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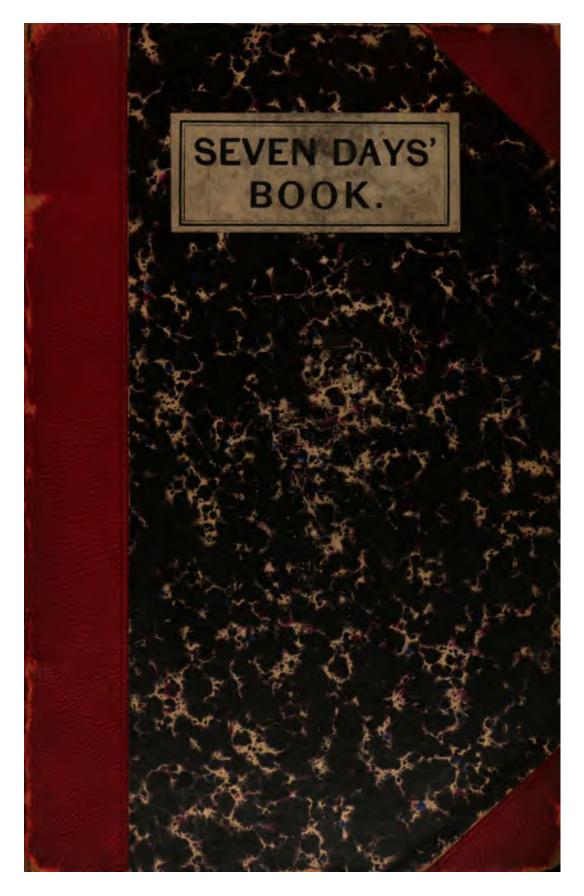
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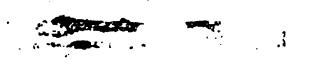
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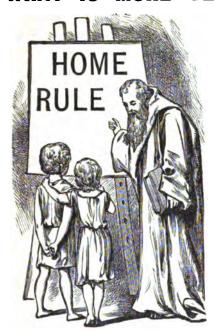
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NOVEMBER 1890 TO APRIL 1891



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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1890

Virginie.

A TALE OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By Val Prinser, Associate of the Royal Academy.

CHAPTER LXI.

PINARD AGAIN.

ANY pleasant evenings were now enjoyed by the family, which circle included M. Aubert and one or two others. General Buonaparte came constantly, always accompanied by his aide-decamp, Junot. Many were the discussions he held with La Beauce on the conduct of the war in Belgium, while Riouffe, listening with attention, was deeply struck by the clearness of Buonaparte's observations and the quickness of his comprehension.

'The General,' he whispered one day to Virginie, 'is the only man I have seen who seems able to control the chaotic elements we have roused by our glorious Revolution.'

In truth Riouffe had suffered so much through the disorders of the Terror that he was intent on procuring peace at any price.

General Buonaparte's aide-de-camp, Junot, was entirely devoted to his chief. Jean himself was not more attentive or more self-sacrificing.

It was on the small remittances made to Junot by his family that the two contrived to live. But Junot, being of a bold, venturesome disposition, sought frequently to increase his supply by gambling. The new luxury had no sooner appeared than

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numerous public gambling tables were started, especially in the neighbourhood of the Palais Egalité, formerly the Palais Royal.

To these the venturesome aide-de-camp repaired, and as a general rule fortune favoured him, and he was enabled considerably to increase their resources.

The Comte had no love of gambling, but the study of Parisian life much occupied him at the time, and he was assured by Junot that the tables were attended by many people who would interest him.

So, one day, Junot took the Comte to one of these gambling houses. They were shown into a large room crowded with players. Down one side there was a large table at which anyone could stake their money against the bank. The game was trente-et-un. Besides those actually engaged at the tables there were many who had lost all they could stake, and yet lounged about watching eagerly those more lucky than themselves. Among these last were many women. Refreshments were served out in one corner of the room, and the loud laugh of those who had too freely indulged, mixed with the regular cry of the official who announced the results of the coups at the gaming-tables.

The Comte de la Beauce, mixing with the crowd, was amused at watching the variety of classes meeting, with Republican license, in the room. There were many of the Jeunesse Dorée, Muscadins as they were called, dressed with all the outrageous eccentricity then in vogue. There were many, too, whom, from their dress, he took to be military men. There were some in the quieter garb of Patriots, among whom were even some members of the Convention. The women were some of them very handsome, and from their free manners these seemed to belong to the class of courtezan, though this was not certain, as the license affected by even the leaders of society was so great that it was difficult to distinguish between the lady of fashion and her frail and more venal sister. Around the gaming-table there was great movement, and many disputes arose, sometimes from misconception as to the results of the game, but more often from the differences in the value of the assignats and hard coin. stakes were not often large, the smallest sums could be risked. La Beauce noticed that though coin was very scarce in commerce, here most of the money risked was silver or gold.

At the table sat a young man, who had evidently drunk more than was good for him. He had gained largely, and in his excitement was loud in his remarks. Round him was a little crowd who were backing his luck; before him a pile of money. Among those standing at the young man's elbow was a thin, military-looking man, whose figure, though he had his back turned to him, seemed familiar to La Beauce. This man presented a shabby aspect, but, from the depreciation of the value in assignats, in which they received their pay, this was not unusual in military men of the day. Edging his way in curiosity towards this group of players, the Comte found himself close behind this military man. Watching the game, at which the young man still continued to win, he saw him, under pretence of aiding the young Muscadin, separate a portion of his gain and gradually bring the pieces, unobserved, to his part of the table.

'Thou hast gained again,' cried the military man. 'See, all this is thine,' and with officious hand he again gathered up the winnings and again in passing them to the young man contrived to abstract a few coins. The excitement was very great. 'À moi!' cried the young fellow. 'A hundred louis I stake.' The military man obligingly helped him to count the sum, already his hand covered the portion he had filched from the pile, when La Beauce firmly grasped his wrist.

'Thief!' he whispered into the military man's ear. In his surprise the man lifted his head to turn round. It was Pinard.

'Monsieur,' said La Beauce to the young man, pointing to the little pile, 'have a care to your winnings.'

'That's true,' cried the young fellow excitedly, as he swept back the coin. 'One hundred louis.'

Pinard glared at La Beauce, and then round the room. People were intently interested in the game. One hundred louis in hard cash were seldom seen. The game progressed, and the young man lost.

'Double,' he cried; this time he gained.

But La Beauce, having still hold of Pinard's arm, drew him from the table.

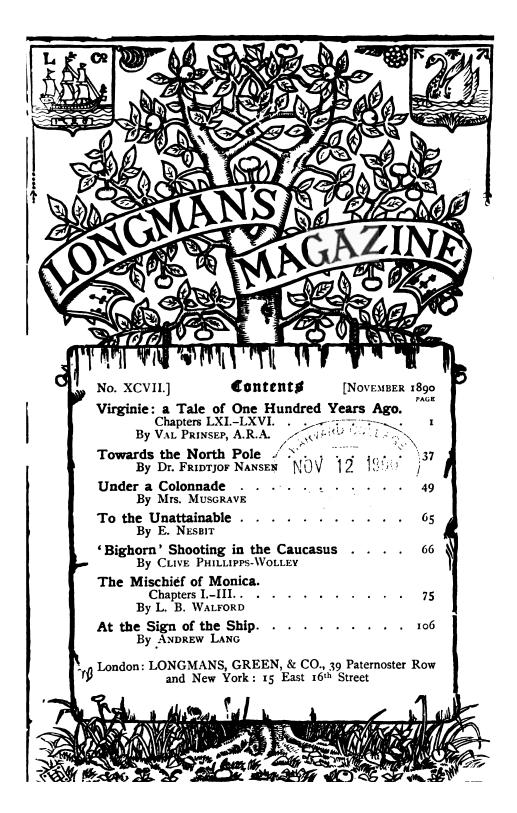
'Must I denounce you?' he whispered.

Pinard, biting his moustache with rage, allowed himself to be drawn away. As he glared at La Beauce his eye glittered with hate.

'Who are you?' he whispered. 'A mouchard? A spy?'

'You know me, and I you, M. Pinard; once for all, will you follow me or shall I denounce you?'

Again Pinard looked round the room. His chance would



'What am I to do with the rascal?' asked Junot. The Comte's rage was turned to contempt.

'Let the scoundrel rise,' he said.

Junot obeyed. As Pinard rose he glanced at the two. The chances were all against him now.

'M. de la Beauce,' he said humbly. 'I ask your pardon---'

'Cease!' cried the Comte, authoritatively. 'I brought this on myself by my good nature. Now, go!' and he pointed up the street with his raised stick. 'And do not let us see you again.'

Pinard stooped to pick up his stick, but Junot placed his foot

on it.

'Pardon,' he said, 'the army does not retire with all the honours of war.' He then picked up the stick, and with a strong wrench broke it across his knee. 'Now,' he said, 'the citoyen can resume his weapon.'

Pinard took his broken stick and threw it into the street. 'Au revoir, monsieur,' he said, resuming his natural swagger, as he turned at a safe distance and made a bow.

Junot laughed aloud.

'À bientôt, monsieur l'escroc,' he shouted; then, placing his arm within that of La Beauce, he led him towards home.

'What should I have said to madame had anything happened to you, mon Général? I hurried out directly I heard you had had a dispute with this scoundrel. I was just in the swim of the greatest run of luck I ever experienced. Cest égal. I have secured a couple of hundred francs for my general and myself!' And the young fellow laughed gaily as they walked home.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE 1ST PRAIRIAL.

What is called the 'Reaction' had now been well established. The Jacobins' club had been shut up. Jacobins were excluded from the governing committees. Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Barrère had been exiled. Fouquier Tinville and fifteen of his colleagues of the Revolutionary courts had been tried, found guilty, and executed. Anything that looked like a Jacobin was hunted through the streets by the Jeunesse Dorée.

But Jacobinism was not yet quite dead. In a room in the Rue Mauconseil, between the quarters of St. Denis and Mont-

martre, were gathered the central committee of these discontents. There was no attempt at concealment. These were all Jacobins, recognisable from their dress and from their expressions of sour fanaticism. They were the Puritans of the Revolution, the Fifth Monarchy men of Paris. In the time of Robespierre such a gathering of the opposition would have been impossible. It was said then that no two prominent men could meet together without the fact being reported. But the Thermidoreans were occupied with other things. There was no man among them of sufficient eminence to guide the vessel of the State, and the mass of mediocrity that alone remained in the Convention after the proscription of the Terror, however well intentioned, was quite incapable of striking out a new policy.

In the room in which this committee sat three or four indifferent candles cast a dim, uncertain light, making even these grim conspirators picturesque, and throwing weird shadows on ceiling and wall. There was eager debate for several hours, not without many sharp words and much recrimination. In one thing at least they were agreed, and that was that the present state of affairs was intolerable. It was an insurrection they were planning, in which they knew failure meant death. They were, therefore, terribly in earnest. Little by little the whole affair was arranged. Every detail was settled, and an elaborate form of proclamation drawn up. The watchword was to be 'Bread and the Constitution of '93'; these words were to be written on the front of every patriot's hat. Women were to be sent in the van, who were to rouse the people, filling them with regrets for the good Robespierre, who had given the people bread, but who had been done to death by the members of the Convention. These women were to force the guards of the Tuileries, who would not dare to fire on them, and then the patriots would quickly do the rest.

Having settled all this, leave to address the meeting was demanded by a man dressed as a Jacobin, with his hair plastered to his face in the orthodox fashion and with the received patriotic scowl.

'Fellow-citizens,' he cried, 'I ask to be heard. I have listened to your debate with interest, but I cannot agree with your plans. I have served in the wars and had some experience in the management of men. The people are easily excited, they have proved it on the 12th Germinal; but unless they are well blooded they will not persist. The Convention is not the best place in which to begin a revolution. The members of the

Convention will cajole them as they did before. My advice is, give them courage first. Lead them against some of those haunts of our enemies, the Jeunesse Dorée, who dare to flaunt their wealth in the face of a starving people. Let them sack some of those establishments where plenty reigns, and the sight of those luxuries will nerve the spirits of those whose stomachs crave for food and strengthen their arms for vengeance. I know many such places. Death to their owners, those foul traiteurs who pamper with every luxury those butterflies who dare to trample on true Republicans while the people are starving. Then, when their blood is up, lead them against the Convention!

It was Pinard who spoke. Those who listened knew nothing of the motives that urged him to denounce. Many were struck with the truth of his argument, but the majority of these men were fanatics, who were not averse to bloodshed in a righteous cause, who would have condemned most of the members of the Convention and witnessed their execution without remorse, but who yet had a thorough respect for law and order.

'No,' shouted the President. 'What the citizen suggests is robbery and massacre, and would end in anarchy. Let us not sully a good cause—let us proceed against the Convention who have placed themselves out of the law (hors la loi), but let us leave the rest, if they be culpable, to the future action of that law. Let the Convention be our first object.'

A hoarse murmur proved that the President spoke the opinion of the majority. Yet as the assemblage broke up more than one man came to Pinard and assured him that they approved of his plan, and some even engaged to support him in its execution in spite of the adverse opinion of the majority.

It was the evening of the 30th Floréal (April 19), the streets of the Faubourg St. Antoine were filled with people. Everywhere it was noised about that the Convention was to be overthrown the next day; that the tyrants who had decreed the death of the good Robespierre were to be guillotined; that bread was to be had in plenty. 'Bread and the Constitution of '93' was shouted boldly. Women mustered in large bodies and already paraded the streets.

Pinard was in a great state of delight. He had organised his revenge. This time La Beauce and Jacques should not escape. So pleased was he that he felt it to be an occasion on which he was justified in granting himself every gratification. So he stopped at every wine-shop he passed, and partook of a glass of

liquor at each, drinking to the success of the great enterprise, and haranguing his auditors on the necessity of making a clean sweep.

'Away with all these aristos,' he cried. 'The people shall rule. Bread for the people! Let those who withhold it perish!'

It so happened that he had to pass the door of the house in which he lived, and even in his drunken excitement he remembered that it would be well for him to be armed. He therefore mounted to his apartment on the fifth floor, and burst noisily into the miserable room where Annette was reposing after her hard day's work.

'Annette!' he shouted in drunken glee. 'Annette! where art thou, thou lazy slut? Sleeping, of course! when all good patriots are awake and other women of Paris are preparing for revenge. Up! up! and get a light.'

Poor Annette roused herself, and with difficulty, amid the oaths and abuse of her husband, lighted the sorry candle which supplied them with all the light procurable.

Pinard proceeded to arm himself.

'Dress thyself, woman,' he cried. 'When the country demands shall my wife be found wanting?'

'What is it thou requirest me to do?' asked the trembling Annette.

'This night, I tell thee,' cried Pinard, who was full of eloquence and cognac—'this night the people rise against their tyrants. To-morrow we show the Convention what it is to starve us. To-morrow we will sack all those places where the enemies of the country feast while we want. Let Jacques le Blanc and his aristocratic son-in-law tremble! The people—the people are awake!'

'And dost thou join with the people, thou, a gentleman?' cried Annette.

Pinard laughed loudly.

'A gentleman?' he cried; 'where are the dirty aristocrats? A gentleman? There will be none left by to-morrow night! Come and see the people! Ha! ha!' he laughed, 'they are a noble sight—the people!'

The grey dawn of the April morning broke gently through the window of the room. Already the candle glowed red in its cool light. Pinard, whose drunken eloquence had produced an insatiable thirst, reached down his bottle and poured out the remains into a dirty glass.

'The aristos have left me but dregs,' he cried with inebriate

inconsequence. 'No matter—to-morrow there shall be plenty. To the people!' here he drained the glass. The fumes seemed to mount to his brain, and he sank into his chair, and partly through fatigue, but more from the effects of drink, his head fell forward and he slept.

Annette sat opposite him on the only other chair the apartment could boast. She blew out the candle, and waited in the cold of day-break, half dressed as she was, till her husband was asleep. Then, as the dawn grew clearer, she watched with an eager look. Pinard lay back in his chair in a most uncomfortable position. Was it possible he really slept? She moved her chair so that its legs grated on the floor. He did not stir. On the table before him were two pistols and a large cavalry sword. If she could only get the pistols! Softly she approached the table, she leaned over and grasped one of them. But at that moment the weight of the hand on which she leant made the table creak. Pinard started up.

'Ah!' he muttered. 'It is well done! Ha! ha!—a brave bonfire! Long live the people! Sovereign people——' then he grew incoherent, sank back into his chair, his head fell on his arm on the table, and he slept again!

Then Annette seized both pistols, and, with trembling fingers, threw back the steel pan with which all pistols were fitted in those days. With care she damped the priming and even poured water into the powder. Still Pinard slept. Carefully she replaced the weapons, and, wrapping a shawl over her bare shoulders, she drew up her feet for warmth, and so perched on her chair waited for Pinard to wake.

As the bright light of morning shone upon the man whom she had once so admired, poor Annette could see that he was greatly changed for the worse. Even in his sleep his fingers twitched convulsively, he muttered and moaned, and more than once complained that something had got hold of him and was gnawing his vitals, but each time he sank back. Annette, watching, compared this creature with the gentleman of her dreams! She had become disenchanted these last months. When she had seen the return Pinard made for Virginie's kindness, she could not reconcile it with any account she had ever heard of gentlemanly conduct. She had even dared to expostulate, and been beaten for her pains. From a dog-like feeling of fidelity she still worked for him, attributing his decadence to the evil effects of the Revolution. Pinard had for a time contrived to renew her old feeling of

admiration, for he had been careful to tell her of the great people he had seen and played with, and describe the gilded saloons which he frequented, and the simple woman had starved herself to make him look decent and respectable, that he might take the place she thought him entitled to. But now? Of his own free will he had joined the people! Of his own free will he was about to attack and kill those whom the simple Annette loved and admired! She had not known the extent of Pinard's previous ingratitude. She had heard him gloat over Virginie's impending arrest. How he got his knowledge? Now this appeared clear before her. He had failed before, and was preparing another form of vengeance. How could she warn her friends?

It was past nine when a loud noise caused Pinard to start to his feet. It was the générale being beat.

'Eh!' he cried. 'What is that? Arms? What are we doing? I recollect—the people! The sovereign people are awake! and I was asleep! Want of civism, Pinard!—distressing want of civism. Must be punished—How? Drums making a great noise! Have they found me asleep? No, only stupid old Annette! Must fall in, though.' Here he staggered to Annette's washing trough, and, dipping his head into the dirty, soapy water, splashed it over his face; the soap got into his eyes and made them smart terribly.

'Annette! a thousand devils! What poison hast thou here? Help, Annette! I cannot see.'

Annette seized a pitcher of clear water, and, holding his head over the trough, poured it over him. Pinard rose, breathless, but partially sobered.

'Good!' he cried; 'I feel myself again. Put on thy things, woman, and come with me.'

'What for?' asked Annette, with a rebellious look new to Pinard.

He gazed at her for one minute, then, with his shut fist, struck her.

'Thou askest what for; because I bid thee,' said Pinard, with a laugh. 'Thou wast a Jacobin once, and fond of attending executions. That was for thy amusement; now thou must come and see this for mine. No words, woman. Come.'

Annette stood undetermined for a moment. Then, with quick impulse, she huddled on her clothes.

'I am ready,' she said surlily.

Pinard had girt on his sword and placed his pistols in his belt.

'Good!' he said. 'Now march-on with you.'

As Annette descended the stairs she heard him stumbling down after her.

'The devil take the whole sex,' he grumbled. 'A moment ago she was refusing to go, and now she flies like a uhlan.'

Annette emerged from the door to find a large body of women passing, crying, 'Bread! bread!' She paused on the threshold; but Pinard, coming behind her, pushed her into the street.

'To it, woman; join thy sex. Long live the sovereign people!'

Annette paused no longer, but joined the crowd in which she seemed qualified to take her place. Gaunt and haggard, with her eye newly swollen from the recent blow, and her hair untidy and uncombed, she had a wild look in her face which procured her instant sympathy with the viragos in whose company she found herself.

- 'Come, mother,' they cried, 'on to the Convention. Bread! bread!'
- 'Yes; to the Convention!' cried Annette. 'To the Convention!'

She quickly found herself in the front rank hurrying on amid shouts and yells.

It was ten o'clock on the 1st Prairial (April 20) as the crowd of women surged on to the Tuileries. The guards seeing nothing but women hesitated and let them pass, and on rushed the screaming, gesticulating, mad creatures, till the hall of the Convention itself was filled with them. Then succeeded a confusion never before witnessed. Women sitting in the place of the legislators. Women in the Tribune itself, women everywhere, and all shouting, 'Bread!'

CHAPTER LXIII.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE.

And where was Annette? As the women broke through the chain of sentries she hung back, and, turning to her right, sped through the garden of the Tuileries and dashed up the well-known street where Virginie lived.

The café was already open. Jacques's satellites were dusting and arranging everything for the busy time, when, between eleven and mid-day, the place was usually crowded. Already one or two men had arrived and had seated themselves, when Annette rushed into the place.

'Shut up your house!' she cried. 'Where is good M. le Blanc? Let me see him at once.'

The men in the café thought she was mad and gathered round her, and Jacques, who was in the adjoining kitchen, ran into the room to see what was the matter. As soon as she saw him she darted forward.

'Save your life and that of madame,' she cried. 'Do you not know me? I came once before. Pinard; remember Pinard. Shut up your house—quick! quick!'

Jacques grew pale and trembled; his nerve was gone.

'Do you know this woman?' asked one of the men.

'Know her? I have every reason to know her and believe her,' said Jacques in a bewildered way.

'Then shut your house, quick! quick! Hear their shouts, they are coming,' urged Annette once more.

In the distance shouts were already heard. Jacques and his assistants darted to the door and the shutters were quickly up. In his terror he would have shut in the two or three men who were in the cafe, but La Beauce appeared at that moment, and with a cool head cross-examined Annette, and arranged everything for the One of the gentlemen who had come for an early déjeuner was luckily known at the head-quarters of the Section, and him La Beauce begged to warn the authorities of the intended assault. He then strengthened the doors and windows to the best of his ability, placing the tables and chairs against them, and waited the result. He would have sent the women out of the house. but to that Virginie would not consent. She, however, allowed Célimène to retire with little Jacques to her old retreat on the sixth floor in Pierre's rooms, while she herself took Annette to her apartment on the entresol to try and comfort her. creature now poured out all her woes, all the insults and bad usage she had borne in silence she now proclaimed. She sobbed forth her simple faith in Pinard and her awaking from her dream.

'May I never see him again,' she cried. 'Let me stay with you, madame. I can work. I will slave for you, only let me be with someone whom I can respect and love. When I first saw you, you recollect, it was at a trial of the "suspects." I was then mad, it was with fear. I went to the Place de la Révolution and saw their heads fall, and felt no terror, except for myself. I thought that, when the Mère Annette was seen always among

patriotic women, among the tricoteuses, she could not be suspected. It was you, madame, who first roused my better feelings. Do you remember telling me how you prayed for monsieur? Then my man came home, and you spoke kindly to me, and gave me delicacies for him to bring him back to health. I told him what you had done, yet it was he who denounced you. I know it now. And to-day he would kill you if he could—you who fed him and brought him back to life! Let me never see him again!'

As she was speaking the noise in the street below became greater.

'Bread! bread! and the Constitution of 1793,' shouted many voices of people rushing on to the Convention. Then, gradually the crowd seemed to pause. Looking through the windows, darkened by the closed shutters, Virginie could see a man haranguing them. It was Pinard. He pointed to the house, and the two women, eagerly listening, heard him say:

'There lives one of them. He feeds these insolent aristocrats, giving them all the delicacies of the season, while you, my friends, have to starve on a miserable pittance which barely suffices to keep life in you. For once you shall have a hearty meal. Down with his door! There you will find plenty. Death to the traitor if he resist! Follow me!'

'It is he,' whispered the affrighted Annette.

They heard the hoarse response of the crowd, they saw it surging its way led by Pinard himself. At that moment Jacques le Blanc came into the room, with him was La Beauce.

'It is in vain you try to dissuade me,' cried Jacques in an excited voice. 'I will try and stop them. I am a simple bourgeois and know how to speak to my equals. Let me alone then.'

'It is madness,' cried the Comte. 'The doors will hold out till aid arrives, and even at the worst, Jean and I being well armed can hold the crowd back.'

'I will speak!' cried Jacques excitedly, and rushing to the window he began undoing the shutters.

At that moment the howling crowd arrived down below. Pinard advanced to the door and knocked loudly.

'Open!' he cried. 'Open to the sovereign people.'

His gait was still unsteady and his voice thick through drink. Jacques threw back the shutters and appeared to the crowd.

'What want you, my friends?' he shouted. 'I am an honest bourgeois as you are. I work to get my living.'

'It's the man himself, Jacques le Blanc, the entertainer of aristocrats to whom the good Robespierre would have given his due,' replied Pinard.

'I am no aristocrat,' answered Jacques.

'Then,' shouted Pinard, 'open to the sovereign people!'

My friends,' expostulated Jacques, 'do not believe that man.'

'Silence!' cried Pinard. 'Down with the door! You will find bread there in plenty.'

A roar from the people followed.

'Scoundrel!' cried Jacques beside himself with rage.

See you the aristocrat? I will make short work of him,' and drawing out a pistol he levelled it at Jacques. The *entresol* was but fifteen feet from the pavement and Jacques's life would have fallen had that pistol but fulfilled its duty. But the flint fell without any result.

'Down with him and his door!' shouted Pinard furiously, and immediately a shower of stones and bricks fell on the house. The people rushed at the doors and with some large stones tried to force them in. The noise outside was fearful. Those who could not get near enough to aid in the forcing an entrance shouted. velled, gesticulated and threw missiles of all kinds. Jacques himself fell back struck with a large stone on the head. Many more showered into the room, smashing the mirrors and furniture of which Jacques had been so proud. La Beauce dragged the poor fellow out of reach of the missiles, and, handing him over to Virginie's care, rushed downstairs to the point of danger. he found Jean, Pierre, and a couple of the serving-men, the two last pale with terror. The moment was a critical one. Outside they could hear the roar of the crowd and the battering of the doors and windows. Every blow resounded through the empty rooms. Although La Beauce had strengthened the door and shutters by placing the tables against them, he knew they could not hold out long. Would relief soon come? By the side of the door, which being the largest aperture was the most dangerous, stood Jean, with his large cavalry sabre in his hand, watching as a cat watches a mousehole. Pierre stood bravely by his side with a meat axe. There, too, La Beauce waited. He had two pistols and his sword.

'It is better, in a crowd, to use cold steel,' muttered Jean without taking his eye from the door.

'Thou art right,' answered the Comte, and he replaced his pistol in his belt and grasped his sword.

At that moment the outer door gave way, and the tables placed against it began to yield.

'All together,' cried Pinard; 'weight must tell. Inside there is excellent wine to refresh you. Together then! Now! Now!'

Back went the feeble defence, gradually, but surely. At last everything gave way with a smash and a dozen men tumbled amid the débris of tables, &c. Rising up they began to scramble over the overturned defence. Now La Beauce, like a skilful general, had arranged those tables and chairs he could not place against the door to make the passage as narrow as possible. Very few could therefore enter at a time. The first over was a brawny fellow with bare arms who brandished a pole-axe. Him Jean struck to the ground with a terrific blow on the head. After him came Pinard. Seeing himself in so critical a position, he held back, and drawing his other pistol aimed it deliberately at La Beauce.

'I have thee now!' he cried, but the pistol missed fire.

At that moment those who came behind forced Pinard on and he came within reach of La Beauce's sword, which passed clean through him. Five or six more men came tumbling over these two and lay there with Jean standing over them. Then there was a pause.

Outside, meanwhile, the shouts and yells were more terrific than ever. But what was this? Blows and shouts! Waiting in breathless eagerness for more assailants, La Beauce and his friends were astonished to find no more came. Leaving Jean and Pierre to keep watch over the fallen foe, the Comte looked through the broken furniture, and saw the crowd outside, cleared out of the street by the men of the Section. Then for the first time he shouted. He leapt over the barrier into the street. The Jacobins were flying, and the Jeunesse Dorée, with their heavy clubs, were chasing them down the street!

At the door of the café lay among the tables some six or seven fellows over whom stood Jean, Pierre, and the two others, who, finding the odds on their side now, showed prodigious courage.

'The first man who rises,' cried Jean, 'I pass my sword through.'

Two of those nearest the door managed to creep through the débris towards the street, and no sooner were there than they took to their legs and fled. The remainder lay still and begged for mercy. La Beauce, with Jean's help, now dragged them up

singly. There was no fight in them, they were humble enough.

'Turn out your pockets, my men,' cried he with authority.

In the pockets of four of the men there was found bread. The fifth had money enough to have bought bread for a week.

- 'You cry "Bread! bread!" and have plenty!'
- 'We were led astray,' they answered with abject look.
- 'Look here, my friends,' said La Beauce. 'If I hand you over to the Section they will show you little mercy. You are a pitiful lot of scoundrels to seek plunder by forcing an honest man's house. My contempt for you is so great that I should be sorry to waste my time in appearing against you. Begone! and be more honest for the future.'

The men slunk away like beaten hounds. There remained now but two, and they were still enough. The man with the pole-axe and Pinard. The first was quite dead. By La Beauce's orders he was carried out into the street and left there.

'Let the authorities, who are to blame for all this, gather up their dead,' he said sternly.

In the street there were one or two other forms of men, whether dead or dying they had not time to ascertain. Every window was closely shuttered, it might have been midnight, so deserted did the usually busy thoroughfare appear. Yet was Paris in a state of wild excitement. On all sides there was shouting and noise. Down the Rue St. Honoré bodies of men were seen hurrying. In the distance rang the tocsin of the Tuileries, and from several quarters the noise of drums beating the générale reached them.

Under the circumstances La Beauce thought it would be wise to barricade the door once more and wait. They therefore repaired the damage of the assault, and having more time, contrived to make their defences even more secure than they were before.

Pinard alone remained with them. He was yet alive, and was borne into the inner room, where he lay stretched on one of the tables from which he had so often insulted his host, while feeding sumptuously at his expense. He was yet insensible. In his right hand he tightly held the pistol he had tried to fire at La Beauce. Leaving him to Jean and Pierre, with instructions that he should be well looked to, La Beauce hurried up stairs to see how things went with Jacques.

CHAPTER LXIV.

END OF PINARD.

JACQUES soon recovered his senses, but his nervous state was alarming. The noise outside seemed at times to fill him with despair.

'When will this end? Are we always to have *émeutes* and bloodshed? Will there never be peace?'

At other times he started up, and the women, for Annette and Louison assisted Virginie, had great difficulty in preventing him from rushing down stairs to help.

'Let me go to defend my property. Are these brigands to wreck my house and ruin me without my striking a blow?'

Virginie, with a sinking heart, assured him that all was well.

'Well!' he cried. 'They tried to force my door at Sèvres. I was there, however, to protect thee, my child!'

'Art thou not with us now, father, to protect us?'

'That's true! And I'll do it!'

Wounded and weak as he was, he insisted on being placed near the door of the room, and, with his knife in his hand, listened for the expected rush of feet.

He looked a ghastly sight, with his head bound up in a bloodstained bandage and his pallid face beneath, with its fixed eyes and firmly-set mouth. The two women were awe-struck at his appearance, and the terror they felt was augmented by their fears for the effect of the tension of the wounded man's nerves.

They heard the cries of the mob as it forced the door, and both Annette and Virginie recognised Pinard's voice giving them time to enable them to exert their strength simultaneously. They heard the defences creak and give way, but at the same moment they heard the shouts of the forces of the Section and the howls of the mob as they were driven back. And by the tramp of the feet in the street they knew they were saved.

Virginie rushed to the window in time to see the crowd of insurrectionists swept back towards the Tuileries.

'Father,' she cried, 'we are saved! It is the Section Lepelletier come to help us.'

Jacques gave a gasp and fell back fainting in the chair in which they had placed him.

When La Beauce entered they had only partially succeeded

in rousing him. He whispered his reassuring news to Virginie. All was well, no one had been hurt except some of those who had tried to force their way into the café.

'And Pinard?' asked Annette.

'He's badly wounded.'

The woman at once rose, she had been kneeling by the side of Jacques.

'See, mademoiselle,' she whispered humbly to Louison who was standing by, 'be so good as to take my place and support M. le Blanc,'

'How?' asked Virginie. 'Art thou going to leave us?'

'Ah, madame!' said Annette, 'he is a bad man and has brought this on himself, but now he is wounded shall I not be by his side?'

'But,' whispered Virginie, 'thou saidest but now thou would'st leave him.'

'Ah! while he was well; but though I despise him and hate him, it is for me to tend him in his misfortune.'

'Good!' cried Louison roughly. 'Thou art a brave woman. Go!'

So Annette crept out of the room and made her way down to the café, where she found Pinard stretched on the table as we have described. His face was deathlike and his lips tightly shut, a slight foam mixed with blood at the corners of his mouth. The doctor, whom Pierre had fetched, had just examined him. He shook his head despondingly.

'Not much hope for this one,' he said. Nevertheless he administered some cordial and Pinard began to give some signs of life.

'See,' said the doctor, 'he bleeds inwardly; the question is how long that can last?'

Annette stole to her husband's side. Hers was the first face he saw when he opened his eyes.

'It's thou,' he murmured. 'How camest thou here?'

'Keep yourself quiet,' whispered Annette.

'Quiet! when I am suffering torture. Give me some drink.'

The doctor held the glass to his lips and Pinard drank eagerly.

'More,' he murmured.

'Diable!' cried the doctor. 'Here is a man accustomed to alcohol. It takes half a pint to bring him to. Bad chance!' bad chance!' he said to himself,

Pinard seemed to recover under this last dose.

- 'Listen,' he said to his wife. 'Who brought thee here?'
- 'I came by myself.'

Pinard looked at his wife with an expression that meant murder had he been well.

- 'Thou didst warn them,' he said.
- 'I did.'
- 'How dared'st thou do so?'
- 'I dared because I loved madame.'

Pinard moved his right arm and turned as though he would raise himself, but he sank back again and lay still, his eyes still fixed in vindictive hate on Annette. After a pause he spoke again.

- 'Where is M. de la Beauce?' he asked.
- 'Up stairs with Maître Jacques.'
- 'Is Le Blanc hurt?'
- 'Yes.'
- 'Badly?'
- 'Yes.'

A smile broke over the wounded man's lips. Again he moved his arm, he seemed to be knocking something on the table.

'Tell M. de la Beauce I would speak with him before I die,' he murmured.

Annette was going to fulfil his errand, when Pierre said:

'M. le Blanc hurt? Why didst thou not say so at once? Here I have been keeping the doctor with this rascal when better people required his services! Come, M. le Docteur, follow me. I will tell M. de la Beauce what this man says.'

In truth, Pierre had no love for Pinard, having suffered under his tyranny during the time he was an *habitué* of the café, nor did his present condition inspire him with pity.

There was silence in the darkened room, outside still were heard distant shouts and the tramp of feet. Pinard lay quiet with his eye fixed on Annette. She, with a moistened handkerchief, ever and anon wiped the damp beads from his brow and the foam from his lips.

- 'Is he coming?' asked the wounded man.
- 'He will come, I am sure,' answered Annette. 'He is good, he will not refuse your wish.'
 - 'Traitress!' growled Pinard, his eye still on his wife.

In the background, hardly seen, sat Jean, his drawn sabre on his knees, and his attention divided between the door and the wounded man. When he heard footsteps in the deserted street he grasped his sword, but these passed rapidly along. Then Jean's eye wandered to Pinard. In the distance still were heard shouts and yells, in the room nothing but the stertorous breathing of the wounded man and the ticking of the large clock that hung over the comptoir where Virginie and Célimène usually sat.

A few minutes passed slowly. At length the door opened and La Beauce appeared. He approached the sick man.

'You wished to see me,' he said.

Pinard's eye brightened.

'Give me drink!' he murmured; 'I would speak with monsieur.'

Annette poured out some more cognac, which Pinard eagerly swallowed.

'Prop me up,' he growled.

Annette lifted him up.

'Higher,' he murmured.

Annette supported him till he was nearly in a sitting position, then suddenly he raised his hand in which he still grasped his pistol and again levelled it at La Beauce. Again the hammer fell, the flint flashed in the darkened room, but the pistol missed fire.

With an angry snarl he turned on his wife.

'Thou hast done this!' he cried.

'I did,' answered Annette.

He raised his hand with the pistol in it and would have struck her, but La Beauce seized his arm. Uttering a cry of rage he sank back, the blood came to his lips and he lay still.

The faithful Annette again and again cooled his brow with her handkerchief and moistened his parched lips. Once, when she saw his eye fixed upon her, she bent over him and said:

'Why dost thou hate them? They never did thee anything but good.'

'Good! I hate him!' muttered the sinking ruffian. 'It was he deprived me of my best patron the Duc d'Orleans, by taking away the woman he married. It was he sentenced me to be turned out of the army and brought about my long illness. It was he prevented me making money at the gaming-table. It was he that killed me. And it is thou hast prevented my revenging myself. May my curse be on thee! May'st thou die rotting in misery. May'st thou—

Pinard spoke with difficulty, stopping between each word and gasping for breath. When he got thus far the poor woman who had so carefully tended him placed her hand on his mouth to stop him. The ruffian seized it with his teeth with a savage snarl and bit it with all his remaining strength. La Beauce had much ado to force him to leave his hold. In his struggles he bit and writhed like a dying wild cat. It required both Jean and the Comte to hold him on the table on which he lay muttering fearful oaths. Then, finally, with a dreadful effort, he raised himself up, threw up his hands and fell forward dead in their arms.

Annette uttered no cry; she made no complaint. With her hand terribly lacerated she still tried to help and soothe her husband, she whispered in the midst of the ravings of the dying man:

'Pardon him, monsieur, he does not know what he says.'

It was only when his dying spasm came, that, overcome by pain and emotion, she sank on one of the well-stuffed seats that formed part of the luxurious furniture of Jacques's café and fainted.

CHAPTER LXV.

MAÎTRE JACQUES.

ALTHOUGH Jacques le Blanc recovered consciousness very soon after the doctor had applied remedies, he remained all day in a very nervous state. The cries and shouts that reached his ears agitated him greatly. The march of armed men and the tramp of a disorderly crowd alike excited him. All day long Paris was in a wild state of commotion. The drums beating and tocsins ringing made a continual uproar. So Jacques tossed in feverish unrest on his bed. Now he would start up and commence a disjointed speech, as though he were haranguing a crowd; he would implore them to spare his property and family; he would impress on them that he was a bourgeois living by the work of his hands even as they were. At other times he would groan and weep when the distant tumult seemed to grow louder.

'No rest,' he would sob; 'no quiet! no peace! When will it end? Always, always bloodshed. Is this a republic?'

And then he would hold a discussion with some imaginary person, in which he would grow incoherent and appeal to his friend Rousselet as though he were present, denouncing the Republic itself in no measured terms. The doctor, who came again during the afternoon, told Virginie that, though, no doubt, the blow on his head had brought this delirium upon him, it was due, in a great measure, to previous brain irritation.

'I have several such cases,' he said. 'The terrors of the Revolution have upset more than one brain. Yet there is no reason why M. le Blanc should not recover if only he can be kept quiet.'

Célimène, having now come to aid Virginie, the two took it in turns to watch by the stricken man's pillow and soothe him with the remedies prescribed by the doctor. Louison lent her aid when she could be spared from the care of little Jacques, who, of course, had to be kept out of the way lest he should disturb his grandfather. It was a great contrast. The strong man, tossing about, agitated by every noise in the street, and the child delightedly watching through the chinks of the closed shutters the passing to and fro of the different bodies of men, and laughing with infantine glee at the unusual sight! La Beauce, in a state of the greatest suspense, divided his time between the sick man's room and the fortified café, in the inner room of which lay the stiff, inanimate form of Pinard. It was only towards evening he ventured forth through the back way to gain news, for to him the distant noise was unintelligible. He found vast crowds surrounding the Tuileries, gesticulating and shouting. Inside all was, he heard, a wild confusion, amid which some had lost their lives. The family took their meals in silence, anxiously waiting for the Waiting! waiting! with the distant din result of the émeute. rising and falling, and constant cries of 'Bread! and the Constitution of '93.' Nor was it till past midnight that they heard of the victory of the Convention. Then it was that the Section Lepelletier marched home in triumph, having at last rescued the representatives of the nation. As they passed up the street the sick man was again roused, and sobbed forth:

'Always, always! No peace! no rest! Bloodshed, bloodshed!'
There was peace, however, the next day, and for several days after, and Jacques le Blanc became better. Soon he was able to sit up in an arm-chair, whence he watched with eager eyes his daughter and Célimène as they moved about the room. Then, in a short time, he was allowed to play with the boy, in whose artless prattle he seemed to find constant amusement. The little Jacques treated his grandfather as his equal. The two played together, the old man quite as eager in the game as his own grandson;

Célimène would join too, at times, and mingle her merry laugh with theirs. She had from the first quite understood Jacques's nature. He had somehow stood in awe of Virginie since her Perhaps he had a fear that his want of tact might lead him to offend her again. Had he not cruelly offended her once already? This serene and graceful lady, who called him 'Father,' was on her side unconscious of the distance she had placed between herself and him. She was perfect in her behaviour; she was attentive and deferential. It was not in her nature to pet him and make much of him as Célimène could. Even her own child, whom she adored, and who viewed her with much the same reverence and love she herself bestowed on her husband, confided more in the congenial Célimène than in his mother. In all great things, in sickness or in trouble, he flew to his mother; in his trifling vexations, in his games, he sought Célimène. And it was so with Jacques. It was Virginie who tended him, who gave him his medicines, and told him when he should go to bed and when he should get up; but it was Célimène who knew how to arrange his pillows for him, and talk with him; and, though before his daughter he never showed the ill-humour so common in invalids, the coaxing and petting of Célimène alone would unwrinkle his forehead and bring a smile to his lips. To her and the little Jacques he would talk unceasingly of Virginie when she was young, of his own youth, of his wife, and of his friend Rousselet. Of these two last he often spoke as though they were alive. Sometimes he would remain in deep thought, and then he would be restless, and watch Virginie in an eager manner, as though he had something on his mind that he did not dare to mention. Often Célimène had noted this.

- 'What is it, Père Jacques?' she would ask.
- 'Nothing, ma petite poule.'
- 'But there is something, I am sure,' and she would coax him to try and find out what it was, but without success.
- 'Hist! When I'm better,' he would say, and nod his head in the direction of Virginie. 'Not now!'

In the corner of their sitting-room stood the piano Jacques had bought at Sèvres for his daughter. It had remained there unopened since its arrival in Paris. The troubles and anxieties of the times had made Virginie neglect her music, to which she had been devoted. During the Terror it would have been dangerous to indulge in an art which implied cultivation and education, within the reach of the aristocracy alone. After the

9th Thermidor Virginie had been to several concerts, and the delight she had experienced at hearing good music had re-kindled the old fire within her. She had found time to practise in spite of the duties of the café, regaining much of her old mastery of execution. When Jacques was convalescent he delighted to hear her sing the old songs he had loved so much at the Couronne d'Or. He would lie back in his chair and listen with half-closed eyes in a state of ecstacy. The old tunes took him back to old times. They caused him to forget the trouble and trials of more recent date, making the present a dream and the dim past a reality. For what had music to do with the Revolution or the Terror? It was associated with peace or rest, not with violence and bloodshed. It gave peace to this poor, broken invalid, and made him forget all else. It seemed to Riouffe, who was often admitted to the family circle, that such a voice and such a woman could win back anyone from death itself. He could readily see how hopeless was Rousselet's love, but, as he called to mind the dry, unpoetic look of the man, he wondered how it was he could have appreciated so much which appealed to the imagination of a poetic nature. He could not understand that a seemingly stern manner may conceal a warm heart, even as a common cover may hold the sublimest effort of genius.

When the warm sun of June shone upon them Jacques had so far recovered as to be able to walk about, and it was proposed that he should go and bask in the invigorating sunshine of the Jardin National, as the garden of the Tuileries was now called. But he showed most unaccountable signs of unwillingness to leave the quiet of his apartment. In vain Virginie urged that he would gain strength and health by going out.

'I am well here,' cried he in pitiful accents. 'Why not let me be?' Then Célimène tried to coax him.

'Père Jacques, come with Petit Jacques and me to the Jardin National,' she urged. 'You should see the boy play and run about. It does one good to see how he enjoys himself.'

But Jacques could not be persuaded. At length he said one day to Célimène:

'Ma petite, I could not see the café all shut up; it would break my heart.'

'But, Père Jacques, it is not shut. Virginie and I do all the business, and Pierre superintends the café.'

Jacques had been pacing the little sitting-room with rather tottering steps. He stopped suddenly.

- 'Pierre!' he cried. 'Pierre could do this! Impossible!'
- 'Oh, Pierre is not a fool,' said Célimène, laughing. 'Besides, has he not been with you all these years? Where could he learn better?'
- 'Pierre!' muttered Jacques. 'Pierre! He never could flavour a consommé! Pierre!' and the good man sighed as he sank into his comfortable chair. He remained silent for a minute, then he started to his feet.
- 'Allons!' he cried, 'we will go together to the gardens today!' They brought him his hat and stout stick, and he slowly descended the stairs between Célimène and Virginie. They made their exit by the large door, common to the house. Then they walked slowly past the open window of the café. Inside was the usual bustle. People were having their déjeuner, for it was nearly mid-day.
- 'Pierre! a marmiton of yesterday! Pierre!' Jacques muttered as they passed on with little Jacques trotting round them like a playful puppy.

In the National Gardens they met La Beauce, and they all sat and watched the people enjoying the sunshine like themselves. Children were playing among the trees. Young men with green collars to their coats and their hair dressed in long plaits, with large knobbed sticks in their hands, were marching hither and thither, now ogling some fancifully dressed girl with tight-fitting drapery and hair dressed en victime, raised clear at the nape of the neck as though prepared for the fatal blade of the guillotine, now laughing merrily together. The very National Representatives seemed to have forgotten the 1st Prairial, and the recently solemnised funeral of the murdered Feraud, as they gaily hastened up to the Tuileries, now called the 'Palais National,' to assist in framing the new Convention, which was to bring peace to France. All was gay and happy, and even the old Tuileries Palace looked young and new, with its many bright, fluttering tricolour flags, forgetful of the long line of kings it had sheltered. Alas! the young king who should have been there had but recently died of neglect and ill-treatment; and he who had succeeded was far away, living among the enemies of his country!

Jacques sat reclining on a seat in the garden watching the gay scene with half-closed eyes. Virginie and La Beauce talked together in a low tone. Célimène ran hither and thither with the laughing boy, watched and ogled by many a young Muscadin. Opposite the Tuileries was the Place Louis XV., at that time

called the Place de la Révolution, soon to be the Place de la Concorde. A little crowd was gathered round the centre, where stood a colossal statue of Liberty, and again at its foot was the 'Guillotine.' It was June 17. The last victims of the Revolution were there suffering for their attachment to the Republic. Romme, Gougon, Bourbotte, and others, some only lifeless corpses, some half dead from self-inflicted wounds, all alike, living and dead, to pass beneath the fatal axe!

Luckily Jacques was not aware of this little episode, to which few of the gaily dressed frequenters of the gardens were attracted. There was hardly any crowd round the engine of death. 'Enjoy your triumph, Messieurs Royalists,' cried one of these unfortunates bitterly, as he looked towards the thoughtless idlers in the 'National Gardens.'

The sunshine did Jacques good and he walked back home with firmer steps. When he arrived at the door of the café, of his own accord he entered and glanced round. Pierre met his old master with a bow.

- 'Ah, Maître Jacques,' he said with humble smile. 'If I only could have learnt some of thy secrets!'
- 'I will teach thee yet,' answered the pleased chef with a smile. Then, looking round and seeing all arranged as in his day, he added: 'thou art a brave lad, Pierre; I little thought it of thee; I took thee for a fool.'
- 'Nay, Maître Jacques, I was one not to have learnt more while under thy care!' cried Pierre, who was shrewd enough to know how to flatter his former master.

Jacques patted his pupil patronisingly on the shoulder. 'Wait till I am well,' he said with a pleased smile, and as he mounted to the apartment he seemed to have gained strength already. From that day he went each morning to the café. He gave his advice on each dish as it left the kitchen. He tasted each sauce, and freely denounced its faults.

'They are not right. They want seasoning; there is no cachet about them,' he cried. Poor fellow! It was his own palate that was at fault, and once having seasoned a dish for the little family according to his ideas, it was so strong as to cause the tears to come to Célimène's eyes, and though Jacques declared himself satisfied, he was made quite ill by having partaken too freely of it. Yet both La Beauce and Virginie complimented the poor fellow on its success, though the latter forbade her son to touch it!

But if Jacques was seemingly content with the management

of the Café de la Grande Nation, he would not allow any praise to Pierre. 'It is very good as a makeshift,' he said; 'wait till I can resume my old work.'

In the meanwhile he was content to be an invalid, consoling himself with talking of the future, and mingling it too often with the past. In truth he felt himself still too weak for the work. His ideas were often involved, nor could he fix his attention for long on any serious subject.

'To do myself justice I must have all my wits about me. Head, eye, and mind must work together. At present I should burn my sauce and could not be certain of my quantities. Later on—who knows?' Then the poor fellow would sigh and be silent, till roused by the prattle of his grandchild or the coaxing of Célimène.

La Beauce had quite recovered his health and had notified his recovery to the administration, but to his astonishment he had been told that the country had no further occasion for his services! He went at once to his friend Carnot to demand an explanation.

'My dear General,' said Carnot sadly, 'I am no longer at the head of the war department. M. Audry has succeeded me in the administration, and "my men," as they are called, are viewed with suspicion. It would, perhaps, surprise you to find you were looked upon as a Jacobin, but it's true nevertheless. You owe it to my friendship for you. It is jealousy of the past.'

So was La Beauce doomed once more to idleness. His friend Bonaparte, as he now wrote his name, dropping the Italian spelling, was loud in his abuse of the authorities.

'They know not their best officers,' he said; 'they leave the army to men of their own level. Wait! Our stars will rise in spite of them.'

Bonaparte took him to the house of a Madame de Permon, who received a great deal, and, as Bonaparte expressed it, 'held a salon,' where La Beauce saw many of those who had returned from emigration. Madame de Permon herself was a very handsome woman, of much natural talent and considerable force of character, and her daughter, 'Loulou,' a bright, merry girl. Virginie, however, on being taken to the house, expressed herself with unwonted acerbity.

'The place is full of pretentious *émigrés*,' she said, 'who seem to have learnt nothing by their troubles. Yes! Madame de Permon is handsome and agreeable, but she makes herself

ridiculous with her Greek Emperors, and her descent from the Commènes! The girl is pleasant and pretty, though somewhat spoilt, and M. Albert, the son, certainly plays beautifully on the harp.'

It might have been that Virginie's humble origin displeased these émigrés, who could not forget that the Comtesse de la Beauce had been Mademoiselle le Blanc. Virginie was quick enough to see that she was not received as one of the elect, and to dread that her husband might resent any slight put upon her; she therefore went but seldom to the house, though she often urged the Comte to go, as the society of the place was a relief to him. To her it was enough to feel that her husband was safe, that the bullets of the Austrians no longer threatened him, and that the awful shadow of the guillotine no longer spread across his path.

In the café, where La Beauce was in the habit of seeing his friends, he met a certain Le Maitre, who frequently engaged him in arguments on political questions. Le Maitre made no concealment of the fact that he was a Royalist. He tried his best to convince La Beauce that the return of royalty was the only solution of the political position. He even went so far as to try and gain his adhesion to a Royalist rising, and ventured to bribe him with the offer of high rank in the royal army on the return of the exiled king. But La Beauce refused to be bought into any plot.

'I have served my king,' he said, 'when in serving him I felt I was serving my country. Till his cause is that of the nation I can never serve him again. I could not raise up civil war in France to be made commander-in-chief. The present government is feeble—rotten if you will; yet it represents the National idea. The King and Royalty are distasteful to the people. In the Vendée itself the Royal cause has brought nothing but disaster and bloodshed. Would you have the whole of France one vast Vendée?'

Le Maitre came back to the charge more than once.

'Paris,' he said, 'is full of Royalists only waiting to declare themselves. The time will soon come when a man must join us who wishes to be on the winning side. Why not join while there is some merit in doing so, that your reward may be assured?'

But La Beauce refused. He had no confidence in Louis XVIII. and his *émigré* advisers. He knew the army to be Republican, and without the army eyen Austrian bayonets could not restore

the King. Nevertheless, he felt that some serious rising was impending. The Royalists made no secret of their hopes. General Bonaparte, however, laughed at their chance.

'A set of silly fops!' he said, 'they had the game in their hands more than once. Even on August 10, had there been a man amongst them, they might have finished the Revolution. Have they anyone now? Depend on it, all the real talent is on the other side.'

CHAPTER LXVI.

JACQUES SERVES HIS LAST DINNER.

To Louison, at this time, fell the charge of the little Jacques, but in the household duties she was now aided by Annette Pinard. Louison acquiesced in the change with considerable grumbling. When, however, she found how humble Annette was, and how devoted she showed herself to Virginie, she unbent towards her. Not that she deprived herself of the luxury of scolding. It was a new pleasure to her to be allowed the free use of her tongue, and Annette had the benefit. She bore the infliction without a murmur. To her the La Beauce family occupied the position formerly held by the defunct Pinard. They were in a sphere above her, and Louison caught some of the glory reflected from them.

It was not long before Annette learnt Louison's secret. At first, by simple praise, Louison let her know how greatly she esteemed Jean. Then, one day, she said:

'There's a man! Hast thou ever seen his like? What a brave heart! Eh?' and she would glance at Annette as though to dare her to say anything disparaging of Jean.

'Ah, yes,' sighed Annette. 'Men! I have done with them.'

'Thou knowest,' said Louison defiantly, 'there are men and men. Some good, some bad. Thine was bad enough for any-body.'

As Annette said nothing Louison continued.

'I knew Pinard. I remember him at Sèvres. He tried to bribe me to carry letters to my mistress; me, Louison Chaplin. He told me they were from one of the greatest in the land! As though I were a go-between to do his dirty work, He was a bad, bad man, that's what he was.'

'I loved him greatly once,' sighed Annette.

'Ah, thou knowest what it is to love!—thou! See,' and Louison produced from her mysterious box the battered cockade. 'That was his. I stole it and placed in his hat the one he wears. Ah, the gallant fellow.' Louison bestowed on her treasure a kiss of such fervour as surely warranted its application to something more responsive than faded worsted.

Louison found a sympathetic listener in Annette. The two women worked together to keep Jean's wardrobe in a neat state. There were no stockings more neatly darned, no buttons so well sewed on as Jean's. Yet he was quite unconscious of the labour bestowed on him. One day Annette took him some stockings Louison had mended.

'See, Monsieur Jean,' she said, 'how beautifully Mademoiselle Louison has mended these stockings. There never was a better worker than she.'

'She is a good woman,' said Jean gravely.

'She is true as steel to those she loves,' said Annette pointedly.

'I know she has faithfully served Madame la Comtesse,' said Jean as he turned away.

Jean had constituted himself nurse to Jacques le Blanc, and was ever in attendance to help his dear mistress. Yet he did not forget Louison's attention.

'I thank thee,' he said simply to her when next he saw her. 'Thou hast been very good to me. I fear they wanted mending sadly.'

'Art thou idiotic?' cried Louison, blushing with pleasure all the same. 'What is my duty but to keep the things of the family in good repair. Thine were in a disgraceful state.' She was like a leopard or panther, and showed her affection by playfully scratching and giving pain. Yet when she was alone with Annette she shed tears.

'How good he is! Hast thou noticed his devotion to madame? Ah, there is a man!'

Célimène, more than once, tried to further poor Louison's chances.

'See, Jean,' she would cry, 'what a good girl is Louison! She will make a man an excellent wife.'

'Excellent, mademoiselle,' answered Jean, nor had he the slightest idea of Célimène's kindly intention on his behalf.

'Hast thou ever thought of marrying?' asked Célimène.
Jean's pale face blushed crimson,

'Mademoiselle,' he said gravely, 'for such as I there is no such happiness.'

He spoke so solemnly that the girl was silenced.

Jacques progressed slowly throughout the summer, but was still very weak and feeble. Perfect quiet was what the doctor enjoined. So far the patient himself seconded the efforts of science. He lived quietly enough with his family, and contented himself with their society and the daily visit he paid to the café. Once or twice a sudden irritability came upon him which it required all the authority of his daughter and all the coaxing of Célimène to soothe. After these attacks he was visibly enfeebled. Yet, between whiles, he picked up strength and the doctor was hopeful.

When the summer was over and autumn set in the quiet of Paris was again disturbed. The Convention had at last made a Constitution, but the Constitution was not acceptable to the bourgeoisie. The Sections were again in a ferment, and this time at the head of the sections was the Section Lepelletier, or, as they were called at first, Filles St. Thomas, who surely deserved well of the Convention, having saved it on the memorable 1st Prairial. Café de la Grande Nation was in the district Le Pelletier. So the drums beat again and the tocsin rang once more, and poor Jacques, pale and excited, with eager face, asked constantly: 'What is this new excitement?' In vain Virginie and Célimène assured him it was nothing. Soon sentries were placed in their very street, and from the room where Jacques lay they could hear each passer-by challenged. The café was shut up. Paris was in a state of siege. The forces of the Section, most of them the darlings of the Jeunesse Dorée, passed up and down the street shouting seditious cries, while at the Tuileries end the troops of the Convention strove to repress the disorders and were received with musket shots. At these poor Jacques quite gave way. His brain lost all its power. He raved constantly of all the old episodes of Revolution. Now he was at Sèvres and the King and Queen were passing escorted by the mad troops of women, the heads of the two Gardes du Corps carried before Now he babbled with friend Rousselet of the Jacobins, and then he shrieked as he seemed to see the Swiss Guard butchered on the 10th of August. The massacres of September, the trial and death of Rousselet, his own arrest, all were mingled up together, and then—oh, horror!—he fancied himself in the souricière of the prison of Les Carmes with the poor, mad

Nouget. To the two women and Jean, who watched by his bed. it was terrible to listen to his ravings and to watch the poor sufferer in his agony. Yet for twenty-four hours this continued. As the tumult heightened Jacques's terrors increased, until at last, when the first cannonade of the 13th Vendémiaire took place, he raised himself in his bed and implored to be spared. The relentless cannons continued their hoarse roar; the muskets of the Section responded in the Rue St. Honoré close by: the shouts of the combatants could be heard; poor Jacques tossed and raved and the two women watched. One of them, besides her terror for her father, lent anxious ear to the cannon sounds, for her husband was there. General Bonaparte had sent a short note to La Beauce begging him to come to the Convention, that the country was in danger, and it behoved all good men to rally round the central power. The Comte had obeyed the summons, and Jean would have gone too had not Virginie detained him to help with the sick man. So at each discharge she trembled for her husband as she watched her father, and when that father murmured in his agony, 'No peace, no rest; always bloodshed, Always! always!' she felt an echo to the cry in her heart. the time the cannon ceased, and all sounds were still save the distant, measured tread of armed men, Jacques sank back ex-The doctor, who managed about this time to steal round to see his patient, shook his head. Alas for poor Jacques! all was nearly over. No hope! They knew it as they watched the kind face of the doctor, they could almost have told it by the flushed cheeks of the senseless man, whose hands moved to and fro in aimless restlessness, whose lips formed words of no sound, or, when words came, they had no sequence!

While the doctor was there La Beauce stole into the room and silently embraced Virginie. He was pale, dirty, and blackened with smoke.

'What news?' whispered Virginie.

'Good,' answered he in the same tone. 'All is over.'

The sick man's eyes opened, he seemed to have caught the words.

'All over?' he cried. 'Good! Then the Republic has gone!' And he burst into a terrible laugh, dry and hard; more distressing to hear than the ravings of the preceding hours. Then he fell back exhausted once more, but in his exhaustion words escaped as though he were arguing with someone.

The doctor felt his pulse and placed cooled cloths on his forehead. He then poured some soothing draught down his parched throat, and the patient slept, if it could be called sleep to toss restlessly to and fro and to move the arms and hands unceasingly.

- 'He will not wake for some hours now,' said the doctor. 'I must beg you ladies to think a little of yourselves and leave him to us.'
 - 'But if he should wake?' whispered Virginie.
 - 'Have no fear! He will not wake just yet.'
 - 'And when he wakes?'

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. But he at last persuaded Virginie and Célimène to retire to rest and leave the watching to Jean and La Beauce. So the man who had fought and contributed to the noise that had brought about this last crisis, sat down and mused on the work he had done unconsciously; till he was worn out by fatigue, insensibly dozed off in his chair, and left Jean alone.

With dogged, fixed look Jean kept his watch. So deep his eyes seemed to be under his shaggy brow that in the dim light of the room it was difficult to tell whether he too slept. Only when the sufferer moved restlessly, Jean rose and changed the cloths on his head, and by the promptitude with which he performed his duty it was clear he was on the alert. Then, with his attention on the patient, he sat watching. So intent was he that when a hand was placed on his shoulder he started; he had not heard anyone enter the room.

- 'Thou art tired, let me watch for thee,' whispered a voice. It was Louison!
 - 'I want no rest,' answered Jean in the same tone.
- 'At least,' whispered Louison, 'take this warm bouillon I have brought thee; it will refresh thee.'

Jean turned towards her.

'I thank thee,' he said. 'It was good of thee to think of me.'

He took the bowl in both hands and drank the contents, while Louison watched with delight.

- 'It does me good to see thee drink that.'
- 'And me too,' said Jean.

There was a pause, the two watched poor Jacques.

- 'He is very bad,' said Louison,
- 'He could not be worse,'

Another pause. Louison's eyes wandered round the room. She perceived La Beauce, who slept heavily in an easy-chair.

'M. le Comte sleeps there?' she asked.

'The General' ('twas so Jean always addressed La Beauce) 'has had a hard day's work.'

'And thou?'

'I-I am nothing. I require little sleep.'

Louison put her hand caressingly on Jean's shoulder.

'Thou art a fine fellow. Allez!' she said, and love beamed from her eyes as she looked into his face. But Jean saw nothing; he was watching the sick man.

Then Louison gave a sigh and left the room. All her battery of fascination had failed, she could do no more, and was afraid of remaining lest she should shed tears and be found out. 'No,' she thought to herself, 'I must gain him without that. If he cannot see for himself, it is not for me to enlighten him. I would not take so mean an advantage of such a man!'

In the morning, when Virginie stole back to the sick room, Jacques was still under the influence of the opiate he had taken, Jean watching by his side and La Beauce fast asleep covered by a rug Jean had placed round him.

'How, Jean, hast thou watched by thyself?' she said kindly. 'Thou must need sleep; go and rest.'

'I want no sleep, madame,' answered Jean.

'Nay, Jean, I must insist on thee taking thy turn of rest. We can take our turn now, for we are fresh. Go then, that thou mayest be ready when we require thee.'

Jean saluted, as he would have saluted his commanding officer, and with a noiseless foot withdrew.

When Jacques shook off the narcotic he had taken, he still wandered in his mind. But he no longer raved of the Revolution. As he grew more feeble his thoughts seemed to reach far back to the episodes of his earlier life. He was courting his wife or laughing with his child, or more often preparing for a sumptuous feast. At last the cares of his business seemed entirely to absorb him—an endless preparation, with muttered explanations, expostulations, and even abuse, in which latter, it must be owned, poor Pierre came in for a liberal share. So passed the day. The doctor, when he came once more, said he could do nothing; the case was hopeless; even if the poor man recovered he could never have the use of his reason. There was no hope for poor Jacques.

What more distressing than watching by the bedside of a

loved one, knowing the case to be without hope! The helplessness of affection then! The longing to relieve pain; the utter inability! All Virginie's feelings of contrition came back to her. Had she loved this father as she ought to have loved him? He was bourgeois, common, without refinement, but he had loved her truly, and what did she not owe to him? If she was refined, it was through him; if she was educated, to whom did she owe it? If she was worthy of the station to which she had been raised, was it not through his self-denial? As she knelt by his bedside now and took his burning, yet clammy hand and kissed it, she reproached herself with her want of love. Ah; if he could only recover, she might yet show him that his love had not been wasted. She leaned over him and whispered,

'Father! father!'

The dying man turned towards her.

'Sit still, my little one, while I finish this,' he murmured. 'But one minute. See, it rises. You would not have me spoil my work. Quiet, my child; one minute.'

So had he often spoken to her in the old time, years ago, when she was a little child! She caught the restless hand once more.

'Father, do you know me?'

'Patience, patience! Is all ready now?' cried Jacques. 'All, all! Yes, everything is in order.' He looked round the room with glazed eyes. 'All ready!' There was a pause. Then, with a formal voice, he said, 'Monsieur est servi,' and fell back heavily on his pillow. A few gasps, and his breath grew slower. Then stopped, went on again—stopped once more, and all was over.

His last dinner had been cooked. Everything was to his satisfaction. His work was done.

So died Jacques le Blanc; to the last eager about his work; to the last, to the best of his ability, an artist.

Towards the North Pole.1

IN our time the knowledge of the earth's surface has been greatly enlarged. Africa has been explored to a great extent, the inner parts of Asia have been reached by energetic travellers, the American continents are known very nearly in their whole extension, the Greenland glacier has been crossed, and in Australia much has also been done. Indeed, before long, these continents will be fairly well known all through. There are, however, two parts of our globe which have hitherto most obstinately resisted all travellers, and where exploration has made very slow progress. These two parts are the regions round the Poles.

The interest of unknown regions in all other parts of the world is to some extent diminished by the fact that we can form a fairly correct idea of their appearance and nature from other countries in similar latitudes and with similar climates which have already been explored. Nevertheless, geographical explorations have nowhere failed to yield valuable results to science and humanity.

In the case of the polar regions, however, it is different. We have no experience which will guide us to any certain conclusions, and the conditions are such that the most ingenious speculations are apt to prove fallacious. A good example of how the savants may be led astray by preconceived ideas was afforded by our expedition across Greenland. We found in the interior of that continent such meteorological conditions as no one had expected before our start, and our observations may probably considerably alter existing theories on the subject of the Great Ice Age of Europe and America.

As science has advanced and the world has become more and more known, problems have been formulated which can only be

¹ The Norwegian National Assembly has this summer granted a sum of 200,000 kroner (11,000*l*.) as a contribution to the expenses of a Norwegian Polar Expedition, to be led by the author.

solved by observations in the regions of the poles; and it is hardly possible to study geology, meteorology, physical geography, and many other sciences, without being stopped by important questions which can only be answered in the Arctic or Antarctic regions, and in regard to which we can now only offer highly uncertain hypotheses.

Since, therefore, it is only in these regions that these branches of science can be developed, the question 'Of what use is a polar expedition?' is almost equivalent to the question 'Of what use is the advancement of knowledge?'

Each polar region is interesting in its own way, and we are not at all entitled to say that the exploration of the one would be of more importance than that of the other. It is certainly the North Pole which has hitherto attracted the greatest amount of attention, but the chief reason for this is probably simply the circumstance that it is situated in our own hemisphere.

There is a striking difference between the two poles; the South Pole is surrounded, at a considerable distance, by a great ocean, whilst it is probably situated in an extensive continent covered by an immense ice-sheet, many times as thick and extensive as that of Greenland. The exploration of this ice-sheet would be a scientific event of the highest importance, and nobody can doubt that one day it will be carried out. There is, however, a difficulty which has prevented most explorers from making the attempt, and that is the necessity of leaving the ships.

The safest way in which the South Pole can be reached and the Antarctic ice-sheet explored must be somewhat similar to that in which we crossed Greenland. The distance we covered there is certainly much shorter than that which must be covered on the Antarctic snow-fields, but if the winds are favourable great help may be expected by using sails on the sledges, or by constructing special snow-boats, such as I have suggested in my book on Greenland (p. 38).

The Arctic regions are, on the other hand, on all sides surrounded by extensive land masses, whilst the neighbourhood of the pole itself is covered by water. For this reason sailors have entertained the most fantastic ideas about an open polar sea, by which a short passage might even be found to the riches of China and India. They have tried to reach the pole from all sides, but everywhere their hopes have been wrecked on the floe-ice, and the polar sea has been the grave of many a sailor's dreams of fame and wealth

I will here shortly mention the routes by which the principal attempts have been made.

Smith Sound was for some time thought to be the 'high road' to the Pole, and some American travellers by this route have somewhat rashly pretended to have seen the open polar sea stretching away to the north. All expeditions were, however, effectually stopped by floe-ice, carried down by a current from the north. Travelling over this ice was uncertain and difficult work; but the most northerly point yet reached has been in this region, Markham, of the Nares expedition, having penetrated to latitude 83° 20' N. (1876), and Lockwood, of the Greely expedition, to latitude 83° 24' N (1882).

Along the east coast of Greenland attempts towards the Pole have been made, especially by the so-called second German North Pole Expedition (1869-70). They were soon stopped by floe-ice swept southwards on the polar current, and did not reach very high latitudes (c. 77° N.).

North of Spitzbergen Sir Edward Parry made a most effective attempt in 1827. When his vessel was stopped he left it, and tried to advance over the floe-ice, dragging boats and sledges with him. He reached latitude 82° 45′ N., where he was, however, obliged to return, as the ice was drifting so rapidly southwards that he could make no headway against it. In spite of the steamships of our time nobody has reached Parry's latitude in this direction, but no serious attempt has been made since then.

In the direction of Franz Joseph's Land several attempts have been made, but they have met with the same hindrance, viz. the polar ice. The last attempt on that side was made by the Dane, Captain Hovgaard, on board the *Dijmphna*. His idea was, that from Cape Tsheljuskin it would be possible to penetrate towards the Pole along the east coast of Franz Joseph's Land. He was, however, stopped by ice in the Kara Sea.

On the side of Bering Strait a few attempts only have been made. The first was Cook's expedition in 1776, and the last that of the *Jeanette* in 1879-81. Here, also, the same difficulty, the floe-ice, was met with, and in lower latitudes than anywhere else. The *Jeanette* was caught in the ice near latitude 71° N., and south-east of Wrangel Island.

In 1868 a French geographer, M. Lambert, tried to raise the money for a North Pole expedition by a public subscription in France. His plan was to go through Bering Strait, and to penetrate towards the Pole along a route very like that along which

the Jeanette afterwards drifted. He had that strange idea of his time that behind the outer ice-bar one would find an open polar sea through which it was easy to reach the Pole, and return even in some few weeks. Lambert died in the war against Germany (1870), and his project died with him. Its value was in a very sad way tested by the Jeanette expedition.

The conclusion one must draw from all these unsuccessful attempts may seem rather discouraging. The impossibility of reaching the Pole in open water must be considered as very nearly proved, and the prospect of a successful progress by dragging boats and sledges over the broken and difficult floe-ice, which is kept in constant motion by currents and winds, is not more hopeful. The chances would be favourable enough if any land could be discovered reaching to the Pole. The difficulty of reaching it would not then be much greater than that of crossing Greenland. But we know of no country which is likely to have such an extension to the North. Greenland seems to end not very far north of the latitude already reached, and Franz Joseph's Land seems to be only a group of islands.

There have been a great many more or less wild projects for reaching the North Pole through the air by balloon or balloonships. We have not yet, however, got such command of these capricious means of transport as would lead to any safe results, and to entrust oneself wholly to the wind, as long as we have no certain knowledge of the wind-currents in these regions, would, to put it mildly, be somewhat hazardous. On the other hand, we are not entitled to deny that the Pole may some day be reached by balloon, but the observations made on such a short and airy visit must necessarily be somewhat incomplete. How, then, can the North Pole be reached?

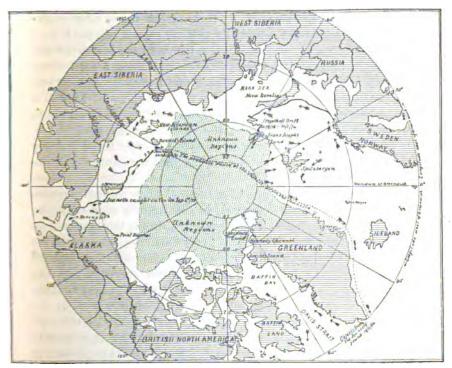
I believe that if we take careful notice of the forces which nature itself places at our disposal, and endeavour to work with them, and not against them, we shall find, if not the shortest, at all events the most certain, route. We have already seen how little use it is to work against the currents coming from the Polar regions; but when currents run from these regions it seems natural that somewhere currents must also run towards them.

During two years the *Jeanette* was enclosed in the ice, and drifted during that time from Wrangel Island to a place 1 north of the New Siberian Islands, where she sank (June 13, 1881). Three years later (June 18, 1884), several objects belonging to

¹ Latitude 77° 15' N., and longitude 151° 59' E.

her were found on the floe-ice near Julianehaab, on the southwest coast of Greenland. Amongst these objects were the following:—

- (1) A list of provisions, with the signature of De Long, the leader of the *Jeanette* expedition, written in his own handwriting.
- (2) A written list of the boats of the Jeanette.
- (3) A pair of trousers made of oiled linen, marked Louis Noros, which is the name of one of the men saved from the *Jeanette*.



These Arrows indicate the direction of the Currents.

As all the floe-ice of Western Greenland comes from its east coast and round Cape Farewell, there can be no doubt that the floe, which carried these objects from the *Jeanette*, came that way. The question, therefore, arises by which route did it travel all the way from the New Siberian Islands to the east coast of Greenland. It must have been either south of Franz Joseph's Land and Spitzbergen, or north of these islands.

In the former case, the floe must have passed between Franz Joseph's Land and Nova Zembla. There seems, however, to be no current through this strait with a distinct western direction, and in its southern part there is even a current running eastward. The Austrians on board the Tegethoff (1872-74) were drifting in this strait during one year and a half, and were only transported from the north coast of Nova Zembla to the south coast of Franz Joseph's Land, whilst the objects from the Jeanette drifted the whole distance from the New Siberian Islands to Julianehaab in three years. Having passed south of Franz Joseph's Land, the floe could not come through the strait between it and Spitzbergen, as the current there runs southwards, so that it would necessarily be forced south of the latter; even if it had passed its south point, it must have met with the Spitzbergen branch of the Gulf Stream, and been floated along northwards until it might at last have met the polar current and swept southwards along the east coast of Greenland. This is a very long way, and it is most improbable that the floe should have travelled so far during so short a time as three years.

We must, consequently, assume that the floe found its way across somewhere to the north of Franz Joseph's Land, i.e. in the neighbourhood of the Pole.

The distance the floe must have passed from the place where the Jeanette sank to Julianehaab is about 2,900 nautical miles, and the time occupied is 1,100 days. It drifted, therefore, at an average speed of 2.6 nautical miles every twenty-four hours. This corresponds very closely with the speed at which the Jeanette drifted. This was about two nautical miles every twenty-four hours during the latter part of her drift (from January to June 1881), while the average speed of the whole drift was about one nautical mile every twenty-four hours.

The drift of the objects from the Jeanette furnishes us with the only certain dates by which we can make any calculations of the speed of the current running across the Pole, or near it, but there is other evidence on which we can base our belief in the existence of such a current.

Several years ago a most remarkable piece of wood was found on the west coast of Greenland, near Goothaab, and was afterwards given by Dr. Rink to the ethnological museum of Christiania. This was a 'throwing-stick' of a peculiar shape, which is not used anywhere in Greenland. Upon closer examination it appears that the only place where throwing-sticks of a similar shape occur is in Alaska, in the region of Port Clarence, Norton Sound, and the mouth of the Yukon river. The throwing-stick found is, moreover, ornamented with Chinese glass beads of that kind which the Alaska Eskimo buy from the Tshuktshes, on the Asiatic side of the Bering Strait. Thus it can have no other home than the west coast of Alaska, and it can only have reached Greenland in the same way as the objects from the Jeanette, i.e. it must have been floated along by a current from the Bering Strait across the polar region north of Franz Joseph's Land, and to the east coast of Greenland, along this coast round Cape Farewell, and northwards along the west coast.

A third proof that a current must be constantly running from the sea north of Bering Strait and the Siberian coast is the considerable amount of Siberian, and to a small extent perhaps also American, drift-wood which every year reaches the coasts of Greenland. I have had the opportunity of examining a great deal of this wood on the west coast of Greenland as well as on its east coast. I have also found it floating in the sea amongst the floe-ice. Its appearance generally indicates that it has not been in the water for a very long time, or, at all events, not without having been enclosed in the ice. On one piece found in the Denmark Strait, the strokes of the axe which had cut the tree in its distant home were quite visible and distinct, as if they had been made a few days before. Similarly, Siberian drift-wood is found to the north of Spitzbergen, amongst the floe-ice carried southwards by that current against which Parry fought in vain. This seems to be a good proof that the wood must be drifted across from Siberia, passing somewhere near the Pole.

It is also interesting in this connection to note that a German botanist, Professor Grisebach, believes that he has found several Siberian plants in the flora of the north-east coast of Greenland. If this is true it is probable that the seeds of these plants have been brought to Greenland by the current across the Pole.

From all these facts we may seem, then, fully entitled to draw the conclusion that a constant current is running across the polar region, somewhere between Franz Joseph's Land and the Pole, from the Siberian Sea and the Bering Strait, and towards the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

But even without these facts, we may in another way arrive at the same conclusion.

Considering what an immense quantity of water is carried along

by the broad polar current, streaming southwards with a depth of from 2,000 to 2,500 fathoms between Spitzbergen and Greenland from the unknown polar regions, we can conclude with certainty that all this water is not taken from a small and limited basin, but must be gathered from a considerable area. This is the more certain because the polar sea is unusually shallow, as far as we have measured it north of Europe, Asia, and America. The polar current certainly receives, north-west of Spitzbergen, a branch from the Gulf Stream, but this is too inconsiderable to be of much importance in this connection. The principal part of the polar current comes from the north; and it must affect the whole polar basin as an immense pump, sucking the water even from the shores of Siberia and the Bering Strait.

The water it sucks is, to some extent, certainly restored by that eastern branch of the Gulf Stream which passes eastward north of Norway, and enters the polar basin north of Nova Zembla.

Another current enters the polar basin by the Bering Strait. This is so rapid that it sometimes, especially in the spring, runs northward with a speed of four knots an hour.

The most important addition of water which the polar basin receives is undoubtedly from the European, American, and especially Siberian rivers running into it. The drainage area of all these rivers is very considerable, embracing as it does much of the northern part of Europe, nearly the whole of Northern Asia or Siberia, down to the Altai mountains and Baikal, besides the principal part of Alaska and English North America. This is no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface, and the moisture falling every year over so wide an area must form no inconsiderable addition to so limited and shallow a basin as the polar sea. It is not very probable that this sea itself should be able to add much to the moisture falling, as it is mostly covered by ice, and where open water exists the very low temperature in those regions prevents much evaporation. The moisture of the air over the drainage district of the polar sea must consequently mainly originate in the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans.

The moisture falling over the polar sea itself must certainly also to some extent have a similar origin, as warm and moist air is attracted from lower latitudes by the low pressure of the air over the polar regions.

From the fact that the water of the polar current between Spitzbergen and Greenland contains a comparatively small amount of salt, we can also directly conclude that the polar basin must receive a considerable addition of fresh water. It may perhaps be objected that the freezing and melting of the ice would have the same effect. This objection might have some force if it were only the water at the surface which is deficient in salt while the water beneath is well supplied. This, however, is not the case, as the water in the polar sea contains but little salt at all depths.

As therefore the polar basin is constantly receiving a large inflow of water, and as little evaporation takes place, it is obvious that there must be some corresponding outflow. The most natural outlet must necessarily be the broad and deep opening between Spitzbergen and Greenland. A little water escapes also through Smith Sound, Jones Sound, and Lancaster Sound of the Arctic Archipelago of North America, but as these sounds are very narrow and shallow, their currents cannot carry off a very large body of water.

The conditions of the winds and the air-pressure over the polar sea seem also, as far as we know them, to favour such a current as that indicated. A belt of low pressure extends from the Atlantic Sea along the south side of Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph's Land and into the Siberian polar sea. According to well-known meteorological laws, the principal direction of the winds on the south side of this belt of low pressure must be from west towards east, and this will cause a similar current in the sea along the north coast of Siberia. The actual existence of such a current was in fact observed by the Swedish Vega Expedition. The winds on the north side of this low-pressure area must, however, principally blow in a direction from east to west, and will consequently cause a water current across the pole towards the Greenland sea.

It may thus be seen that, from whatever side we consider the question, we come to the same conclusion, that there must exist a polar current with a course such as we have already mentioned.

But, having such a current, the most natural way of reaching the Pole must be to go into this current on that side where it runs northwards, and let it carry one straight across those regions which it has prevented so many from reaching.

My plan, then, is briefly this: I shall build a wooden ship as small and as strong as possible; it shall be just big enough to carry coal and provisions for twelve men for five years; a vessel of about 170-200 tons will probably suffice. It shall have an engine strong enough to give a speed of six knots, and besides it shall have full rig for sailing.

The most important feature of the ship will be that she shall be built on such lines as will give her the greatest power of resistance to the pressure of the floe-ice. Her sides must not be perpendicular, but must slope from the bulwarks to the keel, so that the floes shall get no hold of her when they are pressed together, but will glide downwards along her sides and thus tend to lift her out of the water. The sides of the Jeanette were straight up and down, and this was the shape of most ships which have been used for Arctic exploration, in spite of which defect they have stood the pressure of the ice pretty well. As the Jeanette managed to withstand the ice-pressure for nearly two years, it will readily be understood that a very slight alteration of shape will give us a very strong ship, and one which can scarcely be crushed by the ice if it is properly handled. For the same reason the vessel ought to be as small as possible, as the lighter she is the more easily she will be lifted by the ice, and the less pressure there will be on her sides. A small ship has also other advantages, as it is more convenient to navigate in the ice, and it is easier to find good and safe places for it between the floes.

Such a ship must naturally be built of excellent oak all through. We can hardly expect her to be a first-rate boat in a heavy sea, but that is not of much importance in the Arctic regions, where the ice makes the water quiet, and if we are shaken about a little on the way out this will probably entail no more severe results than some sacrifices to the gods of the deep. With such a vessel, and a crew of ten or twelve strong and well-picked men, besides an equipment for five years as good in all respects as modern appliances can afford, I think the enterprise has a good prospect of success.

It is my intention in the summer of 1892 to go through Bering Strait and along the north Siberian coast towards the New Siberian Islands. From the experience of the American whalers it appears generally possible to pass Bering Strait in June.

When we have arrived at the New Siberian Islands we shall have to wait for the right moment when we can reach the farthest point north in open water. I think this will probably be in August or the beginning of September. To be able to get a better view over the surroundings, and to examine in what direction there is open water, &c., I think of using a captive balloon from the ship.

At the most favourable moment we must push northwards along

the coasts of the islands as far as we can, and in this way I hope to reach at all events the Bennett Island, from which the members of the Jeanette expedition went southwards in their boats. When we can get no further we shall have nothing left but to run into the ice at the most favourable spot. We shall then be in the current which the Jeanette struck, and like her shall be carried north. The ice will, perhaps, soon begin to press, but it will only lift our strong ship, and this will give us good quarters on the ice. Probably we shall in this way be carried across the Pole, or very near it, and into the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland. If it is summer when we arrive there, we may be able to get free into open water near latitude 80° N.; but if it is winter we shall perhaps drift southwards along the east coast of Greenland, and then come out somewhere the following summer.

If the ship, in spite of all precautions, should be crushed in the ice, the expedition will still have another resource. current will still bear us homeward across the polar region towards Spitzbergen or Greenland, and the only alteration in our fate will be, that we shall have to live on an ice-floe instead of in our cabins on board ship. For this purpose we shall take good and warm tents, made of a double layer of canvas, or a similar stuff, and well filled with reindeer-hair in between. Such tents would be very warm, and at the same time very light. That there is no great risk in leaving the ship and taking refuge on the drifting floe-ice, we have to some extent experienced during our Greenland expedition. Other expeditions have also drifted in a similar way considerable distances without any accident, as, for example, the Hansa crew, which drifted along the east coast of Greenland from about latitude 74° N. to Cape Farewell; and also the men from the American Polaris expedition, who drifted on an ice-doe from Smith's Sound far south into the Davis Strait. Drifting on the floes will be less dangerous in the polar seas, as the waters are there quiet, and there is no surf, which in other regions may be rather disagreeable, judging from our experience in the drift-ice on the east coast of Greenland. For success in such a voyage across the Pole two things only are necessary, viz. good clothes and plenty of food, and these can without much difficulty be procured. When we emerge into open water on this side of the Pole, either near Spitzbergen or near Greenland, there will not be much difficulty in returning home in our open boats.

There is of course a chance that we may be stopped by unknown lands near the Pole, or that we may strike an eddy or a side current.

In the former case, however, we should greet such a land with joy, as it could not fail to yield scientific results of great importance, and if we failed to get our ship afloat again we should have to leave her, and, with our boats and necessary equipment, strike out for the nearest current to drift on again. In the latter case a side current must bring us somewhere. It cannot for ever run in a ring near the Pole. It may be possible that the current will not carry us exactly across the Pole, but it will, probably, not be very far off, and I do not see the importance of reaching that mathematical point in which the axis of our globe has its northern termination. The principal thing is to get the unknown polar regions explored.

How long a time can such a drift in the ice from the New Siberian Islands to the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland be expected to take? We have already seen that the objects from the Jeanette drifted in three years a much longer distance to the west coast of Greenland. If we assume that they required one year for the drift southwards from latitude 80° N. on the east coast of Greenland, only two years remain for the rest of the journey, and this gives a speed of no more than two nautical miles every twenty-four hours. This does not seem too high a rate when we remember that the last days before she sank the Jeanette drifted at a much higher speed, which sometimes even reached eight nautical miles every twenty-four hours. It cannot, therefore, be considered as an improbability that we should reach open water on this side of the Pole within two years after our start from the Siberian side; and if we take provisions for five years we may consider that we have an ample margin.

It will be no holiday trip, this drift through regions where the days last six months and the nights are no shorter. There will be many difficulties on the way, and perhaps suffering, from the darkness, cold, and scurvy; but I trust that we shall be able to cope with these troubles, and when our expedition has once begun there will be no help in looking backwards. Our hope will then lie on the other side of the Pole, and this knowledge will help us forward.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

Under a Colonnade.

IT was a day early in March. The dull grey sky and bitter east I wind gave no foretaste of spring. Here in London, round every corner swept the pitiless icy blast. Beggars and crossingsweepers gathered their rags more closely about them, while rich men, clad in heavy overcoats, cursed the climate and sought s'ielter in the well-warmed rooms of their clubs. Only those constrained by duty or poverty were abroad in the streets on such a day as this. Amongst this number were the sandwich-men, who paraded the streets with their customary slow and spiritless demeanour, with hang-dog looks and shuffling feet. One after the other the procession of these silent depressed figures passed up or down the busiest thoroughfares. So many hours to keep going, so many weary steps to pace, for the munificent pay of eighteenpence a day. Day after day to carry about the tale of other people's pleasures, with their own woe and degradation eating like iron into their souls.

Truly, they earned enough to keep body and soul together; but in many of these cases it were better for the end to come quickly—better, aye, that they had never been born. Under the colonnade in Carlton Street, a short-cut from Regent Street to the Haymarket, is a favourite resort of sandwich-men for the midday rest. In this unfrequented little street they gather together silently, and for a short space the oppressive boards are laid aside, and they sit or stand in comparative ease.

To-day many of them have found a warmer shelter within doors, but two, more wretched and ragged than the rest, are seated on the kerbstone.

They have removed their posters, which incline against the pillars. One placard is the advertising medium of a cheap restaurant, and upon it is printed in large and attractive capitals, 'Do you want a good dinner? Go to Johnson's, 600 Strand.' Upon the other poster, 'Broken Down. Farcical Comedy, Star Theatre,' seems a sarcastic comment on its bearer. There is little traffic in this side-street, beyond the occasional footsteps of a

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passenger hurrying through on some errand. There are no shops to attract idlers, and only dreary bedchambers on the upper stories overlook the quiet street.

The men who sat patiently side by side on the kerbstone did not appear to be acquainted. Chance had apparently brought them together, as near neighbours for the first time. Yet they were beyond curiosity, it seemed, as companions in misfortune mostly are, for neither looked at the other.

The older and more ragged man of the two was very thin and starved-looking. His hollow eyes looked out of a shrunken face, which, but for the unkempt beard, would have appeared like a piece of parchment stretched over a skull. He shivered from time to time so violently that his teeth chattered audibly.

'It's a cold day, mate. These infernal winds creep round every corner," he said at last, as if in excuse of a mortal weakness. The other man was Irish, and his speech betrayed him as well as twinkling eyes, in which a ghost of merriment yet lived.

'I believe ye, me bhoy! Ye need to be lined well inside and out not to feel of 'em.' He pointed to the poster he had laid aside, and laughed at his own joke. 'Don't we oughter go to Johnson's?'

But the other one apparently was beyond any perception of irony, for he only rose stiffly, saying—

'I'll have on my sandwich again. It will keep the draughts out, anyhow.' He pointed to the holes in his tattered coat before he replaced his boards, and remained standing. While he was engaged adjusting his boards his companion looked him up and down for the first time.

'Ye've seen better days, I'll go bail. Ye weren't always a sandwich.'

The gaunt one answered sharply, 'No.'

The red-haired Irishman grinned again. 'Well, it ain't many as begins young in this line.'

The older man shifted his boards to a more comfortable angle 'Not a profession that demands any particular ability or honesty, is it? We aren't likely to run away with these. It's about the last trade a man takes to before he turns his face to the wall.'

'Better half a loaf than no bread, say I,' responded the other.

'You won't kick at the bridge that carries you over,' jeered the man who spoke like a gentleman.

The Irishman had taken out of his pocket a little roll of paper

which he opened carefully, as if very precious, shielding its contents from the rough wind.

- 'Have some baccy?' he said to his comrade, as though to conciliate him. The man of educated voice and speech bent to look at the substance.
 - 'Why, it's cigar ends!' he said in surprise.
- 'For sure!' and a hoarse laugh sounded down the silent street. 'Don't ye go for to say ye think as the likes of me buys Turkish tobacco by the pound. I chews of these, and I smokes of thim, and they does me a power of good.' While he spoke he went on cutting the ends with a well-worn pocket-knife. 'Where do I get 'em, ye wonders? Ye are a green one. Why, I collects of thim bits outside the clubs. Sometimes thim young swells will chuck half a cigar right away—prime sort. That's rare luck for me.' Then, having completed the cutting, a dirty little pipe appeared from some receptacle in the collection of rags he called a coat, and presently he began to smoke. The man leaning against the colonnade watched him silently for a space.
 - 'You've been a soldier,' he said at last.

The dirty little pipe was removed from the Irishman's mouth, and with a look of surprise he turned on his companion.

'For sure, me bhoy! But ye don't niver say ye see any drill left in me?' For a moment he straightened himself and made a pantomimic gesture of saluting.

'Were you ever in active service?'

With an animated gesture the old soldier swore a big oath, saying, 'I've sent a few niggers to kingdom come.' Then, with a more dejected air, 'But it's twenty years sinst I left the rigiment: it was soon after the New Zealand war.'

The gentleman in rags looked more closely at him, saying quickly, 'The New Zealand war—you were there?'

'Troth and I was. See my game leg.' Here the man extended it, stroking it compassionately. 'I've got a bullet in me yet from one of thim cursed Maoris. I was in the 120th Foot, C Company, the smartest lot in the rigiment.'

The gentleman carrying the boards started. 'Captain Dasborough commanded you,' he said slowly, and his eyes had a haunted look.

'By the powers, he was the gintleman! Did ye know of him?' A low and hollow laugh shook the boards.

'Yes, I knew him. He has been my most intimate friend all his life.'

The old soldier shook his head as if in doubt.

'Thin ye knew him for a divil-may-care young blade. I was his servant.'

The gentleman's boards shook again, but there was no more laughter beneath them.

- 'You—you were his servant?' And the hollow eyes searched the other man's face with an effort at recollection.
- 'For sure I was. But I've lost sight of the rigiment now, and there ain't no one in it as u'd remimber me. When a man gets into throuble sorra a one remimbers him.'

At this moment a lady appeared at the end of the short street. She was young and graceful, and had a quick light step. She came along the pavement straight towards the sandwich-men, smiling all the time. She was neatly though poorly dressed. The old soldier, hearing a footstep, stretched his head to look round the protection of his pillar. He rose to his feet as quickly as he could on recognising the lady.

- Bless the saints, she's come agen!'
- 'Who is she?' said the other man indifferently.
- 'She's a angel of light to some of us poor divils. Many a sixpence she has dropped into me hand at this very corner, and many a koind word, worth more than gold, she has spoke. None of us ain't too shabby or too poor for her to take notice of.'

The girl was quite near them now, and advanced with a look of bright happiness upon her face.

- 'Good morning, Tom. So you're at work again. I have missed you on your usual beat lately. Have you been ill?'
- 'An faith, Miss, it's the old wound in me leg that's broke out agen.' Here he shook himself as if impatient of human weakness. 'But there's a kick left in the old horse, and I'll die in harness if I can.'

The girl sighed, and for a moment her eyes rested on the silent figure leaning against the pillar. 'How brave you are, Tom! You know I am poor too and cannot help you. But have you no friends, no children, who could take care of you now you are growing old?'

The man called Tom stroked his ragged beard, and the twinkle died out of his eyes. 'I had a little daughter wonst'—he paused and looked at her as though measuring her height—'about your age it might be now'; a longer pause, in which a convulsive twitch passed over his face. 'Faith, she had pretty blue eyes like ye, too.'

The girl spoke softly. 'And is she dead?'

'It may be. If she lives, may the blessed Virgin protect herme little darlint!'

The gentleman with the boards drew his cap over his eyes. His attitude implied complete indifference to what was going on near him.

- 'This is the last time I may see you, Tom. I came this way to-day hoping to find you, so as to tell you I am going away to another country very soon. Perhaps you will miss me.' A wistful glance was directed towards the worthless sot, the brokendown soldier who had seen 'throuble,' and whom no man on God's wide earth regarded with friendly or compassionate looks.
 - 'Bad news it is. Thin I shall never see your sweet face agen?'
- 'I shall not need to teach any more, or to be a governess.' She paused, blushing a little. 'I am going to have a home of my own—to be married.'
- 'Ye'll bring a power of happiness into some man's home.' The ready Irish wit never failed.
- 'I hope I may,' said the girl betwixt smiles and tears. 'And when I am far away I shall often think of you and others'—here she glanced timidly towards the stranger—'I could do so little for. You know I have been so sorry for you all.'
 - 'But, for sure, ye've done a sight o' kindness to me.'

The girl's attention seemed somehow attracted towards the silent figure leaning against the pillar, though the man gave no sign that he heard her words.

'This,' she pointed to the other man, 'is perhaps a friend of yours, Tom? I have noticed him here before.'

Then the inanimate form gave evidence of life. The gentleman in rags removed his cap, and the wild March wind caught the wisps of gray hair that hung dishevelled about his neck. He was a sorry spectacle.

'We are all friends in misfortune, madam. It is Dives who has none,' he said in answer to her speech to Kelly.

The girl turned eyes full of surprised inquiry upon him.

- 'You—you do not speak like'—here she hesitated—'You—must have been—-'
 - 'A gintleman,' interposed Tom.

With the faint flicker of a smile the gentleman replaced his cap.

'I have been,' he said laconically.

No one liked to break the silence after that. It was vain to

offer pity. The calamity of fallen fortunes and estate was beyond all remedy now. Soon the lady addressed Tom once more.

'I have no money to spare to-day—nothing at all to give you. I have hardly enough to live on myself—till—till I am married.' She hesitated a good deal, and her eyes were cast down in pitiful embarrassment. Her poor old protégés would go uncomforted by her little kindnesses now and in the future. With a sudden child-like impulse she detached a bunch of violets from her gown and held them out.

'These flowers are very sweet—perhaps you don't care for violets, Tom—but you see I have nothing else.'

It was hardly the kind of gift to be welcomed by a man of his class, but the poetry of life was not quite dead in this poor sinner. Tom even bent his shock-head a moment over the hand extended to him.

- 'Thank ye, koindly, me pretty lady, and may thim blessed saints presarve ye whereivver ye may be. I do not even know a name to ye.'
 - 'My name is Kate,' she said simply.
 - 'Sure and it was me mother's name—me child's name too.'
- Now I must be going. Someone will be waiting for me.'
 The girl touched the soiled and hardened hand with her own soft one.
- 'God bless ye, Kate!' said the poor sandwich-man, with his eyes following her departing steps.
- 'Good-bye!' said Kate, softly, looking over her shoulder and waving her hand as she retreated.

The sleet had now begun to fall—a sharp shower, which was driven in gusts under the colonnade. The older sandwich-man was at last constrained to retire from the support of the pillar. He looked at the soldier with a curious gaze as he drew near to him.

- 'Your name is Thomas Kelly,' he said suddenly. An angry gleam passed over the old soldier's face.
 - 'Whist, man! don't ye cry it so loud!'
- 'You are greatly changed. I should not have known you if you had not named your regiment.'

Then the soldier turned with a fierce oath on his superior. There are no superiors in sandwich life.

'Who, in the devil's name, may ye be?'

The wicked parchment-face looked steadily down on the poor wretch recalled to recollection of his past.

'You were a man in my company. I made you my servant, and you were convicted of stealing the mess-moneys from my charge.'

In trembling tones Kelly made answer. 'I do not know ye.'
The other man laid a hand on his shoulder, saying, 'Am I right? Was this charge brought against you?'

Kelly, staggering back a little, leaned against the wall. A passing baker-boy looked curiously at this ill-assorted pair, who appeared to be holding a strange argument.

'Right ye are,' said the old soldier faintly, 'but I do not know ye, ye limb of Satan!'

The man smiled with a curious sort of satisfaction.

'Am I, then, so utterly changed?'

Something in his tone must have recalled the past to Kelly's clouded memory, for he crept nearer along the wall till he could peer closely in his companion's face.

'My God! Don't ye never say it! Ye are—ye were——'

The superior officer pushed back his cap, and in the private's eyes there dawned a slow recognition.

'I was Robert Dasborough—your captain years ago.'

Kelly fell back quickly. 'A sandwich! Sure such a dirty blackguard was nivver Captain Dasborough—the loife of the regiment—a real swell—come to this!'

The man gave back a mocking echo.

'Yes—come to this.'

'A filthy sandwich crawling the streets like a tortoise for nine bob a week! There is no likeness. Ye lie!'

Again the gentlemen spoke in the calm tones that are always most convincing.

'Shall I prove it to you?'

"I will not believe ye,' said Kelly vehemently.

The baker-boy came back from his errand down the street, and paused to look at the old chaps, who appeared still to be quarrelling. But as they did not come to blows the matter did not promise to be interesting, and he passed on whistling.

'Listen, Tom Kelly.' Here, as if to emphasise his speech, the gentleman touched his companion's arm. 'When you knew me last I was a young man still—a plucky, reckless soldier, fond of wine and cards.'

'For sure he loved his glass, the Captain did, and would pick up his cards and run his horses with the best of men.'

Without regarding the interruption, the ex-captain went on.

'I threw away a decent fortune with the carelessness of a gambler.'

'Right ye are! The Captain chucked about his gold like farthings.'

The voice went on without ceasing.

'You, my servant, were charged by me with stealing some missing moneys, to which you and I alone had access. You see, my man, I know all the details of your miserable story. The theft was brought home to you by circumstantial evidence, and you were convicted.'

The wretched sinner listened to the history of his life with wild eyes and bloodless lips.

'And that sentence sent me down hill a bit. It ain't easy to live alongside rogues and villains in a gaol for years without gettin' a taste for their sort o' tricks.'

The gentleman with the tattered cap smiled with a sort of contempt.

- 'You still declare you went to prison an innocent man, then?'
- 'Ay, before Almighty God, I did; but I came out minded to be guilty. I have served more than one sentence since.' There was something in this wretched creature's attitude which seemed to demand belief.

'And you served your full sentence for some other man's guilt?' said the other, turning his face from the man he tortured.

- 'For sure I did, and my curse lie on him wherever he may be. Think of it, sir,'—the old habit of respectful address broke out—'to let a man rot in gaol; to take me away from me wife and child, and to shut me up for long years with thim divils.' There was a long pause, and in the silence the wind whistled and the traffic of the streets made a muffled roar. At last Kelly turned a puzzled look on the man who stood beside him.
- 'Me Captain was a fine upstanding chap, with a bold face and a laughing eye, and ye—ye are——'

Then came a fierce rejoinder.

- 'While I am a hang-dog wretch, a cringing shrivelled sot, with no soul, and very little body left. Yet I swear I am the man I claim to be.'
- 'It can't be true,' said Kelly, still staring at him in a fixed way.
- 'Kelly, my man, do you remember a wounded officer left in your charge in the forest of Waikaro, and that you were attacked

by five natives, and defended your captain single-handed, at the risk of your own life. Oh, you were a brave man, Tom Kelly, let me tell you.' The tattered gentleman stooped and patted the hero of his story on the back.

'No one remembers that tale,' the hero muttered.

'You deserved the Victoria Cross, but you did not get it. See, do you remember this wound?' The officer bared one arm of rags and showed the mark of a deep cut, either of spear or knife.

'By the blessed saints, then, ye are me captain! but sure ye've got a new face. Will ye shake hands, sir? We're not so far apart now.'

'No,' came the answer, with fierce decision, from the man of birth. For a second's space they looked into each other's face, and then it was worthy of notice that the officer dropped his eyes. 'Remember,' he said slowly, 'I gave evidence against you at your trial.'

'But sure, sir, I've forgiven ye that thrifle. The look of the thing was against me, and 'tis all so long ago.' He smiled in a dreary way.

Kelly had begun to think his companion was a bit cranky. The short, sharp replies, the unreasoning laughter, and the contempt of his own beggary and wretchedness convinced him that his old officer was somewhat distraught. It was no uncommon experience to meet with half-witted sandwich-men, harmless enough, and capable of carrying boards as directed, but withal with some important screw loose.

While Kelly sat reflecting on the strange meeting, half doubting that life still held anything surprising for him, another passenger drew near unobserved. The newcomer was a young man with quick, firm tread and a strong, resolute face.

'Good-day, my men. Not got a crust between you, this dinner-time? Have either of you seen a young lady pass this way? She is tall and slight, and she wears a grey dress.'

Kelly indicated St. Alban's Place with a grimy forefinger. For down this passage the girl had gone. 'Thank you, my man. Here's a shilling apiece.' His rapid glance searched the face of the man who had not spoken, and apparently its dissolute and gaunt appearance was clear to him. 'Go and have a dinner somewhere. Now, don't drink all of it.'

'Thank ye koindly, sir,' said Kelly effusively, ducking his shock-head repeatedly; and after he had watched the passenger

disappear he hobbled off in the opposite direction, to some familiar drinking-bar.

The young man did not, however, go far round the corner, and his step gradually slackened as he proceeded. He said to himself that it was more than hopeless to attempt to assist old reprobates of that class. And then, stirred by the sudden recollection of a woman's tender pity for such friendless waifs and strays, he retraced his steps. He would see what he could do. One of the men was under a small obligation to him already, and he had recognised him at a glance.

And this man was now solitary beneath the colonnade, occupied in tossing the coin so lately bestowed upon him. Evidently the ruling passion was still strong, for he pursued his game of chance with so much attention that he did not hear any approach. When the donor touched him on the shoulder he turned his gaunt face sharply, like a dog about to snap. 'Have you come to ask for your money back?' jeered the fallen gentleman.

The answer was conciliatory and calm.

- 'I've seen you before, my man.'
- 'I dare say.' Again the coin was spun in the air.
- 'In a hospital, six months back. Your hand was injured in some low gambling brawl, and I dressed it for you.'
 - 'Right you are,' said the Captain.

Without any encouragement, his new friend was persistent.

- 'And I offered to get you work when you left the hospital.' The young doctor appeared to be reminding him of past favours, so the gentleman shook himself free of patronage with an angry expletive.
- 'I want no help to live, though I have not the pluck to put an end to the fight myself.'

For a moment the young man seemed to reflect. Here was a nature almost impossible to deal with; yet he would try once more.

- 'Was it misfortune, or—or—' He paused, and the sandwichman took up the question with a mocking laugh.
- 'Or crime, young sir, you mean. Don't beg the question. I'm not squeamish nowadays. It was crime.' There was a deadly emphasis of certainty in his words.
- 'But there may be people belonging to you who could—who would——'
- 'For God's sake, do not teach anyone to find me. I am lost, lost——'

Yet the young man persevered.

'I leave England next week as surgeon to a colonial hospital. I shall have no further chance of doing you a good turn.'

The man in rags answered vehemently:

'No need to look for me if you ever come back. I shall soon go under—under. A few steps more, a stumble again, and then the great darkness—death. Hurrah for Death! for he's a jolly good fellow.' Again he tossed the coin.

The young doctor turned away with a curt 'Good-morning,' while the sandwich-man continued practising the tossing of his coin, crying 'Heads or tails?' But, after all, this might have been a feint of indifference, for he ceased his play when his friendly adviser was out of sight. Looking after the young man to see if he was out of sight or still under observation, his eye fell upon a dark object lying on the pavement—a pocket-book, surely, or something similar. Advancing quickly, he pounced upon it like an animal.

