross retained his

place till she returned to the kitchen, and then advanced towards the group of fisher-women. It was evident he had not been observed before, for when he was close to the party Marie hailed him.

“ Ah ! ” she exclaimed, “ here comes one of the good gentlemen ; he will buy some of our fish. Look here, what beautiful gurnet ! and think of our misfortune. We drew almost all the nets last night, and this morning the only one we had left set was full of these splendid fish. We have not had such a shoal on the coast for years, and only one net out ! So you must give me a good price, or I shall break my heart.”

To prevent such a catastrophe, Cross bought some of her fish, and sent them into the house. They certainly answered the description of “ beautiful,” as far as colour went, for they were brilliantly red, with the blue, green, and purple tints which shoot over them as they die. The red gurnet is a leaner looking fish than the grey gurnet that is taken on the coast of Scotland, which makes the disproportionate size of the head the more striking. Still the angular cut of the head, and the shape of the fins, give it a grotesque appearance, that is by no means displeasing to the eye. Cross followed his fish to the door, and as soon as the landlady saw them, she exclaimed—

“What made you buy any more? but it is my fault. I forgot to tell you that Matilde left a large basket of fish for you. They have had a great take at the fishery, and are gone off up the country with two carts, to sell what they have got. Matilde and Angela came here before they started, and left some of the best for you two gentlemen; and I am ashamed that I forgot to tell you about them. The Marquis has been here, and has cut off their heads, and given directions for dressing them, so you had better take back these and recover your money.”

“Never mind,” replied Cross; “put these with the others, and cut off their heads also, if it be necessary and right. I suspect that will be an easier job than getting back money from Marie.”

“I believe it will,” said the landlady, laughing; “and when their heads are off, a gurnet is not a large fish.”

“And why do you cut off their heads?” asked Cross.

“The Marquis will explain that better than I can,” she answered. “He says it is to get rid of the oil; and I say, because there is nothing to eat on the head; and it takes a great deal of room in the pan, wasting the sauce for no use. But the Marquis is not far from the door, and if you ask him, he will tell you himself what he told me this morning about oil.”

Cross went in search of the Marquis, whom he found standing near the man with the second horse, the panniers on whose back were filled, not with fish, but with a quantity of guillemots, commonly called marrots or sea-crows in Scotland. The present owner of the load honoured them with the name of *Canards noirs*. The Marquis was in the act of driving a bargain for a dozen of these birds. The owner was asking three sous apiece; the Marquis was offering a franc for the dozen.

"Don't buy those birds," said Cross; "they are carrion. It is impossible to eat them."

"Do you hear what this gentleman says?" asked the Marquis, addressing the owner of the birds; "you had better take what I offer. I said I would give you a franc, so I will not draw back."

The man cast a look of fury at Cross, packed up his property, and pretended to move off; but after vanishing in the fog, as no one called after him, he was no sooner out of sight than the sound of his horse's steps was heard returning; and when he again came into view, he had the twelve birds in his hand, which he presented to the Marquis, and demanded his franc.

"I knew I should get them," said the Marquis, "for I heard that a prodigious quantity had been taken in the stake nets at Mont St. Michel."

“I wish you joy of your purchase,” returned Cross ; “but for my part I would not give a sou for the horse-load.”

“My dear friend,” said the Marquis, “forgive my observing that you display sad ignorance in saying so, and greatly neglect the bounty of nature. Ignorance in the culinary art is a great loss to many a clever man ; for instance, these birds, which you are pleased to despise, will, if properly treated, produce a salmi equal to woodcock, superior to hare. In the hands of an ignoramus, I allow, they are not good eating ; but take away the whole back, cut up the remainder of your bird, place it in a casserole, and give it five minutes of the fire, empty your casserole into a pan of boiling water, in which you must allow your viand to remain for a single minute, then remove it, replace it in a fresh casserole, and proceed as you would with a salmi of woodcock. The result is a dish which you shall this day taste, and which I am much mistaken in your judgment if you do not pronounce superior.”

Cross expressed his gratitude for the lesson.

“Ah, my dear friend,” said the Marquis, “I see you are worthy of a hint on these subjects, but how many good things do we see thrown away and murdered from the want of a little attention to trifles. Now, for in-

stance, many of the duck tribe in spring are sent to table not fit to be eaten, from neglecting to cut away the back of the birds. From this neglect an admirable viand is presented rancid to the taste and offensive to the smell : simply cut away the lower half of the back, and you at once get rid of the portion of the bird that contains the oil which melts before the fire and pollutes your food. Let me, my dear sir, impress strongly on your mind, that in almost all aquatic birds, especially towards the spring, you should invariably cut away the lower half of the back, not only before it is put to the fire, but immediately that you obtain them. I trust that if you remember this advice, I also shall leave a favourable impression on your memory, for there are situations and times when such knowledge merits gratitude."

Cross again declared his gratitude, and as there was no one near to make him laugh, he was extremely eloquent in his thanks. He had hardly concluded his peroration when he saw Hope coming to join them. They exchanged a glance, and then Cross asked the Marquis why he cut off the heads of the gurnet before cooking them.

"That is a similar case with that of the aquatic birds," answered the Marquis. "The head of the gurnet is charged with an oily matter, which is somewhat

rancid; it taints the rest of the flesh in dressing, and thus a valuable frequenter of our coasts does not meet with the admiration it deserves."

"You astonish me," said Cross, "for we say in our country, that all the meat on a gurnet's head is poison. This is said in jest, for there is nothing but bones in a gurnet's head."

"Very true; but those bones are charged with the oil of which I complain, and which makes your proverb a truth and no jest; for this oil, if it does not poison, at all events greatly deteriorates the rest of the animal."

"You are quite correct, sir," said Hope, "in what you say about the quantity of oil in the heads of these fish. The Highland poachers know it, and take advantage of the knowledge. They always cut off the heads of the gurnets which they catch, and pack them in very dry peat dust. Late in the autumn, when they go to poach the rivers with leister and blaze, they arrange half a dozen of these heads in their hand-grating. All the crevices of the heads are by this time filled with the peat dust, and a considerable quantity adheres to the outside, the whole of which has become saturated with oil—the heads being placed with the mouths upwards, and a small quantity of tow placed in each mouth. When they reach the stream where they are to leister the salmon,

the tow is lighted, the fire immediately communicates with the lips of the fish, and a beautiful clear light is emitted, which continues to burn for a considerable time. Sometimes also a single head, thus prepared and dried, is fixed at the end of a stick, and is used as a torch, when a poacher goes leistering single-handed. When the hand-grate is used, it requires two people—one who carries the light, the other who works the leister; but with a torch, a man can carry the light in one hand and use his leister with the other.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the Marquis, “but I do not understand what you have been describing. I hear you say that the gurnets’ heads, when dried, will burn either as fire or a torch, and I am sure you are right, but I do not understand what you mean by a leister nor catching fish with a blaze.”

“It is I who should beg pardon,” said Hope, “for using a word which is not translatable into French, and for speaking of a mode of fishing which is perhaps not known in this country. A leister is a sort of three-pronged spear which is very much used by poachers in the upper parts of the rivers in Scotland for taking the salmon at the time they are spawning, during the night. The salmon leave the deep pools, and come for the purpose of depositing their spawn on the gravelly shallows

where the stream runs rapidly. The poachers know this, so they wade on to these shallows with a light and a spear. When the light is thrown on the water, every pebble at the bottom can be seen, and when it falls on the fish they seem to be dazzled or charmed by the rays, for they lie still and allow their enemy to come close to them. The common process in the Highlands of Scotland is this :—When the poachers have reached the shallow at the head of some deep pool which they know the salmon frequent, one man holds the light high and casts the rays over every part of it. From the bank the fish may not at first be seen, but spots of gravel are clearly visible, which are of a lighter colour than the general surface of the bottom. This variety of colour the people know to be caused by the male salmon, who digs holes of considerable depth, throwing out the gravel on either side. On these heaps he rests, rubbing the gravel quite bright with his belly, while the female deposits her spawn in the hole which he has dug. Whenever this is effected she swims slowly away. The male then deposits his spawn on the eggs, and immediately throws back the gravel he has before dug out, thus burying the spawn and covering it with from six to twelve inches of gravel ; and here it remains till the warmer air of spring brings it to life, when all that the

larvæ of the dragon-fly do not eat crawl through the gravel and are known as par. Before the actual deposit of spawn takes place there is a great deal of flirtation and toying between the fish. When the male begins to dig the hole the female remains beside him, resting on one or other of the banks he is throwing up. Suddenly she will dart off and rush back into the deep pool ; the male immediately pursues her, and they are then of course lost to sight ; but in a few minutes they return swimming close together. The female resumes her place on one of the heaps, and the male recommences digging, till the female thinks proper to make another start into the pool. This alternate digging, flight, and pursuit goes on for hours, till at last the female, instead of taking her position on one of the heaps of gravel, goes into the trench which the male has dug, and then the male takes his place on one of the heaps, where he remains till the female has spawned ; then he follows, as I have already told you. I have given you this explanation, somewhat out of place perhaps, for the purpose of making you understand why the poachers, before entering the water, hold up the light to mark the bright spots in the gravel. These being well noted, the poachers enter the water, wading towards the nearest spot, always choosing the one furthest down the stream,

lest in wading they should disturb the lower fish by setting the gravel or sand in motion. When they come within spear-length of the fish, the person who carries the light keeps it very steady, while the one who is to work the leister or spear takes his aim. The rule is to calculate the depth of the water, and if it be eighteen inches deep he aims that distance lower than where the fish appears to be. If the water is two feet deep, he aims two feet below the fish. The spearman thus unknowingly allows for the refraction, and aims truly at the fish, instead of over him ; he then dashes his spear forward, and the fish is struck. With a large salmon there is sometimes a violent struggle between him and the spearman, even after the prongs are through him, before he yields himself up and receives the coup de grâce. When fairly mastered and basketed the poacher still keeps his place. If it should be the female that is struck, at the first plunge and struggle the male dashes into the pool, but in less than two minutes he will again return to look for his bride, when he is pretty certain to share her fate, as her slayers are in wait for him, and as soon as he is disposed of they move off to the next bright spot, where they are sure to find another pair. The great desideratum for this sport is a bright clear light, and I have been told by some old hands at the

work that the gurnets' heads, prepared as I have described, are at once the best, the cheapest, and the most lasting. The next best light is obtained from the knots of bog pine, which are dug out of the peat mosses and carefully dried for use."

"Monsieur describes the process so well," said Cross, turning to the Marquis; "that I could almost persuade myself that he has practised the occupation of *black-fisher* himself. Black-fisher (he continued) is the name given to the poachers who kill salmon when they are out of season."

"I hope not," said the Marquis; "for to kill those fine fish, when they are quite unfit to be eaten, would be a great loss."

"It is not altogether a loss," said Hope; "although I allow it is a great shame to kill them at that season; for, in killing one fish, you destroy thousands. But when I was a boy, I never thought of this. I only knew that it was immense fun; and many a hundred fish I have killed, and seen killed in this way. I am ashamed now to confess that I once leistered thirty-two large salmon in one night. A good deal of what I have told you, however, I have learned since I was older and wiser, and when I knew that this sort of sport had absolutely nearly destroyed the breed of salmon from

some of the smaller rivers I then gave up the use of the leister; but I was curious to learn the habits of these fish, and I still used a light to watch them. Many a cold October night have I spent on the banks, or in the water of some of our Highland rivers, observing the proceedings of the fish. It is from these vigils that I am now able to speak so decidedly about their proceedings when spawning."

"But, *mon dieu!*" reiterated the Marquis; "what a pity to kill these fine creatures when they are not fit to be eaten!"

"There our friend Cross is wrong," said Hope; "for although, as an article of food, a salmon out of season is a very inferior creature; still, for the poor, they are not to be despised. They are not, in general, used fresh; but are sometimes pickled with vinegar, or more frequently kippered; that is to say, they are cured with salt, sugar, and spice, and then dried in the smoke, which makes a very savoury morsel, a small bit of which will give zest and flavour to a large dish of potatoes."

"Ah! I remember I have tasted this kipper," said the Marquis; "and found it by no means bad. It was soaked in fresh water, torn to pieces with two forks, fried dry, and served in a napkin with the cheese. From my remembrance of that plat, I should have no objec-

tions to stick a salmon myself. I assure you I find your description valuable, and beg to thank you ; but you must forgive me if I run away just now, for I have some birds that I must look after myself, as I have promised Mons. Cross that he shall taste them properly dressed. And besides the interest I take in your nourishment, I have a relation who is to breakfast with us this morning, who is a judge of what is good, so I should regret if he was disappointed when he came to visit me ; therefore, with your permission I will say adieu for the present."

The Marquis walked off to the kitchen, and the two friends remained.

"He has got a lot of marrots and beheaded gurnets that he is going to cook. He tells me that what we consider carrion at home is, by his magic touch, to be converted into something as good as woodcocks, and better than hare."

"And I have little doubt he will keep his word," said Hope ; "for a Frenchman will live in luxury where our people would starve, merely from knowing how to make the most of what falls in his way. I confess I wish that our peasant women in Scotland knew something more of cookery than merely boiling a potato ; certainly our friend the Marquis errs quite as much in

the one way as our Highland wives do in the other; still if he can shew us how to convert marrots into good food, the lesson is worth learning, for what myriads of them have I seen on the coasts of Scotland, which might benefit our poor, instead of merely destroying the herring fry. So let us go and see how he gets on, and try to teach his method to some of the people at home."

"Tell me first," said Cross, "what you did with your insurgent."

"Oh, poor fellow! I gave him some little money, and have taken charge of a letter for him. I have promised also to procure him a passport, to enable him to get over to Jersey; it seems that he has some relation there, to whom he wishes to go, whenever he receives an answer to his letter."

"And how did he escape the hunt which your Garde Mobile described?"

"He tells me that he was in the wood with the rest; but instead of rising to run away when he heard the troops advancing, he lay flat down in a sort of ditch, and drew the grass and weeds over him. One of the Garde Mobile marched by within a yard without discovering him. He got up and ran back. He told me the number of people who were shot in the wood was very great, for that he had seen at least a hundred in the line he took.

He began to tell me the escapes and sufferings he went through, from that time till he reached his present hiding-place; but I could not stay to listen to him lest my absence might be discovered, and lead to inquiries. But I shall try to find some opportunity of hearing his adventures, for they seemed interesting, and narrating them may serve to lighten the poor fellow's confinement."

"His adventures would amuse me very much," said Cross; "so try and let me be present when he relates them; but, in the meanwhile, if we are to have a lesson in cookery, we may as well go and join the Marquis. While we look at what he is doing, we can ask him about snails, whether he thinks them eatable, and his mode of preparing them for table. I have no doubt he has some way; for a man that can make marrots good, will not leave neglected these creatures, since it seems they are eaten in that part of the country from which he comes. I forgot, by the by, to point out to you, that catching marrots so early in the year is another sign, in addition to the fog and high tide, that there must have been a heavy gale out at sea. I know that a considerable quantity of sea-fowl are taken near Mont St. Michel every year, but generally this takes place in October and November. I never heard of their being seen here so early in the autumn."

The two friends proceeded to the kitchen, where they found the Marquis dressed in his linen jacket, and wearing an apron. Cross asked for an explanation of the mode of cooking the marrots, which the Marquis gave at length, but the Englishman found that he had little talent for this sublime art; and all he learnt was that the birds were cut up, partly dressed, then scalded in boiling water. The only description he could give of the after proceedings was, that the bits of birds, with butter, gravy, red wine, and a very small quantity of herbs—he believed chives and rocamboles—were put into a flat pan, and were set on the charcoal stove to simmer to maturity. Perhaps the niceties were forgotten from listening to a dissertation on the merits of snails, for the moment they were mentioned the Marquis broke out into a strain of most eloquent laudation, and he seemed quite to take an affection for Cross for having named them.

“Ah, my dear friend!” said he, “I see that you are worthy to be a Frenchman; you have none of the absurd prejudices of your countrymen, who pretend to turn up their noses at this excellent article of nourishment. What a pity it is not winter, and I would myself dress some for you; unhappily at present they are out of season, that is to say those that have shells, which alone

are worthy the notice of a man of taste. Slugs are very nourishing in soup, but I have no great affection for them. But the garden snail is most excellent. There are many ways of dressing them; and if it was the season, I would take them in hand for you myself; but as it is, we must wait, for now they might not please you. All I can say is, that you will find them not only good, but most highly nutritious. I have heard that in England you have a Dr. Saloman who makes a wine to renew the vigour of your old gentlemen. Well, send your old gentlemen to me, and with a plat of snails, such as I can give them, in a month they will think themselves boys again."

"But could you not," said Cross, looking as grave as a judge, in spite of a most painful inclination to laugh; "could you not mention one of the ways of dressing these valuable creatures, which hitherto I have neglected?"

"Even in the simplest way they are good," replied the Marquis. "Scald them, to get them from their shells, and then fry them with a few crumbs of bread and a little seasoning—pepper, salt, and a pinch of fine herbs—they will not disappoint you; or they are excellent stewed either with a white or brown sauce; in short, they are one of those things which you can hardly spoil.

In choosing your viands, you should select those that are of a dark brown in the shell, heavy and well closed at the mouth ; these are in the best condition, and of course are the best ; for you may meet with lean snails as well as with lean mutton, and then you are naturally disappointed, for everything thin has an inclination to be hard."

Cross kept his gravity, not only during this part of the conversation, but during a great deal more that was said, both on snails and slugs. Hope stood it very well for some time, but the glances which Cross cast at him from time to time made him feel so much inclined to misbehave, that at last he stole away and did not return till he saw the Comte M—— enter the house ; he then followed and was introduced in due form. Cross was evidently in the highest possible favour ; for not only was he presented to the Comte, with the greatest empressement, but also during breakfast the Marquis insisted on his sitting next to him, when he selected the bits, both of fish and flesh, which he thought most choice, and presented them to him for his eating.

Both Hope and Cross allowed that a marrot was an excellent bird when cooked by a French Marquis ; what it might be under the hands of a Highland wife, remained another question. The gurnets also were pro-

nounced undeniable, whether from the loss of their heads or the Marquis's sauce, we do not say. Any further notice of the breakfast were useless, at least as to a description of what was produced and eaten ; but we must allude slightly to the new guest, as he was the cause of some amusement. He was a gay little fellow, about sixty-five years of age, but he looked much younger, and was so sprightly, that Cross whispered to Hope, " I suppose the Marquis must have fed his relative upon snails, he is so young for his age ! If I was sure of the fact, I certainly might make my fortune by keeping a table-d'hote for old gentlemen ; egad, I'll ask him."

" Do," said Hope.

" Your friend the Marquis," said Cross, looking extremely grave, " has been explaining to us that snails are a highly nutritious food. Do you agree with him?"

" Undoubtedly," answered the Comte ; " they are admirable, and I am very fond of them ; but I have eaten in Martinique another creature which I conceive to be fully better. I had some little prejudices about them at first, which, fortunately, I overcame, and found them excellent. The creature is not very tempting in the raw state, being in fact a large white maggot, which the blacks gather from the palm trees ; but when dressed

it is very superior. You, my dear nephew," continued he, addressing the Marquis, "not having been in the West Indies, have never met with this dish; it is one that I am sure you would approve of. I have never tasted the *Beche de mer*, which is nothing else than a sea-slug dried. I had a great wish to partake of them, but was always disappointed. I am told they are highly restorative, and are justly valued by the wealthy Chinese."

"I regret, indeed," said the Marquis, "that I have not tasted them; but we have a great deal in this country, if we make the most of it."

"Indeed we have," replied the Comte; "and talent is daily discovering some new mode of presenting these in a more tempting form. For instance, what could be better than that lobster *à la broche*, which I tasted the other day?"

"*Cochonnerie!*" exclaimed the Marquis, growing quite red in the face.

The Comte turned at the sound of his nephew's voice, looked at him for a moment, and then said, raising his voice—

"I am ashamed of you, and I pronounce that it was excellent."

"And I," said the Marquis, "that it was *Cochonnerie.*"

“ You make me blush for you,” rejoined the Comte ; “ you have no magnanimity, no heroism. You did yourself a great injustice in not tasting it; and now, by abusing that plat, you are unjust to my good friend who prepared it. I allow he was wrong in his opinion of your pigeons, but you ought to have more heroism, more magnanimity, than to revenge yourself on his error in judgment, by condemning his lobster à la broche, which every one else allowed to be excellent.”

“ Bah !” said the Marquis, “ how could any man pretend to be a cook, or a judge of what was good, who sent away those pigeons which I had prepared with my own hands ? Anything he could send up could not fail to be bad, therefore I continue to say that your friendship for that misguided person has led you astray, for I repeat that his lobster à la broche was *Cochonnerie*.”

“ But how obstinate you are !” interrupted the Comte, now quite in a rage. “ You would not taste the fish ; I did, and I hope to obtain the receipt, which is still a secret. I only know, at present, that this creature being fixed on the spit, is placed before the fire, where he is basted continually with a sauce, the ingredients of which are as yet unknown to me.”

“COCHONNERIE!” exclaimed the Marquis, which word he continued to repeat at the end of every sentence that the Comte uttered. He, however, took no notice of the interruption, but went on with his description, turning his back as much as possible on his nephew, and addressing his speech in turn to the rest of the party.

“As the heat touches the animal, the shell slightly opens, and through these cracks the rich sauce enters, and amalgamates with the” ——

“Cochonnerie!”

“flesh within the shell. As the process advances, the flesh dilates, and these cracks become wider. To prevent which, or perhaps to prevent the” ——

“Cochonnerie!”

“plat from being too rich, a choporline of champagne is poured over it. The wine flows into the dripping-pan, where it is well mixed with the first” ——

“Cochonnerie!”

“sauce; and the process of constantly basting is still kept up, till the animal is thoroughly” ——

“Cochonnerie!”

“done, when it is served, as hot as possible, the sauce being strained and sent with it, although this is hardly necessary, for the great beauty of the dish is, that

the sauce and the fish are so intimately amalgamated within the shell, that it requires no addition whatever, being" ——

"COCHONNERIE ! COCHONNERIE !" roared the Marquis. "juicy, savoury, and in spite of my nephew, super-excellent," screamed the Count.

"COCHONNERIE ! COCHONNERIE ! COCHONNERIE !" shouted the Marquis, bounding in his seat.

This last interruption, which was louder than any of the former, drove the little old gentleman quite furious. A violent altercation began, and was growing so loud, that in a very little while the uncle and nephew would have come to blows, had not the rest of the party interfered.

The Captain whispered to each alternately to remember that foreigners were present, but Hope was the most successful by saying, that in cases of taste there was no disputing, and that the best way was to name a third party to act as referee, since it was quite possible that a man might be ignorant in all matters of flesh or fowl, and yet have some knowledge regarding fish and crustacea.

The uncle was the first to recover his good humour. He related more at length the story of the dinner, where the quarrel had originally taken place. It had been a

sort of pic-nic of gourmands, where each had ordered some dish of which he thought highly. The Marquis had produced what he considered a masterpiece, being some preparation of pigeons ; this the lobster-admirer had only tasted, and then sent away his plate, which the Marquis had considered to be such an insult that he would not even look at the lobster, and very nearly called out his best friend for praising it ; indeed, he would have done so, had not a third party soothed him with the assurance, that though the Comte had praised the lobster, he had certainly helped himself twice to the pigeons.

“ Two of a trade can never agree,” whispered Cross. After a while, the Comte quite recovered his former gaiety.

“ What an unfortunate fellow I am !” said he. “ No one on earth hates émeutes and quarrels more than I do, and yet if there is a dispute in the country, I am sure to get into it ; and though all the world should be at peace, some one is certain to fall out with me. Here now is this ungrateful nephew of mine (whom I mean to make my heir, if he behaves well), he must needs quarrel with me, because I happen to like roasted lobster. The fact is, I am the fruit of an émeute, and into them I shall fall as long as I live. As I came into the

world through one, I know that I shall go out of it by one."

The hint about the succession worked marvels ; the Marquis's face resumed its smiles, and he begged his uncle to tell the history of his early life, as he knew that this was what he took the greatest pleasure in recounting. The Captain had heard the story before, but he joined the two Englishmen in requesting the Comte to relate his pet story, to which he was nothing loath, and began—

" You must know that about seventy years ago there was a very bad harvest in France, which fell particularly hard on that part of the country where my grandmother's property was situated. The peasants, instead of blaming heaven for the unprosperous season, thought proper to abuse the landed proprietors and rich householders, and in consequence got up an émeute to revenge themselves on these innocent parties. This émeute became so serious that they were obliged to send for troops to put it down. Among those ordered on this service was one of the regiments of guards, the officers of which were men of the highest rank and fashion. Well, when the news arrived that this regiment was coming, a meeting of the proprietors was called to arrange how the officers were to be lodged, as it was con-

sidered quite impossible to allow such men to be billeted like ordinary soldiers. This question was soon settled by every one declaring that he would be delighted to quarter an officer. But out of this sprung another difficulty; namely, who was to have the honour of lodging the Colonel. The Colonel was my excellent father, and I may say what I have heard of him, namely, that in addition to being rich and high born, he was one of the handsomest and most agreeable men about the country. There was no wonder, therefore, that all the ladies were anxious to have him, but the question still ran, who was to succeed? At last it was proposed to settle the matter by *doigt mouillé*.* My grandmother's was the fortunate name. In short, she hooked the Colonel, and accordingly he came to her house, where my mother saw him, and what is more, he saw her, and became hooked a second time, for they were married soon after, and as I am the produce of that marriage, I am not far wrong in saying that I am the fruit of an *émeute*, which fatality was proved very early in life, for

* *Doigt mouillé* is a method of drawing lots, something like *hide the horse*. The two hands are held up; one finger is marked by wetting, or by fixing on it a bit of paper. One of the party then turns his back, and another touches one of the fingers and asks, "For whom is this?" Whenever the marked finger is touched, the name given in answer wins the prize.

I was quite young when the great revolution broke out. My poor father was soon made an end of ; they cut off his head among the first. My grandmother, my mother, my aunt, my sister, and myself, were sent to prison, and there we lay for some time. Then our prison was changed, and we were put into another where there was an immense number of prisoners. I believe they forgot us owing to this alteration, for every day we saw from fifteen to thirty of our companions led out to execution, and as the windows of our prison looked out upon the Place, we could hear the sound of the guillotine as the knife fell. Young as I was, like those older than myself, I became callous to the fear of death. Indeed, our lives were so wretched that they were not worth preserving. I can remember now that all the clothing I had on was a shirt and part of an old shawl of my mother's. My poor sister was dressed in the same way. My mother was a very clever woman ; she never asked for any of the prison allowance of food, and I believe it was this precaution that saved us, since our names were thus forgotten. For food, all we had for many a long day was merely cakes made of buckwheat, or black bread, which was supplied by an excellent creature who used to split our fire-wood when we were prosperous. At last, however, when they had cut off the heads of

almost every one in our prison, an order arrived to send a special list of the names of any that might still remain. This brought us to remembrance, and a second order came down for our immediate execution. We were to suffer next morning. About nine o'clock that night my grandmother and her two daughters were at prayers; my sister and myself were looking on. My only remembrance of that night is that I was more than usually cold and hungry. Suddenly a noise was heard of shouting in the streets, but that was nothing uncommon. Next, a noise within the prison, ending in a shout of joy, which was *very* uncommon. Then the jailor entered, and told us that Robespierre was dead. The next morning we were free, and took up our quarters in the woodcutter's house, where we staid for some time. Almost the whole of our estates had been confiscated. They were gone; but one small property remained in this country, which ultimately my grandmother recovered. It is now mine, and if this my good-for-nothing nephew behaves himself, it will be his when I die. But to go on: the same fortune which sent me to prison when I was a child, sticks to me now. Wherever there is an émeute there I am sure to be, whether it be in Paris, Lyons, or anywhere else. If anybody is in a bad humour and wants to pick a quarrel, he is sure to

single me out and vent his ill-temper on me, who only pray for peace and quiet, a breath of air, a bit of dinner—well cooked if possible—and a clean bed. But even this, you see, I cannot enjoy in peace, for here is this fellow, who quarrels with me simply because I approve of lobster à la broche.”

The Marquis was now quite subdued ; so much so, that had a roast lobster been placed on the table by his rival, he would have eaten the one and shaken hands with the other ; but as this could not be, he contented himself with ample apologies to his uncle, and the breakfast concluded by their embracing each other. Since we shall see no more of the Comte, we now take leave of him, as did the Englishmen when they went out to walk. When they returned he was gone, and as the Marquis was somewhat ashamed of the scene in the morning, very little was said about him.

When the friends left the house they found that the fog was nearly gone ; the sun was still somewhat obscured, but an occasional glimpse of brighter light proved that he was soon likely to be the victor by dispelling any of the vapour that yet hung upon the land. Cross proposed that they should direct their steps towards the high ground to the southward, as from thence they could obtain a very extensive view of the country which

would not now be concealed by the fog. To this proposal Hope agreed, and they started in that direction. As they walked, they talked over the events of the morning, and were able to enjoy unrestrained a hearty laugh at the scenes they had witnessed during breakfast. They then canvassed the merits of the marrots, and Hope again observed that something could be made out of the hint which might prove advantageous to the peasantry in Scotland.

“The sauce is a matter of luxury,” said he, “but getting rid of the rancid oil by merely cutting away the back, and scalding off the remaining fat by plunging it into boiling water, is a process so simple that it might easily be learnt and practised by any one.” He declared his intention of trying to make the process known. After talking of these birds for some time, the conversation turned to fish. Gurnets were first spoken of, and mentioning the oil contained in their heads led back to salmon and salmon-poaching.

“By the bye,” said Cross, after they had been awhile engaged on this subject, “you said this morning that all the salmon spawn that was left by the larvæ of the dragon-fly crawled through the ground as par. What did you mean by the dragon-fly destroying the spawn?”

“Exactly what I said,” answered Hope. “I believe

a dragon-fly to be the **greatest** and most destructive enemy to fish—more especially to salmon. I know that a pair of these insects will do more harm to a river than a dozen otters, a flight of herons, or a shoal of trout.”

“How so?” asked Cross.

“By the number of eggs they lay. You may often have seen a dragon-fly in autumn resting on some weed that overhangs the water, beating its wings in an extraordinary manner; when you see this, you may know that she is laying her eggs; these eggs soon become larvæ, and more voracious wretches there are not in existence. They will eat every living thing, but their favourite food is the spawn of fish, more especially that of salmon. They seem to scent it out, and dig their way through the sand and gravel till they reach it; fortunately the season is somewhat advanced before they have strength to accomplish this task, for if they could get near the spawn early in the winter, not a grain of it would ever come to life, and such is their voracity that they will eat three or four times their own weight in a day. I have proved this by giving them that quantity of salmon spawn when I had them in confinement in a glass vessel, and they would eat the whole in a day. I have also given them a par as long as my finger, and in

twenty-four hours there was nothing left but the bones."

"What are these creatures like?" asked Cross. "I never saw any of them."

"They are the most hideous of all larvæ; and what is singular, in the pupa state they eat quite as much as when larvæ. It is difficult to describe them; they are of a good size, something like a deformed shrimp, with a larger head, over which it folds a double set of jaws that form a kind of mask. At one period of the larva state they are so transparent in water that you can see the food passing along a tube in their bodies, which moves in a continuous stream through them as they eat. When they change into pupæ they become darker in colour, and are no longer transparent. The larvæ have lumps on the shoulder; these lumps are larger in the pupæ, being the embryo wings. The larvæ move very rapidly, the pupæ move slowly, but are quite as voracious. The larva rushes at his prey at once, the pupa throws out the double mask-like jaws, which are now much elongated, and resemble two claws, draws himself to his prey, and devours it. I have no doubt we shall find some dragon-flies in this state on the weeds in the Mare de Bouillon. Here it will be more difficult to shew you the larvæ, but in the

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salmon rivers in the west of Scotland, if any one can point out to you a bed of salmon spawn, you have only to dig it up and you are quite sure to find two or three of these creatures either in the spawn or in the gravel close by. The destruction they create must be something incalculable. I suppose you have seen salmon spawn in all its stages, and are aware that as it comes to life the egg swells very much, and then a little head appears at one end and a tail at the other; the egg gradually lengthens out and becomes the body. I have taken them in this state and have put them in a glass globe where I kept my young dragon-fly. No sooner are they in the water than the wretch rushes at them, seizes them, and in five minutes they have passed through him. Now, one pair of dragon-flies will generate an immensity of these young demons, every one of which seeks for the spawn of the salmon, and if they find it they will eat at the rate of one hundred salmon in twenty-four hours. Judge, then, if I am not right in thinking that these insects are the worst enemies that fish can have. I have already said that in the larva state they are peculiarly destructive to salmon, but they attack in like manner the spawn of trout or grayling, in short of every fish down to that of a gudgeon or minnow, if they deposit their spawn in sand or gravel. The pupæ do not

confine themselves to the ground ; when they have reached that state, they gradually leave the ground and crawl up the weeds, and there devour the spawn of those fish which deposit their eggs on the leaves and stalks of aquatic plants. They are horrid brutes, and I do my best to kill them whenever I meet with any. Many a charge of powder and shot have I sent after them, and thought the ammunition well spent. I have heard a great deal of nonsense talked about the quantity of salmon-roe which is destroyed by trout. This is folly ; a trout will snap up a pea or two of spawn if he chance to find any, but this does no harm, for these peas are only some portions of the mass which the male fish has failed to bury ; they are useless, as they would never come to life, and I would make the trout heartily welcome to them. But these brutes of dragon-flies crawl into the beds where the spawn has survived the winter, and commence their work of destruction just at the moment that the young fish are about to enter into active life. Take my word for it, if you wish to increase the fish, either in pond or river, kill every dragon-fly you see."

"It is a pity," said Cross, "that what you say is not more generally known. I shall certainly, in future, kill every one I can find. They are very numerous here.

I have amused myself by collecting as many varieties as possible, and I can testify that the common great-headed kind does not lose his appetite in his perfect state. I caught one last year in a butterfly net, and held him by the wings to watch his motions ; while in this position I held a small fly to his mouth, which he snapped up in a second. This struck me as so odd that I got a friend that was with me to catch a number more flies, and of those he ate eight, one after another. Not to spoil them as specimens I always kill them by holding a feather, dipped in turpentine, to the mouth ; this they seize, and drink up the turpentine, which of course kills them, as it does every other insect, in a moment."

"I believe," said Hope, "it is the speediest mode of inflicting death on any insect, and I know that to rub a drop on your ears and brow is a way of giving comfort to man, if it gives death to insects. Many a brother of the angle has confessed this to me, when I have given him a drop from my bottle, and shewn him that rubbing it on his face will protect him from the attacks of those little torments, the midges. It is singular how little this is known. Many a man has been driven from the river side after enduring martyrdom, when a single drop of turpentine would have protected him as effectually

as a coat of mail, and allowed him to enjoy in peace a good day's fishing."