'This must be his; there will be money in it,' he muttered. Then, looking round stealthily, he clutched it closer and retreated once more to the shelter of the colonnade. He appeared about to open the new-found treasure when a policeman on his beat passed round the corner on the opposite side of the street. The policeman, with merely a cursory glance bestowed on a sandwich-man in the customary resort of his kind, passed out of sight. Then once more the pocket-book came to light, and was opened with trembling fingers. The man smiled sardonically, murmuring to himself:

'I am going to rob him, because he has been kind to me. That's the way of it.'

Then he began to count the notes rapidly. 'Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. He calls himself a poor man, and he can lose twenty pounds!' He looked at the money, he hugged it, he even kissed it in a frenzy of joy. Then suddenly his hand fell to his side, and with a terror-stricken gaze he looked before him. He appeared as if overcome by a momentary fear or recollection. Perhaps he saw the ghost of his lost self. So he sat, fighting a silent battle, for a few seconds. Then, with a firm touch, he rolled up the notes and replaced them carefully in the pocket-book. Afterwards, shouldering the posters, he moved up the street in the direction taken by the young man, with the heavy, creeping gait of his kind. Kelly, having refreshed himself, came back to advise the other man to do likewise, but found him gone, and himself left to face the young doctor returning again in haste.

- 'Have you picked anything up, my man?' he called out anxiously when yet a few paces off.
- 'I'm always a-picking up what I can; cigar-ends and suchlike,' rejoined Kelly.
- 'I have lost a valuable pocket-book, and I had it a few minutes before I turned down this street. Where is the other man?'
- 'Faith, and I'll swear he's gone to the nearest chap who'll stake his shilling on a horse.'

The young man knitted his brow anxiously.

'I may have left it in some of the shops where I called,' he said, and with rapid strides passed on.

Kelly, who was now temporarily warmed, if not fed, looked after him, with a grin, muttering:

'Thim young men does take things to heart. Now, as for me, it's only the weight of them blasted boards,' here he kicked venomously at the innocent posters resting against the wall, 'that aggrawates me. I owe 'em a grudge. Haven't they give me a hump on me shoulder through crawling about like a snail wi' a shell on me back.' And leaning against the wall himself, he took a blissful snooze of short duration.

It was the other sandwich-man who came back to rouse him. Quick march, my man. It's time to be on the move again.'

And Kelly, grumbling, roused himself and asked his companion to hoist the boards on his shoulders. He was inclined to be more quarrelsome with fate since he had spent his shilling.

'Thim boards is too much for me. I've done nought but carry posters that tells of good eating and drinking the last month.'

'The irony of fate, Kelly,' said the other man as he adjusted the strap. 'Well, it won't last much longer for either of us, I fancy.' Here he produced his shilling. 'Let's toss who'll get his discharge first.'

Kelly looked hard at the Captain, and shook his head. Here was an absolute proof of impaired intellect. 'Anything to plase ye, sir. It don't make much matter who sends in his papers first.' He decided it was better to humour the mood of his companion.

- 'Heads, death takes me: tails, you give me the go-by,' said the officer.
- 'Faith, 'tis a quare game,' muttered Kelly as he watched the coin spin.
 - 'You call,' said the man who tossed.
 - 'Heads!' said Kelly.

'Heads it is, by Jove!' said the superior. 'My turn first.' He laughed and hugged himself.

'Then, sure, as I've got to wait a bit longer till the ould hourglass comes along, I'll be tramping on to me beat. Bless the Holy Virgin, I've had a good drink.'

And, chuckling to himself, with tottering gait he made his way back to Regent Street. The other man did not immediately follow, and it was not till steps were again heard on the pavement that he roused himself to realise the situation. Looking under the colonnade, he saw the young doctor approaching once more. This time he came accompanied by the girl who had passed up the street earlier. She leaned upon the young man's arm, and they had the appearance of lovers. So engrossed were they in their own conversation that they did not observe the sandwichman half hidden by a pillar. The sleet was falling again in one of the sudden squalls that came on from time to time.

'You had better wait here a few moments, darling. It is a quiet corner, and the storm will be over presently.'

'There is no need for me to hurry to-day,' said the girl called Kate. 'I gave my last lesson to my pupils this morning. I can scarcely believe it all, Cecil.' She flashed a happy smile at him. The listening sandwich-man lifted his head.

'But, dearest, you must believe that I am going to carry you to the end of the world as my wife next week.' There was an eloquent silence, and the girl's cheek flushed. Then she said:

'It is like a wonderful fairy-tale to me. I can hardly believe my days of drudgery are at an end.' The young doctor caressed the little hand that rested so lightly on his arm.

'My appointment has come so unexpectedly that I do not wonder. But, my darling, are there no friends you would like to visit before we go?' The girl shook her head sadly.

'I have told you I am quite alone in the world; even the lady who took me from the workhouse and educated me is dead.'

The man sighed a little. 'Well, we both began life humbly. I in a charity-school, you in the workhouse, and we neither of us have much reason to bless our parents.' The man behind the pillar gathered every word that was spoken in his hand hollowed. 'I have often wondered if my father is still alive. Sometimes in the hospitals, when poor wretches have been brought in sick or injured, I have searched their faces and questioned them about their past.' The listener on the other side of the pillar made a sign of assent.

'Poor Cecil!' said Kate. 'And yet you knew your father had fallen very low?'

'Yes, I knew,' he said quietly; 'but there are sometimes strange meetings in the hospitals.'

'Oh!' said the girl, with tears springing to her eyes, 'your heart is better than mine. I have always been afraid—yes, afraid—lest my father should some day appear and stretch out a hand—a convict's hand, remember—and drag me down to misery and degradation.'

'My poor friendless Kate!' said the young man tenderly, 'there is no fear of that now; no one can claim you when you are my wife—Kate Dasborough.'

At the utterance of this name a ghastly pallor spread over the face of the listening sandwich-man. He gasped for breath as if choking, and leaned against the pillar for support.

'Yes, I shall soon be Kate Kelly no more,' she murmured, with a happy smile.

'That reminds me,' said her lover, 'that I have lost my pocket-book. I had intended to buy you a wedding-gift with part of its contents.' The girl released her hand from his arm quickly.

'Where did you lose it? You said you passed this way before. Let us look about. There is little traffic round this corner.' She glided under the colonnade round the pillar, and came face to face with a man crouched low. 'Why, here is a sandwich-man, fallen asleep!' The crouching creature lifted his head and stared at her in a wild way.

'You are Kate Kelly,' he muttered. 'Oh, I'm wide awake, young lady.'

Kate drew a little back. The man alarmed her.

'But how pale you look! You must be ill. Have you fallen down? See, Cecil, how the poor man's hand trembles.'

The trembling hand brought forth the lost pocket-book and handed it to its owner.

'Is this yours?'

Cecil took it slowly, and his eye searched the man's face. 'You picked it up?'

'Yes,' said the sandwich-man, 'and looked inside.'

The doctor opened the book and counted his notes. 'You are an honest man.'

- 'For once,' rejoined the fallen gentleman, with bitter irony.
- 'You will accept a reward?' and the young man offered a

sovereign. The other man's eyes glistened, but with a supreme effort he resisted the temptation.

'From you-no.'

During the exchange of these few brief words a great noise of voices and footsteps was heard approaching.

- 'Something has happened,' said Kate, looking timidly towards the end of the street, where the advance guard of a ragged crowd was visible. 'See, Cecil, they are coming this way.'
- 'Some street brawl, no doubt. I must take you out of the way. Come, my Kate.'
 - 'No,' said Kate, 'they are carrying something-someone.'
- 'It must be a man hurt or run over,' said the doctor; 'they are carrying him on boards. It is a sandwich-man knocked down, I think.'

Kate advanced a few steps.

- 'Oh,' she said, 'not my poor sandwich-man-old Tom. Do something quickly for him, Cecil.'
- 'Go away at once, Kate,' said the doctor imperatively, for he saw a piece of sacking had been thrown over the still form. Then he approached the bearers and was lost to Kate's view in the little crowd.
 - 'Let me look,' he said to the policeman, 'I am a surgeon.'
- 'The old chap has been run over by a 'bus. It ain't no use, sir; it's all over with the little Irishman.' Tom was a well-known character, and even the policeman showed a rough sympathy with his sudden end. Then decently and reverently they carried the dead man away, and no one saw that nestling in the rags above his breast was a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets.

As they carried him down the street the crown of his red head was visible. The sandwich-man beneath the colonnade made a stumble forwards as if intending to follow the procession; but he staggered and fell back with some sudden weakness on Cecil Dasborough's arm. He was muttering strange words—mad words, they thought.

'Dead is he before me! Won by a neck, Tom! He's got the game though I won the toss. Death, old fellow, you've cheated me again!'

The girl Kate was weeping softly. She turned to her lover, saying:

'He had no friends, no one who cared for him at all; but he had a daughter once, and she might be about my age. Poor Tom—poor old Tom. He said, "God bless you, Kate!"—oh, please remember he said, "God bless you, Kate!" And she sobbed.

The young doctor half lifted, half dragged the sandwich-man to the shelter of the colonnade, and there loosened the neck-band of his shirt. He still muttered incoherently.

'The boards are not so heavy now, my man, for you. Has God Almighty given you the Cross for valour at last? Oh, I'm coming soon to give evidence in your favour, Tom—in your favour, do you hear?' He struck his breast. 'Here stands the gentleman who was a liar and a thief.'

They thought his brain was weak, and that this was delirium caused by the sudden alarm. The stragglers from the crowd who yet remained behind jeered and mocked at the poor gibbering creature, but Kate and the doctor stood over him to protect him from actual molestation. With eyes blazing he went on more volubly.

'I robbed him, my servant, of honour, of home and wife and child—that child '—he pointed to Kate. 'I left him to bear the penalty of my crime, to be branded as a thief, and nothing can give back his blasted life. Out of the way there, you cursed fools! Tom, I am coming to bear witness for you before this day dies.' He struck right and left to clear a passage for himself. 'Oh, you were a brave man, Tom—no one knows how brave, but I know.' He took up his boards, glaring defiance at the insulting, grinning throng which pressed about him, mocking him with coarse street banter. He cast one strange look of fear at the weeping Kate and the young man who sought to draw her away.

'I must send in my papers to-night,' he said, drawing his breath heavily. 'The court-martial will sit before to-morrow's sun. Out of my way, you infernal crew!' And, pushing forwards, the sandwich-man walked down the street with a brave front, and no backward glance for friend or enemy. His face was set before a long, long journey.

That night he was missing from the ranks of his fellows, and thereafter his place knew him no more. Not even his boards were ever found, and how or where the end came none could say.

A week later Cecil and Kate Dasborough, man and wife, were sailing over the seas to a new and happier life, knowing nothing of the final tragedy of their parents' lives. But though the truth was veiled from her eyes, Kate yet remembered that a poor sandwich-man had blessed her before he died. And the sins of the fathers have not been visited on the children.

To the Unattainable.

DEAR, how many the songs I bring to you
Woven of dream-stuffs, pleasure and pain,
All the songs of my life I sing to you,
And you hear, and answer again.
Though no rhyme do your dear lips say to me,
Yet, my poet, sweet songs you bring;
When you smile, then the angels play to me
Tunes to the silent songs you sing.

All my soul goes forth in a song to you,
All my deeds for your sake are done,
All my laurels and bays belong to you,
In your name are my battles won.
Just by living you make life dear to me,
Though your lips never speak my name;
"Tis your hands that in dreams appear to me,
Bringing me all that I ask of fame.

What though here you are wholly lost to me,
Though you never will know or see,
Though life's pain be this worship's cost to me,
Am I not richer than great kings be?
Have I not you, in the holiest heart of me—
You, in the eyes which see you alone?
Shall I not rise to your soul, which is part of me,
Till you shall meet me and know your own?

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Just by many wan make life dear to me.

Though mour ins never speak my name:

This your hands that in dreams appear to me.

Bringing me all that I ask of time.



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n of agthe centre of the floor forced its way out as best it could, through the chinks in the blackened walls.

When I was in Ossetia the harvest was just over. In most places the oat-fields were so uneven, and hung on such dizzy heights, that the grain had been torn up by the roots by hand. Much of the crop had never ripened from want of sun. What had ripened was having the grain stamped out of its ears by little black oxen, upon dry mud floors in the valley, the straw being reserved for winter fodder. Some idea of the poverty of Ossetia may be formed from the fact that the Russian Government tax is only seventy-five copecks (eighteenpence) per house here, whereas on the plain at Alaghir it is three roubles, or six shillings. But the highlanders find it harder to pay eighteenpence than the lowlanders do to pay four times that sum, though they are neither rich men nor skilled agriculturists in the Caucasian lowlands.

Poor though they are, my welcome amongst the Ossetes was a The fellowship and freemasonry of the chase was our bond of union, and one of the best of the mountain hunters was my host and guide. As he led me into his smoky sakli, his wife spread out the best sheepskin for me to sit upon, and silently took down the family caldron to cook me some supper, though she never greeted me with word or bow. I have never seen these women recognise in any way the entrance of an acquaintance or a guest, except by preparing to serve them. As soon as I could see through the smoke, I began to examine the inmates of the hut.

Two or three tall Ossetes in high sheepskin caps sat silently smoking in the background. A woman kneeling by the fire was making bread. An old crone, writhing and moaning in a corner, was dying of rheumatism. A little child was screaming on the floor because a live cinder had burnt her bare limbs. The crone was the grandmother of the family, but no one offered her help or sympathy. Everyone seemed to think it natural that she should suffer, and to hope that she would die soon, though they were too phlegmatic to hope much, even for that.

The child was the 'baby' of the house, yet even its mother never stopped cooking to try and soothe its pains. All the children (and there were many of them) were all but naked, cowering over the fire or crouching under old sheepskins, with wistful, hungry eves fixed on the caldron.

The women were all silent, or if they spoke it was only in whispers. If they scolded a child, it was in a subdued hiss. A laugh I think would have frightened the whole household. Never

in my life have I seen anything to compare with the resigned, patient misery stamped on every feature of man and nature about the village of Tsamaruk.

The hardness of the rocks, the chill of the icefields, the gloom of their smoke-grimed hovels, seem to have got into the hearts of this people, starved by a beggarly nature, and bent by a life of toil.

The women, who should be to men's lives what pictures are to a book, music to the words of a song, are haggard and bowed down with drudgery before they are full-grown. They carry the burdens, till and reap the fields, while their husbands hunt or loaf.

They have not even retained woman's love of finery, or the least regard for their own personal appearance. And yet there are good-looking women amongst them, before the curse of their slavery has brushed off the bloom and obscured the beauty; and it was from these hovels that many a Turkish harem drew its fairest ornaments. The Ossetes remember with a sigh the days when they could sell their daughters for five hundred roubles, and be sure that the girls would find a home which would be paradise to them compared with that in which they were reared. For though he calls himself a Christian, and has one priest of the Greek Church to every dozen hamlets, the Ossete sold to the Turk, and would do so now if he was allowed to. 'Why,' exclaimed one old fellow, 'we may not buy a wife for ourselves now unless she is at least fifteen!'

As I lay awake watching the women making bread and sandals for the morrow's hunt, one face haunted me with its beauty. It was such an one as Murillo might have imagined in his happiest dreams, but the clothing of the poor little damsel was but a foul, flimsy rag, and the halo round her head, smoke from the wood fire.

It was midnight when my hunter woke me from a restless sleep, and the stars were shining brightly through the roof. The women were busy still. They evidently had not slept yet, and one young woman, when she had, with deft fingers, packed the cakes and sheep's tail which she had cooked into her husband's bashlik, laid her hand on his shoulder, and reaching up whispered something into his ear, which her eyes seemed to say was a prayer not to risk too much on those awful crags overhead. So love, maybe, adds its load to women's labour even in Ossetia.

But fancies and gloom vanished as soon as we set foot outside.

The stars burned with a keen brilliance above the snow peaks,
and these looked very near. The air, chill as it was, made the

blood leap and thrill through your veins, and the moon-lit scenery was intoxicatingly levely.

The leading hunter paused for a moment on the threshold and muttered something, a prayer or a charm, I know not which, and then, without a word or a sign, strode away uphill, with long quiet strides, which neither varied nor stopped for the next hour and a half.

There was something weird about the whole expedition. The silent figures in front, with their strongly marked aquiline features, their long sheepskin robes girt up at the waist, their noiseless sandalled feet, and long staves, might have been the Magi of old following the star of Bethlehem.

On the grass sparkling with frost the moonlight threw gigantic shadows of myself and my comrades, and these and ourselves seemed the only moving things in those mountain solitudes. There was not even a cloud in heaven to glide across the meon. It was hard, indeed, to remember that a fortnight before I had been jostled by a noisy, black-hatted crowd in Fleet Street.

At last we paused and looked back at the hamlet below us. It was already very far away, and still our road was straight uphill.

'Lo, the dawn!' said Shamyl, and as we looked a faint yellow tint came over the grey of the Eastern sky. 'We are late, very late,' he muttered, and again pressed on uphill. How I thanked heaven that the top of the ridge was already close at hand. When we gained it, we found the snow lying in considerable quantities, and in the first great drift of it I recognised fresh footprints of my old friend Michael, the Russian brown bear. What he was doing at midnight on such a height I could not guess, but as the snow was still crumbling slowly into the impressions made by his great paws he could not have been far ahead. In a moment fatigue was forgotten, and I was going at best pace from one point of vantage to another, leaving my guides behind me, in my eagerness to get to my game.

Unluckily the old rascal had winded us, and far down the steep slopes I could see his track lead on, until at last I made him out, shuffling along among the boulders nearly a mile away.

Clearly it was no good following him if we meant to kill a tur that day, so with some reluctance we let him go, more especially as Shamyl's few sheep had been sadly harried by him or his friends in the last few weeks. The bear on the main chain does a good deal of damage to the natives' flocks and herds, although his relatives down below on the Black Sea Coast are honest vegetarians. And now the dawn was really upon us. The stars had lost their strength and grown pale and grey, and a little fluttering, uncertain wind had arisen, wafted from the wings of the departing night. Adai Kom Koch the mountaineers called our hunting ground, and as I lay on a huge slab of rock, thawing the snow with which it was sprinkled, this is what I saw.

The ridge we were on was well above the snow-line, but of such splintered and precipitous crags was it composed, that the snow could only lie amongst them in patches. Of course there were no flowers nor any vestige of vegetation, and without the snow-shroud, which should have covered them, the rocks looked hideously stern and cruel in the grey dawn. We were in a wilderness of ice and ironstone. I was beginning to think that no beast could so hate life as to live up there, when Shamyl laid his hand upon my arm. The old hunter's eyes were gleaming with suppressed excitement, and by signs he made me understand that there were bighorns somewhere down below.

In spite of his outstretched arms and pointing finger I could not see them myself, although all the rocks beneath us were distinct enough.

Suddenly, what I had taken for a fragment of the ironstone crag turned slowly round, and for a moment I saw the great arc of the tûr's horns clearly defined against the sky.

He was a good four hundred yards off, probably more, and there was no reason why, if he would but look away from us again, we should not decrease that distance by half before I risked a shot. As quietly as his head had come into sight, so without noise or warning did it disappear.

'Come on,' hissed Vassily, and like snakes we glided from stone to stone, silent and uncomplaining, though the ironstone cut and bruised us at every turn. Suddenly Vassily stopped and sat up.

'Gone!' he said; 'Sheitan.'

Whether he meant that for swearing or not I can only guess. If he did, I don't think that dissyllable expressed enough for two. Where the tur had stood was the extremest edge of a sheer precipice, from which he must have been looking down upon the glacier a thousand feet below.

These beasts seem to love such a perch, where nothing else would dare to stand, gazing out into the profound abysses below, as if rejoicing in a world to which no other created beast could

attain. But how had he ever left his post without our seeing or hearing him? In the wonderful stillness of these high alps we must have heard a pebble fall, if one had fallen, and it seemed moreover as if there was no way except for wings by which he could have escaped us unseen. Shamyl could not explain it, and when I appealed to him in pantomime, 'Where is he?' the old man only lifted his hands palms outwards, shrugged his shoulders, and ejaculated again, 'Sheitan.'

For anything I know to the contrary, Vassily may have been right. Whatever the horned beast was, it certainly vanished in a most uncanny manner.

For a while we sat spying out the different gorges with our glasses, seeing one or two little herds of young rams or ewes, creeping along the face of different distant precipices, from their night's pastures to the snowy fastnesses, in which they rest all day, but none came in our direction, and as we saw no good heads amongst them we let them go unmolested, and resumed our climb.

Our way all that morning lay round the face of a great wall of crumbling rock. Sometimes we had a dizzy sheep walk, beaten out by the tûr's feet, to follow, and sometimes even that failed, and we had to balance or cling by our finger-nails to a wall that seemed to lean out towards us and try to push us into the great mist-filled abyss which yawned below.

But neither Shamyl nor myself was much troubled with dizziness, so all went well, except that the two pairs of gloves, one of dogskin and one of wool, which I had put on new that morning, were in rags by noon, and my hands were torn and bleeding. The raw-hide moccasins and thick woollen stockings which should have covered my feet were distributed among the rocks, and my feet were as torn and as badly hurt as my hands.

At mid-day, we rested on a long narrow spur of rock which hung out over the valley like a ship's bowsprit over the waves. Here we ate our lunch of dry bread and sheep's tail, and surely no wine was ever more welcome than that long, long draught of sour milk which we sucked from the goat's skin on our porter's shoulders.

It is hard work climbing to these heights, but the pleasure is great too, when you lie resting on some such crag as ours, your lungs full of the strong mountain air, and all the petty troubles of life left in those miserable civilised flats below you.

As long as he hunts six days a week by the snow line and sleeps the seventh, I don't think that the Ossete is much to be itied after all.

When evening began to fall we were crouching behind a

boulder watching the ways which led from the icefields to a tiny patch of grass, just within long rifle-shot of our ambuscade.

The mist was wetting us through, and the wind made my bleeding fingers stiff with cold. I was longing for a fire and supper, and rather inclined to growl at my long day of unrewarded toil and the folly of staying so late at such heights. A sudden torrent of small stones rattling down the slopes above us, brought me back to life with a start. As I turned, Vassily's eye was fixed on me and his face told me all I wanted to know. At last the tur were coming to feed.

On a ridge above I could see them standing, clearly outlined against the sky, still as stone statues, their heads turned inquiringly in our direction. So they stood, looking down into the valley, seven in number, and we lay and watched them whilst the mist soaked and the wind pierced us through and through. For fully three quarters of an hour they neither fed nor moved a muscle that we could see. Then, one by one, in the fast fading light they disappeared behind the ridge. As the last head vanished, Vassily snatched up his alpenstock and, stooping low, ran along the rocks towards a kind of couloir, up which he wormed himself, with me close at his heels. Then we had to cross a steep face of unpleasantly crumbling rock, in the middle of which a great rushing sound overtook us, and several tons of ironstone came bounding down, passing right between my guide and myself.

For a moment we both stopped and glanced with a shudder at the great gulf into which the stone-fall had rushed, and then pushed on again.

'One rock had fallen and missed us, the next might not; we had better be moving,' we thought. Besides our reward was very near.

By putting our backs against one side and our feet against the other, my man and I worked our way up what mountaineers call 'a chimney.' From the top of this we hoped for an extended view, but we were doomed to disappointment, for as we emerged from this cleft in the rock, a mist wreath, which had been floating up after us for some time, caught and enveloped us in its folds. For at least ten minutes we were obliged to stay where we were, blind, shivering and afraid to stir, and uncertain whether we might not have to stop there until morning.

I should never forget the rising of that mist-cloud if I lived on through eternity.

As it rolled back, I saw within fifty yards of me, motionless

as if carved in marble, and seeming gigantic in the queer grey gloaming, the very king of the ibex. The wind was from him to us, and he had evidently come to his post after we had reached ours, so that he had no suspicion of our presence. To my eyes he looked monstrous, but excitement had made me incapable of judging of the relative size of things. The mountain peaks were trifles compared to the great beast, standing at gaze within a stone's throw of me, his massive horns and strongly-built body seeming to have grown out of the rock on which he stood.

And now a strange thing happened. As I raised my rifle to my shoulder Vassily gripped my arm and whispered, 'Ne be' ('Don't fire').

The tûr heard him and turned. My only chance seemed to be to fire as he hesitated, and so, with what steadiness I could muster up, I pressed the trigger. As I did so the mist rolled right back, and the bullet told loudly on the ram's shoulder. For a moment he stood stock still, then a shiver shook him from head to foot, he turned slowly half round towards me, and then pitched headfirst from the crag on which he had been standing into the clouds below. I had stalked my tûr, and got within fifty yards of him; I had had my shot, and put my bullet within an inch of the spot aimed at; my prey died within a stone's throw of me, and yet Vassily and I knew that he was farther beyond our reach than any live beast on the mountains. There was no road to his last resting place for any except the vultures, and their feast would be one of fragments.

It was past midnight when we lay on the floor of a hut in Tsamaruk, drinking soup made of milk and bacon-fat flavoured with wild thyme—not a delicate dish, but, after our twenty-four hours' work, anything warm and filling was welcome. The men wanted to lie down under a boulder near the glacier for the night, so as to renew the chase next morning, but I was hardly in training then for two consecutive days of such hard work, and insisted on blundering down to the village in the dark, where we lay almost too tired to eat, and quite too tired to talk. And yet one shilling a day was the pay my Ossete porter asked for this work; and though I have had my share of luck with all sorts of game, from moose to jack snipe, from grizzlies to the British bunny, I would rather have one day with the ibex of Ossetia than a week of any other sport I know.

C'est la perte qui fait le joueur.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.

The Mischief of Monica.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER I.

'MISCHIEF IS THE VERY SPICE OF LIFE.'

How brew the brave drink, Life?

Take of the herb hight morning joy,

Take of the herb hight evening rest,

Pour in pain lest bliss should cloy,

Shake in sin to give it zest . . .

Then down with the brave drink, Life,—BURTON.

TELL! There is no word in the English language which has more intonations than the ejaculation 'Well!' It has as many meanings as there are notes of the gamut. There is the 'Well! of pure preface, the 'Well!' of utter indifference, the 'Well!' of good humour, the 'Well!' of chagrin, the 'Well!' of amazement, and the 'Well!' of despair—together with all the hybrid 'Wells!' formed by the fusion of one or more of the above with others, ad infinitum. It is therefore something to say for the 'Well!' which stands at the head of this chapter, that it was as fully charged with significance and import as though it contained the very marrow and pith of a dozen good round 'Wells!' rolled into one. It was the 'Well!' of youthful ferocity and self-will armed to the teeth; and yet it had a kind of lurking gleam about it too, which, like a grain of some sweet spice thrown into a pint of bitter mixture, just took off the sharpness which otherwise might have set the teeth on edge.

'Well!' said Miss Monica Lavenham, and looked about her. She was in a handsome—nay, a gorgeous—drawing-room, fitted up in the latest style: heavy with velvet, and rich with colour On every side was luxury; on every hand comfort. Above all, order reigned supreme. So much her eyes took in, and then, not being a young lady with a turn for furniture, she walked to the window and looked out. Her sister was already there, having also given utterance to a counter 'Well!'—and the two now regarded each other with curiously long faces and rueful eyes.

- 'It is a regular take in, Bell.'
- 'Humph!'
- 'A Hall, indeed!'
- 'Yes, indeed.'
- 'A mere villa!'
- 'Take care, someone may hear you.'
- 'No one can hear. The rooms are a tolerable size, and that is something. But I never was so thoroughly—why, there is not even an avenue! We are actually on the road!' in accents of deep disgust. 'The road is there,' pointing with her finger—'there, where that carriage is driving along! The dust comes over the hedge. And this little particle of shrubbery, where we pop in at one gate and out at the other, is all that separates us from the high road!'

Isabel listened gloomily.

'The whole place is a fraud,' proceeded her sister, who was evidently the speaker of both. 'When I saw we were turning in at that little lodge down there, my very heart died within me. What in all the world, Bell, are we to do? We can't go on with it. We can't live in a villa. We can't look out upon a road. We can't——'

The door opened, and a respectable-looking elderly man-servant appeared, who, with something of the air of being engaged in an unusual occupation, set out a small table, covered it with a cloth, and deposited thereon a handsome silver tea service, with cakes, bread and butter, plates and knives; everything, in short, provocative of a tempting little meal. The hour—for it was just five o'clock—made the refreshment welcome and natural. Yet no sooner had the door finally closed than the sisters, who had been watching the arrangements with an air of mingled curiosity and amusement, again looked at each other, and simultaneously repeated the same word 'Well!' into which one of them had before contrived to infuse such an infinity of meaning. After which they drew their chairs up to the table.

'Tis an odd set out; but I don't suppose he had ever done such

a thing in his life till now,' said Monica, with more alacrity than she had hitherto evinced. 'And certainly the poor old thing was in the right. I am dying of thirst. Oh, this tea is good!—men's tea is always good. That is why I like my tea at a club. Clubs! Ah me—ah me! I will be months, perhaps years, before we set foot in a club again, I daresay. But do look, Bell, what fine old china! Would not Aunt Fanny have admired this china? She would find little else to admire in our new home, I am afraid,'—with a sigh.

'Are we to consider we have come to live here?' said Isabel, with a slow, solemn emphasis that made it appear as though the idea had been presented to her mind for the first time. 'For the present of course we have,—there was nothing else for us to do. Uncle Schofield would never have adopted us, and promised to leave us his money——'

- ''Sh! take care!'

- 'Unless we had come,' continued Isabel, lowering her tone; though indeed it was only a certain caution born of the life the sisters had hitherto led which had induced the hasty warning, since the dulcet tones of both, tones peculiarly soft and well modulated, could by no possibility have been overheard by any one outside the apartment. 'If we had refused,' proceeded she, but Monica interposed.
 - 'I do not believe we could have refused,' said Monica.
 - 'Oh, we could, I suppose.'
- 'I fancy not: not until we are twenty-one, at least. We are not twenty—I am not twenty yet, and you are not nineteen. I am sure I understood that we had no choice.'
- 'All I meant to say was that, even if we had had a choice, we could not throw away our chances.'
 - 'Of course not.'
 - 'So here we have got to be.'
- 'It is fraud, all the same,' said Monica, cutting herself a slice of cake with somewhat more complacency. 'The old gentleman has good tea and good cake—I will say so much for him; but he has done us, and done us shamefully about everything else. I don't say he ever actually drew up a map of his estate, or described the family mansion; but he wrote upon paper with "Flodden Hall" at the top of the page; he said there was plenty of room for us to run about in—to "run about in," Bell, with checked aprons and bibs, I presume—and he could assure us of "plenty of amusement in a hospitable neighbourhood." Good

Heavens, Bell! if this is the "Hall," what will the neighbour-hood be?'

Monica and Isabel Lavenham, two young beauties of high fashion and much experience of the world, although, as we have seen, yet in the early days of womanhood, had in local some cause for astonishment and apprehension in their I resent surroundings, according to their views of life. Their mother had been a plain merchant's daughter; but she had not only been a very pretty woman, she had possessed a large fortune, and the two inducements combined had brought forward Colonel the Hon. Charles Lavenham as a candidate for her hand.

The marriage had given the satisfaction on both sides which such a match is sure to do.

Colonel Lavenham was as handsome as his wife, and after a more distinguished, patrician fashion; in consequence, no one was surprised that the two little girls who had been born during the two years succeeding the marriage proved to be examples of childish loveliness. Soon after the birth of the second the mother had died; and although predictions had not been wanting of a speedy re-marriage on the part of the widower, these had never been fulfilled.

Instead, Colonel Lavenham had taken to the race-course and the gaming-table; had dissipated the principal portion of his wife's money; and had finally departed this life, leaving debts and troubles behind him.

His daughters, then on the verge of womanhood, had been consigned thereafter to the care of his childless brother, another soldier of the name, whose lively and easy-tempered, if somewhat feather-brained spouse, was the very woman to be transported by the idea of producing in society two nieces so sure of success as the youthful Monica and Isabel.

The arrangement had suited everybody; and two successive London seasons had been gone through with *éclat*, when fate, which will sometimes interfere with our 'best-laid schemes,' suddenly pulled the check-string, and brought everything to a standstill.

Mrs. Lavenham became ill, and was ordered abroad to try the effects of foreign waters; whilst her husband, as if he had only waited for such a prescription to be written, forthwith developed a complaint requiring treatment very nearly similar, threw up his commission, and proclaimed himself 'an old fogey.' The two agreed to give up their London house, disperse their establishment,

and trot about the Continent together, attended merely by a valet and a waiting-maid.

All had been arranged, and the spirits of both had revived under the prospect of change, and an easy life with no demands upon it, when suddenly Mrs. Lavenham had exclaimed: 'But what about the girls?' We cannot possibly take Monica and Isabel with us.'

'Certainly not,' her husband had replied promptly. 'They are expensive young women, and we shall not now have more than just enough to keep ourselves comfortably. We have spent a lot of late, living in the manner we have done, and it has been principally for their sakes. I am sure the balls, and parties—both of them ought to have been off our hands long before this time. And I don't know where their money goes to, if it is not spent, every penny of it, on their backs. They have each a hundred and fifty pounds a year: a hundred and fifty pounds a year and only themselves to spend it upon; they ought to have been able to do more than just clothe themselves out of a sum like that. They——'

'Oh, well, my dear!' Mrs. Lavenham was easy-going, as we have said. 'Oh, well, a hundred and fifty a year is no great amount; and they are lovely girls, and have to be properly dressed' (conscious of having more than once quieted a dressmaker by small sums out of her own pocket, both Monica's and Isabel's having run dry). 'All the world allows that your nieces are—.'

'Never mind—never mind. They must learn not to look upon themselves as my nieces now,' somewhat shortly; 'they must be someone else's nieces in future.'

'My dear, what do you mean?'

'Why, what I mean is clear enough, if you will take the pains to see it. Who is that uncle they have got, down there in Lancashire, that brother of their mother's—Schofield is his name, eh? I have been making inquiries about him, and I find he is as rich as Cræsus, unmarried, and quite disposed to be friendly. It is a perfect Providence for the girls that there is such a person. As you say, they are nice girls enough: pretty, and——'

'Pretty! Why they are far more than---'

'Than anything he is ever likely to have met with, at any rate. They ought to do well down there. A Liverpool or Manchester magnate is not to be sneezed at in these days. By Jove! I think

we have been fools to have neglected such an opportunity before. Directly I made up my mind to retire, and go in for health and that sort of thing along with you, I saw at once it would never do to take girls like Monica and Isabel to Monte Carlo, and——'

'Are we going to Monte Carlo?'

'We shall winter there. It will be the very place for us. But we should get into a sea of troubles if we had two such appendages as these two hanging on to us. They would be flirting all over the place, with every scoundrelly and beggarly "Count" they might pick up. Foreign health resorts are the very deuce for girls like Monica and Bell,' he had concluded, decisively.

In this his wife, who had been really ailing, and who was now as much taken up with her own invalid habits and prospects as she had formerly been with her rounds of pleasure, had acquiesced almost with a sigh of relief.

She was fond of her young beauties in her way. She had been proud of them; had been indebted to them; had perceived that they had been of use to her in society; had brought the best men to her house, and made her what she never otherwise would have been—one of the smartest, most sought after hostesses in London. But she instinctively felt that all this was now at an end; nay, that with her retirement from the social stage, and adoption of an altered routine, Monica and Isabel would no longer suit their requirements to hers. They were still in their heyday, still demanding their full measure of fun and frolic, still requiring her to bear her part in their triumphal progress, and still, it must be owned, intolerant of any hindrance or obstacle which impeded it.

She could not say that they had been unkind—nay, Monica had been positively sympathetic and pitiful when informed that her aunt was suffering; but she had read disappointment and vexation on her brow, as on Bell's, every time a new prohibition had had to be made, or a new hour kept; and though nothing would be said, there had been for some time past a growing anxiety, quite unconnected with any other anxiety, in the breast of the faded, sickly woman, who yet clung to the remembrance of past triumphs and successes—namely, the apprehension of what would be the final attitude of her gay young nieces towards her final self. If she were about to turn into a peevish tyrant of a sick-room, what would the girls think?

Mrs. Lavenham could not endure that the girls should think

her a bore, a marplot, or a nuisance. Other chaperons were, she knew, often enough regarded in some such light; but it had been her pride to believe that she was on better terms with her two superb nieces, of whose opinions she stood in no small awe, and whose approbation of her appearance; or of her toilette, was a thing to be obtained. If they should begin now to think her humdrum, or tiresome! And she really did want to be humdrum, that was the truth. She felt fit for nothing else, could not rouse herself to be anything else.

It had ended in a letter being written to Mr. Schofield.

Mr. Schofield had responded with an alacrity that had almost surprised himself, and that would have been deeply resented by some other branches of his family had they known of it; as, however, it had been the outcome of several rather important admixtures, we had better inform our readers of these, and then leave them to judge for themselves whether or not such resentment would have been a natural and creditable one.

The new uncle, who, according to Colonel Lavenham's theory, had been created in the very nick of time to meet an awkward necessity, was more of a man of means than a man of culture. Yet he was not a vulgar man. He had no vulgar propensities, nor tastes. He was neither ostentatious nor purseproud, and his daily life was on the whole a praiseworthy one.

But there are many gradations between a mind superior, refined, elevated; and one of ordinary capacity, satisfied with poor pasturage, and confined within a narrow range. Mr. Schofield read his newspaper, and fancied he cared about many things which really no more interested him, no more moved him nor touched him, than if they had been written in an unknown language. He read his paper because other men read theirs. As he went to business every morning he took his 'Daily Post' with him into the railway carriage as a matter of course; then he opened it, scanned it, and folded it hither and thither, making a remark to his opposite neighbour during the process, as a part of his day's work; but we may safely affirm that from the moment in which it was laid aside, (he generally left it behind in the carriage,) till the following morning when its successor was taken up, no single thought of anything contained therein, with the exception of the market reports, ever crossed our merchant's brain.

Thus it will be seen that he was not what might be called an intellectual man.

On the other hand, Mr. Schofield had his opinions, and **VOL. XVII.** NO. XCVII.

they were opinions which did him credit. His views of his duty towards God and his neighbour were clear and defined, and, we may add, were carried out in a manner that might have shamed many a more pretentious Christian. He worshipped devoutly and gave liberally, and he lived a quiet, blameless life.

Now we come to his receiving Colonel Lavenham's letter.

That letter came to Mr. Joseph Schofield, as the recollection of himself came to its writer, at a most opportune moment. He had just finished building and decorating the handsome and luxurious residence which Monica's cruel tongue now termed 'a mere villa.' He had planted the grounds and gardens, stocked the vineries, laid on the hot-water apparatus; he had arranged the stables, seen to it that every horse had a loose box; purchased a few new vehicles, enlarged and readjusted the whole establishment, within and without, and was caught, as it were, in the very act of wondering what there could possibly remain to do which he had left undone?

It was dull to be doing nothing. He had been living in a round of small excitements which had given a zest to every day of the week; every evening, when he had come back from his work, there had been something to be seen to and decided upon; and on Sundays, when no workmen were about, and no orders were being awaited, he had found a quiet and intense satisfaction in strolling from place to place, and examining in each particular department all that had been effected since he had last thus strolled.

But at length a point had been reached where it had seemed there remained absolutely nothing which could be improved, or altered; and he had had one long, lonely evening in which to digest the unpalatable truth. He had felt as if he never could be so busily employed, nor so well amused again.

The next morning's post had brought Colonel Lavenham's letter; a letter which had been penned with considerable skill and adroitness; a diplomatic, wily epistle, wherein the beauty, talent, and amiable qualities of 'our and your charming nieces' had been no less dwelt upon, than had the forlorn condition and dependent circumstances of the orphans.

Colonel Lavenham had lamented in feeling terms his utter inability to do for the girls what he would 'so gladly, so readily have done;' he had bemoaned the hard necessity which had compelled his dear invalid wife and himself to recognise that a parting was inevitable;—but he had also contrived to insinuate

in pretty round terms—although not offensive ones—that his brother's children were equally related to Mr. Schofield as to himself, and that he had, if anything, rather stepped out of his way than otherwise to make a home for their 'mutual nieces' hitherto.

'Mutual nieces' might not be good English, but it went straight to the 'mutual uncle's' heart. Mr. Schofield fancied that he had received a manly, straightforward letter—one in which there had been no patronising tone of superiority—one in which a nobleman's son, a colonel in the Life Guards, a swell in every way, had treated him as an equal and as a relation, and he was pleased accordingly.

He was very much pleased. It seemed to him all very fair and right.

It was perfectly true that Charles Lavenham's brother had so far been a father to Charles and Mary's children; and that being a married man, though not a family man, he had undoubtedly been the proper guardian and foster-parent hitherto.

That he had himself never been asked to take any charge of the orphans—nay, that he had never so much as once set eyes upon them, was nothing. He had not wanted to see them; he had not thought about them. He had supposed they were all right; indeed he had known that they were being properly cared for; but as he had never once met his sister during the few years which had intervened between her marriage and her death, he had in his quiet way taken it for granted that she had, asit were, become a naturalised Lavenham, and no more a Schofield.

Without resenting this, its effect had been to free our elderly bachelor from any further interest or responsibility as regarded his unknown relatives. He had his own friends, his own surroundings, his own regular and congenial mode of life; and if any thought of his aristocratic connections, denizens of another sphere; ever crossed his mind, it was to be well content that they should be in existence, but to be equally resigned to their entire abstention from any personal intercourse with himself.

Now, however, he experienced a new and sudden revulsion of feeling.

Heyday! What was about to happen now? What would people say of him now? Here was he going to have two fine nieces, two young women of fashion, come down to keep house for him, and do the honours of his new mansion! It would be said that he had known beforehand for whom he was preparing draws

ing-rooms and dressing-rooms, and that he had meant all along that Mr. Schofield's relations should cut a dash second to none in the neighbourhood. Curiously enough, almost his first recognised thought was a swift recollection upon a matter which had hitherto hung in the balance: he now decided, in the twinkling of an eye, to have a nice open barouche, instead of the usual waggonette then in vogue for country use.

Just so: a barouche, of course, would be the only carriage suitable for the young ladies his nieces, when they should desire to make calls and drive about the surrounding neighbourhood.

Before the letter had been answered, before he had finished the last sip of his coffee, he had in his mind's eye seen himself handing up with his own hands the beautiful Miss Lavenhams to their seats in an exquisitely appointed, well-swung equipage; giving the order to the coachman, and waving farewells to them as they rolled off down the drive. He had seen them returning full of news and gaiety; beheld the two elegant figures, choicely arrayed (he liked to see well-dressed women), trip downstairs subsequently to receive his guests; later on, adorn his well-covered table; flavour every course with their bright, amusing vivacity; take the lead in conversation; a little overawe the homelier folk around—why not? why not?—and, in short, be the credit of the family and the sunshine of the home.

In return for which nothing old Joe Schofield could do should be wanting.

No wonder Colonel Lavenham found his so-called 'brother-in-law's' letter all that was handsome and satisfactory; voted the old boy a trump; and signed himself 'brother-in-law' in return, when inditing a joyful acceptance on the part of the girls.

'It is a piece of luck you may never have again,' he informed them, when concluding a peroration on rich merchants, bachelor hosts, and kind relations. 'Whatever you do, you, Monica, and you, Bell—whatever you do,' with a solemnity and impressiveness such as he had seldom, if ever, before manifested, 'don't throw it away.'

The two who listened had been accustomed to look up to the speaker. He was wise in the only wisdom they knew anything about. They perceived him to be successful in the only world for which they had any regard. It was natural that they should now accept his dictum, see with his eyes, and do as they were bid.

And then it was the month of July, and, though the season was not over, it was drawing towards a close. Colonel Lavenham

assured the two that they would do well to quit the scene, without lingering to the last, even though they might be invited to do so by one or another, after the house in Lowndes Square should be given up. He had protested that they were going to a lovely country home—he knew Lancashire well, had shot there, by Jove! when a young man; remarkably fine country it was, and they would have every luxury, and a capital old boy of an uncle to do what they pleased with. It would be odds but they got old Joseph to take a house in Belgravia next season, if they played their cards well; and who could say but he himself and their Aunt Fanny mightn't be in town, too, some time in May or June, if their aunt were well enough to run over for a month or so, and if neither of them was married before that time—ha! ha!—and so he had rattled on, until insensibly all the party were more cheerful than they had been for some time previously.

The parting had been got over with equal ease: with hilarious prognostications on the one part, and arch rejoinders on the other; and, finally, Monica and Isabel had found themselves off on their northern journey, surcharged with all the curiosity and joyous anticipation which their well-satisfied relative could contrive to insert into their bosoms—emotions which, alas! only lasted until they had turned in at the carriage gates of Flodden Hall, and which fell to the ground with a clash when Monica, standing up in the midst of Mr. Schofield's splendid receptionroom, gave utterance to that one terribly significant 'Well!' wherewith our story opens.

CHAPTER II.

TWO EVES IN ONE PARADISE.

Without the smile from partial beauty won, Oh, what were man? A world without a sun.—CAMPBELL.

Being a man of method, Mr. Schofield did not return from business any earlier than usual on the all-important day which was to see his bachelor household invaded by two prospective female sovereigns; but he walked up from the station with a quicker step, and shut the entrance gate behind him with a sharper click, because of something very like a flutter within his breast; and he looked quickly round, with an eye that took in everything,

and was aware whether every direction had been carried out on the instant, as he approached the house.

Nothing was out of gear. The drive had been swept till the smallest twig had disappeared; the velvet lawn had been freshly mown, and every edge of every flower-bed neatly clipped; the flower-beds themselves were a blaze of bloom, and around and within the entrance porch brilliant exotics made the whole warm air heavy with fragrance.

'It's a Paradise,' murmured Joseph Schofield to himself, as he drew a sigh of satisfaction. 'A perfect Paradise! They can have seen nothing of the kind to beat this, I take it. . . And they fresh from London houses and streets, too! Poor girls! I wonder—ahem!' and he stopped short, and looked wistfully at the door-bell.

It was a heavy, wrought-iron, hanging bell, massive and handsome, in keeping with all the rest; and its owner knew that it would raise a loud, solemn note of warning which none could mistake, were he to pull the handle. Should he do so, and desire to be conducted into the ladies' presence? On the other hand, he did not feel quite, absolutely sure that the ladies had arrived. The very lightest of light wheel-marks had undoubtedly been left upon the drive, but those would have been there in any case, as the carriage which had been sent to meet the travellers would have had to pass the front door, empty or full, on its return to the stables. Had they come? he wondered.

Then he turned, and took a peep into the large, square, turkey-carpeted hall within, and there he saw what settled the question. He saw a lady's pretty little reticule, which had been dropped on one of the tables, and forgotten. All other signs of luggage, wraps, travelling bags, and the usual paraphernalia, had disappeared. But the little Russia-leather reticule was enough.

As our merchant's glance fell upon it, the colour mantled faintly to his cheek. He had not known before that he was a shy man; he was not supposed to be a shy man; he could go out to dinner, and offer his arm to madam or miss without any feeling of embarrassment; and he could entertain again with equal complacency; but—but—well, he supposed he was just a little nervous on this occasion. Meeting ordinary ladies in an ordinary way, where there was no need to trouble oneself as to what to say to them, and no reason for minding whether one pleased them or not, was not altogether the same thing as having to welcome

to your roof two unknown female relatives, reputed beauties, and women of fashion.

Of course he should not think of saluting his nieces—he blushed up to the very ears at the idea of such a thing—but should he, or should he not, make them a little speech of hospitality? Also, what about calling them by their names? And if they should begin to thank him—oh, how he hoped they would not begin to thank him—but what then, must he respond? To say, 'My dears, all mine is yours,' might possibly convey an intention which, whatever time might bring forth, was not as yet matured. To say——. The door at the far end of the hall opened, and the tall figure of Monica Lavenham appeared on the threshold.

Tired of sitting still in the, to her, dull, uninteresting apartment, she had just announced to her sister her intention of exploring the outer domain, and, as she termed it, 'learning the worst,' when the projected campaign was suddenly nipped in the bud by the apparition of her new uncle, halting, irresolute, within his own doorway.

For him it was a moment of relief. We have said that he was not a vulgar man; his air was perfectly free from self-importance and his manner from ostentation. Obliged now to step forward and greet his visitors, he underwent the ordeal with a simplicity and frankness which produced an immediate impression. 'Uncle Lavenham was right about our relation himself,' reflected Monica, who, it may be remarked, usually thought for both. 'The rest may be, and is a fraud—a vile, premeditated fraud—but Uncle Schofield is the right sort of Uncle Schofield. I should not wonder if something might be made of him, after all!'

'And he certainly will leave us all his money,' cogitated Bell, on whom this part of Colonel Lavenham's oracular wisdom had made a profound impression.

'We were just beginning to wonder when we were to see you, Uncle Schofield,' began the more talkative niece in sprightly accents; 'we have been here an hour, and everyone has been so kind to us. We have had tea; and we were thinking of taking a stroll in the lovely garden. May we go into the garden?'

She could not have suggested anything he would have liked better. What a charming girl! What a pleasant winning manner! What a sweet voice! Her sister, too, standing smiling by (they had early been taught to smile, poor things!) he scarcely knew which he liked the most.

As for their beauty, truth compels us to state that at the first blush Mr. Schofield did not think quite so much of his nieces' beauty as he had expected to do. In his quiet way he was somewhat of an authority; and having read novels (yes, reader, novels; start not, for there is no greater novel-reader than your sober British merchant), Mr. Joseph Schofield, having, as we say, regularly read his novel every evening after dinner, for the past thirty years or so, had been prepared for something very magnificent indeed.

He had had a notion that he should have his breath taken away by a vision,—the first sight of a novelist's heroine is always a 'vision'—a dazzling mist of golden locks, sunny eyes, damask cheeks, and the like. Instead of which, the youthful travellers, who were somewhat fatigued after a hot, dusty journey, considerably disturbed in mind, put out, let down, and flat altogether, looked merely a couple of elegant young women, with oval or rather pear-shaped faces, correct features, and small heads finely poised upon their shoulders.

Monica had taken off her hat, and he could see that she had waves of ruddy-brown hair, and when he came to think of it afterwards, he could call to mind a pair of dark eyes under straight-barred eyebrows,—but on the first meeting there had been a momentary disappointment.

With their soft, confiding address, however, and with their first request and proposition, he had no fault to find.

'If you are not too tired,' he responded delightedly; 'I am sure I—but just wait till I get the keys, for it is nearly six o'clock, and the houses may be locked for the night.'

'Pray take no trouble for us,' but before the sisters could proceed further, their host had vanished.

The smile on their faces changed its character. 'What an oddity!' murmured Bell.

'Not a bad oddity,' murmured her sister back.

'I wish we could have gone alone.'

'I don't; I think he is likely to prove as good ground for exploration as his "houses." I shall shirk those houses; at least, unless the grapes are ripe, but I am afraid it is rather early for grapes.' Mr. Schofield was seen approaching. 'Is it not rather early for grapes, Uncle Schofield?' inquired Monica, cheerfully. She was an adept at thus dovetailing her asides into open conversation.

'The houses are only a year old,' replied he, 'so we must not expect too much. But I believe they are doing well.'

'I thought they looked new,' proceeded the same speaker, taking as it were, naturally, the principal part in the conversation, 'the house and stables, and everything is new, is it not?' How she did it let others say, but even in the simple query there was an inflection of interest and appreciation which was not lost upon her auditor.

'Everything, everything,' rejoined he, promptly. 'A friend had built a house I fancied, so I sent to him for the name of his architect. Then I just handed it all over to the same fellow—for I know nothing about such matters—and it was done as you see it. The stables, you see, are in the same style; and the lodges, and that little cottage down there; there is a nice old body living down there, who remembers your mother; perhaps you will go and see her sometimes—she would take it kind of you; and here, you see, is the paddock for the horses; and beyond it, is the meadow for the cows. Those are the piggeries down there—we raise prize pigs; it is a kind of hobby of mine. And that high wire fencing is for the poultry yard—we have a few prize hens, too—it is not much of a farm, not much, only a bit,—but it is amusing in its way; the out-door servants and dairymaids have their quarters here; and that is the head-gardener's little girl in the red frock, down by the brook.'

Had the two whom Mr. Schofield was conducting round his premises been ordinary visitors none of the above would have been forthcoming. To him his horses, cows, pigs, and poultry were an occupation and a pleasure; but he had none of the egotistical delight in details respecting them, which might have been inferred from so long a speech. He simply told his nieces all that there was to tell, because they were his nieces; because his home was to be their home; because it was his part to instruct and theirs to learn.

Nor were his listeners sufficiently wanting in acuteness to be misled.

('He is all right, as I said he was,' nodded Monica to herself.
'Quite a dear; so earnest about his piggeries and his henneries; and the place is a little, a very little, better than I thought it was. I had no idea it opened out at the back, as it does. There is certainly more land than at first appeared; and those are fine woods overhanging the meadow; and, thank goodness! there is a meadow. It will be some sort of outlet; some means of escape. I spy a shady lane, too; and the brook is really very pretty, winding about down in the hollow below. We must have some seats made.) 'Uncle Schofield,' aloud, 'what a charming bank this is! You have some

seats up and down, I daresay. Do you often bring out your book and read here, under the trees?'

'Not much time for reading in the daytime, my—my dear,' replied her uncle. 'I seldom get home before six o'clock, sometimes later; except on Saturday afternoons, and then I generally take a ride.'

'Oh, you ride? Are you fond of horses? Have you riding horses?' but here the young lady checked herself; she was conscious of an eagerness that betrayed what was passing within her bosom, and was not quite certain whether or not such betrayal were wise. Her other uncle, hers and Bell's mentor hitherto, had never failed to warn their youthful indiscretions against hasty exposure of the real feeling of the moment.

But it appeared that the new uncle saw nothing amiss.

'You and your sister shall have horses of your own,' he said simply; 'you shall choose them for yourselves; and if you will allow me to escort you on horseback upon Saturdays, it will be a pleasant change from the lonely afternoon rides I have had till now!'

'How kind you are!' Even the quieter Bell burst forth into sudden animation, for the pair were noted horsewomen, and their horses had not always hitherto been such as did them justice.

Colonel Lavenham had chosen to let his charges be seen in the Row, and to take them thither himself on most days, but he had mounted them shabbily, grudging the price of good hacks, and aware that, although fine horsemanship could not be displayed on sorry beasts, fine figures and graceful carriage could be as well exhibited on the back of a screw as on that of a thoroughbred. He had expected Isabel and Monica to amble slowly up and down—even occasionally to keep to a walk during the whole time they were out; while at times he would stand and stand by the railings, talking to one friend after another, making an excuse for keeping stationary, till he often had Bell at peevishness and Monica at indignation point.

It was only when the sisters had been visiting at other houses, houses where there were good studs and accommodating hosts, that they had known the real joys of horsemanship, and that their own skill had been rated as it had deserved. Colonel Lavenham, in discoursing upon the advantages of Flodden Hall as a residence, would infallibly have included its stables and their occupants in his résumé had he entertained the idea for a moment that Mr. Schofield would keep riding horses. About carriages he had had little doubt; but a vague, though of course erroneous,

impression that mercantile men were never either hunting men nor riding men had kept him quiet on the other head; since he had judged, and rightly, that if his nieces had been once fired with an idea which was destined to be baulked at the outset, it would set them against all the rest. N.B.—The reader will here please to take note that we are writing of twenty years ago, when much less was known in the fashionable world of the mercantile world than is now the case. Colonel Lavenham's ignorance may therefore be pardoned.

He knew what it meant when Monica was 'set against' anything, and he wished the Schofield scheme to have a fair start.

The present surprise was therefore all the more agreeable. Bell, who had hung languidly back hitherto, now pressed forward; while the half-ironical attention of her sister was exchanged for genuine and very lively interest. In a trice both showed that they knew what they were talking about. Mr. Schofield, who was not learned in stable lore, but who liked to have everything about him good of its kind, was secretly astonished, and a little taken aback, at finding himself interrogated briskly on points as to which he knew very nearly nothing, and being in turn made the recipient of information he had so far only received from his coachman or his grooms.

One thing was clear, however: his fair guests were mightily pleased; there was no mistaking the increased flow of language and alertness of movement which testified to his having made a point with them; and a visit to the stables, and inspection of the occupants already in possession, obviously deepened the good impression made.

'I noticed what a beautiful pair brought us up from the station, Uncle Schofield,' observed Monica joyously. 'They did not seem as if they had over much work to do either, for they flew along, and in at the gate, before Bell and I had time to rub our eyes, and wonder where we were. Did the same horses go again for you?'

'I walked up. If I drive, I generally have the dog-cart. But I walk most days,' continued Mr. Schofield, feeling every minute more and more at his ease. 'The carriage will be for you and your sister. As soon as I knew you were coming, I ordered the one in which you drove up. If there is anything wrong about it you must let me know; but I went to our best coach-builder,' naming a well-known firm, 'and he assured me that this was a ladies' carriage.'

'It is the most perfect carriage. Why, Uncle Schofield, how wonderfully kind you are to us!' And Monica Lavenham experienced again a little twinge at her heart as she spoke. She had, it is true, observed to her sister as the two bowled along that, taken all together, horses and equipage formed a fair turnout; but all satisfaction on that head had been swallowed up in the wrath which had followed, consequent on the discovery that the fair turn-out belonged to 'a mere villa.' She was now a very little ashamed of herself.

Isabel, however, for once came to the rescue. The prospect of having a riding horse of her own, a really pretty, smart horse, one which should carry suitably her really pretty, smart person, had sent an unwonted glow of exhilaration through Bell's veins. She now took up the thread of conversation.

- 'Have you any grass lanes about, Uncle Schofield?'
- 'Second to none in that respect, my dear. The grass paths of Lancashire and Cheshire are not to be equalled all over England. The whole of either county is intersected by them, and you could ride for weeks and weeks and never need to take the same route; nor to come back the way you set out.'
 - 'Delightful. Do you hunt?'
- · 'I do not. I am not a good enough horseman; besides which, I have not the time,' said Mr. Schofield in his quiet, truthful voice. Then he paused, and continued in somewhat hesitating accents, 'Unless you and your sister particularly wish to ride to hounds, I should prefer—but of course you are your own mistresses,—'
- 'But we should never think of doing anything to vex you,' said Monica promptly. 'And——'
 - 'And we can't hunt, and don't like it,' added Bell.
- 'Even if we could,' rejoined her sister with an internal frown, 'we should give it up, if Uncle Schofield wished it, Bell; and as it is, I think your grass paths and shady lanes are all that either of us could desire.'
- 'How soon are you likely to hear of horses for us?' was Isabel's next, breathed in the soft, cooing tones which covered many an impertinence. 'The weather is so very fine just now.'
- 'Oh, I can see about them directly, my dear!' replied her uncle, to whom it occurred no more than to the speaker that it would have been in better taste to have let such a question alone. 'I shall be only too glad to see about them to-morrow. How shall we arrange it? Will you have one or two out here for

you yourselves to inspect? Or will you come in to town with me?'

'Town?' murmured Isabel, with open eyes. For her there was but one 'Town.'

'I go in rather early,' proceeded Mr. Schofield, mistaking her surprise; 'but if you should prefer waiting for a later train, Rushton—that's my man—could put you in, and I would meet you at the other end. It is only a matter of three-quarters of an hour; it might be less, but only slow trains stop at this station; but, perhaps, as you are just off a long journey, you would rather rest yourselves for a few days, and go up at the end of the week?'

This, however, was not to be thought of. They made light of the journey, the fatigue, and the need for repose, in a single breath; were so obviously eager and sparkling about the proposed expedition, and so ready to agree to everything—except postponement or abandonment—that the plan was shaped and fixed before Mr. Schofield recollected that a strong and important argument on the other hand had escaped his memory when he proposed it.

'Dear me, I had forgotten that,' he murmured half aloud.

'Anything particular?' inquired Monica Lavenham, gaily.
'Bell and I will hardly forgive you now, Uncle Schofield, if you have got any tiresome, troublesome business, which is to keep you from carrying out this delightful expedition.'

'Oh, it is none of my business, my dear.'

'Ha! ha! You should have said "none of your business, my dear," laughed the lady merrily; 'but seriously, is there anything——?' and she paused.

'It is my cousin, Mrs. George Schofield,' he said; and all three suddenly looked at each other.

'Oh, Mrs. George Schofield,' said Monica, prudently omitting any sort of expression from her tone. 'I have heard of her, and of our other cousins—there are cousins, are there not? But I did not know they lived in this neighbourhood. Where do they live exactly?'

This was perhaps as near the truth as could be expected from a pupil of Colonel Lavenham's, who had been warned many times over on the subject of the 'Widow Schofield and her brood,' and who was in reality much better informed on the subject, owing to his investigations, than she now pretended to be.

'Not very far off. Some four or five miles, so they are hardly in the neighbourhood,' replied her uncle. 'In a thickly populated county like this, a mile makes all the difference in the world. I

dare say there are twenty or thirty houses nearer than Mrs. George Schofield's.'

'Good gracious!' It was Isabel from whom the exclamation proceeded. Monica's lips parted, but she uttered no sound.

- 'Yes, indeed,' continued Mr. Schofield, more cheerfully, 'you will not want for society. See here, follow my finger, there are one, two, three, four, five—we can see the roofs of five houses from this little rising; and that is nothing, absolutely nothing, to the numbers that are hidden away. Fine places, too. Mr. David McWhinnock has just built himself a perfect palace; and Mr. Robert Mackinlay another, very little behind it. both of them; the half of us are Scotchmen in this neighbourhood. And there's a very pretty spot close to my own lodge. gates—you would see it as you turned in, for the gates face ours that belongs to a nice young couple who have only been married a twelvemonth; and beyond them there is a fine, red sandstone building—the same sandstone as this—that is the property of an old maiden lady, whom I have known ever since I was a boy; oh, and there are dozens of others; but you will get to know them all in time—all in time.'
- 'But about Mrs. George Schofield, uncle?' It was Monica this time.
- 'Yes, my dear, yes; what did you want to know about Mrs.-George Schofield?'
- 'I want to know what she is like, and why you appeared to recollect her with something of a start just now,' said Monica boldly. 'That is, of course, if you do not mind telling us,' she added, good breeding tripping up the heels of curiosity.
- 'Not at all—not at all,' replied Mr. Schofield. 'Oh, no, it, was only that, having said she would call upon you and your sister to-morrow, she might consider that you ought to stop at home for her.'
- 'Of course, my dear uncle, if you wish us to do so,——'Monica paused.
 - 'You do not think it necessary, eh?'
- 'If you ask me, no; not in the very least; not in the very slightest,' replied Miss Lavenham, colour and emphasis alike rising. 'Oh, dear me, no! It is never done. Mrs. George Schofield would never expect it. She should not have said she was coming; it was a mistake on her part. Nobody ought to say they are coming, unless they are asked to come; nobody ever does say it, Uncle Schofield?' Another pause, decidedly suggestive.

Uncle Schofield's eyes were twinkling.

'Well, my dear?'

- 'Just fancy what a dreadful thing it would be if one had to stay in the house every time that an acquaintance chose to say it was her intention to call! Would it not be perfect tyranny?'
- 'My dear,' replied her uncle, prudently waiving the question, 'you know about such matters better than I do, or,' his eyes twinkled again, 'better than Mrs. George Schofield does, I suspect. You will do what is proper, I am sure. Mrs. George Schofield is a relation——'
 - 'A cousin, is she not?'
 - 'Her husband was your mother's first cousin.'
- 'We don't think much of that now-a-days,' said Monica lightly.
 'We have no nearer relations, have we?'
 - 'None—except myself.'
- 'I am glad of that,' observed a soft voice on his other side. 'We don't particularly care about being too much related, Uncle Schofield.'

A quick glance from Monica. Internally she was wondering, 'Now has that poor thing put her foot in it or not?'

Apparently not. Mr. Schofield was regarding the 'poor thing' quite benignly, almost appreciatively, as if both ready and willing to second the sentiment.

- 'Just so, my dear. One can have too many relations,' he said. But '—as with an internal amendment on the part of conscience, —'Mrs. George Schofield is an excellent woman: I have not a word to say against Mrs. George Schofield. And to be sure Daisy is a pretty creature.'
 - 'Daisy must be the daughter?'
- 'Oh, there are more daughters than one, though Daisy is the eldest. There are Minnie, and Lottie, and Tottie, besides. But Daisy is your own age, and she is a nice girl enough.'
 - 'Are there any sons?'
- 'Oh, there are sons. There is George; he is a fine young man, in the business now. His father died, you may remember, a few years ago——'
 - 'Yes?'

Monica could always say 'Yes' appropriately.

- 'When he died it was understood that George should have the partnership.'
 - 'Then I suppose he goes in and out with you every day?'
- 'Well, no-no; hardly that. It would not do for the young men to take it quite so easy as we elder ones do. George goes in an hour

earlier, and comes out an hour or so later—not that he is at home so very much later, however; for there are quick trains out to his station, and we have none but slow ones down here, this being a quiet little spot, as you see—but he is later in starting. The other boys are still at school,' continued Mr. Schofield. 'There are two or three of them; and the mother is, as I say, an excellent woman, and does her duty by them all. But if you do not choose to see very much of her, or of them, why, you needn't, that's all. Their place is about five miles off, and they are not often my way. If you do not think it necessary to stop at home for Mrs. George Schofield's call, why, please yourselves. You can see her in her own house any day you care to drive over. There is the gong, young ladies, and that means half-an-hour till dinner-time;' and he turned towards the house.

'We dine at seven then, I suppose,' said Monica, pleasantly. No one would have supposed from her tone that she had ever dined at any other hour.

CHAPTER III.

'TO THINK OF US HERE!'

When first in life's young spring,
Like the gay bee-bird on delighted wing,
She'd stooped to cull the honey from each flower
That bares its breast in joy's luxuriant hour.—WATTS.

DINNER passed agreeably enough; and as soon as it was over our youthful beauties retired to the drawing-room, leaving their uncle to his wine and his reflections.

Monica threw herself back in a broad arm-chair, and laughed aloud. Isabel more soberly smiled, as she sank down upon a couch, arranged a cushion for a support, and put her hand to her brow. 'It is funny,' she said, however.

'Funny! It is the most extraordinary, incredible, inconceivable, outrageous, anomalous state of things imaginable. To think of us, here! Us, here! varying the emphasis with each repetition. 'To think of you and me in this house! Accepted, adopted, posted up in all details, presented with the freedom of the estate, with riding-horses of our own,—'

- 'Ah!' ejaculated Bell.

'That fetched you, I could see, Oh yes, and I glowed and

gushed also. But, seriously, there is something in the whole position so irresistibly comic, so absolutely incongruous, that I am half inclined to believe we are the victims of a first-rate practical jest, and that we shall wake up at any moment, to laugh at ourselves for being so taken in by it.'

'I suppose we ought really to consider that we are very well off,' observed Bell, sententiously. 'You know Uncle Lavenham said so. If he approved of our coming, and thought it a good thing for us, it must be all right.'

'I am not quite so sure about that.'

'What do you mean? He would never have allowed us to come to any low place——'

'Oh, "low place," no! And who called this a "low place"? But I will tell you one of my discoveries, Bell—which is that Uncle Schofield knows just about as much of Uncle Lavenham's way of life as Uncle Lavenham does of Uncle Schofield's. See that?'

'You mean that Uncle Lavenham did not know what we were coming to?'

'He did not know, and he did not care.'

'Oh, Monica!'

'You never supposed he did care?'

'I am very fond of Uncle Lavenham,' murmured Bell, plaintively. 'It seemed a great pity that he should have to go abroad as well as Aunt Fanny. We could have stayed on very well with him in Lowndes Square till the season was over; and then have joined her, wherever she was at the time. We——'

'He did not want us,' said Monica, bluntly.

'I dare say it was very natural,' proceeded she, after a pause. 'I believe in his being ill, because I have noticed that several times of late he has refused invitations which he would really have liked to accept. He did not go to that dinner to the Duke of Cambridge, and he has not been once in his old place on Lord Harbery's drag; wherefore I am a believer in Uncle Lavenham from ocular demonstration—the only demonstration that would have made me one; and, that being the case, I forgive him. But I will tell you now, my dear sister, what I did not dare confide to you before, in case you might in a guileless moment let slip a suspicion of it: Uncle Lavenham was simply determined to be rid of us.'

Her sister's cheek flushed.

'It was a shame,' continued Monica, coolly; 'but I have got VOL. XVII. NO. XCVII.

over it, and luckily you did not perceive it for yourself. I knew it would vex you, poor dear,'—in a softened tone,—'and I saw no need for vexing you. I only tell you now, because—well, because it may make you happier in this new home than you might otherwise have been.'

'Oh, I dare say I shall be happy enough!' said Bell, disconsolately.

'It is at any rate better than knocking about the world without any home at all,' suggested her sister, with the shrewdness born of an early sense of dependence. 'I have always felt that Uncle Lavenham and Aunt Fanny meant us to consider Lowndes Square only as a sort of *pied-à-terre* till something else turned up. Till we married, I suppose, is the plain English of it; and it was assumed, moreover, that we were to be pretty quick about that.'

Isabel sat still and made no rejoinder.

'You do not see the oddity of it as I do?' proceeded the speaker.

'It is very odd.'

'But you see how kind this new uncle is. And he is not disagreeable, and not familiar. He has really a nice manner. I think we shall be able to manage him very well.'

'The horses, Monica. I never expected to have horses of our own. Uncle Lavenham never gave us horses—except hired ones.'

'Uncle Lavenham never gave us a good many things that I This grand piano. foresee we shall have from Uncle Schofield. for instance. Its tone is perfect; and Aunt Fanny's had grown so old, and was so badly looked after, that it was always out of tune. It will be something to have such a piano to sing to again. Then, though this room is dreadful, the dining-room is not half bad, and the dinner was exceedingly good. What fruit there was for dessert! I wonder if we shall have strawberries and peaches like those every night. And our own rooms, Bell, my dear, are very, very much handsomer than any rooms you and I ever had for our own before. Josephine is in high glee, I can see. The little wretch is as luxurious in her tastes as if she were a duchess; and she was always hinting that her bedroom in London was too small and too dark. Now she has been given a room close to ours, on the other side of yours-did you know that? Well, I shall not say anything to Uncle Schofield, of course, but I let Josephine see that I thought it rather ridiculous. She says the baths are all of marble, and that there is hot water in every corner of the house! I like that. Oh, and another thing-I knew I had something to tell you, but you would keep her so long over your hair that I could not have it out before dinner—you should have seen the meeting between her and Uncle Schofield on the stairs. Evidently, at first sight, he was at a loss to imagine who and what such an apparition could be. He had forgotten about our maid, no doubt. So then he shuffled into a corner, and stood back for her to pass. She would not pass. So then he made a gallant bow, and stepped forward. So then she dropped a pretty curtsey, and tripped after. Then he addressed her in English. Then she replied in gibberish. This he mistook for French. This——'

The door opened, and coffee appeared.

'This is quite the newest rose of the season,' drawled Miss Monica, completing her supposed sentence, by drawing a fragrant blossom towards her.

Meantime Mr. Schofield was enjoying his glass of port to his heart's content. He had surmounted the ordeal of receiving his nieces; he had gone through the list of his possessions for their benefit; he had eaten his dinner with them; held open the door for them, and seen them depart; and he now had a clear hour before him wherein to chew the cud of all the new and pleasurable sensations gone through within the last few hours.

At all times to sit thus for a while within his pleasant, quiet dining-room at that hour was agreeable. It was to him, as to his nieces, a far preferable apartment to the duller, more pretentious bay-windowed apartment on the other side of the house; it faced the west, and the glories of sunset, and the meadows and woodlands beyond; so that altogether it was a sunny, calm abode, and never more inviting than when, as now, the genial rays played upon the bare, polished, fine old mahogany table, covered with its picturesque débris of fruits, flowers, and glasses.

On this particular July evening the air was balmy, while the heat of the day was over. The birds had begun to twitter and sing again in the cooler atmosphere; through the open windows came the odour of mignonette, heliotrope, and other sweet-scented blossoms; while bees and gnats hummed up and down on the panes, and a butterfly now and again drifted in, on its way past. Not a disturbing sound fell upon the ear; not a vexing sight marred the peaceful outlook.

Mr. Schofield, leisurely reposing in an arm-chair of the finest leather, stretching out his limbs over a carpet of the softest pile, and sipping slow sips of the vintage he best loved, was a very enviable man at a very enviable moment. Hitherto his life, although, as we have said, an estimable, benevolent, and blameless one—nay, one which was deserving both of respect and imitation—had not been without its want as regarded himself. He had done all that in him lay for others; he had found reward in the happiness of many who had owed their happiness to him; and while remembering the poor, he had not been unmindful of the rich. He was not only a worthy, he was a popular personage, and was conscious of the good-will of neighbours and friends, as well as of the blessings of the humble.

But—and it was not only when the 'but' had been supplied that he had felt its existence—but he had been lonely. He was a man who liked cheerful, domestic home-life; an inquisitive man; a man inclined to be interested in neighbourly concerns, excited over family events; a man who would trudge over every storey of a friend's house, and who would not be satisfied without inspecting every niche in a friend's garden; a man who liked to be told things, and to know about things; a man who was always pleased to be invited to a festivity, and who liked nothing better than to give a festivity of his own in return—a man, in short, who ought to have been married, and never had been married, and was never now likely to marry.

If there had at any time been the slightest chance of the latter contingency, the arrangement suggested by Colonel Lavenham had given the idea its death-blow. One woman in the house might have been good, but two were infinitely better; one might have been a necessity, but two meant luxury; one might have been a trouble, but two could amuse themselves; one might have put him out of his way, but two would have a way of their own. In every way two had it.

And then, Mr. Schofield had very much amended his first verdict on his nieces' looks by this time. He had blinked his eyes, and almost blushed—it was a trick he had—when the two had come downstairs attired in evening dress, their round, white shoulders and long, tapering arms shown to advantage by black frocks (relics of a bygone mourning, and voted the thing for home evenings at Flodden Hall)—with their beautiful hair re-arranged by Josephine's deft fingers; with colour in their cheeks, and light in their eyes.

He had perceived that he had done injustice to their charms: that Isabel was grace itself—soft, caressing, undulating grace; while Monica—he had drawn a long breath as he surveyed

Monica. There was a brilliancy, a power, a pride about Monica, the like of which he had never beheld before. Colonel Lavenham had justly estimated the effect the young London beauty would produce when once seen and once owned by her new relation. It might suit a disappointed man in a peevish moment to term his nieces merely pretty; he knew better; merely pretty girls would never have been produced by him, and vaunted by him, as his brother's orphans had been.

'Let the old fellow once see them, and they are all right,' he had confided to his wife in the interim between despatching the letter which had acted as a 'feeler' and the reception of its rejoinder. 'Let him but cast his eyes upon Monica, and she will make way for them both.'

Nevertheless, it was not, as we have said, until the young ladies had descended, refreshed and re-habilitated, that the desired impression had been fully accomplished.

'Upon my word, I did them but scant justice before,' Mr. Schofield had reflected. 'I did not take into account dust, and weariness, and heat—and perhaps a little feeling about coming to a new home, and meeting a new relation. I was a little let down, and that was the truth. I thought Londoners must have a different standard of looks from what we North-country folks have. Pale faces and puling figures might suit them, I fancied. that colonel of theirs knew what he was talking about,'-a leisurely sip of the ruby liquid,—'that he did,'—setting down the 'Two finer creatures—but Monica is the one! There's a beauty for you! An eye like a wild deer. And she looks—looks -looks,-I wonder,' suddenly, 'what she finds to look at? There is nothing in me to look at. She is taking in everything, though, that girl is. She is no fool. No, nor is the other either; though she is a quieter lassie. I fancy Monica takes the lead.' Then his thoughts fell into another groove. 'They will look a bonny pair on horseback, I'll warrant 'em. I must get them a couple of bays, as good a match as possible, and we'll show the folks about how to do the thing. I had no notion they would ride. bred misses, I thought, would care for nothing but sitting up in an open carriage, or trundling along in a pony-cart. A ponycart, eh? There's another thing I had forgotten. They will want a pony-cart, or some such little light article, to run about the Let me see; there's the single brougham, and the double brougham, and the dogcart, and the barouche, and-and that's all. They are few enough for young ladies of position. If

they fancy a pony-cart, a pony-cart they shall have. Hey, Mrs. George Schofield, I wonder what you will say to it all? I should like to see your face when you come to hear of these doings. Lord! she will think I have gone mad. I shall have some one to pit against her and her George, and all the rest of 'em, now. If Colonel Lavenham's nieces can't hold their own with Daisy Schofield, give me leave never to have another opinion on the subject, that's all.'

It is now time that the Mrs. George Schofield, once before alluded to in these pages, should be presented in due form and at due length to our readers. Mrs. Schofield—she always made a point of being Mrs. Schofield, cousin Joseph being unmarried, as she would explain—Mrs. Schofield, then, was by no means a bad sort of woman. Her husband had loved her, her children did love her, her household respected her, her parish benefited by her, and no one could say a syllable against her. But one stubborn fact stood out in bold relief on the other side—it was indisputable that everybody, from the highest to the lowest, from the oldest to the youngest, had a trick of getting out of Mrs. Schofield's way.

If the rector, for example, were about to take the field-path towards the village, and caught a glimpse of a certain blue cotton parasol in the field beyond, Mr. Fairleigh would promptly twitch himself round, and hurry up the high road, dust and all, as fast as he could go. To all appearance the worthy pastor had suddenly recollected a parochial visit to be made in that direction; but somehow, such a recollection was one with which he might never have been smitten had not the above-named blue parasol loomed on the opposite horizon.

If the cards of Mrs. and the Misses Schofield were found upon a neighbour's hall-table on the neighbour's return from an afternoon drive or walk, the neighbour would not, as a rule, express regret. Mrs. Schofield's own children would look at each other, and murmur excuses if their mother desired a companion; the servants would fidget and shuffle if caught and detained; and as for her cousin Joseph—but we shall know more of Mr. Joseph Schofield's sentiments presently.

Now what had this good woman—for she was a good woman, and no one gainsayed it—what had she done to be so treated, so avoided? Out with the worst: Mrs. Schofield was a bore. There are many kinds of bores. Dissertations by the ream might be written, and have been written, anent boredom in all its variations; but there is perhaps one kind of bore which, so far, has scarcely

been done full justice to. It is the bore who challenges your respect, who disarms your satire, who silences your sneer; the bore whom for very shame you cannot snub, whom for very truth's sake you cannot slander; the bore whom in your heart of hearts you designate excellent, admirable, irreproachable; the bore whom to call a bore would be blasphemy.

Such a bore, in nine cases out of ten, is the bore paternal or maternal. You cannot, in your calmer moments, think slightingly of him or her, aware as you are of the many sacrifices made, the endless trouble taken, the cares and pains bestowed, the money spent upon those children, in whom is wrapped up every fibre of the heart's affection. You cannot pooh-pooh the man or woman who toils and strains—aye, and fights and fends, day and night, year after year, for the helpless brood, with their ever-increasing demands and necessities. You would not grudge your approbation of the parent whose daily life is thus given out to others; who has scarce a personality of his or her own; who is, as it were, a lost identity, swallowed up in his or her offspring. That is just what you cannot do; and it is, therefore, on that precise account that this species of bore becomes a bore intolerable, a bore which cannot be borne—no pun, dear reader—a bore for whom the only cure, and the sole remedy, is—flight.

We now see why Mrs. Schofield so often found her path cleared.

'I had an hour of Mrs. Schofield, that dear, good woman, today; it is the parson who is speaking, and he groans as he speaks. 'She caught me just at my busiest—of course, one ought not to grudge one's time to a parishioner, and such an excellent creature, too, but,' another groan, 'I did wish I had managed to get out before she came. Hearing a voice in the porch, I took it into my head that it was Mrs. Fitch, or Mrs. Thomson, with the collecting-books, and I thought I might as well shake hands, and could then run off. If I had known it was Mrs. Schofield! First I had to hear all about George—George is her great topic at the present moment; then about Robert, then Herbert, then Walter. Next began the girls—Daisy, Minnie, Lottie, Tottie—every one of the four; and if I had not actually had to go just as we reached Tottie, we should have begun with George again, and started on a second round. George is an excellent fellow. I have a great regard for George, as I have let the good creature know repeatedly. I have told her, over and over again, that I am sure she has a son who is treading in his good father's steps, and who

must be a comfort and a credit to them all. But one really cannot go on sympathising and congratulating for ever.'

Now this was just what Mrs. Schofield wished every person she met with to do. Introduced to a perfect stranger, five minutes would not have elapsed before the extraordinary talents and achievements, the remarkable inclinations and idiosyncrasies of some one or other of her many young people, were being vaunted, having been insinuated somehow or other into the conversation, from which, once admitted, there was no chance of their ejection. George was his mother's darling; but if—unaware of the nature of the ground—heedless ignorance or slavish good-nature encouraged George as a theme, such folly brought its own punishment. George only gave place to Robert, Robert to Herbert, and so on, as every friend, relation, or acquaintance of the amiable prattler, now knew to their cost.

It may be said that, after all, there was a species of egotism underlying this. Perhaps there was. Joseph Schofield thought there was; and he was a fairly shrewd diviner of the passions of the human breast;—but nevertheless, it was, as we have said before, an egotism which the world can forgive so long as the world can slip aside, and let the torrent pass.

As long as I am not obliged to hearken to your recital of the honours which have crowned the head of your firstborn, my dear lady, I have no objection that you should take a mother's pride in them, and boast of them in other quarters. Go and buttonhole the good rector, if you will. Prate in old Mr. Dumby's deaf ear for as long as you like. Exhaust the poor invalid who cannot get away from you, if your conscience is clear to do so—but let me off. Then will I call you the best of parents, a paragon of maternal virtue.

It was only the unlucky ones who had been recently under the torture, and who had escaped maimed and bruised, who would now and again rise up against their tormentor for the nonce. A hundred to one they would be sorry afterwards, repent, and recapitulate the excellences which had been obliterated under the teeth of the harrow. Nay, in the pangs of their remorse, they would take themselves to task for inhumanity; and thus, in the long run, the worthy, the admirable, the amiable Mrs. Schofield would score by her very crime.

But imagine such a personage brought face to face with Monica Lavenham.

This was how the meeting came about: a heavy thunder-

storm had prevented the expedition which had been planned by the girls and their uncle, and necessitated the former's remaining at home for the greater part of the following afternoon. They had forgotten all about their threatened visitor, having received letters and notes which had stirred up another train of ideas, some of which, indeed, had demanded consideration. They had given up the day's project directly its abandonment had been seen to be inevitable, with the equanimity of young people who had not been spoilt in that respect—in truth, the two had had to give up their own way tolerably often in the Lavenham household of late—and had permitted Rushton to send a telegram, while settling down to writing and music, until the lightning had become too vivid, and the thunder too appalling.

As the storm died away, however, cheerfulness had been resumed, and Monica was in the act of saying, 'I think we might go off for a walk; the sun is peeping out, and the rain is nearly over,' when the words died away on her lips, and she drew back from the window hastily. A carriage had turned in at the gate. 'I believe it is Mrs. George Schofield,' she cried.

(To be continued)

At the Sign of the Ship.

THE announcements of new books, in early October, are always pleasant reading, especially, perhaps, when the new books are really old ones revived. This year many of our old friends are to come with new faces; first and best the Saga Library, of Mr. William Morris and Mr. Eirikr Magnusson, which Mr. Quaritch is going to publish. A critic has remarked, in private, that 'the Philistine shudders at the very name of a Saga.' Mr. Quaritch appears to reckon that at least a thousand people have not bent the knee to Dagon, for he proposes an edition of 1,000 copies, at five shillings a volume. Let us hope that at least one thousand persons, provided with the necessary crown pieces, have that craze for the Sagas which is its own reward. Books written by white savages, for white savages, or barbarians at least, are the Sagas, the most delightful reading, full of adventure, ghosts, the best of fights, laws, manners, customs, and histories, all told with vigour and simplicity. Perhaps the reason why many people find the Sagas tedious is, that they are so full of genealogy and family history. They almost remind one of Mark Twain's tale of the Old Ram, in which the narrator, giving a Saga-like profusion of detail about every one even remotely connected with the Old Ram, never comes to the Old Ram at all. But the Sagas do come to him, to Gunnar, or Grettir, or Egil, though seldom by the shortest route. There are already, in one shape or another, and especially in a rare old copy by Sir George Dasent, versions of the mythical Sagas, the Prose and the Verse Edda, which deal with the legendary beginning of things. Morris has already given us, also, the Epic, the Volsunga Saga, the true early shape of the Nibelungenlied, with its extraordinary mixture of the wildest imagery and the most modern passion of love. The Heimskringla, or Saga of the Norway Kings, may be had, in a very expensive shape, in Mr. Laing's 'Chronicle of the Kings of Norway.' But it is less easy to lay hands on an English version of the Saga of Eric the Red, who discovered America in the tenth

century. A noble boy's book might be made out of the adventures of Vikings among Red Men and Aztecs, not, of course, that the Norsemen ever reached them; but why should they not do so in fiction, and fight the mythic Naked Bear of American native fable? Egil's Saga, I think, one cannot at present obtain at all, and the Saga of the Laxdale men I only possess in Latin. These and the rest are truly Epic narratives, the Odysseys of a ruder race than the Achæans. Njal's Saga, the best of all, is becoming scarce and expensive in Sir George Dasent's edition, and there be other Sagas which are quite strangers to people ignorant of Icelandic. translators truly say that no old literature is 'so amusing' as those narratives, and few so free from coarseness. The Sagas 'are the best tale-telling which the world has yet seen,' says Mr. Morris, though we may perhaps except the Greek Epics, and even the Arabian Nights, as Galland told them. A good part of the tales, too, is manifestly true, with only such supernatural additions and romance as imagination was sure to add, in the course of a few Therefore we may welcome these noble romances, as among the best books for men, and even still more for boys, though the remoteness of the age in which they were told, and the strangeness of the atmosphere, may frighten away the readers of three-volume novels.

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Another old book which is new is the Locked Book, or Diary of Sir Walter Scott, from 1825 to 1832, which Mr. Douglas, of Edinburgh, is publishing, with the aid of Mrs. Maxwell Scott. Lockhart used, in his Biography, all that he thought expedient, and showed us that noble fight of Sir Walter's to end his life Mr. Carlyle apparently had not read the last volume of the Biography when he wrote his celebrated essay. Had he read it, surely he must have written with more sympathy. Anecdotes and letters which Lockhart could not give are given now, and the unfinished journal of Sir Walter's tour to Naples. It is a melancholy and interesting study, so vigorous and active, and eager, as of old, is the Minstrel's genius, and again so sadly clouded and confused by the shadow of the end, which had already begun. To people who have not read Lockhart—a considerable majority—this is wholly a new book; even to students familiar with Lockhart, it holds much that is new, and likely to make the author even dearer to his posthumous friends. once more, Mr. Jacobs is publishing, with Mr. Nutt, the first fairly complete collection of real English nursery tales, faint fragments, for the English were the first people to forget their own popular traditions. And Messrs. Bell are bringing out Mr. Robert Bridges's Lyrics, which have been as hard to find as Shakespeare quartos, almost, for some years; while Howell's Letters (Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ), the most diverting gossip, a favourite 'bedside book' of Thackeray's, is being issued by Mr. Stott, and, in Bohn's Library, we are to have Jessopp's edition of Lives of the Norths. Thus the wise persons who, when a new book is praised, re-read an old one, will have plenty of the best old books to re-read, and will vex Mr. Grant Allen by saying that 'the old is better.' In this competition with the Dead, the modern author suffers little, for few are they who do not say, as people said in Homer's time, that the best lays are the newest.

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It is an unlucky thing for a people to have a national game, and then to get beaten at that game by aliens. This appears to be the condition of my countrymen with regard to Golf. In the Amateur Championship meeting, at Hoylake, four men were left in at the end, three Scotch and one English. The English representative, Mr. John Ball, was the winner. Again, at the St. Andrews meeting in September, when Mr. Ball was absent, it was an Englishman, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who gained the first medal. We must console ourselves by reflecting that these are but amateur contests, that no English professional is at all likely to beat Park or Kirkcaldy. The St. Andrews medal is seldom won by a very distinguished score. Mr. Hutchinson's 85 was very fair for a medal day, when the more famous players are begirt by a crowd of lookers-on. It is probable that he and others have often done the round in a much smaller number of strokes when there was no crowd and no anxiety, just as the University eleven usually play better anywhere but at Lord's.

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Concerning Genius and Talent, and the advantages of the latter despised quality, a correspondent, Mr. Jones, who has no genius, sends some remarks. He says that he cannot imitate the costume of genius, and does not envy the gloom, the conceit, the despair, the dyspepsia, and the too ramified love affairs, which, as he is disposed to think, are among the drawbacks of self-acknowledged genius. He adds that he likes the good-natured contempt and

patronage with which his critics can afford to treat him, as a mere person of talent, much better than some of the portions which fall to genius. Nobody envies him; nobody lies much about him, even in the evening papers; his name is not a kind of battlefield, over which his admirers and his enemies worry each other. reviewer can begin to write about a volume by another person without first pausing to assault him, his works, and all that is his. Nor is he pestered by endless requests for his autograph and a lock of his hair. Genius is less fortunate. It excites wild passions of love and hatred; it is larded with praise, and then burned, like a live torch, at the figurative stake. Of course, if works of genius always yielded a handsome income, Mr. Jones admits that he could regard the sorrows of genius with complete indifference. But every one knows that this is not invariably the case. Sometimes genius is only recognised by critics who are eternally writing about 'style,' and proving, by their own affected and uneducated verbiage, that they are entirely ignorant of their favourite topic. For all these reasons, Mr. Jones expresses himself as equally charmed with the works of Genius, when he meets it, and resigned, in his own humble person, to do without it. But he does not understand why he should therefore be regarded as a kind of literary or artistic leper because he does his work pretty fairly, turns out an article for which there is a moderate demand, is contented with his wages, and never dreams of being remembered for a day after he has ceased to labour. He remarks that Genius is constantly breaking its head against the problems of the universe. Now, it requires very little talent, he says, to see that there is nothing to be made out of them. He is profane enough to declare that the observations which Genius produces on Life. Death, Love, Destiny, and so forth, are all of them obvious, at a glance, to any reflective mind, that they have no merit, except, of course, in their style and manner, and that he is content to turn away from such bottomless topics. He is inclined to hold that the difference between genius and talent is very much a difference of degree, and that a man may at one moment of his life be possessed of genius, and have only talent at another moment, and not very much of that. In short, Mr. Jones regards himself, and people like him, as members, intellectually speaking. of the middle class. He says that this middle class would be missed if it disappeared, and left an unbridged gulf between genius, on the one side, and persons who frothily declaim about genius on the other. He will even maintain that, whatever vast

advantages genius may have over talent, at all events talent is, as a rule, more punctual. 'Talent does what it can, genius does what it must,' the proverb says. Jones avers that this is an error. Genius does what it can, talent does what it must; 'for example,' says Jones, ruefully, 'I must now go off and write an article on wooden paving for the streets, which I know nothing about. Would a man of genius do this? Depend upon it, if the newspapers and magazines were left entirely to men of genius, they very often would not come out at all.' He adds, that if there were no men of talent, men of genius would have nobody to appreciate them properly, and point out their merits in a pleasing and attractive manner. Perhaps, however, nobody is denying these contentions of Jones's, who, after all, may be a little hurt at his own failure to reach the glittering heights which he professes that he is well content not to scale.

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Count Tolstoï and other philosophers have decided that Love plays too great a part in fiction as well as in life. Probably they will be yet more of their own opinion after studying most recent French novels, especially M. Guy de Maupassant's Notre Cour. This tells of the loves of a gentleman who had no occupation except his passion, and of a widow lady who was a kind of fascinating Mrs. Leo Hunter. They never dreamed of marrying, though there was nothing to prevent them, and the lover was profoundly miserable because the lady was not entirely absorbed in him, but continued to hunt lions, to dress sumptuously, and to glitter in society. So he retired as far as Fontainebleau, the prey of utter melancholy, and there a beautiful and accomplished dame de comptoir fell as much in love with him as he was with the widow. There is literally no incident except the minute accidents of these affections, and there is almost less than no conclusion. This kind of writing is hardly possible in an English novel, where you either marry or die, and, in either case, probably find some interest, in this world or the next, outside of the affairs of the heart. Indeed, that is an indefensible human existence which entirely consists of one passion, with various objects, perhaps. It is wearisome to read about, and, apparently, tedious and excruciating to live. In an age when Marriage is promptly declared to be a Failure, let us remember that at least it does end a love affair, and prevents us from declining into the despair of M. de Mariolles, the hero of this ingenious and woeful fiction. He tried to find distraction in fishing for gudgeons. A salmon river in Norway, a fish at the end of his line, would have been a certain and manly cure. But he neither married nor took a salmon river (which he could easily have afforded), and the story leaves him between the two ladies, in a most deplorable deadlock. Man was not meant to do nothing whatever but make love.

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Painters and other artists grumble occasionally at the severities of art critics who are not performers. But have they ever noticed the amenities which a distinguished artist, Mr. Dante Rossetti. scattered among his brethren when he played the critic? Here be a few. 'Platitudes,' 'pretentious mediocrities,' 'abortive mammoths,' 'mawkish, ill-drawn, ill-coloured,' 'supremely uninteresting, 'a contemptible and vexatious piece of affectation,' Watts's dirty Titianism,' 'proves the one thing most difficult of proof, that the painter is not a fool,' only not worse than possible . . . a boundary almost annihilated by Mr. Eddis,' And so forth, A sporting prophet in a cheap and offensive print could hardly rail more violently. If this, which may be read in Mr. Rossetti's collected works, is a specimen of an artist's criticism, let us be glad that other critics are not artists. The criticisms, to be sure, were done in early days, when the author was very young; still, they do not look as if a painter's review of other painters were likely to fail in producing a breach of the peace.

* * *

The name of Poet is not one to scatter about freely, in an age of extremely skilled versifiers. But to the late Lord Rosslyn the name might perhaps be applied, thanks to the perfect sincerity and simplicity of his verse, in which a frank and kindly nature and an excellent heart always found expression that was often adequate. He was not a subtle melodist, nor a seeker of ideas far-fetched and dear-bought, but these are merely negative merits. His positive virtues were the simple yet sufficient utterances of goodness and affection, touching by virtue of mere sterling simplicity. If he did not tickle the ear, he touched the heart; and though he was not didactic, you felt better for reading his sonnets. They were genuine, they made no false nor pretentious appeal, and in this they corresponded to the work of another modern, more popular than Lord Rosslyn, perhaps, though less popular than he deserved to be, Sir Francis Doyle.

Hither and thither flying,
Flickering to and fro,
Swallows their wings are trying
All in the sunset glow.
Purposeless now, and nestless
They are eager for flight.
They are restless, ah! restless;
They will start to-night.

Summer came with the swallows,
Bringing beautiful days;
Hawthorn foam in the hollows;
Gorse in a golden blaze.
Fields that were flushed with flowers;
Skies that were blue above;
And certain sunshiny hours
Of Hope and Love.

Summer will go with the swallows;
Autumn will travel here.

Then, when the winter follows—
The desolate end of the year—
Skies will be dim with raining,
Flowers will die in the cold,
But Hope and Love remaining
Will be ours to hold.

FRANCES WYNNE.

A. LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions received after October 12 will be acknowledged in the December number.

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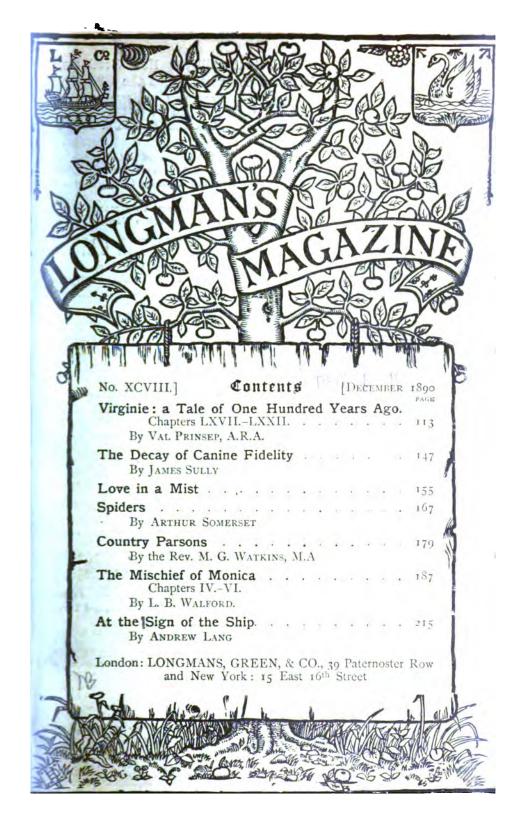
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And such is human life, so gliding on, It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

The Mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the Coin
Of Character, and makes the being who would
be feeble

But for her prudent cares a vigorous man Then crown her Queen of the World.'

SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD.

'This heart, my own dear mother, bends, with love's true instinct, back to thee.'—Moore.

'Who that has languished, even in sivanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? O, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; abe will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer user from misfortune; and, if diagrace settle upon his nome, she will still love and oberish him in spite of his diagrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him."—Washington Irving.

THE MORNING AND EVENING OF A MOTHER'S LIFE.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1890.

Virginie.

A TALE OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY VAL PRINSEP, ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

CHAPTER LXVII.

HOME.

POOR Jacques's death made an entire change in the life of the La Beauce family. There was now no inducement to keep up the Café de la Grande Nation. It had long been irksome to Virginie to manage the business of the establishment, and she did it only from a sense of duty, knowing that her father would be heartbroken if his business were stopped during his life. husband, as we have seen, quite approved of her conduct. After having lived so long with his father-in-law and enjoyed all the protection he could afford, it would have been a churlish return to forbid his wife to appear at her father's comptoir. But as there was really no necessity for the continuance of the business, now that its success could give no pleasure to Jacques, he felt that the duties hardly suited the position of his wife. Jacques's property, to which Virginie succeeded by his will, proved much greater than anyone could suppose. Besides the sum handed over to M. Aubert, there was much gold and silver found stowed away, the savings of the Le Blancs, and, moreover, it appeared that a good portion of the town of Sèvres, besides the Couronne

d'Or, had been quietly acquired by the thrifty inn-keepers. Virginie then found herself a considerable heiress.

The Comte La Beauce sighed for his former country life. In vain the Government, influenced by General Bonaparte, offered to reinstate him in his military rank. 'Were the country in danger,' he answered, 'he would be the first to join in the defence. But he had no ambition to satisfy. He felt his duty called him elsewhere.' General Bonaparte was greatly offended when, some time after, La Beauce gave him the same answer on being offered a general's commission in the army of Italy, to the command of which he, Bonaparte, had been appointed. But the Comte was firm in his resolve.

It was in the month of March 1796 that La Beauce and his family returned to the Château. Three years and a-half had passed since he had been brought to Paris a prisoner. What years! It seemed as though a lifetime had been lived through since that time. He and Virginie were young then, now they felt old. All the gaiety seemed to have gone from them while they were in Paris. Even little Jacques, though quite a child, was quite solemn and circumspect in his language, having been strictly drilled during the Terror not to commit himself even during his games. So it was a relief to them all to feel themselves rolling along the high road to Chartres.

As they slowly ascended the steep hilly street of Sèvres, Virginie glanced up to the well-known window where she had spent so much of her time looking towards Paris and wondering what kind of world it was that lived there? Now that she had seen more, now that she had passed three years in Paris itself, she almost wished she could have been allowed to remain in her former happy ignorance! The world of her dreams was indeed different from the real Paris! Where were the chivalrous men and virtuous women with whom she had peopled the world in her convent days? Poor Rousselet! He was small, grim to look at, irritable, she had felt a repugnance towards him. Yet was he the nearest approach to her ideal! She shuddered as she thought of him and so many others. All gone. All become things of naught, néants, as Danton said. No, surely. For such there was surely some happy future. And then her father? that he was gone she had learnt to appreciate him a thousand times more. His absence made a mighty gap in her life. him, too, she had not loved as she ought. Let her, then, not spare her affections to those left her. Her hand sought her

husband's as they passed the Couronne d'Or, and she called little Jacques to her, and, as she kissed him, she pointed out the old inn.

'Seest thou that old house?' she said. 'It was there Grandpère Jacques lived, and there I was born.'

'And is he there now?' asked little Jacques. Through her tears Virginie kissed the boy again.

'Alas! no,' she sobbed. 'He has gone to a better world, where we shall all see him if we lead good and virtuous lives.

'Why dost thou cry then, petite mère?' asked Jacques.

'Because we know not how much we love a person till we lose him,' she answered.

'I could not love thee more, petite mère, or father, or Céli,' quoth little Jacques with a half sob.

'Then must thou always remember that thy grandpère Jacques was a good man, who worked that others might be rich and great.'

'He made the nicest little cakes for Petit Jacques!' cried the boy.

The coach sped on its way, through Versailles, all desolate now, with its great château never to be inhabited again, over it a large notice whereon was printed: 'The Property of the Republic one and indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!' Then on again into the country, and so through a long day, till, towards evening, Chartres was passed. There, too, things had changed. The convent where Virginie had been educated was turned into a storehouse. At its door stood a Republican soldier, one of the 'blues' who had helped to subjugate the Vendée. The cathedral itself was filled with sacks of corn with another soldier on guard. On they drove through the city, leaving it by the Alençon road. Till at last they turned up to the left through the thick wood where Virginie had first met Jean Durand, and through the avenue to the dear home where had been spent the three happy years of her life.

There was no line of well-drilled and handsomely dressed domestics to receive them. Only the bailiff, who seemed twenty years older than when they had last seen him.

'Ah, Monsieur le Comte,' he cried, sobbing with emotion. 'Welcome home. We have had no happiness since you left. May your return bring us back the good days of the past!'

La Beauce took the good man by the hand.

'We have all of us had our troubles. Please God, we will bear those in store for us together!'

They went together through the big house. In one or two of the rooms the Revolutionists had committed sad havoc. in most of them, things remained as they were. Only the house felt stuffy and damp. Somehow Virginie was disap-This was not the happy home she had left, and to which, in her idle fancy, she had hoped to return. She went to a window and looked over the garden in which she had taken formerly such delight. There everything was changed. The flowerbeds were all a confused tangle, so that their very form was not to be discerned, the neatly-trimmed hedges had grown out of all shape. On the terrace itself grass grew, and young saplings had sprouted between the stones, forcing them apart and making unsightly gaps in their neatly-joined lines. silent tears she gazed upon the wreck. It was her husband's hand on her shoulder that roused her.

'There is a mighty change, my dear,' he said, 'here as elsewhere. But we are home again and all is well.'

Virginie threw her arms round his neck and sobbed on his shoulder. She had done the same on her first arrival seven years ago. How different all was then!

Yet with Louison and Jean's help they made everything pretty comfortable, so that when they went to rest it seemed still somewhat like home. A busy time it was for the little family during the next few days. The old servants were all departed and scattered, nor was it possible to supply their place. It was therefore settled that the greater portion of the house should be shut up, and with a very reduced establishment, they should live in a corner of the Château. The same retrenchment was necessary in the stables and farm. The change was brought about without a murmur. When in a few days a wagon-load of furniture arrived from Paris, Virginie set to work and rearranged her old sittingroom, placing therein all the things Rousselet and her father had purchased for her room at Sèvres. In a place of honour was the Sèvres jardinière, in which once more she placed the sweet spring flowers she loved so well. As she arranged them she shed many tears, for all around her reminded her of the two good men who had gone for ever!

Soon the noise of their return spread through the country and groups of tenants came each day to pay their respects to 'Monsieur and Madame.' Very cordial was the greeting of these poor people, many tears of delight were shed, but, amidst all the pleasant phrases of welcome, there was the invariable refrain:

'Ah! monsieur, what times we have had! How we have suffered! Now that Monsieur has come back again all will be well!'

Nevertheless La Beauce found the people changed. had still the same desire to lean on their superiors, the same touching faith in the deity they were not allowed to worship. Only among the younger men there was a feeling of revolt against something they knew not what. The spirit of war had passed over this country. The Vendée was not far off. 'Chouans' silently made their way to many a quiet fire-side and inflamed the peasantry against the government and the hated 'blues,' as the Republican army were called. In a country district from which all the superior class, whether landowners or clergy, had been taken, it was natural enough that the badly educated peasantry should lend a ready ear to the daring men who spoke in the name of loyalty and religion. Many on the return of La Beauce seemed to expect he would take the lead in the organisation of the revolt, which was to put the King again on the throne of St. Louis and reinstate the Catholic church. Their surprise was great when they found that he was decidedly opposed to any rising; that he bade them patiently wait for better days, and trust that all would right itself before long.

'It is useless,' he urged, 'for you to contend against the government. See what the Vendeans have brought on themselves. Aid was promised from the *émigrés*. What aid! Just enough to lead the unfortunate people to their ruin. Believe me, France will not have a king who, to keep his position, must depend on foreign bayonets.'

La Beauce's influence was greatly increased by the help of poor Jacques Le Blanc's savings. Distress was very great throughout the land. Bread was wanting, and, more than that, seed was not to be had to prepare for another year.

With Virginie's full consent her husband freely spent Jacques's good broad pieces. The Château became a centre of aid for those in want. The whole country side right up to Chartres came there for their seed. Every day brought new applicants. The great barn in the *métairie* or farm was fitted up as an office, over which Jean Durand presided. No better choice could have been made. Jean knew everybody for twenty miles round, and, what was more to the point, he knew the land they cultivated, and could distribute the exact proportion due to each. It was a grand sight to see him clad in uniform, which he could not be persuaded to leave off, and in which no one could recognise the

quondam poacher and outlaw, seated at a table listening to the interminable talk of the applicants and replying with monosyllables very much to the point. Louison would steal out from her work to look at him, sometimes bringing Annette with her, for she loved a confidant, and would have lost half her pleasure had she been obliged to keep her thoughts to herself.

'What a man!' she would cry to Annette as they ran back to their work. 'Capable of anything and to be trusted in everything! I feel ashamed to think of myself when I look at him!'

Amongst those who came to the Château was Poirier. He did not appear among the first who greeted his landlord's return for his dignity forbade it. Poirier was now the Maire of the agricultural commune. He was if anything stouter and more choleric looking than before, but he had an anxious, unquiet look, that showed that his duties sat heavily on him.

'General,' he said bowing, 'I greet you in the name of the commune. It is an honour to us to have one who has served the country settled in our quiet vicinity. It is—yes—certainly,' here the worthy man got redder than ever. He had evidently rehearsed a speech, but his memory was quite as treacherous as it had been four years before. He paused and looked round, there was no one to help! With his municipal scarf around him he looked the picture of misery and withal infinitely comic.

La Beauce promptly came to his rescue. He held out his hand. 'My dear Poirier,' he said, 'I am glad to see you. So you are the Maire of the commune! They could not have chosen a better man. I trust the peace of our village gives you no disquietude!'

'Ah, Monsieur le Comte,' began Poirier. 'I should say General; I should never have kept the lads from harm had I not been helped,' here Poirier looked round suspiciously. 'Monsieur,' he whispered, 'I should not only lose my position as Maire, but my head too, were it discovered the Abbé has helped me!'

'What!' cried La Beance, 'our dear Abbé Leroux?'

'Hist! Not so loud. Even so. The Abbé has been among us all the while. He is now on my farm, working as one of my men. "I will never desert my flock," he said to me; "nor will I, by flying in the faces of the wretches who rule France"—those are the Abbé's words, Monsieur le Comte, not mine—"deprive my people of my aid in their trouble, though by doing so I might get a martyr's crown and gain the approbation of my own conscience." So, Monsieur, he has been with me while the whole country has

been overrun with blues. I ask pardon; I forgot you were a general.'

'My dear Poirier, you give me the best news I have heard for a long day.'

'Ay!' cried Poirier, 'and each Sunday we have mass in the wood, with our men on the watch against surprise and treachery. For the matter of that, I should like to see the man in my commune who would not die for the Abbé.' And Poirier swelled himself out with importance, and looked around to discover the contumacious individual whom he was prepared to pulverise!

La Beauce seized his hat and stick.

'Come, friend Poirier, take me to my old friend the Abbé,' he cried eagerly.

Leaving word he might be late, he started with the redoubtable Maire in the country cart which had brought his Worship to the Château. As they rolled along, Poirier retailed all the news of the last four years, and La Beauce learnt more during his two miles drive than he had during the weeks he had been home.

Their way led them past the little church of the village. Poirier pointed to it as they neared it. 'Ah! monsieur,' he said, 'it is nearly four years since it was opened! Monsieur le Curé comes here sometimes at night, and dusts it out himself that all may be kept in order; and people are still buried there, though the grave-yard is much overgrown. We dare not keep that in order. Tenez,' cried Poirier, pointing with his whip to a corner where there was a new grave, 'here is where Legrand lies. Monsieur will remember Legrand! He died last winter. It was he who forgot his speech the day of the planting the "Mai."'

Poirier had talked himself into the conviction that his speech had been the success of that gathering.

La Beauce, as he glanced over the little resting-place of the dead, noticed that, though the rest of the graveyard was sadly overgrown, the grave where Madame Durand and Petit Jean lay had been newly cared for, and the wreath Virginie had placed on the cross was still there, though, of course, withered and blackened!

It was late in the afternoon as they approached Poirier's farm. The portly Maire cried out, as he drove up to the yard, and a man appeared to take charge of the horse and cart. A man clad like a peasant, with a peasant's heavy walk; beneath his broad hat gleamed a pair of bright eyes; the face was close shaven and clean. At a glance La Beauce recognised his friend the Abbé.

'Take the Citoyen Général in the cart to the stables to show him the new horses,' cried Poirier authoritatively. In silence the man led the way. It was only when the stable door was shut, and they found themselves alone, that the good Abbé turned and embraced the Comte.

'My friend,' he cried, 'do I at last see you again? I could not go the Château, for I fear you are watched. But my heart was there when I heard you and your dear wife had returned safe from all the horrors of Paris. Ah! how wise you are to come back to us! I know your opinions and mine do not agree, in some things I know you are a Republican, and I—no matter what I am. Still, you are an honest man and have suffered too. My dear boy—for to me you are a boy—I love you.' The good man paused and looked at the Comte through his tears.

'Il faut que je vous embrasse!' he cried, as with all the effusive affection of a Frenchman he threw his arms round La Beauce and kissed him.

The two friends had so long a talk together that it was evening before they were aware of it. As they left the stable they found the anxious Poirier hovering round to keep watch lest they should be disturbed.

'Ah, monsieur,' he cried, 'to see you and M. le Curé together is indeed a pleasure.'

'It will not be long before the Abbé will again be able to take his place in his own church,' said La Beauce. 'In Paris, they are already beginning to see that it is impossible for the people to live without religion.'

'Praise be to God,' said the Abbé solemnly, 'that madness is past.' He walked back most of the way with La Beauce in the pleasant spring evening, for it was the night he visited the church, to keep it straight and orderly, that all might be ready when the day came for his recommencing his duties. The peasants that they passed on the road saluted them respectfully, and looked anxiously after the good man lest he should want their aid. And so conversing together, as in the good old days, they approached the little church. With his hand on the gate the Abbé paused and, touching La Beauce's arm, drew his attention to a figure indistinctly seen in the gloaming. It was Jean Durand by the side of the graves of his wife and child.

'I have seen him here every evening,' whispered the Abbé; 'to him much will be forgiven, for assuredly he has loved much.' Without paying much attention to Jean, the Abbé pressed

La Beauce's hand, then, along the grass-grown path, made his way to the church.

Virginie's delight at the news of the Abbé's safety was very great. She was with difficulty dissuaded by her husband from starting early the next morning to see him, and it was only on his promising to bring him the next evening that she consented to postpone the pleasure of the visit.

From that day the Abbé was constantly at the Château. A service was held there every Sunday which soon became attended by many besides the little household. To Virginie it was an unspeakable relief to be allowed to worship her Creator in the way she had been brought up to believe it was fitting He should be worshipped. No one who could have seen her at her devotions would have wished her otherwise than she was. Riouffe, free-thinker though he was, declared himself quite awed by the serenity of her belief, as Rousselet had been before him. On the few occasions when Virginie talked to him on religious matters, Riouffe held his peace.

'I would to heaven, madame,' he said one day, 'I could believe as you do. To argue on the matter is useless. It is in the heart that a response is felt to the articles of a creed, and, if the heart feel it not, let no one affect to believe on conviction.'

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FAITHFUL TO THE END.

So slid away the year 1796. To the Château came the dim echoes of the young General Bonaparte and the army of Italy. In quick succession victory succeeded victory, till heads of men grew dizzy at the rapidity of his movements, and the young nation itself revelled in the pride of his conquests. But Célimène was more interested in the army of the north, where her hero There Marceau and Jourdain upheld the honour of the fought. Republic. From time to time Colonel Tamplin wrote to his friend and old commander letters which Célimène well knew were for her. The honest fellow mixed up the tale of the war with many a tender message for the ladies. It was not for his country alone that he fought. It was for glory, for advancement, for love. His own deeds were nothing to him, they were to make

him worthy of her, to bridge the great space that, in his simple mind, there was between his humble origin and the gentle birth of her he loved. Though as a Republican he would have loudly declared all men to be equal, his modesty told him that, as a colonel in the Republican army, he was no match for Célimène, nor would his means allow him to think of marriage. Yet the fire of hope burnt brightly in his heart, and in his letters he constantly talked of a brighter day when he could hope to attain an independence, or at least obtain some respite from his constant In 1797 he wrote: 'General Augerau came to the army a few days ago. His appearance greatly astonished us. was resplendent with gold, his uniform filled us with admiration. If it is thus generals are treated in the army of Italy, what may we not hope? We seemed indeed a poverty-stricken lot by the side of this man. Yet have we been fighting the battles of our country, even as he has done!'

During this year Jean Durand had greatly changed. He was quite grey and paler than death itself. He had resumed his old vagrant habits. During the summer he was absent whole nights; no one knew why or where he went. Louison, whose eyes were sharpened by love, first discovered his absence.

'You know, mademoiselle, he was always so,' she said to Célimène with a sigh. 'Ah, why cannot the poor fellow settle down!'

One day petit Jacques surprised Louison with the old cockade.

- 'Why, Louison,' cried the boy, 'that is Jean's.'
- 'Jean's!' exclaimed Louison. 'Bless the boy, what could put that into thy head?'
- 'It is Jean's,' persisted the child. 'It is like the one he wears when in uniform. Give it to me, that I may show it to him.'

But Louison could not part with her treasure. She carefully replaced it in her box and locked it up. The wondering boy saw her eyes were full of tears.

- 'What ails thee, Louison?' he asked; 'and why dost thou keep that old thing. Jean would give thee a new one, I am sure, if thou wert to ask him.'
- 'Little angel,' cried Louison, embracing the boy, 'thou dost not understand.'
 - 'But---' expostulated Jacques.
 - 'Chut! Speak not of what thou canst not comprehend,' cried

Louison, and she began talking confusedly of all kinds of things, thinking to make the child forget what he had seen.

But little Jacques did not forget, and happening to be out in the woods with Jean two days after, he said suddenly:

- 'Jean, tell me, why does Louison keep thy old cockade?'
- 'My cockade, petit Monsieur?' said Jean with a hoarse laugh, turning towards the child.
- 'Yes, thine! and she would not let me bring it back to thee, nor would she tell me why. She was crying, too—I saw the tears in her eyes.'

Jean walked on silently, twisting his long moustaches, as he always did when in deep thought.

- 'But why, Jean?' asked the boy again.
- 'I cannot tell, petit Monsieur.'
- 'She must be stupid, must she not? I saw petite mère often crying over father's letters when he was away, but then she is married to father. Thou art not married to Louison, art thou, Jean?'
- 'No,' answered Jean. 'I was married once and had a little boy like thee, but that is past. I shall never marry again!'
 - 'But where is thy little boy?'
- 'Where? Dead—dead. They came and burnt my house, and in it were my wife and child. A boy like thee, petit Monsieur, only he was ill; so ill that he could not leave his bed. The cowards knew it, and they knew the mother would not leave her child, so they burnt them both together.'
- 'But where wert thou, Jean? Why didst thou not kill them all?' cried petit Jacques, who believed greatly in his friend Jean, whom he considered the strongest, bravest, and best of men next to his father.
- 'I!' answered Jean with a moan. 'I was lying senseless. They battered in my head and thought they had killed me, too. But I lived, as he found who did the deed.'
 - 'Oh, Jean, tell me about it,' cried the boy.

But Jean stopped suddenly and turned deadly pale. He passed his hand over his eyes as though to clear away a mist from them, then staggered against a tree, at the foot of which he slid to the ground.

'Jean!' cried the child, thoroughly frightened, 'what ails thee?'

Jean raised a flask he always carried to his mouth, with his teeth drew the cork, and took a draught of its contents.

'My poor Jean, art thou ill?' said Jacques, and he sat beside Jean. Placing his head on his shoulder he raised his rough hand to his lips.

A sad smile came over Jean's scarred face as he stroked the boy's soft cheek with his great sinewy hand.

'Even as thou art,' he murmured.

So the two sat for some minutes till Jean recovered himself sufficiently to rise.

- 'Come, petit Monsieur, we will go home.'
- 'But art thou well?' asked petit Jacques.
- 'Thinkest thou a big man like I am cannot walk?' cried Jean. 'That would be a droll idea.'

The next time Jean saw Louison he took her hand.

- 'Thou hast an old cockade of mine,' he said.
- 'Who told thee?' stammered Louison.
- 'Thou art a kind-hearted woman,' said Jean, leaving her question unanswered. 'Thou knowest my history. It is one I can never forget. Do thou bear it in mind in thinking of me,' and with his other hand he patted Louison's that he had taken.
- 'Oh, Jean!' began Louison, but tears rose to her eyes and she could say no more.

Jean looked at her sadly, then with a sigh he turned away. This was the only sign Louison ever received that Jean at all divined her secret.

Early in 1797 a second son was born to Virginie, whom she christened by the name of Charles Honoré, and Riouffe stood sponsor for him in his name and that of Rousselet. By this time the Abbé Leroux ventured to celebrate the service of his religion in his old church. The old course of life was renewed at the Château, and on Sunday evenings the Abbé dined there and listened to Virginie's music as he had done before 'the troubles.' In the summer of this year Colonel Tamplin paid a visit to his old friend, and tacitly, almost without a word, it became understood that he was betrothed to Célimène. The marriage was, however, not to take place till Tamplin could see his way more clearly.

- 'I can wait,' he cried cheerily. 'It is nothing to me, for I shall be busily occupied. But thou, Célimène, to waste thy life in waiting for a man like me!'
- 'Thinkest thou that thou hast more patience than a woman?' asked Célimène. 'Penelope waited patiently for Ulysses, though

she had many suitors, while he, like a man, was amusing himself with sirens and other naughty people.'

- 'There are no sirens with the army of the Rhine!'
- 'I hope not.'
- 'And if there were, what would they be compared to thee?'
- 'It is better there should be none,' quoth Célimène decidedly.
 'A man is not to be trusted. Besides, monsieur, you are a soldier, and all soldiers are faithless.'
- 'I swear to thee, Célimène,' began Tamplin. But Célimène laughed gaily.
 - 'Thou didst swear to me often in the old days,' she cried.

Tamplin had grown bolder since those times. The eyes of a chronicler, ever watching to record the deeds, sayings, and thoughts of his character, must perforce sometimes be intentionally averted, lest his prying should cause a blush to rise to his careworn cheek. So let him pass over this scene in which Célimène called her lover an 'unmannerly hussar,' and declared that she hated him, without ever thinking of saving herself from his hands or calling for aid.

When Colonel Tamplin took his leave to rejoin his regiment, if he departed with deep regret, at all events he had the consolation of knowing that one heart he left behind beat in sympathy with his; and if visions of rosy lips and tear-dimmed eyes accompanied him, no vain regret of missed opportunities this time filled him with remorse.

The Abbé Leroux, though allowed to celebrate the offices of his religion in his chapel, did so only through the favours of the authorities. No one complained, so the services were tolerated. He himself was perfectly aware that he was allowed to resume his old life because he did so without any parade or fuss, and therefore humbly, as became a servant of the God he worshipped. He performed all the menial duties of his church himself. He himself was wont to sweep and dust the church; he alone prepared everything for those who wished to worship. At daybreak each day the worthy Abbé came to the church with his key, and set to work with a will; and, as no one does better work than he who is filled with real zeal, the little church itself was a miracle of cleanliness. No speck of dust was there to be found. The most fastidious housewife was never more particular than the Abbé, who prided himself on his work and grew to enjoy it.

One morning, towards the end of September 1798, the Abbé opened the little gate of the churchyard. The sun was just rising

amid a glory of mist. The ground was heavily covered with dew, and each little drop of moisture glistened like a jewel in the long grass. The Abbé paused, with his hand on the gate, to gaze over the scene. Every tree and shrub was known to him. The little church, the woods of the Château, the village with its long straggling street, all were rendered familiar to him by the observation of many years. Yet, by the action of the sun, even this familiarity became unfamiliar, and appeared more beautiful in its fantastic effects of soft light and grey shadow.

'So is humanity,' moralised the Abbé. We think ourselves familiar with it, we in our pride imagine we understand it thoroughly, when lo! the great Creator, by a simple effort of nature, changes the whole aspect of things, till we hardly recognise what we thought we knew. Yes! said the Abbé, speaking softly to himself, for he was wont to think out his thoughts aloud, 'how infinitely beautiful is nature in all its phases. Is there nothing but terror in the storm-cloud, in the quick lightning, or the awe-inspiring thunder? Does not the thought of man rise from earth to heaven then, when he fears most? And in these times, when assuredly the terrors of the Almighty have come on this land, are there not many who have raised their hands, not in vain, to the great Ruler of all? And this scene, now so magical in its peaceful beauty, have I not seen it lurid with the fires of revenge and echoing to the cries of hatred? So!' said the good man as he passed through the little gate, shall peace succeed strife, and love triumph over hate. For in the end we shall meet here to prepare for the peace of the great hereafter.'

The Abbé's feet sounded crisply on the path which he now kept clean and free from weeds. He paused as he looked around on the little mounds which concealed so much mouldering humanity that he remembered once brisk and full of life. His eye wandered to the last mound that had there appeared, where lay all that remained of old Legrand, from there he glanced towards the cross over the remains of the Durand family. But he looked no further. For amid the grass by the side of that cross lay the form of a man. Softly the Abbé threaded his way among the graves till he stood beside this man, in whom he recognised Jean Durand. Did he sleep? The Abbé stooped down and gently laid his hand on Jean's cheek. It was cold and clammy. Jean was lying with one arm over the grave, with his head face downwards, close to the little cross. The wreath that Virginie had placed there nearly ten years before had slipped

from its place, and now rested on the back of his head. Some of the withered flowers lay on the dead man's cheek. For Jean was dead. The Abbé felt sure of it before he laid his hand on his wrist. There was no pulse there. The brave heart had ceased to beat. On the grave of those he had loved with such constancy, death had overtaken poor Jean, who had survived so many grizzly wounds and witnessed the death of so many brave men. Here, at last, he had found peace by the side of his little son.

The Abbé looked sadly at the dead man.

'At last he is happy,' he murmured, as he turned away to seek help to remove the body.

CHAPTER LXIX.

CONCERNING LOUISON.

THE news of the finding of poor Jean arrived early at the Château, for ill news travels apace. La Beauce was told it by eight o'clock and broke it gently to Virginie shortly after. Both were greatly affected. Poor Jean had been so mixed up with their life that he had become one of the family. Each and every member loved him. But Virginie understood him thoroughly; to her his devotion had been so marked, yet so delicate, that she had learned to depend greatly on him. Was anything to be done, why there was Jean! To whom could she entrust her son but to Jean? He was always there to do her bidding, and was never more pleased than when employed by her. When she heard of his death she felt as great a void in her life as when her father had been taken from her two years before. But here, at least, she had no qualms of conscience. She had given this simple nature what he most desired. She had trusted him—she had divined his love for her, and had shown him so. As she hurried down to the little church where she heard he lay, she called to mind all that she owed him. As the tears coursed down her cheek she seemed to see the little cabin and Petit Jean and Ten years ago was it? It seemed more. But only his mother. ten years?

When she arrived at the church she found a small group of men around the gate, who took off their hats and silently made way for her. As she passed up the path the Abbé met her. He led her first to the well-remembered cross. 'It was there I found him, madame,' he said in a low voice, 'with his face buried in the grass as though he were whispering his last words to those who had gone before.'

'Poor Jean,' murmured Virginie.

'Nay, why should we pity him?' asked the Abbé. 'Jean's heart died ten years ago. He has but joined those he loved.'

Virginie lingered a moment by the side of the grave, where the marks of Jean's body were still visible in the crushed grass, then she slowly followed the Abbé to the church. At the door of the small room that the Abbé used as a vestry he paused.

'That good woman Louison has already discharged the last offices due to the dead,' he said. 'You will find her there. Excuse me if I leave you. The Abbé opened the door and Virginie hurriedly entered.

Jean was stretched on a table covered with a white sheet, on his breast lay the garland Virginie had placed on his son's tomb, at his head stood Louison.

- 'See, madame,' said she as she removed the face-cloth from the corpse, 'how beautiful and peaceful he looks! Ah, *le brave* homme,' and Louison, with an impatient gesture whisked away a tear which ran down her cheek.
- 'Poor Jean,' said Virginie, gazing at his gaunt features, hardly more pale in their deathly stillness than when he was alive.
- 'Do you know where they found him?' asked Louison, coming close to her mistress.

Virginie bowed her head. 'How he loved them!' she said.

- 'He loved you, too,' cried Louison in a harsh, dry voice, not without resentment.
- 'Yes,' said Virginie, 'he loved me, too, for I reminded him of them.' And softly this beautiful lady stooped and kissed Jean's cold brow. There was silence for a few minutes; Virginie was kneeling by the side of Jean, and Louison watching her with eager eyes. At length Virginie rose from her knees.
- 'Tenez, madame,' said Louison hoarsely, 'I found this next his heart. Perhaps madame would wish to have it!' With flashing eyes fixed on her mistress Louison held out a locket, through the glass of which could be seen a lock of brown hair of the same shade as Virginie's.
 - 'How!' cried Virginie. 'Thou hast dared to remove it?'
- 'And why should I not?' asked Louison defiantly. Virginie took the locket and kissed it.
 - 'It is the lock of hair I cut from the head of petit Jean,' she

said sadly. She did not look at Louison but at Jean as she spoke, nor did she understand the feelings of the faithful woman.

'Madame,' she said with a choking voice, 'are you sure it is the hair of his little boy?'

Virginie turned her head and looked at Louison.

'What ails thee, Louison?' she asked; 'did I not tell thee it . was petit Jean's hair? See the date of his death I had placed on the locket.'

Louison took the trinket from her mistress's hand and gazed at it with a puzzled look. She was not great at reading, but as she looked from the, to her, meaningless maze of lines to Virginie's honest face, it was easier for her to read the truth there. Tears filled her eyes, and, sinking on her knees, she raised her mistress's hand to her lips.

'Oh, pardon, madame,' she sobbed, 'that I should have doubted Jean himself! Madame, I was mad with grief, or I would not have dared to take it from him, and now I dare not replace it. Oh, Jean, Jean, thou wouldst never forgive me,' and she stretched her hands towards the poor inanimate form before her as though she expected to have an answer from those lips that would never speak again.

But Virginie took the locket from her hand and tenderly and reverently placed it once more over Jean's heart, where it had hung since it had been given to his charge. She then kissed his brow again and turned to the door. Louison had remained on her knees watching. As her mistress passed her she caught her by her skirt.

'You forgive me, Madame?' she supplicated.

'Thou wast mad, Louison. Thou didst not know what thou saidest,' answered Virginie kindly as she left the room.

Till Jean was laid beside petit Jean and his wife, Louison never left him. When he was lowered into his grave she turned away with tears in her eyes.

'He no longer belongs to me,' she said, 'but to the other.'

From that day Louison wore nothing but black. Under no pretence could she be persuaded to put on any colour. Nor did anyone ever see the old cockade again. Only each night as the good woman retired to her rest, she carried to her room the box which contained her treasure, which she placed at the head of her bed, and over it, on the wall of the room, was hung the rough stick Jean had used in his rambles. Annette Pinard recovered her health and looks, and found an admirer and a husband among

La Beauce's tenants; but Mademoiselle Louison, as she was usually called, never looked kindly on any man, and to the day of her death remained true to her one love who had never but once said a kind word to her!

Many years after, when the Comtesse de la Beauce was a stately old lady, and the King's government had followed the Emperors, when the son of Egalité was the head of the state as king of the French, Louison, a wrinkled and rheumatic old woman, feeling that her time was nearly come, took her mistress's still soft warm hand and kissed it. For Virginie and her grand-daughter had come to see her old servant and friend.

'Madame,' said old Louison, 'I have served more than fifty years, yet have I never asked Madame a favour till now. Madame, for many years past I have wanted Madame's forgiveness.'

'Louison,' said Virginie, 'my old friend, thou hast indeed served me and mine faithfully. There is nothing thou couldst ask I could refuse.'

Louison's eyes, once bright and clear, now surrounded with innumerable wrinkles, turned fondly towards her mistress.

- 'Madame was always an angel of goodness,' she sobbed.
- 'What is it thou wouldest of me, my good Louison?' asked Virginie.
- 'Mademoiselle,' said the old woman 'will be so kind as to give me that old box.'

The girl brought it to Louison. It had been an old friend, this box; the children of the La Beauce family had known it for years, but no one had ever seen it opened. Now the old woman with trembling fingers produced the key.

'Madame will forgive me, then?' she asked once more, her hand pausing as the key turned.

Virginie stooped and kissed her old friend.

'Hold the box, my little angel,' said Louison to the girl. The key turned and the lid opened. Inside was a curious collection of odds and ends. With trembling hands old Louison took up the first neatly folded packet and uncovered it. It was the old cockade. She raised it to her lips and kissed it.

'It was dear Jean's,' she said softly.

Many other little mementoes of the children of the family she then produced. Then a little paper with a small lock of golden hair.

'It was Monsieur Jacques's,' murmured Louison. 'I took it the day Madame left the café for the prison of La Carme.'

Virginie tenderly took it and kissed it too. Petit Jacques, where was he?

Then, from the bottom of the box, the old woman took two letters and gave them to Virginie.

'These are madame's,' she said tremblingly.

They were the two letters Virginie had written to her father, lying unopened all these years!

Virginie took them; watching, Louison eyed her keenly.

- 'Louison,' cried Virginie with tears in her eyes. 'How couldst thou do this?'
 - 'Madame does not pardon then!'
- 'Ah! Louison, thou canst never tell what I have suffered through thy folly.'
- 'I did it for the best,' whined Louison. 'Ah, Madame, forgive me. It is the first favour I have ever asked! Mademoiselle, plead for me!'

Virginie, with the letters in her hand, stood with downcast head. All her old fault seemed to come back to her. Father, Rousselet, husband, all were now gone, and her fault remained.

She kneeled by the side of her old servant and sobbed.

'How should I not forgive,' she murmured, 'I who have so much to be forgiven?'

The wondering girl who regarded her grandmother as a saint, looked at her with widely open eyes.

'Madame,' whispered Louison. 'I have one more favour to ask now that Madame forgives. When I go, let me be placed near Jean, and let this be buried with me.'

Her wish was fulfilled. Louison lies by Jean, and with her Jean's old cockade.

CHAPTER LXX.

IN PARIS AGAIN.

Paris looked its brightest in the summer of the year 1800. The old order of things had been overthrown; the troubles of the Revolution were over; confidence reigned in the place of terror. Once more the gardens of the Tuileries were thronged with flâneurs, once more the shopkeepers exposed their valuables to the public without fear, once more the people laughed and enjoyed themselves, for their young hero was Consul, and the world of Paris seemed young again.

In a handsome house in the Rue St. Pierre the Comte de la Beauce and his wife established themselves that they might superintend the preparations for Célimène's marriage. At last fortune smiled on the brave Tamplin. He was one of Bonaparte's generals now, having fought with him in Egypt. He formed one of the 'Military family,' which the First Consul gathered round him. 'You must marry,' cried their chief, and Tamplin, nothing loth, wrote up the joyful news to his old friend, and claimed the promise of his lady-love. Therefore it was that La Beauce brought his family to Paris.

Tamplin was still with the army. But the battle of Marengo had been fought, and day by day the brave officers who had there distinguished themselves returned to Paris, which was in a wild state of exaltation. 'Vive Bonaparte!' cried the people, 'Vive la République! Vive l'armée!'

In Virginie's salon there were more Republicans than Royalists. The *émigrés* who now crowded back to Paris could not forgive a mésalliance, and the ladies especially were hard on Virginie, who had never been 'presented,' and had sprung from some unknown family. The men and women of the Republic had no such scruples. They came to her parties and listened to the excellent music she always promised them, where, if they did not understand, they could at least applaud the fair lady, whose voice touched even the ignorant by its sweetness. The laughing Célimène, too, was not without her admirers. If she had chosen she could have found a husband among the greatest in the land. She was of a noble family, and the First Consul himself having declared there ought to be a fusion of classes, other generals beside Tamplin were won by her pretty face and merry laugh. But to Tamplin she was true, and his return she awaited with patience and confidence.

Among the *émigrés* who came to the house was St. Aubray. His life had been one of adventure since he left France. He had served with the Austrians, he had starved in London, he had wandered over the whole of Europe, yet, when he returned to Paris, he was just the headstrong boy he was in 1789. His trials had taught him nothing; he had not unlearnt a single prejudice or gained a liberal sentiment. France was to him the France of Louis XV.; the Revolution was a rebellion that was wearing itself out; the old state of things would surely return and to aid them he, the Vicomte de St. Aubray, was willing to lend his assistance. The only thing he had

lost was his respect for his cousin, whom he now viewed with careless indulgence, as a man who had strayed from the right path, but whom he could, when the proper time came, bring back to his duty.

'My dear Etienne,' he said gaily, 'thou canst not admire these men! They have no manners and no breeding. That General Lannes, though he is dressed respectably, has the language of a common trooper, and the manners of my coachman. Talleyrand is well enough; he is one of us at heart. This sallow-faced Corsican, who gives himself such airs, is roturier enough to make one sick. France will never submit long to a man that cannot even talk her language with elegance! He and his family will shortly be swept away from our path. All but the women. I must admit the coquin's sisters are worth attention! Vive Louis XVIII.!'

But La Beauce gravely answered: 'If thou thinkest as thou dost thou hadst better have remained away. The King's name is not one to conjure with here. The expression of such sentiments anywhere but in this house may lead thee to prison. The First Consul has earned the gratitude of the nation. After all, whom have you *émigrés* got to replace these men? There is no one amongst you whose name is even known in France. As for me, I own I consider the present state of things preferable to that of the old régime.'

St. Aubray looked doubtingly at his cousin and whistled to himself, he then nodded his head knowingly. 'Thou wast always a cautious man, Etienne,' he said, and in truth he firmly believed that his cousin was only dissembling his sentiments.

But, Royalist though he was, St. Aubray quickly threw himself into the gaieties of Paris. He was a lively young gentleman, full of the accomplishments of the old régime. No ball was complete without him, and even the great M. de Trénis acknowledged, 'His dance is full of life and force. He has the advantage over me in the eight first measures of the "Gavotte de Panurge." Of that there is no doubt. But in the jetés—heim? Oh, there, par exemple, I smash him; in general, he may be said to overwhelm me in the spring but I crush him in grace.'

To Célimène this young man extended his patronage. He never suspected her engagement, so great was his self-sufficiency, nor did Célimène succeed in undeceiving him. He had been a warm admirer of the little girl he had left at the Château in 1792; and he flattered himself that the impression he had then

made could never be entirely effaced. He even looked to the possibility, in some future time, when he should have tired of the pleasures of Paris, and the King be back again, of making himself the husband of this charming creature, whose laughing badinage he believed to be a tribute to his conquering graces.

'François,' asked Célimène one day, 'what will you do when I marry?'

'I suppose,' he answered, 'I must then settle down.'

Célimène laughed merrily. 'There will be no occasion,' she cried.

- 'Thou wast ever the best of women,' said St. Aubray, regaining his cheerfulness which the prospect of matrimony seemed to cloud.
- 'I intend to marry a good honest soldier, like the General Lannes you admire,' explained Célimène.
 - 'Thou lovest a joke, Célimène.'
 - 'But it is true.'
 - 'Impossible! What should I do?'
 - 'You? You could dance and flirt more than ever.'
- 'Ah, yes! to be sure.' And St. Aubray seemed consoled by the idea. He no more believed Célimène was in earnest than he believed in his cousin Etienne's sincerity.

However, the day came when he was undeceived. One morning on arriving at his cousin's house he found a stranger sitting there, who seemed quite at home.

'François,' said La Beauce, 'let me present my old comrade in arms, General Tamplin.'

St. Aubray bowed, was charmed, &c. Tamplin smiled. He was little used to the young *incroyables* of the Parisian salon, and the sight was new to him.

'François,' said Célimène, putting her hand on his shoulder, 'you remember I told you I intended to marry a good honest soldier; this is the one I have chosen.'

St. Aubray looked from her to Tamplin with astonishment.

'But me? What about me?' he asked.

'You shall dance with me, and flirt with anyone you like,' answered Célimène, with difficulty repressing her laughter. 'After all, my dear François,' she added gravely, 'you are not one of those intended for marriage. It would be a bold woman who would undertake to break you to double harness, and I am much too flighty myself to undertake the task.' With that she dropped him a mocking curtsey, and, taking the arm of Tamplin, led him away.

St. Aubray stood motionless. Virginie, who had always a feeling for those in distress, came to him and strove to console him.

'I could understand,' he said, 'her taking up with a good-looking young man; I could understand that, for I have been remiss in my attention. I own it now—but with such a man? It passes my comprehension. Is it, perchance, you,' he cried, turning to Virginie, 'who have persuaded her to do this?'

'My dear François,' said Virginie, 'I honour and respect General Tamplin; but in this affair I have left Célimène to judge for herself, and, much as I approve her choice, I have never said a word to her on the subject.'

'Women,' said St. Aubray with most comic emphasis. 'Women are bad judges.'

'It is not for thee to say so,' said La Beauce kindly. 'Thou, who art the adored of the ladies of Paris, shouldst be more tolerant towards them.'

'That's true.' Here St. Aubray looked at himself in a large mirror that hung in the room.

'And if Célimène has the bad taste to prefer her general,' added La Beauce, 'what is the loss to thee? Thou canst spare one admirer from the throng!'

'Parbleu!' cried St. Aubray, who seemed to beam beneath the flattery bestowed on him.

'And,' said Virginie, 'even you, a Royalist, must confess that liberty has charms when one is young. I saw you yesterday in a wiski which I am sure no wife would allow her husband to enter.

'No! Did you remark my horse? There isn't another like him in Paris! What action! What fire!'

'What is his name?' asked La Beauce.

'Monarque.'

'Thou shouldst call him Mirabeau, with his fire and action he will some day upset thee.'

'Mirabeau? Excellent! He shall be called Mirabeau, and I will drive him. He is not so difficult to drive, he has a tender mouth.'

'I recommend thee to keep it shut for fear of accidents.' So did St. Aubray completely forget his cousin in talking about himself.

The preparations for the marriage now began in earnest. What need to describe the *corbeille*, with the monogram in gold. Mademoiselle l'Olive had been entrusted with this charge. Who but she could have turned out such a triumph? Was she

not lingère to Madame Bonaparte? In this corbeille Tamplin had placed cashmeres of great value, and many pieces of stuff brought from Egypt. Gloves and fans innumerable, with bottles of scent from Targeon, sachets of Spanish leather full of herbs from Montpellier. In fact, the trousseau was complete, and nearly equalled that of Madame Pauline, the youngest sister of the First Consul, who had just married General Murat.

CHAPTER LXXI.

AT THE TUILERIES.

THE Comte de la Beauce, as a supporter of the Government, had felt it his duty to pay his respects to the head of the state, General Bonaparte. He, therefore, attended one of the reviews that so frequently took place in the Place Carrousel, which at that time was small and irregular in shape. La Beauce had donned his uniform, and with that he had no difficulty in getting near the saluting point. As the clock struck twelve the First Consul appeared surrounded by a brilliant staff, among whom was the Comte's old friend Junot. Bonaparte mounted his white charger (Désiré), rode down the rank, and the troops then marched past. No longer was the army neglected, every article of dress was in good order and clean. The men marched with precision, showing the highest discipline. After this simple parade, the General-in-chief dismounted and walked down the ranks, conversing with many of the officers, and even the men, inquiring into their grievances and giving his orders on the spot to the Minister of War and the general of the corps, who were following him.

La Beauce, in spite of himself, was much interested. As General Bonaparte passed him he saluted; but, though the salute was returned, no sign of recognition appeared in the piercing eye of the young conqueror. He seemed to be intensely occupied with his military duties, and to have no thought for anything else. The parade being over, the Comte was on the point of withdrawing, when Junot, leaving the group of officers of the staff, came to him.

'Welcome, my dear general,' cried he to La Beauce, offering his hand. 'I am indeed glad to see you. Are the ladies well? So mademoiselle is to be one of ours. A lucky dog, Tamplin.'

La Beauce returned Junot's warm greeting, and assured him that his wife and Célimène were in excellent health.

'I came,' he said, 'to offer my homage to the First Consul. Perhaps, my friend, you can inform me of the proper way of doing so?'

'Ah, you thought he did not recognise you just now,' cried Junot with a laugh. 'The general sees everything. It was he that sent me to you to bid you come to him, as he would be glad to talk with you.'

As they advanced towards the entrance of the Tuileries, where the First Consul was just entering, Junot inquired:

'What think you of our children? They are different from your "bare-feet," eh?'

La. Beauce was warm in his congratulation. So talking, they entered the palace, and, almost before he was aware of it, the Comte found himself in the presence of Bonaparte.

The conqueror of Italy and Egypt, the victor of Marengo, was somewhat changed from the discontented frequenter of the Café de la Nation. He was sleeker, fatter, and much more carefully dressed than before. But there was the same keen look in the eye, the same set expression in the mouth, when he turned towards La Beauce from giving an order to General Duroc.

'Ah! This is well! I heard you were in Paris, and am glad you have condescended to come to see an old friend whose last advances you so foolishly repulsed.'

There was a grave, almost displeased look in Bonaparte's face as he spoke. From earliest times he could ill brook a refusal, and if he sometimes forgave, he never forgot.

'General,' replied the Comte, 'I am anxious to pay my respects to the man chosen by my countrymen as their chief, and to assure him of my poor support in his efforts to preserve order in France.'

General Bonaparte disliked long speeches.

'I understand,' cried he, interrupting. 'So you came to my review though you refused to serve with me? What thought you of my brave children? Very different from the army of Flanders, eh?'

'They are the same men,' answered La Beauce calmly, 'but the country since then has learnt to appreciate them. Thanks to you, general.'

Bonaparte took the pinch of snuff he had been preparing during his questions. It was with a smile he spoke.

'Well, you are probably right there. Messieurs,' he cried, turning to the officers in the room, 'this gentleman, you see here for the first time, has performed a feat none of you will ever equal, not even you, Murat. He commanded a regiment of cavalry that captured a fleet! And yet,' here he frowned, 'he refused to join us in Italy.'

'General,' answered La Beauce, 'I have seen and admired your children to-day. If at any time you came down to La Beauce and saw mine, you would understand why I sacrificed my love of glory and my desire to serve under so distinguished a general to what I thought my duty.'

Bonaparte looked at him for a minute, balancing himself on his little legs.

'Perhaps,' he said, and rather rudely turned his back and began talking to one of his staff.

The amour propre of La Beauce might have been hurt, had not one of the generals present at that moment approached him.

'F-, comrade,' cried he, 'give me your hand. It was a proud feat you performed that day!'

The general's words were delivered with a vigour much increased by the oaths with which he garnished his conversation, in which respect he even outdid Tamplin in his days of bachelor-hood. But there was an immense cordiality in his tone of greeting, which gave La Beauce great pleasure. Junot, who had come to support his old friend, introduced him as General Lannes.

The other military men also came to offer their congratulations, Murat alone holding aloof, so that the conversation became lively and interesting. A few minutes after, when La Beauce looked round, he found General Bonaparte had retired.

The same day, however, there arrived a letter for General and Madame la Beauce and Mlle. de la Rosière from Madame Bonaparte containing an invitation to one of her small evening receptions. To this the three went.

It was about ten o'clock when they arrived at the door of the Pavillon de Flore. At the door they were received by the two aides-de-camp on duty, General Duroc and Colonel Rapp, and conducted to the large reception room, which was then furnished with yellow damask, without any of the gold ornaments that afterwards found their way into the decoration. The room was lit by several clusters of lights; but, as they were covered with light gauze, there was a kind of rich, even half-obscurity, throughout the vast apartment.

Virginie, calm and dignified, could not but feel slightly nervous at renewing her acquaintance with one who was already viewed as the Arbiter of Europe. As for poor Célimène, her agitation was so great, that even the whispered encouragement of General Tamplin could hardly reassure her. There were several ladies in the room and some men. But, standing before the fire, balancing himself to and fro with a movement very common to him, stood Bonaparte himself.

'Ah, Madame la Beauce,' cried a graceful lady rising from a chair by the fireside and advancing to meet Virginie with outstretched hands and kissing her on either cheek, 'I am indeed charmed that you have been able to come to me. And you, too, Mile. Célimène, Bonaparte told me you were in Paris, and that the general had been to see him. I remember with pleasure your friendship for me, and that of M. La Beauce.'

'Ta, ta, ta,' cried Bonaparte without moving from his place before the fire. 'Madame is no friend of ours. It was she, I am sure, that prevented the general from giving France the service I demanded from him. Own to it, Madame. And you, Mam'selle Célimène, I've no doubt you aided and abetted her.'

Virginie had felt the eye of the General on her from the moment she had entered the room. But she proudly returned his glance as she swept a curtsey before him.

'Monsieur le Premier Consul gives me too much honour,' she said in a sweet low voice. 'My husband in such matters is wont to act for himself.'

Napoleon smiled, and when he did so his face seemed to light up, 'Old friends, Madame, should preserve more cordial feelings. See, I myself am full of forgetfulness.' Here he offered his hand, then, turning to I.a Beauce, 'You, general, wish to be a regular Cincinnatus, a "Général Agricole"? Well, to every one his own way of looking at his duties. Tell me now, general, in your department—where I hear you are quite a little king, though, for that matter, kings must not exist in France—the Republic is still not viewed with much cordiality?'

La Beauce answered, and a conversation arose, in which he found that the First Consul was gathering from him all the information he could extract. He was astonished at the knowledge already acquired by him. He seemed to know the extent of the La Beauce property, what had been done there, what was planned or commenced. He entered thoroughly into La Beauce's schemes, and even suggested some improvements.

'You are surprised,' he said, 'that I should have occupied myself so much about your affairs. I do not forget old friends, and, although you refused me as a chief, I have that respect for you that I have made a point of following you in your country life.'

La Beauce was touched. 'Believe me, General,' he said, 'there is no one in France who has watched your glories with greater interest than I have. Nor has anyone, even amongst those attached to your person, a greater admiration for what you have already achieved.'

'I believe you,' answered Napoleon. 'I only wish I could persuade more of your friends of the Faubourg St. Germain to think like you.'

Meanwhile Madame Bonaparte had presented Célimène to her charming daughter Hortense and her son Eugène, a remarkably handsome and bright-looking young man, who was resplendent in the uniform of a colonel of the 'Guides.' The young people formed a little knot together and chatted and laughed, though in a subdued key. Madame Bonaparte returned to her chair, near which one was placed for Virginie, and resumed her embroidery, at which she trifled with the indolent grace natural to her. natured people affirmed that she so occupied herself in imitation of Marie Antoinette, but that most of the work was done by the more expert hand of Mlle. Dubuquoy. The old charm that had attracted Virginie to this lady when they shared the same cell together in the prison of 'Les Carmes' was still to be found in her, the change in her fortunes had but added to her courteous manners and winning grace. Virginie, who watched her, both on this occasion and afterwards, fancied that she stood in great awe of her husband, who was sometimes very abrupt, and even brutal to his wife. She was no doubt much his inferior in intellect, and in many things was distressingly wanting in straightforwardness. She had, moreover, all the indolence of a Creole. But in doing the honours of her palace, and in consideration for her guests, she afforded a bright contrast to her illustrious spouse. she was overwhelmingly polite, and if her conversation was not brilliant, it was at least full of ease and refinement, calculated to please and even captivate by its simplicity and want of affectation.

In the midst of her laughing confidences with Hortense Beauharnais, Célimène felt someone pinch her ear. She started and turned to find the First Consul by her side.

'Ah! Mam'selle Célimène, thou hast gained the affection of

Hortense already,'he cried, laughing. 'And thou hast captivated that brave lad Tamplin. Little witch!' here he pinched her again. 'Thou makest him believe anything; yet, he is a most obstinate fellow, for nothing will persuade him that the finest cavalry officer in the army is not a certain *ci-devant* Comte de la Beauce.' Célimène, red with pain, answered,

- 'I have always found General Tamplin right.'
- 'Ah! Mam'selle Célimène, keep to that opinion and thou wilt have a happy life. When is the marriage to take place?'
 - 'In three days, monsieur.'
- 'I shall not forget.' Nor did he. On the morning of the marriage Colonel Rapp brought a neat case, with the monogram of the newly-married lady engraved thereon, and in it was a handsome diamond necklace from General and Madame Bonaparte.

CHAPTER LXXII

AND LAST.

CÉLIMÈNE'S marriage was honoured with the presence of all the chiefs forming what Napoleon called his 'Military family.' They had learnt to esteem honest Antoine Tamplin, and were glad to give him their support in this most the venturesome of his many engagements. Junot—himself about to be married to young Mlle. Permon-Lannes, Bessières, Duroc, Rapp, Eugène Beauharnais, were there. Who does not know their names? Many were the praises lavished on the happy bride. Many the hearty congratulations bestowed on the bridegroom. France seemed young again and full of gaiety. As during the terrible years of the Revolution, the Terror, and the reaction, the leaders of the nation were all young men; so now all these were young and full of confidence and hope. Familiar and coarse among themselves, these great soldiers were courteous and subdued to her. The roughest warrior humbled himself before Virginie, who moved among them with the dignity of a princess. Napoleon himself, when she and her husband went down to Malmaison after the marriage, declared she was the only beautiful woman he had ever met who made him feel good. To Célimène she felt like an elder sister, and as she kissed her before she left her house with the man of her choice, he shed tears.

'My dearest,' she whispered, 'what matters it that we have suffered so much together? Is there not joy for thee in the future? Love thy husband, and may Heaven send thee others to love also.'

'May I love them as thou hast loved thine!' whispered Célimène.

Little Jacques, now a fine lad of ten or eleven years old, was present, of course, at the marriage of his old playmate. But, sad to state, the presence of all the fine young generals and colonels made him quite forget everything else. Junot, who was an old friend, good-naturedly took the lad round and introduced him to every one present. Before the day was out he had been offered a place on the staff of a dozen general officers, and had quite determined that the army was the only career fit for a lad of spirit. When he told his determination to his mother, whom he adored, he was surprised to see how grave she looked.

'But, petite mère,' cried the boy, 'why not? These generals are the bravest in the army, father told me so. They have fought in a hundred battles, and so has father, and they are so beautiful in their golden uniforms. I must be a soldier, chèrie, and the boy

fondly kissed his mother's soft cheek.

'Did any of these generals mention Kléber or Desaix?'

'No, mother; but I know who they were, they were killed. But what a glorious thing to be killed for one's country, and for glory!' It was the mother's turn to kiss her boy. He but echoed the cry of all France. Was not the nation drunk with glory? Full of its new youth, with a man of bronze at the helm of the State, whose great object it was to encourage the national enthusiasm. When men rose from the ranks to be the envied of all, what wonder if France rang with the shout Vive la gloire.

But to Virginie came back the ravings of her father. 'No peace, no quiet. Always bloodshed, always! always!' She seemed to see again the streets as they were under the Terror, empty and deserted, yet resplendent with tricolours and full of placards inscribed with the words 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.' Those streets were gay now with crowds of passers-by, the shops full of handsome goods. What of Liberty was there, or Equality? There appeared to her to be only the alternative—Death, now concealed under the halo of glory! Was her dear one to join the mad dance, in which glory gave the

measure, but whose end was death?

What wonder, then, if tears were in her eyes as she kissed her boy?

Paris, however gay, was full of sad reminiscences to Virginie. Many places were there to which she made pilgrimages. went to the Café de la Grande Nation, now called a restaurant, where Pierre was still reaping a golden harvest. He had taken unto himself a wife, who now presided at the comptoir where Virginie and Célimène had so often sat. This lady looked doubtfully at Virginie when she entered, and was received with too great demonstration of admiration by her husband. Virginie gained her heart by praising a chubby little boy, who was beating a drum by the comptoir, in whom she recognised a likeness to Pierre, nor did she object to show Madame la Comtesse the little apartment where now lodged Monsieur and Madame Pierre Gosselin. Virginie looked into the room where poor Jacques had died. There was nothing left now that reminded her of him. The cot of the little Gosselin boy occupied the place of the bed her father died in.

'See, madame,' cried Pierre, 'the apartment is already too small for us; we shall turn it into small salons for the restaurant, and Marie and I will take the larger apartment au premier.' So had Pierre prospered.

Then she went to the prison of Les Carmes. It was no longer a prison but a barrack, and smart-looking soldiers hung out their accourrements to dry at many windows, which had been newly pierced in the blank wall of the old convent.

She sought out, too, the house formerly inhabited by poor Rousselet. The numbers had been altered by order of the new police, so that she paused uncertain. A young man, clad in a smart soldier's uniform, attracted her attention as he lounged before one of the doors whistling a martial air.

'May I ask,' she said, 'which house was formerly No. 4?'

The youth stopped his whistling and stared at his questioner.

'This was No. 4,' he answered. 'Madame searches for someone? My mother has been concierge for fourteen years, and I have known all the locataires myself. Can I then give Madame the information she requires?'

'Was it not here,' asked Virginie, 'that a certain Charles Rousselet lived in the year II.?'

A quick look shot from the bright eyes of the young man—a look in which cunning and intelligence were mingled.

'Sapristi!' he cried. 'It is madame, the daughter of Citoyen

Le Blanc. Citoyen Rousselet! I knew him well! He used to take me to the Café de la Grande Nation and buy me cakes. Diable! how good they were after the bread of the section! I saw Citoyen Rousselet carried off, and I may be bold enough to say he was a brave man. How he stepped up the ladder of the scaffold when his turn came! It was a pleasure to see him! We've changed all that now,' added Victor, whose quick instinct told him that his interesting details were distasteful to his hearer. 'Vive la gloire! I join the army next week!'

'I trust you will succeed in your profession,' said Virginie.

'Do we not all carry generals' commissions in our knapsacks? Is not General Bonaparte our leader?'

Virginie bade him adieu, and with a sorrowful look at the house turned away.

She one day made a pilgrimage with La Beauce and her son There, too, was a change. The old town had shrunk to half the size, and already the walls of the well-known inn, formerly so clean and well-looked-after, were acquiring the neglected look common to their poorer neighbours. climbed to her old room. How changed was that! The parquet floor was still there, but carpetless; in the corner of the bedroom was a common bed with its furniture far from clean; in the sitting-room, that triumph of dainty furnishing, there was absolutely nothing but a dilapidated armoire, on the shelf of which stood a few bottles and broken glasses. She looked forth on the river and distant Paris. That view, at least, seemed unchanged. The river glinted among the trees and houses as of old; and Paris itself, with the afternoon sun ablaze on its buildings, looked much the same as it had done twelve years before, under Louis XVI. It made her sad to think of all that had passed away since then. Had France so changed? What had they now that they had not formerly? What had those who had suffered as she had done learnt by this suffering? She had longed formerly to know Paris and understand something of events; now she did know, was she the better? As a young girl, watching the changes of nature from bud to leaf and flower, and then again to bare bough, she had formed a high ideal of man, made in the image of his Creator and placed in God's beautiful world to do great things. How had her ideal stood companion with reality? Saddened by these thoughts, she placed her hand tenderly on her husband's shoulder.

'Etienne,' she said, 'I weary of Paris and sigh for the quiet

of our Château. Let us return there and strive to do what good we can to our friends. In Paris I feel lost amid the whirl of fashion, and sad when all seem to laugh around. I am not old, but yet find I all here too young. Let us go then.'

La Beauce, nothing loth, took her back home, and thus they lived during all the mad time of France's glory, save when Napoleon, having instituted the new order of the 'Lègion d'Honneur,' and declared himself Emperor by the suffrages of his subjects, an official letter arrived, addressed to the Comte de la Beauce, conferring upon him the Grand Cross of the order, and nominating him one of the chamberlains of the Court. At the same time Virginie was appointed one of the ladies-in-waiting to the Empress.

'You remember,' said Josephine with a smile when the new lady-in-waiting came to pay her respects, 'the appointment was made some years ago, but the Emperor will, I fear, not permit me to antedate it lest I should move the envy of the others.'

With every desire to be grateful, the Comte and Comtesse de la Beauce were very soon wearied by their court duties, and were glad enough when they were allowed to consider them merely honorary.

Once again they came to Paris to present their son, who through the favour of Eugène Beauharnais was appointed on the staff of the future Viceroy of Italy, and gloried with all the youth of France in the victories that still graced the course of Napoleon.

With these victories and the disasters that followed it is not the purpose of this story to deal. The best friends part, the longest chronicle must have an end; and with the return to the quiet of country life we bid adieu to our hero and heroine. Such peace and happiness as could be gained by the unquiet rule of Napoleon these two enjoyed. Saddened by the great trials and excitements of the Revolution, La Beauce was a supporter of a strong rule. Like his friend Riouffe, he had seen the triumph of disordered ambitions too closely to be caught by the tawdry claptrap of high-sounding phrases. [Riouffe became préfet of a department under Napoleon, thereby incurring the reproaches of his enthusiastic Republican friends. These 'enragés,' as Napoleon called them, were of the same type as the extreme Royalists. If the latter lived in the times of Louis XV., these upheld the Constitution of '93; the one were as unyielding in their obstinacy as the other. Exile taught neither tolerance; success brought no feeling of moderation. But while the Royalists, with a certain

gaiety, sought each other's society and bore their troubles with grace, the Regicide Conventionnels lived, we are told, like 'old wild boars (vieux sangliers) who abandon the companions of their youth to live in solitude.' These men carried their hate with them even to their graves. M. Quinet gives an account of Genevois: 'Feeling himself near death at Vevey, he called his servant. 'When I am dead,' he said to him, 'and the Bourbons are dethroned, thou shalt come to my tomb and strike two blows with thy stick thereon and cry "Monsieur, nous les avons chassés!"'

Can it be said that the France of to-day has forgotten the hatred of the past? Has Liberty been gained after the succession of masters who have ruled here, or has tolerance of opposition been learnt? The Republic has come once more. Is it the Republic of Jean Jacques? And has the tale of heads demanded by Marat been completed?

The Decay of Canine Fidelity.

WE are wont to regard the dog as the perfect embodiment of fidelity, and on the whole the good opinion of his character has been justified. The saying of the German pessimist that he would cease to believe in truth but for the assurance of his dog's eye is a striking tribute to the species. But even Quida herself. one supposes, would hardly claim this excellence for every member of the canine family. We are apt to forget that the instinct of attachment was developed comparatively late in the history of the species. The dog is by nature unattached and vagrant, and only becomes attached and faithful by an infusion of human grace. Hence the comical spectacle one sometimes sees in the streets—a well-meaning but misguided youth attempting to keep a looselyinclined pup close to his heels. And not a few members of the species appear to remain in this unregenerate state in mature years. Anybody who has lived in a small town knows the vagabond street dog. Nobody seems to know how he disposes of himself at night, but during the day he lives on friendly terms with most of the errand boys and other frequenters of the streets. His tail has a wag of recognition for every familiar face, and he will even sidle up to a stranger now and again with an artful simulation of sudden and overpowering affection. But if you attempt to decoy him far from his habitual haunts the vagrant nature asserts itself, and after another bit of excellent acting in the shape of feigned reluctance to say good-bye, he trots leisurely back to his favourite resort. Such dogs are commonly ill-bred in more senses than one. They have no doubt lost their primitive savageness. They assume a friendly aspect towards man in general, but they have no heart, and prefer the streets to the woods simply because they offer a more tempting hunting-ground.

From the ordinary type of vagabond which is always getting lost, and but for the policeman would permanently take to the

streets, we must distinguish the true rover or fickle-minded dog. He has the instinct of attachment, but does not permit himself to be dominated by it. His affections are not long fixed on any human object: of him as of most men it may be said, variatio delectat. He gets lost by his owner not because he has become a street wanderer, but because he has found a new abode elsewhere. He is characterised by a wheedling ingratiating manner, a good deal of self-confidence and acuteness in the discrimination of patrons. He has astutely observed that the first warmth of affection is most fruitful of favours, and he attaches himself to a house just as long as he is made much of. When this first cordiality of treatment begins to fall off he makes overtures of attachment to some new proprietor; and such is the amount of general goodwill towards dogs, that he rarely fails to find a new home.

Not long since I had an excellent opportunity of observing one of these rovers. I am not learned in canine varieties, but should suppose he was some kind of mongrel terrier. Anyhow, he was an odd little creature, with body decidedly long in proportion to the legs, with a grey and brownish coat, which was so thin as to give him a mangy look, and lastly with a moist sentimental eye. If dogs had their religious sects, one would set him down as a Methodist. He belonged with two other dogs to a friend of mine, who used to bring them to my house when picking me up on his morning walk. The odd little creature contrasted strongly with another of the trio, who was about his own size, in the sedateness of his manner and his philosophic indifference to small canine Thus it was not uncommon to see his companion mentally upset by the sight of a butcher's cart proceeding, as he no doubt thought, at an indecorously wild pace. Or his usual serenity would now and again be rudely broken by the appearance of a cat, or even that apparently harmless creature the cat's victim, the sparrow, which he would pursue in a frenzy of rage, leaping in impotent wrath underneath the tree to which the nimble little creature would naturally betake itself for shelter. None of these things moved our canine philosopher. He paid not the slightest heed to his comrade's violent rushings and barkings. As became a thinker, his voice was rarely heard. I have seen him set upon by his more mercurial companion in a fit of obstreperous jocosity, yet with admirable self-restraint he would suffer himself to be barked at, knocked against, and even scrambled over, without uttering the slightest protest. It occurred

to me that, like a recent British logician, he found the racket of the street favourable to philosophical abstraction.

I was surprised to find on questioning my friend that so demure and serious looking an animal was a rover. He had, it appears, been found on my friend's door-step, and taken into the house from motives of charity, in the belief that he was not only a destitute waif, but the victim of cruel tyranny. This last idea seems to have been suggested by some unwholesome-looking patches on his body. This first favourable opinion of the creature had been modified by subsequent experiences. In spite of all the kindness shown him he had a most inconvenient habit of going off suddenly and without any warning on a roaming expedition. At first these disappearances were wrapt in mystery, but gradually it came out that he paid visits to the various houses he was in the habit of frequenting with his owner. He seems to have had the happy knack of sniffing out the house where he would be made most of, and after having had enough of the delights of change, he would return to the temperate welcome that always awaited him at his old and permanent home.

Soon after I had an opportunity of observing this curious roving propensity. My friend called one morning after breakfast, and as usual brought in his handsome collie, leaving, as he thought, the other two small fry in the garden. The younger members of the family were busy entertaining the collie with sundry dainty morsels, when all at once, to everybody's surprise, our little philosopher appeared on the scene. He had a look of half-protest, half-shame, that was very comical. His owner told me he very much resented having to play second fiddle to the collie. Even philosophers, it appears, can be envious, and the little creature before us had very much the expression of envy as he watched the various tit-bits disappearing down the collie's capacious throat. An impulse of compassion moved me and I threw him a morsel from the table. His filmy eye turned to me with a look of singular tenderness.

I understood the meaning of that look a couple of hours afterwards, when sitting writing in my study, I glanced out of the window and saw the rover coming up the long garden path, now slowly and hesitatingly, now more briskly as if encouraging himself in a laudable effort. He had, it was evident, in that moment of my weakness, recognised a new opportunity. My family circle had impressed him as fond and indulgent, and, what was more, it was not marred by the presence of a rival favoured by Nature

with greater physical attractions than his own. Here was precisely the asylum for an unappreciated and harassed philosopher. I tried to look very angry as I went out to drive him away, but his penetrating eye saw through the pretence. After a makebelieve of running down the path, he would suddenly stop, turn and fix his bleared eye on me and wag his stump of a tail jocosely, as if he perfectly understood that we were acting a little play. I could not repress a laugh, and this, of course, encouraged him in regarding the whole performance as a joke. He renewed these attempts for some days with a persistence worthy of a better cause. It was only when I had schooled myself to put on my sternest of manners that he gave up the enterprise as hopeless.

This dog set me musing. As his lachrymose eye suggested, he was an animal of much feeling. And yet he was preternaturally sagacious. His mode of life had evidently been thought out in as careful and philosophic a way as that of Epicurus himself. He reasoned that for him at least the summum bonum consisted in a judicious mixture of permanence and change, uniformity and variety. Others before him had reached the same conclusion. But his originality cannot be questioned. He had evidently thought out the problem of canine felicity for himself, and without the least help from human philosophers. And his solution of the problem has much to recommend it. To have found his way to a conception of life that seems to combine the maximum of pleasurable excitement with the minimum of anxiety argues a more than usual intelligence. I felt at once that so reflective an animal must not be confounded with the unevolved, unattached vagabond. He is not, like this last, incapable of attachment; on the contrary, he attaches himself a great deal, and, as most people would say, too much. But in his case the instinct of attachment has become controlled by conscious intelligence. His instinct compels him to seek a human protector, but he is shrewd enough to see to it that the alliance turn out to his own advantage.

I am quite willing to allow that this type of dog is not particularly lovable. We naturally love and prize our dog companions for their disinterested devotion. According to our ethical code the sum and substance of canine virtue is to know his master and to stick to him. But this latest development of the canine character is self-seeking, incapable of true devotion, and cynically veiling a far-sighted egoism under the semblance of ardent attachment. Shrewd, intelligent he may be; but who would care for a dog without a heart?

I am not going to try to make out that the new type of light-minded rover is a morally noble being. Very likely he is in point of character unworthy of his long-suffering and loyal ancestors. But at least we may try to understand how he has become morally deteriorated. Dogs are, after all, not created expressly for man's comfort, and it may be as well, perhaps, to study this latest phase of dog character in the light of his own circumstances and needs. If, following the fashion of modern inquiry, we substitute for the ethical the historical point of view, and ask how the dog in this latest stage of his development has come to take on his roving habits, we may find a very simple explanation of the seemingly ignoble trait.

Now the first thing to be clear about here is that our expectation of canine devotion belongs to an order of things which seems passing away. When the dog was of real service to man, for defence, sport, or what not, and was valued as such, and when moreover he depended for his maintenance solely on the consideration of his lord and master, it was natural that he should attach himself to this one being with perfect singleness of devotion. The circumstances closely resembled the feudal relations of protector and servant which developed the loyal attachment of a Caleb Balderston. The dog, like the human domestic, felt that he was of consequence, that he was prized for sterling qualities, and he answered the appreciation with a veneration so deep and overpowering as almost to make a modest man feel something of a humbug. The daily contact with the members of the one household, the constant association of his comforts and his active pleasures with these, and the isolation from all outsiders, may well be supposed to have generated the characteristic traits of the dog at his best, the cleaving of the whole heart to his lord and master, and the viewing of other men with suspicion and a certain animosity.

How all this is altering nowadays it is easy to see. I do not, of course, overlook the fact that in the country many dogs are still owned by shepherds, sportsmen, and others, who, to use the expression of a friendly critic of this essay, have 'a definite business in life.' Nevertheless, one may safely say that the large majority of dogs are kept nowadays not because of any service they render, but for the sake of their appearance. Like the link-holders still to be seen above the doorway of certain London houses, what was once a utility is now preserved merely as an ornament. Theoretically, no doubt, even in

town-houses, people keep a dog as a means of defence, but in most cases they really value him as a decorative append-This applies particularly to the more handsome breeds -the St. Bernard, the collie, the mastiff, and the rest. Indeed. such are the strange diversities of human taste that even so unpromising a specimen of canine beauty as the bulldog will be sought after by the initiated for the sake of his good looks. And it is only fair to suppose that the discerning creatures recognise their new position in the scheme of things. May we not see, indeed, now and again in their mournful and downcast expression a conscious sense of degradation? Look, for example, at the nobly formed St. Bernard that gloomily follows the procession of fashionably dressed misses in the Park. Cannot the dullest observer perceive signs of an infinite boredom? His pensive and melancholy eye suggests that he has had full experience of the tedium vitæ, and is a pessimist of the darkest shade.

While the grander sort of dog has thus been morally degraded by being turned into a useless lacquey, the breeds that have happened to suit the capricious and errant fancies of animal petters have undergone a still deeper deterioration. The sleek pug, for instance, on whom is often lavished such a wealth of feminine fondness, has long since become perfectly aware of his new function in the house. He knows he is the first pet, and he is perfeetly happy in the fact. His mind seems untroubled by any recollection of a higher estate. He has lost the ancient desire of the species to be man's loyal servant. He may, perhaps, if you happen to call at the house, and find him in exclusive possession of the drawing-room, make a pretence at resisting your intrusion. his Sybaritic habits are too much for him, and presently he sinks in voluptuous slumber on the softest of sofa cushions. spoiled creatures learn to take the fondlings bestowed on them as a matter of course. They are wholly undemonstrative, and perhaps the most flattering thing that can be said of them is that, unlike their rival the cat, they do not simulate a tenderness of which their heart is wholly destitute.

One other consideration needs to be borne in mind in seeking to explain the decline of the old canine devotion. Not only is our modern dog learning to regard himself as a lacquey or a lappet, he is rapidly finding out that others besides his owner are ready to prize him just as highly. In our big towns he is daily brought into contact with the once-suspected stranger, who, on closer examination, turns out to be very much like his master,

wearing the same kind of coat and hat, and, what is of greater consequence, manifesting towards him very much the same friendly sentiments. Would it not be unreasonable under these circumstances to expect the animal to conserve his ancient monotheism and worship his master as supreme and unique? Let us not forget that we have made our domesticated quadrupeds intelligent, and that by introducing them into the conditions of modern life we are directly putting them into the way of seeing through their primitive illusion. The sagacious quadruped that in his daily rounds with master or mistress has ample opportunity of observing the general diffusion of good manners among men cannot be expected to go on venerating his master in the old naïve manner. He learns to take a juster view of mankind in general, and, overcoming his inveterate prejudices, is ready to enter into friendly negotiations with the stranger in the street. Our shrewd little philosopher, with his tepid attachment to one house, and his lively relish for the delights of change, seems to be precisely the kind of product that we may look for under these altered conditions.

The change should surprise us the less, seeing that it is closely similar to that which is going on in our relations to our human servants. With the breaking up of the ancient isolation of the home, with the freer movements and the larger experience of these latter days, our servants are by common consent losing all trace of their old tenacious fealty. They have passed out of their former condition of inherited status into one of free contract; and our little philosopher of the kennel is but following Susan of the kitchen when he exchanges the certain but tame satisfactions of permanence for the risky but exciting joys of change.

We have, rather fancifully as it may appear to some, assumed that the modern dog necessarily tends to grow less devoted and more of a rover through the workings of his own intelligent mind. Whether this be so or not, other causes which are certainly known to be in operation will suffice to effect the transformation. It is well known that the several varieties of dog have been developed by the process of human selection. Thus the sportsman wanted a dog to point, and the successive selections of generations have produced the pointer. Any considerable change in man's taste in the matter of dogs will tend to the selection of new physical and moral characters. It follows that the growing preponderance of the demand for canine ornaments and canine pets will inevitably

tend to intensify the qualities which satisfy this demand. That is to say, our domesticated breeds will become in the first place handsomer. Thus we may expect to see the collie put on a yet finer coat, the spaniel to develop a yet silkier ear, and so As with the physique so with the morale. accommodate itself to the growing demand for pets by becoming more submissive and more amiable. The harsher elements of dognature will be gradually eliminated, and the old instincts of snapping, snarling, and biting will give place to a gentleness which will make the most profuse caressing a perfectly safe pastime. And the new type of canine character thus produced will necessarily be wanting in that intensity of devotion which characterised the older type. For the highest concentration of affection in dog and man alike seems to require as its base a certain degree of savageness of disposition. As the dog grows more generally amiable he will grow less partial, and so be incapable of a heart-absorbing attachment.

There are probably those who, while allowing the fact of the change here roughly indicated, might demur to its being regarded as a moral deterioration. They would contend that the dog is changing in much the same way as the man is changing, by acquiring in place of one or two narrow intense affections a widely diffused sentiment of humanity. They might even urge that the desire in a man for the undivided allegiance of a noble quadruped is the outcome of his egoism and his boundless conceit. no doubt much to suggest that the same current of evolution which is carrying civilised man onward to new phases of moral experience is bearing his brute dependents along with him. domesticating the dog we have involved it in a measure in our own fate, and must expect to see it reflect our own transformations. Yet to frail human nature it is hard to look at the probable decay of canine fidelity as other than a serious loss. The world will surely be the poorer when there are no stories of the faithful Gelert and of him of whose fidelity Wordsworth sings to kindle the boy's heart. Our little canine philosopher, with his dominant egoism and his severe control of the affections, seems a very unpicturesque object by the side of the old-fashioned love-mastered hound. And if he represents the dog of the future, it may be safely said that, though we may succeed in liking him, and even paying him a certain measure of esteem, we shall not get our poets to immortalise his virtues.

Love in a Mist.

To M. W.

THERE is a little place called St. Sebald on the borders of a beautiful lake in the Tyrol. The village presses close down to the water, almost as if it were afraid of the mountains behind, which rise up and up, cutting the sky in jagged lines. One cannot help fancying that the people who live in the fresh white houses must be different from others. The deep greens and blues of the lake under the sun, and its wonderful silver lights under the moon, must surely gladden the eyes and hearts of those who watch them, and the rugged mountains are too near to let them forget that their lake lies far from the stars.

Even the travellers who come and bask here for a few days gain something of the peaceful and happy atmosphere, and leave their troubles and their jealousies behind the range.

Not many come, for the place is little known, and there are only two inns in the village. The better of these has a broad verandah hanging over the water, and the fishes swim right up to it, when people dining there are kind enough to throw little bits of bread to them. It is here that the steamer from Russbach lands new visitors, and takes away those who are going back to their town lives. On the balcony there is always some bustle and excitement, but a few yards away St. Sebald resumes its quiet, restful aspect, and the straggling street winds under one or two wide arches, past the inn, up by the old white church, and away till the houses are stopped by the mountains. Some stone steps turn off at right angles and lead into what should be the churchyard. But the church is built on the top of a steep rock, springing straight out of the water, and there is no space for graves or flowers, only for a kind of terrace

bounded on the left by a low white wall. Here, in old days, the monks from the ruined monastery close by used to walk, but they clearly did not wish to shut out all the beauties of water and mountain and sky, for they pierced the wall by a series of low broad arches, and made for themselves a wonderful gallery of pictures framed in white. The world seems wide enough here for any aspiration, and its beauty radiant enough to satisfy any longing; but it is impossible to tell how the peculiar local influence is felt—whether it reaches the heart through the eyes or through the ears alone, or whether perhaps the very air itself may catch its character and breathe its peace or its sternness.

In one of the smallest houses of the village, nestling close under some trees by the lake, lived a man who could see none of these things, for he was blind.

He had lost his sight when only twelve years old, and till then had lived in the plains, so the only images left in his mind were of green stretches and shady trees. Mountains and lakes he had never known, but he built up his surroundings out of the material ready to his mind's eye, raising levels into hills, and spreading brooks into wide spaces of water. He could listen for hours to the ripple of little blue waves against his strip of garden, and knew why the wind never blew on his house from the back, but always swept over it from the front. He could tell the flight of a house martin from that of a swallow, and long before he had landed the fish pulling at his line, knew whether his prize was a carp or a trout.

His greatest joy lay in the myriad noises of nature, and his fine ear caught and delighted in as many gradations of sound as an artist could see in colour. The wind moving in the tree tops. the vague murmurs of the lake, the humming of little insects, the distant cries of children, all these he listened to and found in them a harmony; and sometimes, when his fingers were wandering over the zither, he would play strange phrases, unlike all known music, but breathing a curious close companionship with the voice of nature. In his lonely life he had indeed listened more to her voice than to any other; and she had taught him gently and with loving care, telling him many of her secrets which she withholds from those who might read her face if they would. He had begun learning his instrument, the zither, before he lost his eyes, and, in the misery which followed, the music he could make was his great consolation. After a time it became his support too, for Sebald, finding dependence on his

parents irksome, determined to gain his own livelihood. He travelled about the country with a singer, and they wandered far from home, earning money as they went. But the singer grew tired of the partnership, and when they reached the mountains suggested that his friend should stay behind at the next village. The blind man made no opposition, only stipulated that he should be allowed to choose where he would stop. When they walked into the village of St. Sebald, 'This is the place for me,' Sebald said to himself; 'it must be meant so.'

His companion found lodgings for him, and with many promises to come and fetch him in the autumn, left him there with his share of their meagre profits, to get on as best he could. It was not difficult. The young man, with his tall slight figure and handsome face, had a strong attraction about him; and when he sat playing, with his head thrown back, his sensitive mouth showing between his golden beard and moustache, passers-by felt constrained to stop and listen; and when they listened, his cause Not that his music stirred the heart, or roused the mind, but there was a peculiar charm in it which held his hearers spell-bound. It was as if they actually saw the woods, and skies, and streams whose sounds he interpreted for them, and, hardly knowing why, forgot all the indoor part of their lives as they The music was almost pagan, but it was fresh and it One other power he possessed; he could play chants and hymns as no one had heard them played before. The old familiar sounds rose in a pure impassioned flight as if from the heart of a bird, carrying no weight of earthly feeling with them. Very soon Sebald and his zither became quite famous in the village, and the landlord of the inn on the lake pressed him to play on the balcony whenever his guests were sitting there. captain of the steamboat, too, invited him on board, hoping he might enliven the journey for the passengers. So gulden enough were put down beside him to keep him, summer and winter. He was happy, the sounds of the water were a revelation to him, everyone was kind to him. He learnt to fish contentedly for hours, and could find his way about from place to place with unerring step. He used to call himself Sebald of St. Sebald in his dreams, and wonder if he could compose a hymn to his patron saint.

Then a new thing came into his life. The daughter of his landlady in the village fell in love with him. She was a fair German girl, kind, good-hearted, gay, with a deep fund

of tender helpfulness in her nature. It was she who led Sebald about the place until he knew his way. It was she who cooked little tempting dishes for him when he was tired; it was she who counted his money, and kept it for him. They grew to be firm friends.

One evening she told him that her mother had found a place for her as nursery-maid to some rich people in Russbach, and with that she burst out crying, and he suddenly understood that there was more in her tears than grief at leaving home.

Sebald was touched. He took her hand and told her he did not know how he should get along without her, but that he was blind, and little Afra was not for such as he. But Afra convinced him that he was wrong, and so he married her, wondering at her simple devotion, and loving her for the pity which had grown in her till it had become merged in love.

Ten years glided peacefully by. Sebald made more than enough money to keep himself and Afra and their little boy, and no misfortune came near them. Only sometimes he grew restless and wandered aimlessly, listening for fresh sounds, and feeling his soul move within him. He longed for he knew not what. Sometimes he fancied that if he could only see he would be satisfied, and yet he felt that his unrest lay far below his eyes. Afra would watch him sorrowfully. She did not understand, and yet she divined the reason of his sadness, and when he was sitting moodily silent, would bring little Alois to him, or tempt him to play again till the shadows passed away. He was always happiest in the summer, for then he talked to new people, and often someone would play to him, and so he planted fresh music in his memory which blossomed afterwards on his zither.

One evening early in August, when the sun had just sunk and a golden glow lay on the sky and water, two English ladies, with their maids and baggage, got off the boat. One was a middle-aged faded woman, who quite looked the part of maiden aunt to the vivacious little figure at her side—a young girl, with brown curly hair and blue eyes, which could be as sad and wistful sometimes as they were now bright and sparkling. She was looking about her with evident delight in the beauty of the place, and at the same time making all her arrangements without once referring to the elder lady who stood passively behind her. It was always like this. Celia was always the comet and Aunt Lucy the tail. Aunt Lucy never quite knew why they came abroad at

all, but she followed obediently, just as she listened in bewildered faith to her niece's conversation with the many friends who clustered round her. 'Celia is very clever,' she would say with a sigh, 'and nowadays girls have such advantages.' This vague phrase had a kind of comfort for her—it seemed to explain the situation.

Perhaps the situation did need an explanation, for Celia won her way into people's hearts with the strange confident quickness of a child. She had an intuition about men and women which was almost genius, so unerringly did she reach the quick and living side. In the light of her presence the flowers in every heart uncurled their closed petals, and sunned themselves; and as she gave her best without stint she gained their best from others in return. She moved those who loved her like the strain of a song, sad and soft, yet full of aspiration, and its echo sounded in their ears long after her voice was still.

Sebald was playing as usual on the balcony when she passed, and he heard her stop before him, and watch him silently for a few moments, and then move away. He felt that she had liked his music, and when a sweet low voice begged him to play again, he guessed who the speaker was. He played one of his strange unearthly melodies, and then another and another without stopping, for he knew she understood. When at last he finished, a little cool hand was laid on his, and she said, 'Thank you, thank you—it is very wonderful. How do you know it all if you cannot see? Why, the very colour of the water and the trees is there.'

Sebald could hardly answer her; many had listened before, many had praised him, but none had understood him like this; none had taken his hand.

'I am so happy to think you like it,' he said at last. 'I will play to you as often as you wish.'

She had got up from her seat and was standing close beside him. 'I am afraid I shall wish it very often,' she answered with a little laugh. 'Oh, I am so glad you are here! Good-night. Don't forget me; we shall meet again to-morrow.' And she was gone.

But he met her again that same evening, for, as he was fishing close by the inn, he heard the notes of a piano, and then the notes of a voice. He knew at once to whom it belonged, and it thrilled him as no voice—not even the beloved one of the water—had ever done. He listened entranced, the very spirit of music was speaking to him; here was all that he had ever wanted to express,

here was the soul of nature speaking to his soul, here was the mystery which he had never been able to translate.

What was it? Why could he hear, as she sang, not only all the myriad chords of nature, not only the solemnity of his own fervent worship, but something else more passionate, more human, more divine? He went home in an almost dazed state, and sat far into the night, with his head in his hands, and this time Afra could not guess the reason of his sadness.

Next day Celia came and talked to him again. She had been wondering, she said, how he learnt new music, for he did not always play his own compositions. Sebald answered her by playing the first few bars of her song of the night before, and Celia clapped her hands in delight.

'Did you hear me?' she cried, 'or did you know the song?'

'No, no,' he answered; 'and I do not know it now. I cannot remember it all. If only——' and he stopped shyly.

'Come upstairs with me,' said Celia, 'and I will teach you anything you like. My songs will sound much better on your zither than on my own squeaky little strings.'

Then she took his hand and led him into her room, and gave him a comfortable chair, with his zither on a table before him, and he forgot all about his daily trip on the steamboat, and stayed on, not playing much, but listening. Her voice was quite a small one, but it had a passionate ring in it which carried her hearers away with her into a land aglow with love and feeling, and Sebald followed her. He had never been there before, and it bewildered him. She ended by singing him a song, one of those rushing, fervent melodies, full of sweetness and force, which the Germans know so well how to write.

He had often played it himself, but he recognised now how little he had understood it. His familiarity with the melody only made her rendering of it ring in his ears with greater insistence. He could bear it no longer, the rush of new emotions overcame him, and he stood up, stretching out his arms with a helpless, imploring gesture. Celia came to him quickly, and took both his hands in hers. 'We shall be friends, you and I,' she said. 'We are made of the same bit of earth.'

Sebald was trembling, he could scarcely stand.

'Friends!' he said in a low voice. 'Friends! You and I can never be friends.'

Celia was half frightened at his tone, and began to laugh.

'Why not?' she said. 'I want to be friends with you, and

I always do what I want. Come, she continued, giving him his hat and his zither, I am going to walk to your home with you. I want to know your wife and your little boy. You see I have been curious enough to find out all about you, and I even know your name—Sebald, like the saint. All this time she was leading him down the stairs and out into the glaring sun. Did she know what she was doing? Perhaps not; but if she had known she might not have acted differently.

The sun was very hot, but she went on with him, asking him eager questions all the way, and telling him about herself; how she lived with her Aunt Lucy, and what an odd, independent life she led.

'I get tired of all the people sometimes,' she said, 'and then I make Aunt Lucy bring me to some little place like this.'

Sebald's home, as I have said, stood close to the lake. It was a small white house with a little strip of garden in front blazing with flowers. All the windows were gay with geraniums and fuchsias, and on the white walls were tall creepers with scarlet blossoms.

'Do you or your wife look after the garden?' cried Celia delightedly. 'I should like to live here.'

'Afra would tell you it was my work,' Sebald answered with a smile; 'she says I have a happy hand with flowers, but I could not do much without her.'

Afra now came out of the house, shading her eyes with her hands. She was evidently looking for her husband, and seemed very surprised to see him walking with Celia.

'Are you here, Afra?' said Sebald; 'I have brought someone to see you who wants to know you and little Alois.'

Afra came forward shyly, not knowing what to say; but Celia quickly put her at her ease. There is a stronger freemasonry between woman and woman than between man and man, and if two of them are left alone together they will touch each others' hearts long before men have finished discussing the weather.

Celia went with Afra into the small clean house and looked at everything, admired the kitchen, and stroked the cat, and put little Alois on her knee. Afra could not take her eyes off her. She had never seen anyone so beautifully dressed, or so pretty and gracious, and very soon found herself talking unreservedly to her guest. When Celia left them Afra could not praise her enough to Sebald.

'You cannot see her,' she kept saying, 'so you do not know you. XVII. NO. XCVIII.

how pretty she is; and such a lovely dress—it was silk right through. I saw it when she caught her fringe in the door. Did she pay you well, Sebald?'

He did not answer. How could he tell her that it was impossible to think of Celia offering to pay him—how could he tell her they were friends?

True to her word Celia insisted upon making friends with Sebald. With quick insight she had divined all the latent poetic side in the man, which hitherto had only expressed itself in his music, but which, roused by the touch of another mind, poured out a bright stream of fancy and imagination. But it was not Sebald alone who expanded under a new influence, for Celia had never before talked to anyone who understood her so absolutely, who answered so quickly to every mood of her thought, and she felt as if a new window had been opened for her.

Almost every day he played to her, and she often sang to him, but sometimes they only sat and talked together, and Sebald liked this best. He would tell her some of his dreams—fairy stories about stones and stars and spirits—till she felt his was the real world and hers the shadow.

'You are a poet,' she would say; 'you see with your blind eves far more than I do.'

Best of all, however, he liked to hear her talk; and although he could never tell her why, it seemed to him that over every word she said her heart shed a purple radiance, and he longed to steep his whole nature in that colour. Everything he had not understood before grew clear to him now: he knew what had made him restless—he knew what was missing in his life as well as in his music.

And now for the first time the full despair of his blindness rushed upon him—that he should never, never see her face was an intolerable thought to him. He had loved the woods and streams without seeing them, and now he loved her without seeing her; but this was so different—he felt that he must see her or die.

One day Celia proposed that they should all—Afra, Alois, and Aunt Lucy—go for a picnic together to some pine-woods near by. Aunt Lucy showed no enthusiasm till Celia pointed out to her the pleasure it would give the little family. Then she gave way. Celia hired a large carriage which took them all, and early in the afternoon the party set out. Sebald had never been so far since

he first settled down in the village, and was as much interested and excited as any of them. His wife sat represented him with a beaming face, rejoiced to see him looking so happy. She had made Celia feel rather uneasy by bursting into expressions of gratitude over her kindness just before they started, and somehow, when Afra thanked her for having given Sebald so many pleasures, she longed to shut her ears.

In his twelve years of sight Sebald seemed to have stored up an inexhaustible fund of observation and experience. He had been a dreamy imaginative child, and the colours and shapes of the world had become a part of his consciousness. He knew how brilliant were the greens which felt cool and damp to the touch; he knew how water gleamed when the sun fell upon it; and now perhaps he knew by the quiet stillness how beautiful was the wood they reached. There were great pines rising up like shafts in a cathedral, and brilliant stretches of blue showing between the green pine-needles, while in the background mountains towered above them. Sebald was lying on the ground, drawing in draughts of the keen perfume of the trees, and listening to the noise the branches made as they talked to one another—a noise which seemed to him exactly like the lake when it was angry.

Afra and Aunt Lucy had wandered away with the child. Afra was explaining to the elder woman how frightened she had been lest her baby should be blind like his father, and Aunt Lucy was trying to persuade Afra to dose the boy with rhubarb whenever he was naughty. Neither understood the other very well, but they talked on.

When Celia and Sebald were alone he turned towards her: 'I have often told you stories before,' he said, 'and now I must tell you another.'

'Yes,' Celia answered, startled by the intensity of his tone, 'I am listening.'

'Once upon a time,' he began, in a low voice, 'there was a lake hidden in the deep recesses of a dark and angry mountain. It was so shut in between high walls of rock and overhanging cliffs that no steps ever came near its brink, no birds ever dipped their wings in its cool clear waters, no green trees bent lovingly over its still depths. The sun could not shine upon it by day, nor the moon by night, and the water was dark and black, for it was never flooded by light. Once, however, in the hot month of August, a star in the sky said to herself, "There is a night in

the year when, if I lean a little more to the left, I can send my beams into that lonely water which is thirsting for light." when the time came she made a way post the stern cliffs for one straight glorious shaft, down, down into the very heart of the deep lake. The water had been waiting so long, and was lying so still, that it had power to draw down the very star itself, and it seemed almost as if she had left her heaven for a time to bathe herself Gradually all the heavy shadows were melted, and the water grew light. It looked up to the star with its heart aglow. and was happy. Then the moon called for her handmaiden, and the star went away. At first the lake did not know what had happened; the water had drunk so much light it felt content. But day followed night, and night followed day, and never a ray of light came to gladden it. Then the lake grew blacker and deeper than ever before, and its despair was worse than if the star had never come, for it knew what light meant.'

There was a long silence when Sebald had finished. Celia understood him utterly, but a strange whirl of feeling within her made her unable to speak. At last she took his hand gently.

'The star never forgot the lake,' she said; 'she would shine always if she might, but you know there is only one night when it is possible.'

Sebald carried her hand to his lips.

'The lake can never forget,' he said; and then Afra and the others came back.

During the next few days Celia could hardly understand herself. She had made up her mind to go away as soon as possible, and she felt that she ought to avoid Sebald, for she could scarcely look at her blind friend without feeling the tears in her eyes, and the idea of leaving him gave her a dull ache in her heart. She refused to play to him any more, and took her aunt off on long expeditions, hoping to bridge over the last few days in a natural way.

It was necessary, however, that Sebald should know their stay was nearly over; and though each day she made up her mind to tell him, each night she found she had not been able to do so. But on the last day she forced herself to say in an indifferent tone, 'We are going away to-morrow morning, so I must say good-bye to you now.'

Sebald was dumb for a few moments.

^{&#}x27;Are you going?' he stammered at length; 'going away?'

- 'Yes, we are going,' said Celia sadly; and then she put out her hand.
- 'No! no!' cried Sebald, 'not like this. You have kept away the last few days, and now you must let me be with you again. You must—you must! This evening?'

Celia did not know what to answer, but she left her hand in his.

'Do not be afraid,' he went on. 'I want to have a last time to remember, that is all. I will wait for you at the door about nine o'clock, and we will sit by the church for a little while.'

His voice was trembling.

'Yes, I will come,' Celia answered quietly. She could not refuse him this.

When it was evening, and she had disposed of Aunt Lucy, she ran down to the door and found him waiting for her. There is such a vast unknown abyss of feeling within us, that sometimes, when we draw close to the edge and look over, we turn dizzy and move away. Celia would not talk about last times and good-byes.

'Let us pretend,' she said, 'that it is going on like this for ever, and that to-morrow and to-morrow will be always the same.'

All the silence of the last few days was forgotten, and it seemed as if their intercourse had remained unbroken. They walked up the stone steps, and Celia settled herself in one of the archways. It was a magnificent night, and one of those warm mysterious hours fanned by a wind which belongs to the sunny day, but lit by the pale glamour of the moon. The lake and the mountains were on one side of her, and on the other stood Sebald. She almost forgot that he could see nothing, in her ecstasy over the scene before her.

They were silent for a few seconds, but suddenly he took one of her hands and held it between his.

'Child,' he said, 'this is the last time. Tell me what you see there. Make me see it too, so that I can always remember.'

'I will try,' Celia answered; 'and you must sit here with me.' But Sebald knelt down beside her, still holding her hand, and told her to begin.

'First, then,' she said, 'we must begin with the sky, because it is over everything. It is deep, deep blue, lit by a few stars, and down there, just above the mountain behind your house, is the moon. She is glad to find no clouds anywhere to dim her radiance, and she is shedding a silver mist over everything. The great mountains have melted into gossamer; their substance has gone into their shadows, which are drowning in the lake. The

water is quite black and still under them, but wherever its mood is ruffled the light of the moon plays with it and makes it laugh. The stars are streaming down—oh!' she cried, breaking off, 'can you see it all as I do? I believe you can.'

Sebald lifted up his head. His eyes were closed, as they always were, but he had seen a vision.

'This is the last time,' he said again. 'Make me see your face. It is more beautiful to me than the lake, and I know there is light when I turn towards you.'

'No, no,' said Celia, 'I cannot do it. You live in a world far more beautiful than ours, and if I am in it you see me far more beautiful than I am. Think of me always like that.'

'Let me feel your face with my hand,' he said; 'I know what you are like, but I want never to forget.'

She took his hand and laid it on her head. He felt the soft curls which grew low over her forehead; he felt the cool whiteness of her brow; and then he passed his fingers over her little tilted nose and reached her mouth. He traced in its delicate passionate curves—the full red lips were half open. He could bear no more and he got up and turned away.

'Good-bye,' he said, holding out both his hands as he had done on that first day; 'good-bye. You must leave me here alone.'

Celia got down from her seat. She was stirred to the very deeps of her nature. Her mind had obeyed his call as he touched her forehead, her heart had sent its love to him through her eyes when his hand had closed their lids, and her soul left her when he reached her lips.

'Sebald,' she cried, 'I am blind too. I can see nothing without you.'

His arms were still outstretched. She made an impulsive movement towards him, when, suddenly, the church clock above began to strike. For a second she hesitated—then she heard steps coming towards them. She drew back from him with a sound in her voice, half cry, half sob, and ran away into the house.

And this is the end of the story, for he never heard her voice again. And yet not the end, for if a stone be dropped into the water of life the ripples spread and spread, in ever widening circles, changing the whole surface, till even the distant shores are touched.

Spiders.

HOW is it that though ants and bees have had their patient, loving chroniclers, who have devoted years to the study of their habits and peculiarities, spiders have not secured an equal amount of attention from lovers of all that is most interesting in the animal world? I suppose that the instinctive dislike with which most people look upon the spider is responsible for this neglect. It certainly cannot be said that these creatures have not so many interesting characteristics as bees or ants have. None of the smaller members of creation excel them in this respect; indeed, I venture to say that spiders offer more attractive traits to the observer who can bring himself to ignore their ugliness, than any other inmates of our houses and gardens. I will endeavour to support this contention by giving some of the results of my observations of spiders, supplementing my own knowledge of the subject with information drawn from the writings of those naturalists who have bestowed more than the most cursory attention on these clever creatures.

To begin with, it may be stated that the spider is not an insect, though probably nine people out of ten would class it under this term. With scorpions and mites, spiders form a Class in the Animal Kingdom known as the Arachnida. This name is derived from a mythical personage called Arachne, the daughter of a purple-dyer of Lydia, who was fabled to have challenged Minerva to a trial of skill in spinning. So indignant was the goddess at this act of boldness, that she forthwith transformed the hapless challenger into a spider, presumably in order that she might have the best possible opportunity of practising the art on which she prided herself so much. Spiders differ from insects in five main particulars: their eyes are simple instead of compound, they have eight legs in place of six, they do not pass through the metamorphoses which are characteristic

of insects, they have no antennæ, and their breathing is accomplished by means of organs which combine the functions of lungs and gills, instead of by tubes pervading their bodies. These points of distinction are sufficient to determine the fact that it is impossible to class spiders as insects.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the most distinctive feature of spider life is the web which most of these creatures spin, and which enables them to ensuare insects that would otherwise easily evade them. Some spiders prepare no webs, but they spin cocoons, so it is incorrect to call them non-spinners, as is often done. To this class belong the hunting spiders, which pursue their prey as a cat does a mouse. In summer-time the zebra-striped hunting spider may be seen at work on almost any wall or tree. It is usually so intent upon its stalking operations that it may be observed quite closely without showing any signs of fear. If you should happen to catch sight of one of these active creatures while it is engaged in a search for some eatable insect, you will be surprised at the rapidity of its movements. It darts about, peering into crevices and exploring cracks in every direction. Now and then it will raise itself on its fore legs and take a good look round. As soon as it sights a fly or a gnat, its restlessness is changed for stalking as stealthy and cautious as that of the cheetah. It advances slowly, taking advantage of every little bit of cover, and pausing if its victim shows the least sign of uneasiness. wily tactics continue until it is within leaping distance, when it darts upon the unsuspecting insect with inconceivable rapidity, and after a short struggle invariably disengages itself from its To prevent the chance of a fall if, as is often vanquished foe. the case, its spring is made on a perpendicular wall, this spider draws a fragile thread behind it, which acts as a support in case of a catastrophe. The accuracy with which these little creatures spring upon their prey is wonderful. They never seem to miss their stroke. Some of the spiders which spin no snare depend for food upon their choice of a suitable ambush, hiding in a crevice or beneath a fallen leaf until some insect passes sufficiently near to them; but the majority of this branch of the race trust rather to their powers of stalking than to the chance of some toothsome morsel straying by them as they lie in wait.

The webs of those spiders which spin snares out of doors, as the geometrical garden spider, are formed of two sorts of silk, one of which is used for the main cables and the radiating threads, the other for the concentric threads. The latter are thickly studded with minute globules of a viscous substance, which retains the fly, gnat, or moth that may blunder against them; while the former are quite dry and harmless. A third kind of silk is produced by the busy little spinner when some such large insect as a wasp has become entangled in the web, and threatens to break the delicate structure in its struggles. This takes the form of an enveloping mass, which is suddenly produced, and which effectually prevents any further gyrations on the part of the captured insect. The spinning-machine is situated under the hinder part of the spider's body. It takes the form of a slight depression, which a close inspection shows to consist of six small bodies resembling tubes. Four of these contain an immense number of minute openings—as many as a thousand can be counted in each -and from every one of these openings a viscous fluid issues, which hardens on exposure to the atmosphere. The whole four thousand threads are united into one line, which is sometimes so fine that four million twisted together would not have a combined diameter greater than that of an ordinary hair from the human head. It is impossible to conceive the excessive slenderness of one of the four thousand threads which compose such a line. The bare statement that each one has a thickness only one sixteen thousand millionth of that of a human hair does not in any way convey the impression of its wonderful fineness. The mind can no more grasp the meaning of such figures than it can understand the immense distances of which astronomers talk so glibly. miles of silk has been drawn from the body of a single spider, and yet it is calculated that twenty-seven large spiders would be required to produce a pound weight of the material.

When the common geometrical spider has made up its mind to spin a web, it commences operations by enclosing a certain area with the foundation lines. To these, radiating lines are fixed, generally about thirty in number, and all joining in the centre of the snare. When the radii are finished, the spinner proceeds to weave the concentric lines, stretching them from one radiating thread to another, and forming them of the silk thickly studded with viscous drops, to which I have already alluded. Starting from the centre of the web, however, the first few concentric threads are without this peculiarity, the reason being that the spider likes to sometimes sit in the middle of its web, and naturally does not care to be incommoded with the sticky matter which it prepares for the special benefit of its prey. When the snare is finished, a task which often does not occupy more than

forty minutes, in spite of the complicated nature of the work, the spider weaves a cell in some secluded spot close at hand, connecting it with the centre of the web by means of a special thread. This, by its trembling, gives intimation of the capture of any insect in the web, and also forms a pathway by which the snugly-ensconced spider is enabled to proceed on an investigating expedition. No small insect ever escapes from the web of a spider, a fact which is not to be wondered at when it is considered that an ordinary-sized snare may contain as many as a hundred and twenty thousand viscid globules. The spinner is constantly engaged in repairing injuries to the web inflicted by wind, stray leaves, or captured insects. Once a day the whole snare is submitted to rigorous examination, and any broken or loosened threads are adjusted.

The strength of spider silk is incredible. Size for size it is considerably tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary spider's thread is capable of bearing a weight of three grains, while a steel thread of the same thickness would support less than two. A bar of steel one inch in diameter will bear a weight of fifty tons, but it is calculated that if a spider's thread of the same size could exist, it would be capable of supporting a weight of seventy-four tons: that is to say, its strength would be half as great again as that of steel, or nearly three times that of wrought iron.

The web of the house spider differs from that of the garden variety in two points: its mesh is much finer, and it is composed of one kind of silk only. The flies which find their way into it are detained by the entanglement of their claws in the fine meshes. The house spider, as a rule, makes its snare in the corner of the room; its first operation is to press its spinners against the wall, thus securing the threads in a particular spot; then it goes to the opposite side, and fastens the other end of the thread. This primary line is strengthened by two or three others being run along beside it, threads are drawn from it in various directions, and the interstices are filled by the spider's running backwards and forwards, always leaving a line behind it. In one corner of the completed web a tube is made, in which the spider conceals itself and waits for the appearance of unwary flies.

It is not surprising that so uncanny-looking a creature as the subject of this sketch should have various attributes of a more or less surprising nature awarded to it. In rural districts it is no very uncommon occurrence to find that there is a firm belief in the curative powers of spiders in cases of ague. Eleazar Albin says that he has been instrumental in curing several children of

this complaint 'by hanging a large spider, confined in a box, about their necks, reaching to the pit of the stomach, without giving any internal remedies.' This superstition is made use of by Longfellow, when he writes in 'Evangeline':—

Only beware of the fever, my friends—beware of the fever; For it is not, like that of our cold Acadian climate, Cured by the wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell.

Outward applications of the creature have not always been relied upon in cases of ague. Some little time ago there lived a lady in Ireland who was renowned for the success of her treatment of the disease. Her remedy was one which required a certain amount of courage to put into force, consisting, as it did, of swallowing a bolus composed of a spider enveloped in treacle. Not that spiders have never been eaten, for there are many cases on record of persons who have enjoyed them fully as much as any gourmand relishes a choice oyster; and really one is inclined to think that the man who first ate an oyster was fully as bold as those who have feasted on spiders. The enjoyment of particular kinds of food is, after all, a matter of custom; and the African who revels in white ants is no more peculiar in his tastes than the European who eats cheese-mites. A lady whom M. Réaumur knew was accustomed to devour spiders as fast as she could catch them, and a German lady gave it as her opinion that these creatures resembled in taste the most delicious nuts. A fellow-countryman of this lady was in the habit of regularly hunting spiders in his own and his friends' houses: he used to spread them on bread, Rözel tells us, and vowed that they were far pleasanter to the palate than butter.

Everyone knows how unlucky it is supposed to be to kill one of the tiny 'money-spiders.' It is rather hard to say why these little creatures should have protection awarded to them in this way, unless it is because they are particularly numerous on a fine morning. In the sixteenth century it was generally stated that 'spiders be true signs of great stores of gold,' a saying which arose thus: While a passage to Cathay was being sought by the north-west, a mariner brought home a stone which was announced to be gold, and caused such 'a ferment that several vessels were fitted out for the express purpose of collecting the precious metal. Frobisher, in 1577, found on one of the islands where he landed, similar stones, and an enormous number of spiders. But to detail all the superstitions in connection with these creatures would

require an entire article. Even schoolboys are led to forgo their usual destructiveness when they are in question. I remember that when I was a lad at Winchester it was considered a most unlucky thing to do any injury to a particularly large kind of spider which is sometimes found in the college buildings, and which went among us boys (or men, as we called ourselves) by the name of a Wykehamist.

A question which has often been mooted, and has more than once been given a practical trial, is: 'Can spider-silk be turned to good account as a textile material?' There is no doubt that this beautifully soft and fine silk is capable of being worked up into articles of clothing; for a native of Languedoc established a factory for weaving it in the earlier days of the century, and succeeded in producing gloves and stockings which attracted a great deal of attention, while it is on record that Louis XIV. was presented with an entire suit of spider-silk. The one insuperable difficulty to a development of this industry appears to be that the extreme pugnacity of spiders entirely prevents their being kept together in such large numbers as any manufacture of their silk necessitates; and of course to keep each one separately would involve far too great an amount of trouble and expense. It seems hopeless to expect that European spiders will ever live together without falling upon one another, and so the idea of turning their product to profitable account must be abandoned. If only this was not the case, no doubt a lucrative business could be done in rearing them for the purpose of making use of their silk. Rather before the days of the experiment in France, an Englishman named Rolt was awarded a medal by the Society of Arts for his success in obtaining appreciable quantities of silk from the garden variety. By connecting a reel with a small steam-engine, and thus obtaining a rapid rate of revolution, he was able to wind eighteen thousand feet of beautifully lustrous white silk from a couple of dozen spiders. The impetus which these experiments in this country and in France gave to the idea of utilising spidersilk was, however, damped by the disastrous experiences of a Frenchman who made up his mind to go in for the business on a large scale, and accordingly procured five thousand spiders, which he confined in fifty different boxes. He met with some difficulty in keeping his stock supplied with a sufficiency of insects, with the result that they fell upon one another, to such good purpose that one morning the experimenter found only a few hundred survivors. The stupendous nature of the task that a man who essays to provide food for some thousands of these voracious little creatures sets himself, may be imagined when it is stated that a confined spider has been proved by actual experiment to eat twenty-six times its own weight in the course of a day! At this rate, a man of ordinary size would require three or four bullocks and from fifteen to twenty sheep to satisfy his appetite daily.

Though, however, it seems that our spiders cannot be made of use commercially, there is no reason why those of other lands should not supply material for the loom. Dr. Walsh recounts that in his travels through Brazil he came across a spider which he named Aranea maculata, and is admirably adapted for silk-Far from devouring one another, after producing purposes. the voracious manner of their European relatives, these spiders live in little communities apparently on the best of terms. They are of enormous size, and spin a yellowish web, the threads of which are fully as thick as ordinary silk. The size and strength of these webs are shown by the following statement made by Dr. Walsh: 'In passing through an opening between some trees I felt my head entangled in some obstruction, and on withdrawing it, my light straw hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of thick gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch of the opposite trees as large as a sheet ten or twelve feet in diameter.' The doctor's account of the huge web spun by this spider has been confirmed by the observations of other travellers, one of whom states that he has seen a single web which completely enveloped a large lemon-tree. Spider-silk such as this is produced in other parts of the world besides Brazil. Speaking of the spiders in Ceylon, Sir J. E. Tennant says: 'Their webs, stretched from tree to tree, are so strong as to cause a painful check against the face when moving quickly against them, and more than once in riding I have had my hat lifted off by a single thread.' Presumably the spider of whose web Sir J. E. Tennant speaks in these terms is the same one as that described by Sir Samuel Baker in one of his writings about Ceylon. He says that it is two inches in length, and spins a web two or three feet in diameter, the threads of which are so strong that if a walking-stick is thrown among them it remains suspended. Mr. F. W. Burbidge tells of another spider, black, yellow-spotted, and measuring six or even eight inches across the extended legs, which spins silk of the thickness of ordinary sewing-cotton. Though nothing is said about the sociability of this creature or of the spiders of Ceylon, it seems well within the bounds of possibility that at no very distant date spider-silk may become a recognised material in the textile market. Perhaps the enormous success which Mr. Lister made of alpaca may be emulated by someone who manages to acclimatise these silk-producing spiders.

Whilst I am on the subject of the useful purposes which spiders' webs may be made to serve, I may mention one very serviceable property possessed by them—this is, the way in which they foretell the weather. Of the many natural barometers none is more trustworthy than the web of a spider. Careful observations have shown that its condition is a most unfailing weatherguide. For instance, if a spider is seen to be shortening the filaments by which its web is suspended, there will be wind or rain, or both, before many hours have passed, and they will continue short as long as the weather remains variable. If, on the other hand, these threads are lengthened, fair, calm weather may be expected, the duration of which may be judged by the extent to which the threads are elongated. If a spider remain inactive, it is a sign of rain; but if it keeps on with its work during rain. the shower will soon be over, and will be followed by fine weather. I have already mentioned the fact that the spider overhauls its web once in the course of every twenty-four hours. If this is done in the evening, just before the sun sets, a clear, fine night may be confidently expected.

Spider-silk is turned to practical account by the makers of land-surveying instruments, who divide their glasses into sections by fastening threads of it across them. The extreme fineness of spider-silk makes it especially adapted for this purpose. required silk is obtained in a very simple and ingenious manner. A piece of wire shaped like a hairpin, with a space between the two prongs rather greater than the diameter of the glass to which the silk is to be fitted, is provided. The spider which is to be made to yield its thread is tossed from one hand of the operator to the other until the instinct of self-preservation prompts it to emit a silken line with the intention of letting itself down to the ground by its aid. The end of this filament is promptly fastened to the wire, and the spider is allowed to drop. As soon as it finds itself suspended in the air, it spins away as fast as it is able. but the thread is wound upon the wire as it is produced until the supply is exhausted or the reel is filled. By this contrivance a quantity of threads of the requisite length is obtained.

There does not seem to be any very definite information as to the age which spiders attain. No doubt, however, they live for many years. Mr. Jesse tells of two spiders which spun their webs in opposite corners of a drawer, and continued to occupy them for thirteen years. The drawer was only used as a receptacle for soap and candles, and was never opened except to put in or take out some of these articles. Unless the spiders developed a taste for them, it is difficult to see how they managed to keep themselves alive in such quarters, for the insects which form their natural food can hardly have penetrated there in sufficient numbers to sustain them. They are said to have been invariably found in the same position, seldom showing more of themselves than the two fore legs which projected from the inner corners of their webs.