"That is true," said Cross. "An old friend of mine took it into his head to travel through Sweden last summer, and was almost devoured by mosquitos in the marshy forest tracts in the north. He told me that the natives who distil 'Stockholm tar' in these districts, and live in the wilds felling timber for great part of the summer, smear their hands and faces with a substance made from the pine, which smelt of turpentine, and is called pitch oil. The woodmen and workmen, and those who work the rafts of timber and floats of tar barrels down the great rivers to the Gulf of Bothnia, look like chimney-sweeps or smiths with their leathern aprons and black faces, and each man carries at his belt a small horn filled with this dark-coloured fluid, with which he smears his skin wherever a mosquito can get at it. It would be impossible for men to work in these regions without some protection, for the big mosquitos are more numerous and vicious than Highland midges, and draw blood; and the sand-flies, though smaller, take the bit out. Even peasant girls wear veils. My friend said that his own face was covered with red marks, and he counted fifty-two bites on one hand. But for spare diet he would have had a fever. Serious

illness has been caused by these bites, but pitch oil is as good as armour, and might surely be made a cosmetic."

"You mentioned distilling tar," said Hope; "did your friend tell you how it was done? I am always glad to pick up a wrinkle."

"He told me what he had seen," replied Cross. "A tract is selected in a pine forest, and the trees in it are barked all round and hacked with an axe near the root. They cease to grow leaves, and are half killed; and next year they are felled and chopped up into short logs. A piece of ground is then chosen, generally on the top of the bank of a rivulet, and a clay floor sloping towards a centre is laid down. On this the logs are piled up till a large mound is made; this is covered with earth and turf, and when all is ready it is set on fire. The burning goes on for a long time, and is carefully regulated, and the tar which distils from the pine flows from a duct which joins the centre of the clay floor. It is caught in barrels, and these, when full, are rolled to the nearest river, and floated down as great rafts. It must be curious to meet eight or ten tar barrels fastened together, and rolling after a pony, led by a rough man with a dark streaky face, all covered with pitch oil."

"They gather rosin in France," said Hope, "but on a different plan. At Arcachon, south of Bordeaux, and on

the sandy coast lower down, great pine forests grow on the dunes. These yield turpentine, but the trees are not cut down. A perpendicular groove is cut deep into the wood, and the wound bleeds rosin; the gum trickles down and is caught in a bit of bark and hardens, and when the time comes the sticky harvest is gathered. When a wound heals another is made, and so it goes on year by year till an old tree becomes a fluted column for a height of twenty feet. The pines do not appear to suffer from this milking process, and the rosin is used in manufacturing turpentine."

"What a deal of work it takes to save fishermen from midges," said Cross gravely.

Thus conversing they reached the top of the hill, where they paused to take breath and look about them. ✓

CHAPTER X.

LOST ON THE GRÈVE.

AFTER drawing a few long breaths, the friends began to look about them. They were standing on a small open space on which masses of granite might be seen protruding through the green turf, which was composed of a short close herbage largely intermingled with wild thyme. From the sides of the granite rocks grew straggling bushes of whin, like advanced guards to a thick cover of the same shrub which covered the lower side of the hill, and which concealed the ground to the west. To the south, the whin was seen growing as under cover among the oak and chestnut coppice which grew in that direction, forming a foreground to the larger timber which they had formerly seen and admired around the old castle of St. Jean de Thomas. To the north was the more scattered underwood through which they had passed to their present station, and on the east was a continuation of the same sort of woodland; but there it was fronted by a number of white

and black thorn bushes, forming a kind of thicket not easily passed through. From their elevated position the view was very extensive, as they were able from the spot on which they stood to overlook the trees on all sides. Hope gave one general glance around, but that was all, for his attention was immediately rivetted on the south-westerly point of view by the very singular appearance which there caught his eye.

The sun had fairly mastered the fog, and was now shining brightly, obscured only now and then by puffs of vapour which occasionally floated by from the sea in small detached clouds. When Hope, therefore, turned towards the south-west to look at Mont St. Michel, he was greatly struck by seeing nothing but the highest point of the building with the telegraph, the arms of which were then at work. This seemed to spring out of a plain of white cloud, the surface of which glistened in the sun's rays, looking more like silvery moonbeams on a placid lake than anything he had before seen in daylight. The portion of the building that was visible, and the arms of the telegraph, told hard and sharp against this shining plain, and were so distinctly seen that they looked close to them, although many miles of wooded plain and sand intervened between them and the fortress. After looking attentively for a minute at this

singular appearance, he turned to Cross, who was examining with great earnestness the thicket of thorns on the other side.

“Bless me, man,” said Hope, “what are you looking at there? turn your eyes this way and tell me if you ever saw anything like this before?”

Cross immediately turned, and he too looked for some seconds before he spoke.

“Well,” repeated Hope; “did you ever see anything like that before?”

“Yes,” answered Cross, “many a time; but never perhaps so strongly marked as just now.”

“And how do you account for it?” asked Hope.

“It is the sea fog,” replied Cross. “You must surely have seen something like it at home; when, from the top of a mountain, you have looked down in sunshine on a veil of mist, or cloud, hanging mid-way up the side. Don’t you remember the lines—

‘Though round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head!’”

“To be sure I do,” said Hope; “but your quotation is hardly apropos; for, Mont St. Michel, though a very respectable rock, is scarcely entitled to the dignity of a mountain; and these clouds do not roll, but lie like a quiet white sheet with all the apparent density of the

waters of a lake. Indeed, my first impression, when it caught my eye, was, that the place had been submerged. I have often seen what you allude to in Scotland; but the cloud, or fog-bank, on which you looked down, seemed grey, and you could partly see into it, and, as your poet says, it 'rolled' along, while this seems perfectly dense and stagnant."

"That is true," said Cross; "in looking at it from this distance, it seems perfectly still; yet I suspect if we were standing by the telegraph and looking down on the fog (for fog it is), we should see much the same effect as you describe; but with this difference, that in no part of Scotland did I ever see fogs so dense as those which frequently rest on this coast, especially on the Grève. But this fact, as I told you this morning, is a subject we may talk over among ourselves, when no Frenchman is by to hear us. Were any of them present it would be only waste of breath to tell them, for they would never believe such an assertion, or allow a comparison between savage Scotland and la belle France. I told you this morning that these fogs drift from the ocean, and seem to be dammed up between the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. Now, the Grève is exactly in the elbow of this great bay, where the fog is the most condensed; and it strikes me that the vast plain of wet sand

which is laid bare at low water adds to these moist vapours; perhaps more so from the body of warm fresh water which flows into it from the two rivers Sée and Selune. Professor Johnston has explained this, by shewing how you may account for the phenomenon so often seen in mountainous countries. I mean that a shower passing along a hill-side is always darker and heavier as it passes over particular places; and on going to the places where this increase of darkness is observed, you will invariably find some small fresh water loch or wet boggy land, the moist surface of which serves to surcharge the air and attract a greater discharge from the clouds as they pass over them. This is exactly the case on the Grève; for both rain and fog fall heavier and thicker there than on the surrounding land, and I am very sure that the mist, which was thick enough with us this morning, was ten times worse down there, so that the sun's rays have not yet been able to expand the air above the rivers and wet land. As I have seldom seen a thicker mist than we had this morning, so I think that I never observed the strange effect of overlooking a cloud so strongly marked. It is these fogs which render the Grève so very dangerous to the peasantry, who, while taking short cuts across it, are often lost. They are first caught in one of these fogs, then

lose their way, and wander into the quicksands, where they are swallowed up, leaving no trace behind them. A quicksand is worse than the greedy sea, for the sea sometimes 'gives back its dead,' but a quicksand never. I can tell you, looking at this sight makes my blood curdle, for it calls back the remembrance of the narrow escape I had last year, when four of us were saved, by God's mercy, from that fate."

"Ah!" said Hope, "I should like to hear how this happened. You seem in luck on this coast, for, by what you say, you have escaped smothering in the sand as well as drowning in the tide. I hope it was not an old fool like myself that led you into this scrape by looking for worms when he ought to have been striding away for 'terra firma.'"

"In truth, my dear fellow, you make me blush," said Cross, "by calling yourself an old fool and taking to yourself the blame of our adventure on the rocks, when in reality the whole fault lay with me. You did not know anything about the rapid rise of the tide and I did, therefore, for that cold sederunt, I alone am to blame; but of the greater danger on the Grève, I am innocent. The hazard arose from the rattle of that young Irishman we met the other day, and our safety was owing to his presence of mind and sharp eyes."

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"Your greater danger!" exclaimed Hope; "you do not mean to say that you were worse off in that bay than we were the other night, when we were holding on to a few inches of rock and the waves washing our shoes? If so, you must have been, as a Yankee would say, in a considerable unhandsome fix."

"And I assure you," said Cross, "I thought myself a thousand times worse off. On the rock I never felt any fear after little Matilde took us there, but on the Grève I went through all the stages, from the cold perspiration of good honest fear, to the quiet resignation of despair; and then felt again what I have heard described as the sensation of a condemned criminal who is reprieved at the gallows' foot: namely, a sickening feeling—first came joy and thankfulness for present safety, and then a more lively throbbing of fear and nervous agitation in remembering the past danger than I had felt when I had given myself up for lost and had taken leave, in my own mind, of life and this world. I can only tell you, that in spite of shame and exertion to hide my feelings, I should have fainted if I had not got a good pull at a bottle of brandy when we reached the carriage, and even the Irishman, who had shewn the greatest presence of mind, and kept us all up by his jokes during the height of our danger, was as much in

want of the brandy as myself. As for the other two, they lay down with the guide the moment we were off the sand. They had been rather tipsy when we started from the rock, and when we went to get them into the carriage the wine or the fright had so floored them that we were obliged to help them into their places."

"You must tell me the whole adventure," said Hope.

"Well, I will, if it will amuse you," replied Cross ; "but the description of this sort of scene never gives any idea of the reality ; however, since you wish it, here goes. Everybody knows about Mont St. Michel, for volumes have been written about it, and of course everybody who is near it goes to see it and to learn some fresh fable on the spot. If you should meet a priest and choose him for your guide, he will tell you lies by the score about the archangel Michael ; if a soldier, he will be equally eloquent and false in relating the lickings that the French garrison have given to the English ; and if you should fall in with a savant, he will cram you with archæology ; if a geologist, he will talk of submerged land ; if a peasant, he will spin you a yarn about the knight who left the rock in a forest, and found it an island in a quicksand. This, of course, you must bear with patience, and you may do so with ease, for the place is

well worth being seen, in spite of its present use. The most splendid halls and apartments are cut up and subdivided into what, before this last revolution, were the prisons and workshops of the greatest ragamuffins in France. There is no use talking about these or the place ; suffice it to say, I was asked to join a party going to see all these wonders, and I agreed to go. We provided ourselves with a hamper containing something to eat, and a few bottles of wine, and started in a hired carriage to make a day of it. Paddy, who was one of the party, kept us laughing all the drive ; and after we got to the rock, he still kept up his jokes with a sort of half gentleman, half guide, with whom he scraped acquaintance on leaving the carriage. I know not what this man was, whether priest, soldier, or savant, but he was well stocked with every variety of marvels usually related by each of these professionals. He firmly believed in the visits of the archangel, and that the two large guns which are shewn as trophies were taken from the English by his countrymen, and not by the tide, although in all other points he gave credit to the power and danger of a spring tide on the Grève. After going over every part of the building, from the entrance gate to the telegraph, we returned to the little dirty inn where our hamper had been deposited. Paddy invited our guide to

join our party, and amused himself and us by plying his guest with wine, while he led him on to tell one marvellous story after another. After exhausting his stock of saintly and soldierly anecdotes, he persuaded him to describe the many losses and escapes which had taken place at different times on the sands. These were well told, and bore the stamp of truth ; so much so, that we forgot the loss of time. When we had been standing by the telegraph, we had observed that the sea was foggy ; but as the day was so bright and fine, we thought nothing about a fog out at sea, till, in the middle of one of our guide's best stories, our coachman came in to announce that the tide had turned, and that as the fog was coming on, he wished to start immediately. We suggested half an hour's delay, but coachy was imperative for an immediate departure, finishing by declaring that if we were unwilling to start then, he would go alone, and wait for us on the mainland ; so that we might take our time and walk there, which, he added, we could do with safety, as we were not likely to lose the way on foot, although he might do so in driving, should the fog become much thicker. Some of us were for starting at once, but Paddy would not hear of such a proceeding till we had emptied the bottles, and heard our guide's narratives to an end. His jokes and determination over-

ruled our wiser scruples. The coachman was told to go or stay, as he chose. His choice was to go, and our glasses were barely filled to do honour to some toast which Paddy proposed, when we heard the sound of the horse's feet clattering down the steep pavement. This was all one to Paddy ; our guide was requested to go on with his story, and he was nothing loth, as each tale of peril ensured two glasses of champagne, which he swallowed like mother's milk. It was evident that he had the true Norman taste for good liquor, and plenty of it.

“The story he was telling when we were disturbed by the arrival of our coachman was one of a man that had been lost on the sands during a fog. Suddenly the day had cleared up before a rapidly advancing tide, when he found himself about half a mile to the west of the mount. Had he been acquainted with the sands, he would have known that he ought to make a circuit to avoid a branch of the river ; but it seems he was not aware of this danger, for he ran straight to the rock till he was stopped by the deep water. He then turned and ran along the stream, sometimes one way, sometimes another, having seemingly lost his head. He was plainly seen from the rock, and the people who saw him shouted and waved to direct him which way to go ; but

he neither saw nor heard them. At last two or three of the fishermen ran down to help him, but they had a considerable distance to go before they could reach the place ; and when they did get near him, the tide was advancing so rapidly that they were obliged to turn, to save their own lives. The poor man then ran to a mound of sand which stood like an island surrounded by water. The fishermen were obliged to make the best of their way back to the rock, and from thence they saw the water rise around the unfortunate man they had gone forth to save. There was no boat ; inch by inch the water rose, till at length he was borne away. They saw him overwhelmed in the waves, and it was the last that was ever seen of him, for his body was never found. It was supposed that it had been swallowed up in some of the quicksands.

“The fellow told this story well, much better than I can repeat it. He had a good deal of gesticulation and action, acting the different parts of the fishermen and the sufferer : shouting for the one, and running up and down the room and acting despair in imitation of the other. We forgot the coachman and the carriage ; the bottle went round, and, as usual, Paddy took care that his new friend should not be forgotten. In return for this, the said friend began a new story, or rather an old one, for I

think his next was the account of a governor being nearly lost, but fortunately saved by his wife."

"You may call it an old story," said Hope, "but it is new to me ; so let me hear it."

"Why," said Cross, "the adventure is told in every one of the many accounts which have been published about the Mount ; and I saw you reading one of the best the other day."

"The fact is," answered Hope, "I was not reading, I was only looking at the pictures, as the children say, and as I did not read the tale you may as well tell it to me."

"This is the story," replied Cross. "The Commandant of the Fort left it one day to go somewhere on the mainland, promising his wife to be back by a certain hour. One of these fogs came on, and as the husband did not arrive, his wife sent out the drummers to form a line, with directions to beat the drums as loudly as they could. It appeared that the husband had lost his way in returning, and was moving towards the greatest danger when the roll of the drums struck his ear. He turned, and guided by the sound, reached the first drummer. With this drummer was his own faithful servant, who had also gone out to search for him, and who had taken with him two large glass lanterns, with two wax candles lighted in each ; in short, a couple of those

lanterns which you see carried before the belles of the small Norman towns every evening when they go out to visit. The fog was then so thick that no one could see a yard before him, and to prove this fact, the story goes on to say that the Commandant thanked his servant for coming out to meet him, and then blew him up as a stupid fellow for not bringing a light with him. Of course, he was thunderstruck when he found that the man had a lantern in each hand. The history goes no further; but it may be quoted as a rare instance of conjugal affection, as well as in proof of the density of Norman fogs. Our friend, when he related the adventure, told us with a grin that the Commandant and his wife had been very lately married.

“At the end of this anecdote, of course, there was more wine, then followed another story, then more wine, till, instead of half an hour, we had passed upwards of an hour in listening and drinking. The last history we heard in the room was that of a vessel that had struck on the sand, on some occasion when a gale of wind and a fog had combined to mislead the sailors. The crew were saved at low water, but the ship and cargo gradually sank down into the sand. If I remember the story rightly, I think it was on the fourth or fifth day after she struck, that nothing was to be seen of her but the truck

of her mainmast, and the next day that also had disappeared.

“As the story ended, the bottles were found to be empty. I remember Paddy’s last joke was, bowing most respectfully to the narrator, and calling him a confounded liar, in English, which the honest man mistook for a compliment, as he did not understand a word of our language. Our bill was paid, and, as usual, we were called on to buy a number of the little articles cut out of some hard foreign nut, which are the work of the prisoners. Paddy gave the word to move, by saying, ‘Shove ahead, old fellow, and shew us the way; whether the sand swallowed the ship or not, you have swallowed our wine, and we have swallowed your bouncers, and we want a little exercise to digest them. So, *en avant*.’

“Down stairs we went, the guide leading, and I confess I felt rather a gasp when we got into the street and found it as dark as it was this morning. But our guide was quite comfortable; telling us to keep close to him and there was no fear, for that he could go the road blindfold, he knew it so well.

“We were soon on the sand, but the air apparently had an effect on our guide not quite to be desired, for he was evidently tipsy, and having already favoured us with so many stories, he then began to volunteer a song.

His voice was bad, and his theme anything but decent. Paddy then ordered him to keep his eyes about him, and, by way of return, sang a capital comic Irish ditty. The rest of us marched on in silence, except that every now and then I asked our guide if he was quite sure he was in the right road. He always answered with confidence that we were. After a while we came to a run of water, through which we waded ankle deep. When we had passed this, and once more trod on dry sand, it struck me that it was lighter in colour than what I had before remarked. When passing in the morning, I remembered that we had driven through several very shallow puddles of water; but as my impression and recollection of these puddles was that they would hardly cover the sole of the shoe, instead of being up to the ankle, I hailed our guide, and asked him more strictly than before if he was certain he was leading us right, drawing his attention to the last piece of water we had waded through, and to the colour of the sand.

The guide insisted he was right, and explained the deepness of the water by saying that the tide had turned, and asserted that the density of the fog deceived my eyes, for that the sand was exactly of the same colour as that over which we had been walking since we left the rock.

"This I felt might be true, for the fog was so dark that I could hardly distinguish the features of the speaker, though he was not six yards from me ; so I told him to move on. He did so, but I observed that he often looked about him ; and after another five minutes, he first slackened his pace, and then stopped.

"'Have any of you gentlemen seen a bush?' asked he.

"Paddy told him that he was a spalpeen, and that we had seen no bush since we left the mistleto that was hanging above the inn door of the cabaret, at the Mount.

"'I am certain the fellow has lost his way,' said I ; and, to confess the truth, I first got hot, and then broke out into a cold perspiration. The remembrance of all the stories we had been listening to rushed back on my mind with a most disagreeable distinctness.

"Paddy went up to the unfortunate guide, who was as white as a sheet, and taxed him with having lost his way. The poor devil confessed the fact, but declared that he could not be far wrong, and that he was sure he should find his track in a minute.

"On we moved again, the guide turning a little to the left. Paddy pulled out his cigar-case, and a bunch of allumettes fixed on touch-paper. These were bad, and would not light. Paddy tried several before he got one

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to kindle ; those that would not light he threw away, and these, in the end, were one great cause of our being saved.

“ We walked on, our guide moving very slowly, and we not a yard behind him. One of the disastrous tales he had related to us in the morning, which I have forgotten to mention, was that a marriage party were once crossing the sands ; the bride and bridegroom were about ten yards in front of the rest of the party, when suddenly the happy pair vanished from their sight. They had slipped into one of the spring quicksands, and were engulfed in a moment, and of course never seen again. I know not why, but this story was constantly recurring to my mind. I had thought it a most improbable fiction when I heard it, and yet somehow or other, it then always came back on me, and I dwelt on it more than on any other he had told us. We had been walking at a slow pace for more than ten minutes, this story still running in my head, when of a sudden I saw the guide slowly sinking before me. The poor devil screeched for help ; without thinking, I rushed forward, seized him by the collar, and threw him on his back a yard behind me. At the same moment, I felt as if something gave a crack below my feet, and I felt myself slowly going down ! I own my heart leaped into my mouth ;

I had never felt anything like it. I have broken through many a bog, many a *trembling eye* and *well-head* in the Highlands of Scotland, and once or twice I have found that disagreeable and nervous enough ; but it is nothing to the horror of sinking into a quicksand. The sensation to me was as if a slight crust had broken under my feet, through which they sank, and then something seemed to suck or drag me down, leaving me not the slightest power to assist myself. I did my best to raise one leg, but to no purpose ; the other only went deeper and faster down. In a few seconds, I was buried half-way up my thighs, and sinking faster. I shouted for help ! in a moment I felt Paddy's iron grasp on my collar. The guide was a little man ; it had required no great strength to draw him out ; but with me, it was a different matter ; a tall, heavy man, like myself, required no ordinary strength to lift. Fortunately, he who came to my assistance was as strong as a horse, but it took his utmost exertion to raise me. I felt two tremendous tugs, and then, oh happy sensation ! I found myself rolling on the hard sand beside the guide, who was on his knees, crossing himself with great devotion. It was true, I was without the collar of my coat, at least it was so torn, that a bit of red cloth, which had been inserted as stiffening, was hanging out, and in my fall had wound

round my face. This I pulled off and threw on the sand.

“ We took no long time to think or feel where we then stood, for Paddy sprang back himself, and called on us all to do the same. ‘ The ground is breaking under us,’ he cried ; ‘ come back, come back!’ Our two friends, who were on their legs, obeyed his call, and we, who were on the ground, were not long in following their example, for we could see the sand, as it were, cracking and flowing towards the spot where we had so nearly sunk, which now looked as if the sand was rising out of it ; as you may have observed sand heaving in a strong spring. We went back for about a hundred yards and then paused, as the sand was there quite hard, and so dry that it retained the marks of our feet. This, I must tell you, had not been generally the case, for in the greater part of our walk, the moment we lifted our feet, the impression first filled with water, then the sand seemed to slide into it, and all trace was obliterated.

“ Our two friends had as yet made but few remarks. I believe the wine in their heads had left little room for thought ; and up to that moment they had appeared unconscious of our being in any danger ; but then, of a sudden, they seemed to be aware of our position, and to remember some of the stories we had heard of the crust

breaking under unfortunate wanderers on the Grève, who immediately vanished into the bottomless abyss. Of this I am certain, that they both became very much alarmed, and one of them betrayed what was passing in his mind, by asking the guide if we were not on the top of one of the caldrons which he had described in the morning as being bottomless, and having only a thin crust of clay and sand resting on their surface. The guide had become so frightened, that he was quite stupefied and unable to give any answer, but Paddy replied, that he believed, if we were not on the top of one of those caldrons, we had been on the edge of one, for he had felt the ground yield beneath him, very like ice cracking, and that it was then he had himself sprung back, and called to us to do the same.

“Our two friends became extremely frightened, and I honestly confess I was so too. Paddy was no fool, and therefore, I am sure, he shared our alarm ; but he concealed the fear he must have felt, and cut some joke about the appearance of our guide. If fear is infectious, certainly courage is also ; for Paddy’s coolness gave me hope. I believe it was I who first tried to rouse our guide. Paddy soon aided my endeavours, but it took some time before we could get him to give any rational account of where he thought we were. By dint of re-

peated questions we at last made out that he imagined we had gone too far to the left, and that we should then be near one or other of the rivers, as it was always close to the rivers that the danger was the greatest. Further questioning and drawing plans on the sand at length gave us to understand where our guide supposed us to be.

“Paddy, having acquired this information, insisted upon being our guide, for he said that by going to the right for a certain time, and then again easing off to the left, we should be sure to reach firm ground somewhere; and at all events, by bearing in that direction, if we went wrong we should walk into the sea, and drowning was a cleaner death than being smothered in sand.

“I thought his reasoning good, and did not oppose the proposal, but I suggested that we should all tie our handkerchiefs together, one end of which was to be fixed to his arm, and that I, as the strongest of the party, should walk behind Paddy and hold the other end, so that if he got into another quicksand I should be able to haul him out. The guide was now quite useless from fear, so our two friends undertook to bring him along between them, keeping close behind me. This, I must tell you, was absolutely necessary, for the

fog was now so dense you could not see two yards before you.

“ Our line was soon formed, and we started. After proceeding for some distance, Paddy stopped to hold, as he said, a council of war. His suggestion was that we ought then to turn again to the left, and if the guide was right we must hit the land somewhere. We, as councillors, agreed, and the guide, who had partially recovered himself, joined in our opinion. I must tell you that in this walk we had been obliged to cross sundry strings of water, several of which took us up to the mid-leg. It was these bits of water that revived our guide, for he said they were the marks that shewed we were going right.

“ This news gave us fresh spirits, and we moved on at a quicker pace, and with lighter hearts, for we had again hope ; but hope died gradually away, for after walking for a quarter of an hour, no land was to be found. Paddy shouted, ‘ Hurrah, boys ! never say die, and never cry strike while there’s a shot in the locker ! ’ and on he marched for some minutes longer. Suddenly I heard him exclaim, ‘ All right ! here’s somebody’s toggery.’ He turned a little on one side and picked up something, what I could not distinguish till I stepped up to him, when, conceive my horror ! it was the lining of my

collar which I had thrown away half an hour before. The fact was only too plain ; we had been walking in a circle, and were on the same spot where Paddy had undertaken the duty of guide, and consequently within five yards of the quicksand into which both the guide and myself had so nearly gone down !

“ It is quite impossible to describe accurately the sensation which this discovery created on the different individuals of the party. I can only tell you what I felt myself, and how the others acted. Our first movement, by one consent, was to rush from the place where we stood, and then our guide threw himself on the sand, began to bemoan himself, and to call on the saints for aid and protection. Our two friends said nothing, but both were very pale. Paddy ground his teeth and lit a fresh cigar. The effect on my nerves was singular. For some time before I had felt considerable agitation and anxiety ; then I was convinced we had no chance. I knew that the tide was rising, and that before long we must be overwhelmed by the sea. I thought death inevitable, but the conviction made me perfectly calm, so that I looked about me, and was quite able to observe all that my companions did.

“ Not a word was spoken for a minute or two by any of our party ; the guide alone continued to moan, to

wring his hands, and call on the saints. He was so fluent with his list, that I am confident at some time or other he had been in some way connected with the priesthood. At last Paddy broke the silence by telling him to hold his blethers and let a gentleman speak. Then he turned to us and said, 'Well, boys, let's be moving; there's no good in standing still to be drowned; so at it again, and better luck this time!'

"He was beginning to move, when he again stopped, and pulled a bundle of old letters out of his pocket, which he began to tear into little pieces. 'Dropping a bit of this as we walk along,' said he, 'may help to guide our eyes and keep us straight, if we spread out as far apart as we can, still keeping one another in view.' He asked me to go last, and call to him whenever he was swerving from a straight line, as the morsels of paper he would drop might, he thought, be seen even better than the figures before me. I at once agreed to take the place assigned me, and we were about to start for the second time, when he again paused. 'Surely,' said he, 'some marks of our footsteps must still remain, and if we can trace them back, we shall be able to find out the spot where we first went wrong, especially if we can get that howling idiot to listen to reason.' He spoke to the guide, but the latter was quite inco-

herent from fear, and after a vain endeavour to recall him to his senses, he gave up the attempt. 'We must trust to Heaven, and to ourselves,' said he; and turning to our friends, he asked them to take care of the poor man, and requested me to stand still, and answer him if he called out. He then walked in the direction where the lining of the collar of my coat had been found; he was out of sight in a moment, but I saw that he had dropped some morsels of paper, to guide him in returning. After a second, I heard his voice hailing cheerfully, and calling on us to join him. We followed the line of scraps of paper, and were soon at his side. He told us that he could see the track we had come, and that he felt sure he could take us back on our former footsteps. I examined what he pointed out, and certainly thought there were marks, but so faint, I never should have discovered them if his sharper eyes had not first seen and pointed them out. I own I placed no confidence in them even then, but I agreed to the proposal he had previously made of taking the rear guard, and trying to direct a straight line by keeping one of my companions and the bits of paper in one. We started, Paddy first, then went one of our friends leading the guide, the second followed, and I brought up the rear, keeping my friend in view; but to do this, I could not

allow him to be more than three or four steps in advance of me. Thus we marched on for several minutes, without a sound being uttered by any of the party ; for even our guide had ceased to moan aloud. I suspect we were all thinking, and thinking seriously. On a sudden, this silence was broken by a cheerful shout from our leader. 'Hurrah! never say die! there's life in a muscle!' said he ; 'all right, and no mistake.' These were the words I heard ; we all sprang forward, and a dozen steps brought me to his side. When I joined him, he was holding in his hand one of the allumettes which had failed to kindle, and which he had thrown away ; this he had found lying on the sand, and it convinced us all that, so far at least, we had retraced our steps correctly. The guide was then again questioned—and, to say the truth, Paddy did not accost him with very gentle words, some of which, such as *spalpeen*, he might not understand, but poltroon and bête, together with a good shaking, seemed to rouse him, for by degrees he became more communicative, and gave us to understand that he was quite confident he had been in the right road till we entered the water, and that there, he now felt convinced, he had gone too much to the left. After clearly making this out, Paddy gave the word to start, but this time he himself took charge of

the guide ; the rest of us resumed our former positions. I soon saw by the bits of paper that we were leaning to the left, and I shouted to say so. I was answered, ' All right ; I am doing it on purpose ; but now keep me straight.' Thus we proceeded for some little time. I had again resumed my thoughts,—not very lively ones, as you may suppose—when a fresh shout struck my ear, this time from the voice of the guide. I was soon by the side of my friends, who had rushed forward on hearing the cry ; they were all standing by a sheet of water. Paddy stooped down and tasted it—it was salt ! ' We've done our best,' he said ; ' but I fear it's all up with us.' Our guide was tearing his hair ; hope had revived in him for a while, and then again despair completely overwhelmed him—indeed, he seemed quite to have lost his reason. Paddy also appeared to have entirely given up hope ; he was perfectly calm in manner, but very pale ; our two companions were the same. One of them said in a clear voice, ' The Lord have mercy upon us,' to which we all with one accord responded, ' Amen.' As we uttered the word, a hollow sound was distinctly heard ; it was the same sort of moan which the sea gives, and which you heard the other night just as we got on the rock : you then saw the manner in which the tide, as it rises, comes gently

on for a while, and afterwards rushes up in one great wave. There could be no doubt that the sound we then heard was the roll of this fearful wave, and if we had been uncertain about it, our guide would soon have enlightened us, for he redoubled his cries for mercy, and shouted, 'The wave, the wave! we are drowned! we are gone!'

"And what did you do?" exclaimed Hope.

"As I have told you," answered Cross, "I had given up all expectation of safety some time before. I was therefore calm and quite collected. I don't say this by way of boasting, but simply because it was the case. I felt that death was inevitable, and mine was the calmness of resignation to a certain fate which I could not avert. Fear is most painful while there remains any uncertainty; when doubt ceases, fear, in a great measure, ceases also, and resignation takes its place. A man of courage may meet death calmly when he can do nought to avert his doom, for he knows that some day or other he must face that dread conqueror. The struggle between courage and fear is only agonizing beyond endurance at the moment when despair is crushing hope. I am sure it was so with me; I do not deny that I felt that struggle painfully, and I think the feeling was the same with us all. I looked at every countenance, and

am confident that, though they were calm, each was preparing for certain death. We were all standing close together. I know not who made the first movement, but we all pressed each other's hands in silence. We did the same to the guide, which had the effect of setting him howling again. Through the noise he made, we again heard the same hollow sound repeated, and we saw the water rising beside us, and running in an increased stream past us; there was an air of wind also that came from the same quarter. Paddy said, 'Whisht!' and turning to the guide, went on, 'God bless you, you poor creature, can't you hold your tongue and drown quietly! I'm tired of your noise. If it was not for you, we might perhaps guess where we are by listening to the sea!'

"As he uttered these words, a strong breath of air struck upon our right cheeks. We were then all facing the water. The breeze increased; and in an instant the fog seemed to be lifted up, so that we could see for more than a hundred yards all around us, and we perceived that, within ten yards of where we stood, a broken bush was firmly planted in the sand; whilst in the water, not fifty yards from us, was the top of another which could be clearly seen. Paddy shook the guide with no gentle hand, as he pointed to them—'Do you see those, you

spalpeen?' said he; 'and now can you tell where we are?' The man looked for a moment, then sprang high from the ground, shouting, 'Saved! saved!' In another second he was into the stream, wading as fast as he could move towards the more distant bush. The water was nearly up to his hips. We followed him without exactly knowing why. We passed the bush, continuing to wade in the same line, and in two minutes more were again on dry sand: the marks of wheels, horses' and men's feet, were there visibly imprinted on a more muddy strand. A very few yards further, a third bush was in sight. We were once more on the road; we were indeed safe!

"I must now confess my folly. Up to that moment I had been calm, but then a revulsion came over my spirits. I felt my ears ring; a hot flush came over my face; tears came into my eyes, and both my feet and hands had a tingling sensation that deprived me of power, while my knees shook so much that I could scarcely walk. I was quite unable to see what my companions did. I heard Paddy's voice cheering on the guide, and mechanically I followed the sound. Fortunately we had not far to go. In less than five minutes we were treading on earth and stone instead of sand; in another minute we were beside the carriage. I clung

to the side of it, and then I felt such an utter prostration of strength that, if I had not got hold of a bottle of brandy which was in the pocket, and swallowed a great gulp of the contents, I should have fainted.

“I do not think Paddy was much better than myself. He had shewn great courage and presence of mind during the whole trial, but I think the reprieve from certain death had almost as great an effect on his iron nerves as on mine. He took a longer pull at the brandy than I did, and then pressed my hand, saying, as he raised his hat, ‘Saved by God’s mercy, my boy! and we may praise His name. If it had not been for that hole in the blanket, we were gone coons!’

“After a while we looked round for the rest of the party, and, as I have already told you, found the three lying on the ground, close to the sand. We administered a dose of the same comfort we had ourselves swallowed. The guide, who had betrayed the greatest cowardice during the danger, was the soonest recovered; he swallowed a goodly dose of the cordial, crossed himself, returned thanks to the Virgin and St. Michael, and then cut a caper, quite himself again. Our two friends were stupefied, and what they drank seemed to make them worse, so we helped them into the carriage, and,

after slipping a couple of five-franc pieces into our guide's hand, which he willingly pocketed, we got into the carriage ourselves. He clambered up beside the coachman, and there, no doubt, he related our adventures, and made himself the hero and saviour of the party. This much I know, his voice never ceased for one moment from the time he mounted the box till we paused to set him down at a cabaret, about two miles on the road home ; and the coachman congratulated us on our good fortune in having had such a man with us as a guide, for otherwise we must have perished ! It was not worth our while to tell what a useless, cowardly fellow he had shewn himself.