Though spiders are so quarrelsome among themselves, they would seem to be not indifferent to kindness, if we may take one striking example as typical of the whole race in this respect. his 'Life of Pellisson,' the Abbé d'Olivet tells the following story: 'Confined at the time in a solitary place, where the light of day penetrated only through a small slit, having no other servant nor companion than a stupid and dull clown, a Basque, who was continually playing the bagpipes, Pellisson studied to secure himself against an enemy which a good conscience alone cannot always repel-I mean the attacks of unemployed imagination, which, when it once exceeds proper limits, becomes the most cruel torture of a recluse individual. He adopted the following stratagem: Perceiving a spider spinning her web at the aperture before mentioned, he undertook to tame her, and to effect this he placed some flies on the edge of the opening, while the Basque kept playing on his favourite bagpipe. The spider by degrees accustomed herself to distinguish the sound of that instrument, and to run from her hole and seize her prey: thus by always calling her out with the same tune, and placing the flies nearer and nearer to his own seat, after several months' exercise he succeeded in taming the creature so well that she would start at the first signal to seize a fly at the farthest end of the room, and even on the knees of the prisoner.'

The young of many kinds of spider, and adults of a few, have a habit of allowing themselves to be wafted into the air and transported, sometimes for great distances, attached to long, loose threads. It has been stated by many naturalists that there is a 'gossamer spider' which alone possesses the power of doing this,

but their idea is an erroneous one. This question has aroused a good deal of controversy from the different ideas that have been formed as to the extent to which the little creatures are able to direct their aërial flights. Mr. White made the following observations on the subject: 'Every day in fine weather in autumn do I see spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft; they will go off from the finger if you take them in your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book as I was reading in the parlour. and running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring; and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some locomotive power without the use of wings, and move faster than the air in the air itself.' Mr. White's ideas have not, however, been confirmed by those of others. I have myself made many observations of this movement of spiders through the air, and am positive that they have no powers of transporting themselves beyond the emission of the feathery threads which are acted upon by atmospheric currents. The gentlest breath of air is sufficient to waft along the insignificant weight of a small spider when attached to so inconceivably light a substance as 'gossamer' thread. There is no doubt that extensive migrations of spiders are carried out by this method of travelling. Incredible distances are covered by spiders borne upon their aërial webs. of the Beagle was, for instance, once found to be covered with them when fully sixty miles separated the vessel from the nearest land.

Though most female spiders are very solicitous with regard to the safety of the cocoons in which they enwrap their eggs, this anxiety seems to be purely instinctive, and not dictated in any way by love of their offspring. A spider which is deprived of her ball of eggs will manifest the liveliest feelings of distress, hunting about in every direction for her lost treasure. But with all her solicitude regarding it she may be persuaded to accept something else in its stead with the greatest possible ease. Any substance which resembles the cocoon in size, shape, weight, and colour is seized upon by her with the utmost eagerness, and she hurries off perfectly well satisfied that her eggs are under her care once more. The wolf-spider is the most conspicuous example of maternal tenderness which the race affords. She watches over the hatching of her children with great care, and when the time comes

for them to make an appearance, helps them to extricate themselves from the envelope in which they are confined. Once they are safely hatched, she allows them to cling to her body in such numbers that they often completely hide their parent. For several months she exercises a close supervision over them, scarcely letting them out of her sight until they are old enough, in her judgment, to seek their own living.

Spiders kill their prey by the agency of a poisonous fluid, which is secreted in a gland, and which flows at will to the extremity of one of the fauces or jaws. Some writers have denied the existence of this poisonous substance; but the effects which a spider's bite have been known to have upon a human being prove undoubtedly that it is present. Persons who have been bitten by a very large South American spider, known as Mugale fusca, have felt the effects in the recurrence of severe pains in the portion of the body attacked for as long as twelve or even twenty years after the infliction of the wound. The stories told of the disastrous effects of the bites of the Tarantula are, however, quite fabulous. Everybody has heard of the belief, held by the inhabitants of the district round Tarantum, that if one chanced to be bitten by a Tarantula, he became subject to a dire disease which could only be cured by musical strains. The disease no doubt existed, and was probably a form of hysteria, in the cure of which music may have proved beneficial; but to saddle an innocent spider with the odium of producing it was distinctly unfair.

The destructive powers of spiders do not stop short at killing insects, for some tropical species habitually catch and ent small birds. The accounts first given of these formidable creatures were for a long time looked upon as mere travellers' tales, but more recent observations have fully confirmed the statements made by those who originally described them. The birds are not caught in snares, for these spiders spin no webs. They conceal themselves in crevices or under leaves, and from some such retreat pounce upon the birds they have succeeded in approaching. A great deal of their hunting is done during the dark hours of night, when they are able to steal upon their prey without being perceived. They often rifle the nests of humming-birds, dragging out the young and devouring them, while the distracted parent birds flutter helplessly around.

The clever workmanship of the 'trap-door' spider has been so often described that I will not devote any space to it, beyond

telling of the fate which often overtakes one of the species which makes its home in the ground. We are so accustomed to look upon the spider as a destroyer, that there is something novel in finding it in the rôle of a victim. On the South American pampas certain spiders make little holes in the ground, and in these they lie waiting for the approach of insects. the haunts of these creatures are visited by the female of a wasp, rather smaller than the familiar wasp of our country. She makes a careful investigation of every hole she encounters, and when she discovers one which is tenanted by a spider, enters it. For a few moments the observer has no indication of the reception awarded to the intruder, but presently the wasp is to be seen hurrying away from the mouth of the hole, with the spider in eager pursuit. When they have gone a short distance, the pursued creature suddenly assumes the aggressive, and, turning upon her enemy, grapples with it. There is a short struggle, which invariably terminates in the complete collapse of the spider. It is not killed, but seems paralysed by the sting of its antagonist, and lies motionless, except for an occasional spasmodic movement of the legs. The wasp drags her vanquished enemy back to the recesses of the hole, once its home, and stowing it away there, lays an egg beside it, then carefully fills the hole with dust and rubbish, and departs to find another victim. When the egg is hatched, the larva, of course, feeds upon the body which its parent has so thoughtfully provided.

A curious point with regard to spiders is the disparity in the sizes of the sexes. The female is almost invariably considerably larger than the male; indeed, in one species she is thirteen hundred times as large as her partner. The male spider's court-ship is apt to be a very gruesome one, for it is frequently terminated by his being killed and eaten by his more powerful mate.

ARTHUR SOMERSET.

Country Parsons.

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place.
GOLDSMITH.

WHATEVER else Disestablishment may do or leave undone, without doubt it would remove many clergymen from lonely and isolated parishes. These would, in that case, probably be served, as was the rule in Lincolnshire in times yet remembered, from different centres. Without touching upon the expediency of this policy. its adoption would in a short time drive into the towns many kindly, scholarlike parsons, and wipe out of existence several types of country clergy. These worthy, in not a few cases admirable, men, could ill be spared in districts where few or no rich squires -perhaps none of the social rank of gentlepeople-live; where the natives are abandoned to a sordid monotony of daily labour, and seldom influenced by the teaching or example of cultivated neighbours. Numerous unfashionable or thinly populated districts of this kind may be found in England, now among the unpicturesque flats of East Anglia, now on the hilly Marches of Wales and in the dales of Yorkshire and Westmoreland. Even in Devonshire, on and contiguous to the 'Moor,' a good many retired parishes exist, and in each of all these lonely posts at present an educated man keeps watch against bodily, mental, and spiritual barbarism. It can scarcely be matter of surprise that these good men occasionally develop into curiously independent characters. Their position is a freehold office. They cannot be removed so long as they do their duty; sometimes not readily, even if they fall into scandalous or immoral practices. Their education and modes of thought predispose them to run into certain moulds. They take in each his own newspaper, and seldom are the views which it expresses questioned, owing to inability or unwillingness to read other papers, and lack of opportunity to converse with men of other political or literary opinions. A clergyman's absolute

predominance in the pulpit perhaps encourages him to hold outside it equally decided views on art and letters, politics and dio-These views or prejudices gradually cling as cesan matters. tightly to a country parson's powers of judging as do limpets to a rock. He is mastered by them, and because he espouses their cause and contends vigorously on their behalf, the little world outside deems him a visionary or an eccentrical dreamer. does not think or act as they do, and rustics dislike nothing so much as independent thought and action. Let the parson be a confirmed old bachelor or widower, and he is almost certain to become a marked man in some line or other. But rural distrust is not so strong as its affection, and when a clergyman has long lived blameless in one parish, its members generally cherish the kindness and trustworthiness of their pastor, and requite his care of them with answering good-will and cordiality. He may have buried the parish twice over, and emulated Old Scarlett at Peterborough, without possessing, it may be hoped, that worthy's

Scarebabe mighty voice with visage grim.

He has certainly baptized and taught all the younger men and women; not a family but has received kindnesses from him and found his value in times of trouble. It is not wonderful, then, that they have learned to love and respect one who has ever been an influence for good in their midst, who has ever set his face against mean and sordid views or deeds, who, to take the lowest view of his calling, has always witnessed for truth, and light, and goodness.

Wordsworth's essay on the respective advantages of curates and incumbents is well worth reading in this connection. 'How agreeable to picture to one's self,' he says, 'as has been done by poets and romance writers, from Chaucer down to Goldsmith, a man devoted to his ministerial office, with not a wish or a thought ranging beyond the circuit of its cares!' And he declares that such characters are to be found, scattered, it may be hoped, not sparingly over real life, especially in sequestered and rural districts. Without adverting to the higher sides of the rural parson's life, it may be allowable to glance with a kindly eye at the little eccentricities and mannerisms which so frequently beset him. Hawker of Morwenstowe, the poet-clergyman, with his dozen cats, his staves, and the like, is the best type, in his earnest religiousness, of retired and well principled eccentricity. Another country

¹ Poetical Works, p. 417, vol. vi. (ed. 1857).

clergyman, it was alleged, in quite late years, would persist in preaching extemporaneously, and every sermon, whatever its subject, invariably ran into a scathing denunciation of the new Poor It was found necessary to call in the law's aid and suspend A third used one of the church's bells as his own dinner him. Yet another occupied himself for several years in trying to construct a calculating machine. Its framework was carefully put together in his laundry, but the machinery could never be made to multiply by the line of seven. For all we know, he may yet be struggling there with his impracticable conception. Others are noticeable from talking and preaching in broad Devonshire or Cumberland dialect. A valued friend must have been the very last country parson to wear a tall hat, and what a bad hat was Talking of dress, two old clergyman, vicar and curate, lived together, and came down to breakfast on Sundays wearing the usual black ties in which, during the week, they went about the Just as the bell changed, to show that in five minutes more service would commence, the housekeeper brought a tray containing two white neckcloths, which were then solemnly put on by the greybeards for the Sunday's duty. In the last century, Gilbert White was the best example of the observant and scholarly country parson. Thomas Twining was a greater scholar, but dissipated his energies on literary and musical likings. In almost all these cases the eccentric men were endeared to their parishioners. Their very foibles spoke of fallible human nature. They emerged, even by their oddities, from the throng of monotonous existences around them, as a hilly country lies nearer to the hearts of its inhabitants and is more noticed by them than wide horizons and level fields.

How much does a country parson's idiosyncrasy emerge in his study! Its very aspect betrays its owner. Sometimes, let us whisper (but, of course, parsons have other rooms in which to read), its appearance hardly comports with its name. Like the etymology of lucus, it is called a study because no one seems to study in it. It contains more guns and fishing-rods and boots than books. Some studies, however, can never be forgotten. They reflect the personality of their owners—Kingsley's, for instance, as described by Mr. Martineau. 'Its lattice window (in later years altered to a bay), its great heavy door, studded with large projecting nails, opening upon the garden; its brick floor covered with matting; its shelves and heavy old folios, with a fishing-rod or landing-net or insect-net leaning against them; on the table books, writing

materials, sermons, manuscripts, proofs, letters, reels, feathers, fishing-flies, clay pipes, tobacco. On the mat, perhaps, the brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and gently agitated tail asking indulgence for the intrusion, a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont Scotch terrier, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of its race.' A study need not be large; indeed, a small one is often more conducive to thought. Witness Law's at King's Cliffe or Wesley's at Epworth. Standing in this it is impossible to avoid thinking of the historic ghost which came trundling down the stairs outside, and to feel wiser because a good man there worked and prayed. Who can forget the late Bishop of St. David's study? Every table, chair and shelf, loaded, running over and groaning with books; piles of them on the sofas and everywhere on the carpet; even an old portmanteau filled with them surmounting other books—a type of the great scholar's mind filled with many books, yet always able to find what it needed. But there are studies of other fashions. Here is one laboriously papered with spent postage-stamps; here is another which its owner has fitted up as an aviary and filled with canaries. This man keeps several families of white owls in his; that one has cumbered it with a big aquarium lined with sea-anemones. yet each of these is studious in other ways, 'counting it not profaneness to be polished with humane reading or to smooth his way by Aristotle to school divinity.' The ornithologist may be seen bending over drawers filled with rare skins, the geologist's books rise stratum upon stratum from his desk. All these parsons agree more or less in antipathy to the housemaid's broom. Some always lock the study door on leaving it. What seems chaos, they say, to others, is a kosmos to themselves. In spite of which sentiment every now and then their wives, like 'ministering angels,' find their way in and proceed to 'tidy' the room. Perhaps this is in some cases absolutely necessary. Many country parsons never destroy a letter or even a newspaper. They may want them some day, they think, and the study and its approaches are filled with heaps, mounds, piles, stacks of papers, which the servants are dared so much as to dust.

A parson's horse is often as much of a character as its master. It is petted and humoured, allowed to walk round the outbuildings and curtilage like a great dog, and knows how to unfasten every gate on the glebe. Not unseldom the parson awakes from the sound sleep of Monday morning to find it standing on his lawn and contemplating his bed of pinks. This one has a curious

facility when its master rides it in the winter of always falling in with the hounds. It is not every man who is bold enough, like a late well-known North Devon rector, to keep hunters. That one jibs and plunges, and will never start from the door until the factotum grasps its left ear, when it trots off like a lamb. third is supposed to have been once upon a time a circus horse. and goes through divers antics and gambols as it approaches the parson's front door, concluding (say the villagers) with falling on its knees for its master to mount. Yet a fourth was deliberately chosen by the parson for its slow paces, that he might have time when ambling round his North Yorkshire parish to see the beautiful views. Country parsons' hobbies are as varied as their They are archæologists, tennis players, rose growers, butterfly catchers, fungus hunters, and, of course, trout fishers. Commonly they form the authorities of the diocese on these subjects, from an old-fashioned belief which they cherish of doing in the best manner whatever the hand findeth to do. That their dogs and cats are favoured pensioners and oddities in their way goes for granted. Where are such sagacious Scotch terriers to be found as in country rectories? Whose cat is so sleek as the parson's Timothy Tittlebat, which dozes on a pile of books by the study fire? It generally goes once too often, however to the Squire's woods, but of course the keeper knows nothing of it. and looks particularly distressed when reminded of the ill-fate which presumably overtakes it there.

For the rest, the country parson is somewhat too credulous for everyday life in the nineteenth century. The numerous companies which spring up daily like autumnal mushrooms forget not to send him alluring prospectuses. The chances are that before he married he once took shares in a company to light Mashonaland with electricity, or manufacture diamonds out of peach stones (Limited). The results were not encouraging, and have at all events saved him from further speculation. clergy as a rule are temperate drinkers, and yet wine merchants are slow to believe it. Every country parson has at least a hundredweight of prospectuses of wines sent him yearly. Considering, too, how tithes have fallen, it is a cruel aggravation of his lot that the bulk of these come just before Christmas. widow of a late eminent divine' is just at that time selling her port at a fabulous reduction, or 'a curious parcel of ditto ditto, green seal,' has been secured from the cellar of a lately deceased Queen's Counsel, and will positively be almost given away if the

country parson applies within a fortnight. It is singular how these confidential wine merchants forget that there is such a place as Oxford, and that it is just possible the clergy who have been there may know something about the mysteries of port In his walks from farm to farm the country parson wine. becomes acquainted with all their sheep dogs. Nero, Scot, and Towser draw near confidingly, and he treats them as parishioners should be treated, patting their backs and pulling their ears. The cows he is not so fond of, for on one occasion when visiting a sick man at night he took the field path, stumbled over a sleeping cow, which rose suddenly and threw him over her back. He has to make wills, write letters, administer the teetotal pledge to erring wives, scold termagants (when the husband cannot manage them), and perform many another friendly office little suspected by worldly critics. It is even upon record that a country parson, on being pressed by a north countrywoman to repeat a charm over her cow, which was dying of some mortal complaint, in order to humour her stepped up to the animal in the 'byre,' and said, with a twinkle in his eye-

> Gin thou mun live thou mun live, And gin thou mun dee thou mun dee.

The animal happened soon after to take a turn and then quickly recovered. Some months afterwards the old clergyman was himself brought to death's door by a quinsy, and the woman begged to be allowed to go upstairs and bid him farewell. This was granted, and she stepped up to his pillow, and said solemnly—

Gin thou mun live thou mun live, And gin thou mun dee thou mun dee.

This quite upset the parson's gravity, who laughed so much that something gave way in his neck, and he too recovered, still further convincing the woman of the efficacy of the charm.

As for sermons, they may be passed over in this depicting the lighter shades of a country parson's life. In an age of increased earnestness and devotion to duty the old story of the sermons kept in the oyster barrel may well be compared with the legendary consecration of Archbishop Parker at the 'Nag's Head.' Country parsons' wives form a still more delicate subject. It were wiser to be silent, and merely apply Pope's division to them, as 'best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.' Rectory gardens, however, possess a character of their own. They generally contain finer trees than flowers. The time-honoured yews, the lime-tree

walks, the big cedars, the horse-chestnuts whose branches droop to the lawn and are propped up to form an arbour, the elms which the Squire himself envies-who does not at once recall many such trees? There are of course beds filled every year with scarlet geraniums and blue and yellow hothouse plants, but the floral beauty of the rectory garden mainly depends upon its perennials, the old-fashioned monthly roses, bergamots, monk'shood, larkspurs, and the like, to say nothing of its fuchsias and hollyhocks, which in autumn cause it to resemble a picture by Van Huysum. Many a story of humble joys and sorrows has been told under the laurels by the forefathers of the hamlet, and many a boy and girl's first love-tale whispered by the big yew. Like the house, the garden is full of tender memories sacred to the history of several generations in no ways akin to each other. The bowling-green has long given way to a croquet-ground, and that suffered the usual transformation which tennis has everywhere brought with it. Thirty years ago a curate lived in the house, and it is upon record that the pluralist rector sent word he was coming to do duty after twenty years of absence. He came, but had forgotten his sermon. He was equal to the occasion, however, and instead of it solemnly read to the gaping rustics the Commination Service.

Under the terrace walk a wicket generally opens to the church-The parson passes by half a dozen graves of his predecessors under the tower every time he enters its sacred precincts. Their lichen-covered stones preach him a sermon before he passes into the church to deliver his own message to the flock. None of their kith or kin sleep by these old rectors, and he knows that when the time comes for him to be laid near them, in all probability the widely diverging paths of modern life will admit of none of his own sons or daughters, perhaps not even his widow, lying beside him. And then he calls to mind how good Archbishop Leighton thought little of such pious feelings, natural though they are. He often said that if he were to choose a place to die in, remarks his biographer, it should be an inn. In such a place he thought a Christian believer might well finish his pilgrimage; the whole world being to him but a large and noisy inn, and he a wayfarer tarrying in it as short a time as possible. And, he adds, this singular wish was gratified, for the good man breathed his last in the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane. The country parson cannot understand the dislike which certain of the laity manifest to living near a churchyard. The green hillocks and grey stones of the last thirty years each speak to him of an absent friend; and if he has never wished any of them ill, he need not greatly fear their ghosts.

It is needless, not to say presumptuous, to touch on the graver aspects of a country parson's life after George Herbert's exquisite delineation of his character. The evening of his working day comes at last, and he commonly finds only then the warm sympathy and the kindly regard in which his parishioners hold him. Englishmen are not demonstrative, but affection will break out at times, and a parson's death frequently arouses feelings in the heart of a parish which are an honour to human nature. The parson's life, quaintly writes Bishop Earle, is the best apology for our religion; 'his death is his last Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed hee instructs men to dye by his example.'

Still more sad, perhaps, to his friends is the last incident in a country parson's lot—his sale. A fussy auctioneer and an indifferent handful of pawnbrokers from the nearest town joke and chaffer over his books and pictures. The few choice Elzevirs which were the apple of his eye are knocked down at sixpence each; his beloved classics are sacrificed in a heap for half a crown. The charwoman's son carries off the favourite fishing-rod for a toy. His lares and penates are thrust into corners, flung into carts, crammed into sacks and hastily driven off to catch the evening train. In worldly things the good man's epitaph was long ago written by the wise king, Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas. In his high and holy aspect it may be hoped that the effects of his life and example upon his parishioners will be seen when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed.

M. G. WATKINS.

¹ Micro-cosmographie. 1628 (ed. Arber, p. 25).

The Mischief of Monica.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

IT WAS ABOMINABLE OF MONICA.

'Nor give thy humours way; God gave them to you under lock and key.'—HERBERT.

MRS. GEORGE SCHOFIELD it was, whose horses, all in a steam 'twixt rain and heat, now stood before the entrance door.

Mrs. Schofield had been in a vast hurry to call upon her cousin Joseph's young relations, as she usually was to call upon any new comer to the neighbourhood, to the annoyance of her children, and the amusement of everyone else. 'If mama would only let people alone for ever so short a time,' one or another at the Grange would murmur, 'it would be such a comfort. We know quite enough people, as it is. Why, in all the world, should we fly to knock at every house directly it becomes inhabited? Every year more and more houses are being built; and to every one of these mama must start off, post haste, before the people have so much as had time to turn round! It makes such a host to invite whenever we give anything. But it is of no use talking to mama. Had mama been in the Ark, she world have been miserable until she had made acquaintance with the wives of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, and found their cards in her berth-or whatever did duty for a hall table.'

It must not be inferred from this, however, that the young Schofields were unsociable; the truth being that they were only rather more independent, and rather more pre-occupied than was their mother. They were very busy young people. They were full of resources; great in hobbies. There was not a taste nor a pursuit in vogue at the time, but one or other of them would infallibly become to it a convert. Several had collections: collections of eggs; collections of moths and butterflies; collections of coins; collections of stamps. Some had joined societies: different societies for improvement and cultivation. George had a carpenter's shop and joiner's bench; Robert cultivated his garden; and the younger boys had pets of every description.

The girls on their part were scarcely less industrious and successful. It was their fond parent's boast that no one of them ever knew an idle moment. Not being herself a clever woman, and having a great deal of the same kind of energy without the vent of youthful emulation, and the benefit of early teaching, Mrs. Schofield's own ardour took the form, as has been before hinted, of a continual and unwearied persistence in cultivating neighbourly intercourse, with what result we already know.

But who was there to drop a hint of this, outside the domestic circle? Within it, mama would be told pretty freely the mind of any son or daughter she came across; each and every admonition only, as the phrase is, rolling like water off a duck's back. But in the world without, who was there foolish enough, or unkind enough, to be uncivil? The Grange was a good house to go to; Mrs. Schofield's roomy waggonette a good perch to fall back upon after a croquet party, or a garden party; her night quarters snug ones when a ball was the raison d'être; her dinners, dances, and suppers, excellent in themselves. To quarrel with such a hostess would have argued little short of idiocy; more particularly when there was so simple a mode of adjusting the position, namely that before mentioned, it was easy to get out of her way. Unless, therefore, her presence were particularly necessary, unless-it is a shame to say it, but it was so-unless there were the prospect of her being of use of any sort, the amiable matron's company was not sought after.

Thus, on the present occasion, she had inquired which of the girls would drive over with her to call on their newly arrived cousins, with her usual hopeful expectation of acquiescence—an expectation that past experience had never been able either to damp or diminish.

'Oh, mama, are you really going over to call at Flodden Hall to-day? Why should you go to-day?' had been the first rejoinder, being Miss Daisy Schofield's little spoke in the wheel.

'Well, my dear, it is the right thing to do; and my cousin

Joseph will expect it; and the young ladies will expect it themselves.'

- 'Oh, mama' (Daisy generally began with 'Oh, mama'), 'they won't. They would never think about it.'
- 'Of course they would think about it, Daisy, and very well they might. I ought to be the first to call, being very nearly if not quite a relation; and besides I told cousin Joseph I should go.'
 - 'Oh, mama, why did you do that?'
- 'Why? Because I am going, my dear; and I thought that some of you would have liked to go too. The Lavenham girls are your own age, yours and Minnie's, and will be nice friends for you.'

But she had not been able to make any of them see it in that light. Daisy had put out her lips at the idea. She did not want friends; she had her own friends, and as many friends as she cared for. How could she possibly lose a whole afternoon sitting stuffing in mama's hot landau, when she had such a lot of things to do? She had a new part of her sonata to practise; her drawing for the drawing society to finish; her half-hour's reading for the reading society to get through; besides which there were flowers to be brought in for the drawing-room; and Mrs. Minx had promised to send down to the Grange her book of patterns, and the book of patterns was to be returned as soon as ever Daisy had chosen which she would have for a new summer skirt.

Minnie, who had been next applied to, had been peevish at the bare suggestion. It was too bad; it was just the way she was always treated. Why should she have to go, just because Daisy did not choose to go? Why should she always be the one to be set upon, whenever mama wanted somebody? She had been out with mama twice since either Daisy or the rest had been once; and she had a headache, a horrible headache, &c., &c., &c.

Lottie and Tottie, whose holidays had begun, and who were therefore at home also, had been equally frank in their resolutions. Lottie had made up her mind to go and see her own particular friend Mary Bond that afternoon; she had not seen Mary Bond for ages—not since last Friday; and Mary would wonder what had come over her; and she had fixed to go; while Tottie, calmly affirming that she hated driving, took up work-box and wools, and marched off, alleging that she intended to begin her new crewel chair-back under the trees, on the croquet ground.

'It really seems as if I could never get any one of you to like

to come,' the poor mother had at length averred (by her accents she might have made the discovery for the first time); 'one would have thought a nice drive on a fine afternoon—and the afternoon will be beautiful now that the storm is over—one would have thought it would have done you all good; and we might have gone over a nice large party——'

'Oh, a nice large party!' The groan had been Daisy's, but the sentiment had been written on her sisters' faces as well as on her own. 'When will you learn, mama, that of all things we detest going about in "nice large parties"? I am sure you have heard us say a hundred times that we do; and yet you will ask us.——'

- 'Well, my dear, well,' placidly; 'but I thought you would have liked to call on your cousins. To see some new faces,——'
 - 'And new faces are just what we don't care to see.'
- 'Goodness gracious, Daisy! to hear a girl like you say that! Well, I must go by myself, then.'
 - 'Of course if you want me, mama,' reluctantly.
 - 'Oh, never mind, my dear.'
- 'But I do think Minnie might go,' with renewed energy. 'She has nothing to do; and supposing she has a headache, the drive would do her good.'
- 'Nothing to do!' protested the injured Minnie; 'I have a great deal to do. I have some letters to write, and I promised to take the *Queen* to Mrs. Carter—you know I did. So there! How can you say I have nothing to do?'

Poor Mrs. Schofield had at length been fain to declare that she was quite willing and happy to take her drive, and make her call, by herself; nay, she had almost gone the length of protesting that the girls were in the right, and that it would have been waste of their precious time to have gone with her.

To be sure, she had felt a little lonely when surveying the empty space in the large, broad landau; and a little melancholy when compelled perforce to hold her tongue from sheer want of a listener; but once arrived at cousin Joseph's front door, she was herself again. She was now all fidgety expectation and excitement; burning to inspect the new comers; to see how they would look beside her Daisy: to talk about Daisy, and about George, and the boys, and Minnie, and Lottie, and Tottie. Perhaps in her secret soul she did not regret the absence of any other member of her family, once the long, lonesome drive was over; once Flodden Hall was safely reached, and the young ladies

found at home, and chat begun. She had now no fear of being brought to book, corrected, and contradicted. In consequence, she was, if we may so speak, at her best; and it may safely be affirmed that neither Monica nor Isabel Lavenham had ever in their lives entertained a visitor of the kind.

They possessed a large London acquaintance; they knew a fair number of people in the country, people to whose seats they would go for hunt balls and shooting parties, and who would occasionally turn up at the smart watering-places to which Colonel and Mrs. Lavenham had always more or less resorted before their grand determination had been arrived at; but neither town nor country mice had been in the slightest degree like Mrs. George Schofield. The fond, foolish, effusive, long-winded, maternal drone is rarely found in society. Mothers, they had known, it is true; mothers who, as Monica declared afterwards, had been 'bad enough,' whose one topic and one source of interest had been some idolised darling at Eton or at Oxford—(it is usually in the male sex that the idolised darlings are found, as we all know)—but there was a breadth, a hopelessness, a comprehensiveness in the affections of the ample lady who was now seated, full spread, on cousin Joseph's sofa, which it was well nigh impossible to meet and overcome. In the present instance, even the usual faint resistance was not offered. The Miss Lavenhams sat stupefied, and the waves rolled over their heads.

First of all, Mrs. Schofield was anxious to know when her young cousins would come over to the Grange, and make the acquaintance of the Grange and of all its inmates for themselves? The Grange was only a few miles off; within a nice, easy drive; most of the way led through pretty lanes; and the young people were longing to know them, and to know what they were fond of, what they would 'take up,' and what they would 'go in' for. All her young people 'went in' for something or other. Her girls were always busy; and so for that matter were her boys. Although, to be sure, some of them had not so much time for their own affairs as the others; George, for instance. George had come home for good, and was a junior partner in the business, his father's business, and doing well, and went in to the office every day regularly.

He went in by an earlier train than cousin Joseph did, because of course everyone could understand that it would never do for the young men to go in by the old men's trains—the young men's train in the morning was full three-quarters of an hour before the old men's train; and George came out later than his cousin did, too; he only came out in time for dinner; and they had only a sort of tea-dinner all the summer, because the young people liked to stop out so late, and, do what she would, she found there was no getting them in.

So that she really did not see so much of George as she might. Although, to be sure, he had his Saturday afternoons and Sundays, and she was not so strict about Sunday as some people were, and thought there was no harm in her young people taking a walk with other young people on Sunday afternoons, and bringing their friends in to tea after it. George had many nice young men among his friends, and their Sunday teas were always very merry; and no trouble to anyone, since the cloth could always be laid ready, with extra plates and cups, before the servants went out, in order that everybody might come in who chose.

She did think it was hard if such nice young men as George's friends might not have their tea, if they had walked out to see them on a Sunday,—but she knew some people who thought otherwise, and never liked the sound of her Sunday teas. Although, to be sure, she always took care that all the party went off to church in the evening afterwards; their church was only a mile off, a nice walk over the fields, and the young men never seemed to think it a hardship; and as for her own young people, she had never known any one of them so much as wish to stop away.

For one single half-minute the speaker paused to take breath. 'Pray go on,' said Monica Lavenham, with profound earnestness; and even Isabel, who knew Monica, wondered what she would now be at.

Go on? Oh, the dear creature! A nice, pleasant face, and so attentive. Oh, Mrs. Schofield would go on (delightedly) with all the pleasure in life, my dear. What did they want to know about next? Not but that they would do a great deal better to come over and see for themselves; for, to be sure, she was a bad hand at description, and the girls were longing to see them, only they were so busy. But would Miss Isabel and Miss Monica come over to luncheon? They might depend on her and the girls at luncheon, although, to be sure, George would not be present.

'Except on Saturdays and Sundays,' interposed Monica, sweetly.

'To be sure, yes. But then on Saturdays I am afraid, I am

in a sort of way afraid, that George is engaged for next Saturday; I am nearly sure I heard him say so, and——'

- 'Then on Sunday?' suggested the accommodating Miss Lavenham.
- 'On Sunday you would hardly get over in time after church, I am afraid. It is a longish walk, and cousin Joseph, you see, is particular about not taking out his horses on Sunday. Cousin Joseph has his own ideas about horses.'
- 'Of course, but we should not want horses. We might walk over to the Sunday afternoon tea,' proceeded Monica, on whom her sister's eyes were now bent in a sort of mute amazement. 'We might come in to the merry tea after the walk, might we not, Mrs. Schofield? We are not so strict as some people are about Sunday either; and we do walk on that day, I assure you. We walk in the park, when it is not too full of people. It would not do to go when it is very full of people, would it? But there are quiet places, nice Sunday places——'
 - 'Yes, yes,' cried Mrs. Schofield, beaming all over.
 - 'Where one can take a book and read.'
 - 'To be sure, yes.'
- 'And just look up now and then, if a prince or a princess is passing.'
 - 'Lor', now!' a little doubtfully.
- 'You would not have us not look up if a prince or princess were passing, would you, Mrs. Schofield?'
 - 'Oh, dear me, no; but----'
- 'But of course we look down at our books again, in a great hurry, directly they are gone—especially if they have not taken any notice of us. And now and then there are other curious people going by also. And the young men walk about. But then they are very nice young men, quite like George's young men.'

A shade of suspicion on her visitor's face.

- 'So I am sure you would not wish us to be hard on them. If we walk over to your Sunday tea, I do hope there will be some nice young men——'
- 'Oh, you may depend upon that,' and Mrs. Schofield rose, a little flurried and puzzled.
- 'But would you expect us to go to church with them afterwards? Because if so, how are we to get back here? I am afraid, after all, we shan't be able to come this Sunday; but we must arrange for it some other Sunday, and meantime we will drive

over, and put up with finding only you and the girls at home. As they are too busy to come and see us, we will go and see them; and, perhaps, if George can spare a Saturday away from the parties——

It was abominable of Monica. What moved the girl to behave in a manner so cruel, to ridicule a harmless woman who was such poor game, and so easily brought down, it is hard to say. Possibly she was out of sorts from the effects of the thunderstorm, from the disappointment respecting the day's expedition, from a general dissatisfaction with everything and everybody; for it was really rather an unusual thing for her to be barefacedly rude; it was only when people were aggressively ill-bred and arrogant themselves that this sprightly young lady was apt to let loose her tongue in return.

She had not given vent to a single scornful remark before her uncle; she had made the best of the situation, even when the situation had fully developed itself, with her sister; and she had written a cheerful, uncomplaining letter to her relations in London. It was strange that what was after all only the babble of a poor inoffensive creature, who knew no better, should have had power to vex her haughty spirit,—but so it was.

'I was wild—wild,' she burst out afterwards. 'I tell you, Bell, I could have struck that poor unconscious woman. could. Don't stare at me. It was not her, can't you see? It was the whole thing; but it was she who brought it home to me; she who made me rebel against it afresh, just as I had got the better of myself, and had—had almost become reconciled. Don't you see how she did it? As she meandered on and on, I seemed to hear a voice within whispering: "This is what you have come to. This is the life you have before you. This is a specimen of the people you have come among." And then another idea rose to confront me, seeming to laugh at my misery; to laugh at me, to mock me, to mock us both. Shall we two become like these Daisys and Minnies, and "go in" for them and their ways, and their societies and their Sunday teas, and their nice young men? At Rome one must do as Rome does, you know. And these are our relations. Bell: these are our own mother's own blood-relations—the young ones are at least. We cannot put them aside, refuse their invitations, and deny ourselves to them. We must meet, and we must behave properly; we must go to their dreadful "parties" and play croquet, and-oh, when it all stared me in the face. and

when I thought, I thought of what we have left—of what we have lost—of the dear old life which seems now so far, far away—of the people whom we have known, whom we may never know again, and who will soon cease to think about us-of how we shall be forgotten, lost sight of, dropped—of how we have already been given up, and abandoned, while yet everything is going on just as it always does--' Her voice faltered. 'The Park will be full this afternoon, and it is the day of Harry Blenham's polo match at Hurlingham-did you remember?-and of Lady Beauly's tea, and -and we are here! And what is worse, far worse, it will be always so, Bell. Next year, when the merry month of May begins, we shall know all that is beginning too; the houses being re-opened, the window-boxes getting filled, the new carriages being bought, the dressmakers working against time, the invitations flocking in, and -and we here! No one will give us a thought'-she broke off short.

'But uncle Lavenham thought that very likely uncle Schofield might take a house in town.'

'Uncle Lavenham thought so?' Monica's voice rang with impatient scorn. 'What did uncle Lavenham know? I tell you, child, that uncle Lavenham neither knew nor cared what became of us, once we were safely delivered out of his hands. He wanted to make the parting easy for everybody; and so he thought of all the sugar-plums he could heap together, and filled our mouths with them. We believed him; even I believed him, till I came, and saw. Last night I saw much; this morning I saw still more. Bell, we were a bale of goods for which uncle Lavenham had no further accommodation, wherefore we were shunted here. And here uncle Schofield intends us to remain. see? He is no more likely to take us to town next year than to take us to the ends of the earth. We have only been in his house four and twenty hours, but that is enough to show me as much. will be as kind as possible; he will give us everything we want; we shall have liberty to come and go as we please: our own money is supposed to be enough to pay all odds and ends of small expenses, and he will supply the great things of life---'

'Then why cannot we go sometimes to town by ourselves?'

'I do not say we may not go, sometimes, if we are asked. But we certainly could not go otherwise.'

'Well; people will ask us,' said Bell, confidently.

Will they?' Monica's lip curled. 'I have been thinking it

over, and I do not know one who will—no, not one. Did you notice how "a few days" was the limit of the hospitality proffered even at this present time, even when we were before their very eyes, large as life? By next year our very memories will have faded. No one will care to have us, Bell.' Slowly: 'We have not made any real friends, we have only known a number of pleasant people. And we should not be the very best of visitors, neither. We should give a great deal of trouble. We should not be content unless we had as much done for us as poor aunt Fanny did. We should be miserable if we did not go to all the best things. We should be tiresome about keeping hours. We should want the use of carriages. I am afraid we should only do for stopping in great houses; and even in great houses everybody cannot have carriages and horses and meals exactly when they want them.'

'I suppose you are right, Monica; but still I can't help hoping, you know. Uncle Schofield may——'

'He may do anything, he may be anything. I would not damp your expectations, poor dear, only I think you must be careful not to give them utterance. Bell, we must not show we are thinking of anything of the kind.' With emphasis: 'remember that, Bell. You will, will you not? I am quite sure, certain, that it would not only be very unkind, but dreadfully imprudent not to seem satisfied, grateful, and happy. It won't be easy, but no doubt it will be good for us': bitterly. 'We have come down in the world, sister; we are no longer what we were. no longer be able to know whom we will, to associate with whom It is just a little hard upon us, young as we are, to be brought up so soon and so suddenly, when life was all before us; we did not expect it, we-we,' and here, to the infinite discomfiture of her less volatile auditor, the speaker's breath came and went, her voice broke, and looking at her, Isabel could see that her large, violet eyes were full and brimming with tears.

CHAPTER V.

BELL'S HIGH MISDEMEANOUR.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee a prisoner.—QUARLES.

In the course of a very short time, everybody who had sufficient propinquity, or position, or presumption, to venture upon calling on the Miss Lavenhams had done so—or, according to their uncle, the whole neighbourhood had done its part. He was radiant; his nieces were not. They had their own views upon the subject, views which the following conversation will serve to explain.

'Another disappointment,' exclaimed Isabel, throwing down some cards, which she had eagerly taken up a moment before; 'I made sure it was the Dorriens at last. I saw the carriage from my seat on the bank, and it was a better sort of carriage than the usual ones; so that I said to myself, "Dorriens, Dorriens, you have come at last!" And I hurried down as soon as ever the carriage had departed. And now!' and she eyed the luckless cards in fresh disgust, and turned disconsolately away.

Monica said nothing. Her countenance also wore an air of vexation, one had almost said of anxiety.

'I wonder if they will ever come,' continued Bell, fretfully. 'We have been here a whole month, and surely they might have found us out before this. Monica,' as with a sudden thought, 'can it be that they don't wish to find us? Can it be,' apprehensiveness stealing into her tone, 'that the only people from whom we had any hope, the only people who knew anything about us before we came to this dreadful place, and the only people on whom we had placed any kind of dependence, are going to fail us now? That they are not going even to know us?'

'It looks a little like it, Bell.'

'Of course they would have a long way to come. Cullingdon is ten miles from here; eight or ten, uncle Schofield said; he was not quite sure which. Oh, I did not say any more to him, I assure you,—I recollected that we were not to force the Schofield family on the notice of the Dorriens, and all that uncle Lavenham said about it,—but I thought it could do no harm merely to inquire the distance between us and them, and he told me that at the outside it could not be more than ten miles. Ten miles is not very far over country roads, is it?'

- 'Not too far, at all events.'
- 'And though aunt Fanny said Lady Dorrien was old, old people can always drive; look at old Mrs. Hesketh and Lady Charlotte Boydell, they drive all day long.'
- 'And Lady Dorrien is not their age, I should fancy. Aunt Fanny did not speak of her as very old.'
- 'It seems so odd when the son actually knows the Schofields too.'
 - 'Yes, it is odd.'
- 'What are you thinking of? You have something in your thoughts when you answer like that. You are puzzling it out, as you often do, you wise creature; and then you will give poor stupid me the benefit of your puzzlements. Now for the benefit,' slipping her arm round the other's slim waist, as the two strolled into the drawing-room, where they were now quite at home, and which had been vastly improved by the circumstance. 'What has become of the Dorriens, Monica mia?' continued Isabel playfully. 'Read me the riddle of the Dorriens, learned sage.'

But Monica was not smiling. 'I am thinking,' she began slowly.

- 'And what are you thinking?'
- 'I am thinking—can it be because the son knows the Scho-fields—do you understand me?'
- 'Why, he cannot suppose that we—that you and I—he knows that we are not Schofields. You cannot mean that?'
 - 'That is just what I do mean.'
 - 'But, Monica dear, he knows us----'
 - 'Knows us? no. He---'
 - 'Knows who we are, and what we are.'
- 'Pshaw! Who is going to think of that? We have never met him; we have never even met the old people. Sir Arthur saw uncle Lavenham at the club, and uncle Lavenham came home declaring that Lady Dorrien would look after us. We have learned by this time how much of what uncle Lavenham said at that time is to be relied upon——'
 - 'Oh, Monica, you do speak unkindly.'
- 'I cannot help it; I feel unkindly. I think uncle Lavenham did not care how much we suffered afterwards, nor how cruelly our eyes might be opened in the end, so long as we got off comfortably, and without a scene. If Sir Arthur Dorrien ever said anything at all about us—which I begin to doubt——'

'You forget that aunt Fanny saw Lady Dorrien, and that she said the same thing.'

'Ah, yes; I had forgotten that. Then I suppose there was some truth in it; but I really begin to wonder very much whether——'

'But the Schofields told Mr. Dorrien we were here, and he said something about his parents.'

Monica shook her head. 'If it has come to that, Bell, we are at a low pass. If it has come to our depending on Daisy Schofield's word for it that the Dorriens' son "said something" about his parents—good lack!' and she laughed with some of her accustomed mirthfulness, a mirthfulness which any sense of the ridiculous seldom failed to inspire. 'Nay, my dear Bell,' Monica now continued more cheerfully, 'to be candid with you, I do not imagine that our connection with the Schofield family is likely to do us much good with people of our own sort. A knowledge of "the widow Schofield and her brood"—do you remember uncle Lavenham's voice?—will hardly advance our claims on the Dorrien interest.'

'But we are not like them,' murmured Isabel, resentfully. 'The Dorriens might know that.'

'How are they to know it? They know that we are nearly related. They know that we have come to live with uncle Schofield; and they know that he is "uncle Schofield." We are not all Lavenham, you must remember, Bell. We really have Schofield blood in our veins,'—Bell tossed her head,—'and it is of no use our forgetting what everybody about is determined to remember. Do you not see how we are claimed as Schofields, as Schofield representatives upon every side? How even Mr. Fairleigh—the person most like a gentleman of anyone we have yet seen—how even he instantly began to talk to us of our grandfather and grandmother? While, as for the other people, they never have "your uncle," or "your cousins" out of their mouths.'

'Oh, them!' said Isabel, contemptuously. 'I don't care what they think, or what anybody thinks, if only the Dorriens know who we are. Monica——' and she paused.

'Well?

'Hadn't—hadn't Mrs. Schofield better ask this young Dorrien to meet us?'

'Good heavens, no! No, that I could not bear,' exclaimed Monica, with almost a stamp of her foot. 'Bell, whatever you do, do not let that be done. Bell, you have not been hinting for it,

already, have you? Oh, I am sure you have; I know you have,' as she read the truth in the guilty face opposite. 'Oh, you tiresome——!'

- 'I—you—do listen—do wait a moment. You are so ridiculous—I will tell you exactly how it happened, if you will only hear me,' implored the culprit, confusion and submission in every lineament. 'Daisy was talking about this Harry Dorrien, and saying that he had been over there every day this week, as the family are all at Cullingdon; and she said that, though they do not visit the parents—or rather the parents do not visit them—that Harry, as she called him, always came to the Grange as often as ever he could. I said something about uncle Lavenham and aunt Fanny knowing Sir Arthur and Lady Dorrien in London, and that I—I—.'
 - 'You wished to know them here?'
- 'No—no—no; I did not indeed, for I knew you would have been angry, if I had. I only said that if we met the son, he might let his parents know——'
 - 'Oh, you, Bell!'
- 'Really and truly, Monica, it dropped out in the easiest manner possible. Nobody could have seen anything in it. And Daisy is not like you; she is not clever; she grinds away at her societies, and her lectures, and classes,—but even I can see that it is all a sort of make-believe. You are as quick as lightning, while she——'
- 'There, there; don't think you are going to soften me by flattery. I am really very angry—very angry indeed, do you hear? And I wish you had done nothing of the kind. I wish you had bitten your little tongue out before you descended to the level of talking to Daisy Schofield about the Dorriens; but as you have done so, and as she bas apparently taken no notice of it, perhaps no great harm has been done. But one thing—why did you not tell me this before?'
 - 'How do you mean? There was nothing to tell.'
- 'There was this to tell, that you had been talking about the Dorriens to the Schofields.'
 - 'Only to Daisy; and I told you that before.'
 - 'We had agreed that we were not to mention them.'
 - 'She spoke of them first.'
- 'Now, Bell, no evasions. When did you say that about Harry Dorrien? Now, the simple truth; the truth I will have. So!' And Miss Monica put on the look which everyone instinctively

obeyed, and which her sister Isabel in particular had never dared to trifle with since she had come to years of discretion.

- 'I only said it yesterday,' she now murmured, meekly.
- 'And that was why you flew at those cards, to-day?'
- 'Yes.'
- 'You thought Daisy had made her mother invite this Dorrien boy to meet us, and that that had stirred up the parents to come over?'
 - 'Ye-es.'
 - 'You might at least have taken me into your confidence.' Bell hung her head.
- 'You knew I should have been angry; but at least I should not have been hurt. If you would only—only be truthful; if you would not hide things!' and she rose and walked to the window, her tone betraying wounded feeling.
 - 'I am sorry, Monica.'
- 'It is no great matter, of course,' and Monica gulped down something in her throat. 'But there are only we two, and we have to fight the world together. If I could only depend upon you,' and she paused again.
- 'I always mean to do what you like,' protested the feebler creature. 'I—but sometimes you frighten me, and then I fib. I can't help fibbing when you frighten me.'

Monica was silent.

'Forgive me, Monica.'

With a sudden swift movement Monica stepped forward, kissed the uncovered brow before her, and left the room.

'Forgive her?' murmured she, to herself. 'Oh yes, I forgive her. It would be hard if I could not forgive her more than that, poor thing; but oh, if I could only make her understand! She will never see, can never feel how paltry a thing it is to lie. Even with me, with me, she cannot be open and true, if she has any motive for concealment. I would not tell a lie for the whole world,'cried the proud girl, in the fulness of her heart. It never once occurred to her that she lied both in word and in deed daily.

By nature Monica Lavenham was sincere, courageous, noble; education had smirched and dimmed every attribute. It yet remained to be seen whether of the two, the inherent or the acquired being, would triumph. To be advoit, subtle, pleasing to those whom it was for her advantage to please, was not only defensible in Miss Lavenham's eyes, it was a part of her creed. She believed in the fine art of 'humbugging.' We have seen more-

over, that she could be bitterly sarcastic and cruelly ironical. That also she believed in. Fools and ninnies, pomposity and absurdity in any shape, ought to be shown up, and that without recommendation to mercy. But all of this, she would have told you, was an entirely different matter from the deception of a friend or an ally, from the resorting to subterfuge out of fear.

Isabel had practised such kind of deceit from infancy, and it had never ceased to disturb the other that she would still do so. Monica would not have minded any number of polite fictions, or what she might probably have termed necessary adaptations, on her sister's part; neither would she have objected to an actual exaggeration, distortion, or romance. Only very precise and matter-of-fact people, she argued, supposed it obligatory to stick to set phrases; but what she could not stand was the cowardice of Isabel's falsehoods. Those who knew Monica best would perhaps have seen what she did not herself suspect—that it was more the cowardice than the falsehood which moved her.

Consider what a training the poor girl had had. She was not yet twenty years of age. Before she was seven she had lost a mother's influence and example; from that time till within the last few years there had been merely the surveillance of foreign governesses, alternating with the indulgence of a careless father; and, lastly, the maxims of a thorough-paced man of the world, who would have done infinitely less mischief by letting the youthful soil lie fallow, than by sowing in it his seeds of baleful wisdom and pernicious lore.

And the two fair young creatures who had come to him so confidingly, and placed their trust in him so completely, had been at the age of all ages most receptive, most easily impressed. had himself been surprised, agreeably and flatteringly surprised, by the avidity with which his instructions had been drunk in, and the effect he desired produced. He had exulted in having, as he would declare, given his brothers' orphans not only a roof over their heads, but paternal care and guardianship, and plenty of good sound advice; so that when the time came for them to stand upon their own feet, they would need nobody to tell them what to do, and how to do it. 'Sharp girls, clever girls, and will stand no nonsense, I tell you,' he had been wont to confide. 'I have done my duty by them; and they know a thing or two they would never have got hold of but for me. I have shown them how to make their way in the world, and we shall see them do it, and then they will know whom to thank for it.'

But this had been before the threatened dissolution of the home in Lowndes Square.

Consequent upon that upheaval of all projected plans and projects, there had been a brief period of discontent; a feeling that the brilliant young beauties had hardly answered sufficiently to the whip as it were, in having failed to make the couple of great matches Colonel Lavenham had so confidently predicted for them. They had had two seasons, and plenty of opportunities during intervening months; had had gaieties in the provinces, and on the Continent; and the Miss Lavenhams had been noticed and admired wherever they had gone. Offers had not been wanting, but regarding these there had been no friction in the united little party; since none had been deemed sufficiently unexceptionable either by uncle, aunt, or by the young ladies themselves, to be worthy of so much as a consultation. 'They will do better yet,' Colonel Lavenham had cried gaily, and had been well content to begin another campaign.

But then had come the falling of the curtain. Towards the close of the last unsatisfactory London season there had been clouds in the air. The lady of the house had been an almost openly avowed invalid. There had been debates and cogitations. There had been pros and cons about almost every subject of family interest. The gentleman had been pondering and ruminating anent his clubs and his commission. The younger ladies had been wondering, and sympathising, and trying to find out what might be their own future. Everyone had been uneasy and suspicious; until at length, as has been already shown, there had been a feeling of entire exhaustion, and a rebound of strange relief when the bolt had been actually shot, and the separation agreed upon.

In all of this Monica and Isabel had stood by each other. They had always so stood. There had been times now and again when Bell's soft duplicity, her inveterate habit of concealing or prevaricating, had aroused the indignation of her sister, and it had required all the submission and woe-begone looks of the former to bring round the latter.

But in their great calamity they had been drawn closer together than they had ever been before. Monica had experienced such an infinite pity not only for her fellow-sufferer but for herself, that it had seemed to soften her high spirit as nothing had ever softened it before. She had had no second outbreak, such as had amazed Isabel after Mrs. Schofield's first visit. She had

endured neighbour after neighbour, torture after torture; and had felt only more and more compassion for their two forlorn selves, so hopelessly stranded, so wantonly ill-treated. It had made her more tender with Isabel than she had ever been; and she had told herself that there would now be no more concealments: that she and the equally luckless Bell were one in heart at least; and that whatever of trouble, grief, or vexation of spirit the sudden wreckage of their old life had brought upon them, out of the wreck had arisen one great good—the perfect understanding between two who had now no one else in the wide world belonging to It was this which made Monica smart and wince beneath the trifling instance of her sister's secretiveness above narrated. It had been after all but a little thing, a mere holding back of a very, very unimportant admission, but it had been the proverbial featherlet showing the way the wind blew. Isabel was not yet cured; the old nature was not yet wholly eradicated.

To Bell's mind, however, the misfortune was that no good had come of it all. Directly Monica's kiss had fallen on her brow she had revived into complacency, well pleased to have got over an ugly scene, and secure of no more being now said to her about She had then felt anew that the Dorriens would be sure to come-Monica's very displeasure meant that she had felt they must now come-and for some days subsequently she rose every morning more and more confident that that day at any rate would not pass without bearing its expected fruit. They never came; and then, as we have said. Miss Isabel Lavenham began to feel a tardy contrition for the fault which had been so unproductive. I had said nothing about it to Daisy,' she allowed to herself. 'Monica was right. It has done no good. If I had told Monica at the time, she would have managed better:' thus, like many another delinquent, only regretting the misdemeanour when the misdemeanour took the shape of a penalty.

Why had not the Dorriens come? The Dorriens were—we are going to surprise our readers—as eager to wait upon the Lavenhams as the Lavenhams were to have them do so. What was the meaning of this eagerness? We are going to surprise our readers still more. It was because the latter were cousins of the Schofields at the Grange.

How the dark eyes of Monica and Isabel would have opened could they have known the truth! How often would the eyes of you and me, dear reader, open, could we know the real, actual, unvarnished facts about much that happens to us! We think

ourselves highly honoured by some special act of graciousness, while in truth we are the recipients of a civility which no one else will take the trouble of picking up, and which at length by the merest hap has drifted our way. We take umbrage, on the other hand, at some unpardonable affront or dire neglect. We have simply not been thought of at all. Other motives have been at work, some great object has had to be attained, and we—we who had brooded in unhappy, poignant wrath over our wrong, wondering to what the blow was due, what we had done or said to bring it upon our heads, how we should conceal the smart, and let not the world know of it—we have been all the while as though we were not, in the matter.

The Lavenhams, all in all to themselves, and of first-rate importance in the social world around their uncle's residence, were to the Dorriens simply connections of—Daisy Schofield.

Poor Monica! Poor Isabel! How would their blue patrician blood have boiled and bubbled had they but known!

But now comes another mystery. Such being the case, why, in the name of all that was wonderful and mysterious, did not Sir Arthur and Lady Dorrien—who really and truly had told Colonel and Mrs. Lavenham that they would look after their young relations when in exile—why had they not done so? Why had they never gone over, in solemn state, to make the acquaintance of Mrs. George Schofield? Why had none of the young people ever been asked to Cullingdon? Why——

But we will answer every 'Why?' in our next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

CULLINGDON.

No noisy neighbours enter here, No intermeddling stranger's near.—Cotton.

THERE could not have existed a more romantic, time-worn, and suggestive abode than the ancient manor of Cullingdon, the seat of Sir Arthur Luke Dorrien, baronet.

Every niche and gable, every gateway and archway, was chronicled among the archæological features of a parish as old as itself, and even the black-beamed ceilings and panelled walls were known to the antiquarian.

The grounds, with their tangled masses of shade, were beautiful with a strange, weird beauty; disorder and decay were veiled by the tender touches of soft-hearted Nature, fain to shield such ravages; and dusky roofing of heavy shadows screened from the garish light of day every wrinkle and hollow, making the universal old age a thing to be worshipped and revered, instead of mocked or scoffed at.

It may have been owing to some such feeling that its present possessor had not touched stick nor stone for a quarter of a century—ever since he had come into possession, in fact. He had been then a man of fifty, and he had known Cullingdon from the day of his birth. He had never known it different from what it was now, he vowed. Why should he begin to do what had never been done before, he wished to know? Who was he that he should amend the ways of his forefathers? If they had chosen to leave tottering walls and rampant overgrowth alone, he had as good a right as they, to do so likewise. One thing he knewwith an oath-he knew that no penny of his should ever go to pulling about the old place. It should fall down about his ears first. No, by Jove, he liked it as it was; and he had a right to like it as it was. It was nobody's business but his own and Harry's after him; and Harry could do as he pleased when his time came, &c., &c., &c.

All of which the simple speaker thought went down with his neighbours, and stopped their mouths.

They only laughed at him behind his back. They knew all about it; knew that the poor old man was simply pining to pour forth upon his starving acres the golden shower which should make them break forth into bud and blossom again; that he could scarce bear to look up at the half-ruined tiles, wondering how long they would hold out, without repairing and restoring; that, few as were the retainers in office, the wages of his very gardeners and labourers were ever in arrears; that, in short, the old couple lived from hand to mouth, and scarcely knew which way to turn, in order to keep body and soul together.

This must be read with an understanding mind, be it understood.

We do not mean for a moment to insinuate that Sir Arthur Dorrien had given up his club subscription in town, or that he and Lady Dorrien did not run up to one of the best hotels for some weeks during every London season, or that their son was not in a crack regiment, or, in a word, that they denied them-

selves any of the absolute necessities of life; they only cut off all extravagant subscriptions and benevolent schemes, had unfortunate attacks of illness whenever they would have liked to show hospitality, did not care for riding and driving, were too old for balls, and recommended Mr. Dorrien, their only son and heir, to be exceedingly careful as to whom he paid attentions, since so much depended on that particular point in his career.

If Harry could only marry money, even Cullingdon Manor was not past holding up its head again.

But my readers will naturally inquire, what was Daisy Schofield that she should aspire to be the choice—you have all divined she was the choice—of the proud, spendthrift Dorriens? How was she, only one of six or seven, to build up the fortunes of the impoverished house, and reinstate it in the rank it had once held? Aha! Sir Arthur knew what he was about, whatever you may suppose. He had discovered a little matter that was not generally given out; and that, indeed, was not thought much of in a family where all were well endowed, and where a few thousands more or less made but little difference. Daisy had seventy-five thousand pounds of her own. Seventy-five thousand down on her twenty-first birthday she would have, and everybody knows that seventy-five thousand down is a very different matter to seventy-five, or many times seventy-five, in goodness knows how many years to come.

This sum of ready money Daisy had inherited from her maternal grandfather, Mrs. George Schofield's papa, who had made up his mind to leave it to his first grandchild; and that grandchild proving a daughter had not altered his determination.

A positive old man who held it to be a virtue not to budge from his word once announced, he had died without ever having evinced the slightest irresolution on the point; and he had furthermore come to an understanding with the little girl's parents that this legacy should in no wise be considered as Daisy's portion, but should be taken as a free gift from himself, her father engaging that her share of his own wealth should be neither more nor less than that of any of her brothers and sisters.

Mr. George Schofield, well pleased, had laughed and promised. He had enough for all, he had said, but if his father-in-law chose to make an heiress of little Daisy, why, of course, he was at perfect liberty to do so, and on the old gentleman's demise there had been so little interest felt in the matter by the junior

members of the family, that no one had ever taken the trouble to inform their new-found connections on the subject. Even Mrs. George Schofield had ceased to remember that Daisy was in any way different from the rest. With her they were all so goodlooking and so clever, and so much thought of, and such fine young people in every way, that she would declare she never seemed to feel that she knew which was first or last.

At the period at which our story opens, Daisy was within a few months of being twenty-one years of age; and this fact had been of vast importance in the eyes of someone else, if her own people thought little of it, that someone being old Sir Arthur Dorrien.

'My dear creature, what would you have?' he cried, in confab with a dutiful and obedient spouse. 'Of course you would have preferred one of the Lavenham girls. So should I. There is good blood on one side there, at all events. But of what use is it to think of them? Rich uncle? Pshaw! I have known Joseph Schofield by sight these thirty years, and he has scarcely turned a hair. He is good for another thirty. Add to which, there is nothing secure in that quarter. I tell you, nothing. Lavenham let out as much to me. Naturally Lavenham hopes for the best. So do I. Nice girls, and deuced handsome girls, he tells me. We had better keep them out of Harry's way, till after this affair is settled. But Harry can take care of himself. He is as cool a beggar as I know. It is a perfect godsend-I can hardly believe it even now—his taking to this little Schofield girl. It will be the making of him. It will be the making of If we could only have her over here—but I am afraid to have her here, and that is the truth. Simpson has been at me again for money, and I haven't sixpence forthcoming. He says the lodge gates are giving way. Let them give way, say I. Perhaps we'll have the lodge gates put in repair by this time next year, Mr. Simpson, I thought in my heart; for Harry has promised me one thing, he will lay out a few thousands on the old place directly he has them to lay, and I know how to work it so that he shall keep his word. The brother, that young George Schofield, who, I am told, looks after the business, he shall stipulate with Harry to put the manor in order, and I'll give him the hint how much should be spent upon it. I must choose my own time. If he were to see us now he might take fright and warn off the girl; we must have her fast before we show her the old den; and that is why I should wait a little before having the

Lavenham cousins over here, either. First-rate idea, Lavenham's sending those girls down to this neighbourhood. When we give out the match, we'll call our bride one of the Lavenham familya connection of the Lavenham family—and take care that the cousins are bridesmaids,' and he rubbed his thin old hands with 'You and I may end our days in luxury, a wrinkled chuckle. my lady,' he ran on. 'And when we make our bow, our son and daughter will reign at Cullingdon Manor as our fathers have reigned before us. The girl will have her hundred thousand if she has a penny, most likely more, a good deal more,—but, anyhow, a hundred thousand will keep the old place going. But quiet, mum's the word at the present moment, Lady Dorrien. Harry must not seem too eager. We must not any of us seem too eager. Lavenhams have noses like bloodhounds, if they take after the rest of the breed; and if they raised the alarm, we might have the whole chase for nothing. So softly-softly-chi va piano va lontano, hey, my lady? That's not only good Italian, but good sound common sense for you,' and the old fellow trotted off to look once more at his owl-haunted turrets, his empty orchards and stagnant ponds, and consider how best they might be restored to their pristine glory and prosperity under the good time that was now, he devoutly trusted, coming.

His son Harry was now at home. Up to within the last few days Harry had been enjoying his last bachelor season among his bachelor friends, and we need not perhaps add that, when a man feels it incumbent on him to do as much, he usually contrives to do it pretty thoroughly. Harry's father called him a cool beggar. The old gentleman never interfered with his son, never reasoned with him, nor restricted him, nor made demands upon him. seldom even inquired how Mr. Dorrien spent his time. Dorrien did not like inquiries, he was aware. He had not liked them himself when he was a young fellow, and even as an old fellow considered them superfluous. Time went fast enough; it went somehow; what mattered it how? Mr. Dorrien was of the same opinion; and accordingly the two got along with all outward decency, and maintained their several positions without disturb-That neither had the slightest faith in nor love for the other, that neither cared, except in an infinitesimal degree for the other's presence, that neither sought to brighten the other's life, nor would, as a personal loss, have mourned the other's death, in no wise affected the case.

They considered themselves patterns, as fathers and sons went.

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Lady Dorrien believed that Sir Arthur and Harry were very good friends. They were never loud nor quarrelsome in their talk. They went to county meetings together, and she knew that occasionally they dined at each other's clubs in town.

And now Harry had told his father about Daisy Schofield. To tell the truth Sir Arthur had been immensely surprised and hugely flattered by the confidence. 'By George, he told me himself, my lady! I tell you he did. Told me all about it! my-my-not my help, confound it! I have no help to give,but my-our approval-our sanction, that's the word. said "God bless you, Harry, my boy; go in and win." That's what I said, for I don't mind owning it; and I haven't been better pleased since the bells were set ringing at his own birth. her, I said; your mother and I will make her welcome. We'll put up with the infernal mercantile connection—no, no, I didn't say that to him, trust me—no, no; I only said, "We'll do the civil by the family of course, Harry; and your mother will call." But he thought it better you shouldn't call. He does not care to have the hue and cry raised; he knows what he's about. Softly, my lady-softly,-chi va piano va lontano-he! he! he!'

Harry, however, meant to push the siege himself; he had, it is true, drunk his fill of bachelorhood during those warm July days and nights, which in his eyes represented his last month of grace, and had not endured to leave that festal period behind until the very latest moment, that moment when an electric thrill seems to shoot through all the pulses of the metropolis, scattering its denizens far and wide in the twinkling of an eye.

But that period arrived, he too had been off like the wind. He had dashed down to Cullingdon and ridden over to the Grange the following day. He had discovered that his parents had done as they were bid. They had kept quiet. They had let the Schofields and the Lavenhams alone, (he had heard about the Lavenhams, and his verdict had been, 'Let them alone, too'), and he had returned in the evening after his first visit to the Grange very well pleased with everything, and with himself most of all.

Yes, Daisy was a dear little creature, pretty and presentable; just the thing for him in every way. He had done a clever thing in finding her out; and now that he had begun, he should go on with the affair straightway.

He sang a tune as he rode home through the lanes. He had a loud, sweet voice; and the labourers peeped over the hedge-

rows, to see who the jolly songster might be. He knocked down waving branches of honeysuckle, and stuck them in his button-He felt in a frolicsome, effervescent mood. Mrs. Schofield had wanted him to stay for dinner—she always wanted everybody to stay for dinner—but he had thought he could hardly do that. He had asked a friend down. He would come another day, if she would let him. He hoped she would let him come another day: come often; it was so nice, and pleasant, and lively at the Grange; and at Cullingdon it was so terribly dull. His parents were old. quite old; never went anywhere; kept no company; he had come down to look after them a little, so he must not be too much away-but still he would come as often as ever he could to the Grange, she might be sure of that—and then he had sighed, sighed and smiled boldly in the widow's face, and had seized her plump, outstretched hand, grasped it warmly, and gone home laughing and singing.

'I declare he is handsomer than ever!' mama had cried, looking after him. 'Well, I am glad to think he likes to come to us. But really I think all the nice young men do like to come to us. And I am sure if he is dull at home, we ought to ask him to meet some of them.'

But Daisy had known better. 'You stupid mama!' She had made a face which had some humour and a world of pertness in it. 'As if he wanted other men! As if he could not get plenty of men for himself, if it were men he wanted! It is us, he comes to see—us.' And then she too had begun to sing.

The next day and the next had brought Dorrien; and on the third Daisy had mentioned him to Isabel Lavenham, and had told her, moreover, that they were expecting Mr. Harry Dorrien that very afternoon or evening—in consequence of which communication it was on the following day that the little scene took place between the sisters which has been already narrated.

'Shall we ride round by the Grange this evening, uncle Schofield?'

It had been a sultry, burning day, and the accommodating uncle had been induced to dine early, to dine directly he came home, and order the horses for seven o'clock. A great revolution had taken place in his bachelor household since it had come under petticoat dominion, and as for sitting over his wine in solitary state during the coolest and pleasantest part of the day as he had been wont to do, it was not now to be thought of. He should be allowed to resume the habit presently he was assured

in Bell's liquid accents; they would not be too cruel to him; would not make him turn out as soon as the summer evenings began to shorten, and the chills of autumn to creep over the land at nightfall. But just at present, just during these hot, hot days, when they could not possibly go abroad under the fiery glare of the sun?—He had stopped her by a pat on the shoulder and by telling her she was the most sensible girl he knew.

Furthermore, he had intimated that before that period of autumn chills which she forecast they should have a treat. He would take a holiday, say in September—he did not think he could get away before September, but September was an excellent time for Scarborough—and to Scarborough in September they should go. They had thanked him charmingly, as they always did thank him; he had thought he read pleasure and gratitude beaming in their eyes; and how was he to guess that, in the sanctity of their own chamber afterwards, they had asked each other the swift, pertinent question: 'Will it be too vulgar? Too dreadful? Can we let him go or not?'

They had decided that at any rate the idea need not be negatived for the present, and they had wits enough, poor things, to see that to the present only must they now confine themselves.

We are digressing, however. Our object is merely to show that uncle and nieces were now upon the best of terms; and that, although the triumphant expectations of the former and the worst auguries of the latter had been alike fulfilled, there yet remained an understanding so excellent between the three, that perhaps Bell and Monica were really happier than they knew, and certainly Joseph Schofield was happier than he had ever been in his life.

How very happy may a man be who is properly managed! There is really no need to handle him coarsely, and spoil his mouth by tugging at the bit. He ought never to be driven on the curb. He requires but the lightest touch, the merest hint, and he will caper and frisk, and prance and fondle, and be as merry as the day is long, and go exactly the way he is meant to go, when the proper sort of fingers hold the reins.

It was quite a pretty sight to see old Joseph out with his beauties. He would manœuvre in his artless, transparent way to show them off at this house and that, on their country rounds. He would contrive to return home through the more populous villages, and saunter down the streets; to pull up and call over the walls to the people he knew; and canter under the windows of houses whose occupants were out upon the terrace or the lawn.

Monica and Bell knew very well what he was about. Perhaps in their secret hearts they did not altogether despise the homage thus brought to their feet. To each other they laughed at it, and suffered it. It amused their uncle, and their uncle had to be amused. As he had bestowed on them their horses, he had an undoubted right to exhibit them on horseback. Their uncle Lavenham had exhibited them without any such right; and this reflection, we may here remark, was only one of many which were for ever stealing into their bosoms at unsuspected moments. They were taken at unawares by them.

But all the same it seemed natural and proper that they should dictate and be obeyed in the new life.

Isabel Lavenham knew perfectly well that if there were one place on earth to which Mr. Joseph Schofield did not willingly wend his way on a summer evening, it was to the cousinly domain yelept the Grange. He had the peculiar shrinking aversion of a quiet man towards a voluble, demanding woman. If Mrs. Schofield would have been content herself to talk, and to permit him to be silent, he might have endured her; but it was that excellent woman's way to force an acquiescence or a congratulation by the sheer dint of her persistency; and on the one theme in which she excelled he was willing to have allowed both to be taken for granted. He had not a word to say against the young people, but he did wish he were not required to say so many words for them.

All of this had been early apparent to the quick-witted Monica, and passed on by her to Bell. 'He sees they are insignificant and uninteresting as plainly as ever we do,' and she laughed and nodded. 'He is pretty bright, this uncle of ours. His face is a treat beneath Mama Schofield's yarns; and when he has to look at photographs, to compare one photograph with another, to say if Daisy has not a look of Tottie, and if Tottie has not the eyes of Minnie, and Minnie the chin of Tottie—and then if George is not done great injustice to, because George should have been done in profile, George having such a handsome profile,' ('George's little snub nose, you know,' in parenthesis)—'oh, the whole is a treat! I am never tired of beholding that treat.'

It is to be presumed that Bell also enjoyed the treat; but on the present occasion she had another motive for going to the Grange; and to the Grange accordingly, regardless of the faint shade which anticipation threw over Mr. Schofield's brow, she proposed to repair.

'To the Grange, my dear? Ye-es-my dear; to be sure, yes;

if you and Monica wish it,' replied he, somewhat ruefully. 'By all means let us go to the Grange, if you like. What say you, Monica?' catching at a straw. 'All places are alike to me, you know. I go for the ride, not for the—ahem! The Grange then, if you wish it,' he concluded, hastily.

To please her sister Monica did wish it. She would do Bell a kindness whenever it could be done; and she knew that the little curiosity, and the little anxiety, and the little fret altogether about those tiresome people, those neglectful Dorriens, who had now come to fill so large a space upon their limited horizon, would be soothed and humoured, if not entirely put to rest, should any sort of explanation or apology for their behaviour be forthcoming through the medium of Daisy Schofield.

For herself, Monica had begun to feel an antagonistic spirit rise within her at the bare mention of the Dorriens' name. In her eyes they represented the attitude of her old world towards herself and Isabel at the present moment; she had, it is true, previously divined what that attitude might be, but she did not any the more love those who were now thus confirming her prophetic wisdom.

Still, wisdom or no wisdom, to go to the Grange could do no harm; and since Bell wished it—and the horse's heads were turned that way.

'I wonder if we shall find any new photographs about,' observed Monica, slily, the point being settled and no retreat possible. 'Just supposing you have a whole set of new photographs to go through, uncle Schofield!'

'Dear me! I hope not, my dear,' obviously alarmed.

'Tottie is sure to have had some new ones taken,' proceeded the tormenting creature. 'She has not been photographed for nearly a fortnight. Tottie is the belle of the family, we all know; she is "a real, beautiful girl," according to her mother. "And so tall, too! But, however," mimicking, '"but, however, Minnie is growing too, and no mistake." They will be as tall as Bell and I are, Mrs. Schofield thinks. As for Daisy——' she stopped.

'And what do you think about Daisy?' said her uncle, quietly.

'Oh, we don't think about her at all!' rejoined Miss Monica, with a flick of her pretty riding-whip. The truth was she had a superb contempt for Daisy Schofield.

At the Sign of the Ship.

IN the September number of this magazine was printed, at the Sign of the Ship, one variant of a supernatural story—the story of the Minister, the ferocious man with the sickle—

There is a Reaper, his name is Death-

and the mysterious mounted stranger. In our version the minister was a Wesleyan and a Yorkshireman, because the narrator was born into that creed and a denizen of that county. correspondent finds the tale in a printed book, where it is told of a Calvinistic minister in Wales. There are traces of the Märchen in Devonshire, and an echo in Australia. To judge from those circumstances, one might fancy that the Nonconformist was particularly favoured, and I would be the last to introduce polemics here, or to deny that perhaps they may be thus privileged. But the Established Church of England is not behindhand in its share of the story. A correspondent communicates a version told by the late Lord Houghton, in which a parish clergyman is accompanied on a lonely walk by the ghost of an old friend of whom he had been thinking. We might call this a subjective hallucination, but the airy companion frightens away a robber just as did the mounted vision in the Dissenting legends. Whether one would not just as soon be saved by a robber from a ghost as by a ghost from a robber is a question for In the open air I think I prefer the ghost; in a the timid. haunted chamber, when the lights burn blue, and your dog howls and dies, and 'the bodiless gang about,' the entrance of a burglar of flesh and blood would be warmly welcomed. The Psychical Society, or or least Mr. Podmore, may tell us that Lord Houghton's clergyman's ghostly companion was a mere figure of fancy, and that the clergyman's illusion was 'telepathetically' transferred to the imagination of the robber. But this were a very attenuated explanation. Not only the lower clergy, but a Bishop, has been miraculously favoured, according to yet another correspondent. This was a Bishop of Lincoln. He was going to a Confirmation, when, in a solitary place, the wheel of his carriage came off. 'A weak-minded man would have sworn, sir, would have sworn,' to parody an anecdote of Mr. James Payn. The Bishop, on the other hand, prayed. Then up came a stranger, who happened to have in his possession tout ce qu'il faut pour repair a carriage-wheel. He repaired it, and then, as the Bishop said, 'I turned to thank my preserver, but he had disappeared.'

* _ *

One cannot expect Calvinistic or Wesleyan readers to believe But the Church, perhaps, is not very this prelatical miracle. credulous about the stranger who sits up aloft to watch over the fortunes of Dissenting ministers. To the calm scrutiny of science it is plain that all these stories are one story. Let us appeal to the Folklore Society, and induce them to hunt examples of it through the Middle Ages. When we come to classical times, we find the story in full vigour. The mounted stranger is one of the twin Dioscouroi, Castor and Polydeuces. Their peculiar function in Greek myth is to ride up at the very nick of time and help people in distress. There is a long passage to this effect in Theocritus. Among the Vedic Indians the Acvin brothers have precisely the same duty—the mounted Acvins. They save one man from a wolf, another from a well; they give another a wooden leg (or was it an iron leg?), and so forth. Sanscrit Texts may be consulted by the curious. If we can only find mediæval variants, more to the point than the appearance of St. James to the Spaniards in a battle with the Aztecs, as reported by Bernal Diaz, then we have traced a myth from the Vedas into the Hagiology of modern Dissent. Of course, this would not demonstrate that the stories are not true. There may be Açvins; Castor and Polydeuces may have been converted, and may keep on their benevolent business still. Human nature, at all events, has not altered in this respect, and the devout Calvinist or Wesleyan may be firm in the same faith as the pious Rishi who hymned the Great Twin Brethren.

* . *

Science seems at last to be in the right way. We are not much the happier for getting bad news quicker by electricity, and bad goods cheaper by machinery; but if science has invented invisible gut, or something as good as invisible gut, then we have a better chance with the most cautious trout. In a recent number of Nature a man of science tells us how it is done. You melt quartz, and you produce a thread of quartz by firing it off attached to an arrow in a little cross-bow. The thread will hold a weight of several tons (bigger than even a tarpon fish can be expected to be), and the thread may be so fine as to prove invisible, even under a microscope. 'Gut-shy' fish will thus be deluded. They will only see the olive dun, or other fly; the quartz gut they cannot see, even if their eyes are 'double patent million magnifiers.' If quartz may be made into gut, surely granite may become a textile fabric, and we may weave the Ross of Mull into coats and trousers. The colours of the granite in the Ross of Mull are excellently suited for these fabrics.

• . •

A lady sends from Suffolk the following curious fragment of a ballad, which, she says, 'has a very good tune.' But who, she asks, is the Duke of Bedford, or who the Princess Mary? Is she the sister of Henry VIII., who married Louis XII. of France? No light is thereby thrown on the Duke of Bedford. Any information from genealogists will be gladly received. Tradition is oddly tenacious of some things. The head of a Border family fell at Killiecrankie, and, quite recently, an old man in the neighbourhood could still point out the tree under which his entrails were buried when the body was carried to the dead warrior's country.

BALLAD FRAGMENT.

Six lords went a-hunting down by the seaside, And they spied a dead body washed away by the tide.

Said one to the other, 'As I've heard them say,
'Tis the famous Duke of Bedford by the tide washed away.'

They took him up to Portsmouth, to the place where he was born, From Portsmouth up to London, to the place where he was known.

They took out his bowels and laid down his feet, And they garnished his body with roses so sweet.

Six lords went before him, six bare him from the ground, Eight dukes followed after in their black velvet gowns.

And the Royal Princess Mary went weeping away.

So black was the funeral and so white were their fans, And so pretty were the flamboys that they carried in their hands.

The drums they did beat and the trumpets they did sound, And the great guns they did rattle as they put him in the ground.

* . *

The following Hindoo Mürchen was told by the late Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of Edinburgh University, who had heard it in India. Part of the idea—the various pretensions of the lovers—occurs in the story of the Prince Achmet and the Fairy Badroulbadour. But the conclusion is novel and unexpected, and I do not think the tale has ever been printed before in English.

THE LADY AND FOUR LOVERS.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Indian girl who had They were all of equal rank, only one was much richer than the others. She could not make up her mind which of the four lovers to choose for a husband. While she hesitated she caught a fever and died. You will think the story ends here. But it does not. The girl was carried to her grave, followed by her four lovers. When the grave was opened one of them killed himself on the grave, and was buried with the girl. Another got up into a tree and spent the night, saying, 'Boh and Bah,' to keep off the jackals from eating the bodies. The rich lover went back to his fine house and spent the night in weeping and lamenting. The fourth lover put on the dress of a holy pilgrim, and started for a distant shrine. Soon after he had left his native village, he came to a wood. In the wood he saw a house. went and looked in at the window, and he saw an old woman baking bread, and a child playing noisily about. The old woman told the child to be quiet or she would kill her. The child took no notice, and went on making as much noise as before. the old woman took hold of her and strangled her, and threw her body in the corner. When the pilgrim saw this he rushed in and asked the old woman what she meant, 'What's the matter?' said she; 'there's nothing to make a fuss about. I have only quieted her.' Then she went to a cupboard and took out a bottle containing some white powder, with which she sprinkled the child,

who at once jumped up and began playing about as noisily as before. When the pilgrim saw this, he said to the old woman, 'I am a very holy man on my way to a shrine, and you must give me shelter for the night.' The old woman said she would, and so he stayed. In the night he got up quietly and went to the cupboard, and took the powder and went away back to the village as quickly as he could. When he got there he collected the villagers, and told them to open the grave. As soon as it was opened they saw the bodies of the girl and of the lover who had killed himself just as they had left them, and the other lover was still crying 'Boh and Bah' in the tree. The pilgrim then sprinkled the girl with the powder, and some of it falling on the body of the lover they both jumped up and seemed in perfect health. Then the lovers all began to claim the lady again. The first said, 'I ought to have you, for I died for you.' The one in the tree said, 'If it had not been for me you could not have come to life again, for the jackals would have eaten you.' The third said, 'Did I not go home and weep all night?' and the fourth said, 'You must be mine, for I brought you to life again.' Then, as the girl could not still decide which of the four to marry, it was resolved that the matter should be brought before the rajah, and that he should decide it. So the rajah assembled his court with great pomp, and called the lady and all the lovers before him. He listened with great attention to each as he set forth his claim. When he had heard all, he said, 'As I find myself quite unable to decide between so many rivals. I see the only one way out of the difficulty is that I should marry the lady myself.'

* . *

Count Tolstoi has lately discovered that nobody should ever marry, if the marriage could give pain to any other body. As it happens, M. Paul Bourget's new novel, Un Cœur de Femme, turns on the fortunes of a lady who was as charitable and kind, in her love affairs, as the Count could wish. Out of mere goodness of heart, and because she was sorry for him, the widowed Madame de Tillières became virtually, and for moral reasons, the secret wife of M. de Poyanne. They were to be married as soon as somebody died. Then Madame de Tillières fell violently in love with M. de Casal, who returned her affection. What was she to do? As soon as she saw poor M. de Poyanne, she was even more sorry for him than ever, because, as she had ceased to care for him, he was even more than previously an object of sympathy.

She could not marry M. de Casal, because M. de Poyanne would dislike it so much. Then she was more sorry than ever, also for M. de Casal, who threatened to pursue his course to the dogs. It is an extremely clever novel, in spite of M. Bourget's little lectures on la vie mondaine: in spite of his excursuses on psychology. We are as sorry for all of them as Madame de Tillières was, but the inevitable moral remains, that Count Tolstoi is wrong, that we must not mix up pity and love—these passions are too near akin to marry. If Madame de Tillières had been a less wildly sympathetic person, less like

The Bandicoot,
The Bandicoot,
That wildly sympathetic brute,

they might all have been not so very miserable after all, for people who 'lived for the affections,' that is. It seems to be a mistake to live for the affections, and a gentleman who has recently been writing 'Letters to Living Authors' will be certain that this critic has a stone where his heart should be.

* _ *

For various reasons one cannot review Mr. Steuart's 'Letters to Living Authors,' but surely the form of the criticism is not its strong point. You cannot decently tell a man to his face exactly what you think of his work, unless he be a most intimate friend, unless he asks your advice, unless his book is still unpublished, and your counsel has yet a chance of being accepted. Even then, the task is delicate: we learn how Scott viewed Blackwood's criticisms, and, in an epistle in *Marmion*, he asks even his dearest ally, William Erskine, to sink the critic.

Still kind, as is thy wont, attend, And in the minstrel spare the friend.

Others there are who will permit friendship to be critical, and will even act on well-meant advice, with the simplicity and want of vanity that marks a noble nature. But, when a work is done, who would then bluffly tell his mind about it, even to his other self, if the other self were the author? Much less, then, is such a form of criticism natural, or possible, or desirable, in publicly addressing strangers. The manners of Junius, however softened, are fit, perhaps, for politics, not for literature. The personal

address brings in a tone that cannot be natural. How can any one say that Mr. ————— 'has an apoplectic style,' whatever that may mean, to Mr. ————? As you read such a remark you blush—like a former novelist over his love scenes— 'as if you were going into an apoplexy' yourself.

• . •

The following lullaby, by Mr. Eugene Field, has probably been published in this country before, though we have only seen it going round in manuscript, among its private admirers. Neither Blake nor Mr. Stevenson has written, to my mind, a more delightful song of childhood. The more people who know it the better, and if any one has read it already, he will probably be glad to read it again.

DUTCH LULLABY.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew:
'Where are you going, and what do you wish?'
The old moon asked the three;—
'We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!'
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea;—
'Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeared are we;'
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam—

Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home;

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As if it could not be,

And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed Of sailing that beautiful sea;—

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken, Blynken And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things,
As you rock in the misty sea

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:

Wynken,

Blynken

And Nod.

EUGENE FIELD.

London: October 20, 1890.

* *

A writer in the Spectator has been taking an earnest view of golf. In his opinion the game demoralises the members of the poorer classes whom it touches. He probably overstates his case. There is nothing necessarily demoralising in carrying clubs. The caddie begins as a little boy; his employers are almost invariably kind to him, and he is often a very good and intelligent little chap, earning something in a way not too laborious, and much to his taste. He need not gamble with his brethren, nor swear, and we should be very careful, in his presence, about the language we utter in bunkers. Yet one would not wish a boy to pursue the profession; it is difficult, as a writer in Golf queerly remarks, to steer between the Scylla of a sober life and the Charybdis of intemperance. Better hug the rock of the respectable Scylla.

Still, if a lad has skill and sobriety, he may do very fairly well at He has an admirable pattern before him in such examples as Tom Morris. I suppose he works in a club-maker's shop. What is there demoralising in that? If he plays well and works well, he may become a green-keeper, and enjoy a life perfectly healthy, amid general esteem. Nobody compels him to bet and to drink, and the temptations of gambling and whisky are not confined to the links. If a golf club had a private links of its own, it might employ only regular characters; for example, old men incapacitated for harder work, as in a case well known to every player at St. Andrews. But where, as at St. Andrews, the links are public it is impossible for a club to disqualify a caddie. and forbid him the ground. Attempts to provide coffee-houses and shelters have not usually been successful. It is hanging about in cold or damp weather, waiting for custom, that demoralises the caddie. With him, too, it is light come and light go. as far as his gains are concerned. On links where all the world may play, or accompany the players, it is hard to see how the chances of the caddie can be improved by the clubs. Ladies have taken the boyish caddie in hand, have entertained him at tea, and given him literary, and perhaps religious instruction. Every regular player, by sticking to one young caddie, keeping a paternal eve on him, and providing him with other employment, may do something, and might do more. These arts are not neglected where golf is regularly played by residents in a town. It is the summer visitors who bring in confusion, and a rush of not the best characters to the links. How is this to be mended, where a club is practically powerless, except in setting a better example? One does not like to hear caddies spoken of as invariably dirty and dissolute. This is very far indeed from being a true view of the case. But an influx of casual summer visitors attracts all the worst loafers to the green, and the regular caddies get an undeserved bad character. As a rule, they are quiet, loyal, good-humoured, and humorous, quite as much as the right kind of professional cricketers. Drink ruins a man's play as much as it ruins his nature, but there are men whom no warning and no suffering will keep away from whisky. That is not the fault of golf.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions:-

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And such is human life, so gliding on, It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!

'The Mother in her office holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the Coin
Of Character, and makes the being who would
be feeble

But for her prudent cares a vigorous man Then crown her Queen of the World.'

SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD.

'This heart, my own dear mother, bends, with love's true instinct, back to thee.'—Moore.

"Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency—who that has pined on a wear; bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land—but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helpleseness? O, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortane; and, if disgrace settle upon his name, ahe will still love and oberish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him."—Washington Irving.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1891.

The Mischief of Monica.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER VII.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us.

DRYDEN.

IT will be remembered that Mr. Schofield and his nieces were on their way to the Grange, riding thither through the lanes, on a warm summer evening.

They had nearly reached their destination when another horseman, who had up to the last moment been hidden by hedges, suddenly emerged from a grass lane intersecting the main road; and as he drew rein, and politely checked himself in order to allow them to pass, they had a full view of a handsome face and figure, and, in particular, of a pair of curious eyes which unhesitatingly scanned all three, with an air of surprise that could bear but one interpretation.

'He is saying to himself, Who the deuce can those be?' murmured Monica to her sister, as soon as sufficient distance permitted the aside, 'and we are saying to ourselves, Who the deuce can he be? Bell, can that be the Dorrien boy, do you think?'

'That was Sir Arthur Dorrien's son,' observed her uncle, overhearing the last words. 'You mean that gentleman behind us VOL. XVII. NO. XCIX. now? That was Mr. Dorrien. He does not often come down to these parts. But I heard to-day that he was at Cullingdon. The old folks are growing feeble, I fancy; and he may be a more dutiful son than people say. For Cullingdon is a dreary spot, and there is never anything going on there. Sir Arthur looked very tottery the last time I saw him.'

'I did not know you knew them, uncle Schofield.'

'Neither I do. But I know them by sight. No, indeed, I don't know them. The Dorriens know nobody hereabouts—nobody, at least, that I do; they used to give great parties to the aristocracy and have all sorts of goings on, drinking and dicing——'

'Ah!' His auditors pricked up their ears.

'Ay, indeed-in Sir Arthur's young days---'

'Oh!—oh-h! Only in Sir Arthur's young days.' A perceptible fall in their accents.

'And now I gather that the family are looked a bit shy upon.'

'Are they?'

'A wild, spendthrift set. The last baronet, the one who built the racing stables, ran through the money like water. been scraped together by his predecessor, and had amounted to a very decent income when he came in for it-though a good deal of the land had gone, and could never be got back; but, however, there was still a fair entailed estate, and with a little care it might have been improved into a really valuable one. Then what must Sir Luke do-that was the last man-but send it flying. It was always either scrape or spend with them. Then, having pauperised the next heir, there would be a match made up with some heiress—but they never managed to get hold of the great heiresses somehow, I fancy they were too much blown upon,—and there would be inching and pinching to cut a dash and entertain the nobility up in London, while everything was going to rack and ruin at home. When Sir Arthur came into the property it was just about at its worst. He has done his best, poor body, to keep up appearances,—at least after his marriage and settling down; he was a wild enough scamp before that; but he had been married and sobered years before he came in for the title, and since then he has been of the scraping sort. He is as poor as Job however; he has scarcely a sixpence to bless himself with, and all the scraping in the world won't set him on his feet. The son-yon behind us,' continued Mr. Schofield, his broad, north-country dialect coming out markedly when he was led to be communicative and discursive, as on the present occasion, 'von's his only son. He is an idle fellow, I'm told. That's his father's look-out. He should have set him to work when he was younger. But no Dorrien ever did a stroke of honest work in his life, and Sir Arthur is not the man to begin. People say there is only one thing left for the son to do, and that is to marry money. He is a good-looking fellow; he ought not to have much difficulty.'

Meantime the good-looking fellow trotted along behind.

'Is he coming in here?' inquired Isabel of her sister, in an undertone, as a turn in the drive which they had entered during the above dissertation disclosed the figures of horse and rider at the gate. 'Monica, what luck!'

Mr. Dorrien turned his horse's head and rode slowly in.

'Isn't it luck?' repeated Bell, in her sister's ear. 'We shall know all about it now: why they have never been near us, and if they ever mean to come, and all. And he will see us, and can tell his parents about us.'

'Dear me! I believe he is coming up to the house!' exclaimed her uncle, almost as she had done, he having not looked round before. 'That's a queer thing. What can be the meaning of that? Can he have mistaken the house, I wonder? Or—but no, I don't think they can know him.'

'I have heard Daisy speak of him,' quoth Isabel demurely. 'I think they do know him, uncle.'

Mr. Schofield dismounted and rang the bell.

'Ay, he is coming here,' he repeated, eyeing the approaching stranger from the doorstep. 'Sure enough, he is coming. He is keeping his horse at a walk to let us be out of the way. Well, we shall be out of the way directly. Are you going in? Or, will you sit still in your saddles, while I send for the girls? Or—what shall we do?' Mr. Dorrien was drawing nearer, and he felt slightly fluttered.

'Go in, certainly,' replied Isabel, with delightful promptness. 'Help me down, uncle, please. Oh, I think we must certainly go in!' and she sprang lightly to the ground, and ran up the steps poising her shapely figure for a moment on the topmost, to take another glance at the interesting person in the background. Then 'Come, Monica,' as Monica was down and up likewise; 'come and find Mrs. Schofield;' and in ran the two, leaving their unfortunate elderly escort to the mercy of—somebody who was at his elbow the next half-minute.

'Mr. Schofield, I am sure,' exclaimed a frank voice, whose perfect ease contrasted ludicrously even to Mr. Joseph Schofield's

own perception, with the obvious discomfort of the feelings it excited within his breast. 'Let me hold one of your horses, may I? Three are too many; and they are always rather long in bringing round a man at this house.'

'Thank you. Oh, I—I can manage. They'll stand quiet

enough. Thank you—thank you,' nervously.

'Pretty creatures, they are. What a capital match those two are! It is a treat to see good horses anywhere in this neighbourhood. Pray do not look at mine,' with a frank laugh.

'Oh, dear me, I am sure—yes, I chose them myself. I—I fancied getting them a match.' For the life of him Mr. Schofield could not overcome a certain breathlessness and tremor. We have said that he was not a shy man, that among his own friends and associates he could be sociable and easy; he had almost at once surmounted the awkwardness of meeting two elegant young London beauties, and had been able to assume towards them the proper air of a relation and a host; but the long-standing, deeply-rooted awe of the Dorrien blood which had been born in him, bred in him, nurtured and fostered in him by every association and tradition, was not to be eradicated without a struggle.

All his life he had seen Sir Arthur get in and out of railway carriages, and had never dared to enter the same compartment. He had encountered him on the pavement, or on the road, and had stepped aside. To read in the papers that Sir Arthur and Lady Dorrien had arrived at or had departed from Cullingdon had been always a matter of profound interest. Their names figuring at any county festivities had been duly noted. Even to see their coach pass, or their liveried servants ride by, had been something.

All of which you will understand of course, dear reader, was perfectly compatible with Mr. Schofield's calling the family a wild, spendthrift set, and being sure that the present baronet had scarce a sixpence wherewith to bless himself. Your self-made man scorns and scoffs at old escutcheons in tatters; he sees nothing fine in having a handle to a name that is frayed at both edges—but he steps off the pavement all the same. He feels a tingle in his cheek when he is politely accosted by the brisk tones of the unconscious Sir Launcelot, or Sir Giles. He wonders if he says the proper thing? He wonders if he should take off his hat, or not? He is eager to be agreeable; still more anxious to be correct. Hopes he is not making a bad impression. Hopes—devoutly hopes—that someone has seen the honour done him; finally goes

away with a glow at his heart. The next time the ruined grandees are referred to in his presence he is singularly mild, and merely observes that they have been unfortunate, and that it is a sad pity to see so fine a family going to the dogs.

Mr. Schofield, who had been by no means behindhand with his very plain opinion while Harry Dorrien was out of earshot, trotting behind, experienced a meekness and uneasiness when brought face to face with the friendly young horseman, which was inexplicable from any other cause than that above suggested. He did not cringe, but his soul was troubled. He thought he ought not to have been so basely deserted. He looked about piteously for aid. The sound of footsteps hurrying round the corner of the house, and the emergence of a groom from the laurel bushes, gave him a sense of relief, which was intensified by the disappearance of the young man in company with the groom, and the 'Kindly tell Mrs. Schofield I shall be in directly,' with which he was charged. Evidently Mr. Dorrien knew Mrs. Schofield; evidently he was at home about the place. He had gone off leading his own horse, and Monica's.

'Here he comes—and leading Brown Eyes.' It was Monica's amused voice which announced the discovery. She had found Daisy alone in the shrubbery, the drawing-room being empty, and was proceeding with her in search of the others—Isabel having voted the lawn a more likely spot—when the two came face to face with the stable party.

Monica was looking her best, her brilliant best. Harry Dorrien glanced at her, and turned on his heel. 'I say, send somebody to take these horses, will you?' he called after the groom in front, and turned again and stood still. Daisy shook hands and presented him.

'My father and mother have been greatly disappointed that they have been unable to call upon you before, Miss Lavenham,' said Mr. Dorrien. 'My mother has been unwell, and my father particularly busy.'

Miss Lavenham replied suitably. Now she was glad to have come. The Dorriens had not then meant to slight her and Isabel.

'It is a long way, of course,' proceeded the new comer (he was by no means so young as she had supposed, was another discovery), 'but it would be nothing if my mother were stronger. She is getting old now, and can't stand much, that's the fact. However, I—I know she means to make the effort.'

'Pray beg her not. If she would allow us to go over and see her, my sister and I should be so glad. Colonel Lavenham told us that Sir Arthur was good enough to say something about it, but we knew Lady Dorrien was delicate' (fie, Monica!), 'and that she would very likely be unable to drive so far. We really did not expect her' (fie, fie!). 'Do you think she would allow us to ride over to Cullingdon instead?'

'She would be immensely pleased if you would.'

The two were on in front, Monica on the path, Dorrien on the narrow grass edge by her side, dodging the rose-trees, and keeping step, in spite of every obstacle. Perforce, neglected Daisy had to follow alone.

'May I come over and show you the way?' suggested he next.

'Oh, I dare say we should find the way easily, thank you. My uncle has shown us Cullingdon already. We ride with him at present,' replied Miss Lavenham, with a quiet little note that conveyed its own rebuff. 'And our groom also knows the way, if my uncle should be unable to spare the time,' she added.

'Awfully glad if he could though, of course. My father hardly ever sees anyone. We don't know what to do with ourselves down here. That is why Mrs. Schofield is so good in letting me come over to her house,' with a sudden impression of a blank countenance in the background. 'Your mother is charitable to me, is she not?' addressing Daisy with a certain familiarity of accent which was not lost upon Daisy's cousin. 'I go nowhere else—just about here. I don't know another soul for miles round. I often wonder who lives in all the houses, and what sort they are.'

'We live in one,' said Monica, in rather a low voice. 'And we know the people who live in the others. Mr. Dorrien, my sister and I have had a kind home made for us by our mother's only brother, and——'

'I made Mr. Schofield's acquaintance at the house just now. I was so glad to do it, for I had known him by sight all my life. But these Liverpool swells are such big men, that they won't know us poor——' then he caught Monica's eye, and stopped in confusion. He saw that she not only understood, but half sympathised with, and then revolted from his irony. He perceived that he was not addressing a simple girl brought up among her own people, but a woman of the world, young in years it is true, but not ignorant of that lore in which he and his were steeped; and instantly he was on guard.

'Miss Schofield, if your mother is in the drawing-room, do you think she would give me a cup of tea?'

'Certainly,' said Daisy, rather astonished as he stood back to let her pass. Why should she pass? Why should they not all three go in together, as would have seemed the natural mode of procedure? But Mr. Dorrien's air said 'Precede us, if you please,' and accordingly she led the way as they emerged from the shrubbery.

Dorrien stopped, and bent his head to inhale the fragrance of a rose-tree hard by. 'Miss Lavenham,' he murmured. Monica looked round. He was standing still; so she had also to stand still. 'I did not mean to express one syllable of contempt towards your uncle. I—we Dorriens are bitterly jealous and envious of these rich men, as you can guess; and when you checked me just now——'

- 'I beg your pardon,' said Monica haughtily.
- 'You did, by your glance. You meant to say you would not permit a word against your family.'
 - 'I did—I do mean it.'
- 'Will you not believe me? I am so far from wishing to undervalue it, or any single member of it, that I—I—I——' (inwardly—'Shall I say that I hope to enter it?' A voice within thundered 'No.' He stopped almost aghast at the 'No.' It had echoed through every fibre of his being.)
- 'We need not discuss the point,' said Miss Lavenham, with a heightened colour. 'Until now, as perhaps you know, until a month ago, neither my sister nor I knew anything of our Liverpool relations. We had supposed our home was to be always with Colonel and Mrs. Lavenham. But on the change in their plans, we were sent' (she set her teeth) 'here. They sent us, do you understand? We had no option but to come. But since we have come, we have met with such kindness as we could not have dreamed of, could not have believed in. Mr. Schofield is never tired of thinking of new things to please us; and we give him trouble; we put him out of his way; we alter his arrangements' (on a sudden she recognised all this that had been vaguely present to her view heretofore), 'and he neither looks upon us as burdens, nor as encumbrances. He is the best, the kindest—I cannot bear to hear him——' She broke off short.
- ——'By Heaven! you shall never hear him spoken one word against by me! Anyone who is kind to you——' His voice was almost in her ear, his eyes were saying all manner of things.

'And here is Mr. Dorrien at last! And Monica, too, I declare. Well, I thought we should never find you. Well, I told Isabel that I would come this way, and she might go that way. You took the wrong path. You should have turned off at that corner, for the house. Where's your uncle, Monica?'

Nobody seemed to know where Mr. Schofield was. Everybody had been at cross purposes, it seemed; and everybody seemed more or less disturbed thereby. Monica alone said nothing. There was a bright flush on her cheek. Presently she sat down on the terrace, asking not to enter the warm, crowded drawing-room; and Mr. Dorrien brought her her tea, and lingered longer than he need have done over the little service. His cheek was flushed also, and he was rather hurried and incoherent as he laughed and jested with Daisy subsequently, when he would pour out the hot water from the urn, and poured it all into the tray, and insisted on collecting the cups, even from the party on the terrace—though she assured him the servants would attend to that afterwards—and finally found the room so hot, so dreadfully, steamily hot and overpowering, that he asked if she would not like to leave her duties and come outside into a purer atmosphere?

She went, of course.

Mr. Dorrien was very attentive after that. He lay on the grass in front of the group, and talked to Daisy, inquiring after her successes in this contest and that—the croquet-match, the water-colour competition, the village flower-show. He presumed that Miss Schofield liked these sort of inquiries, and that style of conversation. Mrs. Schofield beamed benignly by, and the younger ones ran in and out, and tripped each other up, without let or hindrance from her.

As for Monica, she found the evening pleasant. It was all folly of course. It was perfectly absurd her disliking to talk it over with Isabel, and declining to know anything about Mr. Dorrien when interrogated by her uncle. Mr. Schofield thought all had gone off to admiration, and was unfeignedly rejoiced at the prospect of an entrance to Cullingdon Manor having been effected for his nieces in so easy a manner. If he had known before that Colonel Lavenham had any acquaintance with Sir Arthur—but anyway, he could hardly have tackled Sir Arthur; and the young ladies could not certainly have tackled Lady Dorrien until her ladyship had given some sign. Had they not expected her to call?

They owned they had.

But she had not done so? No.

Ah, well, Mr. Schofield could fancy he understood the why and the wherefore of that. It was because they had come to live under his roof. The Dorriens had always held themselves aloof from the mercantile community;—but here both Monica and Isabel raised their protest. It was not that at all. Mr. Dorrien had assured them it was not so. Mr. Dorrien—then Monica's voice died away, and Isabel alone proceeded fluently. Mr. Dorrien had made it all right. His mother had been most anxious to drive over, but she had been unwell; the heat of the past month had tried her much, and her doctor had forbidden exertion of any She had not ventured on the long drive. Her spokesman had vouched for her, and he had had it all out with Isabel, who had been much more amenable on the subject than had her prouder and quicker sister. Although by no means a fool, she had naturally believed what she wished to believe, and the young man, we may just add, had been rather more careful in his expressions when discussing the matter for the second than for the first time. He had taken his cue, and would not offend again.

In consequence, Bell had found him delightful. Quite their own sort, as she subsequently averred. He knew the Bathursts and the Frenches, and some of the Alverstokes, cousins of their Alverstokes, and numbers of other people, all their own sort of people, and had wondered how he had never met themselves; though to be sure he had been abroad all the former summer, and had only gone up this year in time for the last six weeks of the season, at the beginning of July, he said; which must have been about the very time they had left;—and so on, Isabel wondered a little why Monica was not more interested, did not wake up more to the subject. She had hardly spoken during all the ride home. What was it? Was Monica tired? Or cross? Or was there anything—? And here the speaker stopped short, wondering like a puzzled child whether there were anything she had done which she ought not to have done, as to which her Mentor were now nursing wrath in store. No; Monica smiled, and then laughed outright at the supposition. She was in spirits to laugh? Then all was right.

But was it not odd—odd, and curious, and a neat thing altogether? Catching the young man they wanted at the very right moment! Now, they could go over to Cullingdon. Now

Lady Dorrien would see them, and perhaps take a fancy to them, and ask them to her balls. What? Did she never give balls? Oh dear, how stupid! Did she give dinner parties, shooting parties? Monica did not know. Well, at any rate they should soon find out; and Mr. Dorrien's last words had been that his mother would expect them, and that he would look out for them.

And still Monica only went on smilingly putting off her clothes; and still she scarcely seemed to notice her sister's babble.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIR ARTHUR DORRIEN'S WISDOM.

What can ennoble fools, or sots, or cowards?

Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.—POPE.

'And so you fell in with the Lavenham girls? And they were over visiting the Schofield girls? Over for the evening? Quite in a friendly, cousinly way, all one family, running in and out, hey?' Sir Arthur Dorrien was the speaker, and his tone betokened high good humour. He was almost always in good humour at this period. 'Well, well, Lavenhams or Schofields, I fancy it does not much matter, Harry, my boy. Deuced good family the Lavenhams, and if they could intermarry with the Schofields, eh? We must have those Lavenham girls over here; I gave my word to their uncle I should; and your mother must call.'

'What do you say to calling this afternoon, ma'am?' Mr. Dorrien turned to her, for the trio were assembled in her morning room, and it was the day after the events narrated in the last chapter. 'I as good as said you would. In fact I would have said anything, I felt so uncommonly awkward. Evidently you had been expected before now.'

'And if we are to make any way with the Schofields,' proceeded Sir Arthur, rubbing his pale hands together, and looking delighted significance, 'we must not neglect the collateral branches. Always secure your outposts, Harry, before you advance upon the citadel. Uncle Joe and his pair of thoroughbreds must be secured.'

'Dear me, what am I to do?' demanded Lady Dorrien, feebly. 'What does Harry say they had expected me to do?