“ We were half-way home before any of us spoke much, but then by degrees we began to talk over our adventures. I think the chief subject was the curious but well-known fact that people always have an inclination to walk in a circle instead of a straight line, either in the dark or with the eyes blindfolded ; and since that time I have seen some very good fun and a considerable deal of money lost and won in bets as to whether a person could walk straight forward for a hundred yards with his eyes blindfolded ; or better still, to see two people start together to try, for a wager, which could go the straightest.”

Hope thanked Cross for his story, and allowed that the position he had then been in was far more critical than that in which they had been placed when surrounded by the water on the rock.

“I do not wonder,” said he, “that you were alarmed, for the danger was truly frightful, and there certainly is something very appalling in being lost in a mist. I know that in such a situation everybody is oppressed with a feeling of dread which cannot be understood by those who have not undergone the trial; nor could any one, who has not been so placed, conceive the complete confusion of memory which attacks the coolest. People who have lived all their lives on a mountain side may tell you that they know every stone and bush of heather within five miles of them, and yet will find themselves lost when almost close to their own homes. This I know to be true,” he continued, “for I once wandered for several hours on a moor, every inch of which I thought I knew, and I was in company with a game-keeper and a herd who had spent the greatest part of their lives within a mile of the place where we first went astray. They were as much puzzled as myself. We were returning home from shooting, when, just as it was growing dark, a thick fog came on. The keeper proposed that we should leave the track we were in to

take a shorter cut over the shoulder of a hill, to which I at once agreed, as I knew that the line he suggested was shorter than the road we were following. We stepped out, and I remember at first that I only thought the hill rather longer and steeper than usual, but this I accounted for by recollecting I was somewhat tired, and when that is the case every one thinks a hill longer and steeper than when he is fresh. Now I know that years have the same effect as fatigue; for I feel that as I grow older I find every mountain side longer and more difficult to climb than I did twenty years ago. After walking for some time the hill seemed to get higher instead of becoming level and then falling off and descending. The long and short of it was we were lost; not one of us had a notion where we were. The ground was so marked in character, and we all knew the country so thoroughly that I own when I found we had lost our way, I was half inclined to agree with the herd and think myself bewitched. Well, we wandered about for several hours without being able to make out where we were, till at last I was so tired I could go no longer; so I desired the men to pull a lot of heather, and fairly made up my mind to sleep on the hill. We tried to make a fire, but the heather was wet and green, and we got little more than smoke for our pains. At ten o'clock

we were still working away in this vain attempt when the moon arose. The fog was then gone, and to our astonishment we found ourselves not a quarter of a mile from the herd's house, and at least four miles from the place where we imagined ourselves to be. The line we thought we had been taking was to the south-west, but we discovered that we had gone exactly north-east, and to this hour I cannot understand how we wandered so far out of our course. The herd was afraid of fairies and witches, but no one else had the slightest fear, nor indeed was there any cause for alarm, as the worst that could befall us was a night on the hill; and yet the effect of the mist was so confounding that three men, all skilled from our habits in local memory, had strayed thus ridiculously out of our way, and this not in a strange country, but on ground that we had known all our lives. The dwellers in towns would never believe such a story, or if they did they would raise their hands and eyes, and say, 'What fools!'

"A dweller in a country town might do so, but no inhabitant of London could think so with truth," answered Cross, "for I knew an honest Cockney who was nearly drowned by falling into the Thames at Hungerford market, when he imagined he was entering Hanover Square, which is quite as extraordinary as

your wanderings on a Highland hill, or ours on the Grève."

"That's true enough," said Hope; "and now you remind me of it, I have heard no end of queer stories relating to the adventures that have happened to people in a London fog; and these I can well believe, for nothing but Egyptian darkness could surpass two fogs I myself witnessed in that city. It was darkness that was absolutely felt."

While this conversation had been going on, the two friends had seated themselves on one of the granite boulders. During the last minute Cross had risen from his seat, and though he still conversed, his attention was evidently fixed on something behind them. Hope rose also, and observed that Cross was again staring into the thicket on which his eyes had been so earnestly fixed when Hope first called his attention to the effect of the mist around Mont St. Michel.

"What the deuce are you looking at?" asked he; "it must be very attractive, to turn your thoughts and your eyes from what has so much interested me."

"And so it is," replied Cross. "There is a nest of shrikes among those bushes. Don't you hear them screaming? It is so very late in the season to find a nest of them just flown, that I was very much taken up

by the discovery, and I am now looking if I can get a sight of them : I was engaged in the same way when you first called to me. I have been trying all this season to get a young shrike, as I wish very much to tame one, and teach it to hawk small birds. Butcher-birds are common enough in this country, but I have never been fortunate enough to get a young one caught, and in despair I had given up all hopes of getting one for this year, when I heard those old birds screaming, and as there are young ones answering them, I am sure they may yet be taken. The old butcher-birds drive off their young the moment they are of an age to take care of themselves, but as these are still protecting their brood, I am certain that the young birds cannot be strong enough to fly far, therefore if you will help me, I may yet be able to catch one."

"With all my heart," said Hope. "Shew me the birds, and I will do my best ; but I am afraid you will find me a very bad assistant, as I am rather too fat and stiff for running after anything that has wings or four legs. I remember when I was a boy that we often tried to rear these butcher-birds, and used to amuse ourselves by giving them large beetles, and watching the way they fixed them against the wires of the cage, and then tore them to pieces. You need not have come to

France to seek for them, for there are numbers that breed all round Windsor—at least there were when I was a boy at Eton.”

“You are thinking of the lesser butcher-bird,” answered Cross; “what the French call the *écorceur*; there are plenty of them in this country also. I have found several of their nests, and could have got as many young birds of that sort as I chose to take, but this is not what I am looking after. The birds you now hear are very scarce in England; they are the great shrike, or butcher-bird, called by the French the *pie grièche* grise. It was once as much the fashion in France for the noble ladies to keep their *pie grièches* as it was for their lords to keep falcons. With the first they pursued their *chasse au vol* by hunting small birds in their gardens, while with falcons the sport was more fatiguing, for with them, as you know, they hunted herons, following the chase on horseback. Charles IX. was very fond both of falconry and of seeing the *pie grièche* attack the thrushes and blackbirds in his garden, and is said to have enjoyed this smaller game as much as he did hunting Huguenots or hanging heretics. I once saw a curious old manuscript, giving an account of the manner of educating the *pie grièche*, and conducting this sport. It was reading this work, which was written during

Charles IX.'s reign, that made me so anxious to get some young birds, to try if I could train them in the manner there described, and as you have promised to help me, do not let us lose any more time. The only way to succeed is to fix on one of the young birds and chase it till it is exhausted, and so tired that we can lay hold of it."

Hope laughed, but agreed. "I hope no one will see us 'toodling,'" he said, "or they will think us mad; two men, each well on for six feet high, hunting an unfortunate bird by shying stones and shouting to keep him on the wing, till he is no longer able to fly at all; but here goes, though I have not done such a thing for forty years."

Away they went, and had any one been near to watch the operation, they would doubtless have been highly amused. The two rushed into the thicket together, and having fixed on one of the young birds, they commenced the chase. Cross's longer and younger legs gave him the start, and on he dashed, Hope following, and then only an occasional glimpse of them could be seen from the open ground, but a listener might have heard their voices, as they called to each other; first, Cross shouting, "Look out Hope! I've turned him," then a crash among the bushes, and an answer from

Hope, of, "He is going to you now. I've driven him back again," and so on. After a quarter of an hour of such sounds, mixed with shouts and the rattling of sticks and stones among the branches, Cross gave a cheer, and appeared again in the open space, holding his hat in his hand with his neckcloth tied over it; Hope came crawling out shortly after with face and hands scratched and bleeding, his coat torn in several places, and streaming with perspiration.

Cross was much in the same state, but in high glee. "Hurrah, my boy!" he exclaimed; "I've got one, and if we carry on, we may get the rest; there are certainly two more."

"No, I thank you," replied Hope; "I have done enough for to-day. Make the most of the one you have got, for he ought to be valuable, seeing he has ruined two coats, not to mention the skin I have sacrificed in his capture. The fact is, I am done up and could not take such another run to save my life." He sat down on a stone and wiped his face.

Cross looked, and saw that he had no chance of persuading his friend to begin again, for crawling under one bush and squeezing through another is not an exercise that can be followed long by any man who has passed twenty years of age, more especially if the

bushes chance to be covered with thorns, as they were in the present instance; and this even Cross felt, in spite of his desire to possess himself of the rest of the young shrikes.

“I believe you are right,” said he; “this is no work for grown gentlemen; but if you do not mind going a little out of your way, as soon as you are rested, we may call at a farm-house not far from this, and try if we can get some boys to help me in catching another of these birds, and at the farm I may also procure something to make a better cage than my hat, in which to confine my present captive.”

“There is more sense in that proposal,” answered Hope. “I wish I was a boy, and active enough to help you, but as it is, we must seek younger aid; so come along to your farm-house at once.”

Cross was only too glad to begin the walk. The capture of the one bird had made him the more eager to get the others; so they took their way, returning through the wood along the same path by which they had come. When clear of the wood, all remembrance of mists, and perils from mists, was fairly forgotten; nothing was talked of but hawking, rearing hawks, and taming pie grièches, on which subject Cross was both eloquent and amusing, being well read in all the works

written upon it, quoting from many, especially from Campbell on Falconry, and from the manuscript on the reclaiming of pie grièches, which he had lately seen, and which had so strongly excited his fancy, as to give him the desire to possess some of the birds on which he might try his skill in rearing.

The walk was not long, and they reached the farm in less than a quarter of an hour. Like most of the farm-houses in Normandy there were ranges of ill-built out-houses, irregularly planned, standing about the principal dwelling, with no sort of order or method. The whole crop, including hay, being always stored in barns instead of in stacks, the farmer had built fresh houses as his farm and crop increased. An old château seemed to have been the chief quarry from whence the stones had been taken to erect these new buildings. Of the château, one old tower, with its steep roof and pepper-box corners, was still standing—the site being about a hundred yards in the rear of the present dwelling-house. At one side of this tower were the remains of the ruined walls of a large building, on the other, a number of low thatched buildings, above the roof of which a thick smoke was rising; and the sound of voices laughing and talking could be heard in the same direction.

There was no one in the farm-house or in any of the buildings near it, so, after calling in vain at each, the two friends bent their steps towards the old tower, the lower storey of which they found was used as a stable and byre, for in it were standing two horses and four working oxen ; such a number in one man's possession marked him as wealthy in his station. The upper storeys served as barns, and were then half full of hay and straw. The roof was evidently a pigeon-house, and a considerable number of those birds were resting on the high ridge. No person was to be seen, so they turned to pass round the broken walls of the château, and seek the parties whose voices were now much more clearly heard. It was impossible to tell what was said, for there seemed to be about a dozen different voices, both male and female, all talking together.

“This way,” said Cross, as he directed his steps round the ruin. “We shall find the whole boiling of them here, and they are certainly settling something which they think of importance, for they are all talking at once—everybody speaking and no one listening, the invariable method of conducting a discussion in Normandy. I wish they had chosen some other day for their debate, for I am afraid I shall not be able to bribe a single boy to come and help me, though I can distin-

guish the young whelps' voices, trying to out-scream the older men and women."

"I think they are fighting," said Hope. "There is a woman's voice that sounds most harsh and disagreeable; she seems to be in an awful rage."

"Not a bit of it," answered Cross; "it is only a friendly discussion. I recognise the voice you mean; it is that of the mistress of the farm, a worthy old lady, and a great friend of mine."

The château must have been a large building when in its glory, for it took some minutes to walk round all the remains of ruined walls; but at last the final corner was passed, and they came to a sort of enclosed yard in the rear of the tower, in the centre of which was a fire, with damp straw for fuel, that was blazing and smoking when they came in sight. Above this fire was formed a sort of triangle made by setting up a long pole and the trams of one of the country carts, and from this dangled the carcass of an immense long-sided pig. A dozen men, women, and boys were employed around this arrangement, all roaring and giving orders, which no one seemed to obey.

"What are they doing there?" asked Hope.

"Singeing a pig," answered Cross; "and as the animal is as black as my hat, the job, I suspect, is nearly

done, and I may perhaps get the boys. But as the method of salting bacon among the common people in this country is rather curious, I advise you to stop and look at it while I return to seek after my butcher-birds. I will wait for you, or join you at the end of the wood."

Cross then joined the party. Hat he had none, but he bowed profoundly to the old lady whose voice had been heard the loudest. He made his wishes known, asked for the loan of a cage, for permission that two or three of the boys should assist him, and that she would shew Hope her method of curing bacon. To everything she consented with a good-natured smile, and as the appearance of the strangers had caused a sudden silence, her directions were listened to. The boys were sent off with Cross, her husband was ordered to lower the pig, and she assured Hope she should consider herself much honoured by his observing the manner in which she cured her bacon.

While the old lady and Hope were making civil speeches to each other, the pig was carried to a bank about ten yards distant, by the husband and the rest of the party, and as soon as Cross and the boys departed, the old lady led Hope to join this party. There he found that the pig was laid on his back by the side of a hole that looked very like a grave.

“What is that hole for?” asked Hope.

“To put the pig into,” answered the lady.

“Are you going to bury it?” he again asked.

“Assuredly ; it would not take the salt in any other way,” she replied.

“Why not cut it up and cure it in a salting tub?” he inquired.

“Ah ! my good gentleman,” she said, “you forget how dear salt is. We should be ruined with your salt tubs. That may do very well for rich people, or town gourmands, but country people must be economical. We can cure a pig in our way with less than a quarter of the salt they use in the towns, which is a serious consideration. Added to which, we may kill our animals whenever they are fat, whereas with your tubs, you must wait till the weather is cold before you can make bacon ; for, as you see, we are now only in September, and our pig is fat, so we kill it. In the towns, they would wait till the end of November, and thus undergo the expense of feeding an animal for nearly three months longer than we do ; so that, what between extra food and the additional quantity of salt, their bacon costs them five sous a pound more than ours.”

“I shall like very much to see how you proceed,” said Hope.

“That is soon done,” replied the old lady ; and she issued her orders, upon which every one followed her example, and began to roar forth their own directions, so that it was quite impossible to understand what any one said. Nevertheless, while they talked they worked, and Hope was able to see, though he could not comprehend the orders given. A bucket was produced with a quantity of salt and saltpetre mixed in it ; every one took a handful of this ; the pig was laid on a piece of coarse canvas, and the outside was rubbed with the mixture. The mouth, throat, and ears were then filled with the salt, and firmly tied up with string. A quantity was then put into the stomach, and it was also bound up with cord. The remainder of the salt was afterwards spread pretty evenly over the outside of the carcass, and the canvas was fastened over all ; which done, the whole animal was lowered into the grave, and the earth was thrown in, till the trench was filled up. Some bundles of straw were spread like thatch over the top, and the job was done.

“How long do you leave the animal there?” asked Hope.

“About six weeks,” was the reply.

“And do you do nothing else to it?” he inquired.

“O yes ; when we take it out it is hung in the barn

till the bad smell goes off ; then it is cut up. Some of the pieces are hung in the kitchen to dry, and some are put into the chimney, where it dries faster, and the wood-smoke gives it a good flavour."

"Highly primitive," said Hope, as he made his bow ; "but," thought he to himself, "I will eat no more country cured bacon, now I know the way it is made." He then expressed his thanks, and was going away, but the farmer and his wife insisted so positively that he should taste their cider, that he was obliged to yield, and he returned with them to the house.

A table was spread in a moment, with everything beautifully clean ; and Hope was struck by observing a similarity between the Norman and the Scottish housewife, which Cross had formerly mentioned ; for here, as in Scotland, the old lady had a goodly stock of household linen, and was proud of her store. She was washing her hands while her daughter was preparing the table, but she called Hope's attention to the piles of sheets, napkins, and table-cloths, which were ranged in her walnut press ; not that they put any cloth on the table, but a napkin was laid in every plate.

Bread, butter, galettes of buckwheat, fruit of several kinds, lettuce, and *lait égoutté* (a preparation of sour milk), were set on the board ; jugs of cider were after-

wards put down, and, last of all, the landlord produced two stone bottles.

Hope was kindly pressed to eat, and he did his best to please his entertainers, by tasting of everything, even to the *lait égoutté*. The bottles were the last produced, and were the last opened ; but Hope allowed that “*finis coronat opus*,” for never before had he tasted such cider. The draught cider in the jug was excellent, but that in bottle was nectar. He delighted his host and hostess by saying so, and was persuaded, as he took his leave, to drink a third tumbler, which was administered like “*deoch an dorus*” in the Highlands, with very much the same effect, for when he joined Cross at the end of the wood his eyes were dancing in his head, and the questions he put regarding the success of the hunt were not quite as clearly expressed as they would have been an hour before.

As for Cross, he was rather sulky, for though he had succeeded in getting two young birds, one of them had been killed outright, and the other was in a bad way, his young assistants having shewn their skill by knocking them down with stones, as the shortest way of catching them. The healthy bird first taken, and the invalid, were safe in a wicker cage, and one of the lads was in waiting to go with them, and carry it to their inn.

As they walked back to the village, Cross growled out the history of his *chasse au pic grêche*, and could not refrain from adding a few curses on French boys in general, and his late assistants in particular; after which he recovered his good humour, and began to question Hope as to what he had seen. He laughed heartily at the confession which his companion was obliged to make as an excuse for his confused answers; but after a while Hope found his head and speech grow clearer, for bottled cider is like champagne in its effects. It answers the Irishman's description, who said that champagne had but one fault, though that was a serious one, for when a man thought himself comfortably drunk on that liquor, he had the mortification to find himself sober again in half an hour.

When Hope had somewhat recovered, he, in his turn, began to catechise Cross, and to ask if the process of salting pigs which he had just witnessed was common in the country, and was surprised to hear that the practice was universal in almost all the farm-houses. "It is one of the consequences of the high price of salt," said Cross; "and it is astonishing the shifts the people undergo to save the use of that article."

"Well," said Hope, "I don't think I shall ever be able to eat any more bacon in this country; the idea of

eating a bit of that black brute, after he has been buried for six weeks, gives me what the Scotch call 'a regular *scunner*.'

"That is prejudice and nonsense," replied Cross; "you have eaten bacon so prepared several times, and thought it excellent. Seeing the process begun is nothing; if you had seen it dug up again, I should not be so much surprised: then, I own, it is rather disgusting, for the smell is abominable. When it is first lifted out of the ground, the odour is enough to knock you down, but after hanging in the air for a couple of days, that goes off. The animal is then cut up as the farmer's wife told you; a very little fresh salt is rubbed on to the pieces; the flitches are hung to the beams of the kitchen, and the hams and head are put up the chimney, where the pyro-lignous acid of the wood-smoke soon finishes the curing. I confess I prefer our own method, but we might still take a lesson from what you have seen to-day, for what the old lady remarked to you is true enough. We always wait for cold weather to begin our operations; here, whenever the pig is fat enough he is killed. A great many of their animals are fatted at this season, for during the summer they have large quantities of damaged fruit, and vegetables running to seed, with the refuse of their kitchen and dairy, and to this

must be added the siftings of the buckwheat, and Siberian buckwheat, which, when mixed with damaged fruit and butter-milk, fattens their pigs astonishingly. The word *astonishingly* I use advisedly, for a worse breed of pigs is not to be found on the face of the earth than the slouch-eared, long-legged, and flat-sided brutes they keep in this country. When these get fat on the feeding they have to give, what might not be done if any one were to introduce some of our improved kinds! From what I have seen, I am sure they might feed three animals on the quantity now given to one. But this is not the point I wished to speak of. The plan of burying might be applied to the tubs as well as to the carcass. It is by thus placing their animal two or three feet under ground that they keep it cool, and enable it to absorb the salt. If our housewives would pay more attention to the placing of their salt tubs, we might be able, if we chose it, to cure either beef or pork all the year round."

"Very likely," said Hope; "but I certainly shall not think it worth while to quote French curing as a model. The cider I tasted to-day is another thing; how is that made?"

"Very much as it is with us," answered Cross. "To make the best, the spoiled apples are carefully picked from the mass, which, after having lain in a heap

for some time, are taken to the mill to make common cider. The apples are thrown on the ground and left there in large heaps exposed to wind and rain during a month or five weeks, by which, of course, a great deal of saccharine matter is lost, and to save trouble no selection is made, all sorts of apples being thrown together. But, to make the quality of cider you tasted to-day, the best apples are first selected; they are then thatched or laid in a heap under an open shed, and there left for a month to sweat, and before the mass is taken to the mill all the bad apples are carefully picked out. The mills in this country, as you know, are very primitive; a large circular stone trough receives the apples; a stone roller is made to pass over and crush them. From the trough the fruit thus bruised is thrown on to the press, which is equally primitive. There is a strong floor of timber having a ledge six inches high round it, with pipes at one or two places. On this floor a straw mat is laid, and on the mat a quantity of the bruised fruit is thrown with wooden scoops, another mat is then placed on the fruit, then more fruit on the second mat, then a third mat, and so on alternate mats and layers of fruit till they have ten or twelve layers. A frame of wood is then brought down on the top of all; to this frame is fixed a lever, which lever is brought under a screw; whenever this screw is

turned it presses down the end of the lever and gives a tremendous squeeze to the heap of mats and fruit. The press, in short, is like an enormous pair of nut crackers and the screw acts the part of a man's hand. In giving the pressure with a pair of nut crackers, the hand gives the pressure and the nut is broken ; in a Norman cider-press the screw gives the squeeze and the juice flows through the mats. The pulp remains behind, the mats acting as a sort of filter. The juice, as it runs out, is retained by the ledge, and from thence runs off through one of the pipes into large receiving vessels. The use of having two pipes is this. When they wish to have very fine cider for bottling, the juice that runs off at the first slight pressure is led away by one pipe and is reserved as extra good. As the screw continues to turn, the pressure increases, then the first pipe is stopped and the juice is made to flow through a second pipe into another receiver ; this is of inferior quality, and is kept by itself. The after process is much the same as with all fermented liquors ; only with the finest quality, which is to be bottled, after the first fermentation and fining has taken place, it is run into a fresh cask where a small quantity of the best brandy is sometimes added ; there it stands for some weeks, and is then put into bottles. It was some of this that you tasted

to-day, and excellent it is, as I know by experience. The draught cider in the farms, where attention is paid to the manufacture, is quite different from the sour stuff which you buy at the cabarets in the towns, and no wonder, for it is better from the first and water is not added to it. What you get in the towns is in general ill-made stuff, and that is largely diluted, and to my taste like bad vinegar. But habit is second nature ; the natives think it very good, for on this liquor, or apple brandy, most of the men, and women too, get drunk every market day. If it is nasty it is cheap, so that, in ordinary seasons, a person may get very tolerably drunk for twopence."

"I never understood till to-day," said Hope, "how any one could get drunk on cider, but now I find it is very heady stuff, for I am sure the same quantity of strong ale would not have made me so giddy as I felt when I joined you ; but, till to-day, I never had an idea how excellent cider might be, as I neither fancied the liquor I have formerly tasted nor the earthen-ware cups."

"I thought you more a citizen of the world," said Cross, laughing, "than to find fault with a mere matter of form, though I have heard that Lord Byron, who drank out of a skull, was unwilling to eat a good dinner served up in Norman drinking-cups. However, here we are

at the village, and as to-day's is the last dinner we shall eat dressed and inspected by a Marquis, I advise you to make the most of it, for to-morrow we must cater for ourselves, or trust to the discretion of a Granville host."

CHAPTER XI.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.

WHEN they reached the inn the Marquis was at his post, namely beside the charcoal stoves. The Count was gone. Cross took possession of his birds, and as the invalid had considerably recovered from the blow of the stone that had secured him, the boy was well paid and dismissed. While Cross was preparing some bits of raw meat to feed his captives, the landlady whispered to Hope that the gentleman in her back-room wished to see him, and suggested that he could slip out as if he was going to the larder and see what he wanted. Hope did as he was requested; Cross saw him go, but made no remark, till in a few minutes he observed his friend again enter the kitchen, and in passing through make a signal that he should follow him.

When in their own room, Hope told his companion that he had seen Jules F——, and had promised to go to him again whenever the Marquis was gone to bed;

that the poor fellow was very low, and seemed anxious to tell his adventures, as an excuse, he believed, for getting some one to talk to. "To gratify him," continued Hope, "I have promised to go myself, and proposed bringing you with me, to which Jules has gladly assented." It was therefore arranged that the party should break up as early as possible without exciting suspicion, and that they should return to the back room as soon as their companions had retired for the night.

Their toilette was made and they went back to their French friends. Dinner passed as on the previous days, and they began their rubber. The Captain was very talkative, having drank fully more wine than usual, and as they say *in vino veritas*, the worthy soldier shewed a feeling unfortunately too common among the French families who claim a noble descent, namely, a sovereign contempt for mercantile pursuits, and for all who follow them. A reduced noble will not object to holding a place which no gentleman in England would like to hold, namely, that of a common custom-house officer, with a salary of eighty pounds a year; but he would think he demeaned himself by entering into trade. Of this the Captain gave a strong proof that evening.

While the party were playing at cards, by some chance the name of a gentleman was mentioned, who had

passed through Normandy, and had become known and liked by many of the best families in the country. The Marquis asked if either of the Englishmen knew him.

Hope answered that he was well acquainted with him, and also with his brother, Lord ———.

“He is the brother of a peer, is he?” said the Marquis; “I did not know that; I knew he was of a good family in your country. I also heard that he was rich—that he was well-bred, and an excellent fellow, we all found out for ourselves.”

“Yes,” replied Hope; “he is an excellent fellow, and universally popular; and he has great merit, for his means were originally small; but by attention to business he has now realised a large fortune, and has been the principal means of raising the mercantile house of which he is a partner to its present high standing.”

“What!” broke out the Captain; “do you mean to say that an English noble, the brother of a peer, would demean himself by becoming a shopkeeper?”

“Not exactly a shopkeeper,” said Hope; “but a merchant, which we consider a highly honourable position; a station, in short, which no man of understanding in our country would despise.”

“I beg your pardon,” returned the Captain; “I mean no disrespect to your nation, for I know you have very

strange notions on such subjects; but for me, I would rather cut faggots than follow trade. Why, I had a cousin who demeaned himself by going into a bank, which, in my opinion, is only another sort of shop-keeping. In a bank, they sell money, while in other shops they sell ribbons, cloths, or anything else that people want, and that money will buy. Well, my cousin entered this bank. The head of it was his uncle, by the mother's side; for his father had made a *més-alliance*, which was partly excusable, for the lady was charming, and her father, who was a banker, gave her a large portion. When the father died, his son succeeded; and as I tell you, my cousin went into the concern in some situation or other. His mother's blood preponderated in the fellow's veins, for he had a great taste for trade. He devoted himself to trade and praised commerce as loudly as any Englishman could do. With all this, he was a very good fellow; and when I was in Paris, I saw a good deal of him. The old fellow, his uncle, kept a very good table, and I went every now and then to dine with him. We became intimate, and after some time, my cousin, who lived with his uncle, would invite me without any notice, to take my chance of a dinner; to the credit of the old gentleman, I am bound to say, I never found a bad one.

“ Well, upon one of these occasions, there was no one at table but the old gentleman, my cousin, and myself. I was then on such terms that they did not mind talking of their matters before me; indeed I never paid any attention in general to one word they said, for, if I once heard the words, scrip, stock, or bill mentioned, I closed my ears, and devoted my entire attention to the table. On the occasion to which I allude, however, it so happened that I did hear the commencement and end of the conversation that took my cousin out of this *mesquin* profession, and prevented my eating any more of the old gentleman's *dindon truffée*. The first of these consequences was an advantage to the honour of our house and name; the last was, I own, rather a disagreeable loss to me. The conversation began by the old gentleman asking if my cousin had paid the fifty thousand francs;—if the man had called himself, or who had called to draw the money? I do not remember the whole answer; but the money had been paid.

“ The old gentleman then asked if the sum had been paid in bills or cash, and if in cash, whether in gold or silver.

“ The answer was, that forty thousand had been paid in gold, and ten in silver.

“ “ You charged him the full price for the gold?’ the old gentleman asked.

“ My cousin said he had, and mentioned the amount down to a centime.

“ ‘ Did he take it away in one bag or in two?’ asked the banker.

“ ‘ In two,’ said my cousin.

“ ‘ And who furnished the bags?’

“ ‘ He brought one with him, and I furnished the other,’ replied my cousin.

“ ‘ Have you a memorandum with you?’ asked the old man.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said my cousin, and he handed over a small note-book which he took from his pocket.

“ This the old man narrowly examined, making observations as he went along, such as ‘ All right, all right, not bad;’ but when he came to the bottom of the page he said, ‘ did you not tell me we had provided a bag?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ replied my cousin.

“ ‘ I do not see the three sous marked,’ said the banker.

“ ‘ No; they are not charged,’ said my cousin.

“ ‘ Paid in cash, I suppose?’ asked the uncle.

“ ‘ No, sir,’ said my cousin, ‘ they are neither charged in the note, nor did he pay cash. In a transaction which has been so profitable to the bank, I thought we might spare a bag; seeing that a bag does not cost

us one sou, though we charge three to our casual customers.'

"What!" exclaimed the old man, 'do you mean to say that this is the way you attend to the interests of the firm? Have I placed you in a situation of trust and confidence to be thus deceived and robbed of my just profits? it is scandalous, and I am ashamed of you.'

"My cousin apologized, and said that really, under the circumstances, he thought the bank might well stand the loss. This made the old banker the more angry; he said my cousin would never make a man of business, and that allowing him to be thus robbed was as bad as robbing him.

"My cousin could keep his temper no longer—indeed I wonder he kept it so long; but when he was called a robber, the noble blood in his veins drowned the mercantile puddle that was mixed with it, he broke out on his uncle and told him some plain truths, calling him and his trade *mesquin* and sordid. Upon which the old boy seized the dish nearest to him. It happened to be spinach, with a white sauce; this he hurled at my cousin's head with such a good aim that the whole contents of the plate covered his face like a green plaster. You may well suppose the indignation which seized my cousin after such an insult. His noble Breton

blood was evidently raised ; whether it rushed into his face or not I could not tell, for the spinach completely masked it, but I am sure it must have done so, for the green seemed to smoke, as if it was undergoing a réchauffement on a stove. My cousin sprang from his chair, and I expected to see the old man exterminated, but a second thought seemed to strike him ; he paused, clasped his two hands together, and rushed from the room. I followed him to his own apartment ; he never said a word, nor did he seem to hear a syllable of what I said to him. He washed his face and changed his clothes in silence, and to tell you the truth, I had great difficulty in preventing myself from laughing outright at the sight of a human face served with a compôte of spinach, and as he washed it, it became more absurd. At every handful of water the green became brighter, so to prevent misbehaving I looked out of the window till I heard the scratching of a pen ; then I turned. My cousin was writing ; it was only two or three lines that he wrote, which he folded up, put on his hat, and dashed down stairs. At the door of the house he gave the paper he had written to the porter, with orders that it should immediately be delivered to the banker, and in the next instant he was in the street and I was close at his heels. It was then that he spoke for the first time. ' Adieu

for ever,' he said ; ' we can never meet again. Thank God I did not kill him on the spot !'

" We walked about for some time, and by degrees my cousin was able to hear and to speak. The sum and amount of our conversation was that he could not kill his mother's brother, but that he would never see him again.

" I applauded his resolution, and thus ended all connection of our family with trade ; and much I rejoice at the termination, for how can any gentleman endure such ignominy ? A banker, you say, is the prince of tradesmen, and it may be so ; for a kingdom of blind people, a man with one eye might be king. Here was an old fellow, who, if all tales were true, had a fortune of nearly a million, who insulted the younger branch of a noble Breton house and his own nephew, about a wretched bag worth a sou, and of which he wanted to make a profit by cheating a customer and selling it at three sous. Yes, yes ; trade is mesquin—at least," he continued, turning to the Englishmen, " in the eyes of a French gentleman—and I trust you will forgive me if you differ from me in opinion, for every country has its usages, and every gentleman has his own tastes. Mine, certainly, do not run towards commerce."

The two Englishmen laughed at the anecdote. Hope

remarked that the scene must have been very ridiculous, but that it was hardly fair to condemn commerce and commercial men, because you met with a banker who was an oddity and had a bad temper, or was a miser.

“But the man was no miser,” said the Captain; “he bore the character of being very liberal, and ten minutes before he quarrelled with his nephew about three sous, he had helped me to some slices of a dindon truffée, which must have cost him thirty francs.”

“Yes,” observed Cross; “such a character is to be found now and then in all grades of society. I have heard of men in our own country who would quarrel about an overcharge of a sixpence and give away a thousand pounds directly after.”

“And I will be bound,” said the Captain, “that these people were commercial.”

“By no means,” replied Cross; “one of the people to whom I allude is a member of one of the oldest families in our country.”

“Contagion,” said the Captain; “you have so many shopkeepers in England that the air must be tainted. Why, I see in the extracts from your newspapers, which are republished in ours, that there are a set of fellows who are attacking everything that is great and noble in your land. Your nobility, your landed proprietors, nay,

even your army and navy are constantly abused by people, who, they tell me, are printers and spinners of cotton, and you bear it. If any cotton-spinning fellow in France were to venture to say of the French army what they say of yours, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase ; for one, I know I would go a thousand leagues to pick a quarrel with him, and run him through the body, and I would wash my sword well after I had killed the fellow, to free it from so foul a stain. Bah ! bah ! I should like to see any man in France say that no man was honest unless he was a printer or a dealer in greasy cotton."

Cross was looking a little fierce at this speech. Hope, however, touched him before he spoke, and then answered—

"I do not think any one has ever said so in England."

"Not directly, perhaps," replied the Captain ; "but what is worse, they have implied it, and so clearly, that no man can mistake their meaning ; though, like assassins, they do not fire openly ; but they call your landed proprietors and nobles, robbers of the poor and defrauders of the nation, because there is some law about corn that prevents these manufacturers from reducing the wages of their own workmen ; and they call your

soldiers and sailors I don't know what, because they use guns and swords to defend the honour of your country, instead of blankets and cotton thread, which these fellows are ready to sell, and which, if you would buy them, would put more money in their own pockets."

This last sally was too much for the friends; they fairly roared with laughter.

"What would the leaders of the league, say," exclaimed Hope; "if they could hear the estimation in which this gentleman holds their exertions? yet, strange to say, absurdly as he states the case, there is some truth in what he says, regarding the way in which these free traders abuse every one who is not, like themselves, connected with commerce. I have heard the remark made before, and I am sure it has gone far to retard many good measures."

"Hang your banker and his spinach," said the Marquis; "you have revoked, and we have lost the rubber. There is no use playing whist, when people choose to talk, so we may as well retire."

Leave was taken, adieus were said, and the party broke up. All retired to their rooms—the Frenchmen to sleep, the Englishmen to watch till the house was quiet.

In half an hour they returned. The door was ajar, and the landlady in waiting, so that they were able to pass through the kitchen without noise, and in the next minute they entered Jules' apartment.

He rose to receive them, and as he closed the door behind them, he thanked them warmly for coming to see him.

"It is sadly triste," he said, "to sit here for hours and days without seeing a human face, except that of my kind protectress. To reconcile myself to my present confinement, I am obliged to remember how much more agreeable her face is than the one I should see if I were taken, which reminds me that from hence I have some chance of escape; from a prison I should have none. The only change from a prison would be to the bague, either at Cherbourg or Brest; but when I have comforted myself with these thoughts, I have plenty of time to think of other things. I have looked back on my past life, and oh! how I wish I could live it over again. I should not then dispute the advice of my best friends, and follow the lead of every fool, whose only merit was that he was a greater *mauvais sujet* than his companions, and was as unlike as possible, either in words or deeds, to my father."

"That last reason," said Hope, "is rather a curious

one for the son of such a father to give. I have always heard yours spoken of with the highest respect."

"And I believe he deserved all the good that has been said of him," answered Jules; "but he was too good; he could make no allowance for faults in others, more especially in his son. He was severe and harsh to me, beyond what I could bear. From him I only heard censure, never praise; while everybody else flattered and spoiled me. My mother and my nurse began when I was a child, and as I grew older, the women, when I entered their society, laughed at my jokes and applauded my wit. Some of my bon mots were repeated to my father. He thought them too free and libertine, and he forbade my entering society at all. He forced on me the driest studies, and kept me chained to my desk, till I loathed both it and him. Well, he died, and I rejoiced at my freedom. I rushed into dissipation, and I tell you that I always loved the example best which differed the most from that which had been given by the father who had taught me to think him a tyrant. I feel now that his advice was good, but ill administered; and may my example teach you, if ever you have children, to moderate your censure, even of what is wrong, and mix with it some praise, even if not well deserved. My father never praised me; but his

censure was unmeasured. That I deserved reproof I know, but he overwhelmed me with more than I deserved, so I thought the whole unjust, and became what I am. Censure may be good; but like water to the man that is perishing with thirst, it must be given in moderation, or it does more harm than good. I once saw a number of men lying dead and dying by the side of a small stream in Brittany. I asked what was the matter with them, and I was told they had come ashore from a vessel that had run short of water. The officer in command had allowed them to drink at discretion, and they had killed themselves by the quantity they had taken. Well, as I sit here and look back at my past life, every horror I have ever witnessed comes back on me with redoubled force, and among the rest this scene of pain and suffering strongly impresses me. I cannot help thinking that I have perished from drinking too freely from pleasure's cup; but it was the total deprivation enforced by my father that gave the thirst, and like these poor fellows I was maddened by too much restraint, and when freed from the bonds that held me, I rushed into the other extreme, and drank to my own destruction the moment that I found myself free to taste of pleasure's stream, for then it flowed uncontrolled before me—and see how it has ended!”

“Never look back,” said Cross; “except as a warning for the future. You have youth, and with energy, the end may be very different from what you expect.”

“With life before you, you should never despair,” said Hope. “You told me that you had given yourself up for lost, when the troops surrounded you in the wood, and yet you escaped them. Tell us what happened to you, and how you got here. The same Providence that saved you then may raise you again to the position from which you have fallen.”

“Ah, what a thing it is to have a friend!” exclaimed Jules, as he smiled and gave himself a shake. The change was extraordinary. The elasticity of his character at once shewed itself; for from those few words of comfort, he seemed to throw off the despondency that was oppressing him. His countenance brightened up and he continued—

“You are right; you are a true friend. While there is life there is hope, and fortune may smile on me when least expected, for she has done so before. You wish to hear my adventures? They are not worth listening to, but such as they are you shall know them. You remember the day I first saw you with Monsieur G——, in the Jardin des Plantes? Well, that generous friend lent me a small sum of money, but refused to lend me

a larger, that would have given me employment. I believe, now, that he spoke the truth when he said he could not do more ; but at the time Pierre led me on, and urged me to think that he could have helped me, but would not. By talking to me, he excited my indignation against the man I now believe to be my best friend, and urged me to take a step he would the most have disapproved of. I heard afterwards what he had done for me with his father, but at the moment I believed him to be stingy and unkind, and I allowed Pierre to lead me where he chose.

“Monsieur G—— had lent me two hundred francs. With these in our pockets (for I gave the half to Pierre), we directed our steps to a house kept by a man named Sabroan. This man had several establishments in Paris, all of them disreputable. He had lodging-houses of various sorts, billiard-rooms, apartments where secret gambling was carried on, and last, but not least, a café, where there was a double entrance from two different streets, and divided into two sets of receiving rooms. One of these apartments was appropriated to the reception of all the notorious characters of Paris ; the other was frequented by wild young fellows like myself, when we went on any expedition which we wished to keep secret, and among other amusements, we had the power

of seeing the people who frequented the back apartments, and by looking through a small concealed window we had the power of watching the proceedings of any notorious characters who might chance to be there ; and thus, unseen ourselves, we could see these men, and women too, in all their glory.

“This man Sabroan I had known in my wildest days. I had lost large sums at his gaming-table ; I had also spent much money in his house in suppers and other orgies, and as one of his best customers I had free entrance to the room whence the back apartments could be surveyed. Pierre proposed that we should go to this man’s house, to which I agreed, and off we went. I must tell you that we were nearly famished with hunger, for we had hardly tasted food for several days. We had now money in our pockets, and we resolved to make up for past privations. We ordered dinner. Sabroan, who knew everything, had heard of our distress ; he insisted on pre-payment, which certainly was the rule of the house, but as it had never been mentioned to me before, I was indignant, and wished to leave the place, but Pierre objected, and as he had produced a handful of the five-franc pieces I had just given him, Sabroan apologized so humbly that I yielded the point, and agreed to remain. My ravenous hunger did more

to soothe my pride than either our landlord's excuses or Pierre's persuasions. Sabroan seemed to have taken a second thought, and overwhelmed us with his attentions. He sent us an excellent dinner, with the least possible delay, and when the dessert was served, he brought up a couple of bottles of his best wine, and asked permission to join us. He had often done so before when we had any mischief in hand, so I could scarcely refuse him now. To do him justice, he was a very clever fellow, and although I then thought him a great rascal, I have now no right to say a word against him, for it was he who saved me on that occasion. He was very entertaining, relating many curious anecdotes of scenes that had taken place in his house. He did not drink much wine himself, but pressed us to do so, and as the wine mounted into our heads, he gradually began to speak of politics. He alluded to our dismissal, cursed the authorities, in which we joined, and then abused the rich bankers, whose grasping avarice, he said, left better men than themselves to pine in want, while they were rolling in affluence. How he touched on this latter subject I know not; he could not have known of Monsieur G——'s refusal of a loan. He knew, however, of our dismissal from office, and I doubt not, from our changed appearance, he guessed that my wealthy friends

had shewn me the cold shoulder. Whatever had guided him, he had made a good shot; he had touched the chord still vibrating in my brain, and bitterly did we join in the cry he had raised. He then talked of the pleasure of revenge; and when he saw we were in the right tune, he mentioned his secret window, and told us that from thence we might see and hear a party of men who were then in discussion on the best means of gaining the same end we had in view.

“ Suffice it to say that he persuaded us to see and listen to these men through the secret window. Heated with wine, we listened with pleasure to proposals made by men whom we knew by name, but never expected to see in such a place. They had the power of great eloquence, and though they have kept aloof in the day of trial, and therefore I despise them, yet when I then heard them, I was charmed by the powerful language that gave promise of raising those who listened to wealth and power, or of dragging the rich to the same state as ourselves.

“ While our enthusiasm was at the highest, after one of these speeches, Sabroan proposed that I should meet the men whom he had just heard. We were introduced, and the result of that introduction was, that I undertook to take a lead in several of the clubs, and promised

to address a great meeting the next night. We separated then. Sabroan still stuck to us ; he proposed that we should adjourn to his gaming-house to meet some of the parties who were to act with me the ensuing day. I went, and was fairly committed, for I took the oaths they prescribed and learned their secrets. When told in plain words what their object was, I was horridly startled, but I had gone too far to draw back, and my brain was on fire with agitation and with wine. As a distraction, I rushed to the gaming-table. Fortune befriended me, and when in the gray of the morning I returned to our lodgings, I was the winner of several thousand francs. Pierre had left me in the course of the evening, and I had not seen him for some hours. He came in a few minutes after me, but he had lost every farthing I had given him. I told him of my success. I gave him a thousand francs, and then we went to bed. I awoke late ; then the scenes of the past day came over me like a bad dream. I was greatly depressed. Pierre, on the contrary, was in high spirits. He rallied me on my despondency, and told me, what I felt to be true, that I must proceed, for I could not draw back. During the course of the morning I went to the house of the only person in the world who, I believe, really loved me ;—it was my old nurse. In her hands I

deposited fifteen hundred francs, begging her to take care of them for me till I asked for them. I also gave her two hundred and eighty francs to repay Monsieur G——, and then I rejoined Pierre at Sabroan's house. There we again dined, and, to drown care, I again drank freely, and, thus excited, at nine o'clock I joined the men I had met at the gambling-house the night before. They, like myself, were to be speakers at the meeting, and they conducted me to the place of assembly.

"When it came to my turn to speak I rose. I have enjoyed in society the credit of having the power of language. I hardly know what I said, but my words pleased my auditors. I warmed as I went on, and sat down amid a storm of applause, and the declared leader of some hundreds of the greatest blackguards in Paris. I left the place, ashamed and humbled by my own success, and as a distraction once more rushed to the same gaming-table. I was again successful, rising the winner of a very considerable sum. I had again to supply Pierre, for he had lost every farthing of the sum I had given him the night before, and then we went to bed. I was too feverish to sleep, and in the morning too ill to rise, and for the next day or two I kept my room. As soon as I was well enough I, a second time, took a portion of my winnings to my old nurse, and then

I found that I had omitted to give her G——'s address. I did so then, and when I left her house I fell in with Pierre and a number of the men who had been present at the meeting where I had spoken. I heard from them—these were their words—that my name was in every man's mouth, for that my eloquence and sound sentiments had justly raised me to the front place among the leaders of the ultra party,—*the party—their party!* When I looked at the men I felt ashamed of their praise, and felt a greater revulsion than ever against the steps I had taken. I was now in a condition, without any man's assistance, to obtain the situation I formerly had in view; but I could not take it—I was committed beyond redemption. While these thoughts were passing through my mind, and while I was surrounded by the companions I felt to be anything but respectable, I saw you and Monsieur G—— close to us. I tried to conceal myself, but I was convinced he saw me, and though I felt shame at the moment, I think that meeting hardened me in my position. Had he spoken to me, I could have struggled to be free, but as it was I thought he passed by me with scorn, so I rushed still deeper into the mire. I attended the clubs, where I spoke every night; and when the day for the outbreak arrived I took the command of the men I had been in

the habit of addressing, and we fought together at the barricades assigned to us. Before the outbreak I constantly met the men who were the prime movers of the revolution. Every evening there was an assembly of these men, who came in the dusk to Sabroan's café. There I joined them. They praised, applauded, and urged me on in my course. I admired their eloquence and the fine sentiments they expressed so often and so well, till in the end I thought I was wrong in having any scruples. I thought they were true patriots, and admired them as much then as I now despise them ; for in the hour of danger they were nowhere to be seen, and now I hear that they are safe while we are exiles, and I know that we were but the tools they wished to wield for the advancement of their own interest, and not the prosperity of their country. I have sworn never to divulge their names, and I shall keep my oath. I wish I could forget that I had ever known them.

“ When the fighting first began, I fought with all my soul, for I thought the combat fair and legitimate ; but as the battle continued I saw dreadful atrocities committed, and I wished to withdraw ; but I found that I had no choice. I was a prisoner in the hands of the demons whom I was supposed to command, and then I felt the disgrace of the position in which I had placed

myself, and wished to die. I never fired another shot, but while the feeling of loathing was on me, I exposed myself on the top of the barricade in so reckless a manner, that it is a miracle that I escaped the shower of balls that rattled round me. This act of desperation had one good effect ; it again raised me in the estimation of the miscreants with whom I was associated, and gave me the power to control them, and prevent their murdering the prisoners that fell into our hands. The remembrance of that power has been my great, my only comfort, when I look back on those three days.

“ Well, as you must know, at last they brought cannon against us ; why they had refrained so long, I cannot understand, for the moment that was brought against us, our posts were untenable. The men who cared not for musketry fled like sheep before artillery. I was carried away by the crowd till we reached the country, and then the love of life returned. I fled to save it, and took up my abode in a wood which at first had but few fugitives concealed in it, but these rapidly increased till it was full. I had determined to seek some other place of shelter, and was waiting for night to conceal my departure, when I heard the sound of bugles and the tap of the drum. I knew we were surrounded, but at the moment I was standing by the edge of a sort of ditch,

the sides of which were covered with rank vegetation. I laid myself down in it, and drew the weeds over me. Pierre did the same; he was not ten yards from me. As the troops advanced, I lay perfectly still, but I could hear and partly see; and from what I witnessed, I can say that the Garde Mobile came on as if they were at a *partie de chasse*. Every man as he was discovered was fired at; if he was missed, he was taken prisoner; but he was always fired at first. I do not think that Pierre was seen as he lay. I imagine that he took fright and started from his lair, for I saw him run and then fall to the shot of a Garde Mobile, who was not ten yards from me. After firing, this fellow stopped to load his musket. My eyes were fixed on Pierre, and so were his, for when Pierre began to move and attempted to rise, the man rushed forward and bound his elbows with one of several bits of rope which he carried, and then he drove him on with his bayonet. It was the last I saw of Pierre. I could do him no good, and by shewing myself, I knew I should only convert myself into a target for one of those gamins to fire at, so I lay still, till I heard the drums beating the recall a long way in advance of me. I then rose and ran back in the line on which the troops had advanced; it was well marked, for it was thickly strewn with the dead and dying.

When clear of the wood, I ran on as fast as I could, hiding behind everything that could conceal my motions, till at last I reached the open country. Here there was nothing to conceal me, and I knew that if I attempted to cross this, I might be seen from a great distance. The only cover near me was a pit, the edges of which were lined with brambles ; into this I crawled, and through the leaves I saw several parties both on foot and horseback scouring the country in search of flying insurgents. I was dreadfully exhausted, both from fatigue and hunger, and I believe I slept for some hours—how long I know not—but my sleep must have been light, for I was wakened by the sound of voices close to me. I heard every word that was said, though I could only distinguish the speakers indistinctly, for it was growing dusk, but I saw enough to know that these were two parties that had met, one of infantry, another of cavalry. They were all saying that they were so much fatigued, that it was impossible to continue the search, and that they must return to Paris. The officer in command of the cavalry then declared that there was no use in seeking the country to the west, for that he had scoured it for ten miles, and had not seen a soul ; but that then both men and horses were so much exhausted they could do no more. After some further

conversation, the word was given to march, and to my joy I saw them move off. I lay still for half an hour, and by that time it was nearly dark. My sleep had refreshed me, but I was dreadfully hungry, and felt greatly exhausted when I tried to move, for I had eaten nothing for two days, except some sorrel and the leaves of the brambles, which, while I lay in concealment, I had chewed and partly swallowed. I pushed on, however, as best I might, following the direction the officer had pointed out as that which he had searched without seeing any one. After continuing this course for about two hours, I could go no further. I felt so faint that I was obliged to lie down, but as I lay, I saw something that looked like a cover, and I crawled towards it. When I reached it, I found it was a field of early rye, which was still green, but the ears were fully formed. I pulled some, and found that the grains, when pressed, gave out a thick milky juice, and I immediately began to suck and bite them. Some of the beard got into my mouth and nearly choked me, and to obviate this, I rolled a number of the ears in my pocket-handkerchief, and sucked the juice through the cambric. Poor as this food was, it did me good, for I again found strength to move on. Hitherto I had avoided every house, but now I resolved to approach one that I saw near me. There

was a light burning in one of the rooms, so I stole softly to the window and looked through. A candle was burning on the table, and by the side of it sat a soldier fast asleep. There must have been more of them in the house, for when this sight met my eye, and my disappointment was such that an involuntary groan escaped me; the cry of '*qui vive!*' from some one I did not see, reminded me of my folly. I started back, and ran round the end of the house as fast as my weary limbs would carry me. I found myself in a small garden, where I immediately lay down. I was hardly ensconced among some tall plants when I heard the door open, and the same voice that had before spoken again called out the challenge. Of course there was no reply; he went round the building, passing through the garden, and then returned to the house, where for some minutes I heard the sound of voices, and then all was again still. I now found that I was lying in a bed of artichokes, on which the young flowers were forming. I pulled a number of them and put them in my pockets, and as I was stealing softly away, I could just distinguish that I was passing a bed of lettuce; two or three of these I also took, and then crawled through the fence at the back of the garden, and moved on for another hour, eating the raw lettuce as I went. It is quite incredible

how much this restored me. Still, I was obliged to rest, so I sat down and began upon my artichokes, which being quite young and soft, I was able to devour bodily. I ate all in my pockets, and the dreadful craving of my appetite was staid. I knew that if the marks of my footsteps were seen in the garden, I should be pursued in the morning, and feeling that I was still too near the cottages, I again got up to increase my distance. I walked as long as I could, and rested for a while, then resumed my march, then rested again; and thus, walking and resting, I continued till the morning was fast breaking. Through the faint light I saw that I was then close to some enclosures, and as I turned the corner of a ruined wall I found myself in front of a deserted château. It was in such a state of dilapidation that I did not think it could be inhabited, so I stole softly towards it, thinking that I might find some corner in which to hide myself during the day, and that at night I could continue my way. I went softly up to the house. The grass growing up to the door convinced me that it was uninhabited. However, the door was fastened with a padlock, and all the lower windows were closed with strong outside shutters. I passed round to the back, and here a number of ruined offices were standing round a sort of court. None of these were shut. Indeed few

of them had either doors or windows. I entered the first, on which a door was hanging by one hinge. It had been the stable, for part of the stalls were still in existence, and in the corner of it stood a ladder leading up to a loft. To this I directed my steps, and mounting as quietly as I could I peeped into a long empty room. The roof was broken in several places, but in one corner lay a quantity of half rotten straw and some broken implements of agriculture. On this I fixed as my resting-place. Some of the straw I arranged as a bed, and with the remainder and a broken harrow I made a sort of wall, which, when I lay down, would completely hide me should any one look into the loft. These arrangements being made, I stole down the ladder and cautiously examined all the other out-buildings. I opened a door that was in the garden wall; the garden was uncultivated, and the general look of the whole place convinced me that there was no one there, and that I was safe for the time. I therefore returned to the loft, crawled into the bed I had prepared, and worn out with exhaustion, in two minutes I was in most profound sleep. I had not long enjoyed this blessed oblivion, when I was roused in the most disagreeable way, for at the same moment that I heard the sound of several voices, I felt the weight of one man kneeling on my

chest, and I felt another binding my arms with a cord. The sounds that struck my ear were all to the same tune, and that was to cut my throat, for that I was an accursed spy. There is a strength in despair that few men know they possess. I exerted it on this occasion. With one tremendous jerk I threw off the man from my chest, and freed my arms from the grasp of the other. My wall of straw, together with the broken harrow, had been thrown down. I saw an old spade with a long handle within my reach. I seized it, sprung upon my feet, and stood on the defensive, like a stag at bay, with my back resting against the wall. I then discovered that the men who were attacking me were some of those I had constantly met at the gaming-table and at the club. The two who had been the most active in the assault were men who had been the heroes of the club before I had joined it. They had always shewn a great dislike to me. I think they were jealous of the success of my speeches. These were the two who were trying to bind me when I woke; and now that I had thrown them off, the blood was in their eyes with rage. These left me no time to look about me. Both made a rush upon me at the same moment, while the other renewed the cries of 'Cut his throat! blow his brains out, the accursed spy!' As these men sprung at me,

the one at my side tripped over the harrow and fell. The one in front of me I drove back with the spade ; but the cries of the rest redoubled. They were all forming a ring to attack me at once, when another person entered on the scene. I did not see whence he came, but he dashed into the ring, crying, ' Silence on your lives ! there is a troop of cavalry advancing on the house. If they hear you, we are lost ! ' When I heard this voice I took another look at the speaker. It was Sabroan. I immediately addressed him, asking why I was thus assaulted. When Sabroan heard my question he came to my side. ' Are you wolves, ' he said, ' that you eat one another ? I am this man's friend—I am his guarantee ;—but fly, for the supporters of the tyrants are upon us ! '

“ As he spoke we could hear the sound of horses' feet rattling on the paved court. The whole of my late assailants ran to the farther end of the loft, and clambered through a hole in the wall that I had not before observed. Sabroan followed, and led me in the same direction. He mounted himself, and gave me his hand to assist me in doing the same. He then filled up the hole by removing a prop and allowing a portion of the false roof to cover it. The light was then so faint that I could not for some time see where I was, or who was

with me, but I could hear the breathing of several people, and I had no doubt that my late assailants were still with us. The sound of the horses' feet was so clearly heard that it was very certain that some of the troops were in the yard. With us the most profound silence reigned. The very breath was hushed, but I heard the throbbing of my own heart, it seemed to beat so loudly, for there is something very agitating in this sudden change from violent excitement to such profound quiet. However, this quiet did not last long, at least on the outside of the house, for we soon heard the sound of fresh horses galloping into the yard, and the voice of the officer in command, who was giving orders and asking questions. The first sentence we distinguished was, 'Have you surrounded the whole buildings?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

"Did you see any traces of people being here?"

"I think not, sir. All the doors and windows of the house are fastened, and it is evident they have not been opened for long, but we saw some traces of footmarks in the lane."

"Those may have been made by the three fellows we have just taken. Have you searched the sheds?"

"No, sir, not yet; we waited for your orders."

"We heard the order given for some of the men to

dismount. 'And take your pistols with you,' said the officer in command. 'If you see any of these fellows, settle them at once; it will save trouble.'

"In another minute the sound of steps and the clink of swords were heard in the stable below. 'Here's a ladder,' said one. 'Well, up you go, and I will follow,' said a second. A shout from these two soon brought several of the other searchers to their aid, and then the voice of the same officer asked 'What is it?'

"'Some one has slept here last night, for we have found his lair,' answered a voice which seemed to speak through a hole in the roof.

"'Wait till I come then,' said the officer.

"There was silence for a few seconds, and then we again heard the officer's voice, which rose above the hum of the others.

"'Whoever he was, he is not here now. It is most probably the nest of the fellows we have caught; the old woman told us she saw them coming from this direction. Look well round to see that there is no hiding-place, and then forward: we must not waste time.'

"Several footsteps resounded on the rotten floor, and we could hear the men striking the walls with the hilts of their swords. They came to the hole through which we had passed; involuntarily I raised the spade that I had

brought with me. Sabroan laid his hand gently on my arm. My eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. I saw the blade of a sword pass two or three times through the mass of thatch that masked our place of entry, and then the voice of a man, apparently the corporal, called out, 'To horse, to horse; there is no one here.' The steps moved off, and then a general sigh of relief was breathed from every corner of our hiding-place.

"I looked round, and was now able to perceive the men crouching in different attitudes round the walls of a loft, larger than the one in which I had made my bed. All were intently listening to the sounds of the troops who were filing out of the yard, and from this position no one moved for many minutes. At last, some said, 'They are off, and we must not stay here any longer.'

"Sabroan ordered silence, and directed a boy whom he called Louis to take off his shoes and go and look out, to see that no one remained lurking about. He himself lifted the false roof that had saved us, and peeped into the other loft; he then raised a small trap in the floor and looked into the barn below. 'There is Pot-de-vin's wife poking about the yard,' he said; 'I have my suspicions of her, so beware how you answer if she calls.'

There was a low growl of curses from those in hiding, and then again silence for nearly a quarter of an hour, for no one gave the slightest answer to various signals which were made by a woman's voice, who called out in the different offices below; nay, she even took the trouble of mounting the ladder in the outer loft, and there renewed the same cry of 'Whist, friends, you are safe; you may come out, it is only I.'

"As I have already told you, no one replied to these calls; all lay still for a quarter of an hour, and then, on a sudden, I saw that the boy Louis had returned.

"'Gare Wolf,' he said, 'it is lucky you did not answer Pot-de-vin. I watched her go round the end of the garden wall and speak to four of the soldiers who remained there in hiding. They are gone now, and so is she; but 'ware trap, she is a spy.'

"There was another volley of curses, and two men sprung on their feet; they were the same who were attacking me.

"'Curses on her! she shall rue it,' said one.

"'Death to all spies,' exclaimed the other, and I could see his eyes gleam as he advanced towards me.

"Sabroan asked whom he called a spy.

"'The scoundrel beside you,' he answered; 'it was he who brought the troops upon us, and he shall die. I

say he is a spy and an aristocrat. Do I say well, or ill, my comrades?’

“ ‘And I say that he is neither a spy nor an aristocrat, but an honest lad and a brave comrade, and no one shall touch a hair of his head,’ answered Sabroan.

“There was a long discussion as to what I was, but as almost all the party sided with Sabroan, the man who had shewn himself so bitter against me was obliged to yield, though I saw that he only hated me the more. Sabroan, after this discussion was over, desired the men to move on, for that it was time to see what they had to eat. The men went to the further end of the loft, to a smaller room which had a sort of press in the corner; this was movable like a door, and behind it was a small staircase which we ascended, and found ourselves in the roof of the château, which, like many others, as you may know, was arranged as a large store-room, with a number of casks placed round the sides, and at one end were shelves for storing fruit. The stair by which we had mounted was the private entrance used by the proprietors for bringing in the various stores and grain, which were afterwards stowed in the now empty casks. There was another door at the opposite side of the room which opened on a staircase communicating with the interior of the château. This place was perfectly well

lighted by a number of small windows in the roof and by slits in the wall, through which a very extensive view could be obtained of the country on all sides. I was the last who entered this grenier, and when I did so, I found that some of the men were placed at several of these openings, looking earnestly through them. The lad whom Sabroan had called Louis spoke to him as we came in. 'They are fairly off,' he said, 'and we may consider ourselves safe. Some infantry were coming this way, but they spoke to Pot-de-vin, and now they are turned in another direction.'

" 'Well then, let us have something to eat,' said Sabroan, to my great joy, for I felt very faint. Two lettuces and a few raw artichokes was all I had eaten for two days. On Sabroan's speaking, several of the men began to busy themselves; a grate full of charcoal was pulled out of one cask, a pot full of half-made cabbage soup out of another; a frying-pan, some lard, several loaves of bread, and some cheese, were also produced from other hiding-places, together with a large packet of the same sort of young artichokes that I had eaten the night before. The sight of food made me feel so faint, that I am sure I could not have lasted many minutes, had not Sabroan observed my state and given me a cup of wine and a large slice of bread. I cannot

tell you how grateful I felt towards this man; I can never think ill of him again, for whatever he may have done, he twice saved my life that morning. The bread and wine quite set me up till the other articles of food were prepared, and these I thought delicious, though you may not think much of our bill of fare—cabbage soup, young onions and artichokes cut up and fried in hog's lard, some bread, cheese, and lettuce, was all we had; but never in my life before did I taste anything I thought so good. There was plenty of common wine and cider to wash down our meal, and of this many of our party drank to excess; but what took place during the greater part of the day is unknown to me, for no sooner had I eaten than I crawled behind some of the casks and slept a sleep like death.

“It must have been late in the day when I awoke. I sat up and looked around for some moments before I could remember where I was; but as my senses returned, memory returned also, and I looked to see what had become of the rest of the men. Sabroan and the boy Louis were sitting by the side of the door by which we had entered; they were whispering together, but so low, it was impossible to hear one word they said. The rest of the men were stretched on the floor at the other end of the place fast asleep. I moved softly, and stood

up. Sabroan's back was towards me, but Louis saw me and touched him; he turned round, laid his finger on his lips, and beckoned to me. I walked as softly as I could towards him, and sat down beside him; he then continued to whisper to the boy. From their conversation, I discovered that the men had drunk till they were intoxicated, and that the boy had overheard them settle that they would murder Pot-de-vin and his wife, for being spies; and as none of them had any money, they had also agreed to rob some houses in the neighbourhood, and afterwards to divide the spoil and separate. Sabroan had been called an old woman, and was not to be let into the secret, as he might object, lest his house should be burnt. By inquiries, I found out that the château in which we were was Sabroan's; he had won it from the old proprietor, who had ruined himself by play, and had finally parted with this last remnant of his property. Sabroan had been in possession of it nearly two years, during which time it had been shut up, as he had only visited it twice with the boy Louis, who was in his service, and who knew every corner of the château, being the son of the confidential servant of the previous proprietor. Sabroan told me he had destined this place as a resort for any secret orgy, and had sent down some wine and cider, intending to despatch

other supplies, but had neglected to do so, till the defeat of the insurgents occurred, when he thought of it as a place of safety, and led the men then assembled to hide in it. They had entered the house by the way I had myself come, which was the reason no marks were seen around the building. Three of the party had taken fright and had left them before daylight that morning; and those must have been the men who were seen and taken prisoners by the troops. 'And they will tell no tales,' said Louis, when he came to that part of the story; 'for I am certain they were shot before the troops galloped off.'

"I also learnt, that as I approached the house, some of the men who were on guard, watching from the windows, had seen me, and had closely observed my after proceedings; and when they saw me enter the stable, they had stolen down to seize me, thinking me a spy; but on finding me asleep, they had recognised me, and would have taken me to their more secure hiding-place if the two men had not denounced me as an aristocrat and a police spy, who had pretended to join their meetings in order afterwards to give information against them. Had it not been for the timely arrival of Sabroan I should certainly have been murdered, and he cautioned me to be on my guard against my two fierce

opponents, for that they detested me, not only because I had outshone them as an orator, but also because it was from them that I had won a great part of the money I had gained at play.

“I told you,” continued Jules, after a slight pause, “that I had placed a considerable portion of my winnings in the hands of my nurse; a part I had also given to Pierre, but I still had nearly a thousand francs on my person. Five hundred of these were sewn up in the waist-band of my trousers; the rest was in my neckcloth; this I told to Sabroan. ‘That is good,’ he said, ‘and will help to rid us of these fellows who frighten me. Do not say a word about what you have got sewn up; that will make a purse for ourselves, but the remainder you must divide among them; and when they go out to forage to-night, they will commit some drollery which will make this place too hot to hold us; they will not come back, and we must be off; but we will take a route they are not likely to think of, and by that time,’ he added, ‘I hope the troops will think more of sleep than of hunting us.’

“I agreed to everything he proposed, and having settled his plans, we began to busy ourselves in cooking the remains of our provisions. The noise we made gradually roused the sleepers. We ate our meal, and

when it was finished Sabroan addressed them. He said, 'You called my friend a spy; well, I prove that he is a good communist; he has nearly five hundred francs, which he wishes to divide amongst us. Some of you must go out to forage, for we have nothing left to eat. Let those that like take the money and buy us a good store, and bring it back for the common good. Who will go?' All wished to go, so Sabroan proposed that the money should be divided into three parts, and that three parties should be formed, and in that way one would be pretty sure to escape, if anything happened to the others. The men jumped at the trap he set for them; they whispered together for some time and then made their parties, scrupulously leaving us out of their arrangements. Sabroan pretended to object to this at first, but allowed himself to be overruled, and at last it was agreed that three parties were to start in different directions, and that we were to remain to keep guard in the house.

"As soon as it was dark they started. Sabroan then put everything away, and in ten minutes after they were gone, we too departed. He knew the country well and took his line at once, Louis and I following close at his heels. After walking for about half an hour, we came near some enclosures. Here Sabroan proceeded with

great caution and bade us tread lightly. On a sudden we heard some loud shrieks; there were not many, but they sounded like those of some one in despair or in mortal agony.

“‘I was sure of it,’ exclaimed Sabroan; ‘quick, quick, let us be off, or they may see us.’ He began to run and we kept close to him. He continued this rapid pace till I was well nigh exhausted, and then he began to walk. I asked what had alarmed him. The only answer he gave me was, ‘That was Pot-de-vin’s house. Poor devil! he has paid for his wife’s peeping.’

“‘And your friends have done it,’ I said.

“‘Our companions were all there,’ he replied; ‘some may have worked and some watched, but I have no doubt the deed is done.’

“‘That is too horrible,’ I exclaimed.

“‘They do not think so,’ answered he. ‘Pot-de-vin and his wife were spies of the police and rich. Our companions have found both money and revenge at one blow, and although I would not have done it myself, I can hardly blame them—but no talking; we are not far from the river now, and we may find more listeners than we think for, or would wish to meet—so silence, and tread as lightly as you can.’