You talk in such riddles, Sir Arthur, that really if I am to do anything——'

- 'Nay, no "ifs," my lady. You have got to do as you are bid, Lady Dorrien,' and there was a slight snap of the speaker's teeth. 'No fooling at this juncture. Harry knows he can't afford fooling. Tell her what is wanted, Harry, and I'll see that she does it. Is she to drive over to uncle Joseph Schofield's to-day?'
 - 'That's about it. To-day would be a good day.'
- 'No time like the present, eh? But what about the other folks? How will they like the Lavenhams to have the preference? And Joseph's house is further off, besides.'
- 'I suppose my mother must do both,' conceded Mr. Dorrien, after a momentary hesitation. 'As you say, sir, it wouldn't do to square the one set without the other. She must go to the Grange first,' and he paused to consider; 'yes, to the Grange first; they are sure to be out if she goes tolerably early.'
 - 'Don't want them to be at home, eh?'
 - 'No.'
 - 'Tolerably frank, Harry.'
- 'It is best to be frank, sir. I don't fancy my mother and Mrs. Schofield are likely to appreciate each other; consequently they need not meet too soon. They need never meet often. Mrs. Schofield will be far better pleased to find our cards on her hall table, than ourselves in her drawing-room.'
- 'Oh, you are going with me?' Lady Dorrien looked relieved. 'Oh, if you will go with me,' she proceeded, 'I shall not mind it half so much. But really you know, Harry, I never do know what to say to these sort of people, and I am so dreadfully afraid of them.'
- 'You will not need to know what to say to Mrs. Schofield, ma'am,' drily. 'She will soon inform you.'
- 'Voluble, hey?' interposed his father jocularly. 'Well, come, that's a vast deal better than being a dummy. A dummy is the most damnable thing in creation,' glancing at his wife. 'When you can't get a word or an idea out of a woman, it is enough to grill your gizzard. Give me a good-humoured, accommodating creature—.'
- "Tchah! tchah! You mustn't call her "the widow Schofield," my boy. You must be respectful, Harry, respectful; yes, by Jove, and careful, and cautious, and all that; we must all rub up our manners, and our wits. D'ye hear that, my lady?' his intonation again becoming tinged with acrimony; 'none of your airs and

graces; none of your confounded hauteur and all that exploded trash, just now. Down on your knees to these people if need be——'

- 'If you will excuse my interrupting you, sir, I don't imagine the knee business would do the trick in this case. Our new friends will think all the more of my mother if she keeps erect, provided only she appears upon the scene at all. All she has to do——'
- ——'Yes, indeed, if Harry will only tell me what to do,' protested the poor bewildered Lady Dorrien, whom in truth her husband had no need to browbeat, for she was, and had ever been, a mere puppet in his hands. 'I am sure I will do anything,' she murmured, looking from one to the other.
- 'Why, of course.' Sir Arthur was not to be silenced by acquiescence, which he would have stigmatised as next door to dummyism. 'Of course. If you were not willing to do anything in this matter, you would be an out-and-out idiot. Here's your only son——'
- ——'Well, well, sir; my mother understands.' Mr. Dorrien hated family scenes. 'She will go and make herself agreeable to Mrs. Schofield and her family, if she finds them at home; and if they are out, so much the better. We will then go on to Mr. Joseph Schofield's,' proceeded the young man in a brisker tone, 'and I fancy we shall be obliged to put up the horses there, for an hour or so. It would be as well, don't you think? Ten miles each way in this weather—and they are not what you can call in first-rate condition, not so robust as they might be—had they not better put up, if they get the chance?'
- 'By all means, and have a good feed too, if they get the chance,' and Sir Arthur cackled and nodded. 'A few of old Joe's oats will be a dainty to which they are not accustomed, and one that will send them spinning home. I say Harry, Harry,'—as if with a sudden thought, 'if—supposing, you know—if by any chance anything should turn out wrong—I mean if—it's just as well to have two strings to one's bow, eh?—hum—ha—d'ye see, Harry?'
- 'I don't take you, sir,—at least——' and, with a look that instantly showed he did 'take' Sir Arthur, the speaker broke off abruptly.

The old man toddled round the room, and laid his hand on his son's shoulder. 'Keep in with them both,' he whispered; 'for God's sake, don't let the Schofield money slip through our fingers,

one way or the other! What are these Lavenham girls? Wouldn't one of them do if, -eh?-supposing,-eh? But, to be sure, you know your way, my boy-you know what you are about. And the other's is money down, by Jove! Money in prospect is all very well! and the Lavenhams are as good as ourselves any day; but old Joe is only an uncle, and he's a fool who trusts "Put not your trust in uncles," eh, Harry? No, hy in uncles. Jove, no! But all the same, my boy, it might be as well, d'ye see? There's no harm in a reserve force. Something to fall back upon, in case of accidents! If you see your way to being friendlyfriendly, and—and attentive to either of old Schofield's nieces, why -but, in Heaven's name, be cautious, my dear boy! Run no risks; and make sure of your bargain, one way or the other. If you don't---' and the feeble fingers clutched the shoulder they pressed with a grip that carried its own inference.

('Confound you, the devil didn't need to send you to tempt me!' was the young man's internal response.) 'All right, sir, I'll take your advice,' he replied aloud. 'I fancy we think pretty much alike. So now to business. Will you order the carriage, or shall I? It must come round directly after luncheon.'

Directly after luncheon the mother and son set out.

Wrapped in their own thoughts, the miles along the hot, dusty lanes seemed to each to pass quickly enough; and it was with almost a start that Lady Dorrien found herself turning in at the lodge gates of the Grange.

'What a nice, fresh, well-cared-for-looking place!' exclaimed she, with instant and intuitive recognition of the contrast presented to Cullingdon. 'What beautiful turf, and shrubs, and flowers! Harry, these must be rich people. Even the very gate-posts——'

Her son laughed.

'The Schofields are what you would call "rich people," I suppose, ma'am,' he said, 'but it is not all this trimness and neatness which would proclaim them so, if you knew it. It is simply a matter of opinion whether you will spend your money on London houses, and travelling, and sport, and one thing and another, or on making your own place tidy. Liverpool people prefer the latter. You won't see a tumble-down cottage nor an overgrown plantation belonging to one of them. Their gardeners get enormous wages. They have all the latest inventions. Their houses are so well appointed within and without, that they make you discontented with every other house you go to. In short,

they understand the meaning of the word 'comfort,' and act upon it.'

Poor Lady Dorrien sighed. 'I wish we did—I wish we could. But, Harry——'

'Hush! Here we are!' said he, as they stopped at the front door.

'Dear me! Already? Why, they are almost on the high-road!' cried his mother, envy vanishing. 'Dear me, I should not like that!' and she looked around her in much the same manner as Miss Lavenham had looked on her first arrival at Flodden Hall. To her, as to Monica, 'a mere villa' was distasteful.

The ladies were not at home; and as Mr. Dorrien gravely produced his card case, and mounted guard over his mother's till she had drawn forth the required number, no emotion of any sort could be discovered on his countenance.

The maid, a tall, spruce girl, stood still upon the steps, whilst the footman awaited further orders.

'Had we not better ask her to direct us to the other house?' murmured Lady Dorrien. 'I really have no idea where it is, no more have the men. We may be wandering about for hours.'

He gave her a look.

- 'Drive to the nearest post-office,' he said to the coachman.
- 'It may be miles away,' protested his mother.

'It is not. There is a village within half a mile, and there we can get full directions. It is far better to trust to a post-office direction than to anything a maid-servant may choose to say. Goodness knows where she might send us!'

But Sir Arthur would have guessed that another motive was at work, and Sir Arthur would have been right. Daisy Schofield's suitor did not care to proclaim upon the house-tops that he was about to call on Daisy's other relations. He had a curious sensation of being on a contraband expedition, as he found himself being swiftly borne along between the sweet-smelling hedgerows, over which waxen honeysuckles were sprawling now in unfettered luxuriance; he had a secret exultation in his veins, a throb of expectancy and excitement in his pulses.

Daisy Schofield was to be his lot, of course; he had not the very faintest, not the remotest intention of throwing Daisy over, of letting slip the rope which Providence had held out to save him from going to the dogs altogether, as regarded his finances. Immediate funds were absolutely indispensable not only to him as the heir, but to him as himself, since he, Dorrien, owed

already four or five thousand pounds—a mere trifle of course, but a trifle which he might as well think of paying as if it had been ten times the sum, for all the prospect he had of doing so,—and only the possession of a fortune down on the nail (observe this was before the days of the Married Woman's Property Act was passed) could be of any real, immediate use. Wherefore Daisy Schofield's seventy-five thousand, which, by the way, must, he considered, now have run up at compound interest to something like eighty-five thousand pounds,—she having been a minor for over four years since the death of her grandfather,—would be the making of him; while Daisy herself was a jolly little girl, who would not get to loggerheads with anybody, and who would do well enough in society, once she were detached from her present surroundings.

His plans being thus fixed and settled, it could do no manner of harm to go over and call on the cousins of his future bride. Miss Lavenham was the right sort of girl to know. Like himself she was doubtless down in these parts on business. She had her market to make; and probably had the sense to understand she must make it quickly. Of course she and her sister might be there to come round their rich bachelor uncle, and the rich bachelor uncle might be come round by them—but, and young Dorrien shook his head. Old Joseph might marry, and then, phew! away with the whole castle in the air! Old Joseph was only a man of fifty-five, he was by no means to be depended upon; nor did he imagine that Monica Lavenham on her part was the person to depend upon anyone. No, poor thing! She had been tripped up once-nay, twice; neither her own father nor her father's brother had provided for her and her sister, and the probability was that she was by this time shrewd enough to look below the surface.

'There will be a similarity between our positions which ought to be the basis of a friendship,' quoth Dorrien to himself. 'We shall each be so perfectly cognisant of the limited range of any flirtation between us, that we shall feel a delicious sense of safety. No fear of me—no fear of her. We shall suit each other down to the ground. That was very good advice which you proffered just now, my dear father; I shall be but filial and dutiful if I act upon it. Oh, dear me, yes; I quite "see my way to being friendly and attentive," as you so prettily worded it. "Friendly" when Daisy is by—"attentive" when she is not. Then as for the other Lavenham girl, she must be squared too; I can't have her telling tales. I——' But his reflections were cut short by finding himself turning in at the lodge gates of Flodden Hall.

'Another pretty, bright abode,' murmured Lady Dorrien, afresh enamoured of smooth turf and well-swept gravel. 'What a blaze of flowers! What—oh, dear me! at the door already! Oh, this is really worse than the other! Why, Harry, what is the meaning of it? Why cannot these people live in decent seclusion? They seem to have taste, but——'

She was interrupted by an expression of vexation on the part of her auditor. His eye had caught sight of another equipage, whose owner was the last person he desired to find within, on the present occasion.

Bending forward, he spoke in a quick, clear, significant tone:

'I am afraid, ma'am, we shall not find the Miss Lavenhams alone. The Schofields are with them; I see their carriage standing under the trees yonder. Now, ma'am, do your best,' emphatically. 'Be civil to all, and, for Heaven's sake, don't show that the *rencontre* is unfortunate!' He had but just time to conclude ere the footman threw down the carriage steps. The young ladies were at home.

As ill luck would have it, the young ladies were very much at home, it having happened that some other relations of Mr. Schofield's, as well as the party from the Grange, had come by appointment to five o'clock tea that very afternoon; and having now given up all idea of Lady Dorrien's calling for the presentsince Monica and Isabel had alike understood that this formality was to be dispensed with, and that instead they were to ride over to Cullingdon, on receipt of an invitation of some sort—the sisters had resigned themselves cheerfully to the inevitable, and were even having some amusement out of the affair. The new Schofielders and the old Schofielders, as Monica termed them, were on the terms that different branches shooting from the same family stem very often are—namely, that of very elaborate civility and oppressive politeness, while under the mask of affection there lurked ill-concealed rivalry and dislike. Each party endeavoured to seem more at home than the other upon the neutral ground on which they now met, and to know more than the other of Joseph Schofield's manner and mode of life. The one was eager to propitiate, the other to claim, the Lavenhams. Mrs. George Schofield had the pull of earlier knowledge, of having entertained the young cousins at her own house, and of being able to say 'Monica' and 'Isabel.' On the other hand, Mrs. Palmer had known the girls' mother, had been at school with her, and could recall her as 'dear Mary.' With 'dear Mary'the rival matron could not cope, even though neither daughter could recollect to have ever heard any mention of a 'dear Florence.' Each mamma had brought a daughter, and the daughters sat on opposite sides of the room; the very lap-dogs, brought in the rival equipages, would have nothing to say to one another.

Altogether it was not bad fun, for anyone in the humour for fun; and the Miss Lavenhams were, as it happened, in that The Dorrien difficulty had been disposed of. Isabel's anxiety had been pacified and Monica had, as we have said, passed a pleasant evening. Each felt she could afford to smirk and chat, and keep the peace, whilst the Schofields glared on one another. Monica laughed outright when something more than usually incisive was said. Bell placidly sipped her tea, and looked out of the window, mentally wondering where they should go for their evening ride, and how soon the invitation from Cullingdon would come? Mrs. George Schofield's warm, glossy face and Mrs. Palmer's pinched-up lips amused both the sisters; and Monica was in the act of thinking how much of the secret entertainment she had derived from the scene might be retailed to her uncle, and how much she had better affect to have let pass unobserved, when a horrified start from Isabel caused her, in common with the rest of the party, to turn her eyes towards the windows, through which at the same moment came the sound of horses' feet trampling on the gravel of the drive.

The sound ceased; but there succeeded a champing of bits and a peal of door-bells, while through the broad expanse of the open casement there could be distinguished by those in the bow window, among whom was Monica, a pair of horses, whose harness glittered with silver, and a cockaded coachman, whose livery could belong to none other than Sir Arthur Dorrien. The carriage was not visible, but it was not needed.

The Miss Lavenhams involuntarily exchanged glances. 'Undone' was instantly perceptible on each face. Then Monica rose.

'I believe that is Lady Dorrien,' she said, calmly. 'If it is, will you excuse my going to sit by her near the door? She is an old lady, and—and deaf, and might be confused by so many.' And she passed into the small outer recess into which the door opened.

When Lady Dorrien should be ushered in, she would thus, Miss Lavenham fondly hoped, find herself saved from half the horrors of the scene.

But Lady Dorrien had not come to be thus saved.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY DORRIEN SETS EVERYONE AT EASE.

Good manners is the art of making those easy with whom we converse.

Swift.

NOTHING indeed was further from Lady Dorrien's thoughts.

To evade aught that was disagreeable or unpalatable in the business she had in hand, was not to be thought of. She had Sir Arthur's 'Down on your knees before these people' still ringing in her ears; while her son's later mandate, 'For Heaven's sake, don't show that the *rencontre* is unfortunate,' had been issued with a vehemence which had nearly shot her out of the carriage.

Constitutionally of a shy and nervous disposition, the seclusion in which she habitually lived, joined to the dominion of a selfish, tyrannical spouse, had by degrees scared away the few wits she might originally have possessed.

What Sir Arthur had in his mind at the present time he had, however, been at pains to make very plain to her, being fully aware that her implicit, prompt, and intelligent obedience was necessary in the matter. In matrimonial affairs the women of the family must always come to the front, be they what they may; and of this both the baronet and his son were aware. It would be no use to tell their female representative to do this and to do that—'doing' was not what was wanted. 'By Jove! my lady must come down from her high horse, and be one of themselves, that's what she must,' Sir Arthur had cried. He had not minced matters, caring not one whit how mean, how despicable, how sordid was the scheme laid bare. In the same breath he had sneered at the very people before whom his wife had been bidden to cringe, while the very son, whose interests he was affecting to serve, he had avowed was to be distrusted and taken precautions against.

This was, and ever had been, Sir Arthur Dorrien's policy. He loved no human being but himself; his son had been to him his heir, his wife had been his slave. Since both could now serve him, he began to feel an interest in them; heretofore they had been regarded with indifference pure and simple.

On one solitary occasion had the parent's soul been stirred within his breast. His son had asked for money; the father had no money to give. Might the boy then be put in the way of seeking

his own fortune? Might he learn a profession, a trade—anything? His father had bidden him go to the devil. This had happened years before; the subject had never been mooted between them since.

Eventually a commission had been given young Dorrien in a smart regiment, and he had managed by the usual methods of graceless youth to subsist, and even to cut some sort of figure in it for a time; he had been tolerably lucky, and had rubbed along. according to himself. But at the period when he makes his appearance in these pages, Harry Dorrien had had enough of such a life; things had gone cross, he had been unable to keep up appearances, and had been obliged to leave his regiment, with an ugly rumour of debt hanging over him. He had not known what to do, nor which way to turn; and Sir Arthur's counsels, briefly and concisely uttered, had recurred to his memory. mony was his only chance. Wealth must be obtained somehow; if not wealth, at any rate the wherewithal to pay his liabilities and keep him afloat. As for looking about to pick and choose, that The heiresses with whom he was acquainted were was nonsense. for bigger men. He must take what he could get.

And, besides, there had been no time to lose. His creditors had begun to be pressing. He had assured them vaguely, though positively, that their claims were about to be quickly settled, after the usual fashion to which the destitute of his class resort; but the satisfaction given by such promises had not been all he could have wished.

At that precise juncture he had met Daisy Schofield, and the sky had cleared as if by magic. He had almost grown happy beneath the new state of things at Cullingdon. He and his father had absolutely become friends; he had even elicited a spark of affection from his mother. This was a great deal. Hitherto Lady Dorrien had cared only to please her husband. In her eyes Sir Arthur was not a bully, a tyrant, a base, cold-hearted mockery of a husband—he was simply a master whom it was her business to please, whose purposes it was her duty to carry out, and whose humours it was her principal effort in life to comprehend.

'She is such a fool,' he would mutter to himself, if anything went awry.

But at other times the two would jog along with average serenity; and of late, since the Schofield campaign had been set afoot, Sir Arthur had been almost gracious. The thought of having a few pounds in his purse, at least in the family purse, was like dew falling on his withered flesh. In the plenitude of his satisfaction, he had refrained from gibes and jeers, except when by force of habit these would escape involuntarily, and would be heard with equanimity, so new a state of affairs arousing even her indolent ladyship to a state of feeling akin to joyfulness.

She now ascended the villa doorsteps, betwixt double rows of dropping geraniums and richly-coloured begonias, crossed the shady entrance-hall, and entered the drawing-room in which the party was assembled, conscious only of one desire, namely to bear her part as became her.

Her son followed with more mingled feelings. It was a disappointment, as well as an annoyance, to find that he must be again upon his guard. He had hoped to have found the Miss Lavenhams alone—to have had one Miss Lavenham, the Miss Lavenham, to himself. On the previous evening the presence of others, but more especially of the very person on earth before whom restraint was most necessary, had fettered and restricted him. He had hardly allowed himself to do more than look at Monica, or listen when she spoke. Now and then he had replied to her; but he had scarcely ever addressed to her an opening remark.

But he had pictured a different scene on a different stage. He had imagined Lady Dorrien easily disposed of in the company of the amiable and accommodating sister—the sister who would easily perceive, if she had not already perceived, his admiration and its object—and himself left free to pass the hour where he would. An hour? He had considered that an hour would not be too long for a call, to make which such a long distance had been traversed. It would be easy to offer laughing apologies for its length: Lady Dorrien would murmur something about the horses; Miss Lavenham would rejoin with disclaimers; he would himself strike in with a new topic of conversation. It had come to this, that he had never dreamed of mishap, nor disaster; and he was accordingly chagrined, almost beyond the power of concealment, on finding he had reckoned without his host, in this case converted into two hostesses.

The first sight of the circle, however, was reassuring.

Next to a solitude à deux, he infinitely preferred numbers: here were six ladies; and six ladies were at all events an improvement upon four.

'I am such an invalid, my dear Miss Lavenham.' It was Lady Dorrien's understood rôle to be an invalid on the present occasion. 'My son would tell you so. I am seldom able for

long drives; and the heat has been so great. Is this your sister? Your aunt did tell me we were to be neighbours, but she did not know what being neighbours in Lancashire means. I am never in this part; that is to say, I never have been until now; but I hope in the future'—with a meaning smile—'to know it better.'

All went off well. Her ladyship's manner was perfection. In reality, she was no more of an invalid than any woman without an inch of elasticity, or a spark of energy, can make herself by habitual indulgence in doing nothing and going nowhere; and the heat, which was simply brilliant summer sunshine, had not prevented her taking her daily drive. Mais que voulez-vous? The good intention was apparent, and it was with the intention alone that the recipients of Lady Dorrien's diplomacy had anything to do. The pretty speech made, she sank into a corner of the sofa, whereon Mrs. George Schofield's ample form had up to the present moment reclined, and before which that worthy dame now stood, the picture of quivering uncertainty and indecision.

'Tiresome woman! not to stop where I told her,' muttered Monica, who had, as we know, vainly attempted to stay Lady Dorrien's footsteps beneath the far recess. 'I could have sheltered her there. Here, I can do nothing. Things must take their course.'

She would not, however, assist that course. Dorrien was engaged with pretty Daisy; pretty Daisy was smiling up at him, and he was smiling down at her,—the position was perfectly understood by Miss Lavenham.

'That was not what brought Mr. Dorrien here, however,' she said to herself, with a smile of another sort.

And if Mr. Dorrien wished to make his mother acquainted with Daisy's mother, he would have to perform the little ceremony himself, was the next consideration.

In a few minutes it appeared that Dorrien did so choose. Mrs. Schofield being present, and cards having been left at the Grange within the hour, he could do none otherwise than as he did. He came up to the one lady with an outstretched hand, and presented her to the other with a grace that did him credit.

Lady Dorrien bent like a graceful reed, Mrs. Schofield as gracefully as bulk and busks would permit. Each had a tea-cup in her hand, and a piece of cake between her fingers.

'I am sure——' began Daisy's fond mamma,—clang went her spoon upon the floor. 'Oh, never mind'—making a lunge forward which upset the cup into her lap. 'Dear me! I am sure

I—— Pray excuse me, Lady Dorrien,'—growing more and more confused and fluttered. 'Such clumsiness! And where is my handkerchief gone?' her ample arm going round in search of it. 'Monica, dear, just lend me yours, will you? Oh, really, Mr. Dorrien, I am ashamed '—as he dutifully went down upon his knees—'to give you all this trouble! And tea is not so bad as coffee, neither. There, that will do nicely,' fanning her heated cheeks with the handkerchief which had been found too late. 'No, I will not have any more, thank you. Daisy here knows I never take but the one cup. Do I, Daisy? It was only to keep going,' in an audible whisper.

The truth was that she had been glad of any sort of occupation in the tumult of excitement caused by the new arrival, and had accepted a second supply of everything rather than have been compelled to sit with her hands before her.

Lady Dorrien, however, with the tact of a well-bred woman, soon made hands and all forgotten.

'We have just been to the Grange,' she murmured sweetly; and having been so unfortunate as to find you and your daughter out, we are doubly happy in this meeting. Harry, will you also present me to Miss Schofield?'

Miss Schofield was presented to her. I doubt if Mr. Dorrien enjoyed the ceremony. He had listened in perfect silence to the apologies of his proposed mother-in-law, and he was now equally impassive under the less obtrusive though scarcely more happy responses of his proposed bride. But he would fain have had Daisy look a little less easy, assured, and complacent. He did not know that the poor girl was at heart none of the three. She was simply endeavouring to do her best, and fell into a snare. Better instructed young ladies do not answer in short, brisk tones, when addressed by elder ones—do not affect an 'I-care-for-nobody-no-not-I' sort of air, nor twirl rosebuds nonchalantly between fingers and thumb, at such a moment.

'Good heavens! She must not speak like that,' involuntarily reflected Lady Dorrien. But of course she looked all that was . delighted and approving.

'Oh, I knew how it would be when my Daisy once took hold,' was the radiant conclusion of the other occupant of the sofa.

And thus it was the first meeting of the forces who severally desired to amalgamate, took place.

It was all very simple, as great affairs usually are. They loom gigantic in our imaginations; we rack our brains to puzzle them

out, to conjecture how this and that plan of action will work, how this and that misadventure may be avoided; we reduce ourselves to misery, by apprehensions of mischance and failure; and all at once the moment is upon us, flies airily past, and waves us a gay adieu in the distance. It has gone by; and with it all terrors and alarms.

Mrs. Schofield affirmed afterwards that she had never been more at her ease, never felt more comfortable and careless, than when she was sitting at one end of cousin Joseph's big sofa, with Lady Dorrien sitting at the other. Daisy fancied Lady Dorrien looked proudly and appropriatively at them both; Lady Dorrien herself forgot that her son's eye was upon her.

And then an inspiration came to Isabel Lavenham. Though by no means possessed of Monica's powers, a society education had taught Bell something. 'I must make a diversion of some kind,' she told herself, and addressed forthwith the other guests, the now forsaken and insignificant Palmers, who, discomfited and left out in the cold, nevertheless were stubbornly holding their ground, with the air of people who were not to be routed by any amount of contempt or neglect. 'The room is too warm now that the sun is full upon it,' quoth Isabel; 'shall we go into the garden for a stroll?' and she stood up and looked towards the conservatory door.

'Well, I don't know; what do you say, Lizzie?' Mrs. Palmer felt that once outside that conservatory door, all chance of being able to quote Lady Dorrien, and refer to Lady Dorrien, and hurl Lady Dorrien at the heads of her less fortunate acquaint-ances, would be for ever at an end. She had not, it was true, been formally introduced to her ladyship; but here was she sitting in the same circle with the august dame, and that was more than she had ever done before, and more than any of her set could boast of doing. In their own county the Dorriens were fenced in with an impenetrable rind from Palmers and such people.

Well, now, here she was, and here was the great lady and her son. They were all within a few feet of each other. Even if Monica and Isabel, silly creatures, did not see that it was their place to introduce their visitors to each other—visitors who were thus sitting, as it were, all in one friendly group—she could do something for herself; she could insert a remark into the conversation, could address Barbara Schofield—Barbara, who was sitting up as grand as you please, and talking away as Barbara always would talk, about her sons and her daughters, her Georges and ther Daisys, and the whole set of them.

What a tongue Barbara had! And what an ugly bonnet she had on! And what a big, stout, red-faced woman she did look, sitting shoulder to shoulder with that thin, peaky-nosed Lady Dorrien!

'I always did warn Barbara against growing too stout,' cogitated Mrs. Palmer, with a subdued sense of consolation in the length and breadth of Mrs. Schofield's silk gown; 'and Daisy will be as like her as two peas one of these days. What did you say, my dear?'—to Isabel, who, beneath the encouragement of Monica's glance, was persevering as if she had been met by a glad response, instead of a reluctant and doubtful semi-negative. 'I fancy we are as cool in here as we shall be anywhere. Those nice outside blinds are a great convenience. They do keep off the sun in a wonderful way.'

'But there is no sun round the corner of the house, and you would like to see the new part of the garden.'

'Ah, the new part of the garden! But I fancy cousin Joseph would prefer taking us over it himself.'

'Perhaps he would. We might take a turn up and down the terrace.'

'Oh, I have seen the terrace scores and scores of times, my dear.' Mrs. Palmer gave a little laugh. 'I—there is no turnpike on that road now, Barbara,' darting with sudden eagerness into the heart of the dialogue which was being carried on between the other ladies. 'You remember, Barbara,' she continued, laying a firm hand upon the opportunity, 'that the old turnpike was done away with over a year ago. I mean the turnpike that used to be on Sir Arthur Dorrien's grounds.'

Lady Dorrien politely meant the same turnpike. It was she who had introduced it into the conversation.

'It must have been very tiresome having such an inconvenience close to your own lodge-gates,' pursued Mrs. Palmer, now fairly addressing her ladyship, and glowing with internal triumph as she did so. 'My poor husband used always to say that there was nothing so bad as a turnpike at one's own door.'

'I am afraid the Grange is a good bit off the road, Lady Dorrien,' here struck in Mrs. Schofield. ('Like her impudence!' muttered she, transfixing with wrathful eyes her now delighted and successful rival.) 'If you had held along the main road on your way here, you would not have had nearly so long a drive.'

'But you see we were not only coming here,' rejoined Lady Dorrien charmingly, 'we equally desired to call at the Grange.'

'Oh, I'm sure-' ('That's one for Eliza!') 'Oh, I'm sure! So kind, indeed! Daisy?'

But Daisy was engrossed with Dorrien.

- 'I dare say the country is new to you, and the lanes are very pretty just now—though there is a heap of dust,' began Mrs. Palmer anew; 'the dust is just awful to my mind, in this weather.'
- 'No, indeed, we found the drive delightful,' averred Lady Dorrien, with her husband's 'Down on your knees to these people' dancing before her eyes. 'All country roads have a little dust.'
 - 'Look at it now!' cried Mrs. Palmer.
- 'There's no getting in a word for her!' fumed Mrs. Schofield.
 - 'Such a charming day!' smiled Lady Dorrien.
 - 'Just one turn on the terrace?' pleaded Isabel Lavenham.

Monica turned away her head to laugh. 'Not one of them will give in,' she said to herself.

But just as she was considering that it would not do to let the fun go too far, she beheld with relief the entrance of a new comer: her uncle Schofield stood in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

Lincolnshire.

FEW years ago anyone who had proposed to write a handbook of Lincolnshire for general use would probably have been a gentleman who dated his proposal from Hanwell or Colney Hatch. For so utterly uninteresting, not to say repulsive, did the whole county appear to be, that no sane person would have dreamed of imparting information to the outside world concerning it. Lincolnshire now has the high honour of filling a whole volume not a wretched part of one, like some other counties—in the familiar series with the scarlet binding and the magic name of 'Murray' in beautiful copybook writing on the outside. fairly be presumed that the supply betokens a demand; and one asks with some curiosity, 'Why is it that the public desires to be guided through Lincolnshire-Lincolnshire for which in past days the only guide necessary would have been one that might guide the deluded individual who had strayed into the ill-favoured region how to get out of it as quickly as possible?' Many plausible reasons may be given, and first among them let us boldly put the march of intellect. The schoolmaster is abroad, and has taught mankind that Lincolnshire is not entirely a dismal swamp; that 'Bleak House' is not the most appropriate title for all the baronets' and squires' 'places down in Lincolnshire'; that it produces something else besides Lincolnshire geese; and that a stranger may visit it and carry away with him something better than the ague. To this may be added the tendency of our restless age to go everywhere and see everything. The modern Alexander, before he begins to weep because he has no more worlds to conquer, bethinks himself that he has not yet conquered Lincolnshire; and, on consulting his 'Bradshaw,' he finds that the conquest may be achieved without any great amount of trouble or expense: for Lincolnshire is well served by the railway companies, and the adventurous traveller learns that he can get into it—and, what is perhaps more to the purpose, that he can get out of it, if

he does not like it—with little difficulty. Then, again, the interest in Lincolnshire has been quickened by the remarkable revival of the interest in Gothic architecture, especially in churches, which has arisen in the present generation. This is now so general that we are apt to forget that it is quite a thing of modern growth. The eighteenth century despised Gothic architecture. It was not much given to building at all, and, least of all, to building churches; but, when it did build, it was either in the Classical style or in some nondescript style of its own. When the nineteenth century was yet in its teens, England awoke to the fact that more churches were needed, and began to build them. The result was the erection of a number of hideous edifices, which are to this day the puzzle and the despair of architects and clergymen. the Camden Society and other similar institutions, which trained men in a better taste; and the burden of their teaching was in effect-

'Antiquam exquirite matrem.

You have beautiful models before you in the old Gothic churches which abound in all parts of your land: study them; copy and "restore"; don't attempt to create.' And then it was found that Lincolnshire, if not favoured by nature, had been singularly favoured by art; that in the midst of her fens and her marshes—ill-omened words!—there rose up on all sides grand old structures the like of which could be found in few other parts of England.

Is it fanciful to suppose that Lincolnshire has derived a fresh interest from the fact of its being Tennyson-land? From one of its quiet, sequestered villages arose the greatest poet of the present generation, who, so far from being ashamed of his native county, has married to immortal verse many features of its scenery and many characteristic traits of its inhabitants.

At any rate, whether these reasons be right or wrong, the fact remains that Lincolnshire can now boast her 'Murray'; and a Lincolnshire man, born and bred, who has passed nearly half a century of his life in the county, may venture to affirm with some confidence that the handbook is most admirably done; and that those who study it carefully will acquire a perfect wealth of information respecting a region which, in spite of its once evil reputation, will, whether from the antiquary's, the historian's, or the ecclesiologist's point of view, as well repay the trouble of study as any county in England. Though Lincolnshire has no really good county history, it is exceptionally rich in more or less short

accounts of particular parts. The names of Mr. E. A. Freeman, Sir Charles Anderson, Precentor Venables, and Bishop Trollope—to which others might be added—are in themselves quite sufficient vouchers for the accuracy of the information they impart. The writer of the new handbook has made a dexterous use of the previous works of these distinguished gentlemen; and he is also obviously himself an accomplished writer, with a taste for and a knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture—a most indispensable requisite for anyone who would write about Lincolnshire.

It is not the purpose of the present paper to boil down any of the information which is so satisfactorily given in 'Murray,' but merely to take occasion from its publication to add a few remarks about Lincolnshire people and ways which would be quite out of place in a guidebook of the county.

One speaks of Lincolnshire as a whole, but in point of fact the three natural divisions of the county necessarily create a corresponding division in the manners and customs of the natives. Writing from the popular rather than from the philosophical point of view, I venture to take a different threefold division from that of 'Murray.' If you asked an uneducated Lincolnshire man whether he lived in Lindsey, Holland, or Kesteven, he would not know what you meant; but if you asked him whether he lived in the fens, the marshes, or the wolds, he would tell you at once. The weak point of this division is that it is not quite precise or exhaustive enough. In which of the three parts, for instance, are we to reckon 'the Cliff'—that range of hills which extends from Leicestershire to the Humber? Its natural features are those of the wolds, but what will be said of the woldsmen is not quite applicable to those who dwell on the Cliff. In which, again, are we to place 'the Isle'? In Lincolnshire, the Isle of Axholme is emphatically 'the Isle.' The Isle of Wight may be all very well in its way, and the Isle of Man may have its merits, but, with us, neither of them is the Isle. Are we in the fens? Perish the thought! Are we in the marshes? No! we have nothing to do with the sea. Are we in the wolds? No! our undulations do not rise to the dignity of hills. We are a district of our own, and so is the Cliff. This is the sole, but very unsatisfactory, apology I can offer, when I adopt the undoubtedly bestknown division of the county into wolds, marsh, and fen. A marshman, a fenman, and a woldsman are different beings. Is anyone so benighted as to object that the distinction between marsh and fen is a distinction without a difference?

learn to his confusion that the difference is as great as that between salt water and fresh. In fact that is the difference. The marshes are the flat lands stretching along the sea-coast which have been reclaimed from the sea; the fens are the flat lands which, by a triumph of engineering art, have been reclaimed from the swamps.

In the marshes are the richest of rich pasture-lands; and it is a noble sight to see the magnificent animals which are turned loose upon them to be fattened previously to their last journey to the slaughter-house. In the good days of farming there was nothing that a big wold-farmer coveted more than 'a bit o' marsh land'; and even in the worst of times there has never been much difficulty in letting good marsh land at a fair rental. Here and there is an exceptionally rich piece, which often goes by the significant name of 'plum-pudding close.' Thus, as many of the marshlands are held by wold-farmers, some Lincolnshire men may be regarded as amphibious—not, however, in the libellous sense of the word, according to which a Lincolnshire man is supposed to be web-footed, and to live partly in the water and partly on the land. No, no; but in the literal sense—as living a double life, partly in the wolds and partly in the marsh.

'Is Mr. So-and-so at home?'

'No, sir; he's driven down into the marsh.'

Everybody would know what that answer meant. But the marshman proper is not amphibious; he dwells among his own people, once a week making a solemn journey on market-day to the nearest market-town—Louth, Alford, or Grimsby. As you see him pass by, sometimes in that survival of the past, the genuine gig, he looks a grave and stolid, not to say a stupid, being; but try him at a bargain, and see who comes off second best!

Those who consult the map of Lincolnshire, even as it appears in its latest form in 'Murray,' will rashly conclude that the market-town for the marshes is emphatically Saltfleet. The new marsh railway, indeed, knows better, for it ignores Saltfleet; but the railway is an innovation and an intrusion, and we will ignore it. The railway apart, then, it really seems as if a grim joke were being perpetrated all round. The maps dignify Saltfleet with capital letters; the high-road from Louth to Saltfleet is marked by mile-stones with the name of Saltfleet in conspicuous characters, as if it were a second London. As you approach this apparent metropolis of the marsh, buildings seem to rise which might give promise of a market-town; but when you arrive at the goal the

result is a sort of Lincolnshire Herculaneum or Pompeii, with evident traces of there having once been a town on the spot, but now only a small village, with a ghostly mill on the very sea-bank itself; a vast, ghostly old inn, called, again in the topsy-turvy fashion, 'The New Inn'; and a manor-house, or rather the fragment of one, which seems to have, as indeed it has, its veritable ghost. The fact is, the old town and church of Saltfleet have been swallowed up by the sea, which has now so far receded that the outmarsh is again being taken in for cultivation. Tastes differ, but, in my opinion, Saltfleet is the most interesting and picturesque spot on the Lincolnshire coast—far more interesting than the thriving market-town which the maps promise would have been, though not perhaps so convenient. Within the memory of the last generation but one it was a sort of bathing-place, and there was a plaintive distich on its last bathing-machine to this effect—

Finer folks may go to Clee, But sandy Saltfleet will do for me.

It must be frankly admitted that, to the outer eye, the fens present a singular resemblance to the marshes; but the philosophical observer does not judge exclusively by the outer eye. The fens, of which the fine, foreign-looking town of Boston, with its magnificent church, is the capital, are a fertile district, and, in spite of their flatness and want of picturesqueness generally, have a very distinct and interesting character of their own. The villages have a rich, prosperous look, the parish churches are simply magnificent, and the peasants are a fine, stalwart race of men. So far from being ague-stricken spots, the fen villages are excellent health-resorts for those who can bear their keen and bracing, but singularly pure and fresh, air. It is said that those who have become acclimatised to the fens find a certain fascination in them which leads them to prefer residing there rather than anywhere else, even when the choice is left perfectly open to them.

In speaking of the wolds I must use the past tense, for it is nearly forty years since I knew them really well, and I hear that the bad times have sadly affected them. The woldsmen of my young days were essentially a sporting race. The very best horsemen in all England were, probably, to be found in this district. This is a bold assertion, when we remember 'the shires.' But the difference between riding in 'the shires' and riding in the wolds was just this: in the former, men rode trained horses; in the latter, horses which were being trained for their work. In fact,

hunting in the wolds used to be quite as much a matter of business as a matter of pleasure. A horse which, untrained, might not be worth 501., might, when trained as a true Lincolnshire woldsman knew how to train him, fetch 1001. The land in the wolds, compared with that in the fens and the marshes, was poor, but the farming was admirable. The holdings were large, the landlords liberal, and some of the tenants like squires. A really well-worked wold farm, with its trim hedges, its clean fields, its rich flocks and herds, its stack-yards full of faultlessly constructed stacks, its farm-buildings which were models of neatness, was a sight worth 'The Northern Farmer' is a perfectly correct picture of one type of woldsman, though it is fair to say that many of the class were much higher in the social scale. I just remember seeing the man who is always supposed to have been the poet's model; if so, his daughter was a parishioner of my own, and her sentiments very much resembled those of the hero of the lay. No one but a Lincolnshire man, permeated with Lincolnshire ideas through and through, could have written 'The Northern Farmer,' and Lincolnshire scenery was evidently present to the mind's eye of the Laureate when he wrote many of his earlier poems; but I may venture to say, on high authority, that the attempts to identify particular spots, such as Locksley Hall and the Moated Grange, are quite hopeless, for this simple reason—they are imaginary creations of the poet's own brain, and are not taken from any real places.

"The Northern Farmer' naturally leads one into a disquisition on the Lincolnshire dialect. But here again we cannot at all take the county as a whole. When I removed from the east coast, where 'broad Lincolnshire' prevails in all its breadth, to the Isle of Axholme, I found not only the pronunciation, but the local words, quite different; and in the neighbourhood of Spalding and southwards the dialect is quite different from either. But in its own particular district, 'The Northern Farmer' is, I should say from long experience, perfectly correct both in dialect and ideas. So also are the admirable Taäles fra Linkishere and other works by Miss Mabel Peacock. Take any of these poems, and drawl out every syllable in the broadest possible way, and you will have a true notion of what the real Lincolnshire lingo is. When it is otherwise, it is simply because the real thing is diluted by other dialects.

The glory of Lincolnshire is its churches, and, as a rule, Lincolnshire men thoroughly appreciate the distinction they enjoy in this respect. It is perfectly marvellous how much has been spent

during the present generation upon the restoration and beautifying of the Lincolnshire churches. To say nothing of the grandest and most beautiful of them all, the cathedral church of Lincolnto the admirable care of which 'Murray' pays a well-deserved tribute—nor yet of the large town churches, which are almost like cathedrals (notably Boston, Grantham, and Louth), many of the village churches have had an amount spent upon them which implies a great degree of liberality and self-sacrifice somewhere. For in the fens and in the marshes, but especially in the fens, the large and elaborately-wrought structures are serious things to meddle with. 'Bang goes'-not 'saxpence,' but thousands of saxpences—in no time. And the Lincolnshire farmer has a keen appreciation of saxpences, and is reluctant to part with them. He likes to give in kind rather than in money, and will do any amount of 'leading'-which is Lincolnshire for 'carting.' He is also not averse from giving 'a tray' for that most cherished of Lincolnshire institutions, the public tea. The tray includes a noble supply of poultry, ham, and cheesecakes, for all of which Lincolnshire is famous; and the shilling which is the regulation price for a seat at the well-spread board is a cheap investment, but a large amount has been raised for church-building and restoration from this source.

Lincolnshire in the good old times used to be a highly favoured county at Oxford-favoured, that is, through the past liberality of its own inhabitants-not in any other way. Magdalen, Lincoln, Brasenose, Corpus, and Oriel all had scholarships or fellowships, or both, for which only Lincolnshire men were eligible. But Magdalen was founded by William of Waynfleet, a native of Lincolnshire, as his name implies; Corpus by another native of Lincolnshire, Bishop Foxe, who was born at Ropsley, near Grantham; Lincoln was founded by a Bishop of Lincoln who had previously been Vicar of Boston, Richard Fleming, and was greatly augmented by another Bishop of Lincoln, Thomas Rotheram; Brasenose was founded in part by another Bishop of Lincoln, William Smyth; and so forth. It was but natural that the benefactors should desire those in their own neighbourhood, if duly qualified, to have the first chance of profiting by their benefactions; and hence arose the advantages which those enjoyed who chanced to be born in Lincolnshire. It is reported—though I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the report—that it was not an unheard-of thing to qualify a child yet unborn by sending its mother, in anticipation of the auspicious event, into Lincolnshire. The area was quite large enough, as a rule, to supply good men, if the system was carried out fairly. I am not prepared to say that all the successful candidates were chosen at every college purely on their intellectual merits. The principle of mutual accommodation may sometimes have been acted upon. If A. would vote for B.'s nephew, cousin, or friend, then when A.'s nephew, cousin, or friend presented himself, B. would return the compliment. But at some of the colleges—it would be invidious to mention names—the competition was conducted with the most scrupulous fairness. There was one scholarship in particular which was justly regarded as the blue ribbon of Lincolnshire undergraduateship, and it was generally known who were the favourite candidates.

There is no more generous rivalry than that between the competitors for university distinctions, and it certainly was so in regard to these Lincolnshire scholarships; but now and then an amusing incident occurred. On one occasion two youths were going up from the same school, and, in order to be well polished up for the momentous examination, they secured the services of a schoolfellow who was better than either of them, but not in a position to dream of ever going to college. The pupils, of course, talked over their chances of success, and discussed the charms of university life before the tutor. When the time came, they met at the coach-office—there were no railways in those days—and there was the tutor. They were gratified—it was a polite attention on his part to come and see the last of them. But when the coach stopped at the first stage, there was the tutor still; and when the coach at last landed them safe at Oxford, it landed the tutor too, to their intense astonishment. But the truth did not even yet flash upon them. The next morning, however, when they reached the examination-room, there again was the tutor; and they found to their dismay that he had heard so much from them of the advantages of the scholarship and the delights of Oxford, that he had determined to become a candidate for it himself: and, of course, he cut out both his pupils, and, as it happened, the rest of the competitors as well.

On another occasion, the son of an old scholar, who was supposed to be very inferior to his father, was most unexpectedly successful in winning the coveted prize. The father was congratulated on all sides, but he received the compliments of his friends rather doubtfully.

'Yes, it was a welcome relief to his purse! —that was all he would say.

'And the honour, sir! Consider the honour to beat all the best men of his county! He has more brains than we thought—he inherits his father's abilities after all!'

'Well, I don't know about that,' reluctantly replied the father; 'the fact is, there were no other candidates!'

This, however, was an exceptional case. As a rule, there were plenty of good men to be found; and if there were not, the college would put off the election till a more brilliant batch arrived.

This subject naturally leads me to protest against a gross libel which has been frequently uttered against Lincolnshire. In olden times the sharp-witted Athenians used to make merry over the dulness of intellect of their northern neighbours, attributing this supposed dulness to the thick and damp atmosphere of their climate; and as the raw, thick, damp atmosphere has been thought erroneously to obfuscate the intellect of our county, Lincolnshire has been termed the English Bœotia. Five-and-forty years ago a raw, puzzle-pated little Lincolnshire boy—the reader's very humble servant—was sent to a south country school. Whenever he made a stupid mistake, as he very often did, the master used to cry out, 'Bœotia! Bœotia!' It was unpardonable in the pedagogue, for he must have known better, seeing that he had lately had under his charge one who afterwards became the most brilliant scholar of modern times—John Conington, a Lincolnshire lad on both sides, and also that very able thinker and writer, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson.

But the truth is, this Bœotian land has been unusually fertile in intellects which have been quite the reverse of the Bœotian type; and not the least so in the domain of poetry, thus not bearing out the theory that a poet is partly formed by the beauty of his surroundings. The greatest of all-Lord Tennyson-has already been noticed. But, besides the Laureate, we have also nurtured his brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, whose genius, though less prolific, was as truly inspired by the divine afflatus as Every lover of Tennyson knows Poems by Two Alfred's own. Brothers, a volume written and published in 1827 by the two brothers jointly when they were yet schoolboys. The publishers were Messrs. Jacksons of Louth, and the original MS. is still in the possession of the firm. One of my own most valued treasures is a fragment of The Brothers, with each poem marked in pencil 'C.' or 'A.' by the Laureate's own hand when he was a boy; and it has always seemed to me that the poems marked 'C.' are equal in merit to those marked 'A.,' though both give distinct promise of the success their writers were destined to achieve. The late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth was of opinion that Mr. C. Tennyson Turner in some of his sonnets soared into higher flights of poetry than even his brother had done.

Lincolnshire, again, produced the sweetest and most prolific of all hymn-writers, Charles Wesley, and his brother John Wesley, who wrote or translated more good hymns than he has had credit for. The two Samuel Wesleys, father and son, were indefatigable verse-makers. Whether we are to place them among the sacred band of poets is another question; but no one with any taste will refuse the title of poetess to Mehetabel Wesley, who spent almost all her unhappy life in Lincolnshire. Miss Jean Ingelow, again, whose poetical reputation has long been firmly established, is a native of Lincolnshire; and so is another, whose verses have unmistakably the genuine poetic ring about them—that ring which it is as impossible to catch, if one has not the gift, as it is to square the circle or to discover the philosopher's stone—Mr. H. D. Rawnsley.

Lincolnshire can also claim the greatest of English philosophers, Sir Isaac Newton, as her own, not only from the fact of his having been born at Woolsthorpe, but also from his having been educated at Grantham Grammar School; and also one of the best of English devotional writers, Simon Patrick, who was born at Gainsborough. The two Mozleys-James, the Oxford professor, a really great divine, and his brother Thomas, the writer of the Reminiscences, the brother-in-law of Cardinal Newman, and for some time editor of the British Critic-also hailed from Lincolnshire. the Bœotian air of Lincolnshire that that stupendous monument of learning, The Divine Legation of Moses, was raised by William Warburton, then a simple country clergyman at Brant Broughton. And it is not perhaps generally known that some of the works of that most refined and cultured band of writers, the English Platonists, were also written in the same county. One of the very best of our living church historians, Canon Perry, has been for nearly forty years breathing the Bœotian air of Lincolnshire, and has written all his valuable works under those unpropitious atmospheric conditions; and we have yet to learn that the fifteen years during which our late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth breathed our Bœotian air in any way impaired either the keenness or the activity of his intellect.

But Lincolnshire has been evil spoken of, and some of the

highest personages in the kingdom have set the example. One king called the county in a public document 'one of the most brute and beestalie of the whole realm.' If he were not afraid of speaking evil of dignities, a Lincolnshire man would be inclined to return the compliment and call him 'one of the most brute and beestalie of all our kings.' Another monarch spoke of it as 'all flats and fogs and fens,' which only shows that he had not made many royal progresses far into the county. The poets laureate too have not always honoured Lincolnshire as the present laureate has done. The penultimate predecessor of Lord Tennyson (Southey) wrote to the next holder of the bays (Wordsworth) a description of Trusthorpe, a typical marsh village, in this fashion—

A line of land, a line of sea, A line of sand, and not a tree.

He ought to have had his butt of Malmsey confiscated for writing such shocking bad verses.

Another cruel, but rather amusing, libel upon Lincolnshire was given to me by one who is himself a highly distinguished native of the county, the late Professor of Logic at Oxford, and now President of Corpus Christi College. I need scarcely say that, as a loyal Lincolnshire man, he was not the author. 'Confirmation Day at South Somercoates' is the title, and the verses were addressed to the rector by one of the then bishop's chaplains. They run thus—

Unhappy pastor of the fens,
Who Lincolnshire's dull peasants pens,
Worse than Bœotian is thy fate,
A soul and body damping state.
Damp is the sky above thy head,
And damp the ground on which you tread;
Damp is the meadow's wide expanse,
And damp the garden and the manse,
Damp is the church, the walls, the books,
And damp the congregation's looks;
Damp too the surplice, sooth to say,
On solemn Confirmation Day.
Yet sometimes thou the horrid thrall mayst fly,
Thy sermons, friend, they may be dry!

Virgil, according to Addison, used to introduce personages into his *Eneid* merely for the purpose of immediately knocking

them on the head. Following so high a precedent, I proceed, after having introduced these lines, immediately to pull them in pieces. The very first line contains two fallacies—

Unhappy pastor of the fens.

Alas! for the depths of human ignorance! that a veritable clergyman, and a bishop's chaplain to boot, should imagine that South Somercoates was in the fens! Why, every schoolboy knows-or at least Lord Macaulay's inspired schoolboy would have known—that South Somercoates is in the marsh, and that its fine church, with its noble spire conspicuous for miles round in that comparatively flat country-I admit that the country is comparatively flat—bears the proud title of 'The Queen of the Marshes.' Then I distinctly demur to the epithet 'unhappy' as applied to the pastor—at least, if he was unhappy it was his own fault. One of the brightest and cheerfulest clergymen I ever knew was once curate of Somercoates, and he told me with his own lips that he never spent a happier time in his life. By the way, I am not sure whether it was North or South Somercoates; but if it was North, that only strengthens the argument, for North Somercoates compared with South Somercoates

Is as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

In writing about Lincolnshire, one naturally runs into Tennyson. But to proceed—

Who Lincolnshire's dull peasants pens.

'Pens' is a good word rightly applied. It has the high authority of 'Dr. Primrose, of Wakefield (Vicar),' as Thackeray calls our dear old friend, for being used in this sense; but 'dull peasants'! A marshman has his faults, like Mr. Chuckster, but he is not dull. On the contrary, he is a very keen critic, especially of sermons.

Worse than Bootian is thy fate.

Why, our bishop's chaplain out-Herods Herod! It is bad enough to call Lincolnshire the English Bœotia, but here it is implied that it is worse than Bœotia! As to the next nine lines which complain of the damp inside and outside the church walls, I can say nothing respecting the outside damp, as I do not know what kind of weather it was; but I make bold to say that such a thing as a damp day is not unknown in other counties besides Lincoln-

shire. As to the inside damp, I can testify by experience that even Lincolnshire damp is not impervious to the influence of a good fire. But the crowning fallacy is in the last line—

Thy sermons, friend, they may be dry!

No! no! Take it on the word of one who was for many years a Lincolnshire marsh clergyman,—the Lincolnshire marshes are never damp, and the marsh clergyman's sermons are never dry.

- 'What! never?'—'No, never!'
- 'Never?'—'Well, hardly ever!'

J. H. OVERTON.

The Three Doctors.

A SHADOW OF A LOST 'INGOLDSBY LEGEND.'

IN the town of Clonmel,
As I'm going to tell,
In former days we remember well
That the medical staff was not very great,
But the health of the place in a prosperous state.

There were doctors three Who could never agree, But set up their sign-boards in rivalry. Each had the credit of being a quack, But of general credit a general lack.

Now Doctor Pillule was a Homocopat
And dealt in poisons. But what of that?
So long as his bottles were neat and clean,
And the points of his instruments fine and keen,
No one would inquire, no one would detect
If his patient died of his gross neglect.
They'd say, 'Poor fellow! his thread was spun
Shorter than others; his race is run.'
But none would care that his friends were bereft
If consoled by the weight of the cash he left.
So the world jogged on, and Doctor Pillule
Was considered just only an average fool.

The next of the leeches
Experience teaches
Could not have been trusted to patch up old breeches.
He cut and he hacked
With more vigour than tact,
And his love of experiments never was slacked.

Many the poor unlucky sinner
He sent to his grave. In the middle of dinner
He never would wait
On the case to dilate
Or scarce to examine the patient's state,
But trusting to fate,
With a meaning nod of his ignorant pate,
He'd cut off his leg and go back to his plate.
Such was the practice of Doctor O'Steel,
Who liked his profession, but loved his meal.

The third practitioner no one saw: He lived at a so-called medicine store, Said little or nothing, but thought the more. The men of Clonmel were alike in agreeing That he was a very mysterious being; No one indeed could understand How he managed to live on the trade in hand. Many the doubt and many the wink, Many the question, 'What do you think?' But no one precisely knew how much he thought, And whether the Doctor did more than he ought Or less, it was certain he never was caught, For Doctor Killall thought it wrong to steal A hackney coach, but to let the wheel, Or the axle-tree, pole, or splinter bar Hang out of his pocket was worse by far.

Now it chanced one night
That a luckless wight,
Who didn't exactly feel all right
(When he went to bed
His nose was red,
And when he got up his face was white),
Had a nervous dream, and he thought he saw
The sign-board over each doctor's door.
There was not much wrong, but a bad hiccup,
And he only needed a pick-me-up,
But being not over endowed with pluck,
And feeling too ill to trust to luck,
He made up his mind
To attempt to find
Some one, and ask him to be so kind

As to recommend As an honest friend The doctor to whom he had better send, Who would with most skill such a case attend. Whether the chicken, or whether the peas, Whether the liquor, or whether the cheese, Weighed on his stomach no power can tell; But whatever it was, you may know full well That his eyes were heavy, his head was hot, And the root of his tongue was certainly not As cool as it ought to have been, because He slept flat on his back with gaping jaws. And asleep in pain He fancied again That he plainly saw At each doctor's door The ghosts of his patients less or more, In exact proportion to what success Had attended his treatment, more or less. At one whole hosts Of threatening ghosts Vengeance-vowing, storming, swearing, Shrieking, screaming, garments tearing, Sheets in shreds about their withers Winding, gave him the cold shivers. At the next some more poor devils In their rattlebony revels, Giving vent to all their grief, Cursed the doctor for a thief. Till the sight of such a crowd Made our patient groan aloud. By no friend's advice decoyed These at least he would avoid. 'Twas a fearful strain To his heated brain To think of the numbers these quacks had slain. Now still in his sleep Another sad peep Revealed the ghost of a chimney-sweep, And one ghost more At the little door Where Doctor Killall had his medicine store.

Our friend woke up with a start and a kick, And feeling moreover uncommonly sick, Thought, the only man from whom I'm sure To meet with a quick and perfect cure Is the man whose victims are only two. I am safe with the man who has killed so few. So he dipped his mug In the water-jug, And pulled on his boots with a nervous tug, Rushed off to the quack with a rueful face, And proceeded at once to explain his case. The doctor smiled and the doctor smirked, All medical questions he wisely shirked, He felt his pulse, he looked at his tongue, He timed his heart and he tapped each lung, He looked him over from head to foot, But the only question he deigned to put Was, 'How does it happen of doctors three That you give the preference, sir, to me?' He told his story, he told his dreams, He told of the ghosts and the awful screams, He told of the two who stood before The narrow front of the medicine store. The proof was plain to a man of sense That there he could place his confidence. The doctor replied, 'I am grieved to add, They're the only two cases I ever had.' To have seen that man get out of that house Would have raised a smile in a low-church mouse.

WALSINGHAM.

An Innocent Chaperon.

I MAKE so bold as to call myself an innocent chaperon, because I feel sure that anyone who will take the trouble to peruse this plain, unvarnished tale will require no further proof of my innocency. Of course, such a reputation is not precisely what one covets; still, as my husband once said, in a brilliant flash of inspiration, to his constituents: 'Since you can't prove me to be a knave, you might at least allow me credit for being a fool.' My husband, I may mention (though so great is my guilelessness that I really don't know whether that has anything to do with it or not), is a conscientious Liberal Unionist. It is in the above modest character, therefore, that I make my appeal for public sympathy—which will hardly, I think, be denied to me when I add that, out of motives of pure benevolence, I undertook to see two nieces of mine through a London season.

Some people might say—indeed, if I remember rightly, George himself said—that I was bound to do so. I don't for a moment admit that; only, blood being thicker than water, I think one ought, if one can, to prevent one's nearest relations from marrying below their proper station in life, and when my only sister, Lucy Meadows, died, I did naturally feel anxious to do what I could for her children. Lucy herself had made rather a poor sort of marriage, having chosen to unite her fortunes to those of a Liverpool merchant who thought fit to drop down dead of heartdisease one morning before he had realised the wealth which one is accustomed to associate with Liverpool merchants. her with a comfortable competence and a couple of daughters; and then, after a good many years, during which I neither saw nor heard much of her, she, too, succumbed, somewhat suddenly, to an attack of inflammation of the lungs, poor thing! Well, perhaps I ought to have seen more of her, and perhaps I felt a little guilty about it; although, as everybody knows, nothing is more difficult than to obtain even occasional glimpses of people who don't happen to be in one's own set. Anyhow, I wrote to these two girls, telling them how glad I should be if they would come to me as soon as we moved up to London in the spring, and if they would consider my house as their home for four or five months. It didn't seem such a very imprudent offer to make, considering that I have no daughters of my own, and that my

boys are still at school.

Lydia, the eldest, sent me a very grateful and prettily-She informed me (but that I already knew) expressed reply. that she had inherited three-fourths of her mother's money, as well as the house in the neighbourhood of Liverpool which was endeared to her by the memories of childhood, and which she proposed to retain as a permanent residence. She went on to say that her personal tastes inclined her rather towards study than towards gaiety and society; but that, recognising her position with regard to her younger sister as being virtually that of a parent, she did not feel justified in refusing dear Nancy the opportunities which I had so very kindly placed at their disposal.

Lydia had been educated at Girton, and was, I dare say, a Spinster of Arts, or something of that kind. I had seen her once, and had not been particularly fascinated by her short hair and her pince-nez; still, she was not at all the sort of girl who would be likely to give one trouble; and in any case she had been amply, not to say rather unjustly, provided for. Probably she did not want a husband, and, if she did, would prefer to choose one for herself. My interest was much more powerfully excited on behalf of poor little Nancy, who, as I had been told, was pretty, and for whom I hoped to be able to secure some rather better matrimonial alliance than she could expect to make in her own part of the world.

So the girls arrived, bag and baggage, in time to be presented at the second Drawing-room; and very decent girls they seemed I confess to a hearty to be, after their respective fashions. detestation of superior women, and Lydia, with her pedantic assumption of knowing all about everything and her solemn political disquisitions, which made George laugh, altogether failed to amuse me; but Nancy was a dear little soul-dark-haired, blue-eyed, round-faced, and jolie à croquer, as they say on the other side of the water, where that particular style of beauty is rather more common than it is in our own island. I had been sure from the first that I should like Nancy, and I did like her. For the matter of that, I like her still; though I must say that her conduct has not shown quite that simplicity of character which I was inclined to attribute to her at the outset.

Now, there is one thing as to which I am convinced that all mothers and all chaperons will agree with me (I don't appeal to men, who are unfitted to give an opinion upon such points), and that is that, in endeavouring to arrange a suitable alliance for a girl in whom one is interested, one must take the rough with the smooth. You can't find the ideal husband any more than you can find the ideal cook, and if you choose to wait for the former to turn up you may remain single all your days, just as you will probably have to go dinnerless if you refuse to be satisfied with anything short of the latter. I say this because I am not concerned to deny that the Right Honourable Samuel Hampton is a tedious and rather vulgar-minded personage. Against those demerits, which are not so very important, you have to set the solid facts of his respectability, of his eminence in political life, and of his wealth, actual and prospective. I forget what his father was—I rather think he was a miner of some sort, but it doesn't much signify-what was certain was that the Right Honourable gentleman was well off, that he had attained to Ministerial rank, and that, somewhere in the northern counties, he had an aged uncle Peter who was reputed to be enormously rich, and whose riches it was understood that he would inherit ere long. It was not I who asked Samuel to dinner; certainly it was not I who suggested to him that he should pay attention to Nancy; but George was pleased to invite him, and he did devote himself to the girl, and I should have neglected my duty if I had not smiled upon him. I really haven't a supply of millionaire young dukes at command.

'Your niece is charming, Lady Jerome,' he said to me after dinner, in that patronising tone which he is wont to assume upon what, I own, seem to me to be insufficient grounds—'positively charming!'

I replied that I was glad to think any niece of mine had been so fortunate as to charm him, and inquired to which of them he alluded.

'Oh, to the younger one,' he returned promptly. 'The elder, no doubt, is also very accomplished and agreeable; but there is a freshness and girlishness about Miss Nancy which is all the more delightful because it is so rare in these sophisticated days.'

He sighed as he spoke and tried to look like a blasé man of the world. Mr. Samuel Hampton is a tall, narrow-chested man, approaching middle-age. He has a snub nose; he takes a good deal of trouble about his dress; he wears an eye-glass and a flower in his buttonhole, and betrays his origin in every word and look. I had a small and early reception, for which he was kind enough to remain, and I noticed that he was most assiduous in his courtesies to Nancy, who received them with apparent gratification.

'Sir George tells me that you are going to take your nieces to Lady Porterale's ball to-morrow night,' he remarked, on shaking hands with me before his departure, 'and he says I ought to be there. Well, I must try to manage it; for the hope of meeting you all is certainly a powerful inducement.'

George, it will be observed, had invited the alliance of this worthy and distinguished bourgeois in terms about as plain as they could be made; yet, when I spoke to him subsequently upon the subject, he denied—so like a man!—that he had done any such thing, and declined all responsibility for Nancy's matrimonial prospects.

'If she likes to marry Hampton, by all means let her do so,' said he. 'I shouldn't myself like to marry him; but then, I'm not a woman, thank God! These schemes are women's affairs, not mine, and I'll be hanged if I'll be mixed up in them!'

Lydia was much less cautious and cowardly. She declared in the frankest possible way that she thought Mr. Hampton very nice indeed and would be delighted to see her sister engaged to him. She was not so silly as to affect ignorance of the obvious fact that he was smitten with Nancy, nor did she consider disparity of age any serious obstacle in the way of their ultimate union.

I mentioned just now that I do not especially love that type of modern young woman of whom Lydia was a fair representative. She studied blue-books and interested herself in social and political problems (although, unlike the generality of her species, she held Conservative views), and she was altogether too self-satisfied for my taste. Yet I am bound to say that she won my respect by her readiness to efface herself in favour of her sister. She said in so many words that she felt a great deal too old to play the part of a débutante, that she had not come to London with any idea of seeking her own fortune, and that her one wish was to find a good and kind husband for Nancy, if that could be contrived. That being so, and Mr. Samuel Hampton being, to the best of my knowledge and belief, both good and kind, I took the girls to Lady Porterale's ball with an easy conscience.

Lady Porterale's balls, as all the world knows, are magnificent affairs. Her husband earned his enormous income and his title by the sale of intoxicating liquors, and I dare say that he deserved

both, though one would hardly suppose so to look at him. At all events, he spends his money lavishly, and I don't know that one has any right to ask more than that of him or his wife. I have arrived at that time of life when floral decorations and supper—especially supper—acquire a greater importance than good floors and good music; so that I quite enjoyed myself under the roof of these hospitable people, and was almost as much pleased with their superb orchids as I was with their champagne and a particularly meritorious aspic which somebody was thoughtful enough to recommend to me. Furthermore, I noticed with satisfaction that the Right Honourable Samuel skipped round the room several times with Nancy, and I also saw him dancing with Lydia, which I thought very good-natured of him.

It was quite late in the evening that he sought and obtained my gracious permission to present his half-brother to me. I had not previously been aware that he was blessed with any brothers, either half or complete, but I had no objection in the world to making acquaintance with the nice, clean-looking, fair-haired boy whom he led up to me and whom he addressed as 'Teddy'—an appellation which sounded suitable somehow. Teddy was not shy. He sat down beside me, began to converse in an easy, colloquial fashion, and by the end of a quarter of an hour had obligingly told me all that there was to tell about himself. He was a great deal younger and a very great deal poorer than the eminent Samuel; he had failed to pass the requisite examinations for the army, and was not quite sure as yet which trade or profession he should eventually adorn. Only he supposed he would have to do something.

'Because I'm an absolute pauper, you see. My old Uncle Peter, who might have felt it his duty to provide for me, one would think, means leaving everything to Sam; he says he doesn't see the fun of handing over any of his hard-earned money to a fellow who can't earn money for himself. As if earning money was such an easy thing to do! So I expect it will end in my working my passage out to Australia and disappearing from refined circles.'

Meanwhile, he was evidently bent upon getting all the enjoyment that he could out of the refinements produced by fashion and beer. He seemed to know everybody, and I suppose his half-brother must have introduced him to Nancy, for I saw them dancing together more than once after he had quitted my side. To my mind, there was no harm, nor any danger, in that. Regarded in the light of a potential suitor, this poor youth was a

mere nonentity, and he was so candid and straightforward that I was sure he would not be guilty of anything so unworthy as flirting with a girl towards whom he could not possibly have serious intentions. Personally, I liked him a great deal better than the eligible Samuel, and I felt no hesitation about asking him to come and see me when he accompanied us downstairs and secured our wraps for us.

He had likewise, it appeared, been privileged to gain the approval of Lydia, who was loud in his praises on our way home, and who said:

'I am so glad you asked him to call, Aunt Eleanor. Of course he isn't clever, like his brother; but he is delightfully young and unspoilt by the world. His way of talking rather reminded me of Nancy.'

'Thank you, dear,' responded Nancy from her corner; 'I have always been afraid that I talked like a goose, and now I am sure of it.'

I don't know what anserous speeches Teddy Hampton may or may not have made to my younger niece; but I do know that it is quite possible to be a goose and, at the same time, to be an extremely entertaining companion; and this was what he proved himself to be when he came to tea with us on the afternoon of the girls' presentation. He had duly left his card at the door before that, and I had invited him, together with some other people, to look in upon us after the Drawing-room, because I thought they might like to inspect our frocks. Samuel also was of the party, having come on from the Palace to lend an air of distinction to the scene by his Ministerial garb. It is unquestionably a distinguished thing to be a Minister in full fig; only, in order to do justice to the character, one ought to have legs, and poor Samuel had no legs-to speak of. That was what made him look slightly ridiculous, and it was upon that ground that his cheeky young brother chaffed him unmercifully.

Well, I must say for the good man that he stood chaff uncommonly well. Perhaps the House of Commons had inured him to that kind of thing, or perhaps he may have felt that, with respect to all essential points, the laugh must always be on his side as against his tormentor. Anyhow, he kept his temper; and if he was not consoled by Lydia's outspoken admiration of certain recent deliverances of his upon the Irish question, it was none the less kind of her to do her best towards consoling him. He subsided at length into a chair close to her elbow, while Nancy and the rest of us were kept in fits of laughter by Teddy,

who, I am bound to say, was an amusing youth. I am not sure that he displayed the best possible taste by mimicking his halfbrother's impressive method of public oratory; but his mimicry was irresistibly comic, and if the eminent statesman did not object to it, why should we? When he had exhausted Samuel, he was pleased to make fun of Lydia and Nancy, entreating them to repeat, for his benefit, the graceful performances of which they had just acquitted themselves in a more august circle and sticking out his hand for them to kiss, while he audaciously impersonated the Sovereign of these realms. I need scarcely mention that they did not kiss his hand—I should never have thought of allowing them to do such a thing—but they lent themselves to the tomfoolery by means of which he contrived to entertain the rest of us, and although this does not sound like a particularly mirth-provoking exhibition, it was so in reality. people who cannot succeed in being funny, however hard they may try, and there are others who can send you into convulsions by simply looking at you.

All the same, a joke ought not to be kept up too long, nor ought a very young man to monopolise the entire attention of his elders and betters for more than half an hour or so. I can't tell whether it was his intuitive sense of the fitness of things or the gentle snub which I felt it right to administer that caused Teddy Hampton to withdraw at length into the background; but, at any rate, he did withdraw, and, as I had other visitors to talk to, some little time elapsed before I noticed that he had not only withdrawn in a literal sense, but had taken Nancy with him. I was somewhat annoyed when, on inquiring what had become of the two young people, I was informed they had betaken themselves to the back drawing-room, where they were out of sight; but the placid unconcern of the Right Honourable Samuel reassured me. After all, what did it matter so long as he was not jealous?

'I won't say good-bye, Lady Jerome, I will only say au revoir,' he remarked, as he rose to take his leave; 'for we shall meet again in a few hours at Mrs. Lightfoot's ball. And will you, please, remind Miss Nancy that she has promised to keep two dances for me?'

That was all very well; but Miss Nancy ought to have been upon the spot to assure him that she had not forgotten her engagement, instead of giggling in the back drawing-room with an impertinent detrimental; and so I made bold to tell her, as soon as the company had dispersed. I said:

'My dear child, I am quite sure that you don't mean any harm; but the great thing is to avoid the appearance of meaning harm, and it really isn't wise to conceal yourself behind the furniture in the company of any young man. Moreover, it isn't wise to presume too much upon the good nature of any old—or at least elderly—man, like Mr. Samuel Hampton.'

Nancy opened a great pair of wondering eyes, looked rather as if she meditated bursting into tears, and faltered out that she didn't know what I meant. Lydia, taking her by the arm, led her away in a kindly, protecting fashion, and afterwards said to me, somewhat reproachfully:

'Don't be too hard upon the poor child, Aunt Eleanor; I don't think you quite realise how very young and inexperienced she is.'

I made a suitable apology; for indeed it seemed likely enough that I didn't quite understand the girl. It is a long time since I myself was a girl, and as one grows old, one does forget the sentiments and sensations of one's youth: added to which, I never was exactly what you could call an ingénue. Nevertheless, I own that I had some little difficulty in reconciling Nancy's subsequent behaviour with a theory of childlike artlessness. She danced more than twice with the saltatory Samuel that evening, and an unprejudiced observer would certainly have said that she was doing all she knew to lead him on to a declaration; yet, if the same unprejudiced observer had watched her at the next ball which we honoured with our patronage, he would, I feel sure, have set her down as a tolerably accomplished flirt. For at that ball Teddy Hampton was present, and she divided her favours between the two brothers in a way which could not but suggest the idea that she was playing the one off against the other.

'And supposing that she is!' cried Lydia, to whom I took the liberty of mentioning this ignoble suspicion. 'I don't know that it is so; but I should not be at all surprised if it were. What can you expect but strategy from a race that has been kept in subjection for centuries, as the race of women has in this country? They have been taught that they can only hope to attain their ends by means of stratagem, and naturally they have learnt their lesson. It seems to me that, if anybody is to be blamed, it ought to be young Mr. Hampton, not poor Nancy.'

Lydia's habit was to stand up for her sex, in season and out of season; and of course it was only creditable on her part to stand up for her sister. She gave me to understand that Nancy's heart was in the right place (in other words, that it had been bestowed

upon the rich brother, not the poor one), and her hint that a mock flirtation with the latter might be the best way of bringing the former to book sounded plausible enough. He was not, however, brought to book during the ensuing three weeks, in the course of which we saw a great deal of Hampton Brothers; nor, notwithstanding his bland imperturbability, did he appear to me to be altogether pleased with the way in which Teddy conducted himself. Some ambiguous remarks which he let fall made me feel a little uneasy on Nancy's behalf, because an underbred man is like an underbred horse—you can never be sure that he won't turn sulky and give in at the very moment when he ought to begin trying.

And so, what with one thing and another, I was quite glad, in my capacity of chaperon, when the time came for us to pay a brief visit to our place in the country for the purpose of presiding at a great gathering which was to be held in the park under the auspices of the Primrose League. I say that I was glad as a chaperon, because, of course, I could not expect to derive much personal enjoyment from such a festivity. I don't belong to the Primrose League (I think I have already mentioned that we are Liberal Unionists); but I dare say I shouldn't hate its ways of going on any the less if I did. It may be, as George declares it is, for the good of my country that I should watch large numbers of unwashen persons playing kiss-in-the-ring under the windows; that I should affect to take an interest in some absurd performances, dignified by the name of athletic sports; that I should present prizes to the winners in these ridiculous contests, and that I should finally seat myself upon a rickety platform and listen to dreary political speeches. I sincerely hope that all this is in some mysterious way beneficial to the country; for it certainly isn't beneficial to me, or to the grass either. However, I was comforted by the thought that it might very probably prove beneficial to Nancy, inasmuch as the great Samuel had consented to honour us with his company and his oratory upon the occasion, and had likewise insinuated that this act of condescension was a tribute to her charms rather than to ours.

In point of fact, I shrewdly suspected that Samuel meant to propose, as soon as he should have exhibited himself in his most becoming aspect, to the girl whom he hoped to make his wife; and I was therefore not a little vexed when it appeared that George, without ever taking the trouble to consult me, had in vited Teddy Hampton to join the house-party. That is the sort

of stupid thing that George is perpetually doing. He only laughed at my remonstrances, as he always does, and assured me that it would be all right. Well, perhaps George may sometimes (though not often) be in the right—indeed, I should think he must be, since we never agree upon a single point, and since it does seem unlikely that any rational being can be invariably in the wrong—but I thought at the time, and I think still, that he made a sad error in judgment when he asked that facetious young man to take part in what, by his own account, ought to have been regarded as serious proceedings.

And, of course, as I had anticipated would be the case, Teddy lost no time in playing the fool and turning the whole thing into ridicule. Heaven knows politics and political demonstrations can be ridiculous enough upon their own hook, and stand in no need of anybody's help to make them more so! Still, I do think it is very bad taste to laugh at people whose hospitality you have accepted; and after we had all retired to our bedrooms on the evening before the meeting, I sought a nocturnal interview with Nancy for the express purpose of pointing this out to her. I said:

'It is very easy, and I dare say you may think it very amusing on young Mr. Hampton's part, to make fun of stump orations; but you must remember that the people are now our masters, and that statesmen can't get at the ear of the people in any other way than by mounting a platform and shouting at them. Statesmen know what the people are too ignorant and ill-informed to understand; they see the fatal consequences of—of—in short, of doing whatever it is that the Opposition want to do; and surely it is more dignified to stand up and say so than to remain in the background, sniggering and making faces, like a clown at a circus.'

Nancy admitted at once that it was. She added a modest expression of her belief that Teddy was not quite such a fool as he looked (or words to that effect), and furthermore asserted that she was looking forward with sincere pleasure and anticipation of mental improvement to the remarks with which the Right Honourable Samuel proposed to favour his audience on the morrow. My impression, on leaving her, was that she not only appreciated the importance of the approaching crisis, but was prepared to take that course with reference to it which beseemed a reasonable young woman.

My readers, I am sure, would not be grateful to me if I were to enter upon a detailed description of scenes with which most of them must be unhappily familiar. We were spared the added horror of bad weather, and I suppose the preliminary portion of our fête was a success, since everybody called it by that name. The man who was to have performed upon the tight-rope got drunk, and couldn't be brought up to the scratch; but that, as George confided to me, was a blessing in disguise, because he had never performed upon a tight-rope before, and one would have been sorry if his début had been rendered conspicuous by his demise. In other respects everything went off quite tidily, and I distributed the prizes with my customary grace and affability. Then we and the other magnates scrambled up upon a platform, which was too small to accommodate us with any sort of comfort, and proceeded to business. George stammered and stumbled and made feeble jokes, as he always does, and was vociferously applauded, as he always is. He was followed by a ponderous old person, during whose laboured harangue the attention of the audience appeared to wander a good deal. Mine did, I knowand for good and sufficient reasons. Our great gun, Mr. Samuel Hampton, was to speak next, and there was as yet no sign of him. He had withdrawn some little time before, explaining to me that he wished to consult his notes, which he had prepared with great care; but I began to be horridly afraid lest he should have made some mistake about the hour. A pretty fiasco we should achieve if we were unable to produce him when wanted! My anxiety was shared by those about me. The local celebrities were growing fidgetty: George whispered to me that this really wouldn't do (as if I was responsible!), and I was becoming hot and cold all over, when Lydia very kindly volunteered to run off in search of the missing orator.

She slipped over the back of the platform and trotted away with great celerity and no disturbance; but alas! neither she nor Samuel returned, and for the very first time in my life I found myself wishing that a political speech might be indefinitely prolonged. Unfortunately, everything in this world must have an end—even the loquacity of a bore who has no ideas to start with, and no language in which to conceal their absence—so at length the awful moment came when old Sir Digby Dunderhead (I have forgotten the man's real name) concluded his declamation by sitting down noisily upon his hat. It was Teddy, I presume, who had had the forethought to place it upon his chair in readiness for him; but I was incapable of being either amused or annoyed by such trifles at such a time.

Imagine my feelings wien George rose and announced with perfect composure that the Right Honourable Samuel Hampton

would now address the meeting! Imagine—but no; I don't believe anybody's imagination can be equal to that strain!—what my feelings were when my husband resumed his seat, chuckling audibly, and when Teddy coolly advanced to the front of the platform.

'Don't excite yourself,' George whispered to me behind his hand; 'it's all right. None of these good folks know Hampton by sight, and that young beggar has cheek enough to carry off anything.'

Assuredly it was not from lack of that valuable quality that Teddy was in danger of coming to grief. I was furious with him and with George when he started; but I don't mind confessing that before he had spoken for more than a minute or two I began to feel grateful to them both. For really what he said was quite admirable, and was delivered with a solemnity and a sense of responsibility which could not have been beaten by the eminent politician whom he had supplanted. He was not in the least jocose; he appeared to take himself and his party every bit as seriously as the absent Samuel would have done; his exposure of the unworthy tactics of the Opposition was quite crushing, and he elicited loud cheers from his listeners when he impressively called upon them to decide, once for all, whether England should or should not continue to be a nation.

'If only there is no wretched London reporter in the crowd,' I remarked under my breath to George, 'and if only you will be good enough to swallow down your merriment, instead of shaking and bubbling in that indecent manner, we may possibly escape detection.'

He nodded and repeated once more, in that irritating way of his, that it would be all right. But a terrible shock and surprise was in store for us; for when that eloquent but unprincipled young man had been declaiming for nearly an hour, and had wound up with a magnificent peroration, what will it be supposed that he did? He did not retire, bowing and smiling, and seat himself either upon his own hat or upon somebody else's—not he! On the contrary, he advanced a step, and, as soon as the deafening applause had subsided, he said:

'Ladies and gentlemen, I have only a few words to add: they are in the nature of a personal explanation. While thanking you, as I do most sincerely, for the indulgence and the approbation which you have been pleased to extend to me, I cannot but feel that you may have been, in some degree, influenced by the name which I have the honour to bear, and it seems only fair to

tell you that I am not the man whom you take me for. My name, it is true, is Hampton, and certainly I do not yield one jot to my elder brother in devotion to our Sovereign, our country, and our present Government; still, the fact remains that Samuel Hampton is my elder brother, and my only excuse for having addressed you in his stead is one which I trust that you may deem sufficient—namely, that he is not here to speak for himself.'

This announcement, as may well be believed, produced a profound sensation. There were some discordant cries, there was a little hooting; but I think, upon the whole, laughter was the predominant sound in the hubbub which ensued. After a pause Teddy resumed imperturbably:

'Ladies and gentlemen, I have done my best to act a fraternal part; I have, at least, expressed my brother's sentiments, though I cannot pretend to his elegance of diction; if I have presumed too far upon your good nature, I am ready to descend amongst you and to be torn limb from limb. Yet, before I die, I should like, if you will permit me, to plead my poor brother's cause with you. There are occasions, ladies—especially ladies—and gentlemen, which claim all our sympathy and all our leniency; and when I tell you that Mr. Samuel Hampton is at the present moment engaged—I say engaged in the fullest sense of the term—I do feel that I may appeal to you with some confidence to pardon his temporary absence from the post of duty. When I ascended this platform I saw at no great distance from me a certain lovely and accomplished lady. I look in vain for that lady now; I look in vain for my brother. Ladies and gentlemen, need I say more?'

But he did say more, that shameless young wretch! He said every abominable and indiscreet thing that it was possible to say, and what vexed me to an even greater extent than the hilarity of the general public was to see Nancy joining in it. It was as clear as daylight that the whole thing was the result of a premeditated and most selfish and unworthy plot.

'I am astounded at your impudence in approaching me,' I said to the culprit, who ranged up alongside, while we were all walking back towards the house, and put forward what he was pleased to call an explanation, together with an entreaty for forgiveness. 'I quite believe that, as you say, you delivered your brother's speech; I quite believe that, knowing his inability to speak without his notes, you picked his pocket of them in order to play a heartless practical joke; but not for one moment do I believe that you acted

upon a sudden impulse. No, my dear sir! You have chosen to make us the laughing-stock of the county, not to say the country; you have placed an innocent man in a position out of which I'm sure I don't know how he is to escape without ignominy, and you have seriously compromised a girl who, I hope and trust, is as innocent as he. If you think I am going to forgive all that at once, you must have strangely misconceived my character.'

'Oh, no, dear Lady Jerome,' he answered in a perfectly unabashed manner; 'I haven't misconceived you a bit. I know there are no bounds to your kindness and good nature, although your powers of discernment may be limited. You wanted, as we are all aware, to marry Samuel to Miss Nancy; but then, you see, she doesn't want to marry him, and, if she did, she wouldn't be at all the proper sort of wife for him. Now, Miss Lydia (who, by the way, is as innocent as the driven snow—and so is everybody except me), will suit him down to the ground. She went off in absolute good faith to search for him; she will have found him, somewhere or other, buzzing about distractedly; she will have consoled him; and, let us hope, the natural consequences will have ensued. If they have not—well, I venture to entertain some modest confidence in the effects of my little speech upon his mind and hers.'

If you will believe me, the young rascal was right. Hardly had I retired to my boudoir to sulk unseen when in came Lydia, blushing and simpering (as if she had any business to blush and simper at her age!) with the announcement that Mr. Samuel Hampton had asked her to be his wife and that she had accepted him.

'Dear Aunt Eleanor,' said she, 'I am afraid you will think me a dreadful traitress——'

'That is exactly what I do think you,' I interrupted.

'Yes; I was afraid you would. But really, though I haven't liked to say so, I have seen for a long time past that Samuel and Nancy could never be happy together. Their tastes are not the same; she is not, I am sure, capable of appreciating him at his true worth——'

'Now, look here, Lydia,' I interrupted; 'it grieves me to be vulgar; but may I ask in plain language whether this is a put-up job? I only inquire for the sake of information.'

She drew herself up with a fine assumption of offended dignity. She assured me that she had had no thought until that afternoon of supplanting her sister, that she had yielded only to the passionate pleadings of Samuel and the sudden discovery of her own

sentiments, that she had been as much perplexed as the would-be orator by the mysterious disappearance of his notes, and that, although it certainly had been Teddy who had suggested to her that she should go in search of him, she had suspected the young man of no sinister design. I suppose it is just possible that she may have been speaking the truth.

Anyhow, the thing couldn't be helped, and all one could do was to put a good face upon it. It didn't seem to me that the Right Honourable Samuel put a particularly good face upon it; and, although he pretended to be amused when he heard of his younger brother's indiscretion, it was easy to see that the joke was not altogether to his taste. However, he had the hardihood to tell me that he had loved Lydia from the first, and the magnanimity to add that Nancy was a great deal too young in her habits and ideas for an old fellow like him.

'This is all very fine,' I remarked to George late that evening; 'but it isn't business, you know. The well-to-do niece is disposed of; but what is to become of the poverty-stricken one? Say what you will, it is a most damaging thing to a girl to have been almost engaged to a man who has seen fit to prefer her sister, and, unless I am very much mistaken, I shall have Nancy on my hands for a long time to come.'

'Oh, no, you won't,' returned George, with one of his loud, foolish laughs; 'Teddy Hampton will take her off your hands as soon as ever he has earned a little money. I have the best authority for giving you that assurance. Well, I'm glad the two young folks have arrived at an understanding; it's all quite as it should be, when you come to think of it.'

Quite as it should be that my niece should engage herself to a young fellow with no means nor the faintest prospect of ever possessing any! Naturally, I said at once that I could not dream of sanctioning such a piece of wild folly; whereupon George coolly rejoined that, in that case, he supposed they would have to do the best they could without my sanction. They obtained his, and, what is more, they obtained a promise from him that, if the worst came to the worst, he wouldn't let them starve. And George, mind you, is by no means what can be called a rich man in these days: added to which, he has three sons growing up! I will say for Nancy that she had the grace to be ashamed of herself. As for that precious fiance of hers, I am afraid there is little chance of my ever seeing him look ashamed until the Day of Judgment.

Well, it is true that, as matters have fallen out, this impro-

vident pair do not depend upon our benevolence for their support; but that they do not is owing to circumstances which nobody in the world could have foreseen. One would not have imagined that a hard-headed, hard-fisted old working-man would have seen much to admire in theft and impersonation; yet, as it appeared, the venerable Peter Hampton was quite delighted when he heard of the exploit of his younger nephew, whom he immediately summoned to the North and congratulated upon his 'smartness.' The elder nephew may perhaps have bored him beyond endurance (it does not seem unlikely), or he may have been sincere in his assertion that he asked nothing better than to help one who understood so well how to help himself. At all events, he made Teddy a handsome allowance there and then, and when he died shortly afterwards, it was found that he had bequeathed the bulk of his large fortune to that scapegrace, leaving the gifted and irreproachable Samuel out in the cold. That is why Mr. and Mrs. Hampton have a big house in Grosvenor Place, and give big entertainments, to which they are kind enough to invite me from time to time, while the Right Honourable Samuel and spouse inhabit a rather remote district of South Kensington and show but little hospitality to their friends.

'It's quite like the wind-up of a play,' says George, rubbing his hands—'the old uncle dying in the nick of time, virtue rewarded, and everybody contented, eh?'

H'm! I don't know so much about the reward of virtue; and as for everybody being contented, I rather think I could name one lady who was not quite so clever as she fancied herself and who consequently feels a trifle down in the mouth at times. However, as I often remind Lydia (for I like to say a kind word when I can), riches are not everything, and she has really been most fortunate in securing a husband of such commanding talents. For my own part, I am, of course, perfectly contented. I have married both my nieces, I have married them well, and I have married them in their first season. No chaperon could do more; only a very few are able to achieve as much.

All the same, I wish Teddy Hampton were not quite so fond of referring to an episode which reflects scant credit upon him and gives disrespectful people an excuse for laughing at me. Moreover, I should feel rather more comfortable if I could be sure that those two girls didn't deliberately hoodwink me from start to finish.

Hot Orchids.

In former articles I have done my best to show that orchid culture is no mystery. The laws which govern it are strict and simple, easy to define in books, easily understood, and subject to few exceptions. It is not with Odontoglossums and Cattleyas as with roses—an intelligent man or woman needs no long apprenticeship to master their treatment. Stove orchids are not so readily dealt with; but then, persons who own a stove usually keep a gardener. Coming from the hot lowlands of either hemisphere, they show much greater variety than those of the temperate and sub-tropic zones; there are more genera, though not so many species, and more exceptions to every rule. These therefore are not to be recommended to all householders. Not everyone indeed is anxious to grow plants which need a minimum night heat of 60° in winter, 70° in summer, and cannot dispense with fire the whole year round.

The hottest of all orchids, probably, is *Peristeria elata*, the famous 'Spirito Santo'—flower of the Holy Ghost. The dullest soul who observes that white dove rising with wings half spread, as in the very act of taking flight, can understand the frenzy of the Spaniards when they came upon it. Rumours of Peruvian magnificence had just reached them at Panama—on the same day, perhaps, when this miraculous sign from heaven encouraged their advance. The empire of the Incas did not fall a prey to that particular band of ruffians, nevertheless. *Peristeria elata* is so well known that I would not dwell upon it, but an odd little tale rises to my mind. The great collector Roezl was travelling homeward in 1868 by Panama. The railway fare to Colon was sixty dollars at that time, and he grudged the money. Setting his wits to work, Roezl discovered that the company issued tickets from station to station at a very low price for the convenience of

¹ An article on 'Cool Orchids' appeared in No. 77 of this Magazine, March 1889; one on 'Warm Orchids,' No. 91, May 1890.

its employés. Taking advantage of this system, he crossed the isthmus for five dollars—such an advantage it is in travelling to be an old campaigner! At one of the intermediate stations he had to wait for his train, and rushed into the jungle, of course. Peristeria abounded in that steaming swamp, but the collector was on holiday. To his amazement, however, he found, side by side with it, a Masdevallia—that genus most impatient of sunshine among all orchids, flourishing here in the hottest blaze! Snatching up half a dozen of the tender plants with a practised hand, he brought them safe to England. On the day they were put up to auction news of Livingstone's death arrived, and in a flash of inspiration Roezl christened his novelty M. Livingstoniana. Few, indeed, even among authorities, know where that rarest of Masdevallias has its home; none have reached Europe since. pretty flower it is—white, rosy tipped, with yellow 'tails.' it dwells by the station of Culebras on the Panama railway.

Of genera, however, doubtless the Vandas are hottest; and among these, V. Sanderiana stands first. The flowers measure six inches in breadth, ten or twelve on a spray, rosy white, the lower sepals tawny, decked with an interlacing of crimson and chocolate. V. Sanderiana is found in Mindanao, one of the Philippines, growing on the very top of the highest trees, which must be felled to secure the treasure. It is not common, and of those gathered but a small proportion survive. In the first place, the agent must employ natives, who are paid so much per plant, no matter what the size—a bad system, but they will allow no change. It is evidently their interest to divide any 'specimen' that will bear cutting up; if the fragments bleed to death, they have got their money meantime. Then, the Manilla steamers call at Mindanao only once a month. Three months are needed to get together plants enough to yield a fair profit. At the end of that time a large proportion of those first gathered will certainly be doomed-Vandas have no pseudo-bulbs to sustain their strength. Steamers run from Manilla to Singapore every fortnight. If the collector be fortunate he may light upon a captain willing to receive his packages; in that case he builds structures of bamboo on deck, and spends the next fortnight in watering, shading, and ventilating his precious trouvailles, alternately. But captains willing to receive such freight must be waited for too often. At Singapore it is necessary to make a final overhauling of the plants—to their woeful diminution. This done, troubles recommence, Seldom will the captain of a mail steamer accept

that miscellaneous cargo. Happily, the time of year is, or ought to be, that season when tea-ships arrive at Singapore. The collector may reasonably hope to secure a passage in one of these, which will carry him to England in thirty-five days or so. If this state of things be pondered, even without allowance for accident, it will not seem surprising that *V. Sanderiana* is a costly species. The largest piece yet secured was bought by Sir Trevor Lawrence at auction, in September last, for ninety guineas. It had eight stems, the tallest four feet high. No consignment has yet returned a profit, however.

The favoured home of Vandas is Java. They are noble plants even when at rest, if perfect—that is, clothed in their glossy, dark green leaves from base to crown. If there be any age or any height at which the lower leaves fall of necessity, I have not been able to identify it. In Mr. Sander's collection, for instance, there is a giant pot of Vanda suavis, eleven growths, a small thicket, established in 1847. The tallest stem measures fifteen feet, and every one of its leaves remain. They fall off easily under bad treatment, but the mischief is reparable at a certain sacrifice. The stem may be cut through and the crown replanted, with leaves perfect; but it will be so much shorter, of course. finest specimen I ever heard of is the V. Lowii at Ferrières, seat of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, near Paris. It fills the upper part of a large greenhouse, and year by year its twelve stems produce an indefinite number of spikes, eight to ten feet long, covered with hundreds of yellow and crimson blooms. Vandas inhabit all the Malayan Archipelago; some are found even in India. The superb V. teres comes from Sylhet; from Burma also. A pretty little coincidence was remarked when the Queen paid a visit to Waddesdon the other day. V. teres first bloomed in Europe at Syon House, and a small spray was sent to the young Princess, unmarried then and uncrowned. The incident recurred to memory when Baron Ferdinand Rothschild chose this same flower for the bouquet which he presented to Her Majesty. bears a moral also. The plant of which a single spray was a royal gift less than sixty years ago has become so far common that it may be used in masses to decorate a room. Thousands of unconsidered subjects of Her Majesty enjoy the pleasure which one great duke monopolised before her reign began. There is matter for an essay here—I hasten back to my theme. V. teres is not such a common object that description would be superfluous. belongs to the small class of climbing orchids, delighting to sun

itself upon the rafters of the hottest stove. If this habit be dnly regarded, it is not difficult to flower by any means, though gardeners who do not keep pace with their age still pronounce it a hopeless rebel. The bloom is white and rose, with a crimson tip, overarched in a fashion singularly graceful by pale purple lobes. A striking effect of colour is produced, such as we find only among orchids, by the deep cinnamon of the throat. A plant rarely seen is V. limbata from the island of Timor—dusky yellow, the tip purple, outlined with white, formed like a shovel.

I may cite a personal reminiscence here, in the hope that some reader may be able to supply what is wanting. In years so far back that they seem to belong to a 'previous existence,' I travelled in Borneo, and paid a visit to the antimony mines of The manager, Mr. Bentley, showed me a grand tapong tree at his door from which he had lately gathered a 'blue orchid' -we were desperately vague about names in the jungle at that day, or in England for that matter. In a note published on my return I said: 'As Mr. Bentley described it, the blossoms hung in an azure garland from the bough more gracefully than art could design. This specimen is, I believe, the only one at present known, and both Malays and Dyaks are quite ignorant of such a flower.' What was this? There is no question of the facts. Mr. Bentley sent the plant, a large mass, to the chairman of the company, and it reached home in fair condition. I saw the warm letter, enclosing cheque for 100l., in which Mr. Templar acknowledged receipt. But further record I have not been able to discover. One inclines to assume that a blue orchid which puts forth a 'garland' of bloom must be a Vanda. The description might be applied to V. carulea, but that species is a native of the Khasia hills; more appropriately, as I recall Mr. Bentley's words, to V. carulescens, which, however, is Burmese. Furthermore, neither of these would be looked for on the branch of a great tree. Possibly someone who reads this may know what became of Mr. Templar's specimen.

Both the species of Renanthera need great heat. Among 'facts not generally known' to orchid growers, but decidedly interesting for them, is the commercial habitat, as one may say, of R. coccinea. The books state correctly that it is a native of Cochin China. Orchids coming from such a distance must needs be withered on arrival. Accordingly, the most experienced horticulturist who is not up to a little secret feels assured that all is well when he beholds at the auction room or at one of the small

dealers, a plant full of sap, with glossy leaves and unshrivelled roots. It must have been in cultivation for a year at the very least, and he buys with confidence. Too often, however, a disastrous change sets in from the very moment his purchase reaches home. Instead of growing, it falls back and back, until in a very few weeks it has all the appearance of a newly-imported piece. The explanation is curious. At some time, not distant, a quantity of R. coccinea must have found its way to the neighbourhood of Rio. There it flourishes as a weed, with a vigour quite unparalleled in its native soil. Unscrupulous persons take advantage of this extraordinary accident. From a country so near and so readily accessible they can get plants home, pot them up, and sell them, before the withering process sets in. May this revelation confound such knavish tricks! The moral is old-buy your orchids from one of the great dealers, if you do not care to 'establish' them yourself.

R. coccinea is another of the climbing species, and it demands even more urgently than Vanda teres to reach the top of the house. where sunshine is fiercest, before blooming. Under the best conditions, indeed, it is slow to produce its noble wreaths of flower-deep red, crimson, and orange. Upon the other hand, the foliage is an ornament, and it grows very fast. The Duke of Devonshire has some plants at Chatsworth which never fail to make a gorgeous show in their season; but they stand twenty feet high, twisted round birch trees, and they have occupied their present quarters for half a century or near it. There is but one more species in the genus, so far as the unlearned know; but this, generally recognised as Vanda Lowii, ranks among the grand curiosities of botanic science. Like some of the Catasetums and Cycnoches, it bears two distinct types of flower on each spike, but the instance of R. Lowii is even more perplexing. In those other cases the differing forms represent male and female sex, but the microscope has not yet discovered any sort of reason for the like eccentricity of the Renanthera. Its proper inflorescence, as one may put it, is greenish yellow, blotched with crimson, three inches in diameter, clothing a spike sometimes twelve feet long. first two flowers to open, however—those at the base—present a strong contrast in all respects-smaller, of different shape, tawny yellow in colour, dotted with crimson. It would be a pleasing task for ingenious youth with a bent towards science to seek the utility of this arrangement.

Orchids are spreading fast over the world in these days, and

we may expect to hear of other instances where a species has taken root in alien climes like R. coccinea in Brazil. I cannot cite a parallel at present. But Mr. Sander informs me that there is a growing demand for these plants in realms which have their own native orchids. Among customers who write to him direct are magnates of China and Siam, an Indian, and a Javanese rajah. Orders are received—not unimportant, nor infrequent—from merchants at Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, Rio de Janeiro, and smaller places, of course. It is vastly droll to hear that some of these gentlemen import species at a great expense which an intelligent coolie could gather for them in any quantity within a few furlongs of their godown! But for the most part they demand foreigners.

The plants thus distributed will be grown in the open air; naturally they will seed—at least, we may hope so. Even Angræcum sesquipedale, of which I wrote in my last article, would find a moth able to impregnate it in South Brazil. Such species as recognise the conditions necessary for their existence will establish themselves. It is fairly safe to credit that in some future time, not distant, Cattleyas may flourish in the jungles of India, Dendrobiums on the Amazons, Phalænopsis in the coast lands of Central America. Those who wish well to their kind would like to hasten that day, for many of our choicest orchids are threatened with extinction in their native seats. I shall have to name some instances presently.

Mr. Burbidge suggested at the Orchid Conference that gentlemen who have plantations in a country suitable should establish a 'farm,' or rather a market garden, and grow the precious things for exportation. It is an excellent idea, and when tea, coffee, sugar-cane, all the regular crops of the East and West Indies, are so depreciated by competition, one would think that some planters might adopt it. Perhaps some have; it is too early yet for results. Upon inquiry I hear of a case, but not encouraging. One of Mr. Sander's collectors, marrying when on service in the United States of Columbia, resolved to follow Mr. Burbidge's advice. He set up his 'farm' and began 'hybridising' freely. No man living is better qualified as a collector, for the hero of this little tale is Mr. Kerboch, a name familiar among those who take interest in such matters; but I am not aware that he had any experience in growing orchids. To start with hybridising seems very ambitious—too much of a short cut to fortune. However, in less than eighteen months Mr. Kerboch found it did not answer, for reasons yet unexplained, and a few weeks ago he begged to be reinstated in Mr. Sander's service. It is clear, indeed, that the orchid-farmer of the future, in whose success I firmly believe, will be wise to begin modestly, cultivating the species he finds in his neighbourhood. It is not in our greenhouses alone that these plants sometimes show likes and dislikes beyond explanation. For example, many gentlemen in Costa Rica—a wealthy land, and comparatively civilised—have tried to cultivate the glorious Cattleya Dowiana. For business purposes also the attempt has been made. But never with success. those tropical lands a variation of climate or circumstances, small perhaps, but such as plants that subsist mostly upon air can recognise, will be found in a very narrow circuit. We say that Trichopilias have their home at Bogota. As a matter of fact, however, they will not live in the immediate vicinity of that town, though the woods, fifteen miles away, are stocked with The orchid-farmer will have to begin cautiously, propagating what he finds at hand, and he must not be hasty in sending his crop to market. It is a general rule of experience that plants brought from the forest and 'established' before shipment do less well than those shipped direct in good condition, though the public, naturally, is slow to admit a conclusion opposed by à priori reasoning. The cause may be that they exhaust their strength in that first effort, and suffer more severely on the vovage.

I hear of one gentleman, however, who appears to be cultivating orchids with success. This is Mr. Rand, dwelling on the Rio Negro, in Brazil, where he has established a plantation of Hevia brasiliensis, a new caoutchouc of the highest quality, indigenous to those parts. Some two years ago Mr. Rand wrote to Mr. Godseff, at St. Albans, begging plants of Vanda Sanderiana and other oriental species, which were duly forwarded. In return he despatched some pieces of a new epidendrum, named in his honour E. Randii—a noble flower, with brown sepals and petals, the tip crimson, betwixt two large white wings. This and others native to the Rio Negro, Mr. Rand is propagating on a large scale in sheds of bamboo, especially a white Cattleya superba which he himself discovered. It is pleasing to add that, by latest reports, all the oriental species forwarded were thriving to perfection on the other side of the Atlantic.

Vandas, indeed, should flourish where Cattleya superba is at home, or anything else that loves the atmosphere of a kitchen on

washing day at midsummer. Though all of this genus, or very nearly all, will 'do' in an intermediate house, several prefer the stove. Of two among them, C. Dowiana and C. aurea, I spoke in my last article with an enthusiasm that does not bear repetition. It grows upon rocks in the little island of Sta. Catarina, Brazil, in company with Lalia elegans, L. purpurata and Cattleya guttata Leopoldii. There the three dwelt in such numbers only twenty years ago that the supply was thought inexhaustible. It has come to an end already, and collectors no longer visit the Cliffs and ravines which men still young can recollect ablaze with colour are as bare now as a stone quarry. had done much to protect these treasures; they flourished mostly in places which the human foot cannot reach—Lælia elegans and Cattleya q. Leopoldii inextricably entwined, clinging to the face of lofty rocks. The blooms of the former are white and mauve, of the latter chocolate-brown, spotted with dark red, the lip purple. A wondrous sight that must have been in the time of flowering. It is lost now, probably for ever. Natives went down, suspended on a rope, and swept the whole circuit of the island, year by year. A few specimens remain in nooks absolutely inaccessible, but those happy mortals who possess a bit of L. elegans should treasure it, for no more are forthcoming. C. g. Leopoldii has been found elsewhere. It is deliciously scented. I observed a plant at St. Albans lately with three spikes, each bearing over twenty flowers; many strong perfumes there were in the house, but that overpowered them all. The Lalia purpurata of Sta. Catarina, to which the finest varieties in cultivation belong, has shared the same fate. It occupied boulders jutting out above the swamps in the full glare of tropic sunshine. Many gardeners give it too much shade. This species grows also on the mainland, but of inferior quality in all respects; curiously enough it dwells upon trees there, even though rocks be at hand, while the island variety, I believe, was never found on timber.

Another hot Cattleya of the highest class is C. Acklandiæ. It belongs to the dwarf section of the genus, and inexperienced persons are vastly surprised to see such a little plant bearing two flowers on a spike, each larger than itself. They are four inches in diameter, petals and sepals chocolate-brown, barred with yellow; lip large, of colour varying from rose to purple. C. Acklandiæ is found at Bahia, where it grows side by side with Cattleya amethystoglossa, also a charming species, very tall, and leafless, of course, to the tip of its pseudo-bulbs. Thus the dwarf

beneath is seen in all its beauty. As they cling together in great masses the pair must make a flower-bed to themselves—above, the clustered spikes of C. amethystoglossa, rosy-lilac, purple-spotted, with a lip of amethyst; upon the ground, the rich chocolate and rose of C. Acklandia. Cuttleya superba, as has been said, dwells on the Rio Negro in Brazil, but it has a wide range, for specimens have been sent from the Rio Meta in Columbia. is not loved by gardeners, who find it difficult to cultivate and almost impossible to flower, probably because they cannot give it sunshine enough. I have heard that Baron Hruby, a Hungarian enthusiast in our science, has no sort of trouble; wonders, indeed, are reported of his admirable collection, where all the hot orchids thrive like weeds. The Briton may find comfort in assuming that cool species are happier beneath his cloudy skies; if he be prudent, he will not seek to verify the assumption. The Assistant Curator of Kew assures us, in his excellent little work, 'Orchids,' published some months ago, that the late Mr. Spyers grew C. superba well, and he details his method. I myself have never seen the bloom. Mr. Watson describes it as five inches across, 'bright rosy-purple suffused with white, very fragrant, lip with acute side lobes folding over the column,' making a tunnel in fact, 'the front lobe spreading, kidney-shaped, crimson-purple, with a blotch of white and vellow in front.'