“In a few minutes I could see the water shining

before us ; we were on the banks of the Seine. We skirted the shore, keeping about two hundred yards from the river, and advanced quickly, but silently, for rather more than a mile. Sabroan then stood still and bade us lie down and keep perfectly silent, answering no signal, till we heard a clap of the hands, followed by three low whistles, and he requested me during his absence to cut out some of my louis, as we should then be obliged to use them. He left us, and I immediately did as he wished with the money which I had concealed in the waist-band of my trousers. A portion I put in my pocket, the rest I tied up in my neckcloth. I then lay down by the side of Louis, and began to question him as to where Sabroan had gone. He was a most intelligent boy. He told me that he could not answer my questions positively, but that he felt very sure Sabroan was gone to the house of some of the smugglers who lived on the banks of the river, and who introduced great quantities of contraband goods into Paris, by having secret places in their boats and barges ; and as he knew that Sabroan assisted these men in disposing of the goods they smuggled, he was confident he had gone to one of their houses. Louis was right in his conjecture, for in about an hour we heard Sabroan's signal, and we joined him. He led us into the back

room of a small house close to the river side, where I saw the clothes I now wear lying on a table; a strong powerful-looking man was standing beside them. Sabroan bade this man bring the things he had ordered, and directed me to change my clothes as quickly as possible. I took off my coat and the man left the room. The moment the door was shut Sabroan whispered, 'Where is the money?' I gave him all I had in my pocket, and pointed to my neckcloth. He nodded, and said aloud, 'Dress quick.' I did as he bid me, and was drawing on these boots when the man returned. He brought with him three bottles, and three packets of sailors' biscuits. Sabroan paid for them with my money, and divided them equally amongst us, telling me to stow them away in my pockets and take care of them, as I might find it dangerous to get any more food for some time to come. Then turning to the man he said, 'It is well understood; you are to have my friend's clothes and one hundred francs for those he now wears, and you are to take us to Rigot's in your boat.' 'Yes, yes,' replied the man; 'it is well understood;—shew me the money and my boat and myself are ready.' Sabroan produced the five louis, and the man without another word lifted my clothes from the floor, examined them, threw them on the bed, and led the way to the door. There he told

us to pass him, and as soon as he had given a signal to some one in the house he again took the lead, directing us to a small creek where a boat was fastened. This we entered; the boatman took the oars and began to pull stoutly down the river. I observed that we frequently crossed to different sides of the river, and that on different occasions our boatman pulled his oars with great caution, and the cause of this I discovered by suddenly hearing a loud challenge and then a musket-shot from some sentinel on the side we had just left. The boatman had desired us to lie down in the bottom of the boat before reaching this place. The moment the shot was fired he started up and poured forth a stream of argot and abuse the like of which I had never heard before. A loud laugh from several persons, and a cry of 'Oh! it is you, you old good-for-nothing! Why did you not hail as you passed?' shewed me that we had just passed some post of river police, and I presumed that the frequent crossing of the river was to avoid others of the same character. The boatman resumed his oars, but continued to pour forth the same volley of abuse and slang, till the laughter of the people on shore sounded faint in the distance. 'That's the last of them,' said the boatman, 'and the devil take that fellow and send him to sleep with a pickaxe for his bed-maker, for nothing else will ever

make him drowsy. Curse him, he never sleeps himself or allows his men to do so; though the most of them on the other stations might beat a marmot, for they could sleep through the summer as well as the winter!' In a few minutes we entered a small stream on the southern bank of the river, and rowed the boat into a little dock where another boat was anchored. There we landed, and after a short time we were admitted into Rigot's house. Here we had a full meal;—the last I had for fourteen days was in that house. Sabroan gave me a little lard in a bladder to add to my stock of provisions, and twice during my after wanderings I got some eggs, and these were the only occasions on which I slept in a bed till I reached this house;—but I am forestalling. When our meal was ended, Sabroan said, 'We must separate;' and asked if I would divide my money. I agreed, and having given a third part to him and the same to the boy, we took leave of each other, and began our journey, each taking his own line. As I have already said, I wandered forward for fourteen days, sleeping in sheds or in the open fields, except twice, when pressed by hunger, I entered two small cabarets. The price the people made me pay for my shelter and for the provisions they gave me greatly exhausted my small stock of money, and taught me also that they knew I was

a fugitive. At last I reached this village. Worn out and wretched, I determined to take my chance. I knew that the sister of my old servant lived near here. I entered this house to ask where she could be found, and you may judge my joy and relief when I beheld the excellent creature who has since concealed and tended me. For your kindness," continued Jules, turning to Hope, "I must be for ever grateful. If my old nurse is alive, I have enough to keep me for years, for now I know the value of the money I formerly squandered, and am not likely to fall again into the same folly. I shall, if she lives, be able to repay the sum you have so generously advanced; if not, I must remain your debtor till better times come."

"Cheer up," said Cross; "I hope those better times may not be far off, and I do not see why you fear that the old lady, your nurse, is dead."

"Alas! I fear it is so. She was very old, and may have died a natural death; or she may have fallen by some chance ball; or have been terrified to death; for the fighting was severe in the street where she lived. Some accident, I am sure, must have befallen her, or she would have paid my debt to Monsieur G——, and if she had he would have mentioned it when he saw you after the struggle was over."

Both the friends felt that there was so much truth in these words that they thought poor Jules' chance of getting back his money a very poor one. They tried however to cheer him by talking more hopefully than they felt, and pushed round the bottle the while; but in vain; neither words nor wine seemed to have any effect. A fit of despondency had come over him not to be overcome. After pursuing their endeavours for some time the friends became silent, and then Jules said—

“Good-night, good-night. You must not lose your rest in trying to comfort a poor devil like me. A few days will bring an answer to my letter, and whatever that answer be, while I live I shall remember with gratitude the sympathy you have shewn for one who so little deserves kindness from any one. Good-night.”

Cross and Hope pressed the hands he held out, and slipping softly through the kitchen, hurried to their beds. Cross was rather inclined to talk over what they had heard, but Hope stopped him, saying—

“We shall have plenty of time for discussion to-morrow; so, in the meantime, sleep and do not talk, since you say we must start at day dawn.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARE DE BOUILLON.

SILENCE reigned in their room, and the friends disposed themselves to sleep as soundly as they could during the few hours that remained till daylight. For a while a confusion of misty dreams floated about both. Hope could not for some time avoid starting up, fancying that he was sinking in a quicksand, for the story he had heard from Cross haunted him with disagreeable freshness, and in his dreamy fancy he was an actor in the scenes he had heard described; while with Cross, it was Jules' story that returned on his brain, and mixed up with it was a confused jumble of the Captain's indignation against merchants and mercantile pursuits. He had seen several members of the league, and in his dreams he thought he was present in front of a barricade, on which were placed Jules and those gentlemen, while a number of people were firing at them, all of whom bore a striking resemblance to the Captain; but sounder sleep soon banished these idle visions, and the entrance

of their little attendant to call them was unheard, till he had thrown open the curtains and knocked over a chair or two to let them know he was there, and that it was time for them to rise. When dressing, they talked over their dreams, each relating his own, and they were getting into a very learned disquisition on dreams in general, when the boy again made his appearance with coffee and the provisions they had ordered to be prepared for the day.

While they were discussing their breakfast, the carriage was brought round and packed, so that when they descended to the street they had only to take leave of their hostess and clamber into their places.

The landlord was up and in waiting at the door, and a lad was holding a horse all ready saddled for an expedition. The saddle was one of those huge masses of leather in general use among the Norman farmers, having a square ill-shaped demi-pique for the rider to sit on, with a large flap behind covering the horse to the very tail, which flap is used as a pillion when the wife goes to market, and on other occasions serves as a resting-place for sacks of corn when the owner wishes to convey them either to the mill or for sale.

The landlord himself was dressed for a day's sport, that is to say, he had a pair of leather gaiters buckled

over his trousers, and wore a black velvet hunting-cap ; this last he doffed to the friends when they were seated in their conveyance, and informing them that he proposed joining their fishing party, as he thought he might be of use, he asked permission to put his fishing-rods on to the top of the carriage. The two friends made him heartily welcome to put his tackle into the inside if he chose, to which he answered that his rods would do very well on the top, and they might crowd the gentlemen if he tried to put them inside. He then vanished into the house, returning in a minute with a bundle that looked like a large baker's faggot ; with this he clambered up behind, and they felt the carriage shake as the burthen plumped on to the top ; the sound of a cord was heard for a minute as it grated in being fixed to the iron rim, and then mine host jumped down, took off his cap, said his thousand thanks, and bade the boy drive on.

“Fishing-rod!” said Hope to the boy ; “does the man call that a fishing-rod ? I have seen a bullock's liver tied up in a bundle of sticks like that, and set in the German rivers to catch cray-fish. Are there many of those fish here ?”

“I do not think there are many,” replied the boy ; “but if there are, Monsieur Pinel will be able to catch them, for he is a fine fisherman.”

“But for what purpose are all those sticks?” asked Hope.

“His fishing-rods,” answered the boy. “Monsieur Pinel has a fine assortment of tackle.”

Hope looked round at Cross, who was laughing. “It is not a fishing-rod,” said the latter, “that we have the honour to be carrying for our friend, but five-and-twenty or thirty rods, all of which will be put into operation at once. Did you never see a Cockney fishing with half a dozen gudgeon rods in a punt? Well, your Norman fisher is a regular Cockney. His object is not sport but fish, and he calculates by rule of three. Thus, if one rod and line will catch one fish, how many fish will thirty rods and lines catch; and catching the most fish is considered the sign of being the best fisherman; therefore, he who has the most tackle must (according to this calculation) be the best sportsman. But this you will see when we reach the Mare de Bouillon.”

“With all my heart,” said Hope; “I always like to see the manner in which people conduct the same sport in different countries, so I shall watch our companion’s proceedings.”

As he spoke, Monsieur Pinel came trotting up to them. He had on his back one of the baskets which are used by the shore fishers. This was nearly full of bits

of wood, round which lines were wound. These rattled and danced about as he trotted, making a considerable clatter. As he came alongside, the little horse in their gig, who was very fresh after his three days' rest, became either frightened by the noise, or unwilling to allow the other animal to pass him, so he set off at a gallop, unfortunately just at the moment they were entering on a part of the road, or rather track, worse, if possible, than anything they had gone through on their first journey. After dashing through holes and ruts for about a mile, without breaking down, the boy, in endeavouring to avoid a hole, larger and deeper than any they had yet seen, went too much to one side; the wheel struck the bank, ran along it for a second, and then crash came the gig on its broadside. The boy lit on his legs like a cat, and ran to the horse's head, who, fortunately, seemed satisfied with the mischief he had done, for he stood quite still, neither attempting to kick nor run away.

Cross was undermost, and was not the least the worse for the tumble. Not so Hope, however. The shock had thrown him forward with a great jerk, striking his right arm and shoulder violently against the hood. He said nothing about it at first, but after crawling out, and once more on his legs in the road, he felt so much pain that he was obliged to sit down on the bank,

feeling sick, and for a moment almost faint—so much so, that Cross became alarmed at seeing him look so pale; but after resting for a minute, the violence of the pain moderated, and raising his arm sufficiently to ascertain that no bones were broken, Hope declared it was nothing, but asked for some water.

Cross started off to look for some in the direction their driver pointed out, and whilst he was gone, the boy kept up a continued stream of curses on his own horse, on Monsieur Pinel, on Monsieur Pinel's horse, and on the roads, but as an extraordinary instance of forbearance, it is only fair to say that, though he poured forth on all these every term of abuse in the French language, he never once either struck or kicked his horse. It is doubtful if any other driver in Normandy would have so abstained.

Monsieur Pinel saw the accident from a distance, and had the good sense to come gently forward, so as not again to startle the horse. He joined them just as Cross returned with the cup of his flask full of water, after drinking which, Hope declared himself better, "but," added he, "I fear my day's fishing is spoilt, for my right arm is so stiff, I shall never be able to throw a line; however, as I have my left arm and the use of my eyes, I can see what you do when we get to the

water, and in the meantime, I can hold the horses, if you will try and put the gig on its wheels again."

There was not much difficulty in getting Blacky out of his harness; he was placed under Hope's charge. Monsieur Pinel tied his horse to a tree, and both of them stood as quietly as if there was no such thing as a runaway in France. Pinel, Cross, and the boy set to work with good will, and in two minutes the carriage was up and packed again, not one bit the worse for its overthrow; indeed, if anything, the side that had been on the ground looked rather better than the other, for the scrape on the wet mud had scratched off some of the dirt with which it had been begrimed.

"There is nothing like a French carriage for a French road," said Cross. "A smart English turn-out would have been smashed to bits by such a crash; but this old rattle-trap, as you see, is not a bit the worse, so we may as well pop the little rascal into the shafts again and be off."

Blacky was soon harnessed; very little was broken, for everything fitted so loosely, that the shaft had passed over his back, and the saddle had twisted under his belly as the carriage upset. Two or three bits of string made everything right again. The boy announced that all was ready, and pledged himself for Blacky's future

good conduct. Good or bad, Hope was obliged to get in, for he did not feel able to undertake a walk to the lake. Monsieur Pinel held the horse's head; Cross helped Hope to mount, and then jumped in himself, the boy standing by, repeating the same sentence over and over again, namely, "Soyez sage! sac-r-r-r-e—b-r-r-r-i-gand!"

We do not pretend to say that the horse understood this admonition, but he started as quiet as a lamb, and they proceeded at a foot's pace, to avoid shaking Hope more than could be helped, and as they went on, Hope felt less pain, and began to converse as gaily as ever.

"Our landlord is a civil fellow," said he, "and his wife seems to be an excellent creature. I have heard it asserted that your Norman peasant is a selfish animal, who never gives anything for nothing, and that their gratitude, like that of a political leader, is only shewn in return for a lively expectation of services to come; but our good hostess has proved that she, at least, is free from such charges; she can have little expectation of future benefit from poor Jules, yet has she resigned her own safety, and given her property, in gratitude for services and kindness shewn to her brother."

"Yes," said Cross; "she proves the injustice of sweeping accusations. I hope there are many more

like her in this district. It is hardly fair to bring such a general charge against a people, but I am sorry to say there are too many instances of gross selfishness to be found, not only amongst the peasantry, but also amongst the better class. I have too often, to my great disgust, heard those who ought to know better, answer, 'But what good will that do me?' when a request for some assistance, or favour, has been made to them by parties whom they call their friends. The love of self, I know, is too common a fault all over the world; but certainly there are few places where you will find such an unblushing avowal of it, as I have heard in this fair district of Normandy. There are exceptions, many I hope, to this sweeping imputation, still, most uncompromising selfishness is the glaring fault of the country. I cannot help thinking that the perpetual ballot for the conscription has a great deal to do in teaching the young men to consider the golden rule for their guidance to be, 'Every man for himself, and God for us all;' at least, nine-tenths of them follow it."

Hope laughed. "Bravo, Cross!" he said; "you began by trying to be good-natured and liberal, and you end by clinching the nail that others have driven. I have a great respect for your opinion, because I know you are honest; and the long and the short of what

you tell me is, that all Normans are not selfish and ungrateful, but that you think nine-tenths of them are."

When Hope laughed, the boy looked round.

"I see you have forgiven poor Blacky and me. It was not his fault, poor beast. If that accursed chestnut of Pinel's had kept out of the way, he would have gone as quiet as a lamb; and then these roads—the commune should be prosecuted; those holes are enough to spoil any horse's temper."

"Never mind, my little fellow," said Hope; "nobody blames you. I quite agree that the roads are enough to try the temper of Job, so that no horse should be found fault with if he loses patience." Then speaking in English to Cross, he continued, "What passion guides this little Norman? Is it affection for his horse, or love for himself, that makes him plead his excuse with such an anxious face."

"Both, perhaps," answered Cross, "with love of approbation added; for though I think the selfishness of the people here makes them do many mean and paltry actions, yet they are brave, and, generally speaking, kind-hearted and affectionate. The love of approbation, also, is strongly marked amongst the French. Many a man, for instance, who would neither lend his horse, nor

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give five francs to oblige a friend, would risk his life to save him if he fell into the river ; more especially, if there were a good many eyes to see what he did. I do not say that they are very constant in their affections, but while they do love, it is with their whole hearts, and they will fight like devils in defence of a lover or a friend ; anything, in short, but open their purse-strings. However, our little friend here is not a Norman. If you call him one he will tell you he is from Brittany, and no Norman, and will thank God and the Virgin on that account. The neighbouring districts know the foibles of the Normans ; for instance, if you are making a bargain with a Breton, he will take care to tell you the place of his birth, with a look that says as plain as look can speak, 'I am from Brittany, and therefore to be trusted.' But here we are in sight of the Mare de Bouillon. If you are still in pain, you can just see it, and then we can continue our road to Granville, and postpone our fishing for another day."

"Never mind me," answered Hope ; "if I cannot fish myself, I can, at all events, see what you and our host can do. I daresay I can get a little vinegar to rub my arm, and then I shall be quite fit for our day's amusement, which I should not like to postpone, as on another day I may not have an opportunity of seeing how a

Frenchman contrives to use five-and-twenty or thirty rods at the same time."

"As you like," answered Cross. "And, as the boy will be close at hand, we can go at any moment should you wish it."

In a quarter of an hour the boy pulled up at a house close to the lake. Some vinegar was procured, and while Cross assisted his friend to bind his shoulder and arm with handkerchiefs soaked in the acid, Monsieur Pinel shouldered his faggot-looking bundle of rods and went off with the man of the house to prepare the boat and begin his own operations. The friends followed in ten minutes, and although Hope was unable to use his arm he felt greatly relieved by the cold applications. While Cross was arranging his own rod, Hope watched Monsieur Pinel's proceedings. This last had already put together about a dozen of his rods. They were of all lengths, from six feet long to sixteen, all equally rude in their construction—some jointed by splicing, some with sheet-iron. By the side lay two of a better make; these were fitted with rings, and had small brass reels fixed on the butts.

Monsieur Pinel continued to put his rods together, till the greater part were in order; he then tied them

together, and was about to move when Hope proposed to accompany him.

“I shall be back in an hour,” said Pinel, “and then if you will do me the honour to come, I may be able to shew you something; but just now, as the boat is ready, you will be more amused there than with me. I shall leave these (pointing to his good rods and to some half-dozen of the rough ones, not yet put together) till I come back, and I shall be obliged if you will look this way now and then to see that no person takes them.”

“Very well,” said Cross. “Call us when you come back;” then turning to Hope, he said in English, “let him go; you will see all you want to see by and by.”

Monsieur Pinel walked off with a bundle of rods on each shoulder and his basket on his back.

“Norman to the backbone!” exclaimed Cross, as soon as he was off. “He is afraid if you go with him that you will get a share of some of the river. As soon as he has got rods baited, and set in all the best places, he will come and let you see what he is about.”

“I would give five pounds to beat him, the selfish rascal,” said Hope.

“And perhaps we may do so,” answered Cross; “none of these fellows know anything about spinning. I have got some of the sardines and some beautiful spinning-

tackle, and as the day is so bright, we have a better chance of getting sport with them than with the fly; at all events, let us try. There are some very fine perch in the water, and I have often observed that the hotter and brighter the day, the better the perch bite, provided you lead your line well, and spin deep. But don't let us lose time. If you could hold a rod over the stern of the boat, I will make this fellow pull us quietly along, and so give you a chance by trailing."

"I will try at all events; but I am so spiteful at that fellow, I should not like him to learn how to spin, and if this man sees us, he will tell him."

"He is a stupid fellow, and I don't think he has the sense to understand what we are about; at any rate there are no such things as swivels in France, and without them no one can spin."

The rods were arranged, and they moved down to the boat. The Mare de Bouillon was a large piece of water, with banks of weeds surrounding the greater part of it.

"Where is the river?" asked Hope.

"There," replied Cross, pointing to the end of the lake, towards which Pinel had walked, "but it is more like a broad ditch than a river, and it is so closely lined with bushes on both sides, that it is quite impossible to cast a fly. There are a good many fair

trout in it, but there is no way of fishing for them except with bait, as you will see by and by when you go with Monsieur Pinel. If we had a little more wind, we might pick up a good basketful in the lake; but as it is, let us see what we can do with our sardines."

They got into the boat, and Cross directed the man to pull towards the river. He arranged Hope's rod as soon as they were under weigh, and began himself to cast on either side of the boat. He had not made above half a dozen casts before he called out "I have one!" and at the same moment Hope felt that he also had a fish. Cross soon hauled up a fine perch, but Hope was only able to hold up his rod and wait till Cross came to help him to land the perch which he also had hooked, and in his haste he entangled his own line, so that it took some time to put on a fresh bait and get it again in order.

"Confound the roads and that little beast for running away," said Hope. "I must give up all attempts at sport, for I can do nothing myself, and I only prevent you from beating Pinel; so do your best and let me look on."

Cross remonstrated, but Hope stuck to his point and insisted that no more time should be lost, "for," said he, "I shall have quite as much pleasure in watching you,

and it will be all the more glorious if you, with one rod, can beat that selfish fellow, with his whole bundle." Cross yielded and resumed his work. There was some delay before he was again successful; but then he took two or three perch as fast as he could pull them out, and then again there was another long pause before he felt another bite.

"Make the fellow turn back," said Hope, "and stick to the two places where you have been successful. You know that perch swim in shoals, especially in this warm weather, when they get into the deepest holes; and, if I remember right, it is old Isaac Walton who says 'that, like the wicked of this world, they do not mind seeing their companions carried off before their eyes,' and he is right, for I have often proved it."

Orders were given to turn, and the plan was successful, for every time they passed the two places where the first fish were taken, they were quite sure to catch one or two more, and Cross had upwards of a dozen very fine perch in his basket before Monsieur Pinel came back.

"Put me on shore," said Hope; "don't say a word about what you have caught, and mind you do your best not to allow that Norman to beat you."

Cross laughed and replied, "I think you are growing

somewhat Norman yourself, by being so anxious to keep all the sport to ourselves."

"Not a bit," answered Hope, "I am only spiteful. If that fellow had not monopolized the whole river, I would have enjoyed his success as much as yours; but as it is, I must own, I would see him hanged before I would give him a line or a lesson, so put me on shore."

The boat touched the land, and getting out, he walked towards their companion, who was baiting one of his good rods; the remainder of the rough ones were put together and lying in a bundle.

"Come along," said Monsieur Pinel, "and you shall see what I have done. I was afraid you would find out one of my favourite places, so I put no rod there at first; but now that I have got a fair start, I don't mind your seeing it." He walked into the weeds and threw his line into the water. "There," continued he, "that is a famous place for bream; I have three hooks on that line, and when we come back, I shall have a fish on each, and by this time I hope some of my other lines have done something—so now, forward."

"Well, he is honest in his selfishness, at all events," thought Hope, as he followed his guide, feeling less angry with him than he had been five minutes before.

They soon came to the burn, which exactly answered

Cross's description of it. It was narrow and sluggish wherever the water was deep; but every now and then there was a bit where the stream ran more rapidly over a shallow. Both sides were lined with trees or bushes, through which, in most places, you were obliged to force your way to reach the edge of the water; here and there there was a break for a small space, and these were the places which Monsieur Pinel now honestly confessed he wished to keep to himself. "There are others," he said, "that I know of which you would not so easily find out, but all these opens are good for trout, and I was afraid, if you came with me at first, you would have taken some of them and caught more fish than I, for I know you Englishmen are fine fishermen."

"And perhaps you will be beat yet," said Hope.

"I do not think so," answered Pinel. "Your friend has only one rod, and when I have set these I shall have thirty rods and fifty hooks set in all the best places. Here, for instance," continued he, stopping and unwinding a short line from one of the boards in his basket—"here is a place you would never think of, and I always get some perch here. I like catching them better than trout at this season, and when we come to count what we have each got, I shall consider one perch better than two fish of any other sort."

"You will, will you?" replied Hope. "I shall remind you of this when the counting begins."

The line was baited with worms; Pinel pushed through the bushes and dropped it into the water. In the same way he baited and set his other rods, and then they came to the first of those which he had set on his previous trip up the stream. It was in one of the opens, and when pulled out it had a good trout fast on the hook.

"Ha! ha!" said Pinel, "that is the third I have got; your friend has not much chance." The hook was re-baited and again set, and in like manner all the other rods were examined, both in going up and returning down the stream. Two or three more trout, and six or eight bream, were basketted—Pinel ha-ha-ing most triumphantly, as each was pulled out. When he came to the hole where he expected to get perch, he crowed doubly loud, for there he found that two small ones had taken his bait, but on reaching the pet place for bream he was horridly disgusted to find that his baits were gone, but no fish.

"I shall stop here for half an hour," he said, "and then examine my rods again, and as I am quite a sportsman I don't wish to take an unfair advantage of a stranger; pray tell your friend that at that place (point-

was asked, and at every moment he pulled out two or three bream. "Nasty brutes!" he said; "I cannot bear to touch them; and what a child you are to like to torment that poor devil. I will tell him to change his hooks."

"If you do I will never forgive you," said Hope; "his face is worth any money. If you catch two or three more he will boil over, and then I shall be content."

Cross did not care for the sport of catching wretched little bream, and he thought tormenting Pinel childish, but he could not help being amused at the contortions Pinel made every time he hauled up his line with two or three bright little fish hanging to his hooks; nor could he resist joining in the loud roar of laughter in which Hope indulged, when at last Pinel gave a tremendous jerk to his rod, broke it in two, threw down the bits, danced, swore, and finally kicked his hunting-cap into the water. As soon as he had recovered, he ran off, leaving his broken rod behind him.

"Now I am content," said Hope; and he shouted to Pinel to come back; but the discomfited fisherman either did not or would not hear, for he continued his way without turning his head.

"Never mind him," said Cross. "If he finds fish on

his other lines, he will soon recover his good humour, for the Normans are a good-natured people; and though as hot as cayenne when provoked, if you give them a little time, or cut a joke, they cool again as quickly as they warm, and to tell you the truth, I am tired of catching these creatures; so, let us try round the lake for nobler sport." He resumed his own rod, ordered the man to pull on, and began again to spin his sardines. "By the way," continued he, after taking a few casts, "did you ever see the double worm, a sort of Siamese twins, that stick to the gills of the bream? if not, examine one of those fish; you will be sure to find some, and they are very curious-looking creatures."

"I have heard of, but have never seen them," said Hope, as he lifted one of the bream. "Ah! here they are," he exclaimed, as soon as he had opened the gills; "and now, as you are a reasoner, can you account for them, or give as good an explanation of these parasites, as of the worms and sea-lice that torment the salmon?"

"Indeed I cannot," replied Cross. "A bream is not the fish to excite my curiosity, and I never have watched them sufficiently to discover the use of these curious-looking creatures. I have examined them with a microscope, and they are certainly most extraordinary; and at this

as I watched my line, baited with live shrimps, I could cast my eye and my thoughts now and then towards Lovegrove's and know that my wine was in ice, and that I was sure of getting plenty of fish there, if the docks were unpropitious; and I am bound to say that the finest perch I ever saw in my life I caught in those same docks. But that is nothing to the purpose just now; you are fond of raising fish, and I want to give you an opportunity of getting a rise out of a Norman, who will give as much sport as a salmon. I have in my book a paternoster with beautiful small hooks tied on pig's bristles; now, though I cannot use my arm to throw, I can put my rod in order and bait my pater, and when all is ready we will pull the boat up to Pinel, and I shall have some fun watching his face if you have any luck, and I think you will, for I see him raising his rod every minute."

"I am ashamed of you!" said Cross.

"Gammon!" exclaimed Hope; "ashamed, or not ashamed, you must do it, so, like a good fellow, don't shake your head, for I am sure it will be capital fun! What do you think the fellow told me a minute ago? He said that, having a character to lose, he did not wish any one to catch so many fish as he did!"

"Well, you old baby," said Cross, "I suppose we must do as you wish, so arrange your tackle."

Hope was not long in knotting the paternoster, float and all, on to his line. They had plenty of bait, for Cross, although he pretended to despise such sport, had not failed to provide both worms and gentles. The six hooks were baited, and they pulled slowly towards Pinel, stopping about twenty yards in front of him.

"I am afraid you will do nothing, gentlemen," said he, "for though the fish are biting every moment they will not take hold."

"Shew him the difference, Cross," said Hope; "if you get hold of one, don't pull up till you catch two or three—then astonish him."

Cross did as he was asked. The float by good luck was exactly right. In half a minute he had three fast, and pulled them out. Pinel swore, and Hope laughed.

"If I could only get my line out a little further," said Pinel.

"Pull a little nearer the shore," said Hope to the boatman; "and you, Cross, like a good fellow, put your line close to his. Look how he is grinding his teeth! You never had a better rise in your life than we shall have in five minutes, so fire away!"

Cross called his friend an old baby, but did as he

ing with his finger) there is a capital hole for bream ; nobody can fish it from the shore."

"If they could, you would not have told him," said Hope.

"Well, perhaps not," answered Pinel ; "at all events, I would have put a line there. When one has a name for being the best fisherman in the country, one does not wish any other person to catch as many fish as one does one's-self, but it is very strange that all my baits are gone and not a fish caught."

Hope looked at the hooks as Pinel was baiting them, and did not think it at all strange ; the hooks were four times too big to enter the mouth of a bream, unless it was a great deal larger than any he had yet seen taken ; but although in much better humour with him, he did not tell his discovery, for a thought had struck him, and he hurried away to call Cross.

"What sport?" said he, as soon as he was again in the boat.

"Very fair," answered Cross, "I have got six-and-twenty perch and one very small jack, but I think I have caught every fish, for I have not had a run for this last ten minutes ; so we must try round and find a fresh place."

"No, no," exclaimed Hope, "come and torment that

Frenchman a bit. He has got a pet place for bream, but he is fishing for them with large perch-hooks, and will not get one in an hour."

"Hang bream!" said Cross, "nasty, stringy, bony fish, that even a hungry pike will not eat. I am not fond of bait-fishing of any kind, and bobbing for bream with a worm is worse than fishing with a punt and rake for gudgeons."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Hope. "I have no patience with you fellows who turn up your noses at everything but fly-fishing and salmon. Why, I have had many a pleasant day's fishing with a paternoster* in the West India docks, sitting all the while on a sugar hogshead, with my feet on a mahogany log, and

* For those who have never seen a paternoster, it may be as well to explain that it is a line. The best are made of twisted gut, at the end of which a plummet of lead is fixed. On the line itself small bits of bone, or ivory, in the shape of glass bugles, are placed between two knots, in such a way that they retain their places, but can twist round. These are fixed at from three to six inches apart, and on each of them is fastened a hook, tied either on pig's bristles or very strong stiff gut. By this arrangement the bait stands out three or four inches from the main line. When baited with small line bait, they are able to move round and round the line, which is kept perpendicular by a large float. When worms or grubs are used they stand out all round. It is a poaching and deadly way of fishing in still water.

season and in this water they are always to be found in the bream; but I have not fished for them at all times of the year, so as to find out if they are always on their gills, or only to be found at times; and without knowing this fact, it is difficult to speculate on the use which nature may assign them. That they are of some use, there can be no doubt, for nature creates nothing without an end and a purpose; and in these, her lower works, I suspect that the attacks of these insects, like those in the salmon, have something to do with the propagation of the fish. Several naturalists have observed these double worms on the bream, but I do not remember to have seen them mentioned as being found on any other fish; so I may here remark that I have three or four times seen exactly the same shaped worm in the gills of whiting. The creature was of the same double form, joined in the middle like a capital H, only in the whiting it was of a redder colour and four times as large as those you are now looking at."

"I shall examine the gills of every fish I catch in future," said Hope; "these inquiries give a further zest to a pleasant sport, and these creatures are indeed very curious." He put a little water in the hollow of his hand, and allowed some of the worms to float in the water, the better to examine their form. Cross, in the

meantime, continued to fish, and soon disturbed Hope's entomological studies by hooking a good trout.

It were useless to enumerate each fish that was taken. They rowed gently round the lake, and several trout, perch, and small pike were caught. In passing the weeds, some wild ducks were started, and Hope declared that the sight made him quite young again, for it recalled the remembrance of his early fishing days, when, as a boy, and on a Highland loch, he had been accustomed to see the ducks rise from the weeds, while the trout rose to his flies. They also searched the weeds in hopes of finding some larvæ of the dragon-flies, not yet flown, but they were unsuccessful. Thousands of these insects of all colours were flying over the water, the weeds, and banks, and several of the small blue variety were already laying their eggs. These they watched, glistening in the sun, their glassy wings quivering like little gleams of light, as they flapped them with the rapidity of lightning, while they hung on some leaf above the water, making dragon-fly music, a sleepy sound between the hum of a bee and the crackling of a dry leaf.

When they returned to the landing-place, they found Pinel, who waved his cap to them as they came up. He was in high good humour. He had changed his rods, and as he was then fishing with smaller hooks, he had a

you are to meet with by the way the birds fly. For instance, if one magpie flies to the right, your good fortune is to be great; if to the left it will be trifling. And again, if you see four magpies and they go to the right, your sorrow will not be great; if one flies away and three remain you will hear of a death and a legacy at the same time. Now, as the 'land of the flood, the mountain, and the mist,' is the true place for second sight and superstition, I hold to the Highland version, and join with Rory O'More in saying 'there's luck in odd numbers.' So, for the fun of the thing, let us try and count these birds. I will count all that go to the right, and you all that go to the left."

"We can try at all events to number them," said Cross, "for it requires some one to vouch for the fact of seeing fifty magpies in the same field. So come along."

They continued to mount the gentle ascent, till they reached the corner of the high bank that surrounded the field, up which they clambered, and saw from thence the magpies sitting all over the field, more like a flock of rooks than of any other birds. Some few were close to the bank as they mounted, and they did not take the trouble of flying above twenty yards before they lit again, and then hopped gently along, giving a twist to their heads and a sly glance at the intruders, who were

engaged in trying to count them. One made the number fifty-two, the other fifty-three.

“Well, it is a very curious sight,” said Hope, “and talking of superstition makes one feel superstitious. Do you see that there are five parties, of four in each party, that keep separate from the rest and always together? I have five relations now in Paris; I hope I shall not hear of another émeute, and that the insurgents have put them all to death.”

“Should you be very sorry?” said Cross, laughing, as he clapped his hands and shouted, which put up the whole flight.

“To be sure I should,” answered Hope.

“Then it is not their death that these augurs foretell,” said Cross, “for the whole party are off to the right, which, according to your rule, proves that if you hear of five deaths, you will not care much about the people who die.

“I wonder,” said Hope, “if magpies could be caught as a French postillion once taught me to catch jays.”

“How was that?” asked Cross; “jays are very numerous here, and their wings are worth having.”

“My instructor,” said Hope, “told me that he got a living jay and took him to a field near some wood, where he knew that there were plenty of wild jays. He

and they left Pinel to finish his pipe and do the honours of the remains of their pie to the boatman.

“What birds are those?” asked Hope. “They look like magpies, but there is such a flock of them, it cannot be.” He pointed as he spoke to a field about a quarter of a mile from the little height they had just reached.

“Magpies they are,” said Cross. “I have never seen such a quantity of those birds anywhere as I have seen in this place; I counted upwards of fifty in that same field the last time I was here, and there seems to be at least that number there now.”

“It is very curious,” remarked Hope. “Have the country people the same superstition about them that they have in some parts of England and in the Highlands of Scotland? Do they consider them as birds of augury, and think that it is unfortunate to kill them? I do not wonder that game is scarce where so many of these pirates are allowed to exist.”

“There are two reasons, I believe, why they are never killed,” said Cross; “first, they consider it very unlucky to kill them, and, secondly, their flesh is bitter and not good to eat. Your Norman sportsman will never waste his powder and shot by firing at anything that is not eatable; and the birds seem to know their safety, for they are as tame as barn-door fowls, and will hardly

take the trouble of hopping out of your way. My Scandinavian traveller tells me that they are as common and as tame all over the North. One morning he found six chattering and dancing a war-dance round a salmon's head which he had thrown away, and when he approached they only hopped a few yards, and jerked their tails and chattered worse than ever. There may be some old Norse superstition about them which has survived. I do not know if they have the same rhymes about them here, that we have in England, but I know that they consider it fortunate to see an uneven number of them, and unfortunate to see an even number. Let me see, how go the lines?—

‘One is sorrow, two is mirth,
‘Three’s a wedding, four’s a birth.’”

“Aye, that is the English edition,” said Hope, “and put together for the sake of the rhyme; but our Highland belief agrees with the Norman. We think that the uneven numbers are fortunate, and the even unfortunate. In the Highlands, the lines are—

‘One is joy, two is grief,
Three a wedding, four a death.’

And in the Highlands they go further, for they think that you may calculate on the amount of joy or sorrow

good heap of bream lying behind him. But this was not altogether the cause of his restoration. He had also caught a large tench on one of his lines, and several more perch and trout; his bragging and exultation were therefore nearly as amusing as his rage had been an hour before.

Certain inward warnings had reminded both the friends that they had breakfasted lightly at day-dawn, and that nature abhorred a vacuum, more especially when there was a well-stored basket close at hand.

"Let us land and eat." The order to pull ashore and an invitation to Pinel to join them was given by both at the same moment, and Cross added, "do not shew our sport till after luncheon, for Pinel is so excited that if we have caught more than he has we shall spoil his meal." Hope nodded assent, and they jumped on shore.

A dry bank was chosen, and Pinel, who seemed to think he was doing the honours of his own table-d'hôte, ceased bragging for a while, and made himself very useful in arranging the provisions, and sending for water from a spring close by; but no sooner were their hands washed and they were fairly seated, than he resumed his triumphant tone.

"Not bad, that pie," said he, "indeed, far worse than

this would be good in the eyes of a thorough sportsman. You English, they say, know something of sport, and indeed I have myself seen that you, gentlemen, are very successful in catching bream; perhaps you know the satisfaction of taking a trout, or a perch? Did you ever catch a tench more than a pound weight?"

"Oh yes," answered Hope, winking to Cross. "We have done such a thing sometimes, and I could teach you how to catch them, if you are fond of such sport; but we do not, in general, much care for taking any carp or tench."

"The gentleman is a little jealous," said Pinel, "and it is not surprising, for I have done wonders. I dare say he would have beat most people, but it is fair to say, that I am famous for my skill and success. If it was not that I do not like to forfeit my fame as a fisherman, I almost wish he had been as fortunate as myself."

In the same strain did the worthy Norman run on during the whole time they were eating; nor did he stop, even when he had produced his pipe and stretched himself on the bank to enjoy it at his ease. The man who had rowed them was then summoned, and while he ate, Hope proposed mounting a small elevation that lay behind them, so as to obtain a better view of the country before again entering the boat, to which Cross agreed,

then cut a couple of forked sticks and fastened his decoy to the ground, by pegging his wings to the earth. It is not painful, but it certainly must be very disagreeable to be thus spread-eagled, and the jay begins to scream and struggle when he is left alone. It seems to be the disposition of jays to hit a friend when he is down, for if there be one within hearing, he is sure to attack the captive. He generally contrives to hook his claws into the assailant, and as the pegs hold him, so he holds the other till the sportsman comes in as umpire. Then jay number two is laid on his back, and the sport goes on till there are no more jays to be punished for cruelty to their kind."

"Serve them right," said Cross; "but jays are not singular in this disposition. I once owned a family of terriers who lived in perfect friendship with each other, and with a couple of big rough-haired deer-hounds, who generally took possession of the warmest arm-chairs in the drawing-room. This home pack did great execution amongst the hares and rabbits, when we went out for a walk together in the woods. If one terrier started anything, he forthwith set up a vehement yelping, which the rest seemed to understand at once. Those who were behind yelped and ran as if for dear life, but those who were before crouched silently in the grass, while the long-

legged hounds bounded to the outside with open eyes and cocked ears, to be ready for a fair race over the open. We once killed eight hares. As long as there was anything to run down, they were all of one mind, and when they came home they sat on the rug and blinked at the fire with sleepy eyes in peace and contentment. But one fine day one of the terriers trod in a trap, and yelped in a new key. We all ran, but with different aims, and the first up was the grandmother of the prisoner, who fell upon her and worried her, and there was a battle royal. I laid an ash stick about their ears, scattered them, freed the grand-daughter, who was not much hurt, and then we continued our walk without more civil discord, and resumed offensive operations against the hares. Men are not much better at times; see how Frenchmen are now worrying Frenchmen in France. But now, if you have seen enough of the magpies, let us go back, for I do not think we shall have much more fishing. Look out to sea; do you observe how dark the sky is growing? I should not be surprised if we had a gale of wind before long, for we may very probably get the tail of the bad weather which they must have had out at sea, to bring us such a fog as we had yesterday morning."

"It certainly looks like a change of weather," said

Hope, "and I feel the wind rising—all the better for your sport, for I observe that there is a nice curl coming on the water; so you may yet do something with your flies."

"I do not think we shall do any good," answered Cross. "You are an older sportsman than I am, and must have remarked what I have often seen, that just before a gale, as the change is coming on, no fish will move; but let us try."

When they reached the lake side, they found Pinel looking very cross. He had lit a second pipe, and was puffing away with all his might, as he stood by the side of the boat staring at the fish which Cross had caught—the boatman was washing them and laying them out in a row.

"Sacré! mille tonnerre! that is sport!" exclaimed Pinel; "and you said nothing about it." He then seemed to recover his good humour, took off his cap, made Cross a bow, and went on, "you are my master, I must confess, but I do not think there is another man in France could do as much, or one I would ask to give me a lesson. Will the gentleman shew me how he fishes?"

"Well, as he eats humble pie," said Hope, "if you will shew him how you spin, I will give him my receipt

for making a paste that I believe to be the best in the world for catching tench and carp."

"Just to prove to him that we are not selfish, and therefore not like him," answered Cross — "so be it. Jump into the boat, and take him with you to the stern. I will take the bow, and while I spin, you may write out your receipt. We have no time to lose, for the sky is overcasting rapidly, and I am much mistaken if we have not a dirty evening before us."

The boat was pushed off, and was pulled slowly to the upper end of the lake, and then allowed to drift, broad-side foremost, along the edge of the weeds. The sky soon became completely overcast, and the wind began to rise, coming down in gusty squalls, raising a strong curl on the water. Nothing could look more promising for fishing, and Cross tried his very best, first with spinning-tackle and then with fly, but all in vain, not a fish would move, and after persevering for nearly two hours, he proposed leaving the lake.

"There is a storm coming," said he, "and a bad one; so we may as well wind up and be off before it breaks, for we have two miles of worse road than any you have yet seen, over which we must pass before we reach the main Granville road, and it is as well to do it in daylight."

"It does look rather bad," replied Hope, "so let us go; I suppose it will be a mere summer squall, and be fine again to-morrow."

"Worse than a squall, I'll answer for it," said Cross. "The fog of yesterday foretells more than that, and the fish are still better barometers. Nothing has moved since the change began, which convinces me we shall have a severe storm. So, to land," continued he, addressing the boatman; "we shall be some time packing up."

Hope had been writing out his promised receipt with a pencil on a bit of paper, using his hat for a table. "Here," called he to Pinel, "you are fond of catching tench; here is a receipt that you will find most deadly, and if one comes within ten yards of this bait, you are sure of him."

"Oh, that is delightful!" exclaimed Pinel; "a tench is such an excellent fish, and the skin is a delicious morsel. Monsieur le Marquis would tell you, that for bouillabaise there is nothing to equal tench. He very nearly quarrelled seriously with a gentleman, and has given up his acquaintance ever since, because he did not eat the skin of two brace of tench which he had sent him as a present. Monsieur Montgomerie confessed, in my hearing, that he had thrown away the skin, and I never saw the Marquis so angry; indeed I heard him mutter-

ing to himself very often during the evening, and was tempted to listen to what he was saying. It was always the same sentence which he was repeating over and over again, namely, 'He did not eat the skin! He did not eat the skin!' which proves that it must be very good, or so fine a judge would not have dwelt so much on the fact of Monsieur Montgomerie's neglecting to eat it."

"Well," said Hope, laughing, "I shall remember this in future. I am afraid I should have fallen into the same disgrace as Monsieur Montgomerie if I had eaten tench in the presence of the Marquis. But here is the receipt; and as you say there are very fine fish of that sort in this water, if you wish to please the Marquis when next he comes to your house, bait your ground a day or two before with a few handful of small pills of this paste, and then either angle or set your lines when you wish to produce the fish. I will answer for it that you will not be disappointed; but as the writing is probably not very legible, I may as well read what I have written."

He read, while Pinel looked over his shoulder: "First, Take the hard roe of a salmon (if you cannot get salmon-roe, the hard roe of any other fish will do, but that of the salmon is best); to every table-spoonful of roe add a bit of butter the size of a hazel nut, and put

the whole before a gentle fire to warm slowly. When the heat is sufficient to melt the butter, the eggs of the roe become soft and burst, so that when the mass is well beaten with a wooden spoon, it will become of the consistency of pomatum.

“Secondly, For every spoonful of this roe pomatum, add two spoonful of finely-ground flour (bean-flour is best) ; beat the flour and the roe together, adding from time to time a drop or two of honey, and work up the mass with the hands till you have a firm paste of the consistency of baker’s dough. A small quantity of finely-clipped wool may be worked into the paste to give it greater tenacity on the hook ; but if the paste is well made this is not necessary. It is the best paste ever tried for carp or tench ; indeed no leather-mouthed fish can withstand its temptations.”

“There,” said Hope, as he finished reading ; “there is the receipt, and you are the only person in France who possesses it.”

“I am so grateful,” answered Pinel, “and I give you a thousand thanks. I hope you will never give it to any one else, for I shall take care to keep it to myself.”

“Norman still,” said Hope, as he exchanged a glance with Cross, who was busily employed in packing up his tackle.

"Shall I take the fish up to the carriage?" asked the boatman.

"Do so," replied Cross.

"You have such a quantity," said Pinel; "what will you do with all those fine perch? they will be spoilt before you can eat them."

"That is true," answered Cross; "and I suppose you would like to have some? well, where is your basket? you are welcome to the half."

Pinel's eyes glistened with pleasure; his basket was taken off, and a full half of the day's sport was placed in it.

"They will be astonished when I get home."

"I will bet five francs he will say he caught them himself," said Hope, in English.

"Of course he will," answered Cross, laughing. "I fear, in our country, your fisherman often forgets what the keeper has done when he produces and brags of his basket; but come on—it is getting late, and it will be dark before we are out of that confounded lane."

"If the gentlemen will walk up the river with me," broke in Pinel, "I will shew them all the best places. I am so much obliged to them that I will do for them what I would not do for any one else; there are two or

three places for a night line that nobody knows of except myself."

"It is too late, I fear," answered Cross. "You know the lane as well as I do, and another upset in the dark would not be agreeable."

"Send on the boy with the carriage," suggested Pinel. "It will be all the lighter, and you can join it at the cabaret in the hollow, where I propose to stop to-night."

"Not a bad plan," said Cross, "if you, Hope, are up to the walk; and to tell you the truth I recommend it, for the jolts will not do your shoulder much good."

Hope declared himself quite able for the walk, so they packed everything into the carriage, gave directions to the boy, and started. Their progress was slow, for they had to wait while Pinel wound up some of his lines and set others, which were to remain through the night and be lifted in the morning. The evening closed rapidly in; no rain fell, but the wind rose, and the clouds were so black that it was quite dark long before they reached the main road. They were also obliged to move slowly on account of Hope's helpless arm, which made him fear falling, and they therefore walked cautiously along the sort of path by the river side. Hope, however, did not regret the delay, as he

was delighted with watching the great number of glow-worms which were scattered in all directions up the little valley, and which seemed brighter than any of the same kind he had ever seen before. On remarking this to Cross, he told him he had made the same observation himself, never having seen glow-worms so bright as in that part of Normandy, and he pointed out the faint gleam of the males, as they flew away from the females, when they passed.

“That is certainly very singular,” said Hope, when Cross pointed out a male that rose from the grass, on which the gleam of light shewed brighter than any they had before observed. “Fire-flies, of course, I have seen in millions at Naples, and more especially in the chestnut forests at Lucca Baths; but I never before saw the light on the male glow-worm. How do you account for this being the case here more than in hotter climates?”

“Glow-worms are carnivorous, and, like our friend the Marquis, they think snails excellent; at least I conclude so, for in confinement snails are the only food I can get them to eat. Now, as this country swarms with snails, glow-worms must have fine feeding, and being strong, I suppose, makes their light the brighter; added to which, I have always observed that these insects shew a brighter ray before a storm; and if we required any further

warning to get on, they now give it us, for I have never seen them brighter than to-night; and see," he continued, pointing to his feet, "here are a number of the luminous centipedes, who are, if possible, brighter than the glow-worms, for look, my shoes are quite covered with the shining liquid they have cast on them."

Hope looked at a large heap of rotten leaves which Cross had disturbed; several patches of phosphorescent light were flickering on the place, and the point of his friend's shoe was brighter than the leaves. The winter gales had drifted great quantities of dead leaves into the hollow where they were then standing, and there they had lain and rotted during the spring and summer. Hope began to kick at this mass, and at every kick he disturbed one of these centipedes (the *Scolopendra electrica*); the effect was most singular, for in a minute several yards of this mass of rotten leaves looked like a bank of pale blue fire.

"What an old baby you are!" exclaimed Cross. "You must have seen these creatures before; so do not dawdle any more; it is high time we were under cover, for it is growing darker and more stormy every moment."

"Baby, do you call me?" answered Hope; "I can tell you I consider my research to be highly scientific;

I only wish my shoulder was not so painful, and I would stay here till the storm burst, to see how long this light would last. It is true, I have seen these insects often before, but almost always singly, and here I have kicked up more than a score of them in half a minute. The king of the Scolopendræ must give a court ball to-night, to have such a gathering ; for these centipedes are carnivorous, and they say in England pugnacious too, but there I never saw more than one or two together in the same spot, while here the place seems alive with them. Pray, how do you account for that ?”

“ Why, warmth, moisture—not too much of either—and plenty of food, I imagine, may lead them to congregate in such a spot as this ; but, now you make the remark, I think you are right, and that they are more numerous and more gregarious here than at home. I remember finding upwards of fifty of them on one evening, by stirring up a bank of dead leaves that had drifted along the outside of my garden hedge ; but we can talk over this as well in the carriage as here, and seriously, we ought to be off, if we don't wish to be drowned, for the storm, when it does break, will be a snuffler.”

This last appeal made Hope give up his examination. They moved off at a quicker pace, and did not again pause till they reached the cabaret, where they found the

boy waiting. They took leave of their companion, clambered up into the carriage, and in a minute more were rattling along a broad excellent road at Blacky's best pace. The thunder began to growl in the west, while they were still some distance from their journey's end ; and as they advanced it came nearer and nearer, till just as they entered the town, a heavy peal rolled close to them, large drops of rain began to fall, and as they drove up to the inn, the storm burst in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents, the wind howled, and peal upon peal of thunder made the very house shake. There were few guests in the inn, so that in less than five minutes their rooms were secured, and their portmanteaus placed in them. Cross undertook the ordering of supper, and Hope went to the window. The rain was falling in sheets, and the water was rushing down the street like a torrent ; but he did not stop to look long, for a flash of lightning that nearly blinded him made him start back, and the roar of thunder which followed instantaneously made his heart jump. " We are lucky to be under cover," he exclaimed ; " and thank God I am not at sea to-night."

In spite of the quantity of cold pie they had eaten at the lake, supper was not unwelcome. They consumed a good portion of their own fish, with other articles of

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A GRANVILLAISE.

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

food, and went to bed, where they soon fell fast asleep, although the wind howled round the house, shaking the crazy, ill-finished windows, in a way that would have kept most people wakeful. A long day, and but little sleep the night before, prevented the friends from being very delicate, so that the wind and thunder roared unheard by them five minutes after they were in bed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOLE AFTER A GALE.

THE morning broke somewhat brighter ; the rain had ceased, but the wind was still very high.

“ We shall see the coast in all its glory this morning,” said Cross, when they met ; “ and you may get a good look at the fishing-boats, for they are all sure to be in the harbour to-day ; at least, if you are able to go out, for I see you have your arm in a sling.”

“ I can go out quite well,” answered Hope ; “ for I have no pain, though my arm is as black as my hat, and so stiff I cannot lift it ; but let us order breakfast, and then see what is to be seen.”

Breakfast over, they started for the port ; and as the day was still threatening, they each threw a cloak over their shoulders before they left the house. The streets were scoured by the rush of water that had flowed along them. Hope remarked on the fact, and found, from Cross, that these natural scourings were a blessing to the town, which, without them, would be

neither clean nor sweet. As they turned into the main street, several groups of women were seen clustered together, gazing at a straight canal-like river, down which a great body of water was pouring. Their large dark eyes, handsome faces, and white oriental-looking caps, made these groups highly picturesque. Hope paused to look at them.

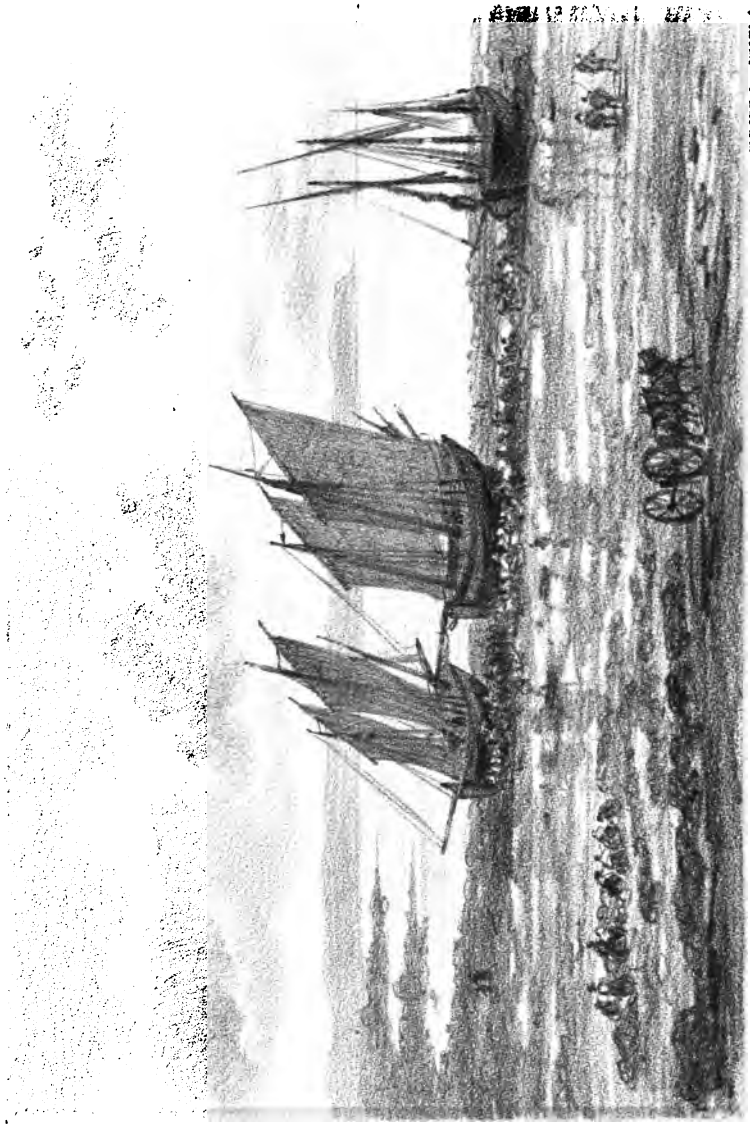
“What can have brought all these women together?” he said.

“They are the servants and washerwomen of the town, but their occupation is gone for to-day. The rain of last night must have been tremendous, for I never saw such a flood in this burn before. Where you now see that mass of water rushing along with such fury, there is in general a long quiet pool with a dam at each end, and you may see many hundreds of women washing the clothes and household linen of their masters and employers in it; but this, to-day, is impossible, for the place where they usually kneel at their work is now two or three feet under water. The grouping, as we now see it, is more picturesque; but when they are all at work, the sight is very curious and striking to an English eye, as we always connect washing clothes with the adjuncts of a comfortable house, plenty of hot water, tubs, and soap-suds; but here, rain or fair, you

see hundreds of women kneeling in a row along the banks of that broad ditch, each with a heavy mallet pounding some unfortunate master's shirts into ribands, or hammering his sheets and table cloths into holes by thumping them on a stone or lump of wood; and that operation they call washing; but this you can see at any time, so to-day we may as well move on to the port and look at the sea in all its glory."

Hope said nothing, but walked on while Cross led. One broad street conducted to the harbour, which was crowded with vessels and fishing-boats; these were all aground, for the tide was out, and many of them were leaning over in most picturesque irregularity, the masts and yards crossing in all directions, but the hulls taking no harm as they lay in the soft muddy bed of the basin. On each side of the old quay numbers of boats were ranged in order; these were all standing on their keels, being properly shored up and secured; and along the mole, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, larger fishing-boats and trading-vessels of all sorts were similarly arranged.

"You will have a famous opportunity for examining the fishing-boats," said Cross, "and I wish you would do so carefully. You will see them here of all sorts and sizes, from five tons burthen up to fifty; but all are



W. H. W. Perkins, Lith. Eng.

GRANVILLE FISHING BOATS, LOW TIDE.

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

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decked, the smallest as well as the largest, and it is wonderful how very few lives are lost on this coast. We never hear in this country, as with us at home, of a whole fleet of boats being caught in a gale and the half of them foundering in a heavy sea, and this I attribute to the boats being all decked. Fain would I see the same practice introduced on the coast of Scotland, as I am confident it would prevent much of the dreadful suffering and misery which periodically fall on our hardy fishermen. I shall never forget a sight I once witnessed at ——. The day had been fine, and hundreds of boats went off to the herring-fishing. There were four or five men in each boat, with their trains of nets. I stood on the little jetty in the afternoon to watch these boats take their departure for the fishing ground. The great shoal of fish was on a bank from seven to nine miles off the coast, and in this direction all took their way, running before a gentle breeze, with their many-coloured sails spread to the utmost and looking like a flight of butterflies as they faded in the distance. The air was so soft and every thing so beautiful that I lingered on the shore till it was too dark to distinguish objects any longer, and then I returned to the little inn where I had taken up my quarters. · Soon after I got there the wind began to

moan slightly at intervals. About ten o'clock I was thinking of turning in when I was startled by a rattling peal of thunder, and in a few minutes more it was blowing a whole gale, the rain coming down as heavily as it did last night. I was listening to the war of the elements when gradually the voices of men and women became mingled with the roar of the wind. I rang the bell several times without being attended to, and at last I took my hat and ran down stairs to learn the cause of the commotion which was every moment increasing in the street. At the door of the house I met the landlord entering; he was drenched to the skin, as were also several tradesmen and curers who came in immediately after him. In answer to my questions, I was told that great alarm was felt for the herring-fishers, as, from the quarter whence the gale was blowing, the boats would be obliged to beat into the harbour, and the entrance was very dangerous owing to reefs of rock which it would be difficult to avoid in such a night.

“Several gallant fellows, masters of smacks, had volunteered to go off in the lifeboat, to carry lights to mark the end of the reef and to do their best to guide and assist the fishermen. The persons who had entered with the landlord had subscribed a sum of money to pur-

chase spirits to give to the people when they came ashore, and for this they were then waiting. As soon as they had received their jars of whisky they again took their way to the shore. I joined them, and oh, what a scene I beheld when I reached the little jetty! what a change was there! A few hours before all had been calm and beautiful; now all was turmoil, terror, and despair. On the end of the quay a large bonfire had been made of old boats and herring barrels. The oil and tar in the wood made it burn bright and clear, and the sparks were flying before the gale and casting a light for a long distance. When I reached this place the lifeboat had just pushed off; there were five men in her, and they had a lantern hoisted on a short pole in the bow. As they crossed the fire-light I saw these five hardy fellows strip to their woollen shirts, and, as they bent to their oars, it was a pleasure to look at the cool determination of their countenances. A few strokes removed them from my sight, and then I turned to examine the faces of the crowd who had clustered to see the boat start. There had been a faint cheer as she pushed off; and what a study for a painter did I see! The greater part of that crowd was composed of women, some young and handsome, some old and decrepit; some led weeping children by the hand, some held infants in their arms;

all were drenched with rain, and all were moved by one passion—that of intense anxiety and fear for some loved one who was braving the dangers of the sea on such a night. But, although one passion ruled all, how varied was the expression which it gave to the different countenances! One stood with her face distorted by emotion, straining her eyes in looking seaward; at her side another stood, the picture of despair, and her looks were to heaven. One woman pressed her infant to her breast, with her tears falling as fast as the rain; while close before me one old woman struck a boy whom she held by the hand, and who was crying aloud by her side; ‘Whisht ye,’ she said as she struck him, ‘keep yer greeting till it’s wanted; Lord knows but ye may be a faitherless bairn afore morning, and I a bairnless mither!’ This incident seemed to me a confirmation of the saying that all women are cross when they are frightened. The woman’s face was the image of terror, and she beat her grandson because he too was frightened; and how often may you see a woman rush from her door to snatch up her child in the street and save it from being run over by some passing cart or carriage; while if the danger be imminent, in nine cases out of ten the child gets a beating while the mother weeps.”

"You are as bad as Pope," said Hope, "thus to interlard your story with strictures on woman."

"You wrong me," replied Cross. "I am no maligner of the fairer half of creation; I give you but a sketch from nature; but if it does not bore you, I must finish my story, for what I saw has happened scores of times, and will happen again and again, if our people do not learn to put a lid to the pot by decking their open boats."

"Pray go on," said Hope. "You were describing the looks of the people when the lifeboat pushed off."

"And I had plenty of time to do so," continued Cross; "and plenty of faces to examine, for I do not believe there was a living soul in the village who was not on the shore that night; the very collie dogs were wandering about, following the young things at whose feet they were accustomed to sleep. Sometimes the fire on the quay burnt low, and then I could distinguish a little glimmering light pitching fearfully out at sea; it was the lantern in the lifeboat; her gallant crew had reached the reef, and were lying on their oars in the surf, to watch the boats as they came in.

"I had been more than two hours on the shore when I heard a faint shout, and observed a great commotion among the people. I asked what it was. An old man

to whom I spoke told me that some of the boats were coming in. 'My eyes are too auld to see myself,' said he; 'but I hear those say so that have keener eyesight.' The old man had been sitting down, wrapped in his plaid, under the shelter of the parapet of the quay. I too, for some while past, had sought the same cover, for though I did not like to go home, I felt the wind bitterly cold as it blew over my drenched clothes, and was glad to avail myself of the warmth which the beacon fire and the low parapet afforded. The old man then, however, sprang up; I did the same, and we went to the other side of the quay. Numbers of women were pressing for the same point, and some of them looked nearly mad with excitement. Several boats could now be seen, two of which were close to the quay. I heard a scream, and a woman's voice crying out, 'It's he! it's he! he's safe!' and in the next moment I saw the old man dragging a young woman, who had fainted, through the crowd. I lent my assistance, and together we carried her under the shelter of the parapet. Some of the better class joined us, bringing their whisky, which they presented as a cure for every ill; but some one said, 'It's Jemmy Ferguson's wife, and he's safe, poor fellow. That's his boat just come in.' The sound roused her, for she gave two or three gasps, and then burst into hysterical weep-

ing, which ceased, however, when a tall handsome lad pushed through the crowd, and took her in his arms. He made no objections to the offered dram, and his wife accepted some too from his hand. 'Keep your heart up, Mary,' he said; 'you will require it; I fear we are ruined, for we were forced to leave the nets.' 'I care not,' she replied; 'you are safe, and I am thankful.' A number of people then pressed round Ferguson, and began to question him. His young wife half lay on his breast as he answered them. They learnt that there was a tremendous sea running outside the reef, and on the bank; the lifeboat had guided them in, and would be the means of saving all who reached the mouth of the harbour; but he reported that, when they cut their nets, several boats had already foundered, as the sea had got up so quickly that the waves had broken into some of those where the men, having their nets half drawn, had not time to cut them away, and they had foundered as they lay. Some of the unfortunate men had been picked up by the other boats; but 'a hantle,' Jemmy said, 'must be drowned.' Who they might be, he could not tell. He also said that one boat had swamped close to them, as they were beating in; that his boat had made two or three tacks over the ground where she went down, but they had not seen any one floating,

so that he feared they all sank with the boat! The excitement that then took place was far too painful to be witnessed; to describe it would be impossible, and as more boats began to come in, each bringing worse news, the screams of despair in some, and of hysterical joy in others, would have melted a heart of stone. I know," continued Cross, "I could not stand it, so I fairly turned tail and ran to my inn. Not a soul was in the house; and after sitting a while to compose myself, I became aware how cold and wet I was, so I changed my clothes, and rolling myself in a blanket, lay down to recover a little warmth. To sleep was impossible, therefore when day dawned I arose and again returned to the shore. The rain had ceased, and the wind, though still high, had shifted more to the northward, so that nearly all the boats which had lived through the night had run into harbour. The people were no longer near the quay, they were now crowding together at a rocky point about half a mile to the southward. Their occupation was soon but too evident; two or three groups broke from the general mass, and came towards the village. Each group was the bearer of the body of some poor fellow who had gone on his last long voyage. These were borne to a long shed used for gutting herrings, and there they were laid out, side by side, instead

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HERRING FISHING.
Morning after the Gale.

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

of being taken to their different homes. Why, I knew not, but so it was; and the wails of mothers and widows that I heard around that shed was a sound I shall never forget if I live a thousand years. Truly sings our Scottish bard, when he makes the fisherwoman say—

‘Buy my caller herring;
 Though ye may ca’ them vulgar fairing,
 Wives and mothers, maist despairing,
 Ca’ them lives of men;

and lives of men they cost that night, for thirty-two boats were lost, and ninety-one poor fellows perished. I saw sixty-three laid out in the shed, and followed their bodies to the grave. Some of the others were never seen again; the rest were picked up along the shore and among the rocks at different times during the next fortnight. And this was not all, for numbers of the fishermen were ruined by the loss of their nets; some, it is true, recovered theirs, and found them filled with fish; but in most cases the herring were much damaged and torn by the dog-fish which had got among them. Amongst the fortunate few was Ferguson’s boat. He had made fast a large buoy before cutting loose, and this had guided them in their search. But observe, all this loss of life and property arose from the boats being open; for every boat that was lost either foundered at the nets, or was swamped in the sea. Had they

been decked, the men could have hung on and taken their nets on board without the fear of foundering. A few seas might break on board of them; but with a deck the boat would rise again as the sea rolled past; and with their nets on board, they might have beat back to their own harbour, or run before the gale to some other. They could have carried on much longer, seeing that with a deck, a plank or two under water is of no consequence, whereas, in an open boat, the helmsman is obliged to luff up at every squall, deadening his way; or, if water does come aboard, even though not enough to swamp them, a moderate quantity spoils the sailing and the buoyancy of the craft. No, no! give me a lid to the pot; and I wish I could only persuade our countrymen to be of my opinion on this subject, and copy the Frenchmen."

"But in a calm," asked Hope; "how do these Frenchmen get along?"

"Remarkably well," answered Cross; "in their larger boats they have sweeps, in the smaller ones they have oars, and they get along quite as well as our fellows do in the heavy wherries on the west coast, or even in the lighter and better built luggers on the east. But the best way is for you to come on board some of them and judge for yourself. I am bound, however, to

say that these French boats are much more heavily manned than ours. Here, they generally have nine men for a crew ; with us, rarely more than five, and often not so many ; so that a French lugger with four sweeps, double manned, and one to steer, can shove their craft along at a great pace."

While Cross was relating the latter part of his story they had been standing at the end of a slip where small craft were loading and unloading their cargoes. It was exactly where the old quay joined the mole, and no better place could be found for making the examination which Cross proposed. They walked down the incline towards some of the larger boats that were lying there, and in so doing they passed a man who was superintending the unloading of a smack which was charged with a cargo of salt, and alongside of this vessel lay another of the same size, into which a number of carts were emptying loads of bullocks' horns. "A curious trade they seem to carry on here," said Hope, "and not a very sweet one."

"But it is profitable, gentlemen," said the man to whom the first seemed to belong. His accent proved at once that he was an Englishman ; but both Hope and

Cross took a second look at the speaker to make sure that they were not mistaken, for he wore a mustache, a blouse, and a pair of sabots.

“Are you an Englishman?” asked Hope.

“Yes, sir,” he said; “I am a Northumberland man. You are looking at my dress when you ask the question; but you have heard the saying, ‘when you are at Rome do as the Romans do,’ so now that I am in France I do as Frenchmen do. I have married a Jersey woman, and own two or three of these craft, with which I carry on a pretty brisk trade both here and at St. Malo. I am settled now, but I have seen a good deal of the world, and tried my hand at many things. My first lucky haul was buying herrings in the North, and that makes me still like to dabble a bit in fish.”

“Have you ever tried your hand at fishing yourself?” asked Cross.

“Ay, ay, sir, at every sort—from trawling to long lines. I have tried curing too, and to say the truth, the last trade is the best, for a sharp fellow, with a little cash, can always get the weather gauge of the fishermen.”

“Then you know,” said Hope, “the different modes of fishing practised here, and on the coasts at home. I should feel greatly obliged if you would come down to

one of these boats, and shew me in what they differ from ours in the north country."

"Willingly, sir. My name is James Allan ; and you have a bit of a burr on your tongue as you speak, that makes me suspect you to come from the North. Shrimps and north countrymen, they say, aye stick together ; and although I am half a Frenchman now, I have always a weak side to a countryman ; if I may make so bold, I would ask your names, and whether I have made a right guess in saying you hail from north of the Tyne ?"

Hope told his own name and Cross's, and congratulated Allan on the correctness of his ear, telling him that they were both Scotchmen, and that the comparison he wished to make was more as regarded the Scotch and French fishings than those of the South.

"There is hardly any comparison to make," answered Allan, "for there is no herring or cod and ling fishing on this coast, that is to say, none to speak of ; the great fishing here is trawling for flat fish, and dredging for oysters. Some few boats from here go as far as the Firth of Forth to the herring-fishing ; they carry great heavy trains of nets with them, but I suspect they buy more than they catch. They have famous boats, strong crews, and their nets are beautifully formed and fitted ; but, after all, I do not think a Frenchman is a good

fisherman. For instance, their trawls are admirably made, better even than those out of Torbay, but they never will stick to their own mode of fishing, and in consequence, it is astonishing how little they catch in comparison with what they ought. When I was in a trawler we always studied the run of the tide to an inch, and ran as clear before it as we could ; we would have thought any man mad who stood across the run of the tide when his trawl was down, and the reason is plain enough. When you run fair with the tide the trawl knocks up the sand and mud at the bottom, and the tide sweeps it along faster than the net ; this, as a matter of course, makes a cloud in the water and hides the net ; the fish, when they are started, and frightened, run into this cloud to hide themselves, and they are hard and fast in the bag before they know where they are. Whereas when you trawl even one point off the run of the tide, the cloud of sand and mud going with the stream leaves a part of the net bare, which the fish see, and they dash clear of it. Any man who pretends to trawl ought to know this, yet the fishermen here will take no advice. They persist in dragging up and down the run of the banks without paying the slightest attention to the tide ; and as the greatest length of the banks is exactly across the general run of the tide, the conse-

quence of their plan is, that they take mighty few fish, although, as I have already said, they have as fine boats and nets as ever were put in the sea."

"And do the Scotch trawlers," asked Hope, "pay the same attention to the tides that the south-country men do?"