In the same districts with Cattleya superba grows Galeandra Devoniana under circumstances rather unusual. It clings to the very tip of a slender palm, in swamps which the Indians themselves regard with dread as the chosen home of fever and mosquitoes. It was discovered by Sir Robert Schomburgk, who compared the flower to a foxglove, referring especially, perhaps, to the graceful bend of its long pseudo-bulbs, which is almost lost under cultivation. The tube-like flowers are purple, contrasting exquisitely with a snow-white lip, striped with lilac in the throat.

Phalænopses, of course, are hot. Many persons regard them as the loveliest of flowers, and there is no question of their supreme beauty, though not all of us may rank them first. They come mostly from the Philippines, but Java, Borneo, Cochin China, Burmah, even Assam contribute some species. Colonel Berkeley, found Ph. tetraspis, snow-white, and Ph. speciosa, purple, in the Andamans, when he was governor of that settlement, clinging to low bushes along the mangrove creeks. So far as I know, all the species dwell within breath of the sea, as it may be put, where

the atmosphere is laden with salt; this gives a hint to the Mr. Partington, of Cheshunt, who was the most renowned cultivator of the genus in his time, used to lay down salt upon the paths and beneath the stages of his Phalænopsis Lady Howard de Walden stands first, perhaps, at the present day, and her gardener follows the same system. These plants, indeed, are affected, for good or ill, by influences too subtle for our perception as yet. Experiment alone will decide whether a certain house, or a certain neighbourhood even, be agreeable to their taste. The authorities of Kew put up a building expressly designed for them some years ago, but no Phalænopsis would consent to exist therein. It is a waste of money in general to make alterations; if they do not like the place they won't live there, and that's flat! It is probable that Maidstone, where Lady Howard de Walden resides, may be specially suited to their needs, but her ladyship's gardener knows how to turn a lucky chance to the best account. Some of his plants have ten leaves !—the uninitiated may think that fact grotesquely undeserving of a note of exclamation, but to explain would be too technical. It may be observed that the famous Swan orchid, Cycnoches chlorochilon, flourishes at Maidstone as nowhere else perhaps in England.

Phalænopsis were first introduced by Messrs. Rollison, of Tooting, a firm that vanished years ago, but will live in the annals of horticulture as the earliest of the great importers. In 1836 they got home a living specimen of Ph. amabilis, which had been described, and even figured, eighty years before. A few months later the Duke of Devonshire secured Ph. Schilleriana. The late Mr. B. S. Williams told me a very curious incident relating to this species. It comes from the Philippines, and exacts a very hot, close atmosphere, of course. Once upon a time, however, a little piece was left in the cool house at Holloway, and remained there some months unnoticed by the authorities. When at length the oversight was remarked, to their amaze this stranger from the tropics, abandoned in the temperate zone, proved to be thriving more vigorously than any of his fellows who enjoyed their proper climate; so he was left in peace and cherished as a 'phenomenon.' Four seasons had passed when I beheld the marvel, and it was a picture of health and strength, flowering freely; but the reader is not advised to introduce a few Phalænopsis to his Odontoglossums, not by any means. Mr. Williams himself never repeated the experiment. It was one of those

delightfully perplexing vagaries which the orchid-grower notes from time to time.

There are rare species of this genus which will not be found. in the dealers' catalogues, and amateurs who like a novelty may be pleased to hear some names. Ph. Manni, christened in honour of Mr. Mann, Director of the Indian Forest Department, is yellow and red; Ph. cornucervi, yellow and brown; Ph. Portei, a natural hybrid, doubtless, of Ph. rosea and Ph. amabilis, white, the lip amethyst. It is found very, very rarely in the woods near Manilla. Above all, Ph. Sanderiana, to which hangs a little tale. So soon as the natives of the Philippines began to understand that their white and lilac weeds were cherished in Europe, they talked of a scarlet variety, which thrilled listening collectors with joy. But the precious thing never came to hand, and, on closer inquiry, no responsible witness could be found who had seen it. Years passed by and the scarlet Phalænopsis became a jest among orchidaceans. The natives persisted, however, and Mr. Sander found the belief so general, if shadowy, that when a service of coasting steamers was established, he sent an agent to make a thorough investigation. His enterprise and sagacity were rewarded, as usual. After floating round for twenty-five years amidst derision, the rumour proved true—in part. Ph. Sanderiana is not scarlet, but purplish rose, a very handsome and distinct species.

Many of the Coelogynes classed as cool, which, indeed, rub along with Odontoglossums, do better in the stove while growing. Cal. cristata itself comes from Nepaul, where the summer sun is terrible, and it covers the rocks most exposed. But I will only name a few of those recognised as hot. Amongst the most striking of flowers, exquisitely pretty also, is Cocl. pandurata, from Borneo. Its spike has been described as resembling a row of glossy pea-green frogs with black tongues, each three inches in The whole bloom, in fact, is brilliantly green, but several ridges clothed with hairs as black and soft as velvet run down the lip, seeming to issue from a mouth. It is very strange that a plant so curious, so beautiful, and so sweet should be so rarely cultivated. Cel. Dayana, also a native of Borneo, one of our newest discoveries, is named after Mr. Day, of Tottenham. I may interpolate a remark here for the encouragement of poor but enthusiastic members of our fraternity. When Mr. Day sold his collection lately, an American 'Syndicate' paid 12,000l. down, and the remaining plants fetched 12,000l. at

auction; so, at least, the uncontradicted report goes. Dayana is rare, of course, and dear, but I hear that Mr. Sander has imported a large quantity. The spike is three feet long sometimes, a pendant wreath of buff-yellow flowers broadly striped with chocolate. Cel. Massangeana, from Assam, resembles this, but the lip is deep crimson-brown, with lines of yellow, and a Newest of all the Coelogynes, and supremely beautiful, is Ciel. Sanderiana, imported by the gentleman whose name it bears. He has been called 'The Orchid King.' This superb species has only bloomed once in Europe as yet: Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild is the happy man. Its snow-white flowers, six on a spike generally, each three inches across, have very dark brown stripes on the lip. It was discovered in Borneo by Mr. Forsterman, the same collector who happed upon the wondrous scarlet Dendrobe, mentioned in a former article. There I stated that Baron Schroder had three pieces; this was a mistake unfortunately. Mr. Forsterman only secured three, of which two died on the journey. Baron Schroder bought the third, but it has perished. No more can be found as yet.

Of Oncidiums there are many that demand stove treatment. The story of Onc. splendidum is curious. It first turned up in France some thirty years ago. A ship's captain sailing from St. Lazare brought half a dozen pieces, which he gave to his 'owner,' M. Herman. The latter handed them to MM. Thibaut and Keteleer, of Sceaux, who split them up and distributed Two of the original plants found their way to England, and they also appear to have been cut up. A legend of the King Street auction room recalls how perfervid competitors ran up a bit of Onc. splendidum, that had only one leaf, to thirty guineas. The whole stock vanished presently, which is not surprising, if it had all been divided in the same ruthless manner. From that day the species was lost until Mr. Sander turned his attention to it. There was no record of its habitat. The name of the vessel, or even of the captain, might have furnished a clue had it been recorded, for the shipping intelligence of the day would have shown what ports he was frequenting about that I could tell of mysterious orchids traced home upon indications less distinct. But there was absolutely nothing. Mr. Sander, however, had scrutinised the plant carefully, while specimens were still extant, and from the structure of the leaf he formed a strong conclusion that it must belong to the Central American flora; furthermore, that it must inhabit a very warm locality. In 1882 he directed one of his collectors, Mr. Oversluys, to look for the precious thing in Costa Rica. Year after year the search proceeded, until Mr. Oversluys declared, with some warmth, that Onc. splendidum might grow in heaven, or in the other place, but it was not to be found in Costa Rica. But theorists are stubborn, and year after year he was sent back. At length, in 1882, riding through a district often explored, the collector found himself in a grassy plain, dotted with pale yellow flowers. He had beheld the same many times, but his business was orchids. On this occasion, however, he chanced to approach one of the masses, and recognised the object of his quest. It was the familiar case of a man who overlooks the thing he has to find, because it is too near and too conspicuous. But Mr. Oversluys had excuse enough. Who could have expected to see an Oncidium buried in long grass, exposed to the full power of a tropic sun?

Oncidium Lanceanum is, perhaps, the hottest of its genus. Those happy mortals who can grow it declare they have no trouble, but unless perfectly strong and healthy it gets 'the spot,' and promptly goes to wreck. In the houses of the 'New Plant and Bulb Company,' at Colchester—now extinct—Onc. Lanceanum flourished with a vigour almost embarrassing, putting forth such enormous leaves, as it hung close to the glass, as made blinds quite superfluous at midsummer. But this was an extraordinary case. Certainly it is a glorious spectacle in flower—yellow, barred with brown; the lip violet. The spikes last a month in full beauty—sometimes two.

Epidendrums mostly will bear as much heat as can be given them while growing; all demand more sunshine than they can get in our climate. Amateurs do not seem to be so well acquainted with the grand things of this genus as they should be. Possibly they distrust imported Epidendrums. Many worthless species, indeed, bear a perplexing resemblance to the finest; so much so, that the most observant of authorities would not think of buying at the auction-room unless he had confidence enough in the seller's honesty to accept his description of a 'lot.' Gloriously beautiful, however, are some of those rarely met with; easy to cultivate also, in a sunny place, and not dear. Epid. rhizophorum has been lately rechristened Epid. radicans—a name which might be confined to the Mexican variety. For the plant recurs in Brazil, practically the same, but with a certain difference. The former grows on shrubs, a true epiphyte; the latter has its

bottom roots in the soil, at foot of the tallest trees, and runs up to the very summit, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet. The flowers also show a distinction, but in effect they are brilliant orange-red, the lip yellow, edged with scarlet. Forty or fifty of them, hanging in a cluster from the top of the raceme, make a show to remember. Mr. Watson 'saw a plant a few years ago, that bore eighty-six heads of flowers!' They last for three months. Epid. prismatocarpum, also, is a lovely thing, with narrow dagger-like sepals and petals, creamy-yellow, spotted with black. lip rosy, with a pale yellow margin.

My space draws in. Of the many hot Dendrobiums, Australia supplies a good proportion. There is D. bigibbum, of course, too well known for description; it dwells on the small islands in Torres Straits. This species flowered at Kew so early as 1824, but the plant died. Messrs. Loddiges, of Hackney, re-introduced it thirty years later. D. Johannis, from Queensland, brown and yellow, streaked with orange, the flowers curiously twisted. D. superbiens, from Torres Straits, rosy purple, edged with white, lip crimson. Handsomest of all by far is D. phalænopsis. throws out a long, slender spike from the tip of the pseudo-bulb, bearing six or more flowers three inches across. The sepals. lance-shaped, and the petals, twice as broad, are rosy-lilac, with veins of darker tint; the lip, arched over by its side lobes, maroon in the throat, paler and striped at the mouth. Wondrous dendrobes are coming from New Guinea, and more extraordinary still are announced. But of these I spoke in a former article.

Bulbophyllums rank among the marvels of nature. It is a point comparatively trivial that this genus includes the largest of orchids and, perhaps, the smallest.

B. Beccarii has leaves two feet long, eighteen inches broad. It encircles the biggest tree in one clasp of its rhizomes, which travellers mistake for the coil of a boa constrictor. Furthermore, this species emits the vilest stench known to scientific persons, which is a great saying. But these things are insignificant. The charm of Bulbophyllums lies in their machinery for trapping insects. Those who attended the Temple Show saw something of it, if they could penetrate the crush around B. barbigerum on Sir Trevor Lawrence's stand. This tiny but amazing plant comes from Sierra Leone. The long yellow lip is attached to the column by the slenderest possible joint, so that it rocks without an instant's pause. At the tip is set a brush of silky hairs, which wave backwards and forwards with the precision of machinery.

No wonder that the natives believe it a living thing. The purpose of these arrangements is to catch flies, which other species effect with equal ingenuity, if less elaboration. B. Lobbii, for instance—a very pretty species from Java—has its lip suspended on a swivel. The fly lights upon the broad front lobe and advances. Quick as thought the delicate machinery shoots it upon the stigma by turning a somersault, and holds it imprisoned, struggling the while. Thus the flower is impregnated. A new species, B. Godseffianum, has lately been brought from the Philippines, contrived on the same principle, but even more charming. The flowers, two inches broad, have the colour of 'old gold,' with stripes of crimson on the petals; and the dorsal sepal shows membranes almost transparent, which have the effect of silver embroidery.

Until B. Beccarii was introduced from Borneo in 1867, the Grammatophyllums were regarded as monsters incomparable. Mr. Arthur Keyser, resident magistrate at Selangor, in the Straits Settlement, tells of one which he gathered on a durian tree, seven feet two inches high, thirteen feet six inches across, bearing seven spikes of flower, the longest eight feet six inchesa weight which fifteen men could only just carry. Mr. F. W. Burbidge heard a tree fall in the jungle one night when he was six miles away, and on visiting the spot he found 'right in the collar of the trunk, a Grammatophyllum big enough to fill a Pickford's van, just opening its golden-brown spotted flowers on stout spikes two yards long.' It is not to be hoped that we shall ever see monsters like these in Europe. The genus, indeed, is unruly. G. speciosum has been grown to six feet high, I believe, which is big enough to satisfy the modest amateur, especially when it develops leaves two feet long. The flowers are six inches in diameter, rich yellow blotched with reddish purple. have some giants at Kew now, of which fine things are expected. Within the last few months Mr. Sander has obtained G. multiflorum from the Philippines, which seems to be not only the most beautiful, but the easiest to cultivate of those yet introduced. Its flowers droop in a garland of pale green and yellow, splashed with brown—not loosely set, as is the rule, but scarcely half an inch apart. The effect is said to be lovely beyond description. Unfortunately there are only two plants in Europe as yet.

The False Testamur.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE main street in Oxbridge was thronged with a hurrying procession of the nervous, the over-wrought, the sanguine the learned, and the absolutely unreading undergraduate. For on this bright day of June the Schools opened, and with them the beginning of the end of toil. One after another came those foredoomed ones, and passed out of the sun-light into the stately, shaded precincts of the Schools. We have only to notice those who were in for Honours in Greats.

Hector Dalrymple, a reading-man, an 'unattached' student, poor and handsome, dependent on his brains for bread in the future, was one of these. He came striding rapidly down the street, quite cool and placid, though with an air of subdued resolution. He knew he was bound to do well, that it was only a question of putting forth all his strength, and that he might even hope for a First. But the goal seems so tremendous that even the good man dare not contemplate its attainment as a likelihood. Hector Dalrymple expected no less than a Second, and the possible First danced before his eyes, which refused to see it clearly in front of them. This sterling aspirant at an early hour elbowed his way quietly amongst a crowd of shiftless youths, who had been reading twelve hours a day for the last fortnight, in hopes to make two weeks do the work of two years, and who had just been suicidally partaking of 'testamur draughts' bought as a last resource in their despair, and after a word or two with a companion from one of the leading colleges he went and sat down in his place in the Schola Borealis.

Another student was at this moment entering these dread halls, a lady, also in for Greats; a very handsome creature, blue-eyed and dark, with a beautiful, though very alender figure, and a mobile, sensitive face. She walked rapidly, casting glances from side to side out of her dark blue eyes, the picture of fright. Had she been a man, she would have looked like a villain in a play; as a woman she looked simply very ill. So she was, since she had not slept all the previous night, and as she is the villain indeed of this small tragedy, let us introduce Miss Sapphira Mendoza, the talented Jewess, who is the hope of the Ladies' Colleges for this year, and thought certain of her First. After her come two fat buxom damsels, who know their books well, but have not profited by the thoughts therein contained. They are thought likely Thirds. Then a business-like girl, who looks as if she had no nerves and wished to do her best, Sapphira's only possible female rival. What became of them matters not; let us follow the Jewess; her place now happened to be next to that of Hector Dalrymple, and she was late. So just as that worthy ran his hands finally through his crop of ruddy curls and squared his broad shoulders over the paper that he had just taken in hand, he glanced up and just observed out of the corner of his eye a trembling, eager woman, who struck him as beautiful, flutter past him and seat herself next to him.

Then silence, the great room filled gradually, and soon only the scraping of pens was heard and occasional grunts and groans of irrepressible emotion from the unprepared and baffled student. The paper was on the History side and Dalrymple tackled it nicely. He wrote for an hour with fluency and despatch; then there came a question the answer to which demanded thought in an especial degree. Now the young man had by this time found out that the paper suited him and that he was doing well, so he determined in a moment that he would give himself every advantage of time in this answer, and do it leisurely, choosing style and reasoning of his best. So he bit his pen, ruffled his thick hair and glanced at the ceiling. There were spiders on the ceiling, that distracted, so Dalrymple instantly looked down again. His eyes wandered dreamily to his fair neighbour, and he started almost, so feverishly full of energy was her pose and countenance. She was writing hurriedly with a tremulous hand, but seemed to know well what she wanted to say, nor ever to pause in the saying. Dalrymple was just about to take her example of inward concentration to heart, and write again, when he caught sight of a small paper that had fluttered down between him and her, written-side uppermost, on to the floor. He scanned it to see if it was work of hers he should return to her. To his amazement and dismay, it was a stolen aid to memory, in short, a 'crib.'

What now should he do? Of course, he first tried to attract the attention of the Jewess, that she might pick up her property. That failing, for she was very studious, he thought of returning it to her himself, but then he flushed involuntarily at the idea of her certain confusion and shame at being thus detected. decided finally he would leave it, for chance and she must decide between them what became of her dishonest venture. So he went back to his work resolutely, as before. Not one sentence had he written when he saw-dread sight-the fierce Invigilator hovering round! Instantly his whole mind was alert to save the lady. He dared not at first look towards the nasty slip of paper, lest peradventure that should bring to light its existence. But at last as he watched with bated breath he fancied that the Invigilator had seen it and was making straight towards it with inquisitive intent. The watchful Don had not yet, as a matter of fact, observed it, but Dalrymple thought so, and with a whirling sensation in his brain the young man snatched the paper and hastily stuffed it into his breast pocket. Not unseen, alas no! Fate bore hard on him at this momentous crisis of his life—the Invigilator saw the action, and made up to as hotly blushing a culprit as ever got caned at a public school.

- 'Sir, what is that paper?' asked the examiner, stopping in front of Dalrymple's table.
- 'I don't know,' lamely asserted the young man, his cheeks as red as his hair.
 - 'Nonsense, sir. Show it to me.'

Dalrymple stood up, at his wits' end, but did not at first obey the summons, which was repeated. Then with a horrible sinking at the heart, he produced the document.

The examiner, a keen, sarcastic fellow, one of the terrors of the University, turned it over and read it slowly through. It was a collection of references in Thucydides and Herodotus, interspersed with translations of various stiff bits which the compiler had evidently thought likely to be set in the exam. There was no doubt, no excuse.

The examiner turned to Dalrymple. At that moment the Jewess, hitherto engrossed in her writing, looked quickly up and saw her paper in the Invigilator's hands. She turned white, and remained speechless and horror-stricken during the following short conversation.

- 'Sir, your name and college?'
- 'Hector Dalrymple, unattached.'

- 'I am glad no college claims the honour. Is this—document—yours, sir?'
 - 'It is.'
- 'It is not!' whispered an agonised voice, and Sapphira half rose, livid with shame and fear.
- 'The lady is kind enough to wish to screen me,' exclaimed Dalrymple, with decision, turning aside from Sapphira. 'The paper is mine.'
- 'Step aside with me, sir, for a moment; we disturb the students,' said the examiner, sternly, and waved to Sapphira to be seated. 'Have you any explanation to offer?'
 - 'None, sir.'

The Don looked very grave; it was a nasty thing to happen. He measured the culprit from head to foot.

'You know the consequences of this?' he inquired of Dal-rymple, with raised eyebrows.

Dalrymple nodded in silence. It was coming.

- 'Leave the room, sir; you are excluded from the examination. And what further shall be decided with regard to you I will consult with my colleagues and communicate to you. You may go.
- 'Oh, I say!' burst out the young man involuntarily. The penalty nearly knocked him down, it sickened him so. He wavered on his feet an instant. The examiner glanced at him contemptuously.
- 'Would you kindly go and shut the door, Mr. Dalrymple,' he said with ominous politeness, 'and remain outside?'

Hector drew himself together as well as he could and got out of the room, a very wretched man.

There was a faint stir through the spacious schools as this strong man went forth so early, and round where the sad dialogue had taken place awed murmurs of commiseration or scorn were audible. But another candidate arose in haste and left the Schools, and that was Sapphira Mendoza.

CHAPTER II.

DALRYMPLE was walking rapidly in a kind of dream down the street, away towards the country, when a hurried step was heard by him, and he looked over his shoulder and beheld Miss Mendoza.

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He could not speak, but waved his hand impatiently, as if to reproach her for her ill-timed exit.

- 'Do you know what you have done?' cried the Jewess, passionately.
- 'Yes,' said Dalrymple; 'and I know also that it is done. Why are you not working?'
- 'I could not stay. I wish to make all right again. I will go to the examiners. Heavens, what a terrible thing has happened! I will explain all. Oh, sir, how could you!'
- 'Now, young lady,' returned Dalrymple, very distinctly and decidedly, 'this thing is done, and I will stand by it. Let us understand each other. I take this on myself, and go through with it. You go back. You have lost this one paper through impulse, but it is not fatal. Go and get your First, as everybody expects you to do, I hear, and say no word of this. No one will believe you,' he said, a little bitterly, 'and from this moment this is my affair. If you expose yourself, I will swear to the contrary. I entreat of you, accept this from me without more ado.'
 - 'But you will be——'
- 'Expelled the University,' said Dalrymple, quickly. 'Well, I have chosen it; and I know you will take gracefully what I have been able, fortunately, to do for you. I must go. Do get your First, as my compensation. Good-hye!'

He broke from her, and strode off across the river-bridge to the country, restless in his agony. She remained where she stood, speechless, and watched the tall, well-set figure, crowned with its ruddy curls, as if it had been some delivering angel's. She never forgot it all her life, and the scene in the Schools was rarely an hour out of her thoughts. But now it was all too strong for her, and she reeled and fell senseless on the ground.

The wife of the head of a college, rolling in her pretty barouche down the street, found her lying there by the bridge, and took her into the carriage and petted her, Sapphira saying as she returned to her senses that she had been compelled to come out from the Schools, feeling ill.

'They will work so hard, these girls,' commented the wife of the great man, producing a smelling-bottle. She took Sapphira in to lunch, gave her a sofa and an hour's quiet afterwards, and then drove her back to the Schools in time for the afternoon's paper.

CHAPTER III.

There are some actions which, on the face of them, seem inexplicable, so bad, or so unworthy; but look into almost any act of villany closely enough, and you will see its raison d'être, and the causes which were productive of it. Sapphira's action was one of these.

One may well ask, how was it possible that an otherwise respectable woman could be guilty of so disgraceful a fraud as taking assistance with her into the schools?

Well, she was very poor. She had a mother to support, and that mother was ailing and in need of many things. Sapphira was also frightfully nervous. She had rather overworked herself for this. At the time when Greats were imminent a new college for women was building under very favourable auspices, and all that remained was to choose a capable head. Now the late Dr. Mendoza, Sapphira's father, had been a great student, and the author of famous, though little read, volumes on philology. He had before his death sent Sapphira to Oxbridge, where several literary men of his friends had kept their attention fixed on the girl, aiding her in study, and spreading intelligence of her learning and power of mind. They had harmed her in one way, by making her work too hard, and exciting her ambition; in another, they had served her by the reports they gave of her talent. Thus it came that it had through them been communicated to Miss Mendoza, that if she took a First, she might look upon her election to this headship as almost a certainty. These dons had told her this very kindly, out of desire to keep her up to the mark, and also to relieve her mind, harassed from without by the spectacle of her mother's poverty. This course, however, had they known it, was not judicious. The post was, for such things, extraordinarily lucrative, and at once Sapphira felt it must, it should, be hers. Ambition joined hands with Piety for once, and the result was Fraud.

Up till the last day before the Schools Sapphira was well enough, but on the last free afternoon her friend Camilla Davies, student and tutor of History at St. Frideswide's College for Women, took a long walk by the river with her, and found Sapphira very nervous. She would not talk, even to this her best-loved friend; she broke forth once into sudden, excited tears. She wished she could fairly drown herself and never know when the fatal morrow

arrived; above all, she doubted herself. Camilla tried to inspirit her by all the means in her power—tried to paint the joys of doing your best, and showing what is in you to men who know how to value it; then the glad ending, and the reasonable, well-earned triumph of the class. But Sapphira shivered, and declared in low tones of terror that she should get a Fourth. All that her friend could say in derision of this idea fell, as she herself perceived, unheeded on Sapphira's ear, and at last Camilla gave up in despair, led her back to the college, and privately besought the kindly Principal to send her up some strong beef-tea.

At night Sapphira took chloral. The dose was not sufficiently strong, and she did not sleep an hour. Horrible dreams of failure oppressed the sensitive Jewess, until she woke up once for all, and sat through the night-watches sleepless upon her bed.

First thing in the morning—the fatal morning—came a letter from one Don, a message from another, and a visit from a third, the most interested in her of all, who besought her to remember what was expected of her as the daughter of the great Mendoza, the most promising candidate in this year, and the future head of the new women's college.

He succeeded in finishing off the nerve of the breakfastless Sapphira, who went back to her little room sobbing bitterly, quite overwrought and almost lunatic with terror. The three other girls who were in the Schools to-day passed her room with kindly greetings. They were healthy country maidens, who had said their prayers, eaten a good breakfast, and put on cool summer dresses and a valiant, honest courage for their work. The Jewess looked up at them and wished them well from the bottom of her heart. At the sound of her tremulous salutation the girls were awed, and wondered within themselves that here should be the cleverest of them all, a woman who could have taken their small talents in her fingers and crushed them against any of the least of her great gifts, sitting on her small sofa, writhing, afraid.

They closed the door. Sapphira watched the clock. She took up a slip of paper on which she had written all the references she had most wished to make sure of, and she began (a fatal thing) to take her memory by surprise and force it to repeat them. Naturally, in her present state of strain, she had forgotten, or rather, her mind refused the sudden steeple-chase. Sapphira cried 'Ah!' and felt her last hope deserting her. She had thought she knew her work; now it seemed she did not.

Camilla tapped at the door, ready hatted and booted, to conduct her friend towards the Schools.

Sapphira ground her teeth.

'A First I must have,' she determined; 'and if I cannot have it by fair means, God forgive me if I take it by false. If I lose my head, this paper will remind me. I must do it.'

Crushing the document into her pocket, she went out to Camilla and gave her one long kiss in silence. She felt she had sinned and, being a strong character in reality, she stood by her resolve, though a shameful one, and was calm from that instant. When the whole miserable scene of that first day was over, Sapphira, marvelling at herself as at a stranger, went mechanically back into the Schools and fearlessly did credit to herself. worked now without emotion and she slept well at nights; the papers were as friends to her, so difficult and yet congenial—she shone in them. Poor Sapphira! The wretched scrap of paper which lowered her in her own mind for ever, and spoilt an honest man's career, was never used. She had merely pulled it out inadvertently from her pocket with her handkerchief, some minute or two before Dalrymple saw it lying on the floor. Why, Sapphira had forgotten its very existence! What were 'cribs' to her, whose intellect, stored with good things, only wanted occasion and the hour to overflow in generous abundance. The very references down in that paper were in the one set for the Schools, and she had written them without hesitation from her honest memory, and yet there they were lying even now on the examiners' table, a source of damning evidence against—Dalrymple.

And that unfortunate fellow all the time?

The first that saw or heard of him was his tutor, Mr. Jocelyn of St. Anselm's college. He had been hovering about the Schools at the time when the candidates emerged from the first paper, and as they came out he saw that something unusual had happened. The name Dalrymple came to his ear.

"Caught cribbing"—'queer thing, very'—'couldn't have believed it, could you? Thought he was all on the square if ever a man was." 'What will they do with him, do you know?' asked some one with bated breath. 'Cut his tassel off his mortar-board in public?' suggested an egregious ass, who had once been plucked for an army exam., and had picked up some ideas of military discipline from hearsay. 'Oh, they'll expel him, of course; nasty thing though, and a sure First!'

These broken meats of information made Jocelyn seriously VOL. XVII. NO. XCIX.

uneasy. As soon as he could, he learnt the facts from the examiners, and was in a great state when he heard. He hoped Dalrymple would come to him, but this not happening, he went to his lodgings and walked unceremoniously in. There was Dalrymple, sure enough, and brandy and a tumbler—the rejected candidate lying listlessly on a sofa with his hands behind his head, staring about him.

'Dalrymple,' said Jocelyn, and choked. It was a horrid thing

to meet his favourite pupil so.

'Why, it's Jocelyn! Thanks, sir, thanks,' exclaimed Dalrymple, jumping up alertly and coming forward with his hand outstretched as if he were the honestest man in Oxbridge. But at sight of his tutor's half withdrawn hand and embarrassed manner he stepped back more quietly. 'I had wanted to come and see you at once, sir, but I didn't like,' he said. 'I suppose you have heard of my misfortune?'

'Why, yes,' said Jocelyn, reluctantly and coldly, 'and I thought I should like to hear more of it from you. I—thought—I—well, I had thought you were a different sort of fellow, Dalrymple.'

'Well, sir, I don't in the least wish to defy you, or to speak impertinently, but you see, I'm not. It is done now, and I

suppose we must make the best of it.'

'But, Dalrymple, surely you must have some excuse, some explanation to offer? Come, I haven't been a bad friend to you, we have played golf together and fished together, and been on reading parties together, and I am sure I sent you into the Schools as promising a fellow as any man could wish to see leave his hands. Tell me now, what's happened, what's up, man? What the devil have you been such a knavish, mean, poor-spirited, sneaking ass for?'

Saying this, Jocelyn arose from the chair he had involuntarily taken and glared at his best pupil like a tiger.

Dalrymple shook his head quietly. 'My dear sir,' he said, 'I am a very unhappy man, and I beg you will not seek to know more. I want all the help you will I am sure give me as regards my future, which is all changed now; for I dare not meet my father, and I have no money to live upon.'

Jocelyn stared at him in sheer perplexity. Was Dalrymple off his head, or, what seemed to Jocelyn much the same thing, in love, that he should do this thing?

'Before I can possibly help you, Dalrymple,' he said, 'I must

indeed have your confidence in this matter. You seem to have done a thing that—well, that unfits you for any serious walk in life. I must have some guarantee that this is your last—ahem! aberration.'

'I think, sir, my character does not justify you,' began Dalrymple, and then he saw that now it must, and he hung his diminished head and went a fierce red, but dared say no more.

'You are a very remarkable man, Dalrymple,' said his tutor after a pause, seeing that there was nothing more to be got out of him. 'A very remarkable man; quite exceptional. I won't reproach you or point out what might have been; but here were you, to all human foresight sure of your First, universally respected, a career before you, perhaps even—who knows? a fellow-ship—and you go and do this thing! You know your own business, it is not for me to pry into your private concerns. I'm only your tutor, and if you refuse to make me your friend, why there!—go your own way for me.'

'Oh, Jocelyn, do you mind writing to my father?'

'Mind, of course I mind, very much.'

'All right, sir, only I thought perhaps you would,' said Dalrymple, sitting down with his head on his hands in such a dispirited way that Jocelyn took pity.

'Well, well, Dalrymple, I must say a queerer, or more unlikely thing to have happened, I never could have dreamt; but if it has been done, which I can scarcely believe, you are still the Dalrymple I coached and hectored and would have gated if you'd lived in college, and so I suppose I must not desert you in your trouble. I'll write to the old gentleman and say what I can with no facts to guide me, and I'll speak about you if you'll let me know what you want to do, though I'm afraid things look bad for your immediate future. But what is this? Some light on the matter?'

A servant had brought in a letter. Dalrymple opened it silently, read it through and handed it to his tutor.

'It has come at last, what I have been waiting here for, the formal notice they said they would send me when the class-list came out. Yes, do read it, sir.'

The letter ran thus:--

'Offices of Boards of Faculties, July -, 18-.

'Sm,—The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors have had your case under consideration, and the fact of your having been discovered in possession of a key to the possible questions in examination, at the time when the examination was being held, and of your re-

fusal to give any reasonable explanation of the circumstance, leaves them no alternative but to take the extremest measures. It is, therefore, my duty to inform you that you are no longer a member of the University, the Vice-Chancellor having ordered your name to be erased from its books.'

Then Jocelyn came forward with his hand out, and looked his disgraced pupil full in the face and said, 'There; you have it in black and white. Now, Dalrymple, come, come; as one man to another, what is it? What's happened?'

But Dalrymple only shook his head and stood and gazed vacantly at the mandate shutting him out from honour and a livelihood.

At the same moment Sapphira Mendoza was lying across the small table in a little London garret-room, weeping bitterly, and holding in her hand a telegram from her tutor, just received, saying simply—

'Congratulate you. First.'

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

In due course Sapphira received the offer of the new Headship in all its flattering and profitable glories.

Sapphira had been very ill since the news of her First had come. All the disgrace of Dalrymple, and her own remorse and shame that a good man knew this thing, and that she had ruined him, weighed upon her mind until her health failed and she became the victim of grim hypochondria. She could not sleep, began taking chloral, and always dressed in black. To add to her sorrows, her mother died, and bitterness was added to Sapphira's tears by the thought that she had indeed lowered herself in vain. 'Had I known; had I but known that this would happen!' she moaned in her solitude, 'not for one moment would I have accepted my so false position. I ruined a man to support my mother, and here she lies!'

In this state of things she received the advantageous offer for which she had so ardently hoped and worked. She turned the letter over and over in her white fingers with a curious smile.

'Such a day this would have been,' she commented to herself.

She looked lovingly at the lines which paid to her genius so great a tribute. 'I have earned this, when all is said and done!' she thought.

Sighing, she took out pen and paper and wrote a grateful letter to the authorities, declining the post they had done her the honour to offer her, but begging to introduce to them a worthy candidate in the person of Miss Camilla Davies, history tutor at St. Frideswide's, a lady whose literary distinction and charm of manner would qualify her to do justice to the honour if their choice should fall on her. After writing a true but vividly laudatory testimonial for Camilla, the Jewess sent off that letter, and wrote a line to Miss Davies herself, begging her to come at once to talk over an important matter. Camilla came, a welcome visitor to a somewhat dreary house, a rosy, pretty young lady dressed in light blue on this hot August day, and bearing a nosegay of sweet cottage flowers, for she had come straight from her mother's in Dorsetshire, whither she had gone for the long vacation.

Sapphira laid before her the offer, her own refusal, and her wish that Camilla should fill the place.

Miss Davies looked very grave, and the colour left her pretty face. 'I do not understand, dear; you hoped for this.'

'I have got it. I care for it no more.'

'Dear friend,' said Camilla, and paused, dumbfoundered. Sapphira besought her. 'I am not competent,' said Camilla. 'You are powerful, full of learning, worthy, whilst I—oh, impossible!'

'I have refused; remember that,' said Sapphira. 'If you decline this, you do me no good, and lose much for yourself.'

'And why have you refused? Oh, the folly of it, Sapphira! You must—pardon me, old comrade—you must be in love: that alone can excuse this midsummer madness. You must be going to marry.' Camilla sighed, thinking of a certain University Extension lecturer whom she happened to know.

'No, Camilla; my health is broken, and I have not energy for the post.'

'But you need the money, my friend. If I may say so without offence, how do you propose to support yourself?'

'I know not,' sighed Sapphira; 'I must see. Meantime, you spoke of money. In a few years, if you are saving, the salary of this position will make you independent; think of that. You can marry. You can go abroad for historical research. You can

do—all that I ever hoped for you, which is more than your unselfish nature ever contemplated for yourself.'

Camilla's sweet face blushed more rosily. She looked anxious still. 'I wish it were not quite so great a prize for me,' she objected, 'then I might be more sure I should be doing rightly.'

'True Kantian, sweet; you mistrust a course of action the moment it seems pleasant.'

Camilla thought it over for several days. Then her native good sense warned her to accept, and she did. The college offered her the post in due form, for the recommendation of Sapphira Mendoza was considered sufficient proof of her competence, and she took it, and has filled it, in spite of her youth, most worthily. But before she left Sapphira, she broke her bottle of chloral out of the topmost window, rated her roundly for eating nothing, and tried to win her confidence. The two friends kissed each other at their farewell, and Sapphira yearned to tell Camilla all; but her respect for the straightforward, loving girl before her chained her tongue, and she only said, piteously:

'Pray for me, sweetheart; I am very unhappy.'

So she had need to be, for, besides the extra trouble she made for herself by her remorseful spirit, she had now great anxiety for her daily bread, and the protection of a mother was denied to her.

After making the sacrifice of this lucrative and honourable post, a sacrifice which Sapphira deemed essential to appease her own angry conscience, she at first remained entirely inactive. spent day after day lying on her sofa, plunged into morbid dreams, only varied by long sleepless nights, or heavy slumbers induced by the drug chloral. Ultimately she found that things had to be very different. Money had to be made for her to live upon. Sapphira might have had many a good position offered her through her high class, but she would not seek these. The accomplished classic, the accurate logician, the original philosopher, remained in her dreary garret in London, teaching astonished pupils at a small sum, which she requested to have paid her regularly at small intervals. And, when this did not bring in enough, writing articles of marvellous merit for third-rate newspapers, or filling up her scanty leisure with exquisite pieces of fine needlework, to be sold at a nominal price to big shops, there to be parted with at a huge figure, but not exceeding their worth, for the benefit of the trade which made a profit so enormous on them.

CHAPTER II.

MENTIME Hector Dalrymple had not been without his adventures. There had been a fuss at home about his expulsion from the University, and it had been made evident to him that the paternal hearth was not exactly his proper sphere at the present. Moreover, the old gentleman declined to contribute anything towards the further maintenance of his son, and desired that, at any rate until further notice, he might remain in ignorance of the precise whereabouts and mode of existence of that same scion of his house. A little later on, transferring his affection more entirely to a younger brother of Hector's, Dalrymple senior caused family pride to co-operate with inclination so successfully that he disinherited his eldest son in favour of this younger, and Hector was finally shut out in the cold.

'Not that I can exactly quarrel with the governor's feelings,' remarked Dalrymple, as the news reached him of this decision. 'I can't say that the action—if I had done it—is one of which a man would expect his father to be proud,' and he smiled somewhat humorously to himself.

Jocelyn kept his promise of trying to help the young man in his sore need, but it was uphill work to get anything for him to do, the shade on his reputation was too recent; and though the unfortunate episode could not have happened at a better place than Oxbridge for remaining unknown by the ἰδιῶται of the outer world, yet a stain, however slight, is ever the subject of amused interest to all minds, good or bad, provided they be small enough. Dalrymple, with every advantage, personal and mental, found he could not make his way, with that small whisper at his heels. He fell into great poverty, and though he never lost his constitutional good-humour, his brows were often bent with care and disappointment. He tried office work, but fell foul of the monotony, and escaped the minute he thought he had found something better. This 'something better' was the sub-editorship of a new evening paper, which all his brains and industry could not keep from failing ignominiously in three weeks, through lack of capital. He was once a printer's devil, being nigh on starvation, when Jocelyn found a convenient Crossus for him, who wanted a tutor to take his son abroad and teach him the classics in the railway train. The engagement was made and Dalrymple was ready to start, when Papa unluckily heard some rumour of 'that peculiar incident in the Schools, don't you know?' and although his son was a remarkably unsatisfactory youth, he naturally did not want a tutor for him whose own character was not beyond reproach. So in this, as in other subsequent ventures, the little discreditable report pursued Dalrymple like a fury, and stepped between him and all advancement. Hector was just about to ask a friend to lend him some money to go to the colonies, when something really likely presented itself to his harassed mind.

A large and formerly flourishing boys' school in London was just in a critical condition, owing to the second master having got into some disgrace, which had frightened off the parents. This man of course had left, and the head master, an old man who had been accustomed to rely on his second in all matters of importance, consulted Jocelyn as to the choice of a successor to him. The place had been offered to two or three good men, who had declined it owing to the slur on the name of the school at present. On the other hand, those who had come forward as applicants were not good scholars, and the old head master, who knew good and evil, would have none of them. The undaunted Jocelyn, on being applied to for suggestions, at once put up his man Dalrymple, whose learning and accuracy he vaunted with all the warmth that the sense of having coached an able man can give. A personal interview between Hector and the master settled the question; the old man, charmed with the honest, young, handsome face, satisfied with the evidences he gave of competency, and taking, in short, a violent fancy to his personality, engaged him on the spot. This gave Dalrymple what he had not until now attained, a fixed position and salary, and he entered upon his duties with his usual placid energy, a happy man.

Dalrymple had often wondered in the course of his adventures what had become of the fair enemy to whom he was indebted for them all. The news of her First had reached his ear, then nothing more about her. Hector was dimly conscious of a great desire to see again the face that had seemed to him so beautiful, and he used to dream of the deep blue eyes, and awake sighing. This used to surprise and amuse him a good deal when he thought of it. However, the wish to see Sapphira again remained. He went one evening with his old principal to a large dinner-party, some two months after his new appointment, and there he met Miss Camilla Davies, looking very radiant, and comely, and youthful, as the head of the new women's college. Dalrymple stood and watched her for a while after dinner as she sat between an old

lady, who was talking kindly to her, and a young admirer, who was hovering (happily ignorant of that University Extension lecturer in the background) behind her chair. 'She must have been nice,' meditated Dalrymple, meaning Sapphira, 'with such a nice friend.' And the logic of his remark was not so weak as it may appear.

Now Miss Camilla Davies had danced with Dalrymple at Commemoration balls, and had been his partner in a tennis tournament, so when she had heard of his scandalous misconduct she had been very much astonished and more than a little sorry. However, being a lady who never cut her friends, when she saw him glancing at her with evident wish and fear to greet her, she rose and came to him with frankness to shake hands, wondering as she did so, how a man could look as he did and yet be an impostor.

'How do you do, Mr. Dalrymple?' she said kindly. 'I was so pleased to hear of your appointment two months ago; and since you have been there one hears the school is rising in importance every day, and regaining all its old prestige.'

- 'You are very kind,' said Dalrymple, duly flattered; and feeling confidence in this charming person he asked abruptly, 'Miss Mendoza is an acquaintance of yours, is she not?'
 - 'My best friend, Mr. Dalrymple.'
 - 'I have often wondered what became of her and her talents.'

Camilla looked up sharply, and observed the tall and rosyhaired Scot profoundly blushing. Her girlish nature scented a romance, and she replied alertly:

- 'Oh, Sapphira was offered my place before me, and rejected it.'
- 'Indeed? I am glad there was found so worthy a substitute. But what made her refuse? Is she a wealthy lady of leisure?'
- 'Dear Sapphira, no! She has not a penny, and supports herself entirely by her brains. It was the strangest thing her refusing! She had expected and hoped for the offer. We all thought there must have been a love affair in the way.'
 - 'And was there?'
- 'No, I don't think so—but it was very strange. Because, think—not only the honour but the money was wanted. And then her terrible depression of spirits!—it would have been inexplicable, only that——'
 - 'Only what?'
 - 'Well, I am telling you too much.'
- 'Not at all; I feel a great interest in this lady.' But Camilla would unfold no more, and began to talk brightly on other subjects.

Meantime the two were being watched with interest by the slighted youth behind Camilla's chair. He found himself next Dalrymple's old superior officer and said vindictively to him:

'Who's that long fellow talking to Miss Davies?'

- 'A handsome, red-haired man?' said the principal; 'why, don't you speak disrespectfully of him, young man! He is my right hand, my heir in the school, I intend, the most brilliant, the most industrious, and the pleasantest fellow I ever came across. I look to him to make the future of my school. His name is Hector Dalrymple.'
- 'Hector Dalrymple? Dalrymple? Indeed! What do I know of Hector Dalrymple? Why, that was the name of the man who came to such grief at Oxbridge! Curious story, very. I am glad he is getting on so well!'
- 'Story—what story, sir?' petulantly exclaimed the old man, who had already had enough of stories in connection with his under-masters.
- 'Don't you know how Hector Dalrymple came to leave the University, and why he never took his degree?'
 - ' No, not I,' said the principal nervously.
- 'Well, he was expelled, sir; expelled for taking a crib into the Schools.'
 - 'Good heavens!'
- 'Fact, sir; I was in Oxbridge at the time and nothing else was talked of. Now I see his full face, I recognise the fellow immediately. He was quite a marked man, for nothing had been said against him before that day.'

The old principal looked much shaken, left the party at an early hour, and went home to wait for Dalrymple. Hector turned up a full hour later, whistling merrily, but as he was on his way to his own rooms the principal called him into the library.

'Look here, Dalrymple, I want to speak to you. I have heard something to-night, a disagreeable story, and I wish to have it out with you.'

Hector paled visibly and drew in his breath.

- 'What sort of story, sir?'
- 'A very disgraceful story, sir,' said the principal sternly, 'and a very mean story. So distasteful is it to me to pry into these things that I would not make any further inquiries from the authorities at Oxbridge until I should have given you a fair chance to speak first and clear yourself, as I suppose you will be able to do?'

- 'You allude, sir, I presume, to the reasons for my leaving Oxbridge before I had completed the regular course of study?'
- 'I do, Mr. Dalrymple. Pray tell me, why did you leave the University?'
- 'Because I was expelled, sir. Upon my word, I thought Joselyn had told you all about it!'
- 'It is true, then—the cribbing, and all?' the principal leant back in his chair and breathed hard.
 - 'Sir,' said Dalrymple, 'I have worked well for you, I think?'
- 'You have, Dalrymple, you have,' cried the old man, his voice breaking into a sob. 'This makes it very hard for me to seem ungrateful, and to deprive myself—— Leave me, sir, I must decide on this matter alone.'
- 'For heaven's sake, sir,' said Hector, leaning over the old man's chair affectionately, 'if you mean to send me away, say so now. It is a blow to me, I confess. I thought you knew the whole wretched business from beginning to end, and that you had decided that one false step need not ruin a man's whole career. But if you must send me away, send me now. Don't let it hang over me for even one night; it is not a new thing to me, sir, to be mistrusted, and I will bear it quietly, and not annoy you by protesting.'

There was silence in the dusky room. The old man buried his face in his hands and thought. Hector stood behind him and looked at the clock, and listened to its low, mysterious ticking, to give himself occupation in his suspense.

At a minute before twelve the principal spoke.

'Dalrymple,' he said, 'my school is still under the shadow of an old reproach. This stain I trusted to you to remove. You have deepened it by coming here. I have never met a man I liked as well as you. Had I ever had a daughter, it is you to whom I could most gladly have confided her. And you have worked well for me. I believe you like me. Listen to me. Tomorrow week a steamer leaves for Australia.' He rose and unlocked a bureau. 'Here are fifteen pounds. Will that pay your passage out?'

The clock struck twelve in low, subdued beats.

- 'Begin a new life, Dalrymple. Turn your back on the old world, and on everyone who has ever known you, and start afresh. That is my advice to you.'
- 'Thank you, sir; I will take it,' said Hector. 'I do not know what else I can do. I must accept your money for the present at

least. Look after Tom Black, sir; he is your best boy at the moment. He is under Simmons, but Simmons does not understand him; if you would give him a look now and then—— Black's verses are indifferent, sir; that wants looking to. Good night. I hope you will allow me to leave you to-morrow; I have several things to set in order before going. I am very sorry to occasion you this unpleasantness, sir. Good night.'

Hector made his adieux rapidly, for the interview was very painful. A week afterwards he was on his way out to a land for which he felt not the smallest interest—an exile from everything he cared for in life.

CHAPTER III.

DALRYMPLE went out to the goldfields to a cousin, but made nothing of that. He tried resolutely and with patience, but only was robbed by a more prosperous partner, and finally came in for a share in his failure; so at last, returned to his normal penniless condition, he retreated in search of bread to Melbourne. There on inquiry he found that the college of Harborough wanted an able scholar to fill the post of professor of history. Dalrymple applied, and his application was received with civil and genial consideration. The authorities demanded his credentials.

'I have none,' said Dalrymple, smiling amiably. 'I cannot produce any references—at least, I had rather not. I have received the education of a gentleman, and I am supposed to have brains. I have the necessary qualifications to fill your post; otherwise I am an adventurer.'

'Well, sir,' said the Head, laughing a little at the eccentric account of himself given by this pleasant-looking young man, 'this is the land of adventure; but I don't know that we should be justified in taking you on the sole information you have just supplied me.'

'Will you allow me to give one lecture in your hall two nights hence, to hear what I can do?' asked Dalrymple, who by many struggles was rendered alert to snatch a favourable chance for himself.

For the sake of the novelty the authorities smilingly agreed. On the evening of that important Wednesday, Hector Dalrymple, with his lecture in his pocket, was crossing Coronation Road on his way to the college, when the door of No. 25 opened, a lady in black stepped out, and Dalrymple came face to face with Sapphira Mendoza!

There was utter silence between the two for a moment. Then Hector found himself vociferating eagerly: 'Oh, Miss Mendoza, what have you been doing all this while? I seem to have lost sight of you so long!'

'Ever since you delivered me,' murmured Sapphira like one in a dream; 'I thought you came like the angels, only once.' She went whiter and whiter; instinctively, Dalrymple drew her arm within his and she leant upon him.

'I am sorry to have startled you,' began Hector gently. She began to sob. 'Where can I take you to rest?' he added, unwillingly. She looked round her vaguely. 'I was going to Harborough College,' she said.

'Then let us go,' said Dalrymple, and they walked forward together.

'Do not speak to me of anything else,' exclaimed Sapphira most earnestly, 'but tell me, how can my dreadful action be set right? Can I send my hand-writing to the examiners and have it compared with the piece they found?'

'What, Miss Mendoza, still thinking of the old trouble! The little scrap of paper will have been long since destroyed, I have weathered through any unpleasantness there was, and I entreat you not to give the subject a single moment of consideration more.'

'I have spoilt your life, all in one instant; I scarcely know how it was done. I shall never be able to forgive myself, nor to look you in the face, nor to know self-respect again. All this I see, but what I cannot see is, how to make amends—how to put things right for you again.'

Dalrymple considered what he should say to her, and finally replied: 'Between ourselves, that cannot be done. It would give us both far more trouble and mortification than it is worth to try, and our attempt even then would most probably be unsuccessful. Let all this be set behind us, Miss Mendoza, or only remembered as a secret between us two—a bond of union between us—it is so pleasant to meet you again!'

'It was a great thing you did for me, sir; I have never for an hour forgotten it.'

'You make far too much of it, Miss Mendoza.'

'Too much!' murmured Sapphira with a low laugh—'too

much! Mr. Dalrymple,' she exclaimed eagerly, looking him full in the face; 'my First was fairly gained—I must tell you—I cannot bear the opinion you must have had of me—let me tell you, for we may not meet again. I never used that horrible paper; my First, such as it was, came to me by fair means.'

'I am very glad to hear it, Miss Mendoza,' said Dalrymple heartily. 'I confess I always thought there was some mistake.'

'No mistake anywhere,' said Sapphira. 'I brought the dishonest paper of references myself. I need not explain my reasons, the fact speaks for itself—but believe me, the one thing I am thankful for is this, I never used it.'

There was a certain vanity in this confession; poor Sapphira could bear that Dalrymple should think anything that was bad of her, save only that her First was not the genuine product of her own genius.

- 'Stay, I have to lecture!' exclaimed Dalrymple, suddenly, as they reached the college entrance. 'Excuse me, I must go; I stand or fall by this.'
 - 'Are you the lecturer I was to hear?'
- 'Certainly,' said Dalrymple smiling with excitement and inward joy; 'but you have put it all out of my head.' He took Sapphira to a foremost place in the great wide Hall, and then withdrew for a few minutes. The head of the college entered, followed by a crowd of people whose faces, avocations, talents were all unknown to Hector. He felt a thrill run through him. He slowly came forward and ascended a species of dais from which he was to speak, and drew out his manuscript and gave a look round at the crowd. He dared not glance towards Sapphira, but the magnetism of her presence interpenetrated him; he knew that the deep blue eyes of which he had so often dreamed, those glorious sad eyes were fastened on his face; he felt there was one soul in this strange multitude that knew him.

Then, with a sudden impulse, he threw up his head and dashed his carefully prepared lecture on the floor.

'My unknown friends,' he said, in a strong loud voice, 'I come before you a stranger, to make you know me. Can I read stiff platitudes to you? I have chosen to speak to you of the ill-fated Sicilian expedition, of the old grievous drama which you all know the facts of. You know the tale most probably as well as I, let me paint it for you once again, and try and win your sympathy, for I feel your minds are sick of commentators and analysis. Listen then; recall this with me.'

And his eloquence blazed forth. He spoke as he could not have believed it was in him to speak. He knew himself no more, but felt under enchantment, as if nothing could surprise him, and all the time his words flashed out in a grand series, ever heightening in intensity and glow. It was a dramatic picture rather than a lecture; indeed, to say truth, it was a little insincere, for Hector was self-conscious enough to throw in here and there bits of rarer erudition, which seemed to give tone to his gorgeous verbiage. People breathed hard as they listened; some thrilled, others even wept; but the more learned nodded their heads approvingly at the hints of his more serious accomplishments. He ended, and the assemblage broke up with applause, but the crowd shut out Sapphira, and Dalrymple went back to his lodging, a lonely stranger still. Next day a deputation from the college waited upon him and told him: 'Sir, by your lecture of last night we find that you are the man for us. So we offer you the professorship of history at Harborough College and its emoluments, without further inquiry, and we look to you to fill the post wiselv.'

Dalrymple accepted the honour very gratefully, and with the satisfactory sense that here was at last a position where, if scandalous rumours did pursue him, they would not be allowed any weight against his services. He has always laughed to himself at the recollection of the manner in which he obtained this appointment; and says it is the only time in his life when he has been an impostor, for he tried to be showy, and succeeded.

But the very next afternoon Dalrymple called at 25 Coronation Road; and, ushered in by an inarticulate, shy servant-girl, he startled the Jewess almost as much this second time of meeting. He found Sapphira Mendoza reclining on a small sofa, looking gloomily regal in a long black robe, and she was engaged in coaching two young men from Harborough College in the Republic of Plato.

Dalrymple paused, embarrassed, at the threshold, and Sapphira, taken a second time unawares, uttered a suppressed exclamation, and covered her white face with her hands. The young men she was lecturing, supposing this to be the next pupil, gathered up their books, made their salutations, and went. Dalrymple therefore stepped forward to one of the vacant chairs.

The Jewess drew in her breath with a long sigh of pleasure, and her face lighted up with the joy she felt in the presence of the only person on earth whose enemy she had been.

- 'I have never heard yet,' began Hector, 'whether there is any sublunary cause for our wonderful reunion. What brought you here, Miss Mendoza?'
- 'I am assistant-lecturer in Greek at Harborough College,' explained Sapphira.
- 'Then you have refused an advantageous post in England for an inferior one here?'
- 'You do not understand,' said Sapphira, passionately. 'Can you suppose that I would accept any good thing that came to me through my First in Greats, which should have been yours? This place was offered to me on account of some articles of mine in *Mind*. I could, therefore, take it with a clear conscience; it was no reward of my degradation.'
- "" Degradation"?' repeated Dalrymple, frowning, to himself. I know of no degradation. If I chose to act in a certain way, that was no affair of yours."
- 'I might have stopped you. I might have done so much for honour's sake,' moaned Sapphira. 'I thought then that I could not bear the disgrace of being exposed as a cheat; now I know it would have been far easier than to have given you a moment's pain.'
- 'Sapphira!' cried Dalrymple quickly, and at the sound of her name spoken by his lips, the eyes of the enamoured Jewess shone into a sudden beautiful smile.

Encouraged by that smile, Dalrymple rose and stood close by her.

- 'I must explain myself,' he said. 'If you will forgive me, I will speak now. It seems to me meanness to hide my feelings. Sapphira, I won't deny that your beauty has had much to do with it—for I hardly can be said to know you very well—but I had you continually in my thoughts wherever I have gone, I am so intensely relieved and happy to be once more in your company and hear you speak, that it nerves me to ask you, will you never mind the past, but give me your hand as my wife and let us for the future take our adventures together?'
- 'No, a thousand times no!' cried Sapphira. 'What, spoil your life and then accept your devotion? Never!'
- 'I do not know what you mean by a spoiled life. I am very comfortable, in all but my love.'
- 'You offer this to me!' murmured Sapphira, in an agony of shame and remorse.
- 'Yes, I ask you to share my poverty. Even your self-tormenting nature cannot object to that gift.'
 - 'You offer me a heart the most courageous, the most chivalric,

the most loyal, that I have ever known. By what right can I take it, I who have already taken too much from you?'

'Sapphira, between you and me, what does it matter about that affair? We have neither of us anything to reproach ourselves with. Thank goodness, your brilliant First was fairly secured; I had my wish also, and here we are, two friends in a strange world, with our secret between us. A conscience, dearest Sapphira, is a good thing if timely, but it all depends on observing the unities of time and place. Why have a conscience two years after the event? Come, I know that is no reason and I fear the true one—you do not know me, you cannot care for me.'

- 'Not? I would die for you!' Sapphira murmured with her glorious eyes ablaze.
 - 'But not let me be happy, eh?'
 - 'It is not for your happiness to link yourself with me.'
- 'Here, again, let me be judge of my own actions. Think only of yourself; could you be happy?'
- 'At last I have found something I may give up for you,' said the Jewess, 'and the greatest thing I could give up—yourself.'
- 'Oh, rubbish!' expostulated Dalrymple. 'You mean you could not love me.'

Sapphira wept and was silent, daring not to speak, for she was half-persuaded. She begged Dalrymple to go and leave her time to reflect.

'All right,' he replied; 'here is my address—write to-night if you can, or at least to-morrow; or else I will come, if you like better, to learn your decision. But, if it is unfavourable, I shall not consider it final.'

He went slowly towards the door, reluctant to leave her weeping. At the threshold he turned and looked at her doubtfully a while. 'I don't feel sure that you really wish me to go,' he said hesitatingly.

Sapphira sighed deeply, though she said nothing.

Dalrymple walked quickly back to her side and said hurriedly:

'If you will not listen to my love, Sapphira, listen to my loneliness. I am here an adventurer, of shady antecedents, living on my knowledge of history. There is one person on this Continent who might trust me, and she—refuses. Sapphira!' But at this last appeal the Jewess cast her conscience to the winds and threw herself into his arms.

So they were married and will never be rich, but they are perfectly happy and likely to be famous.

Never were two such lovers. They would stand in company oblivious of all comings and goings, gazing into each other's eyes till empty space was made round them and they were left wondering to find themselves alone.

Sapphira's emotions were always stronger than those of the herd of placid folk, and her rapturous and dreamy happiness was the surprise of all. Dalrymple took things outwardly more quietly, but he had no one in the world to care for but his wife, and she was everything to him. They were last seen somewhere in the country on their long vacation, taking their breakfast in the open air, Sapphira in a perfect suit of white and dark blue, with a flower at her breast (sure token of an attentive husband), Dalrymple placidly smoking a cigar and rallying his beautiful wife. They looked—as indeed they were—a pair of arrant adventurers. Sapphira is a Bohemian by nature; Dalrymple has become one by necessity. They were correcting proofs of the book they are writing together on the 'Secret of Hegel.'

It will be a good book and a notable, for they are both original minds, and there has always been a slight coolness between Jocelyn of Anselm's and Hale of St. Veep's, because the latter asserts that his pupil, Sapphira Mendoza, was far away the most brilliant scholar of her year, whilst Jocelyn indignantly affirms that she is greatly surpassed by his pupil, Hector Dalrymple, and that he could have given her points in almost all his subjects if only he had not had that curious little affair which, ahem! prevented his taking his degree.

Naturally, as he did not take it, the moot point can never be settled in this world.

PERCY Ross.

The 'Donna' in 1890.

By the Author of 'Charles Lowder.'

'ROM what I have heard,' a witty Frenchwoman once said, 'men are not essentially bad. They are forgetful, frivolous, taken up with their amusements, their work, their ambition, or their club; they are busy about too many things to complete even one; but happily we are there, we women, and all the good they accomplish is due to our perseverance. Therefore, when you feel it right to plead in a good cause, do not fear to weary by the repetition of your requests; take a woman's line, it is the best—Persevere!'

Whatever grain of truth there may be in her playful estimate of the virtue of persistence, the kindness of the readers of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE has made the yearly statement of the work of the 'Donna' a pleasant task in which to persevere; the rather because we hope to gain fresh friends for the friendless each year, since the generous donations sent during the last six years have not for the most part been regular subscriptions. has lived from hand to mouth, but the hand has been filled in no niggard fashion. May it be so still! For as long as there are men unemployed and hungry who are willing to work, it is difficult to think that anything but good can be done by selling food to them, ready cooked, at less than it costs. Just now, anything connected with the docks or dockmen seems out of public favour, and we cannot much wonder at it :- as in the case of Irish landlords, the good must suffer cruel injustice for the faults of the bad. The account given here of the 'Donna,' a truck daily laden with nourishing food at half-cost for men out of work, has at least this merit, that it gives the experience of those who live amongst the men and know them individually, and speak of the things which they know.

In a letter just received from the Sister in charge of the Workmen's Restaurant, 42 A Dock Street, from which the 'Donna' truck is sent, she says, 'Without the support of Longman's we could not possibly support the "Donna"; it depends entirely on the readers of the Magazine.' Of course it is much to be desired that 'casual labour' should cease, and with it the work of the 'Donna.' Meantime we are most glad to find that the number of casual dock labourers is less by 25 per cent. than it was last year, and that the money taken at the 'Donna' truck very nearly corresponds with this decrease of casual labour. Sixteen shillings in halfpence are now taken daily, whilst twenty shillings a day were received this time twelvemonth. This is so far satisfactory, both as marking a large decrease in casual labour and as proving that the 'Donna' does not attract vagrants from all parts of London, but exists for the benefit of men employed at the docks as casual hands, willing for work, and themselves contributing largely to its support. Of these, from eight to nine hundred are employed when much work is going on at the docks; during the wool sales, or when Christmas fruit comes in, as at this time, from fifty to five hundred hands may be called for at any moment. The chief cargoes are fruit, fish, and vegetables; the fish has all to be carried to the market. When the large vessels come in the foreman of the yards comes to the gate and calls out the number of men wanted. Very often the foreman has but an hour's notice of the arrival of a vessel, and sometimes three or four come in together, especially at this time of year.

At times there is work for the men all along the new wharf; they may have it for a day or a day and a-half, and then nothing at all for two or three days; but there the men are on chance of employment. In summer work is very slack, and most of them go hop-picking or hay-making, but are back in time for the ships coming in with supplies for the Christmas markets. We are anxious to say distinctly that the 'Donna' was established in order to bring wholesome and hot food within reach of these men when unemployed, and that it is carried on for their benefit.

There are only two trucks now sent to the unemployed—the 'Don' at Tower Hill, supported by subscriptions, and the 'Donna.' Both have gone on the whole year. Trucks for the employed, which have been mentioned in former articles, selling food at cost price, are no longer sent within the docks, since by a new arrangement the men are allowed to leave the docks for half-anhour, and they prefer coming to the Restaurant to dine. It is

crowded with dockmen during the dinner half-hour, and their favourite fare at the trucks is still in great demand—pea-soup and jam-roll.

There are many guide-books to the 'Sights of London,' but I doubt whether any sight more touching and suggestive of thought could be found than that which may be witnessed any day between twelve and two o'clock in Lower Thames Street, close to London Bridge. In a quiet corner off the thronged thoroughfare, the Kilburn Sisters have been allowed to put up a little iron shed, where a Sister—often accompanied by a lady-helper—takes her stand in all weathers, and unpacks a number of tins of hot soup and pudding from a truck, the 'Donna,' which a man has wheeled after her from Dock Street.

'On a certain snowy day last winter,' one lady-helper writes, 'as twelve o'clock struck, all was in readiness. Sister A., in charge of the soup-can, has already a row of steaming basins on the counter in front of the shed: my duty is to dispense the puddings-"plum," an ingenious compound of bread, flour. dripping, raisins, and treacle; and "plain," which is only good, firm, suet dumpling, with salt. Of these I have cut up a small mountain with a delightful knife, so contrived that it will only cut slices of a regulation size. And now the dinnerless unemployed crowd in a miserable shivering crew. But they treat the Sister with respect, and even with a rough politeness. "Please do not push," she says, and the crowd fall back instantly. They form into line, and the stream files past, haggard faces looking up at me in turn, with the order-"Ha'porth of plain" -"Ha'porth of plum." Lo! my mountain has melted away, and I betake myself to the knife, a hand closing over each slice as it falls, and bearing it off.

'In about ten minutes the great rush was over. The "quiet corner," or rather tiny courtyard, is separated from the street by high iron railings. It was empty, except for untrodden snow, when we arrived; now the snow was all slush, and the court quite full of diners. They did not seem to notice that the falling flakes were soaking through their threadbare garments, and the mud oozing through worn-out boots. The men were starving, and here was food at a nominal price. Just outside, with wan faces pressed against the railings, were a few who did not even possess one halfpenny, watching their more fortunate comrades with famished eyes.

'A lad who had bought a "ha'porth o' stew," seeing a little boy

eagerly watching each mouthful he ate, fed him with the spoon through the rails; and, when the basin was empty, asked for another, and shared it with the outsider.

'An old man inside, having finished his portion, said piteously, "Please, ma'am, I feel very starved-like; would you object to me picking up them crumbs of pudden as have fallen on the ground?" Permission was given, and this poor Lazarus stooped down to pick small fragments from the cold wet stones.'

'We were very busy at the "Donna" food truck,' a Sister writes, but at last the bell rang, and the men hurried away, fearing to lose any chance of a job. One ragged-looking fellow lingered, watching us as we wiped the counter and brushed the crumbs into a plate, and at last asked bashfully if he might have the crumbs, muttering something about "awful peckish." We gave him a free meal of hot soup and pudding. He glanced at it with the look in his eyes which we have seen too often, and which means—starvation; after his dinner he seemed inclined to open his heart to us.

"I don't know," he said, "if you are the Sisters of Mercy who was kind to me some time ago when I fell down in a fit nigh London Bridge. I am subject to fits; I can't get work—they won't take me. I get into a "Salvation" place sometimes to sleep; other nights I walk the streets. Thank you, ma'am, for my dinner; it's done me a lot of good, and I know the likes of you don't grudge it."

A strange, silent old man often came for food; among many dejected faces one could not help noticing his. At last the Sister said, 'You look very ill and sorrowful.' He lifted his grey head then, and spoke eagerly: 'Sister, would you go and see my son? he's ill—and starving.' When he knew that she was daily visiting his son and taking him food his face grew a little brighter, but he seldom spoke, and his boots and clothes seemed every day more shabby. At last the Sister said, 'Do tell me about yourself; cannot I come and see you? Where do you live?'

The answer almost frightened her, for the old man burst into tears, which he struggled in vain to keep back, and his voice was shaken with bitter sobs. 'The only house I have now is the street,' he said, 'and the only food I ever eat is what I get here; and God knows how I wish it were all over, and I might rest. I've even thought of the workhouse, but I can't—I can't. I've been an honest working-man all my life, and I can't end my days there. My son, poor boy, doesn't know; I couldn't tell him, for

he's trouble enough of his own to bear, not able to earn anything for his young wife, or for his sick baby.' Not long after, the old man ceased to appear, and the Sister went to make inquiries for him at his son's. 'He's disappeared, Sister,' was the answer, 'and I can't look for him.' He was here last Monday, and he looked at poor baby a long time, and said, "Ah, baby and me will soon be going home—going home." Then he went away; and whether he's dead or alive we can't tell. Efforts were made after this to trace him, but they were fruitless.

The poor fellows show their gratitude when they can. One of the dockmen brought a bunch of grapes to a Sister at a truck, and begged her to accept them. 'It is very kind of you,' she said, 'but don't you want them for yourself?' 'No, I brought them on purpose for you.' They were thankfully accepted for the sick. 'Will this be any use to you?' another man said, coming up to a Sister in Ratcliff Highway and putting one-and-fourpence into her hand.

The customers at the docks really value good cookery and careful serving of food. 'The soup is always very good,' was one remark, 'but it's extra to-day, Sister. I expect the lady gave it a good stirring.' 'Sister, this steak-pudding is capital,' said another 'Only one fault—I think it's too highly seasoned: I can take things as peppery as most, but it seems to me the seasoning all gets into one place; the pepper and salt are not thoroughly mixed—if they were, the men would buy them hand over fist.' 'Thank you for telling me; I'll see to the seasoning of them to-morrow,' said Sister. The result was satisfactory, for the man came up after finishing his pudding to say it could not have been better. 'I should like to come to the Restaurant,' he added, 'every day instead of the trucks; everything is so nice and clean; only from twelve to half-past twelve it is so hot and crowded.' Having myself dined at the Workman's Restaurant, from which the trucks are sent out, I can testify to the excellence of the food and the admirable way in which it is served. Perhaps, amongst everything good, the porridge-and-milk was pre-eminently so. Here, in a large upper room, social evenings are given every Thursday to hundreds of men, ending with a service, conducted by the Sisters, for which any who wish it remain.

As I have said before, it is impossible to deal with individual cases at the 'Donna' truck, where about four hundred customers for halfpenny dinners have to be attended to during the hour from twelve to one. It is at the Night Refuge in Tenter Street, E.,

not ten minutes' walk from Aldgate Street Station, that cases are carefully sifted, and not only food and lodging given, but help to recover lost ground and to begin life afresh. The 150 hammocks, with just a leather coverlet, are eagerly sought for, and a reference is always required; the Sisters write about every single case to former employers, etc., and the ticket for seven nights at the Refuge depends on the answer. It is now open, and will accommodate 150 men, who, in addition to their night's lodging, will be supplied with supper and breakfast on payment of threepence.

Not long after the article on the 'Donna' in this Magazine appeared in January 1890, I received a letter from a gentleman quite unknown to me, saying that he desired to be at the charge of providing the guests at the Night Refuge with breakfast and supper for one day, and that he wished to know the day on which, though at a distance, he so entertained them. It is impossible to say what pleasure this kind thought and help gave at the Refuge.

It was open from November 4 to April 30 last winter, and sheltered altogether 4,356 men. It was full every night until April, when the average of men each night fell to about eighty. At the beginning of this winter a Sister wrote to me, 'Men are anxiously asking when the Refuge is to be opened. One poor man who was in regular work at the docks before the strike—well known to the Sisters who served at the food-truck—came into the Restaurant a few weeks ago. He said times had changed with him: before the strike he managed to get along and could have a dinner from the truck every day; now things were very different, and he was afraid he should have to go into the workhouse. He seemed to think if he had a few nights' shelter at the Refuge he would stand a better chance of getting work, for he felt so weak and down after wandering in the streets all night.'

None could tell more of the ups and downs of life than some of our poor friends who come from the 'Donna' to the Night Refuge. Many of them have been tolerably high in the social scale, and I only wish that those who say it is always the fault of such if they 'come down with a run' could know the 'ower true' tales of these poor fellows. It is a delicate matter to inquire into their sorrowful past, especially as the Sisters have not always the means to give them a new start; but something can be done when their character and willingness to work is definitely ascertained by writing to former employers or new friends anxious to help the unemployed; and in this way many desponding men have been enabled to begin life again under happier auspices.

The Night Refuge has grown out of the work at the 'Donna,' where men who must otherwise be on the streets all night hear of it from others. Long before six o'clock, when the doors open, there is a silent crowd of men waiting and longing to be let in; they tell us there is little chance of their being taken on at the docks in the afternoon, and it is a sort of comfort to stand near the Refuge door, and to think of the warmth and welcome awaiting them—a roaring fire to cheer them, and books and papers, besides supper.

'We're used to waiting, ma'am,' one in this crowd said to a lady visitor who arrived before the doors were open. 'It's the way we spends most of our time. We waits for hours at the dock gates, till there ain't a chance of work, then we comes and waits here till that door's opened, and them as can't get in tramps off to spend the night in the streets, and waits again for daylight. Some of these chaps have been here since afore two o'clock, and a lot of them will find there's no room after all.'

'We're used to waiting!' What a sense of bitter trial is conveyed to our minds by these words! Work may be hard and wearying—still there is the feeling of gaining by it, as well as the satisfaction of employment. But the almost hopeless waiting in idleness! What must not the strain be on a man's heart and nerves and moral condition, to say nothing of bodily privation! There may be vagrants who prefer the chance of casual labour with high wages to steady, constant work, or who have lost the latter by their own fault. I know by my own personal knowledge that this is not the case with hundreds of those who are reduced to come for food to the 'Donna'—for shelter to the 'Friend in Need.' I have seen the carefully kept register at the latter of answers from former employers, and know how well men have responded to permanent help.

Supper—a pint of pea-soup and a quarter of a loaf—the great event of the evening, is now given at half-past seven instead of nine o'clock as last year. 'The truth is, ma'am,' the caretaker (an ex-policeman) says, 'that the poor chaps didn't know how to wait for it. After standing about or tramping all day without a bit of food, they are like a lot of wolves when they gets here. They didn't complain, but I could see by their faces what they was thinkin', and it didn't seem any use to keep 'em longer than need be. They get their soup and bread now in good time, and it puts a bit of life into 'em, so that some of 'em can sit down

and enjoy a newspaper or a game at draughts. You look at 'em, ma'am.'

Thus invited, we peeped into the kitchen. The basins had all been cleared away, and the men had a comfortable hour to spend as they chose. Some were busy with illustrated papers; not a few had curled themselves on the benches and gone to sleep, worn out with fatigue. Others were very willing to talk, and it was astonishing to find so many intelligent men of good education among them.

'Rare good stuff,' they remark, as their supper is set before them. 'Better than skilly by a good sight.' A lady gave them an extra treat one day last winter in honour of her birthday—a saveloy all round, in addition to their usual fare. 'How they did enjoy it!' the Sister says. 'And now we have had a delightful anonymous gift—ninety-five cigars; and, as we had another small parcel of them sent before, we shall be able to deal them round. There is nothing the men like better than a smoke. It seems to console them.'

About nine o'clock a murmur goes round the room, 'Sister's come for prayers.' The service is very short, very simple, and very hearty; the singing wonderfully good, the men's voices sounding even grand in 'O God, our help in ages past.' On Sundays the men have tea and bread-and-butter for breakfast instead of cocoa and bread, and are allowed to remain all day at the Refuge; a dinner of meat-pies is given to them, and a short service is also held for their benefit. It seemed hardly likely they would care to show their ragged clothes in church, poor fellows; but one Sunday the Bible-reader from the parish church paid a visit to the Refuge just as the bells were beginning to ring. cordially asking the men to come to church. Forty-five responded to the call.

Many old soldiers are amongst the customers at the 'Donna,' and are received at the Refuge. One poor man was sitting in a quiet corner, with head bent down, but a lady's greeting roused him, and he made an unmistakably military salute. 'I am afraid you are ill,' she said. 'Yes, ma'am—ill, indeed,' he answered, 'and not used to rough it, worse luck. I'm a soldier, and was invalided home after twelve years in India. The day after I landed I was so ill that they took me to hospital, and there I've lain ever since. I came out this afternoon, and should have had to spend the night out of doors if I hadn't heard of this place; a night out would have killed me. Now I've come to the "Friend

in Need," until I'm a bit more able to work. Mine was a cavalry regiment, and I can show my discharge. What would suit me best now would be a coachman's place.'

Not long after, this man came to one of the food depôts, looking so much brighter that the Sister said to him, 'I am sure you have had some good news.' 'Yes, ma'am,' he replied; 'I did not like telling you before that I had had the chance to save my colonel's life in action' (I think, in Egypt). 'He has been very ill, but now I have heard from him; he is coming home, and has written to engage me as his own servant, and I hope never to be like this again. The Refuge seemed meant to save me, for it took me in twice when a night out would have been just death to me.' It was a great joy to the Sister to know that one of their poor guests at least was out of trouble, and 'set upon his feet.'

A young fisher-lad, under the age at which Refuge guests are admitted, had pleaded so earnestly, with tears running down his cheeks, that it was impossible to refuse him.

'I don't know a soul in London, and I haven't a penny,' he said. He belongs to the Deep Sea Fisheries, fell ill of rheumatic fever while his vessel was in port, and was taken to Guy's Hospital, from which he was discharged, and had spent four nights in the street, before he came to the Refuge.

'In a few days my ship'll be in, and then I shall go on board, and it'll be all right,' he said cheerfully.

'Mine is fine work, you see, ma'am, army accourrement work, and wants special tools,' another poor guest at the Refuge tells us. 'I make soldiers' belts, and carbine rests. Ours is not a bad trade by any means; the worst of it is that it has its seasons. Now's the time for me to get a place, and I could get one—I've the promise of it—if I had the tools; in our business each workman provides his own tools. I want pinchers, and clams, and a stabbing-awl and flax and hemp. A few shillings would set me afloat again, but they're out of my reach.'

'I was a hotel porter,' one whose looks told plainly of consumption said to us; 'and often when I'd heavy boxes to carry upstairs it 'ud throw me into a perspiration, and then I'd have to go out, perhaps, and would catch a bad cold. At last I was laid up with lung disease. I'd some money in the bank then; but it soon melted away, and at last I found myself better, but without a situation, and too weak to work. The doctor said to me: 'You've a chance now, my man, but only if you take great care;

the least exertion may make the hæmorrhage come on again, and then it'll be a bad job with you." Then he nodded to me and turned to the next patient, and I went away. That night I spent in the street, ma'am. I daren't sit down for fear of catching cold, so I walked till I was pretty near falling down with fatigue. All of a sudden everything seemed swimming round me, and I felt myself getting deadly faint. "It's my last hour come," I thought to myself; and I'd just strength to get as far as the next lamp-post and lean up against it. The next thing I was conscious of was that a policeman was bending over me; he'd got me on to a bench, and was looking hard at me. After a bit I was able to speak, and to answer his questions. I told him I was faint from weakness, being only just recovered from an illness. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out a shilling, which he gave me. "My poor chap," he said, "I only wish I'd more to give you." Then he told me of your Refuge, ma'am. late to go there then, but I tried another night. There was a dense crowd round the door, and I turned sick at the thought of having to wait and push my way in. After a few more nights out, I began to feel so tired out that I came here again, and this time, you see, I've got in, and right glad I am to find it's a quiet, decent place like this, where a man can rest and have a bit of peace. Food? No, I've had none to-day, nor yesterday neither, though the doctor did say I was to have everything that's nourishing.'

After supper this poor fellow looked a little less ghastly, and he seemed to like to talk.

'A bit of sympathy seems to cheer one up,' he said, smiling. 'I had a good mother once, ma'am, and many's the time I've thought of her as I tramped the streets. It seemed hard to lose her, but I'm glad now that she didn't live to see me like this. It would have pretty nigh broken her heart, ma'am; she couldn't bear to see even strangers suffering. When I was quite a small child, I remember how she'd often stop and give me a penny to give to some poor beggar we'd seen in the road. My mother taught me to pray too, ma'am, and I can honestly say that I've never missed saying my prayers night and morning, though I've had to say them in odd places lately.

'It's hard to guess what is to become of me now; I daren't think of it too much. I can't take to hotel work now, for I haven't the strength for it. A waiter's place in a private family would suit me best, and I've done that kind of work before, and

have plenty of good testimonials, but my shabby clothes are against me.'

'I have known him for many years, and could trust him with untold gold,' was the answer from a referee as to one of our men. 'He has been apprenticed in Gray's Inn; he worked there till the lock-out, and has worked with me at C—— for sixteen years.'

'I know W. F. well,' another referee writes; 'he formerly occupied a good position, and is a thoroughly honest man, but is in an enfeebled state of health.'

Others write: 'What R. M. told you is quite true. He is quite respectable and strictly honest.' 'J. C. is worthy of any assistance you can give him.' Hundreds of such letters could be given.

But there is another class of customers at the 'Donna' and guests at the Night Refuge who have fallen into the ranks of casual labourers through their own fault, but who find help to retrieve the past. Amongst these was F——, whose face wore an expression of such deep gloom that it was impossible not to make some attempt to get a talk with him. A few kind words brought a softer look into his eyes, and at last the Sister said, 'You look very unhappy; is it any trouble you could talk about?'

Then poor F—— burst out: 'Trouble! I'm ruined, that's all! Ruined body and soul, and all through my own fault!' He made a gesture of despair, but presently went on: 'It's drink that's done it. I don't care to make any secret of it; it's done for me, and there's no use my tryin' for work any more.'

This was the first of many conversations with poor F——. Before his time at the Refuge was over he received an offer of work from the captain of a vessel, and set out with fresh heart and many earnest resolutions of amendment. We must hope that they will be kept, and that he may yet do well.

Some of the most deserving men have been helped by the loan of clothes, in which to go and seek for work. 'It pulls a man back to be so unlucky as I have been; my clothes are all against me now,' said an engraver, who was a pupil at the Kensington School of Fine Art, and whose late master gave him an excellent character. He looked down with a sigh at his poor ragged boots, which showed a good deal of bare foot. 'I have walked about to every large town in the south of England, but I found no work, except for a short time at Brighton. I am obliged to you for taking me in here,' he added gratefully; 'it's the first time I have come to this; now I can go to look for work, and feel sure of a night's lodging and a supper and breakfast.'

'I've gone down—down! and now I don't know that I shall ever pick up again,' another respectable man exclaimed. 'I don't feel I've the spirit or strength left to work, and my clothes are against me—look at them!'

This is the frequent hindrance to getting work. 'My clothes are so shabby, and one must look tidy in my line of business,' said one man, whose last situation was at the Civil Service Stores, and who had been obliged to leave it from illness. A gift of a coat and trousers enabled another poor fellow to obtain a good post; and he left the Refuge in great spirits, after several months of enforced idleness. Two others were also helped to clothes—a diamond-setter and a jeweller. Both were hoping for jobs before Christmas, but could not appear behind the counter in ragged coats, literally green and yellow with age. One is not surprised when they say, 'You see, employers look at one's clothes, and say, "I couldn't take you in that state." 'Our looks are against us,' they add ruefully, and it is only too true.

Amongst the guests at the Refuge one evening was a hair-dresser, and a lady visitor could hardly help laughing (though she had been nearer crying for some time) when she saw him bring out a carefully treasured pair of scissors, and at the earnest entreaty of several men, proceed to trim their beards or cut their hair; indeed, he was in such request, and looked so pale and tired all the time, that the lady felt quite sorry for him.

'I should not have thought they would have so much regard for their personal appearance,' she said to the caretaker.

He smiled and said, 'A man has more chance of finding employment, you see, ma'am, if he looks a tidy sort of chap. It is not so easy to keep even *clean* when they've been out of doors night after night. They all values the wash they get here afore going out of a morning, and I've known them say they've spent their last farthing on a bit of soap rather than buy bread with it.'

'It is simply impossible to say how deeply grateful we are for parcels of cast-off clothing lately sent,' the Sister-in-charge writes. 'Several times comforters have been sent to be distributed among our unemployed, and I only wish the donors could have been present when they were given; certainly they would have been touched by the gratitude shown. On one occasion we noticed them holding the "woollies" up to their faces, as if it were a new and pleasant sensation to touch anything soft and warm. A man then stood up and said: "Please, Sister, thank the lady, from the bottom of our hearts." Another added: "May

God bless her for thinking of us." And a third, a poor white, hollow-cheeked man, said, "She's pretty nigh saved some of us from dying, bless her."

Old clothing and boots for men are invaluable. Only last week two poor fellows came, literally in rags. Their references were so good, and they seemed so deserving of help, that we gave them each a complete suit of clothes, and both have now obtained employment as clerks. Gifts of this kind can be sent direct to 'The Sister-in-Charge, 42a Dock Street, London Dock, E.C.'

I must not omit a few words concerning the workroom in Cannon Street for the wives of the unemployed. Women are not allowed to come to the 'Donna,' but they often support their unemployed husbands by the opening for industry given in Cannon Street. The workroom, closed during the summer, was re-opened in October, but, owing to the lack of funds only twenty-five could be taken on again. It was a terrible blow to some of the less fortunate women: they could not understand why they were not to come. 'Sister, have I done anything wrong that I am not to come back? I always tried to do my work well and to give satisfaction, and I have looked forward so to it—it always came in so handy for my rent.' 'Oh, sister,' said another, 'I am a widow and have nothing to depend upon; do ask if I may come back.' These are only two instances out of two or three dozen. From fifty to seventy women could be employed if the money were forthcoming.

Very thankful and grateful are the few who have returned to their work. 'This workroom is a blessing to us, Sister,' said one; 'I am thankful to get back again; we have missed it dreadfully these weeks; I never knew how much it was to me till I was deprived of it.'

'It's quite true,' chimed in another; 'nobody takes no account of their mercies till they lose them.'

'That's true, Mrs. B.; I missed this, and counted the weeks to coming back. I felt so overjoyed at the thought of to-day I couldn't sleep all night.' No one could doubt their gratitude who looked in upon them half-an-hour after, when settled at their work, every woman as intent upon what she was doing as though very important issues were involved—which certainly is the case with most of them, as it simply means a winter either in their own room or the workhouse. They keep their silence rule well, and are equally glad to listen to a story which one of the visitors reads, or any remarks which may be made on their work when it

is looked at, as it very often is during the afternoon. Some work very well indeed, and others have made wonderful progress since the workroom started; but each one does her very best, and all understand that no slipshod work could be allowed.

The Sisters received a most pathetic letter from an old woman, asking to be taken on again at the workroom, and stating that the money she would earn there was all she had to depend upon this winter. A Sister was sent to her to try to persuade her to go into the infirmary, as she could not possibly exist on the two days' pay she would receive for needlework; and to tell her that the workroom was intended to help those who had a little to fall back upon, and keep them from starving during the winter months. The Sister felt she had a most difficult task to perform, and quite expected an outburst of grief at the beginning; but no—the old woman listened quite cheerfully to the end.

- 'Then that just makes it right, Sister, as I've had my rent promised,' she replied.
- 'Whatever did you mean by writing and telling us that you had nothing in the world to depend upon?'
- ''More I had when I wrote that, but my son-in-law has promised to send me it every Monday—that's my daughter that died five years ago's husband. I haven't spoke to him since she died till yesterday. I don't consider he behaved over well to her; but Mrs. J. came in here the day before yesterday and brought with her some beautiful poetry he has just wrote about my daughter, and got it printed too, and it says what a good wife she was to him, and how he'll never find her equal. So I just thought I'd go over the water and see him, for he might perhaps do something for me, for a fair slave I'd been to him when she was ill; and he was glad to see me, paid my fare, and is going to send me a shilling a week to pay the rent of this room. It's most beautiful poetry, Sister—you would like to read it, I know.'
- 'I am very pleased you are to have your rent paid for you, Mrs. S., and I will ask about the workroom for you; but I'm afraid you will be disappointed, because we have been obliged to reduce the number considerably, as we have so little money.'
- 'But, Sister, you will do your best, won't you? I can't go to the workhouse: not one of my family has ever been there, and I don't want to be the first. When I was young we were in very good circumstances; my father rented a pew in a church.'
- 'Very well, Mrs. S., I will speak for you, but don't build upon getting to the workroom.'

Four large bales of serge to make up, from an unknown reader of LONGMAN'S, greatly gladdened the hearts of these poor work-women.

The world is not unfeeling—not, at least, when the sorrow of others is brought home to it. May I be allowed to say, once more, how welcome visits to the 'Donna,' and to the Night Refuge would be from any who will give time to see for themselves the truth of what is written here. At the latter, especially, visits from gentlemen or ladies would be invaluable; probably not one such visit would be paid without some poor fellow being helped to make a fresh start in life. One whom I was fortunate enough to help in this way two years ago remains in the same situation ever since, a skilled workman, and most highly valued by his master.

The Sister-in-charge at 42A Dock Street would gladly meet and accompany any kind visitor to the Refuge. A journey to Aldgate Street by Underground, and ten minutes' walk through slums, so as to arrive at the Refuge by six o'clock, does not sound an inviting excursion for a winter's night. But will no one make it in order to try and help our shipwrecked brothers?

Perhaps some of the readers of this Magazine might like to join 'The Donna Knitting Society,' of which the one rule is very simple and easy:—'To send at least one woollen comforter, in knitting, crochet, or material, any time before Christmas each year to the Secretary.' The comfort and help through this Society, if widely spread, to the poor fellows at the Night Refuges would be invaluable:—the Sisters' knowledge of the men would enable them to distribute the 'woollies' wisely. All parcels should be sent to Miss Trench, Secretary D.K.S. Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk.

STATEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

It is fortunately possible this year to report that the 'Donna' has done distinctly less business than last year. The takings have been over 80l. less, which is a diminution of over 25 per cent. This is highly satisfactory, because, as Miss Trench points out, it corresponds with the diminution in the amount of casual labour employed at the Docks. It is much to be hoped that the Directors of the Docks will be able by degrees to abolish altogether the system of casual labour. In the meantime there is much encouragement to those who have so kindly supported the 'Donna' up to now to continue their assistance till the time, which may not be far distant, when it will no longer be required.

Statement of account 1889-90 appears on the following page. VOL. XVII. NO. XCIX.

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At the Sign of the Ship.

Mr. Bridges's Poems.

IN the autumn of 1873 was published, by Mr. Pickering, a I volume of verse by Robert Bridges, a prettily printed volume in pale blue cloth. It contained many charming lyrics, and other pieces of less equal merit. The author appears to have been dissatisfied with the collection, perhaps with the medley in the collection, for he withdrew it from circulation. In 1879 and 1880 he put forth two or three slim pamphlets of poetry, which are now quite introuvables, and a volume of sonnets, 'The Growth of Love,' whereof but very few examples were printed. A small edition of the lyrics was also printed at the private press and by the hands of Mr. Daniel, of Worcester. A play, 'Prometheus the Fire-bearer,' and 'Psyche,' a tale in verse, were published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons. The other poems of Mr. Bridges are plays, in quarto form, with paper wrappers, and in double columns; these are Nero (the first part), Palicio, a play of Sicily in the early Renaissance, the Return of Ulysses, the Christian Captives, the Achilles in Scyros, all published by Mr. Bumpus, at Holborn Bars. Mr. Daniel has also put forth Mr. Bridges's Feast of Bacchus, after Menander; the work is out of print. This little bibliographical notice is merely intended to show that the poet has not been idle between 1873 and 1890, when his Shorter Poems (G. Bell & Sons) are at last within the reach of all readers. I own to sharing Edgar Poe's preference for poems which are short, for lyrics, in fact. To few has it been given to write readable dramas. Mr. Bridges's Prometheus is readable, and, by virtue of the beauty and originality of its blank verse and of its choruses, is delightful to all who enjoy what is, to be sure, an artificial and erudite form of composition; the modern imitation

^{¶°} it is intended to publish this year, in the Sign of the Ship, critical studies as well as short notes.

of the Greek play. Of all such imitations only Mr. Swinburne's Atalanta really lives in the hearts of many readers, and to live thus, after all, is the test of poetry. An author may scorn the public as much as he pleases, but the public never scorns nor deserts, in the long run, what is truly human and truly excellent. The merit of Atalanta is, not its imitation of a model, however noble, but its fire, its passion, the sonorous music of its choruses. the grandeur of its blank verse; its audacious facing of the Gods and Fate. It is, in short, much less Greek than the author's own Erechtheus, Mr. Arnold's Merope, Mr. Bridges's Prometheus, but it is infinitely more rich in life than any of those. We read, admire, and to some extent forget them; we never forget Atalanta. Of Mr. Bridges's other plays, I speak as one not dramatically minded. Nero is my favourite: so vigorous and subtle is the picture of the beautiful human tiger, the artist Emperor, the greatest of all decadents. But of Nero the author has only given us the first part; the conclusion, with the murder of Agrippina, still leaves Nero in mid-career. Palicio might act well, and is dramatic enough; the Return of Ulysses, of course, can add scarce a beauty to the plain and perfect tale of Homer. Achilles in Scuros ends thus: (I stop before the very last words) with a passage rich in Mr. Bridges's own philosophy, admirably expressed.

> Lyc. What said the oracle? AcH. It darkly boded That glory should be death. LYC. And so may be: Nay, very like. Yet men who would live well, Weigh not these riddles, but unfold their life From day to day. Do thou as seemest best. Nor fear mysterious warnings of the powers. But, if my voice can reckon with thee at all, I'll tell thee what myself I have grown to think: That the best life is oft inglorious. Since the perfecting of ourselves, which seems Our noblest task, may closelier be pursued Away from camps and cities and the mart Of men, where fame, as it is called, is won, By strife, ambition, competition, fashion, Ay, and the prattle of wit, the deadliest foe To sober holiness, which, as I think, Loves quiet homes, where nature laps us round With musical silence and the happy sights That never fret; and day by day the spirit

Pastures in liberty, with a wide range Of peaceful meditation, undisturbed. All which can Sevros offer if thou wilt.— UL. This speech is idle, thou art bound to me. ACH. I hear you all: and lest it should be said I once was harsh and heedless, where such wrong Were worse than cowardice, I now recall Whate'er I have said. I will not forth to Troy: I will abide in Scyros, and o'erlook The farms and vineyards, and be lessoned well In government of arts, and spend my life In love and ease, and whosoever else Our good king here hath praised—I will do this If my bride bid me. Let her choose for me; Her word shall rule me. If she set our pleasure Above my honour, I will call that duty, And make it honourable, and so do well. But, as I know her, if she bid me go Where fate and danger call; then I will go, And so do better: and very sure it is, Pleasure is not for him who pleasure serves. DEID. Achilles, son of Thetis! As I love thee, I say, go forth to Troy.

This is exquisitely written, but I have an attachment, perhaps pedantic, to the classical story in its classical shape, with no brief wedding of a week, but the

λάθρια Πηλειδαο φιλάματα, λάθριον εὐνάν.

'The secret kisses of Peleus' son, the secret bed of love,' as in the fragment of Bion. Why should we put modern ideas into Homeric lips? Modern thought and sentiment are better expressed in confessedly modern verses, as in Mr. Bridges's Shorter Poems.

These are truly delightful. The poet is not all modern, his philosophy, his life of study of the best books, of friendship, of pleasure in Nature, is as old as Horace, though far more grave than the Horatian ideal. His verse is touched with many memories of Milton, of the Elizabethan and Jacobean lyrists, but the voice is always his own. His poetry is English in the oest sense, inspired by love of the 'stately and wimpling' waters of England, of her meadows, her elms, her rose-gardens. Here are two verses from *Elegy*, which seem to me as exquisite in composition, and as original, as any in Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems:—

The wood is bare, a river mist is steeping
The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves.
Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
Over their fallen leaves:

That lie upon the dank earth brown and rotten, Miry and matted in the soaking wet, Forgotten with the spring that is forgotten By them that can forget.

The two last exquisite lines are an improvement on those in the original version of 1873.

One is tempted to make many quotations, to give the whole of the delightful song, 'I heard a linnet courting;' but, perhaps, I will not let thee go,' with a sentiment akin to that of Drayton's famous sonnet, is perhaps more truly representative of the poet.

I will not let thee go.

Ends all our month-long love in this?

Can it be summed up so,

Quit in a single kiss?

I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
As the soft south can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

Had not the great sun seen, I might:
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.

Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.

Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow,
To seal our sacrament?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

'Long are the hours the sun is above' is a more tragic and solemn record of a sentiment like that of Thackeray's Cane-bottomed Chair.

Mr. Bridges's 'Elegy, on a Lady whom Grief for the Death of her Betrothed Killed,' seems to me written of the elegiac Muse of the last century, when she touched the lips of Collins.

Reach down the wedding vesture, that has lain
Yet all unvisited, the silken gown:
Bring out the bracelets, and the golden chain
Her dearer friends provided: sere and brown
Bring out the festal crown,
And set it on her forehead lightly:
Though it be withered, twine no wreath again;
This only is the crown she can wear rightly.

Cloke her in ermine, for the night is cold,
And wrap her warmly, for the night is long,
In pious hands the flaming torches hold,
While her attendants, chosen from among
Her faithful virgin throng,
May lay her in her cedar litter,
Decking her coverlet with sprigs of gold,
Roses, and lilies white that best befit her.

Sound flute and tabor, that the bridal be
Not without music, nor with these alone;
But let the viol lead the melody,
With lesser intervals, and plaintive moan
Of sinking semitone;
And, all in choir, the virgin voices
Rest not from singing in skilled harmony
The song that aye the bridegroom's ear rejoices.

Let the priests go before, arrayed in white, And let the dark stoled minstrels follow slow, Next they that bear her, honoured on this night,
And then the maidens, in a double row,
Each singing soft and low,
And each on high a torch upstaying:
Unto her lover lead her forth with light,
With music, and with singing, and with praying.

A few of the poems are written in what the author, in his original pamphlet, called a new prosody.

From these, as an example rich in charming pictures, let us choose 'London Snow.'

When men were all asleep the snow came flying, In large white flakes falling on the city brown, Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying, Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town; Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing; Lazily and incessantly floating down and down: Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing; Hiding difference, making unevenness even, Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing. All night it fell, and when full inches seven It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness, Its clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven; And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare: The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air; No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling, And the busy morning cries came thin and spare. Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling, They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snow-balling; Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees; Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder, 'O look at the trees!' they cried, 'O look at the trees!' With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder, Following along the white deserted way, A country company long dispersed asunder: When now already the sun, in pale display Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day. For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow; And trains of sombre men, past tale of number, Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go: But even for them awhile no cares encumber

Their minds diverted; the daily word unspoken,

The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber

At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm they have broken.

Surely this is a new voice, and a voice to be noted and listened to with gladness, now that so many which charmed us are silent, or rather—for Browning and Matthew Arnold can never be silent—now that they give us no new music. None of them, not the Scholar Gipsy himself, has sung more sweetly of Thames, more in the melody of the River, than Mr. Bridges does here; we only give a fragment of the piece:

There is a hill beside the silver Thames, Shady with birch and beech and odorous pine: And brilliant underfoot with thousand gems Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.

Straight trees in every place
Their thick tops interlace,
And pendant branches trail their foliage fine
Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pasturage he flows: His stream, alert to seek the pleasant shade, Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes Straight to the caverned pool his toil has made.

His winter floods lay bare
The stout roots in the air:
His summer streams are cool, when they have played
Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bower, And hides it from the meadow, where in peace The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower, Robbing the golden market of the bees:

And laden barges float
By banks of myosote;
And scented flag and golden flower-de-lys
Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass

The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,

And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;

Where spreading crowfoot mars

The drowning nenuphars,

Waving the tassels of her silken grass

Below her silver stars.

It were scarcely fair to quote much more at length. Mr. Bridges, in a moment of optimism, says—

I praise my days for all they bring, Yet only are they not enough.

We praise him, too, for all he brings, 'yet is it only not enough.' If any one, in melancholy and darkening hours, is revolted by the optimism, let him take it but as one moment, one mood of a mind which faces the dark and the doubts, 'Ah, little at best can all our hopes avail us'—which faces them, and does not deny their existence.

Oh youth, oh strength, oh most divine, For that so short ye prove; Were but your rare gifts longer mine, Ye scarce would win my love.

Again:

My spirit was sad when I was young
Ah, sorrowful long ago,
But since I have found the beauty of joy,
I have done with proud dismay:
For howsoe'er man hug his care,
The best of his art is gay.

Gaiety is not so much the mark of the poems as the resolute happiness of a courageous spirit. The example is good, however we may fail to follow it; and the poems, it may be said, are all poetry, simple, sincere, and passionate.

One objection we may hazard to the material form of the book. It is too thin for its contents; there is too much on each page. Poems are best read when they are more liberally spaced out, when the eye is not disturbed by the sight of that which it has just left, nor hurried on by the temptation of that which is to follow.

Mr. Bridges's verse is not likely to be extremely popular. His is too austere a Muse, his thought too condensed; his personality, as it were, too exclusive and commanding, as displayed in his verses. To some extent he reminds one of Andrew Marvell, and again, in places, of Landor. But there is much in his work, especially in his songs, which cannot but win every one who really cares for poetry at all, while the devotees of poetry will make his whole volume a special treasure and favourite. His lyrics are not dramatic, he tells no story, as the most popular lyrics usually do. Judging from his learned and, as the old critics say, 'elegant'

tale of Psyche, one may doubt whether narrative poetry is an art in which he can excel. It is at present the rarest of all forms of verse, and only represented well by Mr. Morris's Life and Death of Jason, and some of the tales in The Earthly Paradise, tales which, I think, permit themselves to be read much more easily than Mr. Morris's romances in prose. As Partridge very wisely remarked, non omnia possumus omnes; but it is unlikely that any judge of verse will deny Mr. Bridges's powers in lyric, nor, after reading his Nero, in the drama. We cannot exactly say that in him we have a new poet, but it is certain that the world has at last a new chance of making acquaintance with a Muse which has too long been a recluse.

* _ *

We may be very much interested in literature, and yet not interested in the right way. An American critical paper has lately been asking authors, far and wide, to tell it what they are working at. Surely this is being interested in the wrong way, and spying at 'half-done work.' This is mere indolent curiosity. The people who will read a paragraph about work that is a-doing, will probably never glance at it when it is done. There is a Boston journal called The Author, wherein one reads that one has reviewed a novel one never even heard of; and that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is believed not to be Mr. Bruce, now at Duxbury, Mass. So much the worse for Mr. Kipling; he could not be pirated if he were Mr. Bruce of Duxbury, Mass. Also, one learns that Mrs. Eudora S. Bumstead lives at Beatrice, Neb., and that General Lew Wallace writes 'a small neat hand,' whereas Mr. Ibsen does not do so, and Mrs. Ibsen has to copy his books out; and that Mr. Gladstone makes marginalia on all his books, which is more interesting. Moreover, we are informed that Kirk Munroe, 'the interesting juvenile writer, is passing the winter at Cambridge,' which makes one marvel how young Mr. Munroe is, and that Arloe Bates will return to his editorial chair, and that Murat Halstead has a dozen pencils sharpened for him day by day, and that the Queen of Roumania lights her own lamp (no vicarious pencil-sharpening for her Majesty), and that 'Edith Thomas writes her sonnets in the middle of a little square of paper,' not at the bottom, or on one margin, nor diagonally, but in the middle, and that a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette does not think Lord Tennyson's clothes fit well, and that 'May Agnes Fleming was born a blue-nose,' and that 'Hamilton Aide (sic) is one of the

most remarkable men to be met with in London,' and that a young lady only makes 100l. a year 'for all her poetical work.' Some will say 'but that is poetry.' Others would like to read it first. All this is sehr interessant, is it not? and to know these things is to be literary after the manner of Cathos and Madelon, in Les Précieuses Ridicules.

* _ *

If Shelley were unknown, were alive, and were to publish his 'Skylark' to-day, one can well imagine how it would be reviewed.

'Mr. Shelley, for a young poet, is singularly careless both in his rhyme and his reason, if one may call that reason which is a mere tissue of incongruous metaphors. He makes 'spirit' rhyme to 'near it,' and accents the penultimate in 'profuse' in his very first stanza. Next, his lark is 'like a cloud of fire,' a pyrotechnic simile which is justified neither by observation nor by common A lark is no more like a 'cloud of fire' than like a turnip. This extraordinary fowl is next said to 'float and run,' 'in the golden lightning of the setting sun,' whatever that may mean. The lark is an early bird, he does not haunt sunset hours, and he does not 'run' like a red-legged partridge. Mr. Shelley's lark, which has been a cloud of fire, is next like 'a star of heaven in the broad daylight.' And why? Because, as Mr. Shelley informs us, 'Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy loud delight.' He cannot, we presume, hear a star's delight, so the simile is nonsense. He might as well say that a brass band round the corner is like a star of heaven because he can hear it, but cannot see it. Then the lark, which has just been like a star, because Mr. Shelley cannot see it (nor can we), is like the moon, because 'the heaven is overflowed' when 'night is bare.' 'What thou art we know not,' he observes, and by this time it is no wonder that he has forgotten what a lark is like, even in a lark-pudding. Then come a string of things, nearly as like a lark as a whale, 'a poet hidden in the light of thought'-or in the ink of this most random effusion,—'a high-born maiden,' a glow-worm, a rose, and so forth. Mr. Shelley ends by saying that if he knew what a lark knows, 'harmonious madness from his lips would flow.' He can produce the madness already; it is only the harmony that Mr. Shelley needs to borrow from the bird. 'The world should listen then,' he adds. Perhaps it would listen then. We warn Mr. Shelley that it will not listen at present to this imitation of poetry, this sound

without sense, in which 'gives' rhymes to 'leaves,' and 'known' to 'none.'

That would be the humour of it.

* _ *

In Mr. Sully's article on the decline of the fidelity of the Dog (in LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE, December) does he not take it for granted that the Dog is to have only one friend, his master? Would not this make him even a greater pest than he is at present? Would he not resemble that hound named Crab, of whom the poet sings—

He barked at each and other,
He barked at all men born.
How gladly would we smother
A tyke so full of scorn!
He barked by day and night, too,
As naughty dogs delight to,
Until his home was quite too
Forsaken and forlorn.

Why should not a dog retain his fidelity, and yet be kindly and courteous? I remember, when I was a boy and was walking home from the river, meeting a friendly shepherd's dog, who entered into conversation with me. 'Come here, Tweed, ye beast!' shouted the shepherd, and added, to a friend, 'you dowg'll speak to ony beggar.' Does Mr. Sully agree with the shepherd? The nicest dog I know never forgets a face. Two years since he met a gentleman once at dinner. In the following year, this gentleman was on the links, at St. Andrews, when he felt something touch his leg. He looked down, and there was Fingal, wagging his tail, and as good as remarking, 'I think, sir, I had the pleasure of meeting you at Mr. — 's last year.' This was true politeness. Had the man been a more intimate friend, Fingal would have run round him with joyful barks. But all this did not prevent him from being faithful; he was also of a social and friendly turn. We ought not to bewail these courtesies in the dog; it is better to be welcomed than bitten and snarled at, in the manner of Crab.