"In Scotland," answered Allan, "more's the pity, very little attention is paid to trawling; indeed, almost all the trawl-boats, especially on the west coast, are from England or from the south of Ireland; the Irishmen in the north are as bad as Scotchmen about this mode of fishing; and it is a thousand pities that nothing is done to stir them up a bit. I once saw a trawl come up after being down for an hour, and it was nearly full of turbot, brill, and plaice. This was on a bank at the north end of Rachlin. Our skipper put down the net for a trial; but as we were running at the time from Barra to Liverpool with a cargo of live cod in the well, we had no time to waste, or, I am sure, we could have filled our vessel by drifting over that bank for a tide or two."

"And what is the difference in the nets?" asked Hope.

"You can see," answered Allan; and he pointed to a large three-masted lugger by which they were standing. The bag of the trawl was hoisted to the main-mast; the beam lay along the deck. There was little or

no difference either in the net or the beam from those used on the British coast ; but the bottom here was of chain, and fitted in loops exactly as the double-handed prawn-nets were, and this Allan pointed out, saying, "that it was a very great improvement on the lead line in common use with us;" and he said that he believed this method was now partially in use on the south coast in England ; but that in general the English fishermen still stick to the rope and lead.

From the net they proceeded to the examination of the boat. The one they were then examining had three masts ; her rig was a jib and three huge lug-sails. The hull was roughly built, but Allan pointed out the excellence of her model. She was decked all over, having, however, a large hatchway amidships, which was always closed in bad weather, leaving only a small scuttle open abaft, by which the men could go below. Allan pointed out all the merits of the boat ; but then he could not help having a wibe at her imperfections. "I wish you could just see her jib," he said, "a beastly cut thing that would disgrace a nigger ; and then her lugs—they never dip them as we do ; they are cut in such a fashion, that if one is right, 'tother's wrong, clapping against the mast in such a way, that on a wind, I can give them two points and a half, and beat them easy ; although,

when going free, they go two lengths for my one. I assure you, gentlemen, it's a pity to see such nice bottoms so lubberly handled."

"And yet," said Hope, "I hear that very few of them are ever lost."

"True enough, sir," answered Allan; "but for that you may thank the boat as much as the men. The boats are first-rate in a sea, and the people don't risk themselves more than is necessary. If they do get caught in a gale like last night, they have always a cover to keep the sea out of them, and they reef as close as they like, and run for here or the rocks of Chausey without any fear of filling or swamping by the way."

"Ah! there is the very point I wanted to get to," said Hope. "Do you think it an advantage or not that the fishing boats on our coast should be decked as these are?"

"An advantage!" cried Allan; "to be sure I do. Just look at all those craft lying out in the mud there. How many of them would have got home, think you, in the gale of last night if they had been open? Why, I stood at the end of the new quay to see some of them round the head, and I can tell you that they were taking in the green seas clean over all; but then they were up again like a bung. In the nasty cross sea that was then

running no boat could keep dry, and an open boat would have filled and gone down in five minutes ; whereas these fellows got their feet wet, and had to hold on now and then, and there was the worst of it. If they have had anything like this gale in the north, I suspect there will be bad news from the herring-fishers, and I am much afraid it will be so. We never have a snuffler here like that of last night and this morning without their catching it on the English and Scotch coasts ; and when it comes in the height of the fishing season, then a lot of poor fellows are sure to lose the number of their mess. Once every three or four years they get caught, and then widows are more plenty than fish."

"We are quite aware of that fact," said Hope, "but Mr. Cross here thinks that if our boats were decked like these Frenchmen, that these wholesale losses would be greatly lessened, if not completely prevented.

"I quite agree with the gentleman," said Allan. "In all the great losses that I have heard of, it is by the foundering of the boats that lives are lost. Some of them, certainly, get driven ashore, and the boats are smashed, but then the men are saved. A Frenchman is precious pig-headed, but I suspect our own people have a touch of the same nature too, for they will stick to the open boats. They say the boats are lighter and

more handy, if they have to take to the oars, when they have no deck ; and no doubt they are right in that, for a deck must always weigh something, be it ever so light. But these Frenchmen shove along very well with their oars, and the devil's in it if a Scotchman cannot do as well as a Frenchman. It's prejudice and laziness combined that make them stick to a plan that risks their lives and properties far more than they need to do. I think the gentleman quite right," continued Allan, "and he will do a good turn to the men's wives and bairns, if he will persuade the husbands to take a leaf out of the Frenchman's book. If you come along the old quay you will be able to see a lot of the smaller boats ; they are not so big as our boats, and yet they are all decked, and fitted exactly like the one we are now looking at—deck, hatchway, and all. The decks, to be sure, are light and thin enough, but they keep the sea out as well as if they were stronger.

On the strength of this proposal, they scrambled along the old quay, and found that what Allan had said was quite true. They examined several of the boats, looked at the shape of the oars, and the way in which the rowlocks were fitted on raised stanchions, so as to enable the men to pull. The only difference between the larger and the lesser boats being that the largest had three

masts, three lug-sails and a jib, some of them carrying a fourth lug as a topsail on the mainmast. The smaller had two masts, two lugs, and all carried the same ill-cut, triangular looking jib, on the unsightliness of which Allan was eloquently abusive.

“Come to the end of the mole, gentlemen,” said Allan; “you will get a good look at the sort of sea these boats ran through last night. I daresay the sea is as wild, and the coast wilder in the North; but you will be able to judge of what these boats can do by seeing what an ugly breaking jabble gets up when it blows hard, and meets the tide running over the sand-banks, which you meet everywhere along this coast. Harbours are not very plenty on the east coast of Scotland, but they are still scarcer here, and being all half tide-harbours, the boats are sometimes obliged to stand off and on for hours before they dare run in, and yet very few of them are ever lost.”

As Hope was anxious to look at the sea outside of the mole, they took their way along the splendid building. It was a curious sight to look down from the great height on the vessels below. The rise and fall of the tide being forty-four feet, and it being dead low water, they saw the whole height, upwards of sixty feet, with a parapet to seaward seven feet high, the whole built of

large blocks of dressed granite. When they reached the platform at the end, they mounted on the carriages of the heavy guns that were placed there, and looked down on the angry waters. It was still blowing very hard, and the spray dashed in their faces as soon as they raised their heads above the parapet. The sea itself had a yellowish tint, that, as Cross said, would make drowning peculiarly disagreeable; and as they looked down on the raging waves that curled and broke in quick succession below them, it gave a strong and disagreeable impression of danger for those who were obliged to encounter it, and yet it was exciting to watch, and wonder at the power that gave such motion to the elements. They had stood for some time looking and conversing with Allan on the greater or lesser danger of navigating different parts of the ocean in different parts of the world, when their attention was drawn to a number of people who were hurrying along the rocky promontory which lay behind them. Men and women could be seen clustering on its highest ridge; all were apparently looking at some object that was hid from their eyes by the point of land which trended out for some distance to the westward.

“What can be happening there?” said Hope, turning to Allan.

"I suspect it must be some vessel," he answered, "that has got crippled in the gale, and is coming in here. They must be strangers on the coast, or they never would try to come in at this time of tide, for if they do they are sure to take the ground on some of the banks, and then nothing can save them."

"You are right," said Cross ; "is not that a vessel coming in sight at the point?"

"As sure as death it is," shouted Allan, as he sprung from the gun-carriage, "and if she is not warned to haul her wind, and stand for Chausey, every soul on board is doomed."

"But how can she be warned?" asked Hope. "No voice on earth could be heard ten yards off in such a gale."

"A boat must go to her," said Allan ; "it is the only chance."

"But no boat could live in that sea," said Cross.

"A good boat could get out, sir," answered Allan ; "the great danger would be in coming back ; but if the men got on board the vessel and went with her to Chausey they would be safe enough. They may lose the boat, but better that though, than lose the men."

As he spoke, shouts were heard at the further end of the mole, and a crowd was seen hurrying towards them.

As it approached, they saw that the leading man was an officer in the French naval service, who was closely followed by a number of smart active-looking lads, some of whom were evidently French men-of-warsmen ; others were the fishermen and sailors belonging to the vessels in the harbour. The crowd stopped when they came to a part of the mole about a hundred yards from where the friends were standing, and they heard the officer say "Volunteers to man the boat!" . A number of men started forward, and Allan ran towards them shouting that he for one was ready. Hope and Cross followed more slowly. When they joined the crowd the officer had made his selection. He had chosen eight men out of a great number of brave fellows who had come forward to volunteer their services. Allan was speaking to the officer as they came up. "I am obliged to you," was the answer that he made, "but this is a post of honour, and I must keep it for my own men. Now, now, be quick," he said ; "there is not a moment to lose." The men he had selected ran down a ladder made of copper wire, which was fixed to the side of the building, and jumped on board of a revenue cutter that was lying at the outside of the merchant vessels that lined the harbour. In another minute they were stripped, and on board of an excellent boat. The oars were out, and the

men pulled gallantly for the head of the mole. Numbers of women came running up, and they cheered the men as they gave way. The men raised their faces to return the greeting, and as they did so Hope and Cross recognised Frederic, who was pulling one of the oars. They joined their voices to the shout, and then ran to take their former places on the gun-carriage. As the boat rounded the mole, a heavy breaking sea struck her, and for a moment they could hardly see the men ; but she went ahead, and though she pitched fearfully to each fresh wave, still she advanced. "She'll do," said Allan ; "she's through the worst of it. She'll get the sea fairer now that she's clear of the back surge. They're smart fellows those, and they have a first-rate boat, if she had but a sharp stern instead of that square one. There's no fear of them going out, but there are too many eyes looking on, and I fear they will try and come back for the sake of the brag ; and if they do, the Lord have mercy on them !"

"They are fine brave fellows," said Hope, "and they go to work like men who know what they are about. If there is real danger, they never will be so foolish as to run an unnecessary and useless risk."

"Look how many pairs of black eyes there are looking from under white caps," answered Allan ; "there is

no knowing what a sailor will not do for the sake of a petticoat ; our own people are foolish enough when women are in the way, and the French are ten times worse than we are. They are all young fellows in the boat, and I am sadly afraid they will come to some mishap by trying to get back, although I heard the officer warn them not to do so. A Norway skiff or a whale-boat might make it out, but that square stern will never rise to a following breaking sea, and, as sure as death, if they try it they will get pooped and swamp."

Hope and Cross, as they stood on the gun-carriage, grasped it hard, and held their breath, as each sea struck the boat, the white spray flying over the men. Numbers of women had joined them, and hung clustering round the guns ; and many more climbed on to the parapet, where they sat, careless of the spray, which must have wet them through. Numbers of men were there also, and the crowd was increasing every moment. Each party, as they arrived, and got a sight of the boat, gave a cheer, to which the first comers replied, so that a sort of perpetual running shout might be heard along the whole length of the mole. A gun was now fired from the hill, and the people on board the vessel seemed to have seen the boat pulling off to them, for they lay to,

and the minute after they were pitching bows under, at a quarter of a mile from the point.

"She's very deep," said Allan, "and she makes such bad weather of it, she has either sprung a leak or shifted her cargo. The wind's getting a bit more to the north, which is lucky for her, or she would be pinched to make Chausey. After all, you may see she's drifting to leeward like a wash-tub."

The vessel was certainly in a very shattered-looking state, but as she drifted she approached the boat, which was pulling manfully towards her. As they advanced, the sea, though equally heavy, did not break so much, and they advanced more rapidly, so that, in half an hour from the time they rounded the mole, hundreds of anxious eyes had the pleasure of seeing them round to under the lee of the vessel.

"Thank goodness!" said Allan, "they are wiser fellows than I thought them; they are going aboard; they have got a line from the ship and are hauling up; and there goes one aboard—hurrah!"

This last exclamation was made as a man from the bow of the boat sprang into the vessel.

"By all that's good!" he said, "they're putting about, and the sloop has let down her foresail, and is standing on."

The women, when they saw this manoeuvre gave a loud shout.

"Fools! fools!" said Allan, "if you care for those men you would hold your skirling, for it's a hundred chances to one if ever you see them alive again."

Before the boat was a hundred yards clear of the shelter of the sloop, it was observed that they had met with some accident; two of the oars were stowed, the four upper ones only rowing.

"What is it?" asked Allan of a man who was standing on the gun-carriage near them, and who had a telescope, through which he was looking.

"A sea has broke into them," answered the man, "and they are baling; but they are getting on finely with the upper oars. Well done! they cleared that one well."

"He knows what he is about, the lad that is steering," said Allan; "or that last breaker would have done for them." He finished his speech with a groan, which was echoed by a hundred voices that ran along the whole length of the mole. A heavy sea had curled up just behind the boat, and had broken as it reached it. Boat, men, and all, were hid for a quarter of a minute in the white foam; but then again a shout was heard, for the boat reappeared. She was afloat, but that was all. Two

men only were rowing ; all the rest were baling with their caps. The boat had changed its direction, and instead of pulling for the head of the mole, they were now steering for a rocky point which lay at the back of the quay nearer the shore. There was a heavy surf breaking on the rocks, but still the sea was broken, and there was one small creek among the black points, where it was possible the boat might be saved.

A number of people began to run along the mole towards these rocks. Cross was among them. Hope and Allan were so intensely attracted by the motions of the boat, that they never missed him.

“ It is the wisest thing they could do,” said Allan. “ But oh, I am wae for them ; if they get another breaker they are gone.” The words were hardly out of his mouth, when a wave curled high above them, and they were lost to sight. A groan louder than before echoed along the quay, and this time it was followed by no shout of joy. A babel of voices, crying, groaning, and screaming, sounded instead ; for when the wave had passed, the boat was gone, and the heads of the struggling crew alone were seen, as they struck out for the shore, or clung to the floating oars. The boat had been very rapidly driving before the wind and waves, so that when the final catastrophe took place, they were not many

hundred yards from the shore ; but before reaching it the heaviest breakers were to be passed, and Hope felt that the men were gone.

“It is too painful to witness,” he said, as he sprang from his elevated position, and ran with the crowd towards the shore. He was unable, however, to continue his pace for more than a minute, for in jumping down he had struck his injured arm. Such was his excitement, he did not feel any pain at the moment ; but after running a very short distance, he suddenly became so sick and faint, he was unable to move his limbs ; his eyes swam, his head turned, and, in spite of himself, he sank down on some logs of wood that were piled against the parapet, and there for some time he lay almost insensible.

And while he is there let us follow Cross.

When he saw the boat upset he ran with all his speed to the end of the quay, where he turned sharp to the left through a break in the parapet, which led down a steep incline to the low rocks which formed the back of the mole. He knew the place well, for at these rocks boats were accustomed to take on board or land passengers from the steam-boats or packets when the tide was so far out as to prevent these vessels from entering the harbour. In ordinary weather there was

a certain amount of shelter at this place which rendered such a proceeding practicable, although even in the finest weather it was a most disagreeable and uncomfortable proceeding. The rocks were of the same coralline formation as those which they had examined at St. Jean de Thomas, rising in ridges and lumps like huge sponges; between these ridges were the same sort of hollows as on other parts of the coast, but instead of being filled with water, as they are on the open shore, here they were filled with soft stinking mud, the refuse from the harbour, which, drifting out with the tide, is thrown back by the eddy caused by the mole. The rocks themselves were partially covered with the same slimy substance and with short green sea-ware, which rendered them extremely slippery and difficult to walk on. With naked feet, or even with thin shoes, it was a service of danger to cross them; for the soft mud, yielding to the pressure of the foot, laid bare numberless little sharp angles of the rock that cut like knives; but it was over these rocks that Cross took his way with undiminished speed. He was not alone or first, for some way before him ran a girl, who had thrown off her gown, petticoat, and sabots, and heedless of the pain she must have suffered from treading on the rock, she rushed towards the mass that projected the furthest

into the sea ; the breakers were striking heavily on this point, casting high their spray, and then rolling back in masses of white foam. Yet, unappalled by such a scene, the moment the girl reached the edge she plunged headlong into the water, rose again to the surface, and swam through the raging surf with a strength that seemed almost superhuman. Cross's eyes were rivetted on this girl ; he forgot for a moment to look to his footsteps, and the consequence was a tremendous tumble. Before he could rise, a number of female porters and some men overtook and passed him, taking no notice of his misfortune, for all eyes were fixed on the sea and on the girl.

When Cross rose with cut hands and knees, he continued his way, limping, it is true, and therefore not so rapidly ; but all thought of his own pain vanished in a moment when, on looking to the sea, he saw the gallant girl returning to the point, struggling stoutly with the raging water, and supporting a man with one hand while she struck out with the other. In a moment he was by the edge of the rock, in another he was in the sea, and several men with him. He struck out, striving to help the girl, but the waves were too strong for him ; one heavier than the rest struck him before he had gone many yards, and threw him back on the rocks. One of the

Amazonian porters seized him and pulled him out. "Stay where you are, you fool! you are not able for this work," was the civil address he received from the lady as she dashed off to assist in pulling out the girl and the man. There was a shout as they were drawn on the rocks, and a murmur of voices saying, "He is not dead." But then there was a cry of despair from one voice, and high above the rest Cross heard the words, "It is not he." There was a dash into the water, and the same girl was again forcing her way through the surge as if with magic strength. In less than a minute she had grasped a second body; it was clinging to a broken oar, which enabled her to raise the head as she turned to the shore, and thus gave her some assistance. As she proceeded, two of the young men joined her, and together they were soon within reach of several men and women who were holding on in a line as they stood up to their necks in the water. All were soon on the rocks, where, by this time, a large crowd had assembled. Some oars had been brought and a rope twisted round them, to form stretchers. The first man who landed had thrown off a great deal of the water he had swallowed; he was groaning, but alive, and a number of hands soon placed him on the rude bed prepared for him. The second man was also disgorging the salt water, and his eyes opened for a moment, but

then they closed, and a livid hue as of death came over his features. "Poor boy, he is gone, I fear," said one of the women; and a wild shriek was the response from a girl who threw herself on the body; it was the same who had saved him—the same gallant girl who had made such marvellous and successful efforts in his behalf. "Lift up his heels, and let the water run out of him," said a number of voices, and they were in the act of executing their prescription when Cross ran forward. He had recognised the girl and the man she had saved, as Angela and her betrothed, Frederic. "For Heaven's sake do not lift his legs," he said; "you will kill him—life is not yet extinct, but it hangs by a thread. Angela, you know me; keep up his head and get him to a bed as fast as you can, and he may yet be saved."

There was a murmur of discontent at this interference of Cross's, and some voices were heard saying "A bas les goddam." One woman, however—the same who had assisted Cross and then called him a fool—interfered on his side. "The Englishman is right," she said, "and he is not a bad fellow—he did his best—don't you see he is all wet? He is right, I say; lift him on to the stretcher, and keep his head up." "Oh, he is a good and a kind gentleman," said Angela; "do as he bids you." There was a growl, but the order was obeyed. The stretcher was

brought forward ; coats, petticoats, and shawls were thrown upon it. Poor inanimate Frederic was lifted up, and Cross and Angela supported his head ; more clothes were thrown on him, and Cross, as they advanced, picked up his cloak from the rock where he had thrown it, and laid it on the sufferer.

“ Courage ! ” said Cross to Angela, as they began their march at as rapid a pace as the ground would permit. “ Let some one run on and prepare a bed, and get as large a fire as you can. ” Two or three started to obey this order ; the rest of the crowd pressed round, each in turn lending a hand to carry the stretcher ; and thus they left the rocks, mounted the incline, and reached the break in the parapet that took them on to the quay, where they were joined by Hope, so we may as well return to him also.

When he recovered, he found himself quite alone ; and after looking about for a moment, he rallied sufficiently to be able to move on. His motions, however, were slow ; and as he walked to the end of the mole, he was obliged again to sit down to recover from the giddiness which overcame him. This time he sat down on a block of granite, a number of which were lying at the extreme end of the parapet, exactly at the spot where the narrow road led down to the rocks at the back of

the quay. The loud hum of voices soon drew his attention in that direction. He saw a number of people advancing up the slope ; they were bearing something on two oars. As they came near, he saw that it was the body of a man that was lying on the oars, which were used as a temporary stretcher. Some men walked on either side supporting his head, and a considerable crowd followed, the women moaning and wringing their hands. The man was alive, but that was all that could be said for him. To Hope's inquiries, the only answer he could get was that he was not dead yet. This party had hardly passed when he saw another following close behind. The crowd in this case was considerably larger than the first, and they pressed so closely together, it was not till they came to the narrow passage through the wall of the parapet that he saw that this party were surrounding a second body, on one side of which walked Cross, who was assisting a girl in supporting the head of a man, who, to all appearance, was quite dead. The eyes were closed, and the head lay without motion on the shoulder of the girl who walked beside him. A second look which he gave at the girl convinced him that he had seen her before ; and as she came close to him, he recognised Angela. But there was such a look of despair in her face, it was painful to

look at. Her long black hair hung dripping wet over her back and neck. Her feet were bare and streaming with blood, and she had nothing on but her stays and shift, from which the water was dripping as she passed. On the body lay Cross's cloak, and under it were seen a number of men's jackets and women's woollen shawls and petticoats. Hope ran forward to join this party. He took off his own cloak and threw it on Angela's shoulders, who seemed quite unaware of what had been done. She was bewildered with grief, nor did Hope wonder, for all was understood in a moment when he looked at the body they were carrying; and in the livid face he recognised the handsome features of Frederic. As he looked, he saw a slight motion in one of the hands, and a quiver in the lips.

"Keep up his head," he said; "and, quick, get him into the first bed you can reach. In the meantime, let me open a vein." He took from his pocket a case of lancets, bade the people stop for a moment with a voice and manner so commanding that he was obeyed. He immediately went to the body and opened the temporal artery, which was filled and swollen so as to be seen without difficulty. "Now forward," he said, "as fast as you can." At the first puncture of the artery, only a drop followed the lancet, but as the people advanced,

the blood began to flow—first slowly, and then in little jets. Frederic began to gasp, and then to disgorge water in considerable quantities. His eyes opened, and he gazed around him for a moment, and then sank back with a heavy groan.

This took place just as they entered a street behind the custom-house.

“Cheer up, Angela,” said Cross. “Thank God, he is safe. See how freely he bleeds. With care, there is no fear of him.”

Angela heard the words, though the greater part of the crowd did not. Joy took the place of despair. It was too much for the poor girl; she gave a scream, and fell back into Cross’s arms in strong hysterics, at the very moment the bearers turned into a door with their burden. Cross bore Angela in his arms, entering the house close behind the stretcher; and as soon as he had entered, an old man shut the door, and barred it.

“We must keep the crowd out,” he said, “or those women will give the poor fellow no chance. Here, Marie, look after the girl.”

It was fortunate that the old man had barred the door, for a rush was made at it, and loud shouts and execrations were heard against the English. When Angela fell back into Cross’s arms, the cloak fell off,

and shewed her white dress covered with the blood which had flowed from Frederic's temple. A spirit of anger had grown among the ignorant crowd. They had been contradicted and commanded by two Englishmen—people whom they considered to be the cause of the misfortune that had befallen them. They made no allowance for the braggadocio spirit that had led their countrymen to try to return, contrary to the advice of their own commanding officer, and of common prudence; they only chose to remember that it was to save an English vessel that the risk had been run. Five of their fellow-townsmen had sunk before their eyes; two had been landed, and these two it was their good pleasure to think that the Englishmen on shore had tried to murder. One of these offenders had prevented their hoisting the half drowned man up by the heels to let the water run out of him; and another had stuck a knife in him—for such was the term they gave to Hope's use of the lancet. One stirred up the other. Each moment the crowd increased in the street, and nothing could be heard but howls and execrations against England and Englishmen. The principal leaders of this commotion were the female porters, who in the port of Granville do all those laborious duties which in our own country we generally see discharged by the strongest men. They form a sort

of association among themselves, and like our navigators, allow none to join their body, or ply their trade, without their special permission. If at any time a man should presume to act, or offer his services to any new arrival, he is threatened the first time ; if he transgresses again, he is either thrown over the quay, rolled in the mud, or otherwise ill-treated. In language and manners they greatly resemble certain ladies who sell fish at Billingsgate market. But the porters of Granville have one advantage over the fishwives of Billingsgate, for among them may be seen many faces eminently handsome. These fair furies were the rulers of the storm that raged in the street in front of the door where Frederic and Angela had been borne. One old woman, in particular, was in a frenzy of excitement. She acted as a sort of fogleman to the members of the society of porters. They echoed her cries, and from them it passed on to the dense crowd that nearly filled the street.

“Open the door, René,” was the constant cry, “or we will knock it down. A bas les Anglais ! turn out les sacr-r-r-é goddam, till we tear them in pieces, the assassins.”

René, the owner of the house, was an old pilot ; age and hard service had sobered him down, and quieted his national excitability. He stood at the back of his door,

placing every now and then a fresh prop against it, to resist the blows and pushes which were made with the intention of forcing it open.

“The devil take me,” he said, “but they are all gone mad ; there will be no bearing these women soon ; they grow worse and worse every day. But I must warn these Englishmen, or they will break in in spite of me, and if they get hold of them in their present humour, ill will come of it.

The house, fortunately, had no lower windows to the street. René’s wife and daughter kept a sort of marine store. The room to the front was the principal receptacle of the ropes, iron, etc. etc., in which they dealt. The window had been built up to give more room for storing these heavy articles, leaving only a small grated aperture to give light and air to the place. The back room was the kitchen, in which the old man slept ; and above was the state-room and sleeping apartment of the daughter. It was to this upper room that Angela had been taken by René’s daughter Marie, who took off her wet and blood-stained coverings before she had recovered from her half fainting state. Frederic had been carried into the kitchen, where he was stript by the man who carried him, assisted by old Madame René and by the same woman who had taken Cross’s part.

The bed had been dragged on to the floor, close to the fire, and on this Frederic was laid.

Hope knelt by his side, keeping his finger on the artery to stop the now profuse bleeding, while as many as could reach Frederic rubbed him with hot towels or bits of blanket which the others heated at the fire. He had begun to groan almost immediately after he was laid in bed, and after a while the gasping of his breathing became more regular and less convulsed. His eyes had opened several times, but without any return of consciousness.

"I wish to goodness we could get a surgeon," said Hope, looking up at Cross; "my arm is so painful, I can do nothing, and it is absolutely necessary to put a stitch in this artery, for I cannot stop the bleeding without."

Cross opened the door, wishing himself to run in search of the aid Hope required; but as soon as he was in the passage the roar of voices and the blows on the door sounded so formidable that he paused and looked towards the old man, who was standing guard at the back of his own door. While in the kitchen the sound had been partially deadened, and the attention of every one had been so rivetted on what they were doing, that little heed had been paid to the turmoil without; but now Cross was fully aware of the excitement in the street,

as some of the exclamations against his country were too loud and distinct not to be heard.

“What is the matter?” he asked; “and what is the meaning of this disturbance?”

“Why, the devil’s the matter,” answered old René; “for he is the master at present, and he has got his own crew of those she devils with him. I wish to heaven you and your friend were safely out of my house, for if they get in there will be blood shed; I am afraid this old door won’t stand much longer.”

A tremendous clatter sounded on the door, which cracked under the blow, several splinters starting into the passage.

“Confound them!” he said, “they have got stones now; you must up stairs into my girl’s room, we can keep them out of that for a bit.”

Cross knew not exactly what to do; he was pausing, in some anxiety, to consider how he could get out to get a medical man, when he felt some one touch him behind; he looked round; it was Allan.

“Run, sir, for Heaven’s sake,” he said; “they are bringing up an old top-mast, and the door will be down in a minute.”

“But the poor fellow will bleed to death,” said Cross, “if we do not get a doctor.”

“We have got one,” said Allan; there is no fear for him, but there is for us—come;” he caught Cross by the arm, and pulled him into the kitchen, closing the door behind him. A stranger was kneeling in the place where he had left Hope, and by his side knelt Angela with her hands clasped on her breast, and tears streaming down her cheeks. “He’s safe, he’s safe; he has spoken;” and there followed an incoherent flow of prayers, praises, and thanksgivings; but there was no time to look or listen more; another tremendous crack was heard against the outer door—so loud, indeed, that every one in the room started up.

“Fly for your lives,” said Allan; “I know these devils better than you.” He pushed Cross towards a second door which was standing open, and Hope was in front of it. This door led into a small court, into which Allan pushed the two friends, shut the door behind him, and pointed to a short ladder standing against the wall of the yard, underneath the window of a shed belonging to the next house. As the friends did not move, he renewed his cries. “Up,” he said, “if you do not wish to be murdered, and to see me share your fate for helping you.”

This was enough; on they dashed, ran up the ladder, and in a few seconds Allan was with them. He drew

up the ladder, and closed the wooden shutter of the window.

"I'm glad you are well out of that," he said, as soon as he regained his breath. "They might be sorry for it afterwards, but had they got hold of us, they would have done for us all, as sure as death."

"And what for?" asked Hope.

"Just because their blood's up. Those poor fellows wished to make a sensation, as they call it, did a foolish and absurd act, and have got themselves drowned; and because this misfortune happened when they went to help an English vessel, they will knock the brains out of any Englishman they catch during the next four or five hours. After that they will calm down again, if they have nothing else to start them, but till then we must keep out of sight, if we wish to keep out of harm's way. I know them well, and I can tell you there are not such a set of devils on earth as these women, if they get their blood up."

"Hark!" said Hope, as a shout, louder than any they had heard, reached them. It was followed by a dead silence; and then the voice of a woman was audible, as if making a speech. The sound of the voice was clearly heard, but they could not distinguish the words.

"It is big Phrosyne," said Allan, "the woman that

has been so useful. I know her voice ; she is one of themselves, and a sort of leader. She'll do more good than a company of soldiers. We can slip down from here, and get into the next house ; the owner is a friend of mine. We may get a peep from one of the open windows, if you keep well out of sight, and then we shall know what is going on."

The friends were only too glad to agree to this proposal, for they felt both bored and ashamed of skulking in a hay-loft, hiding from a danger of which they were ignorant.

"Come along," said Hope, "it is absurd to be bullied by a pack of women ; come into the next house if you will, but no peeping ; we will shew ourselves at once, and see whether they dare to touch us."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Allan, "but I hope you will be prudent. You agree with me in saying those poor fellows lost their lives by bravado ; I hope you won't follow so bad an example. No mob is just ; men, when excited, are bad enough, but Granville women are the worst of all."

Hope felt his cheeks tingle ; he blushed with shame, for he felt he had met with a just reproof, though administered gently, and by a man far below him in station. He held out his hand to Allan, and said—

“You are right, and I am wrong. I am old enough to be wiser, but years have not, and I fear never will, cool the hot blood that runs in my veins, which makes me always kick at anything like injustice; but as you truly say there is no courage in running into useless danger, so I will be as prudent as you wish, and I see Mr. Cross quite agrees with you in thinking me an old fool.”

“Not a bit,” said Cross. “Mr. Allan and I have been longer among these people than you have, so we know them better, and I quite agree with him in thinking that we had better not shew ourselves for some hours; but that is no reason why we should not see them. After such a gale the outside shutters are sure to be closed in the upper rooms, and we can look through the openings and see all that is going on without the slightest chance of being seen ourselves. Come away then, Hope. Mr. Allan, will you lead the way?”

Allan did as he was asked. He went down a small trap stair, through a cow byre and a small yard, entered a house by the back door, and led the way up stairs to a good-sized room on the second floor. Several people were in the room, but these were not very clearly seen, as the room was nearly dark, the only light which entered being admitted through two small venetian

blinds which were fixed in the strong outside shutters, which, as Cross had supposed, were closed and barred.

Allan went up to one of these people and spoke to him. He immediately came up to the friends and bade them welcome. He spoke to some young men who were standing at one of the windows, who immediately withdrew, making room for the friends to take their places. They held back, apologising for deranging them, but the first person who had met them insisted on their going forward. Hope and Cross expressed their thanks, and took the offered places.

The window, at which they found themselves, commanded a complete view of all that was going forward, for there was a slight turn in the street where the house stood, so that they could see not only the whole length of the street, but the door and windows of the house which they had lately left. The street was filled with people immediately in front of the house. The crowd was almost entirely composed of women. At a greater distance were men, some dressed in the blouses of countrymen, others in the round jackets of seamen. These last were laughing and cheering on the women, but they took no part themselves in the riot. Exactly in front of the door stood two rows of women holding bits of rope in their hands, and between these ranks lay

the half of a broken mast. The shutters of the next house had been thrown open as well as the windows, and at one of them stood the old pilot René and his daughter, at the other the woman whom Allan had called "Big Phrosyne." M. Menard, the master of their present refuge, told them that the women holding the ropes had brought up the mast slung between them, and were going to use it as a battering-ram against the door, when big Phrosyne had thrown open the shutters and called to them to stop. Seeing her there, they had done so, and for a moment were silent. She had then made them a speech, telling them that one of the half-drowned men was in the house, and that if they made a noise they would kill him, whereas that if they were quiet there were hopes of him. There was a sort of cheer upon hearing this announcement, and a number of the people were beginning to go away, when the old woman, who had been so conspicuous from the beginning, stopped them, and insisted that the Englishmen should be turned out that they might throw them over the quay. Phrosyne told them there were no Englishmen in the house, which the old fury said was a lie, and she became very violent; upon which several still wished to force the door, but the others would not let them, so the party was divided.

“Phrosyne,” said Monsieur Menard, “as you see, is mustering her forces from the window, and you may observe the old woman bustling about among the rest, setting them on for a rush. And I fear,” added their host, “that she will succeed, for the men are cheering them on from the sheer love of mischief. A message has gone to the barracks, but if they are not sharp, the soldiers will be too late.”

As he spoke, the cries were renewed of “A bas les Anglais”—“Mort aux Anglais”—“Give us the god-dams, and we will shew them ros-beef; turn them out, or we will take them.”

At the same time a rush was made from the back of the crowd, led on by the old woman, and the twenty or thirty girls who were standing by the broken mast shortened the ropes, and lifted it from the ground.

“Shame! shame!” shouted Phrosyne; but the old woman carried the day. One of the drowned men had been cast on shore; and some of the people were bringing him up the street; at this sight the girls began to come forward with the mast, swinging it backwards and forwards as they came.

“There will be the devil to pay now, and no pitch hot,” said Allan; “I am right glad we are in snug quarters, for the sight of that poor fellow’s body has set

them up again ; big Phrosyne has lost her power, and that old wretch has the best of it."

A new sound, however, now struck the ear ; it was the rap-tap, rap-tap-tap of a drum ; the men in the distance began to move, and in the next moment a body of soldiers charged into sight, driving the crowd before them with their bayonets.

The men yielded quietly ; the women set up a screech of rage, and sent a volley of stones at the men, to which they paid not the slightest attention, but moved steadily forward, and drew up in front of René's house. The officer cut some joke which caused a roar of laughter, and in five minutes all was order. The crowd began rapidly to disperse, so that in ten minutes after the soldiers appeared the street was comparatively empty.

" I suppose we may go now," said Hope, addressing Allan. Allan shook his head, and repeated Hope's proposal to the master of the house.

" Oh no, gentlemen," he said, " I hope you will not attempt to go. If you will do me the honour to remain here a little, I will send out to ascertain when the streets are quiet. To tell you the truth, I am not very anxious to show myself to-day, for I am not over popular among the Granvillaise. I have a great regard for your

countrymen, for I find them excellent customers and honest. I do not belong to the town, but have settled here some years, and have been the means of scattering a great deal of English money in the neighbourhood, for I buy cattle, which I send every week to Jersey ; eggs, wheat, and large quantities of potatoes, which I send to England ; and I bring back coals, iron, and good English gold, the greatest part of which I spread through the country, in payment to the farmers for the articles I buy. This does a great deal of good to them ; and I might do good to myself if these ladies would let me alone, but this very year they have cost me two thousand francs damages by throwing my potatoes into the sea, and turning my cattle adrift, because they said that provisions were dear, and that I was the cause. Added to which, I have been twice stoned the whole length of the street, and once escaped as if by a miracle from being thrown over the quay. Whenever there is a disturbance in the town, if they see me, I am sure to come in for a share of their displeasure ; so I take good care now to keep out of their sight, and I venture to advise you gentlemen to do the same. The wind is falling, and the sky looks so dark that I suspect we shall have some rain. If it comes down pretty heavy, you may go when you please, for a good heavy shower quiets these ladies

better than anything else. But if it keeps dry, I recommend you to remain where you are till dusk, and then my young man can lend you a couple of blouses to disguise you as you go home."

"We would like very much," said Hope, "to see how poor Frederic is getting on. Can we not go out at your door and in at Monsieur René's?"

"Now that the soldiers are here, you can in safety; but if any one sees you coming out of my house, they are sure to do me some damage for sheltering you. I would therefore request that you would do me the favour of going by the way you came. Mr. Allan took the doctor that road when he went to fetch you away."

This was too reasonable a proposal to be objected to. Hope and Cross expressed their thanks; and, led by Allan, they took their way down stairs, to clamber, by means of the ladder, again into René's house. As they passed a door, they looked into a large shop. It was too dark to see the contents. Cross asked Allan what Menard sold besides cattle and potatoes.

"He is a rich fellow," he answered, "and sells everything, from an anchor to a pocket comb. If you want anything while you are here, you will find him as reasonable as any one in the country."

“And we certainly must buy something,” said Hope, “whether we want it or not, just to shew our good will, and gratitude for his protection.”

They mounted into the loft, lowered the ladder, and entered René's kitchen.

Frederic was sitting up in the bed, which still lay on the floor. The surgeon was administering some hot soup to his patient. Angela, Madame René, and her daughter, were propping him up with pillows. The old man and big Phrosyne were looking on. The other men were gone.

As soon as they were observed, Angela came up to them, took their hands, one after the other, and pressed them to her lips. “You, sir,” she said, turning to Cross, “did your best to save him—Phrosyne told me so ; and the doctor tells me, sir (turning to Hope), that to your presence of mind he owes his recovery. May Heaven bless you both.” The poor girl could hardly speak, and tears ran fast down her cheeks as she strove to do so.

Frederic tried to speak, but the doctor interfered. “No speaking,” he said ; “you must take this soup and a little composing draught I have sent for—then sleep. You will wake as well as ever ; and Angela must do the same. She has done more this day than would kill fifty girls. I have more fear for her than you.”

“I cannot leave him, sir; I could not sleep,” answered Angela.

“But you must,” said the doctor. “Here, Marie, take her up stairs and put her to bed; my bottle will do the rest and insure obedience—and here it comes. The doctor poured out a small modicum for Frederic, and a much larger dose for Angela. “Now drink to each other,” he said; “and do as I bid you.”

“Do,” said Hope, “it is better for both. Let me see you take your draught, and we will go.”

“It is pouring of rain,” said the messenger.

“So much the better,” said the doctor; “you will find the streets quiet; although I hope by this time the people know what Frederic owes to this gentleman’s skill. I took good care to tell the men before they went out, and they promised to go all over the town to make it known; for I was deeply grieved to hear of their injustice towards you.”

“Oh, never mind us,” said Cross. “This poor fellow is safe, and Angela must take care of herself; so I will add my voice to the doctor’s to ask her to take his prescription, and then we will all go together. Angela swallowed her potion, Frederic his, and then held out his arms to Angela. She forgot all eyes, and threw herself into them. She arose, blushing scarlet, but no one

even smiled. Hope led her to the door, where Marie was waiting for her. "That's a good girl," said Hope, in a whisper; "now take care of yourself. There is no fear for Frederic; the love of such a girl is worth all the doctor's stuff in France."

Cross turned back to the doctor, and invited him to dine with them at their hotel, to bring the news of his patients; "and come," he said, "half an hour before the dinner hour if you can, for my friend has hurt himself, and though he pretends to know something of your profession, I am a sad ignoramus, and I should like to have your advice."

When they were fairly in the passage they saw that all the props and barricades had been removed from the door; it was standing open, but sadly shattered.

"It is raining very heavily, gentlemen," said old René; "so you are quite safe; but it may be as well to put on a couple of blouses—they will help to keep you dry, and prevent your being noticed.

This third allusion to the rain acting as a quietus on the excitability of a French mob made the friends laugh, but convinced them that there was some truth in it; as the blouses were there, however, they thought it as well to put them on. Each slipped a *douceur* into the old man's hand as they donned their coverings, mentioning

where they were staying, and observing that the door ought to be mended as soon as possible, and the bill sent to them.

Allan walked home with them, and at the door he wished to say good-bye; but this they would not allow, and insisted that he should have one glass of grog there, and join them and the doctor at their late dinner. "We do not part with a countryman so easily," said Hope; "so you must not refuse us."

"I am too much honoured to be so acknowledged," said Allan, "not gladly to accept so flattering an invitation, more especially from gentlemen so much above me in station." The speech and the bow that accompanied it shewed that if Allan retained the honest integrity of his native land, he had profited by his residence in France, to acquire some of its graces. And at dinner and during the evening he gave a marked example of the fact that it does not require to be high born to be high bred.

Education and his intercourse with different nations had given manner to this man born in a fisher's cottage; modesty, and his desire to please, now gave him the indescribable tone of high breeding which all admire, yet very few possess. The doctor was clever and amusing; he came at the appointed time; he prescribed

for Hope's arm, ordering perfect quiet for a couple of days. He was all bows and parade, talked well, and told good professional anecdotes; but how inferior was he to the more lowly-born guest, who sat at the same table! There is a manner in England, among a certain set of young men, known under the slang denomination of flash. English flash is bad enough; but French is ten times worse; and such was the doctor's manner. There was the presumption, the loud voice, the lay-down-the-law style, which makes an ill-bred Frenchman the most offensive of living beings; and although he was amusing it was a relief when he made his bow. Allan smiled when Cross observed, "now the doctor's gone, some of us may get in a word edgeways." Allan took his leave shortly after, and the two friends were not sorry to retire to their rooms.

The next morning all signs of the storm were past. The sun shone bright and clear; and when Cross opened his eyes, the busy hum of voices was heard in the street. Cross rose immediately; but when he was dressed, he found that Hope had passed a feverish night, and was too unwell to rise. The doctor had promised to call early to see the one patient, and report on the state of the others. He kept his word. He was skilful in his profession, for Hope felt almost immediate relief from

his external and internal prescriptions ; and he brought all the news which they were anxious to hear. Frederic was almost perfectly well, no bad symptom remaining except a partial loss of voice, with slight pain in the chest. He was extremely triumphant on this score, for the other poor fellow, who was attended by a brother practitioner, was a great deal worse, suffering from intense headach, and almost total loss of voice. The day before, he had given Hope the credit due to his bold practice of preventing apoplectic symptoms by opening the temporal artery ; that morning, he seemed totally to forget to whom he was speaking, for he launched forth on the wisdom of such a proceeding in all cases of drowning ; but he took all the merit of the act to himself. Angela was well, except a great feeling of languor—"the natural consequence," said the doctor, "of the great excitement she had undergone, and of the strong opiate I administered ; but you must content yourselves, gentlemen," he continued, "with my report, for whatever interest you may take in these young people, you must not think of going near the harbour to-day. All the bodies of the poor fellows have been found, and they are to be buried this afternoon ; the excitement is therefore very great. All round the harbour, and in the old town, I regret to say, the same feeling of hatred exists against your country, and all that

belongs to it, that you witnessed yesterday. It is as well, therefore, that Mr. Hope must keep his bed to-day; and I recommend you, sir" (turning to Cross), "not to go out either, or if you must, do not go further than the Cabane, if you wish to avoid being insulted, or perhaps ill-treated."

"Well," said Cross, "that is no great punishment, and I suppose this feeling will not last long."

"Oh, no," answered the doctor; "in a couple of days they will have forgotten all about this misfortune. The funeral to-day keeps it alive, but as soon as that is over, there will come something else for them to think of. I will have the pleasure to call to-morrow; in the meantime I make my bow."

As soon as the doctor was gone, Hope said, "I was very feverish last night, and you will hardly guess what my thoughts were dwelling on."

"I suppose," answered Cross, "on some of the scenes you witnessed yesterday."

"Not exactly," said Hope; "do you remember the nonsense we were talking about the superstitions of the Highlanders, Normans, and Bretons, when we were looking at that congregation of magpies near the Mare de Bouillon?"

"Yes, perfectly," answered Cross.

“Well, then, all last night, when I was restless and tossing about, the thought would come over me of the five parties of four that we saw hopping about, and of what you said of them, namely, that we should hear of five deaths, but none that we would care about; and thinks I to myself, I shall hate to look at magpies again, for this is enough to make a low-countryman superstitious, and doubly to confirm all the nonsense in which, as a Highlander, I am bound to believe.”

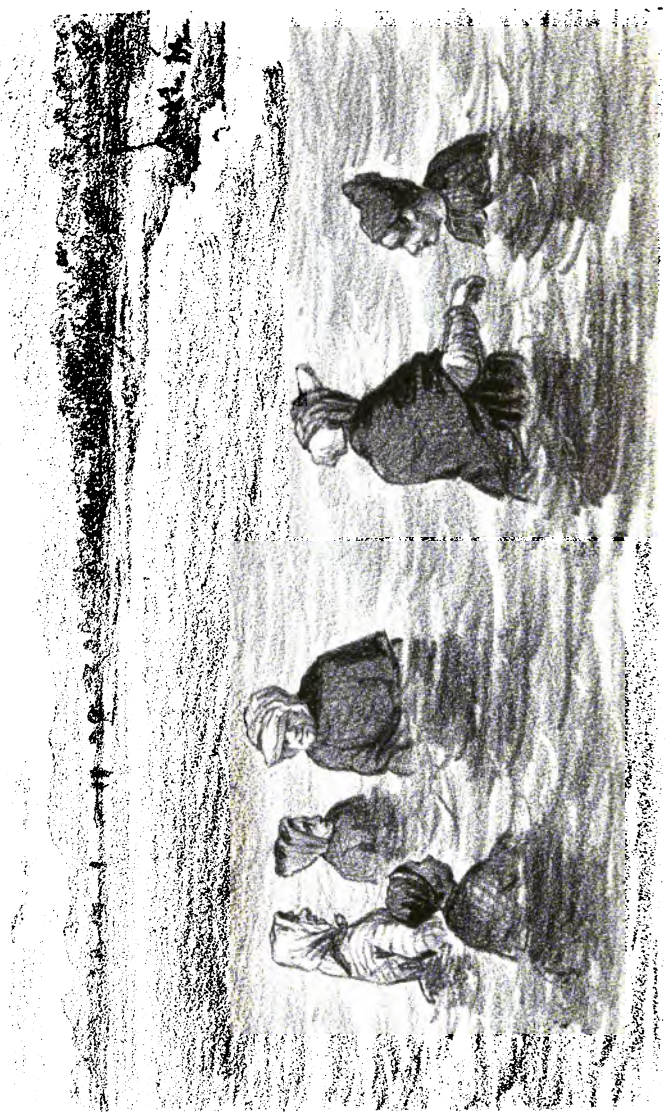
“It is curious,” said Cross, “and is just one of those accidents that create the superstitions at which we laugh. Once in a hundred, or a thousand times, some dream comes true, or some birds shew themselves as these have done. Such an event is mentioned, is marvelled at, and superstition is created or confirmed, because these rare occurrences are mentioned and remembered; but the nine hundred and ninety-nine cases which come wrong are never talked of, and therefore never thought of. If you or I live to be as old as Methuselah, we shall never see such augury prove true again; indeed, I doubt if anywhere in the world except in Normandy, we shall ever see so many magpies together again. But now go to sleep if you can. After breakfast, in spite of the doctor’s warning, I shall go out as far as the Cabane to see the newspapers, and I will try to

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W. H. M. Perkins. 1892. Plate 1.

SKETCHED FROM THE CLUB AT GRANVILLE, HIGH TIDE.

find you something to read whenever you have had your nap."

"There is nothing else for it, I suppose," said Hope, as he turned on his side; "you have destroyed my romance, so I may as well sleep."

Hope remained so unwell during the next two days, he was unable to leave the house. They received news of Frederic and Angela from the doctor, but did not see them, as they had removed to their own homes, which Cross did not know. They heard, however, that they were quite recovered. On the evening of the third day, Hope and Cross took their way to the Cabane, where they could read the papers and breathe the sea air, while they watched the bathers from the windows; the Cabane being a sort of half coffee-house, half club, built of wood against the rocks close to the sea where all the people bathed. There were in this building two good rooms; in one were a number of publications and newspapers, not to mention chess and card tables; the other was appropriated to the ladies in the morning for music and work, and in the evening it was used as an assembly or ball-room. When the tide was high, the ladies bathed within twenty yards of the windows, dressing and undressing in small portable canvas houses, and swimming in their blue dresses with the most perfect composure.

Hope was much amused watching them, and quite agreed with Cross in saying that the French ladies had greatly the advantage of our countrywomen in this respect. The most fastidious could not find fault with their delicacy, for in their blue flannel blouses and trousers, they were perfectly dressed, and in a dress in which they could learn to swim, of which power all seemed to have availed themselves, for there was not one in fifty who did not swim, and swim well.

They loitered thus till it was time to return for dinner ; and Hope felt quite himself again from enjoying both the amusement and the fresh sea breeze. As they passed through the rocky passage which leads from the shore to the town, they saw a gaily-dressed group waiting in the road. As soon as they came in sight, two of the party came forward to meet them. One of these was Frederic ; the other was little Matilde, dressed so gaily they did not at first recognise her. She had put on for the first time the dress which the friends had ordered for her, and was waiting to meet them as they came from the Cabane. Having first called at the inn, she had learnt where they were.

“Angela is to be married to-morrow,” said little Matilde, as she came up to them ; “and she has sent me with Frederic to say how much she would feel

honoured if you would come to the dance in the evening."

"And so shall I, gentlemen," said Frederic. "Your presence will add one more to the great obligations I owe to you. I believe I owe my life to your skill, and I would fain desire that you should witness my happiness in joining my fate with the brave girl who gave you the power to save me."

"And we shall be most happy to come," answered Hope; "but you must tell us where."

"M. Menard has lent us his store," said Frederic. "Anybody can shew it you."

"M. Menard, who lives next to René the pilot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Thanks," said Cross. "You may rely on seeing us to-morrow." They shook hands with Frederic, patted Matilde's cheek, and went on.

"We must go to M. Menard's to-morrow, to buy some present for the bride; for in this part of the country, when people in her station marry and give a dance, each guest brings an offering in his hand, which he presents to the *nouvelle mariée*—in short, the custom is one which resembles very much the old-fashioned penny-weddings of Scotland, where every friend brought something towards establishing the young couple. You

and I must not be behind the rest of the guests, for, after her conduct of yesterday, I am much mistaken if we do not find a large assembly, each member of which will strain a point to make as liberal a gift as he can afford."

"It is curious," said Hope, "to see so many of the same customs and superstitions in this country as in Scotland; for although England and Normandy are so closely allied, Scotland, whatever it has to do with Norsemen, has very little to do with the Normans; and yet the habits and superstitions which I observe resemble much more those of Scottish Highlanders than of the English."

"You seem to forget," said Cross; "it is true that the Normans never conquered Scotland, but many of our greatest families married Norman wives. France also was in close alliance with Scotland when at war with England; but I suspect that the customs and superstitions which you have remarked here do not come directly either from conquest, marriage, or national alliance with Scotland, but have spread out of Brittany. The Bretons are distinctly Celts; their language, habits, customs, fables, superstitions, songs, and dances, clearly mark the race. It is not therefore surprising that you should find some of those customs here; and that you should observe their greater resemblance to the habits

of the Highland Celt, than to those of the English Saxon. The Welsh, the Irish, the Scottish Highlander and the Breton, are all Celts, and all members of the same family; it is not therefore surprising that at every step in Brittany you trace the family resemblance, or that such close neighbours as the Normans should have, to a certain degree, followed their example, or adopted some of their customs. Whether the plan of the penny-wedding be originally French, or originally Celtic, I will not pretend to say—you find it in both countries; and you and I must try and find something worthy of the bride's acceptance to-morrow, both out of respect for that brave girl, and love for old Scotland."

"Most assuredly," said Hope; "and what sort of things should we get?"

"Let us dine as fast as we can," said Cross, "and go down and consult Allan—he will know; and if we cannot find him, we can speak to Monsieur Menard."

The plan was agreed to. The friends dined, and took their way immediately after to Menard's shop. Allan was on the quay in the act of starting one of his smacks, whose cargo of horns was completed, and which was about to sail for England; he at once came with them when he heard what they wanted. In moving from the quay to M. Menard's shop, they were followed by

several of the women who had been so furiously enraged against them three days before ; but now they were all smiles and good humour. Allan quietly whispered to one of the women to go away, and not disturb the gentlemen, who were going to bring a present for Angela. This news was quickly communicated to the rest of the party, all which was unheard by the two friends, who were talking together at the time ; they were therefore both startled and surprised when they heard a loud clapping of hands, and a shout of "Vivent les Anglais ! vive Angela !" and on turning round they saw the party dispersing.

"Hang me but they are a queer people," said Hope ; "they will cut your throat one day and cheer you the next."

"We need not care," said Cross, "so long as we only meet them on cheering days ; and as this is one of them, let us make the most of our time."

On entering M. Menard's shop, they were cordially greeted by the owner. After returning renewed thanks for the shelter he had afforded them, they mentioned the object of their visit, and held a council with him and Allan on what would be the most desirable present to give to the bride.

"I know one thing, gentlemen," said Allan, "that Frederic would like to have, and that Angela might like

to give him, but I fear it is too expensive, and you might not wish to spend so much money." He pointed to a sextant which was lying in its box, with the brass shining brightly on the dark counter. "He is now first officer in a ship bound for Cadiz, and he can hardly sail without either a quadrant or a sextant; and unless Monsieur Menard trusts him, he is too poor to pay for one till he comes back."

Hope asked the price. "There is no necessity for either running in debt or sailing without one," he said, "for Angela shall give him this one if you tell me it is good."

"I have a much better," said Monsieur Menard; "indeed, a better never went out of France than one I can shew you, and you can have it for the same price I first asked; for," said he, laughing, "there is no dealing in Normandy without bargaining; and though not a Norman myself, habit becomes second nature, so now I can never sell anything without asking at least one-third more than I mean to take; but as you gentlemen seem to forget where you are, I must not take advantage of you. As you are willing to spend a certain sum, you shall have your money's worth—and here it is." He went to a drawer and produced an instrument in a brass-bound case.

"Thank you," said Hope; "when I give a thing I like it to be good, and I feel fortunate, I assure you, in falling into such hands as yours."

"He is an honour to the country," said Allan, as he slapped his hand on the counter; "and he shall have the first offer of every cargo I bring, in remembrance of what I have just seen."

"But I don't promise not to have a wrangle with you," said Menard, "for you are half a Norman."

"I am not afraid," said Allan, "and as a proof, let me have six best checked shirts, and cloth to make a Sunday suit; you shall fix the price yourself."

"That's hardly fair, Mr. Allan," said Menard, "for I shall be obliged to give them at prime cost. But never mind, I'll make up for loss on the next cargo of coals I buy from you."

"And what am I to have?" said Cross; "come, advise me, Monsieur Menard; I will spend the same sum as Mr. Hope."

M. Menard thought for a moment. "I have it," he said, and he pulled out a drawer, and after searching for a moment, he produced a large umbrella in a cotton case. The case was taken off, and the umbrella opened. "There," he said; "there is the largest and the brightest red silk umbrella ever seen in Granville; that will win

Angela's heart, and break those of every bride in the town for the next two years. I can sell it cheap, for no one has been rich enough to buy it; so I have had it some time, and if you must spend as much as your friend we may make up the difference with a blue silk handkerchief for Frederic, and some stockings for the bride."

Cross was quite delighted with the purchase. The price was paid, and Monsieur Menard was requested to send the things to their hotel.

"You had better leave them here, gentlemen," he said. "You are going to the ball, I suppose, and so am I. As it is to take place in my store, close to this, it may save you trouble if you call for them here. And if you will permit me, I will go with you, as I have a little offering to make also."

The friends gladly accepted the proposal, as it obviated all difficulty about finding their way. So they departed, leaving their purchases behind them.

Shortly after the appointed hour the two friends again knocked at M. Menard's door. Allan and he were in waiting; their purchases were neatly packed up and ready for them, and each took his own.

Monsieur Menard lifted a tolerably heavy basket and followed; less than a minute brought them to the store, which they entered. It was a large room with a boarded

floor ; the walls were originally bare ; but the stones were nearly hid with wreaths of leaves, flowers, and moss, in the midst of which hung some lamps and candles, by which the place was tolerably lighted. In one corner of the room was a table on which sat three fiddlers. A man in the dress of a sailor was blowing an accompaniment on a cornet-a-piston. All the musicians were hard at work when the party entered, and the floor was covered with dancers.

“They are no great hand at it,” said Hope, after watching them for a while ; “I thought all French people danced like ballet-masters.”

“You are thinking of the grisettes of Paris,” answered Cross, “who certainly answer your description ; but in the provinces, more especially in this part of the country, the people are fully more ungraceful than the veriest bumpkins in an English country village. The heavy wooden sabots they wear give an ugly manner of moving the limbs, even when, on an occasion like this, they exchange the sabot for the lighter shoe.”

“There are some among them,” said Hope ; “who are graceful enough.”

“Yes,” answered Cross ; “those are the fisher girls ; and they have the same freedom of motion which you see among the Highland lasses ; and for the same reason,



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namely, they generally go bare footed; but here comes the bride to bid us welcome."

Angela came forward, followed by her sister, little Matilde, and a few of her more intimate friends; she did the honours with a modest grace that was very taking. She led the party to the upper end of the room near the musicians. On the opposite corner a table was placed, which was quite covered with the presents which had been made to the bride. Monsieur Menard presented his offering. There was a loud murmur of approbation when his basket was opened; it contained a large brass pot for making soup, there were four stewpans, shining like silver, and half a dozen iron spoons; these were looked at, admired and laid on the table. Allan came next and presented his offering; there was the same murmur of applause, the same examination, the same thanks, and they were placed on the table with the rest.

Hope had watched the proceedings of his two companions, so he now came forward and presented his gift with a little speech very well turned. Angela's eyes filled with tears as she said her thanks, and when the box was opened and the shining brass of the instrument was seen, the murmur of applause was followed by a clapping of hands, during which Frederic found time to

say, "You are too generous, sir, and I cannot sufficiently thank you. Your present is most magnificent, and gives me what I so much required, yet knew not where to get." Hope shook him by the hand, and the sextant was laid on the table.

It was now Cross's turn. He too presented his gift, and made a little speech. All eyes were turned on the cotton bag which contained the umbrella, and when it was opened, and the brilliant red silk was seen within, the murmurs of admiration gradually increased till they ended in shouts of applause. The women pressed forward, the umbrella was put up and held for general inspection, amidst shouts of "Superbe ! magnifique !" and "vivent les Anglais !"

"I knew that would please them," said Monsieur Menard to Hope. "Every bride must have a red umbrella as part of her turn out. To have a silk one is a mark of distinction ; but to have so large and so red a one has done what I told you it would. It has made every woman in the room break the tenth commandment. Your more valuable present filled Angela's eyes with tears of gratitude, but look at her now—all smiles, and her eyes beaming with triumph. That umbrella has made her the greatest woman in the district for the next two months, and she knows it. You must content your-

self by dancing second with the bride, for if you took the lead you would forfeit your present popularity among the women ; for with them the red silk takes decided precedence of your brilliant sextant."

[Here ends the manuscript.]



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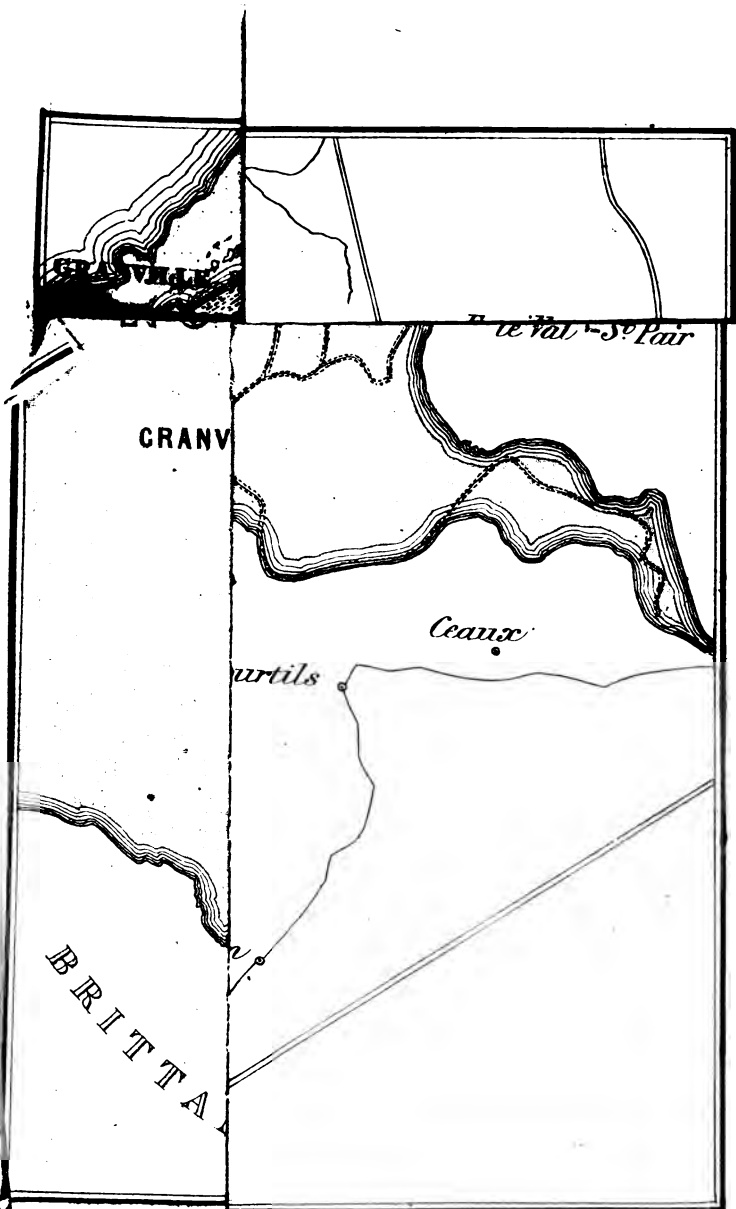
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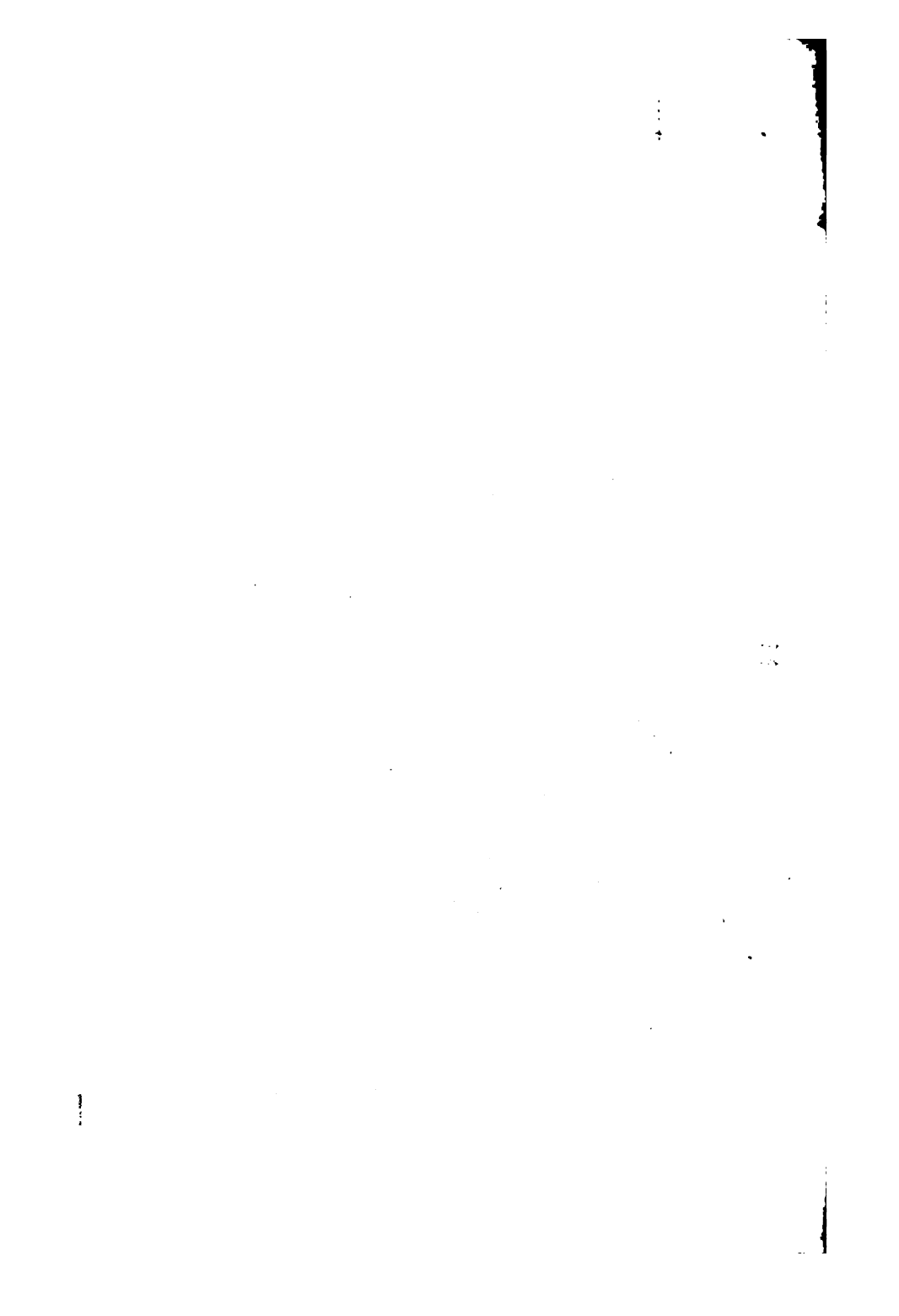
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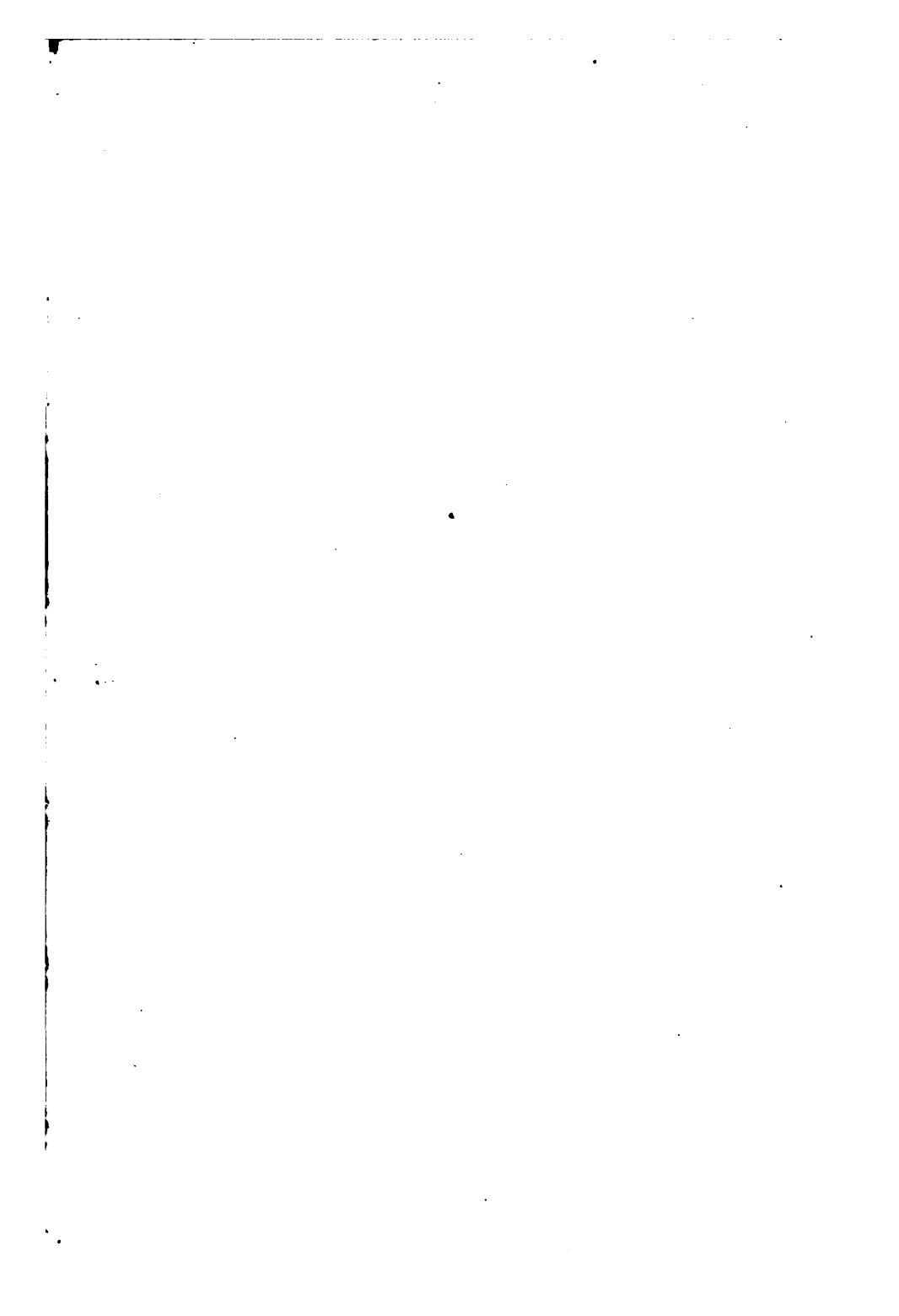
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