" . "

It is not easy to be canonised, in the Church of Rome. Joan of Arc and Mary Queen of Scots still wait their turn. But, as M. Nyrop shows, in *Mélusine*, the French populace make saints more readily, by dint of false etymologies. Thus the Roman Sidremum produces *Saint Dremond*. The mediæval Suenci

becomes Saint-Cy. Santiniacum lends to Saint-Eny, and the old Centro is now Saint-Tron. The growth of a legend is curiously illustrated by a passage in the recently published Diary of Sir Walter Scott. In 1828 Scott records that he was annoyed by a lady, about whose father, Major Macpherson, he had published 'a raw head and bloody bones' story, in the Foreign Quarterly Review. On reading this I recognised the story of the Black Officer, which I heard last spring, at Loch Awe. The Black Officer, leading recruits to the Black Watch (the Forty-second), met the Devil. At the siege of Seringapatam he was taken up for dead, but recovered, came home, conversed with a Red Deer, met the Devil again, made a tryst with him, and, in company with twelve of his clan, disappeared utterly, not a bone of him was found. Of all this, in 1828, Scott only knew that the Major, with some attendants, was found dead in a bothy which a tempest had destroyed.

In 1810, Hogg, in the Spy, published a more complete version—meetings with a mysterious stranger, and the like. But none of the early part of the tale was given, nor was the Major said to have wholly disappeared. Was it that Scott and Hogg had not full information, or has the long and elaborate legend grown up since their day? The Devil was in it, as early as 1810, while the Major seems to have met his death in 1799, or in 1800. On the question of date, Scott and my informant differ, but only by six weeks. Perhaps this may meet the eye of some one who knows the legend at home, in the Macpherson country.

* . *

Here is the Chinese theory of photography, also from M. Gaidoz's paper, *Mélusine*, quoting 'Tour du Monde,' xxxi. p. 367:

'There is a big wooden box, in which the Foreign Devil places a pane of glass; then he looks at you through it, and tells you not to move. He then mutters prayers, looking at his watch, and it is all over.'

'No,' says another, 'he dips the glass in a medicine.'

'The drug must be distilled from human eyes,' cries a third theorist, 'and that's why the foreigners pick up our exposed children. You'll never make me believe that they are as disinterested as they say.'

And it seems that twenty Frenchmen and three Russians were

massacred by an intelligent Chinese mob, in 1870, on this very score. Well might Swift intend to have written a 'Modest Defence for the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages.'

• _ *

A lady offers the following variant of the Dissenting Minister and the Friendly Ghost:

'A Wesleyan friend tells me a Methodised variant of the "Traveller's Tale." Fifty years ago a minister of the connexion was instructed to make a collection for one of its objects in a circuit in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and to take the money himself to a bank in that city. Riding to Bristol with the money, his way led through a wood, at whose entry he experienced a sudden terror, which compelled him to alight from his horse, kneel down and pray fervently for protection. After the prayer the sense of danger passed away, and he mounted his horse, rode cheerfully through the wood, singing a hymn as he rode, reached Bristol, and rendered up his money and accounts.

'Some years afterwards he was sent for to the deathbed of a noted footpad and burglar in a slum of Bristol. He asked the man why he fixed on him as the only minister he would see. "Do you remember," said the man, "riding through a wood with a large sum of money in your keeping some years ago? I was there with a mate. We knew you had the money, and we meant to have it. We watched you stop, get off your horse, kneel down and pray before you came into the wood. We did not care about that. We heard you sing a hymn, but that was nothing to us. We saw you riding along the path, now in view, now hidden by the trees; but just when you came to the last clearing we saw another man on horseback join you, and the two of you passed close by us. We didn't care to tackle two of you, so we let you pass."

A. LANG.

The 'Donna,'

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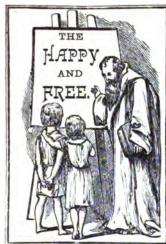
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J. C. Exo.—Uctober, 1890. ' I am, dear Sir, yours truly, A CITY MAN.

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From the Rev. J. W. NKIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields, November 1, 1878.

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'To J. C. Eno. Esq.'

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1891.

The Mischief of Monica.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER X.

HOW MY SOUL SICKENS IN THIS CAGE.

And round the precious metal of the bars
Flowers scarlet-hearted, and pale passion flowers,
And crowded jasmine mingle as the stars. . . .
The bird within is mute and does not sing,
And dull his tuneless note—and clipt his wing.—RAFFALORICH.

WE left the drawing-room party at Flodden Hall undergoing a variety of mental experiences which were not permitted to rise to the surface; but perhaps there was no single person of the assembled group who did not welcome the sight of Mr. Joseph Schofield, and look for some change of scene, some fresh shuffling of the cards, on his entrance.

'I never could have believed that I should have been so rejoiced by the light of his countenance,' quoth Monica, in sisterly conference, presently. 'There we were all at angles, and each one of us sticking his or her angle into the other at every available opportunity! There was that poor, meek Lady Dorrien pinned down between those two vociferous women, both of them nodding at her and shouting at her, and getting their eager faces closer and closer to hers every minute! Heavens! Bell, what must she

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have thought of them? And there was that absurd Daisy giggling and whispering with the Dorrien boy—I rather like that Dorrien boy—and Lizzie Palmer struggling as desperately for a bit of him as her mother was struggling for a bit of his mother! And there were you, you poor Bell, ever growing fainter and fainter, and yet holding on in your tearful entreaties that somebody would go out upon the terrace—(if Mrs. Palmer had been a man, she would have said, Hang the terrace! I know she would. It was written on every line of her sour vinegar visage)—and there was I—'She paused.

- 'Well, there were you? Go on. What were you doing? I don't think you were helping at all. I could not see that you were taking any part,' said Bell. 'You just stood there, looking on.'
- 'Bless the dear innocent! What part was there for me to take? I could have talked to Harry Dorrien. I rather like Harry,——'
 - '--- So you said before.'
 - 'But Harry had nothing to say to me to-day.'
- 'Had he not?' said Bell, a little inquisitively. 'I thought I saw him——' She stopped.
 - 'Saw him what?' Monica shot a swift glance.
- 'Speaking to you behind the others, as they crossed the hall. Uncle Schofield was showing Lady Dorrien the prize carnations; and you had followed them, and Mr. Dorrien followed you.'
- 'Oh, I remember! Yes; he did just have the civility to inquire when we were going to Cullingdon? We are to go there next week, do you know? They are to fix the day, and we are to ride over at tea-time, and stop dinner, and come home in the dusk. It will be delightful,' she added, with animation, 'and I am so glad Uncle Schofield is to go too! He is to meet us there, and find his horse waiting for him to accompany us home.'
 - 'How nice! Was that what Mr. Dorrien was saying to you?'
- 'He—yes—that is to say, it had been arranged before. His mother and I made it out with Uncle Schofield as soon as ever we got the others out of the way. What a time they did stop, to be sure! When I heard "My son George" and "My boys at school" beginning, I knew what poor Lady Dorrien was in for. But still matters might have been worse. She did not have the full experience she might have had. Bell, I have learned one thing. When next we want to muzzle Daisy's mamma, we will send for Lizzie's mamma. The one fairly held the other by the heels, and tripped her up at every turn.'

'I was glad when it was over. But, Monica, I am sure that the Dorrien boy, as you call him, did look at you a good deal.'

'I daresay he did. I am good to look at,' said Monica, coolly.

'He admires you.'

'I should not be surprised if he did.'

'I saw his face. I could not be mistaken. Oh, Monica, how I wish—think if it were so, how delightful, how very delightful it would be to leave all this behind, and be as we once were, among our own people, with our own friends, in a town house!'—the vision illuminating every feature; 'oh, if—if it might be so!' she murmured. 'Oh, Monica, if it might only be so!'

'You-poor-child!' A pause.

'I had no idea you felt like this about it,' said Monica, almost tenderly. 'I thought, I fancied we had both grown reconciled; look, how much we have to be grateful for! How kind this dear, good uncle is to us! In our whole lives——'

'I know, I know,' impatiently.

'In our whole lives we never had so much done for us before. We have but to hint at a want, or a passing fancy; I have to be careful how I even hint now, he takes it up so quickly. We are never short of money. We may buy the prettiest of knick-knacks, and the most expensive music-books and drawing materials, and—and——'

'Oh! I know. I know it all.'

'You yourself said you enjoyed our evening rides as you had hardly ever enjoyed anything. What is more, he never expects anything of us in return—I mean anything that we cannot give. He never worries us, nor pesters us. He is even beginning to be very particular as to whom he invites to the house. Upon my word, I felt ashamed that day he came, and so humbly inquired if we would mind his bringing out his own old manager, who has been with him for so many years, and who has never missed coming out once every summer. I thought, what could it signify whether we, a pair of interlopers, minded, or not? What business had we to mind? And then, when the poor old man came, he was as nice as he could be. A number of Uncle Schofield's friends are nice—at any rate his men friends. The women—but he can't be expected to know about women. And he likes Dame Schofield no better than we do, Bell; any one can see that.'

'What on earth is all this about, Monica?' Isabel shrugged a peevish shoulder. 'It is of no use pretending. Of course downstairs we must pretend, we have got to pretend, because there

is nothing else for it; but surely we may say what we really feel when we are alone.'

- 'I am saying what I feel. I feel every word I say.'
- 'But if you could, you would cut the whole thing to-morrow.'
 Monica's lips opened for a denial, and closed again. Not a syllable escaped.
- 'There, I thought so,' pursued her sister, triumphantly. 'It is all very well raking up every individual item for which we ought to make a curtsey to Uncle Schofield, and hammering out all kinds of feelings that we ought to have, and lecturing me——'
 - 'I did not mean to lecture you.'
- 'But when it comes to the point, you are no more content than I am. You have still got to beat down the old associations in your heart when such people as the Dorriens come here. You would like to hug them,——'
 - '--- I should not.'
 - 'Good gracious, Monica!'
- 'The Dorriens, what are the Dorriens to us?' cried Monica, breathing quickly. 'Why should we put the Dorriens on a pedestal? We have seen and known hundreds of people as good as they, or better.'
 - 'But we shall not know hundreds now.'
- 'Lady Dorrien is nothing but a poor washed-out creature, without an opinion or idea of her own. She would have let us alone till Doomsday, and never troubled her head as to whether we existed or not, if she had not been ordered over here by——'She stopped, and the colour deepened in her cheek.
- 'By her son,' promptly responded Isabel. 'So I say. Of course he brought her. And of course it was meeting us at the Grange last night which brought him. But then, when you see that, as well as I, why are you so angry?'
- 'Because you seem to think,' said Monica, turning away her head——'you seem to suppose that the moment any one takes the least notice of either of us, we are to be elated and responsive, ready to rush at them, and——'
 - 'Oh! that's it, is it? Still, you do like Harry?'
 - 'I like Harry very well.'
 - 'Don't you think him handsome?'
 - 'Ye—es. Fairly handsome.'
 - 'Too good for Daisy Schofield, anyway.'
 - Monica laughed. 'Much too good for Daisy Schofield.'
 - 'She does not think so, however,' pursued Bell. 'She has the

sense not to boast of her conquest, but she is perfectly sure she has made it. I must say I was myself rather staggered by his visiting people like the Schofields in the easy way he does. What can he do it for? Can he really be as poor as Uncle Schofield said?'

'Do you mean, can he be thinking of Daisy in the light of an heiress?'

Yes.'

'I hardly think so,' said Monica, with a proud smile. 'Now, Bell, don't jump at conclusions. You are altogether in too great a hurry. Be content with your day's work as it is. Yesterday your heart was breaking lest the Dorriens should take no notice of us; to-day let it rest. They have come, they have seen, and we have conquered. A new adaptation of the old saying. Henceforth we shall have at least one house——' She bit her lip.

But her sister had turned away, and did not hear the admission. 'It would never do to let her know all,' said Monica to herself. 'If I once let her pry into my heart, and see how my very soul sickens in this cage, with all its polish and gilding, and neatness and smugness; how it excites in me a very spirit of antagonism. a demon of loathing; how the very odour of newness which pervades the whole is almost intolerable in my nostrils, until I can sometimes scarcely speak the words I know must be spoken, and look the pleasure and gratitude I know must be looked—if Bell once wrung all of this out of me, she would never forget it, and we should never have another moment's safety. She would betray us both. Our only chance is in my holding her in with a tight rein, and never allowing it to relax. As long as I can assume the superior air, frown down her discontent and quench her complaints and longings, she dares not let them out openly; and, besides, she feels as if she ought to be reconciled, whether she is or not, which is half the battle. But I-oh, it is different with me! I can talk so nicely, and lay down the law so grandly, -and all the time my real self is rebelling against every word. With every breath I utter a lie. Contentment, cheerfulness, reconciliation to an enviable and desirable lot! That's the text of the preacher; while do I not know in my inmost soul that I would give anything—anything—for one real chance of escape. I would——' Then she paused, the blaze died out of her face, and a slow, dawning smile crept over it.

'I don't know that I would marry that boy,' she muttered, 'But I might see,'

A few days later the sisters accomplished the proposed expedition to Cullingdon Manor, a groom riding behind on the horse which was to carry Mr. Schofield on the return journey.

'How is he to get home himself?' Uncle Joseph had propounded.

But Mr. Dorrien had shown him that all would be easy. His own dog-cart would be available as far as a station a few miles off, and thence, with only one change, John Thomas could easily be landed safe at his own stables again.

'Queer in these days to be four miles from a station,' had been our merchant's comment thereafter. 'I don't know how people manage who live in such inconvenient, out-of-the-way places. Think of having to take out a man and horse every time you want to pop into a train! Why, the very first thing I took into consideration when I was looking out to see whereabouts I should pitch my tent, was that it should be along a good line of rail.'

He little suspected that the immediate proximity of the station, with its accompanying daily din of whistling and bell-ringing, was one of the drawbacks of Flodden Hall in the eyes of his nieces. True, those eyes were not affronted by the sight of passing trains, for a deep cutting ran just outside Mr. Schofield's domain, and this cutting furthermore swallowed and deadened much of the noise, until it was as imperceptible as it was possible to be, all things considered; but there was no denying that the railway line was there, that the large, white telegraph posts were visible from every window, and that the gate of the foot-passenger's path down to the little platform was within a few hundred yards of Mr. Schofield's own gate.

To Uncle Joseph this was a convenience, and a source of complacency; to the Miss Lavenhams it was a part and parcel of the whole 'mere villa' chamber of horrors.

It was with mingled sensations that they now found themselves in another sort of world as they drew near Sir Arthur Dorrien's gates. For some distance they had traversed a long, level country road, by the side of which cottages and farm-yards had succeeded to more aspiring residences, and whose footpath had disappeared with an air of being worn out and exhausted from lack of appreciation. Only at long intervals had they encountered a passing gig or other light vehicle; and huge hay-carts, and waggoners' teams rolling leisurely along, had gradually become the only moving features in the landscape. Foot-passengers had

resolved themselves into an occasional group of labourers, or school-children. Altogether, the thickly-populated and carefully-cultivated face of the country round Flodden Hall, bristling with roofs and turrets, and alive with neat pathways and gateways, had given place to another kind of landscape.

The sisters now beheld on every side long stretches of pastureland, woody uplands, and winding dells; while in the immediate foreground were rude, picturesque, misshapen walls, and mossgrown bridges over meandering streams.

- 'I had no idea we could have found a part like this anywhere within riding distance,' exclaimed Monica, looking about with a glow on her cheek. 'We have been riding round and round in a circle, evening after evening, and never once broken out of the one sort of ground. It makes an immense difference going straight on for ten miles. For the last three or four we have been in another region altogether. This is like the kind of country we used to come to, Bell, after the season was over, and when Uncle and Aunt Lavenham were flying off to recruit. Do you remember? Every August it used to be, "Where shall we recruit?" Considering that they had some sort of acquaintance with these Dorriens, it is curious that we never "recruited" down here.'
- 'It is like old times,' responded Bell, looking about also. 'I could almost fancy we were stopping here—I mean at the Dorriens'—and had come out for a ride, and were now going home again. Do you suppose we shall be often over, Monica?'
- 'I daresay as often as we choose.' A little smile on Monica's lip.
- 'And perhaps we shall come and stay the night, every now and then?'
 - 'Provided they ask us.'
 - 'Our luggage could be sent in the dog-cart.'
 - 'Perfectly.'
- 'And if they would put up our horses, we could ride back the next day.'
 - 'A very good arrangement.'
- 'It would be something, at any rate,' proceeded Bell, cheerfully. 'Though it would be rather dreadful having to ride back and leave all the rest behind at Cullingdon; having the other people wondering and asking where we were going. Having to keep quiet about Uncle Schofield and all——'
 - 'Pooh! Nonsense! I should not keep quiet, I can tell you.

I should carry it off! I should say, "Come and look us up. We are living with a rich, bachelor uncle, and having an awfully jolly time. We have got our horses here. Come and look at them. We rode here; it is only ten miles away; can't any of you ride over and see us?" Depend upon it, Bell, none of them ever would ride over.'

'Why not?'

'Because they would not have the chance,' said Monica, drily.
'I don't imagine Sir Arthur Dorrien's stable could furnish steeds for a riding party to do this twenty miles with impunity. We should have the best of the joke on our side, Bell, my dear.'

Bell laughed musically.

'It would be fun,' she said. 'And, Monica, it is nice, going up to a house in the style we are going now; I mean with our horses and all so perfect. I feel as I never felt before, properly turned out from top to toe.'

'So no grumps, then, my dear sister. There are to be no grumps either during our visit to-day, or after it is over. Whenever we feel inclined to contrast Sir Arthur Dorrien's ancestral halls with Uncle Schofield's Turkey carpets, we will think of—Oh, here is Mr. Dorrien!' as a figure appeared emerging from a side path. 'Oh, Mr. Dorrien,' said Monica, her clear voice ringing out, 'here we are, you see! We have not lost ourselves by the way. And though we have no watches, we have an instinct that we are in good time.'

'First-rate time,' said he. 'I went up to a height to look out for you, and just as I reached it you appeared on the road below. So then I thought I should catch you here. I ran down.' And as the young man spoke he looked up into the face above, and thought he had never yet seen any that could with it compare.

('By Jove! she is a beauty!' he reflected internally. 'By Jove! I will remember the governor's advice. She is better even than I thought she was. Now, by Jove! I must not make a fool of myself, all the same.') 'Well, I don't know, Miss Lavenham,' aloud, in reply to an interrogation, 'I suspect your best way will be up this short cut. The avenue takes a tremendous turn, and I'll pilot you up this bit. Your horses won't mind the grass?' And he stepped alongside briskly.

'What a delightful, delightful old place!' quoth Isabel Lavenham, to whom the picturesque decay of the grounds she now traversed was transfigured by her own sensations. 'Look, Monica, what old, old trees! What bushes of ivy! What beds of moss!

We have not seen moss like this, Mr. Dorrien, since——' She appeared to forget when, gazing round with an absent air of dreamy satisfaction.

'Rather too much ivy and moss, I am afraid,' replied Dorrien, lightly. 'This must seem a terrible litter to you, compared with the perfection in which you live.'

A quick glance from each sister.

But he was not in jest: he was really and seriously and very deeply in earnest in his efforts to put the best face on everything in and about Cullingdon on the occasion; and conscious of rotten wood, crumbling masonry, and general decrepitude, he was prepared to deprecate and disarm.

How little did he know! As the eye of either fair horsewoman wandered from point to point, taking in the mellow shade, the flickering shafts of colour, the solemnity, the stillness above all the weird seclusion of the whole, they beheld neither poverty nor deformity, they experienced no want. The wood-pigeon's note overhead, the hurrying flight of a brood of pheasant-chicks across the path, the dart of a squirrel up the moss-bound bark of an oak, all awoke within their bosoms but one exulting sensation. They were among familiar haunts once more. Wood-pigeons had cooed in the woods of one country house at which they had been inmates, squirrels and pheasants had been denizens of another. Although after a fashion town-bred young ladies, each possessed an undeveloped and scarcely suspected instinct which made them susceptible to influences of the kind; and Monica especially now found herself gathering in every sight and sound with a new and vivid apprehension; insomuch that it seemed to her as if she had never really worshipped, never bent the knee at Nature's shrine before.

By her side walked Dorrien, almost in silence, but she had a woman's perception that such a silence was a greater tribute to the power of her charms than any speech could have been.

CHAPTER XI.

IN MONICA'S PRESENCE HE STOOD SILENTLY BY.

Why am I stricken dumb, Abashed, confounded, awed of heart and numb?—ROBINSON.

In the dim light of an antique apartment, whose recesses looked invitingly cool and shady as contrasted with the glare of an August sun without, Lady Dorrien was awaiting her guests, and

rose at their entrance. She thought she had never seen two more elegant figures than those which, clad in the neatest and smartest of riding habits, now advanced up the room. She fancied the whole chamber illuminated by a burst of sunlight from the glowing countenances of the sisters.

Their tall hats suited them. They never looked to greater advantage than when equipped for riding.

'Dear me! How I wish it could have been one of these!' Lady Dorrien caught herself saying in her heart. 'Dear me! if Harry could only have had one of these!' It did not strike her ladyship that Harry might at the moment be wishing the same. She had only heard her son talk, as she had only heard her husband talk; she had never dreamed of informing herself by other means regarding what might be in the minds of either. Had she done so—the truth was that one had need to have been born blind, as Lady Dorrien had been mentally born, not to have perceived something by the young man's face.

Dorrien's time had come. A more unfortunate time could not have been chosen. A year, two years, any number of years ago—(he had been in the world ever since he had gone to Eton, for that matter)—it would have mattered comparatively little whether or not had come to him the experience of falling in love. He would have plunged in, and plunged out again. As it happened he had really had some difficulty in even making believe to plunge ever so slightly hitherto. He had thought women, women of all kinds, altogether in the way. Whilst he was kicking up his heels after the fashion of hot-headed youth generally, he had not cared to tie himself on to anybody, as Sir Arthur and Lady Dorrien would fain have tied him; preferring freedom, frolic, folly, to anything matrimony had to offer in exchange.

Then he had recognised that needs must when a certain person drives, and drives moreover into a very narrow space; and accordingly when just nine-and-twenty years of age it had seemed to him that a loophole of escape had presented itself in the person of Daisy Schofield.

Daisy and her mother had been over at Cullingdon two days before, and Dorrien had played the part of a lover, an all but declared lover, to perfection. He had walked about the grounds and gardens with both the ladies—perhaps it had not been absolutely necessary that he should have insisted on Mrs. Schofield's company, but the good lady had only been flattered by his doing so; he had gathered flowers and presented them; routed out Sir

Arthur and presented him; insisted on all the party making a round of the house, of the old picture-gallery, the haunted chamber, the spiral staircase and turret; embarked upon long explanations and ancestral tales, and finally seen the two guests to their carriage and watched them drive off, with a smile on his face.

'That's over,' he had cried, blithely. 'Well, sir,' to his father, who was fidgeting and expectant, awaiting confidence in the doorway above—'well, sir,' running up the steps, 'we got on famously, didn't we? The old den did not show off so badly after all, did it? I had to cram up the ancestors, though, by Jove! I was nearly stuck with them once or twice. I had not the rag of an idea who that old creature at the head of the staircase might be, and all I could think of was Charles Surface and his Aunt Deborah. Ha! Ha! It was not a bad idea to make use of. And you see how well it did. You had only to bring me to book for the "Deborah," and Deborah or Bridget was all one to my dear mamma-in-law to be. She is not what you may call "nasty particular" on these points. Well, sir; and what do you think of—of Daisy?' with a slight alteration of tone.

'A very nice little girl,' Sir Arthur had pronounced sententiously. 'Nice, pretty, unaffected; I was delighted with her. And it's all right, eh, Harry? You did not get any further however, I suppose, to-day? I thought perhaps—but of course you know best; and you have but to say the word, and your mother and I will do anything you wish. And you think it went off well, did you? And they were not—not—there was nothing amiss, was there?' He had been round and round, surreptitiously tinkering and patching, hiding away and smoothing over, for hours beforehand; and it had seemed to him that he had never known the tatters of the old abode more obtrusive and assertive.

But to be sure, if the Schofields had to swallow these, the Dorriens on their part had something to swallow in the Schofields themselves.

'By George! the mother won't do!' poor old Sir Arthur had had to tell himself; 'and it is a providence that there's no father! The girl herself is a cut below par; yes, distinctly a cut below par. But, of course, people will understand. We can't go on, that's a fact, as we are doing, and this is our chance.'

Then the two had gone in to Lady Dorrien, and had told her to write at once to the Lavenhams.

And now that the Lavenhams had come, any one but her purblind ladyship might have perceived, as we have said, that there was another look on her son's face than the one it had worn during the visit of Daisy Schofield.

With the Schofields Dorrien had been bold, brisk, hospitable; all eye and ear for whatever might turn up; quick as lightning to cover a mischance; in the front of every proposal; taking the lead in every movement. In Monica's presence he stood silently by; only now and then raising his dark eyes to her face, and withdrawing them if she turned her head his way. The talk he left to others.

Ever since Miss Lavenham's note accepting his mother's invitation had been received he had been restless and anxious; he had gone over in his mind all he should say and do, musing as to how far he might go in making himself agreeable, how much was likely to have been heard of his overtures at the Grange, and to what extent Monica would comprehend and approve them. Now he simply forgot all this. She was there, and that was enough.

Then Sir Arthur came in, internally all excitement and agitation, outwardly the urbane host, ready to do anything that in him lay to make the new visit pass off as creditably as the last had done.

Like his wife, he could not but perceive the difference between the visitors; but no more than she had done did he note any alteration in his son.

Harry had met the young ladies, had he? Ridden to meet them —glancing at Dorrien, who had half turned from the group, and was looking out of the window—Oh, only a chance encounter in the avenue? So much the better; he could give an escort for a part of the way home. Their uncle was coming, he hoped? He, Sir Arthur, had known Mr. Joseph Schofield by sight for so many years that he could not tell them how glad he was of this opportunity for making his personal acquaintance. Cullingdon was such a solitary old place, that they never saw a soul, unless they themselves imported people. As for neighbours—

'Except the De Vincis,' interposed Lady Dorrien, not perceiving the drift of all this. 'The De Vincis are really the only people we can know——'

'Pooh!—nonsense—"Can know," cried her husband, gaily. 'Lady Dorrien means that they are the only people within range. We are out of everyone else's way. It would be too bad to expect country neighbours to drive out all this distance, when we have no entertainment to offer, nothing going on to amuse. The De Vincis are away just now, or we might have had them over; and, my dear, there are the Hailsburys, but they are in Scotland also; so that, as it is, I am afraid we must ask these young ladies to put up with ourselves, eh, Harry? When will Mr. Schofield come? Is—has—what train is to be met, Harry?'

'The dog-cart will meet the 6:30, sir; I have given orders. Perhaps,' said Dorrien, coming into the room and addressing himself to Monica Lavenham with a certain subdued inflection in his tone—'perhaps we might go out of doors first? That is, if no one is tired. The sun is not so hot as it was.' He paused inquiringly.

'Delightful. We generally walk after riding,' assented she; and both rose with alacrity, charmed with a proposal which so well suited their inclinations. A general movement was made towards the door.

'Am I to come, Harry—eh, Harry?' whispered Sir Arthur, at the rear.

His son nodded, then swiftly passed on. Monica had already advanced some paces along the gallery. Lady Dorrien remained behind. Presently she saw the little party cross the shrubbery, and disappear into the tangled shades behind. 'Harry leads the way with the eldest,' she observed. 'And Sir Arthur follows with the other. And I am to entertain their uncle, when he comes. How well everything is turning out!'

She would probably have said the same if she had accompanied the walkers. She was not, as we know, observant.

'Now, Miss Lavenham,' began Monica's companion, his spirits rising as he took possession of her side, 'I am going to be your pilot; and my father shall not inflict upon you fish-ponds and colonnades, nor even the old heronry itself, unless you give me your word that you don't mind seeing them. We have nothing whatever to show, you know. We make believe we have—when it suits us. As a matter of fact, Cullingdon is about as devoid of "objects of interest" as it is possible for a place to be.'

'It is an "object of interest" in itself.'

Monica had turned to look on the grey pile, whose long rows of windows were now golden in the sun's rays; 'I had no idea there was anything like it in these parts,' she subjoined.

'Neither there is. We have outlived all our old surroundings. We remain, while everything else has vanished. Gradually we too shall vanish.'

- 'I hope not. Pray do not vanish just yet,' smiling archly. 'You see we have only just come, and it would not be kind to vanish at the very beginning of our life in these parts.'
- 'But your uncle will tell you that our room is wanted—perhaps he may even go so far as to say that it would be preferable to our company; the truth is, Miss Lavenham, that the people of the present day—I mean the people, the bankers, and brewers, and merchants, those who are coming to the front, and have a right to the front——'

She listened intently.

- 'They are pushing us out of their way,' said Dorrien, looking at her. 'It is simply a question of time. They are the stronger—we are the weaker. The only hope for us would be,' and he paused, 'to join forces. If we could be all one——' Another pause.
 - 'How, one?'
- 'Oh, you know! There is hardly a family now-a-days that is not trying to do it.' For his life he could not bring himself to speak more plainly. 'We must mingle more with each other, amalgamate with each other. We must——' He stopped short.
- 'You mean intermarry,' said Monica, in a clear, silvery voice.
 'My father did it.'
 - 'That's what I mean. He did it, I know. He----'
- 'The money soon went,' said Monica, indifferently. 'But, of course, one case is no criterion.'
 - 'You don't see that it might be a necessity?'
 - 'I don't see anything, because I don't know anything."

He perceived that he was not to be allowed to say more.

'But really we do not go over very often,' came in Isabel's tones from behind. 'The George Schofields are only distant cousins, and they live quite four miles from us. We had never seen them before we came to live with Uncle Schofield.'

It appeared that Sir Arthur had been trying to insist upon the intimacy.

'Just your age, the eldest girl,' he now proceeded, 'and a nice, pretty young thing. You will soon be great friends. Lady Dorrien and I were quite taken with Miss Daisy Schofield. All Harry's doing.'

Harry made a movement.

'All his good arrangement,' proceeded Sir Arthur, happily unconscious. 'He is quite put out by the recluse life we lead, so he has set himself to remedy it. He had not been home a day before he was over at Mrs. Schofield's. And the next thing

was he made his mother call. Then they were over here on Thursday.'

Oh! were they over on Thursday?'

'And stayed an hour. It was quite a treat for my poor wife, she sees so few people. It will really be a charity if you can come now and then—come with the Schofields—make up a party——'

'What did you say, Mr. Dorrien?' inquired a sweet voice in

front.

He had not spoken.

'You were listening to your father,' said Monica, smiling. 'And I was doing the same. We each thought—what did we think, Mr. Dorrien?'

He laughed uneasily.

'That a "party" of the nature referred to might not be a success, was it? Have you been over to the Grange since we met you there? Do you often go over in the evenings?'

He murmured something—what, she could not tell.

'Our cousins are bright, lively girls, are they not?'

An indistinct assent.

'Especially the eldest?'

Another assent.

'Mr. Dorrien,' and Monica paused, with a charming, provocative smile upon her face.

Dorrien durst not reply. He had an intuition as to what was coming.

- 'Had you not better begin to carry out your theory as soon as opportunity offers? Would not this be the said opportunity? You see that I—guess.'
 - 'What do you guess?' he muttered.
- 'The riddle,' retorted she. 'Just now you read me a riddle, and I was so stupid I did not for a few moments catch its meaning. But your father's conversation with Isabel has helped me. May I say it has given me the clue?'

'You are speaking in riddles yourself, Miss Lavenham. I——:' his tongue refused to proceed.

'Oh, I can be plainer if you like! But perhaps you don't like? You were talking just now of the necessity for amalgamating old blood with new, and I thought it was just possible—you know—just possible that the old blood might be the Dorriens, and the new——' She left the name unspoken. Something in his look, his bearing, the deep burn which overspread his cheek,

warned her to proceed no further. For a few minutes they walked along in awkward silence, then all at once found themselves alone, Sir Arthur and his companion having turned down a side path.

'Miss Lavenham,' said Dorrien, suddenly, 'what are you doing down here, among these people? The people we found with you the other day? You never were meant for them; you—this is not the place for you. This is not the kind of society you have been accustomed to. This——'

- '--- You mean that we have left our rightful sphere?'
- 'Why have you done it?'
- 'We had to do it.'
- 'But—forgive my asking—are you—shall you go on doing it?'
- 'We shall; because,' said Monica, with an ineffable bitterness underlying the calm tones of her voice, 'we must. Do you understand? We must.'
 - 'I understand.'
- 'We must,' proceeded she, after a minute's pause. 'We have no choice. And we are not to be pitied neither,' she added, in a lighter tone. 'You and I think it a hard fate, Mr. Dorrien, to be banished from the gay world; from all the dear delights of London; from Cowes, Ascot, and all the rest of the hum and buzz that make up life, as we call it life. But we are still young; my sister and I must try and make ourselves up afresh, so that we may fit into another kind of existence; one not quite so amusing perhaps, but—but all we have got to look to. Perhaps we do not suit it just yet, as you see; but we shall do better We shall forget other days, and other scenes. Gradually they will slip out of our recollection, and lose the hold they have on us at present. Then we shall begin to harmonise We shall grow like—like Daisy with our new surroundings. Schofield for instance.' She stopped abruptly. It was not in human nature not to dart a glance, and the glance was rewarded. She saw him change colour, and bite his lip. It was enough.
- 'Yes, we could not do better than copy Daisy Schofield,' she murmured meditatively.

But by this time Harry had gathered himself together. 'Miss Schofield is a very nice girl,' he said, steadily; 'I knew her before I knew her family. We met at a friend's house, and I thought, and I think still, that—that she——'

^{&#}x27;-- Well, that she-?'

'She is—is—,' he stammered.

'Oh, yes; she is—is—.' There was a mocking smile. 'Now what is she, Mr. Dorrien? Do describe this cousin of mine. Pretty? Amiable? Affectionate? Ah, yes—yes, to be sure. "A sweet girl," that's the phrase. Now then, Mr. Dorrien?'.

'I-I don't understand you, Miss Lavenham.'

'Don't you? In my world—in our world—however, we understand quickly. You are quick enough. I think—I almost think—you do understand. I am almost sure you know precisely what I mean you to say. But you are not going to allow it? Are you not going to allow it? Why, Mr. Dorrien—oh, fie, Mr. Dorrien!' looking back with an arch, tormenting shake of her lovely head—he had dropped behind to close a little gate through which the two had passed; 'it seems to me that you are a great deal wiser than you choose to allow Mr. Dorrien.'

CHAPTER XII.

GLANCES.

Their eyes but met, and then were turned aside; It was enough. That mystic eloquence, Unheard, yet visible, is known to all.—DEROZIER.

It must be remembered that Monica Lavenham had never known a mother's care or training; furthermore, that she had been early thrown into a world in which bashfulness, delicacy, reserve upon almost any subject, were alike at a discount. Thus it did not now appear to her that there could be any impropriety in rallying or tormenting an admirer who was trying to play a double game.

She had, as a matter of course, perceived Dorrien's sudden flame for herself; perhaps it may be said that she ought to have quenched it. To do this did not suit her. She was amused by his attitude, perhaps a very little nettled by it. It was another development of the situation, she considered. Here was a boy—even to herself she termed Dorrien a boy—who would no more have looked at Daisy Schofield than if she had been a dairyman's daughter but for her heiress-ship, here he was going for her heart and soul; and here was she, Monica Lavenham, who had been used to see 'boys' of the same stamp fall at her feet by dozens, perforce obliged to stand idly by, and view the sport!

She did not want Dorrien, not she! She might have had better than he ere now. A mere pauper, with nothing but his handsome face and sweet voice—(even in talking Harry had a musical undertone, which was pleasant to the ear)—but, after all, there was nothing remarkable in Daisy Schofield's suitor, nothing to make any one envious. Daisy was welcome to him; only she, Monica, must have a little diversion out of the affair: and accordingly she had so artfully and deftly introduced the subject, and been so provokingly wise and merry over it, that she had soon had the pleasure of seeing a deep flush settle over the cheek of her companion, and an uneasy restlessness manifest itself in his demeanour, as a tribute to her prowess.

She was just considering whether or not she had not gone far enough for the present, when a loud call from behind made both the walkers turn their heads, and come to a standstill. The shouter was Sir Arthur, and he was now seen at some distance down the path, frantically waving his stick, and pointing with it towards the house, a portion of which could be discerned from the point at which Dorrien and his companion stood.

'What on earth can he want?' muttered Dorrien, for, ruffled and ill at ease as he was, he still would have preferred to be let alone, and to pursue a dialogue so engrossing; 'what is he signalling for? We need not return yet, unless—unless you wish it,' turning to Monica. 'Am I taking you too far? I forget time and distance,' and his tone softened. 'What shall we respond? Look, they are standing still. They evidently expect us to turn round. Shall we turn round—or——?'

'By no means,' said Monica, gaily. 'Let them go their way, and we go ours. Ours is here, is it not?' pointing upwards. 'This path leads to beauties unknown, I am sure.'

'It does; it leads to an opening.'

'So I thought. We will pursue that opening. We will not return. Defy them: shake your stick at them; and now, come,' and laughing she turned to step forward.

Nothing loth, he was about to follow, but, no sooner was the intention manifest, than a fresh shout from the pair below again demanded recognition and obedience.

An angry ejaculation escaped Dorrien. ('My fool of a father!' he thought, 'as usual putting his foot in it! Only a few minutes, a very few minutes longer, and I would have had it out with this girl. Now, how can I? How to begin, how to get on to the subjectagain, I know not. I——) Hollo!' shouting loudly back;

- 'hollo!' Then to Monica: 'What is the signal for "We don't understand," Miss Lavenham?'
- 'I only know the signal for I don't wish to understand, Mr. Dorrien.'
 - 'And it?'
 - 'You have taught me it, just now.'

By such significance who would not have been confounded? So smart, so short a turn he had not been prepared for, and she had again the saucy triumph of beholding him turn his head aside, disconcerted beneath her sarcasm. They began to pace down the path.

- 'Mr. Dorrien,' said Monica, suddenly, 'if you are vexed with me, I am really sorry. The plain truth is that I have heard something about you and my cousin Daisy Schofield, and I do not know how much or how little of that something to believe.' And she paused. Her pause and her insinuation alike stung him to the quick.
- 'Why should you believe anything?' he demanded, hurriedly. 'People talk. Let them talk. Of course for me it is nothing; I am only too glad, too proud; I mean, of course, it is an honour for me to have my name coupled with that of your cousin—and—but, how would she like it? Miss Schofield would be annoyed, of course.'
 - 'Oh, of course!' Monica's tone was demureness itself.
 - 'I hope she may never hear of it,' he continued.
- 'What, never?' 'Pinafore' had not then been produced, but the retort fell naturally and mischievously from her lips. 'Ah, Mr. Dorrien! What, never?'

Dorrien tried to laugh. He had nothing to say.

- 'You see I do very nearly believe you,' continued Miss Lavenham, merrily. 'Say the word, and I will quite believe, but I must have something on which to pin my faith. Something ever so small will do. A mere word.'
- 'Take my word, then,' said he, angrily. 'There is nothing, nothing whatever. At least——' He was not allowed to proceed.
- 'My dear fellow,' interposed Sir Arthur's voice, he and Bell being now within earshot ('Sorry to bring you back, Miss Lavenham,' in parenthesis); 'but Harry," my dear boy, make haste. There is Miss Schofield in her pony-carriage below. She may be turned away if we—or at least if you—do not get down fast enough. Luckily, we saw her from this point; so there is yet time.

She is turning in at the last gate now. Down with you; these ladies will excuse you.'

'Certainly,' said Monica, with an air of the most serene unconsciousness. And she knew better than even to glance at Dorrien's face.

She would not goad him too far, nor take a mean advantage. Luck was against him; to triumph would have been cruel. She would not be cruel, openly. It was only in her heart that a voice was saying, 'Soho, Mr. Dorrien? This is what your word is worth? I think—I think you will have to pay for this, Mr. Harry Dorrien. I think I must teach you a lesson. It is a shabby thing to do, thus to take advantage of our fall. You think you are to look tenderly at me, and march past to Daisy Schofield's money-bags, at one and the same time, do you? The march will not be over quite such smooth ground as you expect, young gentleman. Coward!' with a sudden flash.

And a coward pure and simple Dorrien felt as he stood beside her. He would rather have faced any living being at the moment than the occupant of the pony-carriage, to whom but one brief week ago he had felt kindly enough, and who had received from him every sort of outward demonstration of regard within the past forty-eight hours.

Now it seemed to him incredible that he had so cheerfully trotted round the place in Daisy's wake two days before; he had been totally unaware at the time that much of his satisfaction in doing so had arisen from the fact that the call of Mrs. Schofield and her daughter had cleared the path for the Lavenhams' It had been easy to persuade his parents that a collision betwixt the two parties would be unfortunate. happen that the day fixed on for Mr. Joseph Schofield and his nieces to come over proved to be the very one on which Mrs. George Schofield and her daughter had elected to return Lady Dorrien's call, the latter might not improbably consider they might also have been invited in an easy, informal manner, and might be affronted by discovering that the former were over at Cullingdon for the first time as well as they, and yet had been bidden to remain and finish the evening there; while the older acquaintances, at least of his, had had to bowl off directly a reasonable period for an afternoon call, even under the circumstances, had elapsed.

'And you know, sir, you would not care to have them stop on,' Dorrien had affirmed, with perfect frankness. 'You and my mother will have had enough of them very soon. They can't talk your talk; they know none of your people; and it would be a nuisance altogether.'

'Only if it were to do any good?' Sir Arthur had hinted.

'It would do no good, at present. They are quite happy to come over and return our call, and that will do for this week. Next week,' he had conceded reluctantly, 'perhaps we might attempt something. But the Miss Lavenhams,' Dorrien had continued in a fresh tone, 'are another sort. They won't bore you. They know all about everything. It will do you good to have them.'

He had further represented that the distance between Cullingdon and Flodden Hall being considerably greater than that between the former place and the Grange, an excuse, if necessary, could be found in the extra four miles each way for the turning of a mere afternoon ride into a regular, pre-arranged expedition.

All had been successfully manipulated; and, congratulating himself upon his adroitness, Dorrien had joyfully seen the Schofields go, and the Lavenhams come; and it had never occurred to him that the hours thus carefully fenced and guarded could after all be subjected to invasion. Baulked of his purpose, rudely interrupted in the accomplishment of his desire, with Monica's taunts still rankling in his veins, and his own response still, as it were, shaming him before himself, it was as much as he could now do not to betray the impatience and disgust with which Sir Arthur's words inspired him.

Go now? Now, when his whole being was vibrating to another touch, when he had let all besides go, and had yielded himself up to one thought, one mood? Inharmonious and ominous as had been the little tête-à-tête so far, it had left him longing and hungering for more. As for being rescued from it, saved from it—he hated his rescuer and saver. He wished Sir Arthur's eyes had been doing anything else than busying themselves as they had been. Even if his father had seen, why could he not have held his tongue? Who wanted to know what was going on in the house, or the avenue, or anywhere? Dismay was almost swallowed up in chagrin; the thought of what he had lost well-nigh rendered him indifferent to what he might have to bear.

Nevertheless, a sort of faint hope that, if he could only contrive not to reach the hall door too soon, the pony-chaise might have turned away, and be well down the avenue by the time he got there, made him walk slower and slower directly he was hidden from the view of those left behind.

It was, he considered, on the cards that Daisy might simply have come as the bearer of a note or message, which could be delivered without her herself entering within. Accordingly, if her groom were nimble enough, and the servant who answered quick enough, the whole transaction might be over ere he got round the corner—he was at the back of the house, threading the shrubbery as he thus cogitated—and before many more steps had been taken the sound of wheels smote on his greedy ear. He stopped to listen. All right; the pony-chaise was beyond a doubt in full retreat from the front entrance, and, cringing behind a clump of evergreens, he espied it the next moment go smartly by. It went, but—his face fell! It was, in so far as he was concerned, empty: no Daisy Schofield sat therein.

Dorrien's heart sank, and his feet and arms hung like lead, as he slowly made his way out from the bushes, and advanced to the front door. There he was met, as he knew he should be met, by the following announcement:

'Miss Schofield, sir. Gone in to her ladyship, sir. The carriage has been sent to the stables.'

Daisy was sitting by his mother as he entered the apartment so recently illuminated by another face and form; and it required a fresh struggle to affect the joyous eagerness of a lover, when noting, as Dorrien instantly noted, that the very chair in which the latter had sat within the hour was that chosen by the new Daisy, moreover, looked well and pretty sitting there. A slight diffidence, all the more becoming because it was unusual, rendered her less loquacious than usual. She had come, because she had determined to come, and because she usually did what she was determined to do. At breakfast that morning she had announced a half-formed intention of driving herself over to Cullingdon, and by word of mouth inviting Mr. Dorrien to join in some forthcoming festivities. Her brothers and sisters had scouted the idea; hence she had come. She was not going to have anything she chose to do scouted by any one. Why should she not go to Cullingdon? Why should she not go in and see Lady Dorrien? Why should she mind? What was there to mind? It had ended in her going, partly in order to brave it out, partly from another cause, which need not here be inquired

But all the same she had not liked her errand when it came

to the actual point; and it had needed all the welcome which a hostess mindful of stringent orders and admonitions could bestow, to set her at anything like ease. At Dorrien's step she now turned, and blushed; and he, poor wretch! saw the blush.

'We caught a glimpse of you from the heights,' he observed, it being necessary to observe something. 'My father saw you, and I hastened down. My father would have come with me, but he is escorting your cousins, the Miss Lavenhams, to see the view.'

'Oh! are the Lavenhams here?' said Daisy.

'They rode over about an hour ago.' He had seen in an instant that secrecy on this point would simply lead to nothing.

'Rather a long ride,' rejoined Daisy, who was not herself much of a horsewoman. 'But I do not believe Monica and Isabel care about that. They are often out long after dusk, and seem to have gone all over the country.'

'Dear me! Alone?' inquired Lady Dorrien, who never went anywhere alone.

'Oh, no; my uncle goes with them.'

'He is coming here for them, to escort them on their ride home,' said Dorrien, thinking of another escort that was likewise to be offered.

Sitting there, talking of Monica, and reflecting that in a very short time he would be free to fly back to her, he began to feel at once less guilty and less impatient. 'Mr. Schofield has never been at Cullingdon before, and as it is useless to invite him out in the day-time, my father suggested his coming later,' he proceeded.

'Oh yes,' said Daisy, and opened the mission on which she had presumably come.

This was to gain support for a projected village entertainment.

But with the change of topic another change appeared. Dorrien became cold, uninterested, unintelligent: doubtful if the scheme would work; was inclined to think it very unlikely that sufficient talent could be got together at that time of year; was uncertain of his own movements; was, in short, so completely and emphatically a wet blanket, that Lady Dorrien, who sat maternally by, ready or not to think it the best idea in the world according to his lead, at once began to feel that nothing more ridiculous or more unattainable had ever been projected.

All in a moment a single sentence changed the face of the

whole. Daisy, apparently obtuse, was disposing of objection after objection, and meeting difficulty after difficulty, when she chanced to observe amongst other items, 'We should at least be lucky in Monica Lavenham.'

She might have guessed something from the silence that ensued. It lasted some seconds; then, though Dorrien could never tell how it was done, he found himself adopting an entirely reverse attitude from that he had previously taken, and could never recall properly how and in what manner the change of front was effected. He was just conscious of a gleam of faint surprise on his mother's face, and of a curious gleam of another sort on that of the other, and wondered whether or not he had betrayed himself.

He was now as ready to forward the scheme as he had erst been backward in agreeing to it. A village play? It was the very thing. Any little drawing-room play would do. There were dozens of such plays to be had. He had only been afraid of Miss Schofield's embarking on too much, projecting on too large a scale, over-doing herself, in short; he had not meant for a moment that there would be any danger of failure; and as Miss Schofield said, with—with two such—with the Miss Lavenhams to help—they knew about such things—they would be invaluable.' He was getting into deeper water than was safe, when Daisy herself held out a helping hand.

'Oh dear, yes,' she observed unconcernedly. 'Of course I meant Monica and Isabel to be in it. We want some tall girls, and there are very few tall girls about. Then I suppose we may reckon upon you, Mr. Dorrien,' rising to go.

He was to be reckoned upon to any extent.

- 'And about the end of next month?'
- 'About the end of next month, or any month.'

'Perhaps you would speak to my cousins,' proceeded Daisy, standing to consider. 'It would be as well to secure them. And Uncle Schofield did say something about Scarborough. So we must take care, in case he has fixed upon that very time for Scarborough. Perhaps you would not mind asking them, when they come in presently, Mr. Dorrien?'

He would even improve upon her commission; he would not wait till they came in, he would go and seek the Miss Lavenhams. Then Daisy made her adieux; and I am ashamed to say that, in the rebound of his spirits, and in the further anticipations to which the visit had given rise, Dorrien shone forth again as the assiduous lover, intent upon fetching dust-cloak and parasol, enamoured of this accoutrement and that; even lingering upon

the doorstep to admire the daintiness of the vehicle, and the gloss on the pony's coat.

He took off his cap and held it in his hands as she drove away. The cool air fanned his brow; and as he thus stood, bareheaded, the dark rings of his hair scattered hither and thither, and the deep glow of his sunburnt cheeks, looking yet ruddier in the rays of the sinking sun, Daisy often thought of him thereafter.

A turn of the drive gave her yet another glimpse.

He was tossing his cap in the air. No sight had ever before moved her like this. She did not guess, she *knew*, what it meant.

(To be continued.)

The Heart of London.

LMOST opposite Cannon Street Station, amid the noise and bustle of our modern city, there stands, in a niche of the wall, protected by an open iron grill, what is probably the very oldest and most sacred relic of ancient London. It is, in point of fact, the City fetish—a fetish deposed and degraded from its high estate no doubt, but still the embodied luck and fortune of the In outer form this palladium of British English metropolis. liberty is only a stone, a rough and weather-worn block, which differs very little to the mere external eye from any other block in any antique building. But the very name by which it is known-London Stone-in itself seems to betoken its close and intimate connection with the foundation and development of the Among the thousands and thousands of eager hurrying souls who pass it by on their road eastward, how many, I wonder, have ever paused to reflect that here, in this rude mass of primitive origin, we have the very heart and core and nucleus of London?

For observe that we call it emphatically London Stone—not Cannon Street Stone, nor Wallbrook Stone, nor the Saxon Stone, nor the Roman Stone: what it represents, and, as it were, sums up in itself, is nothing less than the soul of London City. I have long had my eye upon this peculiar fact, and have formed views of my own about whither they pointed. But, unfortunately, I have left them a little late in the day, so that that active and able antiquary, Mr. Laurence Gomme, has, to some extent, taken the words out of my mouth, and anticipated some part of my perilous conclusions. Still, enough remains untold, I think, even after Mr. Gomme's independent researches, to justify me in setting before all the world, and especially before the dwellers in London Town, my ideas as to this, their most precious heirloom.

Historically, it must be admitted, the written record of London Stone doesn't go back beyond the reign of Athelstan. But when we come to examine the analogies elsewhere, I think we will be fairly constrained to admit that its real origin is lost in the dimmest mists of antiquity. London and London Stone are, I believe, coeval. The city dates from the selfsame day when the Stone was first placed on its original site, at the point where long after the two main roads of early London crossed one another, and radiated in four directions from that immemorial monument.

Long before a Roman soldier had landed in our island, a wattled British village most probably occupied the rising ground which stretched along Thames bank, from a little eastward of where London Bridge now stands to the almost forgotten and obliterated stream still commemorated in the familiar name of To be sure, it is fashionable nowadays to say there Wallbrook. was no London at all before the Romans came here. But that idea belongs, I humbly conceive, to the order of ideas now passing away—the short chronology system—the conception of history which confines our view entirely to the facts recorded in written documents. The probability is that from time immemorial a trading village of some sort stood on the one islet or peninsula of higher land that rose above the great marshy estuary of the Thames and Lea. The very name of London itself sufficiently shows that a village and stockaded hill-fort of some sort stood there before the date of the Roman conquest. For London is a Welsh name, and means the dun by the llyn, the stronghold by the lake; and, unless the natives had called it so before the arrival of the Romans, those southern conquerors could never have invented for themselves that Celtic title. As a matter of fact, what the Romans really tried to do, and tried unsuccessfully, was to change the native name of Londinium for the purely Latin and fanciful one of Augusta.

Now, the situation of London Stone is in this respect most interesting and significant. At present, to be sure, it is built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church, opposite the spot where it once stood, but its original position was on the southern side of the way, at a point in the site of Cannon Street Station where the Watling Street, the great Roman military highway, entered the walls of the Roman citadel. This citadel, I believe, replaced and represented the ancient British dun or hill-fort whose name it borrowed; and London Stone placed in its most important part, overhanging the Wallbrook, formed the focus and palladium

of the ancient fortress, both in British and Roman times. 'The chief buildings,' says Mr. Loftie, the historian of London, speaking of the Roman citadel, 'were at the south-western corner, overlooking the Wallbrook, close to the celebrated London Stone, which may have marked the beginning of the first mile on the Watling Street.' No doubt it did; but if the argument I am now about to advance be correct, it also marked a great deal more; it marked the original sacred site of the original and only genuine London.

'Among all primitive communities,' says Mr. Gomme, 'when a village was first established, a stone was set up. To this stone the headman of the village made an offering once a year.' Now, I have certain heretical notions of my own about Sacred Stones, holding them to be almost all in the last resort sepulchral in character, or at least to derive their sanctity from an original habit of worshipping ancestors at the rude standing pillars that marked their tombs; but I am not going to ventilate these heresies in the present paper, lest my friend Mr. Lang should be down upon me in 'The Sign of the Ship' with an amicable knobkerry to knock the breath out of my body. I shall only insist here upon the universally-accepted fact that from Malabar to Mull, and from Samoa to Sweden, the setting up of a Sacred Stone as the outer and visible embodiment of the community was a common feature of village colonisation. A Sacred Stone forms the centre and nucleus of the village in innumerable instances, both in Britain and elsewhere.

A few selected cases of British Sacred Stones may help to show the immense importance attached to these palladia of the infant communities. The old name of Brighton, as everybody knows, was Brighthelmston, in Anglo-Saxon Brihthelmestan -that is to say, Brighthelm's Stone. Brighthelm, I suppose, was the Æneas of the little South Saxon colony that first settled down among the combes of that chalky region; and the stone, stan, or stane, stood on the spot in the centre of the town which still bears its name in an altered spelling as the Steyne. So Folkstone in the older form means the people's stone; while the ancient Sacred Stone of Kingston in Surrey still occupies the same place, in front of the court-house, where the early English kings, from Edward the Elder to Ethelred, were crowned sitting upon it. We shall see hereafter that London Stone was in all probability used for a similar purpose, as the Scone Stone is used to this very day at the coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

I don't know, however, that any better instance of the village fetish exists in Great Britain than the Sacred Stone of Clackmannan, which, like Brighthelm's Stone, gives its name to the town, but, unlike that vanished mass, remains in evidence to this very day as the focus and visible gathering-point of the community. The name Clackmannan means the Stone of Mannan, just as Maentwrog in Wales means the Stone of Twrog, and just as Brixton in the Isle of Wight—formerly Ecgbrihtes Stan—means the Stone of Ecgbriht.

Now, when we remember that all through the Middle Ages and up to very recent times a special and peculiar connection was supposed to subsist between this particular stone at Cannon Street Station and the fate or fortune of London Town; when we remember that in legal ceremonies it was used as the central point and embodiment of the City; when we remember, further, that it still bears the distinctive name of London Stone; and when we consider certain other analogies to be noted hereafter, I think we have fair grounds for supposing London Stone itself to be one of those original Sacred Stones set up when a village was first founded, and therefore to be the very oldest, most primitive, and most central object in London City.

If I am right in this conjecture, then—and my evidence on the point will be cumulative as we proceed—when London Stone was first set up, the site of London must have been widely different from what it became, even as early as the Roman time. In those days, a great tidal pool, or llyn, covered the south bank of the Thames, the Isle of Dogs, the Lea estuary, the mouth of the Fleet River, and the greater part of Westminster, Pimlico, Battersea, and Bermondsey. At one point on this pool a little peninsula of higher ground projected into the shallow lake till it fairly reached the central current; and that favoured peninsula, thus predestined for the cradle of nascent trade, consisted of the rising land between the Wallbrook and Billingsgate. Here, I take it, a little party of Celtic Britons built, at some prehistoric date, their stockaded fort, and perhaps trafficked with ships that came up the river from Gaul, Massilia, or Carthage, by the inner route, inside Thanet and Sheppey. It is some indication of such early trade that Roman coins—dating from the age of the Republic, and, therefore, clearly anterior to the conquest by Claudius—have been found in the bed of the river near London Bridge. It is scarcely to be expected that any more certain relics should now survive the complete reconstruction of the citadel under the early empire.

When the Romans came, they probably avoided doing any injury to London Stone, as was their usual practice in dealing with aboriginal religious objects. They left it, apparently, as the palladium of their citadel, and defended the site around with peculiar caution. The citadel seems to have been an irregular oblong, stretching from Cannon Street Station to Mincing Lane, and its eastern portion covered the approach to the oldest London Bridge (lower down than the present one), built to connect the Watling Street with the Dover Road. But the western end, evidently regarded as by far the most important part of the entire work, appears to have been strengthened by three lunettes or bastions on the side towards the Wallbrook; and here, close to London Stone itself, as Mr. Loftie observes, were in all probability the residence and court of the Governor; while a pavement and other remains, not long since discovered, indicate the special distinction of the site as the heart of the citadel.

If this view be correct, the common theory which regards London Stone as 'a Roman milestone' is only half true. London Stone was there before the Roman road was made; and when the Watling Street was constructed to unite Wroxeter and Chester with the bridge across the Thames, it was naturally from London Stone, the great fetish of the citadel, that the distances along the road would be measured, just as they are measured now from Charing Cross, without its being true on that account that Charing Cross is nothing more in origin than a metropolitan cab-rank.

When the Romans went, London Stone remained, and the Teutonic colonists adopted it as readily as the Romans themselves had done. I am not one of those who believe in a period when London, as the extreme exterminationists love to put it, 'lay waste' for a time: I hold rather that the Saxons who settled in Middlesex sat down side by side with the relics of the Romano-British population they found in possession of London. Be that as it may, however, London Stone continued to be held in high honour as the palladium of the new town: all through the Middle Ages it was jealously preserved in its place of honour; it entered into municipal custom as the embodied form and representative of the city; the defendant in suits in the Lord Mayor's Court had to be summoned from that spot; proclamations were issued, and other important business transacted there. Nay, it is not, I think, without significance that modern research should have fixed upon 'Henry of London Stone' as the first mayor of the young municipality. This Henry of London Stone, known also from his father's name as Henry FitzAilwin, had his residence in the parish of St. Swithin and in the valley of the Wallbrook, and even before his recognition as mayor, his signature, when he signs a document, comes first on the roll, after that of the 'vicecomes.' I gather from this that he may even then have been the guardian of the city fetish, and, as such, naturally selected for the first human representative of the city in its corporate capacity.

In the London of the thirteenth century, indeed, the Stone occupied the very centre of the town. It stood alone at the intersection of the two main thoroughfares, Watling Street and the Eastcheap line of road, equidistant from Ludgate on one side and the Tower on the other, the heart of the city, the focus of life, and the historic representative of the Roman citadel.

Curiously enough, the most interesting light upon the character and meaning of London Stone, however, is given us by a small incident in the history of Jack Cade's rebellion. When the popular leader forced his way into London, under his assumed name of Mortimer—so Holinshed tells us—the very first thing he did was to go to London Stone, and, striking it with his sword, to say, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city.' Why did he do this? Evidently because he regarded the Stone as the embodiment and symbol of London itself. To strike London Stone with his sword was to have conquered London. To sit upon it was to enthrone himself on the collective city.

Mr. Gomme has adduced an interesting parallel case from the municipal custom of a little out-of-the-way town on the outskirts of Dartmoor. At Bovey Tracey on mayor's day the newly-elected mayor used to ride round the stone cross of the town and strike it with a stick. By so doing he proved himself, as it were, the master of Bovey. The action is all the more significant if we recollect that stone crosses constantly occupy the place of ancient Sacred Stones, or are even morticed into them, in order to give a Christian meaning to the heathen emblem. 'It will be noted,' says Mr. Gomme, 'that while at Bovey Tracey the custom obtains almost the force of a municipal law, in London it had sunk so low in its scale of importance as only to have been rescued by the record of the acts of a rebel.' But surely Cade must merely have been copying the common usage of his time, and Lord Mayors in his day must have marked their arrival in office by a similar symbolical act at London Stone to that performed by Cade and by the mayors of Bovey.

At Bovey, too, 'young men were induced to kiss the magic

stone, pledging allegiance in upholding ancient rights and privileges. This is a clear recognition of the stone as the embodiment of the town and the seat of authority. Is there any similar evidence about London Stone? I think there is, and here is how we arrive at it.

We saw that the later West Saxon kings were crowned on the Royal Sacred Stone at Kingston in Surrey. So, too, the Scotch kings were crowned on the Sacred Stone of Scone, now in Westminster Abbey. All the world over, it is a common practice to inaugurate the king or chief on such a Sacred Stone; and sometimes, as in the case of the Lia Fail or Stone of Destiny on the great tumulus at Tara in Ireland, the stone cried aloud when the true king sat upon it. Now, in the well-known version of the Jack Cade story, familiar to all of us in the pages of Shakespeare, we get an exactly similar memory about London Stone. As Cade, who pretended to be Mortimer, Earl of March, 'came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword,' says the chronicler whom Shakespeare followed; and then, to give the incident in the form it assumes in 'King Henry VI.,' he said, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of the City's cost, the conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign.' This is right royal lan-Clearly, we have here a burlesque coronation and a comic edict, issued, as it were, from the recognised throne and court of the city.

I may be mistaken, but even in earlier times, I fancy, we catch some faint echo of such an imperial importance attached to coronation upon London Stone. There were two places, I believe, in southern England (or to be more precise still, in Wessex), which long retained in early English days the abiding memory of imperial Roman unity. Those two places were Bath and London. When Edgar, for example, wished to be crowned as Basileus of Britain, we are specially told it was in the 'old minster' at Bath that he was hallowed as overlord of all this island. Every other recorded act of Edgar's reign—his connection with Dunstan, a monk of the old Romano-British monastery at Glastonbury; his ostentation of imperial British power, when he was rowed in his barge by eight subject Celtic princes on the sacred British river, the Dee; his relation with his vassal, Kenneth, King of Scots, to whom he handed over the subject fief of the Lothians—brings out the full significance of this coronation in Bath Abbey and of the open assumption of imperial dignity.

Bath was evidently one of the two spots where, in the opinion of the tenth century, an emperor of Britain might fitly be crowned. Indeed, few people are aware that a King of Bath was annually elected by the citizens in the folk-moot up to the days of the Georges, and that this petty local monarch was chosen and inaugurated on the very same day on which Edgar was hallowed king in the old minster. Beau Nash's title of King of Bath was not, as one might suppose, a mere freak of fancy—the Beau was the last of a long line of shadowy princes, the first of whom, Farinmail, is commemorated in the English Chronicle as slain by Cuthwine the West Saxon at the battle of Deorham in 577.

But if Bath was one such spot where a British emperor might fitly be crowned, was London another? I think it was, and for this reason. When Swegen the Dane invaded England in the reign of Ethelred, there is a curious entry in the Chronicle anent Bath and London. Swegen had already subjugated the half-Danish north. 'Earl Uhtred and all Northumbrians soon bowed to him, and all the folk in Lindsey: and sithence the folk in the Five Burgs, and shortly after, all the host by north of Watling Street.' But till Swegen had been acknowledged king of the West Saxons in one of the old Roman towns, he clearly did not consider himself Emperor of Britain. He marched on Oxford, which received him; on the royal city of Winchester, which made no resistance. And then he tried to be made king at London. But at London Ethelred was waiting, and the city held out. Swegen as an alternative marched westward upon Bath. the thegns of Wessex 'bowed to him and gave him hostages.' And mark what follows: 'When he had thus fared, he went north to his ships, and all the folk held him then for full king.' London itself gave way; Ethelred fled to Normandy, and Swegen remained undisputed overlord of Britain. By the date of the Conquest, however, as Mr. Green remarks, election in London had come to be the mark of complete kingship.

If I read this record aright, then, London and Bath were the two places where men thought an emperor of Britain might be duly inaugurated. Failing one, Swegen tried the other. And we must remember in this connection that London was not as yet a royal city, that Westminster was still unbuilt—a marshy islet—and that Winchester was then the kingly home of the West Saxon princes, while the Sacred Stone of Kingston-on-Thames was their coronation seat as mere lords of Wessex. Nevertheless, Swegen's son Canute was elected and crowned King of all England in

London. I infer, therefore, that coronation at London or Bath had a wider and quasi-imperial meaning—that it stamped the person so crowned as the successor, perhaps, of Constantine and Carausius—perhaps, too, of Arthur, of Ambrosius, and of Uther Pendragon. Nay, there was even a time when Canute was practical master of England, but Edmund Ironside was king in London alone. At any rate, I think—if one puts together these facts side by side with Cade's action at London Stone, and with the practical collapse of the English party at the Norman Conquest, when 'all the best men of London' came out to meet William of Normandy and 'bowed to him for need'—little doubt can remain of the importance attached both to London itself and to its namesake Stone from a very early period.

These are only suggestions, glimpses, ideas. I hope London antiquaries may do something to help them out by fuller information. But I trust I have at least made clear the very intimate connection long supposed to subsist between the City and this its sacred fetish—a connection so close that the Stone was accepted as the embodiment and symbol of the community itself, much as the mace or the crown are accepted to-day as the embodiment or symbol of the monarchy and the sovereign. And if we look away from London Stone itself to those other fetish stones which Pausanias mentions as among the most venerated objects of worship in the most ancient temples of Hellas, we shall understand in part the true nature of its sanctity. Look as you pass that iron grill in Cannon Street, and remember that the little worn block that now remains there is but the last relic of what was once an imposing earth-fast pillar, more antique perhaps than any Roman remains in this isle of Britain.

GRANT ALLEN.

The Double Alibi.

CLEN ALINE is probably the loneliest place in the lone moorlands of Western Galloway. The country is entirely pastoral and of Western Galloway. The country is entirely pastoral, and I fancy that the very pasture is bad enough. Stretches of deergrass and ling, rolling endlessly to the feet of Cairnsmure and the circle of the eastern hills, cannot be good feeding for the least Epicurean of sheep, and sheep do not care for the lank and sour herbage by the sides of the 'lanes,' as the half-stagnant, black, deep, and weedy burns are called in this part of the country. The scenery is not unattractive, but tourists never wander to these wastes where no inns are, and even the angler seldom visits them. Indeed, the fishing is not to be called good, and the 'lanes,' which 'seep,' as the Scotch say, through marshes and beneath low hillsides, are not such excellent company as the garrulous and brawling brooks of the Border or of the Highlands. As the lanes flow, however, from far-away lochs, it happens that large trout make their way into them-trout which, if hooked, offer a gallant resistance before they can be hauled over the weeds that usually line the watercourses.

Partly for the sake of trying this kind of angling, partly from a temporary distaste for the presence of men and women, partly for the purpose of finishing a work styled A History of the Unexplained, I once spent a month in the solitudes of Glen Aline. I stayed at the house of a shepherd, who, though not an unintelligent man, was by no means possessed of the modern spirit. He and his brother swains had sturdily and successfully resisted an attempt made by the schoolmaster at a village some seven miles off to get a postal service in the glen more frequently than once a week. A post once a week was often enough for lucky people who did not get letters twice a year. It was not my shepherd, but another, who once came with his wife to the village, after a twelve miles' walk across the hills, to ask 'what the day of the week was.' They had lost count, and the man had attended to

his work on a day which the dame averred to be the Sabbath. He denied that it was the Sabbath, and I believe that it turned out to be a Tuesday. This little incident gives some idea of the delightful absence of population in Glen Aline. But no words can paint the utter loneliness, which could actually be felt; the empty moors, the empty sky. The heaps of stones by a burnside, here and there, showed that a cottage had once existed where now was no habitation. One such spot was rather to be shunned by the superstitious, for here, about 1698, a cottar family had been evicted by endless unaccountable disturbances in the house. Stones were thrown by invisible hands—though occasionally, by the way, a white hand, with no apparent body attached to it, was viewed by the curious who came to the spot. Heavy objects of all sorts floated in the air; rappings and voices were heard; the end wall was pulled down by an unknown agency. The story is extant in a pious old pamphlet called 'Sadducees Defeated,' and a great deal more to the same effect—a masterpiece by the parish minister, signed and attested by the other ministers of the Glen Kens. The Edinburgh edition of the pamphlet is rare; the London edition may be procured without much difficulty.

The site of this ruined cottage, however, had no terrors for the neighbours, or rather for the neighbour, my shepherd. he seemed to have forgotten the legend till I reminded him of it, for I had come across the tale in my researches into the The shepherd and his family, indeed, were quite Unexplained. devoid of superstition, and in this respect very unlike the northern Highlanders. However, the fallen cottage had nothing to do with my own little adventure in Glen Aline, and I mention it merely as the most notable of the tiny ruins which attest the presence, in the past, of a larger population. One cannot marvel that the people 'flitted' from the moors and morasses of Glen Aline into less melancholy neighbourhoods. The very sheep seemed scarcer here than elsewhere; grouse-disease had devastated the moors. sportsmen consequently did not visit them; and only a few barren pairs, with crow-picked skeletons of dead birds in the heather now and then, showed that the shootings had once perhaps been My shepherd's cottage was four miles from the little-travelled road to Dalmellington; long, bad miles they were, across bog and heather. Consequently I seldom saw any face of man, except in or about the cottage. My work went on rapidly enough in such an undisturbed life. Empires might fall, parties

might break like bursting shells, and banks might break also: I plodded on with my labour, and went a-fishing when the day promised well. There was a hill loch (Loch Nan) about five miles away, which I favoured a good deal. The trout were large and fair of flesh, and in proper weather they rose pretty freely and could be taken by an angler wading from the shore. There was no boat. The wading, however, was difficult and dangerous, owing to the boggy nature of the bottom, which quaked like a quicksand in some places. The black water, never stirred by duck or moorhen, the dry rustling reeds, the noisome smell of decaying vegetable-matter when you stirred it up in wading, the occasional presence of a dead sheep by the sullen margin of the tarn, were all opposed to cheerfulness. Still, the fish were there, and the 'lane,' which sulkily glided from the loch towards the distant river, contained some monsters, which took worm after a flood. One misty morning, as I had just topped the low ridge from which the loch became visible, I saw a man fishing from my favourite bench. Never had I noticed a human being there before, and I was not well pleased to think that some emissary of Mr. Watson Lyall was making experiments in Loch Nan, and would describe it in The Sportsman's Guide. The mist blew white and thick for a minute or two over the loch side, as it often does at Loch Skene; so white and thick and sudden that the bewildered angler there is apt to lose his way, and fall over the precipice of the Grey Mare's Tail. When the curtain of cloud rose again, the loch was lonely: the angler had disappeared. went on rejoicing, and made a pretty good basket as the weather improved and grew warmer—a change which gives an appetite to trout in some hill lochs. Among the sands between the stones on the farther bank I found traces of the angler's footsteps; he was not a phantom, at all events, for phantoms do not wear heavily nailed boots, as he evidently did. The traces, which were soon lost, of course, inclined me to think that he had retreated up a narrow green burnside, with rather high banks, through which, in rainy weather, a small feeder fell into the loch. I guessed that he had been frightened away by the descent of the mist, which usually 'puts down' the trout and prevents them from feeding. In that case his alarm was premature. I marched homewards, happy with the unaccustomed weight of my basket, the contents of which were a welcome change from the usual porridge and potatoes tea (without milk), jam, and scones of the shepherd's table. But, as I reached the height above the loch on my westward path, and

looked back to see if rising fish were dimpling the still waters, all flushed as they were with sunset, behold, there was the Other Man at work again!

I should have thought no more about him had I not twice afterwards seen him at a distance, fishing up a 'lane' ahead of me, in the loneliest regions, and thereby, of course, spoiling my sport. I knew him by his peculiar stoop, which seemed not unfamiliar to me, and by his hat, which was of the clerical pattern once known, perhaps still known, as 'a Bible-reader's '-a low, soft, The second time that I found him thus slouched black felt. anticipating me, I left off fishing and walked rather briskly towards him, to satisfy my curiosity, and ask the usual questions, 'What sport?' and 'What flies?' But as soon as he observed me coming he strode off across the heather. Uncourteous as it seems, I felt so inquisitive that I followed him. But he walked so rapidly, and was so manifestly anxious to shake me off, that I gave up the pursuit. Even if he were a poscher whose conscience smote him for using salmon-roe, I was not 'my brother's keeper,' nor any-He might 'otter' the loch, but how could I body's keeper. prevent him?

It was no affair of mine, and yet—where had I seen him before? His gait, his stoop, the carriage of his head, all seemed familiar—but a short-sighted man is accustomed to this kind of puzzle: he is always recognising the wrong person, when he does not fail to recognise the right one.

I am rather short-sighted, but science has its resources. Two or three days after my encounter with this very shy sportsman I went again to Loch Nan. But this time I took with me a strong field-glass. As I neared the crest of the low heathery slope immediately above the loch, whence the water first comes into view, I lay down on the ground and crawled like a deer-stalker to the skyline.

Then I got out the glass and reconnoitred. There was my friend, sure enough; moreover, he was playing a very respectable trout. But he was fishing on the near side of the loch, and though I had a very distinct view of his back, and indeed of all his attenuated form, I was as far as ever from recognising him, or guessing where, if anywhere, I had seen him before. I now determined to stalk him; but this was not too easy, as there is literally no cover on the hillside, except a long 'march dyke' of the usual loose stones, which ran down to the loch-side, and indeed three or four feet into the loch, reaching it at a short distance to

the right of the angler. Behind this I skulked, in an eagerly undignified manner, and was just about to climb the wall unobserved, when two grouse got up, with their wild cluck, cluck of alarm, and flew down past the angler and over the loch. He did not even look round, but jerked his line out of the water, reeled it up, and set off walking along the loch-side. He was making, no doubt, for the little glen up which I fancied that he must have retreated on the first occasion when I saw him. I set off walking round the tarn on my own side—the left side—expecting to anticipate him, and that he must pass me on his way up the little burnside. But I had miscalculated the distance, or the pace. He was first at the burnside; and now I cast courtesy and everything but curiosity to the winds, and deliberately followed him. was a few score of yards ahead of me, walking rapidly, when he suddenly climbed the burnside to the left, and was lost to my eyes for a few moments. I reached the place, ascended the steep green declivity, and found myself on the open undulating moor, with no human being in sight!

The grass and heather were short. I saw no bush, no hollow, where he could by any possibility have hidden himself. Had he met a Boojum he could not have more 'softly and suddenly vanished away.'

I make no pretence of being more courageous than my neighbours, and, in this juncture, perhaps I was less so. The long days of loneliness in waste Glen Aline, and too many solitary cigarettes, had probably injured my nerve. So, when I suddenly heard a sigh and the half-smothered sound of a convulsive cough—hollow, if ever a cough was hollow—hard by me, at my side as it were, and yet could behold no man, nor any place where a man might conceal himself-nothing but moor and sky and tufts of rushesthen I turned away and walked down the glen: not slowly. I shall not deny that I often looked over my shoulder as I went, and that, when I reached the loch, I did not angle without many a backward glance. Such an appearance and disappearance as this, I remembered, were in the experience of Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart does not tell the anecdote, which is in a little anonymous volume, Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, published before Lock-Sir Walter reports that he was once riding across hart's book. the moor to Ashiesticl, in the clear brown summer twilight, after sunset. He saw a man a little way ahead of him, but, just before he reached the spot, the man disappeared. Scott rode about and about, searching the low heather as I had done, but to no purpose. He rode on, and, glancing back, saw the same man at the same place. He turned his horse, galloped to the spot, and again—nothing! 'Then,' says Sir Walter, 'neither the mare nor I cared to wait any longer.' Neither had I cared to wait, and, if there is any shame in the confession, on my head be it!

Then came a week of blazing summer weather; tramping over moors to lochs like sheets of burnished steel was out of the question, and I worked at my book, which now was all but finished. At length I wrote THE END, and 'ô le bon ouff! que je poussais,' as Flaubert says about one of his own laborious conclu-The weather broke, we had a deluge, and then came a soft cloudy day, with a warm southern wind suggesting a final march on Loch Nan. I packed some scones and marmalade into my creel, filled my flask with whiskey, my cigarette-case with cigarettes, and started on the familiar track with the happiest anticipations. The Lone Fisher was quite out of my mind; the day was exhilarating—one of those true fishing days when you feel the presence of the sun without seeing him. Still, I looked rather cautiously over the edge of the slope above the loch, and, by Jove! there he was, fishing the near side, and wading deep among the reeds! I did not stalk him this time, but set off running down the hillside behind him as quickly as my basket, with its load of waders and boots would permit. I was within forty yards of him, when he gave a wild stagger, tried to recover himself, failed, and, this time, disappeared in a perfectly legitimate and accountable The treacherous peaty bottom had given way, and his floating hat, with a splash on the surface, and a few black bubbles, were all that testified to his existence. There was a broken old paling hard by; I tore off a long plank, waded in as near as I dared, and, by help of the plank, after a good deal of slipping which involved an exemplary drenching, I succeeded in getting him on to dry He was a distressing spectacle—his body and face all land. blackened with the slimy peat-mud; and he fell half-fainting on the grass, convulsed by a terrible cough. My first care was to give him whiskey, by perhaps a mistaken impulse of humanity; my next, as he lay exhausted, was to bring water in my hat, and remove the black mud from his face.

Then I saw Percy Allen—Allen of St. Jude's! His face was wasted, his thin long beard (he had not worn a beard of old), clogged as it was with peat-stains, showed flecks of grey.

'Allen, Percy,' I said, 'what wind blew you here?'

But he did not answer; and, as he coughed, it was too plain

that the shock of his accident had broken some vessel in the lungs. I tended him as well as I knew how to do it. I sat beside him, giving him what comfort I might, and all the time my memory flew back to college days, and to our strange and most unhappy last meeting, and his subsequent inevitable disgrace. Far away from here—Loch Nan and the vacant moors—my memory wandered.

It was at Blocksby's auction-room in a street near the Strand, on the eve of a great book-sale three years before, that we had met, for almost the last time, as I believed, though it is true that we had not spoken on that occasion. It is necessary that I should explain what occurred, or what I and three other credible witnesses believed to have occurred; for, upon my word, the more I see and hear of human evidence of any event, the less do I regard it as anything better than an excessively probable hypothesis.

To make a long story as short as may be, I should say that Allen and I had been acquainted when we were undergraduates; that, when fellows of our respective colleges, our acquaintance had become intimate; that we had once shared a little bit of fishing on the Test; and that we were both book-collectors. I was a comparatively sane bibliomaniac, but to Allen the time came when he grudged every penny that he did not spend on rare books, and when he actually gave up his share of the water we used to take together, that his contribution to the rent might go for rare editions and bindings. After this deplorable change of character we naturally saw each other less, but we were still friendly. I went up to town to scribble; Allen stayed on at Oxford. One day I chanced to go into Blocksby's rooms; it was a Friday, I rememberthere was to be a great sale on the Monday. There I met Allen in ecstasies over one of the books displayed in the little side-room on the right hand of the sale-room. He had taken out of a glass case and was gloating over a book which, it seems, had long been the Blue Rose of his fancy as a collector. He was crazed about Longepierre, the old French amateur, whose volumes, you may remember, were always bound in blue morocco, and tooled, on the centre and at the corners, with his badge, the Golden Fleece. Now the tome which so fascinated Allen was a Theocritus, published at Rome by Caliergus—a Theocritus on blue paper, if you please, bound in Longepierre's morocco livery, doublé with red morocco, and, oh ecstasy! with a copy of Longepierre's version of one Idyll on the flyleaf, signed with the translator's initials, and headed à Mon Roy. It is known to the curious that Louis XIV.

particularly admired and praised this little poem, calling it 'a model of honourable gallantry.' Clearly the grateful author had presented his own copy to the King; and here it was, when king and crown had gone down into dust.

Allen showed me the book; he could hardly let it leave his hands.

- 'Here is a pearl,' he had said, 'a gem beyond price!'
- 'I'm afraid you'll find it so,' I said; 'that is for Paillet or Rothschild, not for you, my boy.'
- 'I fear so,' he had answered; 'if I could sell my whole library to-morrow I could hardly raise the money;' for he was poor, and it was rumoured that his mania had already made him acquainted with the Jews.

We parted. I went home to chambers; Allen stayed adoring the unexampled Longepierre. That night I dined out, and happened to sit next a young lady who possessed a great deal of taste, though that was the least of her charms. The fashion for book-collecting was among her innocent pleasures; she had seen Allen's books at Oxford, and I told her of his longings for the Miss Breton at once was eager to see the book, and Theocritus. the other books, and I obtained leave to go with her and Mrs. Breton to the auction-rooms next day. The little side-room where the treasures were displayed was empty, except for an attendant, when we went in; we looked at the things and made learned remarks, but I admit that I was more concerned to look at Miss Breton than at any work in leather by Derome or Bauzonnet. We were thus a good deal occupied, perhaps, with each other; people came and went, while our heads were bent over a case of volumes under the window. When we did leave, on the appeal of Mrs. Breton, we both—both I and Kate—Miss Breton, I mean-saw Allen-at least I saw him, and believed she didabsorbed in gazing at the Longepierre Theocritus. He held it rather near his face; the gas, which had been lit, fell on the shining Golden Fleeces of the cover, on his long thin hands, and eager studious features. It would have been a pity to disturb him in his ecstasy. I looked at Miss Breton; we both smiled, and, of course, I presumed we smiled for the same reason.

I happen to know, and unluckily did it happen, the very minute of the hour when we left Blocksby's. It was a quarter to four o'clock—a church-tower was chiming the three-quarters in the Strand, and I looked half mechanically at my own watch, which was five minutes fast. On Sunday I went down to Oxford, and

happened to lounge into Allen's rooms. He was lying on a sofa reading the *Spectator*. After chatting a little, I said, 'You took no notice of me or of the Bretons yesterday, Allen, at Blocksby's.'

- 'I didn't see you,' he said; and as he was speaking there came a knock at the door.
- 'Come in!' cried Allen, and a man entered who was a stranger to me. You would not have called him a gentleman perhaps. However, I admit that I am possibly no great judge of a gentleman. Allen looked up.
- 'Hullo! Mr. Thomas,' he said, 'have you come up to see Mr. Mortby,' mentioning a well-known Oxford bibliophile. 'Wharton,' he went on, addressing me, 'this is Mr. Thomas from Blocksby's.'
- 'I bowed. Mr. Thomas seemed embarrassed. 'Can I have a word alone with you, sir?' he murmured to Allen.
- 'Certainly,' answered Allen, looking rather surprised. 'You'll excuse me a moment, Wharton,' he said to me. 'Stop and lunch, won't you? There's the old *Spectator* for you;' and he took Mr. Thomas into a small den where he used to hear his pupils read their essays, and so forth.

In a few minutes he came out, looking rather pale, and took an embarrassed farewell of Mr. Thomas.

- 'Look here, Wharton,' he said to me; 'here is a curious business. That fellow from Blocksby's tells me that the Longepierre Theocritus disappeared yesterday afternoon; that I was the last person in whose hand it was seen, and that not only the man who always attends in the room, but Lord Tarras and Mr. Wentworth, saw it in my hands just before it was missed.'
- 'What a nuisance!' I answered. 'You were looking at it when Miss Breton and I saw you, and you didn't notice us. Does Thomas know when—I mean about what o'clock—the book was first missed?'
- 'That's the lucky part of the whole worry,' said Allen. 'I left the rooms at three exactly, and it was missed about ten minutes to four; dozens of people must have handled it in that interval of time. So interesting a book!'
- 'But,' I said, and paused—'are you sure your watch was right?'
- 'Quite certain; besides, I looked at a church clock. Why on earth do you ask?'
- 'Because—I am awfully sorry—there is some unlucky muddle; but it was exactly a quarter, or perhaps seventeen minutes, to

four when both Miss Breton and I saw you absorbed in the Longepierre.'

'Oh, it's quite *impossible*,' Allen answered; 'I was far enough away from Blocksby's at a quarter to four.'

'That's all right,' I said. 'Of course you can prove that, if it is necessary; though I daresay the book had fallen behind a row of others, and has been found by this time. Where were you at a quarter to four?'

'I really don't feel obliged to stand a cross-examination before my time,' answered Allen, flushing a little. Then I remembered that I was engaged to lunch at All Souls', which was true enough; convenient, too, for I do not quite see how the conversation could have been carried on pleasantly much further. For I had seen him—not a doubt about it. But there was one curious thing. Next time I met Miss Breton I told her the story, and said, 'You remember how we saw Allen at Blocksby's, just as we were going away?'

- 'No,' she said, 'I did not see him; where was he?'
- 'Then why did you smile—don't you remember? I looked at him and at you, and I thought you smiled!'
- 'Because—well, I suppose because you smiled,' she said. And the subject of the conversation was changed.

It was an excessively awkward affair. It did not come 'before the public,' except, of course, in the agreeably mythical gossip of an evening paper, the Rowdy Puritan. There was no more public scandal than that. Allen was merely ruined. was introduced to the notice of the Wardens and the other Fellows of St. Jude's. What Lord Tarras saw, what Mr. Wentworth saw, what I saw, clearly proved that Allen was in the auction-rooms, and had the confounded book in his hand, at an hour when, as he asserted, he had left the place for some time. It was admitted by one of the people employed at the sale-rooms that Allen had been noticed (he was well known there) leaving the house at three. But he must have come back again, of course, as at least four people could have sworn to his presence in the show-room at a quarter to four o'clock. When he was asked, in a private interview, by the Head of his College, to say where he went after leaving Blocksby's, Allen refused to answer. He merely said that he could not prove the facts; that his own word would not be taken against that of so many unprejudiced and even friendly witnesses. He simply threw up the game. He resigned his fellowship; he took his name off the books; he disappeared.

There was a good deal of talk; people spoke about the unscrupulousness of collectors, and repeated old anecdotes on that subject. Then the business was forgotten. Next, in a year's time or so, the book—the confounded Longepierre Theocritus—was found in a pawnbroker's shop. The history of its adventures was traced beyond a shadow of doubt. It had been very adroitly stolen, and disposed of, by a notorious book-thief, a gentleman by birth—now dead, but well remembered. Ask Mr. Quaritch!

Allen's absolute innocence was demonstrated beyond cavil, though nobody paid any particular attention to the demonstration. As for Allen, he had vanished; he was heard of no more.

He was here; dying here, beside the black wave of lone Loch Nan.

All this, so long in the telling, I had time enough to think over as I sat and watched him, and wiped his lips with water from the burn, clearer and sweeter than the water of the loch.

At last his fit of coughing ceased, and a kind of peace came into his face.

'Allen, my dear old boy,' I said—I don't often use the language of affection—'did you never hear that all that stupid story was cleared up; that everyone knows you are innocent?'

He only shook his head; he did not dare to speak, but he looked happier, and he put his hand in mine.

I sat holding his hand, stroking it. I don't know how long I sat there; I had put my coat and waterproof under him. He was 'wet through,' of course; there was little use in what I did. What could I do with him?—how bring him to a warm and dry place?

The idea seemed to strike him, for he half rose, and pointed to the little burnside, across the loch. An idea occurred to me; I tore a leaf from my sketch-book, put the paper with a pencil in his hand, and said, 'Where do you live? Don't speak. Write.'

He wrote in a faint scrawl, 'Help me to that burnside. Then I can guide you.'

I hardly know how I got him there, for, light as he was, I am no Hercules. However, with many a rest, we reached the little dell; and then I carried him up its green side, and laid him on the heather of the moor.

He wrote again:

'Go to that clump of rushes—the third from the little hillock. Then look, but be careful. Then lift the big grass tussock.'

The spot which Allen indicated was on the side of a rather steep grassy slope. I approached it, dragged at the tussock of grass, which came away easily enough, and revealed the entrance to no more romantic hiding-place than an old secret whiskey Private stills, not uncommon in Sutherland and some other northern shires, are extinct in Galloway. Allen had probably found this one by accident in his wanderings, and in his half-insane bitterness against mankind had made it, for some time at least, his home. The smoke-blackened walls, the recesses where the worm-tub and the still now stood, all plainly enough betrayed the original user of the hiding-place. There was a low bedstead, a shelf or two, whereon lay a few books—a Shakespeare, a Homer, a Walton, Plutarch's Lives; very little else out of a library once so rich. There was a tub of oatmeal, a heap of dry peat, two or three eggs in a plate, some bottles, a keg of whiskey. some sardine-tins, a box with clothes—that was nearly all the 'plenishing' of this hermitage. It was never likely to be discovered, except by the smoke, when the inmate lit a fire. The local shepherd knew it, of course, but Allen had bought his silence: not that there were many neighbours for the shepherd to tattle with.

Allen had recovered strength enough by this time to reach his den with little assistance. He made me beat up the white of one of the eggs with a little turpentine, which was probably, under the circumstances, the best styptic for his malady within his reach. I lit his fire of peats, undressed him, put him to bed, and made him as comfortable as might be in the den which he had chosen. Then I went back to the shepherd's, sent a messenger to the nearest doctor, and procured a kind of sledge, generally used for dragging peat home, wherein, with abundance of blankets for covering, I hoped to bring Allen back to the shepherd's cottage.

Not to delay over details, this was managed at last, and the unhappy fellow was under a substantial roof. But he was very ill; he became delirious and raved of many things—talked of old college adventures, bid recklessly for imaginary books, and practised other eccentricities of fever.

When his fever left him he was able to converse in a way—I talking, and he scrawling faintly with a pencil on paper. I talk him how his character had been cleared, how he had been hunted for, advertised for, vainly enough. To the shepherds' cottages, where he had lived till the beginning of that summer, newspapers

rarely came; to his den in the old secret still, of course they never came at all.

His own story of what he had been doing at the fatal hour when so many people saw him at the auction-rooms was brief.

He had left the rooms, as he said, at three o'clock, pondering how he might raise money for the book on which his heart was set. His feet had taken him, half unconsciously, to

a dismal court, Place of Israelite resort,

where dwelt and dealt one Isaacs, from whom he had, at various times, borrowed money on usury. The name of Isaacs was over a bell, one of many at the door, and, when the bell was rung, the street door 'opened of his own accord,' like that of the little tobacco-and-talk club which used to exist in an alley off Pall Allen rang the bell, the outer door opened, and, as he was standing at the door of Isaacs's chambers, before he had knocked, that portal also opened, and the office-boy, a young Jew, slunk cautiously out. On seeing Allen, he had seemed at once surprised and alarmed. Allen asked if his master was in; the lad answered 'No' in a hesitating way; but, on second thoughts, averred that Isaacs 'would be back immediately,' and requested Allen to go in He did so, but Isaacs never came, and Allen fell and wait. asleep. He had a very distinct and singular dream, he said, of being in Messrs. Blocksby's rooms, of handling the Longepierre, and of seeing Wentworth there, and Lord Tarras. When he wakened he was very cold, and, of course, it was pitch-dark. did not remember where he was; he lit a match and a candle on Then slowly his memory came back to him, the chimney-piece. and not only his memory, but his consciousness of what he had wholly forgotten-namely, that this was Saturday, the Sabbath of the Jews, and that there was not the faintest chance of Isaacs's arrival at his place of business. In the same moment the embarrassment and confusion of the young Israelite flashed vividly across his mind, and he saw that he was in a very awkward position. If that fair Hebrew boy had been robbing, or trying to rob, the till, then Allen's position was serious indeed, as here he was, alone, at an untimely hour, in the office. So he blew the candle out, and went down the dingy stairs as quietly as possible. took the first cab he met, drove to Paddington, and went up to Oxford.

It is probable that the young child of Israel, if he had been

attempting any mischief, did not succeed in it. Had there been any trouble, it is likely enough that he would have involved Allen in the grief. Then Allen would have been in a, perhaps, unprecedented He could have established an alibi, as far as the Jew's position. affairs went, by proving that he had been at Blocksby's at the hour when the boy would truthfully have sworn that he had let And, as far as the charge against him into Isaacs's chambers. him at Blocksby's went, the evidence of the young Jew would have gone to prove that he was at Isaacs's, where he had no business to be, when we saw him at Blocksby's. But, unhappily, each alibi would have been almost equally compromising. difficulty never arose, but the reason why Allen refused to give any account of what he had been doing, and where he had been, at four o'clock on that Saturday afternoon-a refusal that told so heavily against him-is now sufficiently clear. His statement would, we may believe, never have been corroborated by the youthful Hebrew, who certainly had his own excellent reasons for silence, and who, probably, had carefully established an alibi of his own elsewhere.

The true account of Allen's appearance, or apparition, at Blocksby's, when I and Tarras, Wentworth, and the attendant recognised him, and Miss Breton did not, is thus part of the History of the Unexplained. Allen might have appealed to precedents in the annals of the Psychical Society, where they exist in scores, and are technically styled 'collective hallucinations.' But neither a jury, nor a judge, perhaps, would accept the testimony of experts in Psychical Research if offered in a criminal trial, nor acquit a wraith.

Possibly this scepticism has never yet injured the cause of an innocent man. Yet I know, in my own personal experience, and have heard from others, from men of age, sagacity, and acquaintance with the greatest affairs, instances in which persons have been distinctly seen by sane, healthy, and honourable witnesses, in places and circumstances where it was (as we say) 'physically impossible' that they should have been, and where they certainly were not themselves aware of having been. That is why human testimony seems to me to establish no more, in certain circumstances, than a highly probable working hypothesis—a hypothesis on which, of course, we are bound to act.

There is little more to tell. By dint of careful nursing poor Allen was enabled to travel; he reached Mentone, and there the mistral ended him. He was a lonely man, with no kinsfolk; his character was cleared among the people who knew him best; the others have forgotten him. Nobody can be injured by this explanation of his silence when called on to prove his innocence, and of his unusually successful vanishing from a society which had never tried very hard to discover him in his retreat. He has lived and suffered and died, and left behind him little but an incident in the *History of the Unexplained*.

W. LAIDLAW PEEL.

Wild Beasts and Their Ways.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S new book, entitled Wild Beasts and their Ways, will be the source of great pleasure and interest to all his disciples and admirers. It is doubtful if there is any man now living who has had a longer and more varied experience than Sir Samuel Baker in the pursuit and destruction of all the large animals fera natura. His knowledge of them must be described as cosmopolitan. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have each and all provided him with a happy huntingground. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the crocodile, lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, wild boars and bears, bisons (which the Americans call buffaloes), Indian and Cape buffaloes, elks, wapiti, sambur and red deer, have all been hunted, and hunted successfully, by him.

There is one point to which Sir Samuel Baker desires specially to draw the attention of his readers, regarding his own character as a sportsman. Although, by the necessity of the case, his pages are somewhat blood-stained, he says that he never, if it could be avoided, fired an unnecessary shot, or tried to increase the mere number of the animals slain by him when he had provided sufficient food for his companions and followers, or had obtained a good specimen of head and horns to serve as a trophy of natural history. Of course, when wild elephants were numerous and the ivory was valuable, he shot to kill as many of them as he could out of a herd. And it is not to be supposed that he ever spared a tiger, or a lion, or a crocodile, or any other ferocious animal dangerous to human life. But when he was shooting bison and wapiti in America he refrained again and again from pulling the trigger, though his deadly rifle covered the vital points of those great animals within easy range.

The next point to which it is expedient to draw attention may be stated in simple terms. Whenever Sir Samuel Baker fired a shot, he fired to kill. Putting it in this form, it seems as if every sportsman might say the same thing for himself. But with Sir S. Baker it meant a great deal more. Again and again he impresses on his readers that they must not go out to shoot dangerous wild animals unless they have the right sort of rifles and bullets. His own favourite weapon was the 577 Express rifle with a solid bullet and a heavy charge of gunpowder. In ordinary covert shooting in England, where there is little element of danger, almost every sportsman uses his own favourite weapon and When he goes into the African or Indian jungles he must arm himself effectually, or he may suffer for it. With the •577 rifle and its proper ammunition the fearful wounds that Sir S. Baker so graphically and minutely describes are immediately The wild beast loses all power of offence or resistance, for so great is the shock to the system that its vitality is crushed in an instant. Obviously it is a matter of life or death on both sides. If the sportsman on foot pits himself against an elephant or a lion, or any other dangerous beast that is far his superior in strength and agility, he must trust to his rifle to put the balance of the chances in his favour. If he holds his rifle steady, victory will be on his side. Those who seek to follow in Sir S. Baker's footsteps will see that Providence is on the side of the big rifles in the hunting field as much as it was on the side of big battalions on the battle-field.

As there is no special order in Sir S. Baker's arrangement of his subjects, we will take the crocodile first amongst the dangerous animals that he describes. The crocodile, though not the most formidable, seems to be the most loathsome antagonist of man. It makes the blood curdle to read the tales that Sir S. Baker has to tell of the murder of some of his favourite followers by the crocodiles of the Upper Nile. It must be called murder, for most of the victims of these beasts were not aggressive, but were simply bathing after their day's labours were over, when the crocodile stole up like an assassin and dragged them beneath the water, so that they were seen no more. Doubtless Sir S. Baker felt bitterly the impotence of his wrath against such an enemy. But if he could not slay the individual murderer, he could take vengeance on the rest of the family. It is not easy to kill a crocodile outright so as to prevent it sinking beneath the surface. But they do not long survive the crash of a bullet from a .577 rifle. Sir S. Baker tells a curious anecdote of a large crocodile that was caught and conquered by a big and long-horned Abyssinian cow that had once belonged to him.

cow went to the river's edge to drink, when a crocodile seized its nose and tried to drag it into the water. But the cow stoutly resisted, and it was able by its superior weight to pull the crocodile up the bank of the river, when the natives surrounded Sir S. Baker saw some very large crocodiles on the and killed it. Victoria Nile, and he says that two antediluvian monsters, which he at first took for boulders of granite, were as thick as the body of a hippopotamus and of enormous length. He seems to think that the crocodiles are much larger in Africa than they are in India. But he would probably correct this opinion if he met some of the huge crocodiles that infest the Sunderbuns of Bengal, or if he would examine some of the heads of the specimens that are to be seen in the Calcutta Museum, where the base of the skull measures more than a yard in width, whilst the skeletons are 18 ft. in length.

Although the hippopotamus may be less loathsome than the crocodile, Sir S. Baker writes that 'there is no animal that he disliked more than the hippopotamus, if he was compelled to travel at night upon an African river in an ordinary boat.' Even without this limitation the hippopotamus seems remarkably dan-Sir S. Baker tells how in broad daylight a hippopotamus charged the steamer that was towing his Diahbeeah, and perforated the iron plates of the vessel in two places with its projecting tusks, so that it made a dangerous leak. On another occasion, when the steamer passed over a hippopotamus that was walking (after the manner of these beasts) under water along the bed of the river, the steamer of 108 tons gave a leap into the air, as the water was too shallow to permit the hippopotamus to pass beneath the keel. What became of the hippopotamus was not ascertained. On another occasion a bull hippopotamus charged the Diahbeeah in the middle of the night, and sank a small boat that was fastened alongside by biting a large piece out of it. 'Not satisfied with this success, it then charged the iron vessel, and would assuredly have sunk her if I had not stopped the onset by a shot in the skull with a No. 8 rifle.' Sir S. Baker calls the animal 'stupidly ferocious' when it is in the water, though it is comparatively timorous on land. On one occasion he saw a man in a boat wantonly attacked and killed by a hippopotamus. The Hamran Arabs and some of the tribes attack the hippopotamus with their harpoons, and when the beast has been thus securely hooked they drag it on shore and slay it with their spears, whilst they half-blind it by throwing sand into its eyes. But the hippopotamus sometimes gets the

better of them and escapes. Sir S. Baker states a curious fact concerning a commercial change that has affected the hippopotamus. Formerly its tusks, or large prominent teeth, were in great request by dentists to make artificial teeth. They were superior to ivory in the permanence of their colour, and they never turned yellow. But the American invention of porcelain enamel for artificial teeth has destroyed the value of the hippopotamus' tusks, and they are now cheaper than ivory. Some people may have wondered for what good purpose such an ungainly and seemingly useless beast as the hippopotamus was created. Sir S. Baker writes that 'a young calf hippopotamus is delicious eating. feet when stewed are far superior to those of any other animal, and the skin makes excellent turtle soup. The flesh of the animal is always palatable; and, although the meat of an old bull is tough, it can be successfully treated by pounding and beating it on a flat stone until the fibre is totally destroyed. If it is then mixed with chopped onions, pepper and salt, and wild thyme, it will form either rissoles or cotelettes de veau by a pleasing transformation.' What a pity it is that Sir S. Baker was not at hand to act as cook when Dr. Buckland, the Dean of Westminster, unfortunately made the Archbishop of Canterbury seriously ill by inducing him to partake of plain roast hippopotamus!

From these amphibious and odious monsters it is a relief to turn to the more noble beasts of the forest, the lions and the tigers, with which Sir S. Baker had so many an encounter. may be safely asserted that the lion was his favourite animal, which might be interpreted as meaning that he would rather have shot a lion than a tiger—a form of favouritism which would not be acceptable to the lion. On the other hand, the favouritism means that he preferred the qualities and characteristics of the lion to those of the tiger. Undoubtedly there is in England a popular prejudice in favour of the lion, to the support of which Sir S. Baker stoutly contributes. He says that 'there is a nobility in the character of the lion which differs entirely from the slinking habits of tigers, leopards, and the feline race in general. Although the lion is fond of dense retreats, he exposes himself in many ways. This exposure or carelessness of concealment renders his destruction comparatively easy.' Owing to these causes Sir S. Baker thinks that the number of lions in the world has greatly diminished. In India and other parts of Asia they are almost extinct, and in Africa they have been continually destroyed from the time of the Roman Emperors, when, according to Gibbon,

hundreds were killed in the arena to make a Roman holiday, until the present time, when such keen sportsmen as Sir S. Baker and his disciples have taken the field against them. The lion has but little chance against the :577 rifle and its powerful bullet. Nevertheless, Sir S. Baker seems to have given the lions several times a good chance of killing him, especially on that occasion when he crept stealthily through the low and dark tunnels of the Nabbuk jungle right up to a party of three lions that were eating the carcass of a buffalo. Fortunately the three lions turned and fled. On another day he crept up to and killed his lion, though the jungle was so thick that he could not drag out the lion's body. But even the brave hunters of the Hamran Arabs and the Tokrooris protested against this needlessly dangerous form of sport, and Sir S. Baker abandoned it.

Sir S. Baker has carefully compared the strength and other qualities of the lion and the tiger, and he decides in favour of the The magnificent mane of the lion may be said to turn the scale in its favour as regards the appearance of the animal in repose, but it may be doubted if a large tiger charging furiously at a line of elephants does not really present a grander sight. But it falls to the lot of few men to see such a charge. Usually the sportsman gets his first sight of a tiger as it is slinking away through the bushes or along a ravine, and a well-planted bullet either kills or so severely wounds the beast that it crouches, and can only glare horribly with its lustrous green eyes until another bullet ends its sufferings. The pictures with which Sir S. Baker has so well illustrated his book exhibit this very clearly. The elephant Bisgaum is shown 'charging the dying tiger,' but all the beauty has been knocked out of the tiger as it struggles in its agony to lift its head. In another picture the tiger is shown and described as slinking away from the line of beaters, and it looks like a skulking burglar. Very different, and much more favourable to the tiger, is the picture of one that is described as 'offering a challenge to the line of elephants'; but even in this picture the tiger is shown passing along in front of the line, and not as hurling himself with irrepressible fury against the serried ranks of his mighty antagonists.

It has been Sir Samuel Baker's good fortune to obtain tiger-shooting in two very different parts of India—in the Central Provinces and in Eastern Bengal. In the former the tiger is driven out of his lair by a line of unarmed men on foot. The rocky and comparatively open nature of the country affords opportunities for

this mode of sport. In Eastern Bengal it would be impracticable, for there the tigers live chiefly either in high reeds and rushes or in tall grass studded with rose bushes, from which they can only be ejected by a well-directed line of elephants, whilst the sportsman shoots from a howdah. In the Central Provinces the use of a platform, or machan, is common, and this is built either on its own supports or up in the branches of a convenient tree. Sir S. Baker invented a stool with a revolving seat, on which he sat when perched in his machan. But he was also accustomed to the use of elephants, and he seems to have been exceptionally unfortunate in the elephants that were supplied to him, for nearly all of them were large tuskers, unsteady, and more or less cowardly, so as to be a hindrance to good shooting, and almost a greater source of danger than the tigers.

Sir S. Baker has very much to tell about the ways of elephants, both wild and tame. His earliest impressions were derived from the wild ones that he shot in Ceylon, and subsequently in Africa. In both these countries the wild elephant was regarded as an enemy, destructive to crops and dangerous to mankind; whilst in Africa the ivory tusks were a valuable and desirable spoil. So Sir S. Baker learnt to shoot wild elephants, and, the bigger his enemy, the more he liked it. Thus, when he came to India, and to the employment of tamed elephants for shooting tigers, he could not shake off all his old ideas about big elephants, and it was his particular pleasure to ride on the largest male elephants, the use of which is studiously eschewed by most experienced Indian sportsmen. tried to conciliate these big tuskers by feeding them and talking to them, but they gave him infinite trouble, and they ran away with him, to the great peril of his life, whenever they got excited or alarmed. The upshot seems to be that in instituting a comparison between the intelligence of a dog and an elephant, he decides in favour of the former, 'who, when the day's work is over, lies down and sleeps before the fire at his master's feet, and dreams of the dangers and exploits of the hunt.' Sir S. Baker seems to have forgotten the old story in Æsop's fables, where the horse was jealous of the dog, and tried to ingratiate itself with its master by imitating its rival's habits of fawning on its master and jumping on his lap. Of course the horse fared badly in the contrast. And so would the elephant if he were to try to imitate the dog, and curl himself up at his master's feet before the camp fire. But Sir S. Baker himself acknowledges that the elephant is

instructed and guided by the Mahout in all that he does. He writes thus: 'I do not know a more agreeable sensation than the start in the early morning on a thoroughly dependable elephant. with a Mahout who takes a real interest in his work. A thorough harmony exists between man and beast, and you feel prepared for anything. But how much depends upon that Mahout. impossible for a bystander to comprehend the secret signs which are mutually understood by the elephant and his guide—the elephant detects every movement, however slight, and is thus mysteriously guided by its intelligence; the mighty beast obeys the unseen helm of thought, just as a huge ship yields, by apparent instinct, to the rudder which directs her course.' he goes on to observe: 'What must be the result should an elephant be guided by a Mahout of uncertain temperament? The great trouble when riding on an elephant is the difficulty in getting the Mahout to obey an order. In tiger shooting the elephant will at once detect anything like tremor on the part of his Mahout. Frequently a good elephant may be disgraced by the nervousness of his Mahout, nothing being so contagious as fear.' After this testimony it seems reasonable to think that the elephant is as much superior in intelligence to the dog as the Mahout is to the elephant.

Concerning leopards of the ordinary kind, Sir S. Baker has not much to say that is new. The leopard's power of climbing up a tree makes it a more insidious and dangerous animal than a tiger to man and beast in the villages in which it takes up its The cheetah, or hunting leopard of India, is totally different in shape from all other leopards. At the Courts of the independent native princes of India trained cheetahs are usually kept for hunting wild antelopes. The cheetah is taken out on a cart drawn by bullocks to a spot within sight of some unsuspicious black buck, and after two or three stupendous bounds it generally seizes and kills its prey. But Sir S. Baker had the good fortune to see a coursing match in which a cheetah had to hunt a black buck at full speed for about 600 yards, and eventually pulled it down. The poor antelope twisted and doubled, but the cheetah was too quick and clever for it. Sir S. Baker declares that 'it was worth a special voyage to India only to see that hunt,' but he adds that he learnt that it was quite exceptional in its character, so that it will be hardly worth while to go out to India on the chance of seeing it repeated.

It will be remembered that Sir S. Baker began his great

career as a sportsman in Ceylon, although as a lad in England he was doubtless initiated into the mysteries of the craft. hounds in Ceylon were a mixed and motley pack, but admirably suited to their work of hunting the elk or sambur deer; whilst, armed with only his hunting-knife, he followed his pack on foot over mountain and moor and into deep ravines full of precipices Those who know the climate of Ceylon can and waterfalls. only wonder at the marvellous vigour with which Sir Samuel Baker pursued this sport on the hottest and most exhausting days, following the distant cry of the dogs for miles and miles, and eventually coming up in time to find them at bay with the stag in some dangerous pool of water. His courage and his hunting-knife never failed him, though there were occasions when some of his best and most beloved dogs fell victims to their own excess of courage by impaling themselves on the buck's sharp In comparison with these exciting chases in the days of his youth and early manhood, his exploits in pursuit of the wapiti of North America seem almost tame and free from peril. Probably there are many people who will take a nearer and deeper interest in his description of the deer-drive at Blair Athol when five hundred red deer were urged along almost in a line towards their destruction by the organised skill of the keepers and The driving of the large herds of the red deer on the hills belonging to the Duke of Athol was brought to such a pitch of perfection that it could be predicted almost with certainty at what minute the horns of the leading stags would be seen coming over the brow of the hill. But Sir S. Baker is at his best when he tells how he was able at Blair Athol to exhibit his old Ceylon tactics in hunting a stag on foot with the aid of two of the Duke's deerhounds. The chase was brief but exciting, and the ground rather favoured the hunter, whilst the assembled spectators could see all that passed. The deer took refuge in the river, where it was brought to bay by the dogs, until, with Sir S. Baker's encouragement, they went in and seized the animal by the ears, whilst he gave the coup de grâce with his favourite hunting-knife. But there was one among the spectators who was not pleased. Sandy Macarra, the head-keeper, who had trained the dogs to bay but not to seize, indignantly remarked, 'Weel, you've just ruined the dogs for ever, and there'll be nae hauding them from the deer now. They'll just spoil the flesh and tear the deer to pieces.'

It would be a grave omission to conclude this paper without some notice of the wild buffalo which Sir S. Baker hunted in Ceylon and India and Africa, and also in America, where the 410

There are several varieties of the bison is called the buffalo. buffalo proper, but all are remarkable for their formidable horns and almost invulnerable heads. When the sportsman has occasion to go forth to battle against a wild buffalo on foot, he will do well to study what Sir S. Baker has written on this subject: 'It must be understood that when a vicious animal is your vis-à-vis, the duel has commenced, and your shot must be delivered as "a settler." If you miss, or if the shot be uncertain in its effect, the buffalo will in most instances charge. The charge of a buffalo is a very serious matter. Many animals charge when infuriated, but they can generally be turned by a shot, though they may not be mortally wounded. But a buffalo is a devil incarnate when it has once decided upon the offensive. Nothing will then turn it—it must be actually stopped by death, sudden and instantaneous, as nothing else will stop it. If not killed it will assuredly destroy its adversary. There is no creature in existence that is so determined to stamp out the life of its opponent. Should it succeed in overthrowing its antagonist, it will not only gore the body with its horns, but it will try to tear it to pieces, and will kneel upon the lifeless form, and stamp on it with its hoofs until the mutilated remains are disfigured beyond recognition. I have killed some hundreds of these animals, and I never regret their destruction, as they are usually vicious and most dangerous brutes, whose ferocity is totally uncalled for.' Perhaps Sir S. Baker carries his enmity to the buffalo a little too far, for it must not be forgotten that the courage and strength of the buffalo make it a dangerous enemy to the prowling tiger, whilst one of his own pictures shows us a wounded bull buffalo fighting desperately against three lions that attacked it. It is curious that the American buffalo or bison, which is a much more terrific animal than the African buffalo in its appearance, should be of an entirely different character, so that Sir S. Baker describes it as 'a perfectly harmless creature, which will never offend unless previously attacked.'

Want of space has led to the omission of any mention of such formidable beasts as the rhinoceros, the bear, and the wild boar, to say nothing of a large number of the smaller animals, regarding whose ways Sir S. Baker has so much to tell. But the reader must go to Sir S. Baker's book if he wishes fully to enjoy and appreciate it. When Sir S. Baker occasionally pauses to moralise on his subject he is both instructive and consistent. It will be safest to conclude with his own words, in which he repeats and enforces his favourite doctrines thus:—'The lover of Nature will

never tire of studying her ways. When young he will wonder and admire; when old he will reflect but still admire. In all his studies he will discover one great ruling power of individual self, whether among the brute creation or the vegetable world. Of the civilised world I say nothing. In his wanderings as a naturalist he will remember that, should he endeavour to study in their secluded haunts the wild beasts and their ways, the law of force will always be present. It will accordingly be wise to secure the force beforehand upon his own side, and no more trusty and dependable agent can be found than a double-barrelled '577 rifle to burn six drams of powder with a bullet of pure lead of 650 grains. This professional adviser will confirm him in the theory that the law of force will always govern the world.'

C. T. BUCKLAND.

The Portrait of Concitta P.—.

By E. GERARD, AUTHOR OF 'THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST,' ETC.

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam Im Norden auf kahler Höh'; Ihn schläfert; mit weisser Decke Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.

Er träumt von einer Palme,
Die fern im Morgenland
Einsam und schweigend trauert
Auf brennender Felsenwand.—HEINE.

A pine tree stands alone on A bare, bleak northern height; The ice and snow they swathe it, As it sleeps there all in white.

Tis dreaming of a palm-tree
In a far-off eastern land,
That mourns alone and silent
On a ledge of burning sand.

Translation by SIR THEODORE MARTIN.

CHAPTER I.

TANNENHORST.

HAVE hitherto refrained from relating the events which I here set forth for fear of being consigned to a madhouse as a raving lunatic. For twenty years I have kept the secret from everyone, even from my wife; but now, a reasonable time having elapsed, I venture at last to disclose it. My character as a perfectly sane, healthy country gentleman has long since been established in the neighbourhood. I have been twice elected Justice of the Peace, and am reckoned a great authority on the breeding of bullocks and the management of timber. I have got

eight children, and am beginning to grow stout. These reassuring symptoms have, therefore, determined me now to reveal the truth concerning certain passages in my earlier life, which even now are to me inexplicable. I do not expect to be believed, but simply state the facts as they occurred.

My name is Günther von Tannenhorst, and I come of an old and tolerably wealthy Pomeranian family. I served in the German Army up to my twenty-fourth year, when I was summoned home to my father's death-bed, and by his decease became proprietor of the two family estates of Tannenhorst and Birkenthal.

Tannenhorst, the original family estate, and the one from which we take our name, is of comparatively small value, lying among bleak surroundings on the rocky coast of the Baltic Sea. The castle and old square tower with massive walls had been allowed to fall into partial ruin, for at the time I came into possession it had not been inhabited for over two generations. My father never went there unless compelled by business. On one occasion only my mother had accompanied him, but she never went again, for the sound of the sea-waves made her melancholy, she said, and the dismal old tower gave her the shivers only to look at—it must be haunted, she felt sure. Birkenthal, situated midway between Berlin and Stettin, was ever so much gayer and more civilised, as well as being far more valuable.

I myself had never set eyes upon Tannenhorst till about six months after my father's death, when some legal formalities rendered it necessary that I should visit the spot. By rights I should have gone there sooner, but for an accident which befell me in the early summer—a fall from horseback, producing a slight concussion of the brain, which, though completely cured by this time, had left behind a certain nervous irritability.

It was a gloomy November afternoon, with brooding fogs obscuring the landscape, when I first caught sight of the ancestral mansion, which seemed to rise up before me out of the mist like a phantom building—a tall white tower standing on a rocky basement, about which were grouped the shadowy outlines of some gnarled and stunted pine-trees. A rusty iron gate leading into a short approach of pine-trees—stunted like their fellows—stood open, for I had signalised my arrival to the old domestic who for many years past had been entrusted with the charge of the castle, and who with an only daughter led an easy, if not very lively, existence in this remote corner of the globe.

Old Konrad-whom I had not seen since my childhood-

received me at the door with a profusion of apologies for the sorry accommodation Schloss Tannenhorst would afford. He himself was no longer as young as he once had been, and therefore must be excused if his limbs were not as nimble nor his eyes as sharp as formerly, but he had done his best to render inhabitable one of the rooms on the first floor—no very easy task, for all the furniture was rotten, and there was not a curtain that was not motheaten; and Mali—that was his daughter, by the Herr Baron's leave—was sorely afraid lest the cookery might not satisfy the gracious master. A roast hare and an apple dumpling, that was all she had to set before him to-night, for though she was as handy and hard-working a girl as any in the land, how was one to procure anything in this God-forsaken place?

The splendid appetite engendered by my long drive soon put old Konrad's scruples to rest on the latter point, and when I had expressed myself satisfied with all his other contrivances, I heard him breathe a sigh of relief.

Tannenhorst, as I have already mentioned, is a tall, square. four-storied tower, built upon a steep outjutting promontory, and surrounded by water on three sides. Constructed on the most approved principles of mediæval discomfort, each storey of the tower contained but three rooms, of which two were of medium size and looked out respectively to the east and west. The large room facing due north, and filling up the whole breadth of the tower, had besides two windows a small octagonal turret opening off it, and commanding a fine view of the sea. The roof of Tannenhorst was sadly dilapidated, and the topmost storey had long since been given up to the bats, who flitted in and out the empty casements at their own sweet will, and to the owls hooting about the ivy-tangled walls. The rooms on the second floor, converted into lumber receptacles where were stored away broken and mouldering wrecks of furniture, were chiefly inhabited by rats and mice, so that only the first floor—and of that the large north room alone-could at a pinch be rendered inhabitable to accommodate a passing visitor, Konrad and his daughter lodging on the ground-floor, where was also the kitchen.

In this large centre room, therefore, Konrad had concentrated the few passable pieces of furniture he had contrived to pick from out the lumber. An oaken carved bedstead stood in one corner, and in the centre a massive dining-board, round which were ranged half a dozen chairs of divers forms and dates; while in the little octagonal turret, which opened off this apartment, he had placed a curious old Louis XV. secrétaire writing-table—which, for a marvel, was in tolerably good preservation—and before it a comfortable tapestried arm-chair.

'The Herr Baron would be much quieter in here for smoking and writing,' he observed, as he displayed the arrangements he had made for my comfort; 'the light was ever so much better here than in the big room, and the Herr Baron need not be annoyed by Mali's footsteps, when she came in to spread the table or dust the chairs.'

I merely glanced into the turret that first evening, and casually noticed that, beside the writing-table and the arm-chair, it contained, also, a few old dingy pictures—family portraits apparently—which had not been deemed worthy of removal at the time Tannenhorst was dismantled of all the valuables it contained.

The following day, and the day after that again, I spent in tramping about the estate, taking stock of its resources, and by nightfall I was, on each occasion, too weary to think of anything but bed, so that it was only on the third evening after my arrival that, having some wearisome law-papers to look through, I carried them into the little turret and ensconced myself in front of the old secrétaire.

Yes, Konrad was quite right; it was much more comfortable in here; and, certainly, Mali was making a most stupendous clatter with the knives and forks as she was preparing the table for supper.

I must have been sitting here fully half an hour, absorbed in the perusal of a long-winded document regarding a disputed boundary question, when I chanced to raise my eyes to the picture which hung directly over the writing-table, and as I did so I started with the sensation of a violent and sudden emotion, but whether of pleasure or pain I could not determine. My heart was thumping in a new, unknown fashion, and my head felt strangely giddy—as giddy almost as it had felt at the time of my accident. What was the meaning of it? I had not previously thought of looking at this picture any more than at the three or four other paintings which adorned the walls of the turret; and but for the fact of its being hung directly above the table where I was seated, I should probably never have looked at it at all.

It was the picture of a very young girl, with pale oval face and large dark eyes, which seemed to be looking at me out of the canvas with an expression of pathetic pleading, while her hands were clasped together in a begging attitude, as though she were imploring a favour. Her dress was black, and the background against which she was painted exceedingly dark, so that her pale face and the clasped hands alone stood out distinctly from the surrounding gloom.

I do not know whether the painting was a good one, for I am no art connoisseur; all I know is that never before had any canvas-painted eyes produced upon me a similar impression. I tried to return to the perusal of my legal document, but found it difficult to keep thought concentrated on the matter in hand, and it was a decided relief when old Konrad looked in to tell me that supper was ready.

Though I had taken my full share of exercise that day, I hardly did justice to Mali's cookery, and sent away a plate of excellent Dampfnudeln almost untasted, to Konrad's great dissatisfaction. It was absurd, incomprehensible, but somehow I could not get that picture out of my thoughts. It haunted me in my dreams, and my first thought was of it on waking next morning.

When I had risen and dressed, I went into the little turret and looked again at the picture which had so strangely impressed me on the previous evening. Lighted up by daylight, I was now able to distinguish details which had previously escaped my notice; and as the pale November sunshine came slanting in through the narrow east window, I could see that the girl's slender arms were shackled together by heavy fetters, and that she herself was looking out from behind an iron grating—a dungeon window, presumably. Her expression was thus explained; she was a captive, and was asking to be released. But who was she? and how had she deserved such a cruel fate? Eagerly I scanned the surface of the canvas in hope of discovering an answer to these riddles, and presently succeeded in distinguishing some letters in the left corner. With my pocket-handkerchief I rubbed them clear of dust, and read as follows:

'Arnulph von Tannenhorst pinxit.'

Arnulph von Tannenhorst; that was my great-grandfather, as I now remembered, and simultaneously all that I had ever heard concerning him flashed into my mind. He had in his youth devoted himself to art (which was considered an eccentric thing in those days for any gentleman well born and bred), and having spent some years in Italy for the purpose of cultivating his talents, had returned thence a changed and moody man. He had shut

himself up in his tower of Tannenhorst, where he lived the life of a hermit for over a quarter of a century, and then had astonished the world and grievously disappointed his heir-at-law by marrying a well-born German lady, who became my great-grandmother. All this, however, failed to explain what had been his connection with the captive damsel, and how he had come to paint her portrait.

My next step was to mount upon a chair and take down the painting from the nail upon which it hung. There, upon the other side of the canvas, I at last discovered a further clue:

'Concitta P—— 'Bologna, 17—.'

I read with some difficulty, for the letters were blurred and indistinct, and the remainder of her surname absolutely illegible, as was also the date.

So she had been an Italian! I might have guessed it before. Such eyes could only have belonged to a daughter of the south.

- 'Konrad,' I said, endeavouring to assume a careless tone, when I was seated at breakfast some minutes later, 'do you happen to know anything about that picture which hangs in the little turret?' For to me the turret contained but one picture; I had not even looked at the others.
- 'The picture of the old gentleman in the dressing-gown is the portrait of——,' began Konrad, but I interrupted him.
 - 'No, no; not that one.'
- 'Then it will be the two children with the dog the gracious Herr Baron will be meaning? The twin sons of old Baron Siegfried, who——'

I almost stamped with impatience.

- 'Never mind the children and the dog! I mean the girl, the lady, that hangs over the writing-table.'
- 'Oh, that one!' said Konrad, with a distinct accent of contempt in his tone. 'That is none of your honour's kith or kin, I'll warrant; for who ever saw a decent Tannenhorst with eyes and hair like that? It will just be some fancy picture, I am thinking; and I only hung it there to hide the mildew-stains on the wall, and because I could not find anything better. The rats and mice have played the very deuce among the pictures, and there is scarcely a Tannenhorst left whose features are still intact. Only last winter, I grieve to say, they gnawed through the right ear of your noble ancestor, Baron Halibord, the crusader.'

I had been listening rather absently to the old man's chatter.

- 'Then you really can tell me nothing more about it?' I resumed after a pause.
- 'About Baron Halibord's ear?' asked Konrad, his thoughts still running on the previous subject. 'Nothing, except that, maybe, with a fresh piece of canvas put in at the back it might be patched up again. There is a decent young sign-painter at Z——, who is keeping company with Mali, by your honour's leave, and he would doubtless undertake the job; and as for the rats, I shall put down poison as soon as the cold weather comes on.'
- 'I don't care a straw about either the rats or my ancestor's ear,' I answered testily. 'I only wished to know if you can tell me nothing further about the Italian lady over the writing-table.'
- 'I never heard say as she was an Italian, but it's as likely as not, with those outlandish-looking eyes,' he replied, with a shrug, as he proceeded to replenish my coffee-cup. But in spite of his assurance that Mali had made the coffee extra strong and fragrant that morning, I would have none of it, and rose hastily from table, feeling strangely irritated against everything and everybody, against Mali and her coffee, against Konrad, myself, and last, not least, against the mysterious picture which had taken such hold on my thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

TEARS.

Non did this feeling of uneasiness lessen during the days that followed, and Konrad, as he noted how unequal had become my temper and my appetite, used to shake his head and mutter audibly to himself.

When I had been at Tannenhorst a week, a change came over the weather. A heavy snowstorm, accompanied by a perfect hurricane of wind, replaced the mild, foggy autumn days I had found here on my arrival. For four-and-twenty hours the waves washed the base of the rock in unremitting fury, and the salt sea foam dashed up angrily to meet the falling snow half-way; for four-and-twenty hours the wind howled round the old tower with the voice of ten thousand demented demons. I tried to take a walk in the afternoon, but had to retrace my steps, for no man could stand upright in such a wind, and it was only by clinging on to the tree-stems that I managed to regain the house.

For three whole days I had not re-entered the little turret. There were no more law-papers to be looked through, and the sight of that picture made me uncomfortable. But I went in there now, and with my mind made up to a sort of defiant resolution, I sat down before the old secrétaire. A sudden thought had shot through my mind. I had a letter to write, an important letter, and having a long lonely evening before me—for though only five o'clock the early winter dark had set in—this was the best time to write it.

As I entered the turret, Konrad, who had apparently been securing the bolt of one of the windows, retired noiselessly, and I was left to myself. I dipped my pen in ink, and without even glancing at the picture overhead began to write:

'Most honoured, high-born Fräulein.'

Before, however, proceeding further, I must recapitulate a little in order to explain what was this letter I was about to write, and who was the lady thus addressed as 'high-born Fräulein.'

Without any formal betrothal having taken place, a sort of tacit family understanding had existed for many years that on attaining my majority I was to lead to the altar Hilda von Liljen, the daughter of an old comrade and intimate friend of my father, and whose estate joined our other property of Birkenthal. whom I had known since childhood, was a sweet-tempered, blueeyed girl of the true German type. I had always loved her almost as a sister, and felt quite happy in the prospect of spending my life beside her. My father in his last moments had reminded me of his wishes on the subject, and but for his death our engagement would long since have been definitely concluded. first months of mourning having now elapsed, I thought that I might without indecorum proceed to the formal demand of her hand, and just to-day I felt a burning desire to do so without further delay. The consciousness of having taken such a decisive step might, I thought, restore to me some of my lost composure. After the words 'Most honoured and high-born Fräulein,' I therefore proceeded as follows, writing fast and feverishly, anxious to get through my task as soon as possible:

'You, doubtless, do not ignore that for years past it has been the warmest desire of our parents to see their families united in the persons of their children. My poor father always looked forward to the day that was to bless our union as the happiest in his life. Would that he had lived to embrace you as a daughter; for I venture to hope, most honoured and high-born Fräulein, that you will without repugnance consent to carry out our parents' wishes in this matter by conferring your fair hand upon your humble servant.

'Our long acquaintance and thorough knowledge of each other is the best guarantee of our future happiness, and I can give you the faithful assurance that I have never yet seen a woman who——'

I had written thus far without drawing breath, but now I paused on discovering that my pen was bad. A letter of proposal should be well and clearly written; so I proceeded to replace the pen by a better one. While I was adjusting it into the holder I glanced up mechanically at the picture overhead, but looked away as quickly again with the sensation of having received a sudden stab. Provoked at my own folly—for how could any sane man suffer himself to be seriously influenced by the counterfeit of a woman who had lived more than a hundred years ago, and who long since must have turned to dust?—I set my teeth doggedly together and resumed:

'-- I have never yet seen a woman who stands as high as my ideal of all that is lovely and virtuous in your sex—none by whose side I could look forward to the future with such steadfast confidence.'

Here I paused again in search of another phrase. I had already said all I really had to say, but the letter struck me as a little too short. Some neat concluding sentence must be devised. I began to read the last paragraph over to myself half-aloud:

'I can give you the faithful assurance that I have never yet seen a woman who stands as high——'

I started violently, as a low wailing cry sounded close to me—at my very elbow it seemed. Was it really only the seagull which, flapping its wings in weird enjoyment of the storm, had just flown past the window? To me it had sounded as though it came from the picture. I looked up again. Good God! what

was this? Was I dreaming or was I mad? for by the flickering light of the pair of candles placed upon the secrétaire it seemed to me that the picture was weeping. Hastily I snatched up a light and held it against the canvas. No, I was not mistaken. Five or six large drops were distinctly visible upon the girl's pale face, just below the eyes, which appeared to have shed them, and as I gazed in unspeakable terror and stupefaction the drops rolled slowly downwards over her bosom.

'Konrad! KONRAD!' I now shrieked out like a scared child.

The old man came running in with a white, terror-stricken face.

- 'Konrad—look there—do you see nothing?' I gasped, taking hold of his arm and pointing towards the picture.
 - 'Nothing, Herr Baron,' he said in amazement.
- 'But the picture—those tears?' and I pointed with a trembling hand to the wet spots on the canvas.

Konrad looked at me more curiously than at the picture, I thought; then he said, dryly enough:

'The bolt of that window is insecure, and flew open not an hour ago, and in so doing the topmost pane of glass got broken, as the Herr Baron may see for himself. The spray from the sea, or the snow, may well have been driven in and wet the picture.'

This prosaic explanation somewhat damped my excitement, and made me feel ashamed of my previous tremors; so—though feeling far from convinced—I hastened to agree with Konrad that nothing more supernatural than snow or spray was here in question; but when he offered to bring a duster to dry the picture, I dismissed him shortly. The very mention of a duster seemed to me sacrilegious. No other hand but my own should presume to dry those tears, and in order to do so I went and fetched my finest cambric pocket-handkerchief, touching the picture as reverently as if it had been a holy image.

But it was clearly impossible to proceed further with my letter of proposal that evening. How was I to pen a clear and graceful offer of marriage amid these turbulent surroundings—roaring waves, shricking sea-gulls, and, most disturbing of all, weeping black eyes?

So I tore up my half-finished letter into a thousand pieces, and as I did so it struck me that the girl in the picture looked far less mournful than before, and though the snow continued to drive against the broken window, and I anxiously watched for a

repetition of the phenomenon, there was no further appearance of tears upon her face that evening.

Towards midnight the storm abated, and then I fell into a troubled slumber, sometimes broken by the scampering of rats overhead. I dreamt—but no, it was no dream. I saw the door of the little turret open, and the girl of the picture came in and stood beside my bed. After looking at me for some minutes with her eyes fixed upon mine, she raised her hand and beckoned, as though she were inviting me to follow her. Still beckoning, she walked back to the turret door, which opened, and then closed behind her with a loud bang, like a pistol report.

I sat up in bed with my heart beating wildly. I was wide-awake now, at all events, and I am ready to take my oath as to the noise I had heard.

'Who is there?' I cried out, but there was no answer; and a minute's reflection convinced me that no living being could possibly have penetrated either into my room or the little turret beyond, for I had the habit of locking myself in every evening, and there was no other entrance to either apartment. Perhaps, after all, it had merely been the rats holding a rather more noisy revelry than usual. The large old-fashioned clock in one corner of the room was just striking midnight.

After lying awake for some time without anything further having occurred to disturb me, I fell asleep again, and, exhausted by the reaction following my late excitement, I slept long and dreamlessly. When I woke it was broad daylight, and looking out of the window I saw that a complete transformation had come over the landscape. Everything was buried many inches deep in snow. Snow was piled up high on the window ledges at this side of the tower, where yesterday's wind had driven it, and the stunted pines of the approach, their branches heavily fringed with icicles which slanted all in one direction, were smothered in snow as well.

I had slept so soundly towards morning that I did not all at once recollect my vision, or dream, of the previous night, but when I did so my first movement was naturally to open the turret door.

I started almost as violently as I had started yesterday on discovering the tears on the picture, and stood for full five minutes staring foolishly at the blank mildew-stained piece of wall above the secrétaire. Except a few dangling cobwebs there was no trace to be seen of the picture that had hung there yesterday. How and by what means it had been spirited away I was at a loss to conceive, and vainly racked my brain for a solution of the riddle. That noise I had heard of the closing door. Had robbers entered the turret in the night and stolen the picture? But no! it was impossible; no mortal man that ever lived could have scaled the walls of the tower; and my dream had been no dream—of that I felt more convinced than ever—but a vision. Some devilry was here at work, that was clear; the tower must be haunted. No wonder my mother had disliked it; I had not been myself since I had set foot within it. I would hasten to begone from its baneful influence.

At this moment I heard Konrad coming upstairs with the breakfast tray, and some impulse which I could not have explained made me hastily lock the turret door and put the key into my pocket; and the same feeling it was which made me refrain from mentioning the subject to the old man. He had looked at me so derisively, almost contemptuously, last night—just as if he doubted my sanity—when I had shown him the tears on the picture, that I did not feel inclined now to take him into confidence and ask him to account for its mysterious disappearance. Briefly, I told him to pack my things, and within an hour had turned my back on Castle Tannenhorst.

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND LETTER-AND THE THIRD.

AFTER my return to Birkenthal I felt much better for a time. The cheerful society of my country neighbours and the pleasant sleighing and hunting parties which filled up most of my days went far to weaken, if not absolutely to obliterate, the remembrance of the mysterious picture. I had not seen Hilda since my return, for she and her parents were still absent at Berlin, and the decisive words which were to bind one to the other for life had not yet been spoken either by word of mouth or by letter; but when, a few days before Christmas, I heard that the Liljens had returned to their country seat, I felt I could not longer delay my proposal—when Hilda and I met again it should be on the footing of engaged lovers.

So the letter was written—a careful and well-turned composition this time—but addressed to Hilda's father instead of to herself, and was duly despatched by a mounted groom, who had orders to wait for an answer, for the distance between the two castles was not more than a couple of German miles.

I awaited his return in some impatience, but though I had sent him off in the early morning it was past three o'clock when he made his appearance with a dejected and crestfallen air.

'Where is the answer?' I asked, putting out my hand.

'There—there—is no answer,' he stammered, and then in faltering incoherent words he began to explain how incomprehensibly the letter which I had written and entrusted to his care had disappeared. It was only after he had reached Liljenau and had halted before the castle, that on putting his hand into his pocket in order to draw out the letter he discovered it to be empty. Then he had ridden back again at a foot pace, looking for it over every step of the road, but in vain—in this deep snow a white piece of paper was not easy to find.

'You must have been drinking, you scoundrel!' I cried furiously, taking hold of him by the collar.

'Not drinking, Herr Baron—oh no, indeed; only one little glass at the Brauner Hirsch in passing, just to keep my blood from congealing; that was all, by my soul's salvation, and I could swear that the letter was still in my pocket when I left the tap-room.'

'And you stopped nowhere else?' I pursued sternly.

First the groom denied; then, after a good deal more incoherent stammering, he confessed that just before reaching Liljenau he had been stopped by a band of gipsies. They had surrounded him with clamorous begging, and one of them, an old hag, had insisted on telling his fortune; and then, because he had only given her half a mark (and quite enough too for the prophecy that he was to get a scolding wife and ten children!) she had cursed him for a niggardly knave, and, as he galloped off, had shouted after him the following strange doggerel rhyme:

On a bootless errand bent,
By your master hither sent,
Whether fast or slow you ride
'Tis not here that dwells his bride.
Turn you back and homeward haste,
Here your time in vain you waste.

Then when, on reaching Liljenau, he had found that the letter was gone, he thought at once the hag must have taken it while

she had been telling his fortune, and had ridden back to the spot, but the gipsies had disappeared, and no one that he asked had seen them pass.

I had no means of ascertaining the truth of this story, and felt more than half inclined to thrash the fellow; but that would have done no good, and perhaps after all he was guilty of nothing worse than carelessness. But the whole affair was very provoking. The letter might be picked up and read by some inquisitive person; and then what would the Liljens think of my groom's strange behaviour? He had rung at their gate, and had then gone away without delivering any message. I must write another letter to-morrow, repeating my offer, and send it registered by post. This would insure it against similar accidents.

Before I had, however, proceeded to the composition of this third epistle, my thoughts were abruptly diverted into another channel. When the evening post-bag was brought, it contained, amongst other things, a letter bearing the mark of the post-office nearest Tannenhorst. It was from Konrad, who, after informing me that his daughter Mali had become engaged to the promising young sign-painter who had so obligingly offered to repair my ancestor's damaged ear, asked me whether I had not by mistake taken away the key of the little turret-room on the first floor. He had searched for it everywhere in vain, and it was absolutely necessary that the door should be opened in order to mend the broken window, which let in the wind and the snow. If the Herr Baron had not got the key, why then a locksmith must be fetched from the town.

Still fuming at the groom's stupid conduct, and his foolish chatter about the gipsies, this letter still further served to irritate me. The very mention of the turret and the recollections it evoked completely upset my composure, as I could not help recalling to mind that evening, now six weeks ago, when I had sat down there to pen my first proposal to Hilda.

Also the demand for the key provoked me, and but for the fact of the broken window—which common sense told me must be repaired—I should not have consented to it. What would Konrad think of the picture's disappearance? Would he, perhaps, imagine that I myself had carried it off with me to Birkenthal? I almost thought of saying that I had done so, in order to forestall any question on the subject; but on second thoughts I relinquished the idea, merely desiring him to relock the turret and send me back the key when the damaged window should have

been repaired, which order I endeavoured to account for by saying that I had left some papers inside the secrétaire which I did not wish to be disturbed. After all, this little fiction was not quite untrue, since I remembered having left the copy of an old lease, as well as a bundle of insignificant accounts, in a drawer, and Konrad was not likely to discover their worthlessness.

This interlude, slight as it was, had, however, disturbed and excited me, and, as on a former occasion, I found myself unable to write my letter of proposal that evening (for stupidly I had not kept a copy of the one which had gone astray in the morning). I began, indeed, to write it, but, dissatisfied with my production, had thrust it unfinished into the blotting-book. My head was aching—since my accident last summer it always ached when the moon was full—and I felt in need of rest. That stupid gipsy rhyme would keep running in my thoughts. By next morning I should have regained my composure, I told myself.

But I slept badly, and my dreams were feverish and unconnected.

Now I was standing at the altar with Hilda and the organ was playing, but the music did not sound much like church music; it was a wild sort of chorus they were chanting, and the words, too, were strange; they ran somewhat in this fashion:

To the altar wherefore haste? Here in vain thy time dost waste; She that standeth by thy side Nevermore shall be thy bride.

Then as I turned and looked at Hilda her features had changed. Her eyes were no longer blue, but black, and her face was the face of the Italian girl whose picture had hung at Castle Tannenhorst.

I woke next morning tired and unrefreshed, and thought with repugnance of the letter I had still to finish. I had left it inside the blotting-book in the library, and distinctly recollected the opening phrase which had alone been written as yet. It ran as follows:

^{&#}x27;Most honoured and high-born sir,-

^{&#}x27;I have long been aware that between yourself and my dear deceased father there existed a mutual understanding that your old and faithful friendship should one day be cemented by the union of your children, and I was given the flattering assurance

that you would be inclined graciously to welcome as son-in-law one who, since his earliest childhood, has had occasion to admire and esteem your fair and virtuous daughter.

'If, therefore, to-day I take up the pen for the purpose of soliciting your—'

It was at this point that I had broken off, not feeling quite sure how to proceed. For the purpose of soliciting your fatherly blessing was what I had first meant to say, but then the expression had struck me as stagey and in bad taste, and I had thrown the letter aside; for the purpose of soliciting your gracious permission to pay my addresses to your fair daughter would sound better, I now thought, as I went into the library for the purpose of concluding my epistle.

But what was my surprise to see lying on the top of the desk, in a conspicuous position, a closed letter, already addressed in my own handwriting to 'His Hoch und Wohlgeboren the Herr Ritter von Liljen, at his Castle of Liljenau.'

My first idea was that this must be yesterday's lost letter, which someone had found and brought back—but no, for that envelope had been a long narrow one, whereas this cover was large and square. I turned it over in my hands, touching it with a sort of dread, and to my further surprise I saw that it was sealed with the impression of the coat of arms cut upon the signet ring which I always wore on my finger. I looked at the writing again, scarce believing the evidence of my eyes—but it was indubitably my own handwriting. I opened the blotting-book where I had last night put away the unfinished letter. No trace of it was there to be seen.

My eyes next fell upon a pair of candles which stood in gilt candlesticks on the table, and I saw that one of them had been burnt down almost half an inch, and showed moreover traces of red sealing-wax on its side, whereas the fellow candle was intact, with virgin white wick. Now I happened to remember distinctly that both candles had been fitted in fresh on the previous evening, but I had not lighted either of them, preferring to use the lamp which hung directly overhead. Also, the end of a new stick of sealing-wax, which had lain on a little tray near the candle, was blackened by smoke and had evidently been used.

An icy terror began to creep over me. There could be no further room for doubt. I had written the letter in my sleep. I must have risen from bed, gone downstairs to the library,

which lay on the ground floor, and there terminated the letter which had cost me such brain-beating the previous evening. These facts, taken conjointly with my experience at Castle Tannenhorst, made me begin to fear for my intellect. High time indeed that I married and settled down to a quiet regular life, if such incidents were going to be repeated.

And what on earth had I written in that closed letter which I now held between my fingers? How had I terminated that phrase where I had broken off last night?

The simplest solution of the questions would of course have been to open and read the letter, but, excited and nervous as I was, I shrank from doing so, and instead there shot through my mind a wild reckless thought born of desperation. Since the letter had been written and sealed-whether waking or sleeping-why not send it off? I knew perfectly well that were I to sit down now and compose a fourth letter of proposal, it too would be a failure; and might not, perhaps, that which I had done unconsciously be as good or even better than what I could accomplish when awake? I recalled to mind many instances of somnambulists performing feats of mental agility which would at other times have been completely out of their power. I remembered having heard of a lady who used frequently to rise from her bed and pen long epistles in beautiful Spanish, a language which she had learned in her youth, but had since completely forgotten: likewise of a student so dull-headed that he could not commit to memory half a dozen lines of Latin poetry, who astonished his college bed-fellows by spouting without mistake whole cantos of Virgil.

Yes, my mind was made up. I would send off the letter just as it was. Not I myself, but fate had decided the matter for me, and after all what did it signify whether the phrases were a little more or less gracefully turned? The meaning would be clear enough at all events.

Anxious to clench the matter beyond retraction, I rang the bell.

'Take this letter to the post at once and have it registered,' I said to the entering servant.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FATHER-IN-LAW IN SPE.

My letter had been posted on Wednesday morning, but Wednesday passed, and Thursday too, without any answer having come. This surprised me a little, for the Liljens were at home, and this time, at least, I knew that the letter must have reached its destination. It was hardly conceivable that the parents should require time for reflection, for had not the matter been discussed long ago in all its bearings between old Liljen and my father?—even the amount of Hilda's dot, and the length of my rent-roll, having been mentioned. Perhaps it was this heavy snow which had prevented communication, though Herr von Liljen, a true country gentleman of the old Pomeranian type, was not the man, usually, to be deterred by such a trifle.

At last, on the Friday forenoon, I heard the sound of sleighbells, and was told that Herr von Liljen awaited me in the drawing-room. Then, indeed, I felt that my fate was clenched, and went downstairs expecting to be enfolded in a warm paternal embrace, for my future father-in-law was of an affectionate and gushing nature.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man, of rubicund countenance, with a perpetual beaming smile, and a short, stubbly moustache which once had been fair. He was standing at one of the windows with his back towards me as I entered, and I could see that with the riding-whip which he always carried in his hand he was impatiently tapping the side of his high Hessian boots. On hearing the door open he turned and came to meet me, rather slowly, as it seemed, and I noted that his countenance was graver than usual. There was no embrace, but he put out his hand cordially enough. As he did not speak just at first, we sat down in silence, and I could feel that he was looking at me with attentive scrutiny. Why did he not speak? for clearly it was his place to start the subject which had brought him here.

'Well, well!' he said at last with a sort of sigh. 'Old men propose, and young men dispose. Such is the way of the world!'

I felt puzzled and embarrassed by his attitude, and his words were to me all but unintelligible; at least, they seemed to be singularly inappropriate to the occasion.

'Young men propose,' I said correctively, and with a rather spasmodic attempt at lightness. 'You got my letter, Herr von Liljen, I presume?'

'Yes; I got your letter,' he answered slowly; 'and that is

why I am here.'

'Then you know my wishes, and are, I hope, willing to sanction them? You do not think me too presumptuous, too audacious, I trust?'

'My sanction can be of no importance to you,' he replied, a little dryly; 'and as for your wishes, I cannot in justice blame you for having told me the truth. You have acted as an honest man!'

The truth? An honest man? The room seemed to be swimming around me. I felt as though I were the victim of some frightful nightmare. I must make an effort to shake it off.

'Herr von Liljen,' I said, in a voice which I vainly endeavoured to steady, 'surely my letter has distinctly explained to you the nature of the favour I am asking?'

'Just so. You ask to be released from the engagement which your poor father once made in your name. Do not think that I blame you for having changed your mind. If you do not feel able to make my daughter happy, you were quite right to tell me so; only,' he added, with a slight shrug, 'you might as well have told me so in plain German prose.'

I was silent for some moments, quite overwhelmed by this unexpected disclosure. How on earth was I to clear up this dreadful misunderstanding? And what was that about prose?

'My letter? Have you got it here? And would you permit me to look at it again,' I said at last, with a painful effort.

'Here it is, at your service,' he replied, taking it out of a large, battered leather pocket-book, and handing it to me with a formal bow.

I took it, and read as follows, and as I read large drops of perspiration gathered slowly on my forehead

'Most honoured and high-born sir,—I have long been aware that between yourself and my dear deceased father there existed a mutual understanding that your old and faithful friendship should one day be cemented by the union of your children, and I was given the flattering assurance that you would be inclined graciously to accept as son-in-law one who since earliest childhood has had occasion to admire and esteem your fair and virtuous daughter.

'If, therefore, to-day I take up the pen for the purpose of soliciting your forgiveness for what I am about to say, you will not judge me harshly, I trust, but remembering your friendship for my dear deceased father, pardon his son for being unable to comply with his dying wishes.

'My feelings of respect and admiration towards Fräulein Hilda remain what they always have been, but your daughter is far too beautiful and attractive to be insulted by the offer of a halfhearted affection, and, therefore, having made the discovery that I have no more heart to bestow, I think myself in honour bound to withdraw all pretensions to her fair hand.

> My resolve, oh do not chide, But she ne'er can be my bride.

What heart I ever had is given irrevocably to Concitta P---, a beautiful Italian girl, and I have sworn that--

Must I seek her far and wide, She or none shall be my bride.

'Having thus laid bare my soul to you without reserve, most high-born, noble sir, and said all I have to say on the subject,

> Will I now conclude in haste, And your time no longer waste,

by signing myself, in all humble affection and respect,
'Your truly devoted servant,
'GÜNTHER VON TANNENHORST.'

Having read this extraordinary production down to the signature, I rose to my feet in great excitement.

'But it is all a mistake!' I cried. 'Believe me, I never said—I never meant——'

'Do you mean to say that it is a forgery?' interrupted old Liljen, knitting his brows together. 'Do you not acknowledge this to be your handwriting?'

'My handwriting? yes, of course it is my own handwriting—that is to say—but——'

Here I came to a standstill. How on earth was I to explain to Hilda's father that I had written the letter in my sleep? He would not have believed me, for the writing of the latter part of the letter was every bit as firm and distinct as the opening phrase, showing no perceptible break where unconsciously I had taken up its continuation. And yet the mistake must be cleared up, for it

was intolerable to think that I might lose a fair and wealthy bride through such a ridiculous misunderstanding. After a pause I went on, with an uneasy laugh:

- 'The fact is that I was not—not quite myself when I wrote that letter. It was late in the evening—after supper—and I—I—.'
- 'Am I to understand that you were drunk when you wrote it?' said Liljen, looking rather dangerous.
- 'Heaven forbid! You know my habits, but I was tired and perhaps a little excited, and that is why I have failed to express myself aright. But my heart, my wishes, are the same they have ever been, and I desire no greater happiness than to become the husband of Fräulein Hilda.'
- 'And do you think my daughter is a plaything to be bandied about at the fancy of an insolent young jackanapes like yourself?' cried Liljen with sudden passion. 'Two days ago you would have none of her, and to-day, forsooth, you are gracious enough to tell me that you have changed your mind again. But my mind is made up, and that irrevocably. Thank Heavens! no daughter of the house of Liljen ever lacked suitors, and there are dozens of men—nay, scores—who will deem it an honour to take your place. Go and be happy with your Italian girl, for son-in-law of mine you shall assuredly never be!'

Without vouchsafing me another glance he turned on his heel.

'But there is no Italian girl,' I cried out wildly after his receding figure. 'At least it was only a picture, and she is dead more than a century ago!'

Herr von Liljen had paused in the doorway at my last words, and was looking back at me with a curious expression. He tapped his forehead with a significant gesture, and went out muttering some words which I failed to catch.

CHAPTER V.

IRON BARS.

NEXT day I went up the town to consult a first-rate authority for nervous and mental diseases, to whom I detailed the symptoms which had been distressing me during the past weeks. He was of opinion that I was suffering from an acute nervous disorder, not uncommon in our days, very likely brought on by the accident I

had had in summer, and told me that he had known of many cases in which patients similarly afflicted saw visions and performed actions which their common sense and their will had no power to control. Complete change of scene and cheerful society were generally the best cure. He advised me to travel if my circumstances allowed of my doing so.

I gave him a handsome fee and took his advice, which, as it happened, suited me down to the ground. After the unpleasant incident that had taken place yesterday with old Liljen, it would be as well if we were not to meet for some time to come. Country neighbours are proverbially inquisitive and gossiping, and something of the story was sure to transpire. I was determined to take the doctor's prescription very literally, and to be absent for a considerable time, for six months at least.

So I started for Paris, where I soon regained my health and spirits. Never having left Germany before, everything I saw was new and delightful, and I threw myself heart and soul into the enjoyment of every pleasure which the capital offered. I had arrived furnished with plenty of introductions, and the vortex of gaiety into which I found myself quickly drawn made the weeks fly by with such unheard-of rapidity, that I was quite surprised one day to find that January and the greater part of February had slipped by almost unnoticed. Then I remembered that I wished to see something of Italy as well, and travelled without ever halting to Rome, where I came in for the tail of the Carnival season, and lingered on till after the Easter festivities. A trip to Naples and Sicily filled up the greater part of May, so that it was the very end of the month before I began to make tracks for the north.

Rome and Naples had run away with so much of my time that I had not visited half the spots that had originally stood on my programme—Perugia, Sienna, Pisa, Modena, Parma, and a host of minor cities had been relinquished. Bologna I purposely avoided, because of its connection with the mysterious picture which had influenced my fate so unpleasantly; but though the weather was now intolerably hot, I felt myself in duty bound to stop at Florence for a couple of days, to avoid the reproach of having left Italy without seeing the Pitti and Uffizi Galleries.

It was impossible to take any exercise during the day, but on the evening after my arrival I sauntered forth about sunset in quest of a little fresh air. I was longing to get my feet off the burning flagstones, and the perfume of a hundred different flowers was luring me towards the heights of San Miniato.

It was a perfect day, one of those days that seem to mark the boundary of a season, the first of summer or the last of spring; and as I shook myself free from the city suburbs, and found myself surrounded by fields and gardens on all sides, I thought I had never before known what summer really was. Our cold northern land has no equivalent to the delirious ecstasy, the unbridled passion of this burst of re-awakening Nature in the south.

The air for miles around was faint with the breath of roses and carnations; tall white lilies grew rank in every meadow, and from each grey stone wall there hung down luxuriant tangles of snowy jessamine or glowing pomegranate blossoms.

I had taken a short cut through a narrow lane which ran between two high stone walls, when I chanced to meet a stout elderly man with a bundle of papers under his arm. Likely enough I would not have remarked him, but for the fact of his happening to drop one of the papers just as he passed me. He stooped to pick it up, and then I noticed what an exceedingly villainous type of countenance he had—small ferret eyes set close together, and an ugly scowl.

He had scarcely passed me when I stopped short, arrested by the sound of a woman weeping close by. I looked up and saw that at this place there was an opening in the high stone wall to the left—a sort of window with a curious old twisted iron grating, and which bulged out over the road like a balcony. By standing on tiptoe I could just get a peep into an old-fashioned neglected-looking garden beyond, and could descry two figures—those of an old man and a girl—a few paces off.

The man was sitting on a moss-grown stone bench; the girl, dressed in black, was standing near him, a little to one side, her hands clasped together in earnest entreaty. She was standing under a tall tropical looking bush, of the cactus or palm tribe, whose pointed leaves, all aglow with the gold of the setting sun, made a sort of halo around her. I could not see her features, but I could hear her voice quite distinctly, and having by this time obtained some fluency in the Italian language, every word of the following conversation was intelligible.

'Uncle! dear, good uncle! Do not be so cruel, I implore you! Do you wish me to be miserable for life? I tell you that I hate him, that I can never be his wife.'

'Tut, tut, tut!' said the old man harshly. 'So you said before, when I asked you in November.'

'Then why ask me again?' she replied bitterly.

'Because I thought that you might have come to your senses in the course of six months. But I shall ask you no more. I give you just twenty-four hours for reflection, and if by this time to-morrow you have not accepted Signor Bossi as your husband, you take the veil—there is no other alternative. I cannot keep you any longer in my house, and in the convent you will have leisure to repent your folly in refusing a wealthy husband and a comfortable position.'

'Even the convent would be better,' she sobbed. 'I cannot be more unhappy there than I am here. God is not so cruel as you are, my uncle. Oh, why did my parents die and leave me at your mercy? Will no one deliver me?'

Up to this moment she had been standing by the bench with her face turned to the old man, but now she came quickly towards the iron grating, where she stood looking out before her with a blank unseeing expression. Her hands were still clasped together, and large tears were coursing down her pale cheeks.

A feeling of having lived through this scene before in some former life rushed through my bewildered mind. This girl—the iron bars—her tears—her clasped hands—where had I seen them already? Great Heavens! She was the very image of that picture at Tannenhorst, painted by my great-grandfather, which same picture had been the indirect cause of my coming to Italy.

At this moment a bell sounded from the villa, which stood at the end of the garden. The old man rose from the bench:

'When you have finished crying, my niece,' he said in a harsh, rasping voice, 'you had better come in to supper.'

She gave no answer but a dejected shrug of the shoulders as he turned away. Now was my chance—now or never!

'Signorina,' I said softly, coming up close to the wall and looking up at her as she stood there a few yards above me, behind the grating. Seen thus in the square opening she exactly resembled a picture set in the grey stone wall.

On hearing my voice she started violently. Evidently she had been so absorbed in her own misery that she had not noticed my presence.

'Do not be afraid, Signorina, for I am your friend. You asked just now if no one would deliver you. Here I am—command my services.'

She gazed at me for some moments in wondering indecision. 'Is that true?' she asked timidly.

'As true as that I love you with all my heart and soul!' I cried impetuously. How had the words come to my lips? A minute previously I had had no thought of speaking them.

A crimson blush mounted to her brow.

- 'You love me? How can it be? Since when?'
- 'I do not know—do not ask me. It may be five minutes or it may be five months. What does it matter? I love you for life and shall love you till death. Command me as your slave. I am here to release you.'

Instead of answering she walked slowly away down the alley out of sight of the road, and I began to fear that I had offended her by my abrupt declaration, when she turned and came back again to the grating, walking quick and impetuously now, like one who has taken a resolution.

'Yes!' she cried, stretching out her clasped hands towards me with the gesture that was so familiar, 'I accept your services. I accept your love; but take, oh, take me away from this hateful place!'

And thus, without having ever touched her hand, I found myself betrothed to a woman whose very name I did not know.

CHAPTER VI.

RELEASE.

HER story was quickly told in a few hurried words. Her name was Felice Monteferrato, and she was an orphan, having lost both her parents within a year. It was for them that she still wore mourning. Her uncle, an elder brother of her father, and her sole remaining relative, had promised her to a villainous old lawyer, Signor Bossi. He was rich, but she hated him, oh! so much; and he had already had two other wives, and people said that he had poisoned the last one. He had just been here a few minutes since, pressing his odious suit upon her, and she had refused him again; and then her uncle had threatened to put her in a convent. 'And he will do it! I know he will!' she concluded, with a fresh burst of tears.

'Not while I have life in me!' I cried, and then we fell to discussing the plan for her elopement. She must go in to supper in order to disarm suspicion, and I would return hither after dark with a file and some other tools which would enable me to remove one of the iron bars from the grating, this being her only chance of escape (for the entrance to the villa was locked, as she explained to me, and the key in her uncle's keeping). Before daybreak a carriage would be in readiness hard by, and long ere Signor Monteferrato was awake—he was not an early riser—we should be far on our way out of his reach.

Nothing occurred to disturb our plan, though it proved no such easy task to file through the ponderous iron bar, and rosy dawn was beginning to streak the eastern sky when at last it fell clanking down on to the road.

'Come, my beloved!' I cried, holding out my arms to receive her.

The jump was not a high one, but she hesitated for just one minute before taking it, looking down with an adorable expression of virgin bashfulness at this stranger to whom she was about to surrender her young life. Then she closed her eyes, and with one long-drawn quivering sigh she let herself drop with sweet abandonment into my enraptured arms.

By the time the sun had risen we had left the city of flowers far behind us, and halted at a small village church, whose priest—for heavy gold—consented to bless our hasty union. After the short ceremony we went into the sacristy in order to sign our names in the register-book. I wrote my own name first, then, with my arm round my wife's slender waist, I lovingly watched her as, for the last time, she traced the letters of her maiden appellation.

'Felice Concitta Monteferrato,'

she wrote in a trembling hand.

- 'Concitta?' I said interrogatively, when, having regained the carriage, we were speeding towards the railway station which was to be the starting-point of our northward journey. 'How strange that you should be called so!'
- 'Why strange? It is an old family name on my mother's side, and she was called so. They christened her after a grandaunt or great-grand-aunt, about whom there is a melancholy old legend. That is why my father insisted on putting Felice before it—in order to counteract the influence of Concitta's sad fate, he said.'
- 'And what was your mother's family name? You have not yet told me that, sweet one.'

- 'Palmerini-Concitta Palmerini.'
- 'And she was a native of Bologna?' I said quickly, more as an assertion than as an interrogation.
 - 'Yes, she was. But how did you guess that?'
- 'I—I must have heard it mentioned,' I replied evasively. 'But tell me the legend about your great-grand-aunt, or great-great-grand-aunt; I should like to hear it.'4

This is the substance of the tale she told me, premising, however, that it had no very authentic foundation:

The Palmerinis—a family now extinct—had flourished at Bologna, at the beginning of last century, as a wealthy and illustrious line. The ruins of one of their castles are still shown in the neighbourhood, as well as those of another castle, where the drama is said to have taken place.

One Concitta Palmerini had been sought in marriage by a rich and powerful suitor whom she hated. Incensed by her repeated refusals, he had carried her off by force and thrown her into the dungeon-keep of his castle, threatening to starve her to death if she did not consent to his wishes. Here, looking out of the prison window one day, she was seen by a young German painter travelling about the country in search of studies, and who, struck by her melancholy beauty, had paused outside the most to make a sketch of her. Then the two young people had fallen in love, and the painter resolved to deliver his sweetheart. With infinite toil and pain he at last succeeded in penetrating into the dungeon, but, alas! he came too late. When he entered her cell he found but a corpse. Concitta had died of grief and privation.

'Is it not sad?' said Felice when she had finished speaking, looking up at me with her large soft eyes. 'But I dare say it is not true after all. Some people say that no such German painter ever existed, and that this particular Concitta Palmerini died of the pest in 1720.'

I made no answer in words, for I felt that this was no mere legend; but I drew my wife closer to me, conscious only of a deep sense of gratitude to Providence that I, at least, had not come too late to save *this* Concitta from a similar fate.

We had been married for more than a year, and I already had held my first-born son in my arms, before I revisited Tannenhorst, when, having received the intelligence that old Konrad had succumbed to an acute attack of pleurisy, it became necessary to appoint a successor.

I went there alone, for Felice was not yet able to travel, and I would have dreaded exposing her to the cold and discomfort of a journey in November.

Just before starting for Tannenhorst I happened to remember the turret key, which had been lying undisturbed all this time in the drawer where I had placed it on receiving it back from Konrad before I started on my travels.

At Tannenhorst I found everything buried in ice and snow just as I had left it, for winter there sets in much earlier than in the south of Pomerania. The country for miles around presented but a desolate surface of unbroken white, while the outlines of the stunted pines in the approach were almost unrecognisable from the heavy burden of icicles which bowed them down.

My first action on finding myself alone that evening was to fit the key I had brought with me into the lock of the turret door. It opened with difficulty because of the dust which had gathered in all these months, but at last I succeeded in forcing it open, and what was then my surprise to see hanging there, at the original place above the old secrétaire, the picture of Concitta P——which had disappeared so unaccountably two years previously!

Postscript.

Since writing the above, a sceptical friend of mine who has been reading the MS., and who has always steadily refused to recognise any resemblance between my wife and the portrait of the first Concitta, has suggested that probably the picture had fallen from its nail and slipped down behind the old secrétaire, where Konrad had found it when the turret was opened to have the window mended; but I decline to accept this prosaic explanation, and shall always remain firmly convinced that the spirit of Concitta Palmerini elected this way of leading me to deliver and wed the last of her generation.

The Fairies and Giants of Polynesia.

TF an intelligent writer of the class to which Mr. Max O'Rell belongs should visit the Australasian colonies, he would probably not be able to dilate upon many great points of difference between the Englishman at home and his colonial brother. many of the antipodeans claim Great Britain as our birthplace, and so recently has colonisation taken root in the Pacific, that sketches of our personal peculiarities or popular characteristics would be unlikely to amuse or interest the average English reader, as pictures of society upon the Continent, or in the riper colony of the United States, are apt to do. If a visitor, however, could with difficulty find the 'prominent feature' to exaggerate, which Haliburton tells us is the secret of portraiture, those of us who have lived for many years among the colonists see fine but thoroughly perceptible lines of demarcation separating the modes of thought in the younger generation, the native-born colonials, from those of their brothers and cousins over the sea. rently the widest mental difference to be noticed between the colonist and the colonial is the lack of the imaginative and poetic faculty in the latter. There are some few exceptions showing out boldly against the dull grey of the masses; but, as a general rule, the youth or girl of A.D. 1891 is matter-of-fact and practical to the verge of harshness. Some say that want of reverence for elderly people is the most prominent of colonial characteristics, but this want is merely a form of the lack of imagination; the younger mind cannot, even in fancy, look back over the life of the elder, nor recognise what that elder life has passed through and achieved: it sees only the weakness and not the beauty of age. This faculty of being able to look backward mentally is fed to the full in the old country, and is assisted by a thousand aids to remembrance in countless historical associations. The European lad is taught by constant, half-unrecognised influences to put himself intellectually, not only in his father's place, but in the position of ancestors whose once living presence still speaks from cairn, and abbey, and ivy-covered tower. His thoughts are

enticed continually to the past; so vividly does his reading and the suggestions of locality touch his imagination that in his waking dreams it is he himself who charges with fiery Rupert or breaks a lance with Front-de-Bouf. This may be called the historical side of the training his imagination undergoes, but there is a more tender and subtle element in the endless romance of fairy, and dwarf, and giant, localised for almost every green knoll or running stream which youth loves to frequent. Pixy and brownie, sleeping princess and fairy godmother, for the noonday visions; banshee and werewolf, ghost and ogre, for delightful shudderings when the stories are told in the twilight or by the winter fire. Of these the young colonial knows nothing, or regards only as silly trash, unworthy of notice; although he gains considerably in one way, that superstition is trodden beneath his feet, and the darkness is not for him horrible with wing, and hoof, and claw; still, much of tenderness and grace is wanting from his character through the want of sympathy with that older race, which, if living less in the 'dry light' of scientific truth, walked in a twilight beautiful with the play of fancy and of poetic vision. The

magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn,

are not for the young native of the Southern Britain; the elves and fays of the North have not accompanied the pioneer ships, and the average colonial knows absolutely nothing of the fairyland of the dark children of the soil. Yet every wood and hill, every lake and river is haunted by beautiful or dreadful beings; not to be seen by the unpurged eye, or spoken to by the mocking sceptic. There were fairies among the leaves of the trees and swaying from the llianas; giant ogres lurking in mysterious dwellings; water-monsters having the shape of the crocodile and the bulk of the whale; savage men-o'-the-woods in dark recesses of the forest; goblins with serpent tails, and women with winged arms. These were the regular denizens of fairy-land; if we add to these the gods, the demons, the ghosts, the awful spiritual shapes assumed at times by hero and magician, we have indeed a field wherein there is room for fancy to disport itself, and we are not likely to lack interest through poverty of material. Leaving the gods and demons awhile, as belonging to the realm of pure mythology, let us ascertain what the folk-lore of the 'Isles of Eden' can unfold for us.

The 'good people,' so dear to our childhood, have the right of

precedence in the narration. In New Zealand the fairies proper are a very bright and harmless race, resembling the English pixies in almost every particular. Why the dusky Polynesian chose a white-skinned and fair-haired being as his representative of Elfinland is hidden in mystery, but it certainly was the case in regard to the real fairy (Patupaiarehe). I need hardly say that I do not speak from personal observation; the houses they inhabit have been pointed out to me by the natives with eager and excited gestures; but, alas! I saw but fantastic wreaths of morning mist upon the hills, and we have to trust to the experiences and the tales of others until some Thomas of Ercildoune will relate his own adventures to us. One who saw the fairies was Kanawa, a chief of Waikato. He, with his followers, was once benighted on the top of a high hill whither he had been led by the allurements of his chase of the wingless bird, the Kiwi-Trying in vain to sleep, he suddenly heard around him voices as of a multitude of people. Soon he became aware that eyes were glancing at him through the shrubs. Shyly and slyly they glanced, for he was a very handsome fellow, and was not very frightened, although his companions had fainted with fear. The visitors came close up to him when the fire burned low, and sang a jesting song about his good looks, but when the flame blazed up they hid themselves, peeping out from under the leaves and bark of the forest trees. Kanawa began to get nervous on finding these pretty, supernatural creatures all round him; so he tried to propitiate them by offering them his jewels; the poor little jewels of a New Zealander—only a neck-ornament of jade, a jade earring, and another earring made from the tooth of the tigershark. These he spread out upon a fallen tree, and the fairies passed them round one to the other, but would not accept them; they took the shadows or similitudes of the jewels only, and then disappeared. Kanawa hunted for Kiwi on that hill no more.

A man named Kahukura was once passing along the shore just as the dusk of evening fell, and he noticed footprints which did not belong to mortals; so he hid himself till night fell in the hope of finding out who the strange visitors were. About midnight he heard from seaward the voices of fairies who were fishing; then an elfin song was chanted as they merrily dragged their net to shore. Kahukura came quietly from his place of concealment, and as he was an unusually fair man the fairies mistook him in the darkness for one of themselves. Some of the spirits ran out into the sea to lift the net over the rocks, while others hauled the ends of the net, and with these the mortal also

pulled his best. Soon the first fish reached the shore, driven in on the ripples preceding the shoal; then the whole beach became strewed with the flapping victims, and the fairies began stringing their spoil in bunches by running thongs through the gills. Kahukura pretended to make a false knot, and allowed his fish to slip off when he had threaded a good many on his loop; one fairy man ran to help him, then another, but still the knots slipped, for the wily stranger was trying to delay his new friends until the sun rose. When dawn appeared, and there was light enough to see each others faces, the fairies recognised the presence of a mortal among them and fled in confusion, leaving their canoes, which were only made of the flower-stems of the flax (phormium), and also leaving their fishing-nets. These nets were a great treasure, for now, for the first time, men learnt how the netting knot was made; so that the story must be a very ancient one, as the Polynesians for many centuries (at least) have been able to make nets. Another legend relates that fairies carried off the wife of Ruarangi, and took her away to the hills. Her husband tracked her to her new abode, but was unable to regain possession of his lost wife. He consulted a famous magician of his tribe, who promised Ruarangi that he would win her back again. Commencing his incantations, full of reminders to the absent one of how much her husband loved her and what happiness had been hers, the mind of the abducted woman became impressed with the pictures transferred to her vision by the arts of the priest, and she was filled with a vehement longing to return to her old home. At night, when the fairies were absent on one of their expeditions, she stole away and met her husband who had started to meet her, bearing a cruise of sacred red colouring matter provided by the priest. With this he proceeded to anoint the truant, and on reaching their home they set to work with all their friends helping to cook food as fast as possible. The fairies, having found that the woman had decamped, gathered round the village, but the sacred colouring and the steam of the cooked food pervading the air (supernatural creatures will not touch or taste ecoked food) prevented their crossing the bounds of the mortal's dwelling-place. The fairy chief sung a magic song to entice the woman again, but was met by the fiery incantations thundered forth by the old priest; so, at last, discomfited and disheartened, the uncanny visitors departed.

There is another class of fairy called Turehu, more like dwarfs or trolls than the bright-haired fairy proper. Although I have not seen them, yet I was apparently in very close proximity to them on one occasion. Being encamped on the desolate Whetu plains, I sent out a native in the dusk of evening to see to the tethers of the horses, fearing lest some small herds of wild horses which were roaming about might gallop past in the night and stampede ours. Soon after the man had left I heard a succession of wild shrieks, then, flying into camp my scout appeared, his hair (literally) standing on end with fear, and looking like the coiffure of a Fijian. So blinded was he with the very madness of terror that he threw himself down upon the hot stones which the women had been preparing for the native oven. The women rushed to him and dragged him off the stones before he had time to be much cooked, and they soothed him in the manner natural to the sex from the Pole to the Equator. After a long interval he sufficiently recovered his composure to tell me the cause of his consternation. He had seen a Turchu! In answer to my questions I found that the Turehu was a dwarfish, ugly fellow, and that he was squatting under a bush when the Maori got the first glimpse of him. The ugly dwarf had said nothing, and done nothing; but the fright shown by the native was the most sincere exhibition of feeling that I ever witnessed.

An interesting branch of the fairy family is that of the forestelves, as they are generally termed, the 'multitudinous offspring of Hakuturi.' A very ancient tradition states that a hero named Rata wished to recover the bones of his father, which had been carried off by a goblin race. He went into the woods to select timber for the purpose of making a canoe, and, having chosen a certain tree as fit for his purpose, he set to work and began to chip with his axe. He had, however, neglected to repeat the proper incantation to the Lord of Forests; so as soon as evening had come, and Rata had left the fallen tree, the 'multitude of the wood-elves' proceeded indignantly to replace the chips, singing, 'Fly together, chips and shavings; fly together'; then they set the tree upright again. When Rata returned in the morning he found to his astonishment the standing tree, apparently untouched. Undaunted he again felled the tree, and began to hollow out the hold of the canoe, but night interrupted his work, and he left the task unfinished. Again came the tiny elves, again was repeated the magic song, and the tree rose to its upright position; but Rata on his return, finding that his work would probably be useless, determined to hide himself in the masses of brushwood at twilight instead of proceeding to his home. Soon he heard the voices of the innumerable forest-children; he waited till they began their spells, then, rushing forward, caught two or three and held them fast. In answer to his questions as to the reason for their interference, they reproached him for his impiety and neglect of the rites due to the Forest Lord, and Rata hung his head with shame. Seeing that the mortal repented, the elves told him that they would make his canoe for him, and setting to work in countless numbers they soon had a fine vessel completed; this canoe became afterwards famous in South Sea legend as the Riwaru.

Far away from New Zealand, in Aitutaki, of the Hervey Group, they relate the tradition of Rata's canoe, and how three times the tree was made to stand upright and whole; but they do not mention the wood-elves. Rata, who had started to obtain the timber for a great double canoe, was witness of a combat between a sea-snake and a beautiful white heron. The strife lasted all day; Rata went on with his work at hewing down the tree, and did not interfere in the supernatural struggle. In the evening the heron said to him, reproachfully, 'You will not be able to finish your canoes without my aid.' When Rata returned next morning, the tree was standing upright again, and the fight was still being waged between the serpent and the heron. Still Rata neglected the heron's cry for help, and his work became futile as before; but on the morning of the third day he killed the snake with his axe, and then the heron collected all the birds of the air, and they with their beaks soon pecked out the form of the canoes. With their long bills the sea-birds bored the holes for the sinnet lashings, then, all extending their wings, they lifted the canoes and bore them to the sea. The 'Song of the Birds' is chanted now by the natives when dragging heavy timber along. The parable hidden under the story concerning this man. who thought he could go on with his work in selfish carelessness, uninterested while the struggle of Light and Darkness (the white heron and the sea-snake) was going on beside him, is very transparent, and is quite appreciable by that subtle poetical thoughtfulness which underlies the apparent simplicity of the Polynesian character.

I mentioned that the bones of Rata's father had been taken away by a goblin people; they seem to have been water-kelpies, a race of dark and malignant forms dwelling in lakes and rivers. They were not altogether water-fairies, since they dwelt in the water only by day, and sought the shore at night in order to sleep. A hero named Tawhaki determined to visit these amphibians and rescue his mother, who had been taken into captivity by them. He found that she had been made the doorkeeper of

their great temple, or sleeping-place, in which they rested during the hours of darkness. Tawhaki consulted with his mother how to effect her escape and how to destroy their enemies, and was informed by her that the light of the sun was death to the evil The man hid in the thatch of the roof until after the kelpies had emerged from the water, and when it was quite dark he came down, and from the outside stopped up every chink and crevice through which light could enter the dwelling. Towards dawn one of the fairies cried, 'Oh, Keeper of the Door! is it nearly daylight?' She answered, 'No; it is deep, dark night. Sleep on! sleep on!' Another called out in the same way, and was again answered that the night was still dark; at last, when the sun had fairly risen, Tawhaki and his mother suddenly opened all the doors and window-places, letting in the bright sunshine upon these creatures of the mire, and ending their lives for ever.

We are introduced to a grotesque little people indeed in the Nuku-mai-tore. Tura, coming from over seas, found himself in a land named Otea, and leaving his canoe, journeyed inland. Travelling through the dense forest, he saw fairies sitting in the flowers of the climbing plants, and swinging on the llianas which trailed from the high boughs across the vistas of the wood. These fairies were curiously-shaped beings, having small heads and large bodies, while their hands and feet were attached to limbs so short that they seemed as if extruding from their bodies. Tura had brought with him the sticks wherewith fire is produced by friction, and he proceeded to kindle a fire and to cook some food, much to the astonishment of the fairies, who had always consumed their food in its natural state. Tura fell in love with one of the fairy women and married her. His wife reciprocated his affection, and they lived happily together; but one day, when the elfin spouse was combing out her husband's hair, she suddenly cried out, 'Oh, Tura, what is this white hair among the black ones?' He told her that it was a sign of age and of approaching decay, the forerunner of death. Then his wife wept bitterly, and refused to be comforted. It is a touching story, the sudden surprise and grief of this child of the immortals on her discovery of that which to us poor sons of clay is so common and obtrusive a fact. The old legend has given rise to a proverbial saying, 'The weeds of Tura,' as a synonymous expression for grey hair.

Very levely beings are the fairies known in the island of Mangaia (Hervey Group) as the Tapairu. Those most familiar to mortals were the four peerless daughters of Miru, the grim goddes,

of the Under-world. They love dancing so much that they never miss a chance of being present at night-dances; and they attend with their beautiful tresses wreathed with myrtle and other flowers. The dances, however, must be sacred to the worship of the god Tane, to whose service these fairies are devoted. A little space is left at the end of the dancing-ground, and freshly-cut leaves are spread as a carpet for the dainty feet. On this carpet they trip all night, but never a leaf is disturbed by the light footfalls. Of course they can only be seen by those eyes which have been purged by some magical process unknown to the mass of common men. There are other Tapairu who dwell in the celestial regions. These are called 'Fairies of the Sky'; the chief being the beautiful Ina, the Moon-goddess. Their time is spent in sport principally in the ball-throwing game; and it was from these spirits that the hero Ngaru learnt the ball-playing dances, and taught them to the girls of the island tribes. Rangi, the King of Mangaia, while wandering about his picturesque realm, approached a pile of rocks overhanging a tremendous gorge, in which were many caves. He shouted, 'Hallo, there!' and a voice answered, 'Hallo, there!' The king asked, 'What is your name?' and the reply came, 'What is your name?' Rangi was unused to be treated like this, so he entered the mouth of a great cave whence the answering voice seemed to issue. It was a vast cavern, narrowing and becoming darker as the king pushed his way in, but this Polynesian Arthur held bravely on his way till he reached a spacious hall, wherein, from great white pendants, like glittering rows of sharks' teeth, water was dripping upon other tusks coming up through the floor. For a moment the king's heart failed him as he entered between those terrible jaws (stalactites and stalagmites), when, looking up, he saw the laughing face of a fairy. He called her down, and at first, with many coquettish halfwithdrawals, she refused to listen, but at length coyly came to Then she told him that her name was Echo. his embraces. Another fairy, whose name is Uti, lives at Manomano, in the Under-world; and she delights to climb up at night to visit earthly localities. With her torch she glides along in search of food. Sometimes she moves along the reef, sometimes along the edges of damp valleys, but her favourite course is by the banks of a little lake, or across patches of deep mire. This torch-bearing fairy is the European Will-o'-the-Wisp.

In Rarotonga is a fountain of water, out of which at night there was wont to rise a fairy man and woman, whose skins were of dazzling whiteness. They stole out only on the night following

the full moon, and took tribute of the bananas and cocoanuts of the villagers. The victims of these depredations determined to catch the pretty thieves if possible, so they waited until the regular visiting-night when the fairies had risen from the well and gone away, then a net was spread just beneath the surface of the water. Into this net the fairy girl plunged first and was captured, but the man escaped through a small hole left on one side. A chief named Ati married the lovely captive, and they lived happily for some years. She was known as 'The Peerless One of Ati,' and bore her husband a child; but her heart was among her own people, and she importuned the man so strongly and so constantly that at last he consented that they should go together. plunged into the fountain, but before he could reach the bottom he was so exhausted that he had to return. Five times they essayed the journey, and five times was he compelled to yield, his wife faithfully returning to his assistance. At last, in sorrow, she went on alone, and was never again seen on earth. Ati mourned for his fairy-wife all his days, only consoled somewhat by the presence of his boy, who was surpassingly fair and bright like his mother. His descendants (the Ati tribe) are, strange to say, as dark as others not of divine ancestry.

Leaving the pretty, flower-loving, dance-loving fairies, let us visit the monstrous beings who are called in folk-lore giants and Some of these may be described as historical giants, being probably only that physical enlargement of the hero-natural when he is seen through the magnifying mists of time and tradition. One of these commanded the Arawa canoe in the migration of the ancestors of the Maori people to New Zealand; his name was Tama-te-Kapua. He was a terrible Don Juan, and his amours led him into constant trouble, so that he could hardly have been surprised when, shortly after his arrival in the new country, he had a duel on hand with another giant named Rua, whose wife Tama had carried off. Tama was nine feet high, Rua was eleven; they fought with two-handed swords of hard wood. Tama struck the first blow, but it was parried; then Rua, taking advantage of his superior size, rushed in, and, seizing his opponent in his arms, dashed him on the ground. Tama rose, and was again dashed down, and a third and a fourth time also. Then Rua insulted his enemy after a native fashion, and the gigantic Lothario was left to nurse his rage and wounds alone. Another giant was Tuhourangi; this worthy was nine feet in height. His bones were seen by men still living, as for generations after his death these bones were annually brought out from their holy places by

the priests at the time the crops of sweet potatoes were planted, and the ground made sacred to the deities having charge of growing food. Kawharu was a giant warrior whose huge body was used as a scaling ladder by his friends in an attack upon a fort. He was four arm-spans (twenty-four feet) high.

The South Island of New Zealand was inhabited only by giants before the Polynesian immigrants came. These giants were also ogres, and devoured quantities of the new-comers; they were of stature so vast that they could step from ridge to ridge of the hills, could drink up rivers, and could transform themselves into any wished-for shape. One woman, who had strayed apart from a bird-snaring party, encountered an ogre who was out hunting with two-headed dogs. The giant captured the woman (after also catching and slaughtering the men), carried her off to his cave, and made her his wife; but he was a very loathly creature, so, one day, when her monster was asleep, she escaped by tying bunches of bulrushes together in the form of a raft and floating down the river. When the ogre awoke he called out to the woman, 'Food of the dogs! where are you?' Receiving no answer, he searched about, and, sniffing at the river, he found that by that mode of exit his captive had escaped. He then drank up the river, but by that time the woman was in safety among her friends. The tribe determined to attempt to kill the giant, so they inquired of the woman as to the time when he slept. She answered, 'When the north-west wind blows.' They waited patiently for that time, crept to the cave, piled up dry fern and wood against the entrance, and set the fuel on fire. The ogre tried to escape by a crevice, but it was not large enough to permit him to pass through, so, while he was struggling to emerge, the people beat him to death with clubs.

A very ancient story is that of Houmea, whose name has passed into a proverb for thievish, wicked women. She had a husband named Uta, who one day returning from a successful fishing expedition, called out to her to come and take the fish. Houmea did not come at once, but made excuse, and on afterwards going down to the canoe alone, devoured all the fish, then, piling up bushes and making footmarks about the beach, pretended that the fish had been eaten by 'the multitude of the fairies.' The next time Uta returned from fishing the same drama was performed, but the man had set one of the boys to watch the canoe, and this boy reported to his father that Houmea had eaten the fish. The thief loudly protested her innocence,

but the greedy creature nourished a spirit of revenge against the child, and on the first opportunity swallowed the boy at one mouthful. The other child, who had been to fetch water, was also on his return swallowed whole. When Uta returned he found his wife ill and groaning, but she could give no explanation as to the cause of the pain which she declared she felt in her bowels. Her husband said, 'Where are the children?' and he was answered that they had gone away somewhere. The man then examined the lips of his spouse, and then chanted a powerful incantation; when it was finished the children came forth alive and unhurt from the lips of Houmea. After this time Uta was afraid to leave the children alone with his wife, and so one day he told Houmea to go and get water for him. She obeyed, but the water, by the force of a spell chanted by her husband, retreated before her: then, as she travelled far away, Uta and the children fled. Houmea pursued them, and was opening her huge jaws to swallow them when they threw a red-hot stone down her throat and she perished. She is, however, to be seen incarnate as the cormorant. This story of the ogress being killed by a red-hot stone being thrown down her throat has surely some relatives among Teutonic and other folk-tales, just as the 'Fee, fo, fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman,' is repeated in the legend of the ogre Matuku, who, coming to his house where the hero is concealed, cries out:

Smell, smell? Odour, odour? My food is man!

There was at Whanganui a whole tribe of winged women, and to this race apparently belonged the ogress Kura Ngaituku, for she, too, had wings on her arms, and she could walk as though shod with the famous Seven-leagued Boots. A young chief named Hatupatu met this giantess Kura, and found her occupied in spearing birds with her lip. Hatu thrust at a bird just as the giantess dashed out her lip, and the man's spear went through the lip. He turned to run, but she caught him in an instant, and took him home with her for a pet. She was in the habit of going away every day to get birds, but Hatu had to remain at home, and amused himself by looking over Kura's treasures—her cloaks of red feathers, her cloaks of dog's hair, her two-handed sword; then he tried the finery on to see how well he looked in He induced his patroness to go farther and farther away each day in the search for food; at last he said: 'You must go far to-day, past the first mountain range, to the twentieth, and

the hundredth, and the thousandth.' She consented and went, then he gathered up all her cloaks, took the sword, killed all the tame little lizards and pet-birds, and then fled. One little bird had escaped his notice; this bird flew to Kura, and told her that her home was ruined and all her goods stolen. The ogress asked by whom, and was told that it was by Hatu. Then Kura began making haste to get home, singing: 'Stretch along, step out; step out, stretch along.' In three strides she had passed the mountain ranges, gained the cave, and was soon in hot pursuit of Hatu, who, seeing that she was overtaking him, repeated a spell, crying: 'Rock! rock! open for me!' The rock opened, and the young absconder hid himself within it until Kura had passed. Then he started again, and again she nearly overtook him, but they had arrived at some boiling sulphur springs, among which Hatu (who knew his way) leapt fearlessly, but the ogress broke through the thin crust between the springs and was burnt to death.

Two grand giants embellish Hervey Islands' tradition. One, Mangaia, a woman, who was celebrated mainly as being a great sleeper, brought forth a tiny child so feeble and small that he was not thought worth looking after, and was left by the side of a lake to perish. A freshet swept the baby away, and the fairy Echo took charge of him, feeding him upon the apparently unsubstantial nutriment of foam-bubbles, till he grew apace. Apace indeed, for he reached the lordly stature of sixty feet in height, receiving the name of Mokè, and becoming renowned for his courage and strength. One day a fleet of canoes came from Rarotonga, and landed two hundred men, who at first behaved well, but afterwards murdered one of their hosts, which enraged Mokè so greatly that he killed one hundred and ninety-nine of them with a club. The single escapee sailed back to Rarotonga and told his story; soon a war expedition was fitted out, and on board one of the canoes was the Rarotongan fighting-giant. On the approach of the enemy's canoes Mokè walked out into the sea, so that the invaders only saw his face above the waves, and his long hair floating on the water. The submerged warrior cried out: 'Let your great Rarotongan show himself,' and the giant did so, drawing himself up to his full height of thirty feet, and calling for his adversary to advance. Slowly Mokè began to emerge from the water, and when the Rarotongans saw the enormous bulk of one twice the height of their own champion they fled, uttering shrieks of terror. Mokè, stooping down, broke off three

pieces of rock, which he hurled after them, to hasten their flight. These rocks are still pointed out on the reef, about a mile apart, and about twenty tons a-piece in weight.

A very remarkable giant once resided at Hilo in the Hawaiian Islands. His ordinary height was only 400 fathoms (2,400 feet), but he was able to walk with his head above water in the deepest part of the ocean, as he was gifted with limbs which he could extend like the tubes of a telescope. He died without perpetuating a race endowed with so valuable a physical possession.

Those who look upon these stories as idle tales wrong the wise. simple men who passed these legends on from generation to generation. The web of falsehood woven by the imagination of the ancient mind has served to enmesh particles of truth which would otherwise have floated away and have been lost. Not only have they thus preserved a record for psychologists as to the mental condition of the men who could invent, and those who could perpetuate such traditions, but they contain the few grains of real history that we are ever likely to obtain concerning the past of the 'fair Polynesian.' It has been shrewdly guessed (and will probably remain but a shrewd guess) that the elves and gnomes of Europe are but the legendary remembrance of short, dark, aboriginal races, dispossessed in prehistoric times by the stronger, victorious peoples, speaking the Indo-European dialects. If this be true, we can also get a faint glimpse of New Zealand history in the same manner. We are told that when the great hero Maui fished up the North Island from the abyss, he placed Kui in charge of the land, and the children of Kui multiplied and occupied the country. Then came the Tutu-mai-ao, indistinct beings to our view, but with evidently superior knowledge to the aborigines. They killed off, or intermarried with, the race of Kui, and became dominant. These were succeeded by the Turehu (fairies), who again were annihilated by the Maori people, the present inhabitants. On the South Island, the ogres abovementioned were followed by tribes and peoples, each after the other becoming shadowy and ethereal; their stray and isolated descendants giving rise to stories of 'wild men,' 'men of the woods,' &c., haunting inaccessible and lonely places. The former possessors of New Zealand have become goblins and fairies, wandering awhile about the desolate hills, retreating every year before the sound of the woodman's axe and the shriek of the railway whistle.

At the Sign of the Ship.

Notes on Fiction.

R. JOHNSON defines the novel as a tale 'usually of love,' and there is no doubt that most novels, since the Greek romances, have been very full of this passion. In his English Novel during the Time of Shakespeare, M. Jusserand gives some statistics as to the preponderance of fiction in modern English literature. 1885 there were more books of theology than novels, but novels took the first place in 1887, 1888, 1889. In the last year, 1,040 novels were published. This gives us, at the very least, the stories of 2,080 human hearts; but it would be more fair to multiply the number of novels by nine, allowing for four 'first lovers' in each, the villain (generally attached to the heroine), and four unsuccessful adorers, male or female. Thus the year 1889 may have provided about 8,000 studies of the passion of love, as it is fair to make allowance for novels in which treasure, or murder, or theology was the main interest. Thus it would seem as if what is called the 'love-interest' were the main attraction of romance. and yet there seems reason to doubt whether this is not a mere statistical illusion. It is frequently said, by novelists themselves, that what the great majority of their readers like is a love story; that their success is assured if they can only make their love scenes attractive. Of course this is a strain on the energies of the most vigorous novelist. A man can only write really well out of his own experience. Now novelists, as Mr. James Payn has assured an anxious world, 'live like other men, only more purely.' It is, therefore, clear that their experience must be limited, and that when they have made copy out of their own emotions they must draw on their imagination. We see how Sir Walter Scott, the most reticent of men where his own heart was concerned, inspired himself, as to his heroines, by recollections of that one lady who broke his heart, after which, as he says, it was 'handsomely

mended.' She is the heroine of The Lay of the Last Minstrel, of Old Mortality, and of Redgauntlet at least, while I fancy that Scott's own unhappy love inspires Rebecca of York in Ivanhoe. Most of his other love affairs are children of fancy, and are unessential, and more or less conventional. They are part of the mere 'business' of the novelist, and, except in The Bride of Lammermoor, where tradition gave the situation, the story would really be almost as well without them. Flora MacIvor is a strong character, but not by reason of her loves, and the same is true about Di Vernon. It is the adventures of Harry Gow, or of Quentin Durward, that hold us, not the affairs of the heart which led these gentlemen into their adventures. Not only does this seem to be true about Scott, but it is true about most of the men who are the masters of English fiction. Character and incident are their materials, not character as dominated by the passion of love. Richardson may be called an exception, but Richardson was almost entirely a woman's author. Clarissa, even, can scarcely be called a love story; love were the wrong name for the passion of Lovelace. In Fielding's Amelia there is plenty of love, but Fielding, like King Candaules of Lydia, was 'in love with his wife,' and Booth and Amelia are married before the tale Tom Jones is, indeed, in love, like all who read about him, with Sophia; but the heart of Thomas was hospitable, and his adventures have many another interest besides that of pure affection.

Turning to the late masters, the slight part which love has in the success of Dickens need scarcely be insisted on. There is always a love affair, or more than one, but, except perhaps in the case of Dora, the love affair is not what we remember best, is never what we read Dickens for. Humour and pathos, caricature, mystery, incident—all these, and not love, are his strong points. In the case of Thackeray, the 'love-interest' is infinitely stronger, the passion being usually thwarted and often unhappy, as in Emmy Osborne, Dobbin, Pen, Clive, Henry Esmond, Philip, and so on. Though we may remember best, and enjoy, Colonel Newcome and Captain Costigan, the swain Foker (himself deserted and unfortunate), Major Pendennis, and a score of others, still the unhappy passions of Thackeray's heroes are so admirably and sympathetically touched that, in this respect, he excels both Dickens, Scott, and Fielding, and his novels really are tales of love. But if we turn to modern times and Mr. Stevenson, it is, of course, no such matter. People say that Mr. Stevenson has

written 'no regular novel;' and he has not; that is to say, none in which love is the chief consideration. The Master of Ballantrae would have been nearly, if not quite, as complete, even without his gallantries with his brother's wife. On the other side, love must still be lord of all with Mr. Trollope. Mr. Black is divided between love, salmon, scenery, and yachting, but we remember the scenery, the yachting, and the salmon best. Mr. George Meredith has excelled in love scenes, as in the charming passages of Richard Feverel, or the unhappy love of Dahlia; but, even with him, human character in general and at large much preponderates. It is needless to say that, among all the merits of both the Kingsleys, their love passages are among the least memorable. In short, 'Love is a great Master,' as Malory says and illustrates nobly in his Lancelot and Guinevere; but the great masters in fiction have not been among his chief adepts. Our race cannot be for ever dallying with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tresses of Neæra's hair. The great Northern genius produced one perfect scene of passion in the Volsunga Saga, the loves of Brynhild and Sigurd, but the sagas in general prefer litigation to love; first fighting, then lawsuits are their interest, then ghosts and magic. Love bends the story to his will; he has his fatal stroke in the battle; but the scalds do not linger over scenes of love, nor over the exhibition of human character as influenced by love.

This case can be made out well enough, as far as the men novelists of England are concerned; the women, on the other hand, have usually excelled just where men have been less conspicuously successful. Thus, Miss Broughton, more than any living novelist in England, probably, can make the reader distinctly and decidedly feel that her characters are many fathoms deep in love, and can even make us understand why they should Anybody might, nay, everybody must fall in love with her Elizabeth in Alas, or sympathise with the people who do. passion of her Joan is as true in its way as that of Miss Austen's Ann Elliot. Perhaps love is not the forte of Miss Braddon, who powerfully interests her male readers in Murder, and her lady students in Millinery. Charlotte Brontë, again, can make her people very thoroughly in love: there is no mistake about Jane Eyre and Lucy Snow. But who remembers the amours in the novels of Mr. Wilkie Collins? Charles Reade and Mr. Besant have here more of the feminine talent: their people are in love, no mistake about it; and Beatrice, in Mr. Haggard's novel of that

name, leaves no room for doubt about her sentiments. Yet there is a great mass of English fiction, and of the best fiction, in which the passion is little more moving to the readers than an alge-A is in love (X) with B, who is - £ s. D. braical formula. Hence certain actions and adventures on the part of A and B and others. But it is the adventures and actions consequent on the alleged, but not felt or obvious, presence of X that agitate the reader's mind, not X itself. He may be told by the author that X is carried to the nth. We accept his statement as part of the formula, but he never makes us feel it. Who, for example, cares for X in the works of Captain Hawley Smart? It is not love, but the feats of horsemanship prompted by X, the bets, and intrigues, and nobbling of horses, that carry us on with them. This is, perhaps, rather an extreme example of the presence of love in novels as a mere formula. But, if the reader will abandon his mind to the consideration of this topic, he will probably discover that love, as a passion, is nearly as rare in fiction as, shall we say, in fact? He may discover that the greatest artists have in this region either comparatively failed or have been comparatively indifferent. We are speaking about English fiction, of course; the French have been more successful in touching this passion. We have no Manon Lescaut in English, and M. Bourget and M. Maupassant are here the masters of most English novelists. are infinitely more sentimental, and so is M. Zola, in Un Page d'Amour. But M. Daudet is less of an amorist, and the 'loveinterest' is rarely, or never, the essential interest of his novels, with the exception of Sappho and its squalid sentiment.

The great difficulty in writing of the passion in a novel is, of course, to make it seem real. This is a difficulty which probably must be the more felt by an author as he approaches the age when, according to Rochefoucauld, he should never talk as if love were an affair with which he could have any concern. Thus Thackeray, in Philip, talks as if he took merely a posthumous interest in the affection. A man's real interest, much more than a woman's, is apt to betake itself in other directions, and an elderly novelist must write about the heart of youth with little more enthusiasm than about the tarts and toffee of boyhood. But this difficulty of making the matter in hand seem real of course attends the novelist in all his adventures. How is it done? what is the unnamed gift by which a person of no style or culture can tell a story, can make us believe as we read, while another author, full of all accomplishments, puts us off with mere descriptions in

place of substantial men, women, and things? The novelist, of course, must have conviction; must convince himself first, as children do when they play at being pirates, hunters, knights of old, explorers, and so forth. The novelist must never, in this sense, put away childish things. As a very small boy, the present essayist could never 'play at horses,' for example, from a reasoned certainty that he was not a horse, and that his team, if he drove, were only other small boys and girls. Any one who remembers similar lack of illusions may as well give up the idea of writing novels. He may have observation; he will scarcely have sympathy with the puppets of his fancy; he may write like an angel, he will never persuade anybody to believe his narrative. It seems that a novelist sometimes may possess the power of carrying conviction, and sometimes may lack it. For example, M. Daudet has it to some extent in Le Nabab. In Jack he lacks it, to my mind, altogether. One sees much too plainly how Jack was made. One sees memories, or seems to see them, of David Copperfield. story reads as if the author had said: 'I will try those situations in French, with a different and more sentimental bias.' school where Jack is sent is not at all like Dotheboys Hall (well, after all, it is a good deal like a French Dotheboys Hall), and the master, the sham poet, is not Mr. Murdstone, but he reminds one of Mr. Murdstone. One has, throughout, an impression that everything has been carefully preconceived, studied, described, crammed for-that it is not spontaneous. I know, of course, that there was a real Jack, with whom M. Daudet was acquainted, and it is not impossible that he may never have read David Copperfield. But the impression remains; we know that we are to be melted and wrung with pity; we see the mechanism too clearly, we know how it is all done, we catch glimpses of the author with his note-book and in his study. The consequence is that much less artistic work is often much more true work of art. An artist who did not like a picture was asked what it wanted. that,' said he, snapping his finger on his thumb. We can hardly get nearer to what we wish to express. Jack wants that! or we feel as if it wanted it. But, again, this may be partly because M. Daudet has told the world how he wrote his novels; he has taken them behind the scenes. This is really a dangerous frankness. The public likes such confessions, and, perhaps, when once it has read them, forgets them. A famous and very successful recent novel failed with a certain class of readers because, by the accident of circumstances, they felt as if they had been behind the

scenes, as if they knew it all beforehand, and were reading a thricetold tale. It is certainly rash in authors to take readers into their confidence, to show them the materials out of which their work was made, and the processes of the making. The result will seem to them a mosaic, not a picture, or perhaps it will beguile them no more than a study in Berlin wools. But such examples are unusual. Generally the want of conviction in the reader comes of want of conviction in the author. He must believe before he can make us believe; and this is a special gift, possessed by many people who are nothing less than literary—by the boatman or shepherd who tells you a legend—and which is wanting wholly in the deliberate and accomplished author. It is, perhaps, most frequently absent in the love affairs of novels, and that is why the greatest English novelists live by anything rather than their love stories. Here, as usual, Shakespeare is supreme, and his lovers love with all their hearts and souls.

* . *

'Naebody ever prays for the puir Devil,' and nobody prays for nor has a good word for the poor wolf, since he was a sacred animal among the Athenians, and, I think, when dead was buried at the public expense. A correspondent, whose MS. does not bear his name (which I have unluckily lost), proves that the Esthonians have a kindly sentiment for wolves. Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner; and, when we understand how the wolf, according to the Esthonians, was created, we may make allowances for his behaviour. It will much oblige me if the translator of the following tale will kindly send his name and address. Readers of Red Riding Hood may like the story.

HOW THE WOLF WAS MADE.

When Allfather had created the world and all the beasts, he asked the Devil: 'Don't you admire my work? Or do you think there is any important plant, or any useful animal a-wanting? or that the hills are not high enough, or the seas not deep enough?'

This gracious question pleased the Devil very much. He took heart and answered: 'There is no fault to be found with your work, but still I can't help thinking there is one beast too few.'

'What beast?' asked the Creator in surprise.

'Well,' said the Devil, 'a beast to watch and guard the woods, that the shepherd-boys may not break the branches of the trees, nor hares and goats nibble the young shoots.'

? Have I not put bears and snakes in the wood? i said the Creator.

'No doubt you have,' said the Evil One, 'but these guardians go to sleep when winter comes, and then it grieves me to see the wood without a protector, like an orphan.'

Now, what the Devil wanted was to make for himself a savage beast to worry God's harmless creatures, and do all sorts of mischief.

- 'What kind of beast do you think is still wanting?' asked the Creator.
- 'One that I could make myself if you would let me,' said the Devil entreatingly.

'So be it,' said the Creator. 'I won't hinder you.'

'But I ask more than that,' the Devil continued. 'I have not the power to give my creature life. If you would tell me how to do that, you would soon see that my beast was as good as any of yours.'

'I will grant you that also. When your beast is quite finished, with his eyes and nose in their right places, then say to him: "Arise and hunt the Devil!"'

'We'll see about that,' muttered the Devil to himself, and went away to a thick forest. Here he gathered together stones and old leather, twigs and moss, and then brought from the village smithy two glowing sparks and a lot of iron nails.

Then he began his work. He made the beast's back of a strong hedge-stake, and its head of a tree-stump, its breast of twigs and shoe-leather woven together, and its loins of bricks. He made its paws of elder-wood, and its tail of a bunch of ferns, and in its breast he put a stone for a heart. Then he covered the body with moss, and set the two glowing sparks in its eye-sockets, and with the nails he made claws and teeth for it.

When the Devil had made this beast he was highly delighted with it, and called it Wolf.

But the wolf had no life.

Then the artist remembered the charm, and cried: 'Wolf, arise and hunt——!'

At this the wolf raised its head and licked its lips.

This gave the Devil such a fright that he could not say another word. But he soon recovered himself, and cried: 'Wolf, arise and hunt Allfather!'

But the wolf lay still, without so much as a wag of its tail.

The Devil repeated his charm ten times over, but the wolf paid not the slightest heed.

Then the Devil went back to Allfather and said: 'You have not given me the right charm, for the wolf will not stir.'

'What?' said the Creator; 'did you say, "Rise and hunt the Devil?"'

The Evil One had not expected this; he had nothing to say for himself, but was forced to go away crestfallen.

He tried again. Again he said: 'Wolf, arise and hunt All-father!' All in vain.

At last he went a long distance away from the wolf, and shouted: 'Wolf, arise!' Then he added in a whisper, 'and hunt the Devil.'

Good heavens, how the wolf sprang up! He was after the Devil like the wind, and would certainly have worried him if he had not crept under a big stone.

Ever since the wolf has been the Devil's bitterest foe, always looking out for a chance to annoy and hurt him. His backbone is as strong as a hedge-stake, his teeth and claws as sharp as nails, and his hide covered with thick hair. His eyes shine like coals of fire. His heart is as hard as a stone, for he carries off and kills the harmless lambs. If you throw a stone at him it drives him mad with rage; but if a herd-boy manages to strike him with a stick he is so much ashamed that he will not come near that flock again for three whole years. But if ever you see him, in harvest time, sitting in a clearing of the wood with his fiery eyes shining, then you may know that he is lying in wait for the Evil One.

There are other stories of wolves, amiable wolves, 'to follow,' but one is enough for to-day.

Another curious tale, very ghostly, comes from a distinguished Arabic scholar. Mashari al Osshac is the name of our Arabian author's work, which, being interpreted, means, 'The Places where Lovers have Fallen.' It is a Mohammedan mediæval book, but bears traces of Christian influence. Our Lord is spoken of, not as 'the Prophet Isa,' but as 'The Messiah.' The tale itself is a form of the 'Dead Wife Restored,' as in Eurydice; or the strange Red Indian legend published by Miss Ermine Smith; or as the original German myth, repeated by Sandys in his notes on

Ovid, which Leigh Hunt gives in his own way in the Tale for a Chimney Corner. But in all these the husband is the guilty or unlucky cause of the wife's second death. In our Arabian author the lady is to blame, and very much to blame.

THE STORY OF THE DEAD WIFE.

A young man was engaged (as a good Oriental should be) to his cousin, a very beautiful girl. She died, and he betook himself to Jesus to ask him to call her to life. 'That cannot well be,' was the reply, 'unless you are willing to give her some part of your life.' 'I will give half of it,' he said. So Jesus went in and prayed over the corpse, and restored the girl alive to her lover, who proceeded to ride home with her. On the way a strange drowsiness came on him, and he asked her to dismount with him that he might sleep a little with his head on her lap. As he slept a king came by with a brilliant train, observed her beauty, asked her to go with him, and, in fact, persuaded her so that she let the poor lad's head sink on the sand and rode off in a royal litter. At length the young man awoke, all mazed to find himself alone. But the royal procession, and the splendid beauty in the litter had, of course, been noticed by wayfarers, and soon he knew where the girl was. He journeys to the king's court, obtains an interview, passionately pleads that she will still follow him, but is met with cold disdain. 'Ah!' he cries, 'you were dead, and would never have lived again if I had not given you half my life. If you will not be mine, at least give me back the half of my life.' 'I have no need of your life; take it.' And at that moment she falls down dead, and the youth goes home sorrowing.

Verily some persons do not lack for want of asking. 'If you want to be invited to a party, ask to be invited,' says Thackeray. A friend of authors, in Scotland, is taking Thackeray's advice with a difference. He writes, in a lithographed form, if we mistake not; he writes to 'literary gents,' thus:

DEAR SIR,—I am very fond of getting presents of books from the authors [a droll taste!], and Mr. ——, Lady ——, Mrs. ——, the Bishop of ——, have each sent me one or two volumes. Will you kindly give me one or two, and write my name in it to make it the more valuable? If so, I will, indeed, be most grateful and obliged.

. Why not carry the system further?

DEAR SIR,—I am very fond of getting presents of rings from the jewellers. Messrs. Stump & Rowdy, Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, Mr. Giuliano, have each sent me one or two jewels.

And so forth. The amazing thing is that some authors have actually answered this person, and sent him 'one or two' of their books. Authors are foolishly ready to be 'drawn,' to be 'interviewed,' to be badgered by the busybodies of this world; and, perhaps, this naïf applicant may collect a very agreeable modern library.

• . •

We spoke a short time since of Caddies. Efforts are being made on a Scotch green to regulate their employment, and we may wish them success. But the essential difficulty remains. Most of the old greens are open public links; any man, woman, or child can carry clubs on them. Who, then, can make strangers accept the rules which a local club may propose? The higgling of the market is sure to have its way in such dealings as these, especially when a press of strangers brings amateur Caddies forward and raises the price of labour. This is not the fault of the golf clubs and their members.

TWO SONGS.

The sun is gone from the valleys,
The air breathes fresh and chill;
On the barn-roof yellow with lichen
A robin is singing shrill.

Like a tawny leaf is his bosom,
Like a dead leaf is his wing;
He is glad of the coming winter
As the thrush is glad of the spring.

The sound of a shepherd's piping
Comes down from a distant fold,
Like the ripple of running water,
As tuneless, and sweet, and cold.

The two songs mingle together;
Like and unlike are they,
For one sounds tired and plaintive,
And one rings proud and gay.

They take no thought of their music, The bird and the shepherd-lad; But the bird-voice thrills with rapture, And the human note is sad.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

* _ 1

Readers who may have met, and liked, Miss Frances Wynne's verses in this barque, and in other periodicals, may be interested in hearing that the author has published a small collection of her poems. The book is styled Whispers, and includes, to my humble taste, many very charming pieces, musical, simple, straightforward, and not as sad as night. The title is not very fortunate, but it is long since I have read a more agreeable volume of verse successful up to the measure of its aim and ambition.

A. LANG.

¹ Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

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"A Conformal, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1863.—Mr. J. C. Eng."

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1891.

The Mischief of Monica.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW OPINIONS AT THE GRANGE.

Like the false fruit of the lotos, Love alters every taste: We loathe the life we are leading, The spot where we are placed.—L. E. L.

ONE of the strangest things in human life is the estimate which every individual being forms of another; this estimate being so much affected and influenced by the nature of each, that none among us but alike measures, and is measured, from a thousand standpoints.

The infinite variety of character, disposition, and temperament with which the human race is endowed together with the infinitesimal shades and gradations in each one of these, and the imperceptible but no less positive manner in which they act and react between and among us, make it as impossible for any single person to think of another as he or she actually is, as it would be for any two to unite in absolutely equal judgment of a third.

Hitherto in these pages we have only beheld Daisy Schofield through the medium of others' eyes; let us now endeavour to discover whether she has or has not been truthfully dealt with at their hands.

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First of all, then, we may as well avow at once that Daisy was not her mother's Daisy.

When poor Mrs. Schofield, in her usual fond, effusive manner would seek to depict her eldest daughter as a martyr to intellectual exertions and acquirements, as a paragon of industry and living encyclopedia of knowledge, Daisy would hump her shoulder, and inwardly wish mama would not make a fool of her.

When the drawing societies and the reading societies were inquired into, she would answer shortly. When she caught Monica's eye on the subject she would colour up. :

The truth was this: The little Lancashire girl had native shrewdness and native honesty; and as the former enabled her to perceive herself possessed of only ordinary abilities, so the latter made her spurn the attempt to appear other than she was.

From earliest days she had stoutly maintained this wise and sensible view of the case; but all her struggles availed nothing beneath the persistency of Mrs. Schofield's belief. Mrs. Schofield thought that Daisy talked nonsense, and that George talked nonsense, and that they were all really too foolish about themselves. Modesty was all very well, but when it came to protesting that they couldn't do this, and they couldn't do that, and refusing to show their drawings when asked for, it was really too bad; and for her part she did not understand such goings on.

To tell her that Ethel and Rosa Higgins drew better than Daisy! That Maggie Maybole sang better than Lottie! That John Barnby had made a cabinet in his workshop which George could not have made!

She wondered what they were all coming to. They really took a delight in provoking her; she declared they did.

Well, she knew better. She knew what was said of them behind backs. She could tell, if she chose, what this one and that one had said to her very face. But, to be sure, it was not for her to repeat compliments, when compliments were like to be so ungraciously received,—and the good soul would bounce off in a auff, or in what was as nearly a huff as a person so uniformly good-tempered could achieve.

Poor woman, she really would feel aggrieved, she was so sure of having right on her side. Illiterate, and only half-educated herself, it was perhaps excusable that the natural result of good schools and tuition in various accomplishments should present itself to her mind under another aspect; that she should see in children, who were not wholly idle nor frivolous, miracles of talent, examples of success.

That they bargained for a subscription to a circulating library, and for having some of the monthly magazines lying on their tables, meant with her that they were students and scholars. That they chose to know a little of what was passing in the world outside their own small circle, argued them profound politicians. Their simple efforts after art, their dabblings in decorative furniture, their rudimentary attempts at concerted music, even their very needlework and fancy work, all went into the same scale. To say that her geese were swans is to give but a very poor idea of the noble birds beheld by her in the homely flock by which she was surrounded.

It is but just to the young people to repeat here, what has been hinted above, namely, that they, or at any rate some of them, would have dispelled the illusion if they could. Having, however, long before they appear in these pages, discovered that this was a task beyond their strength, even George and Daisy had in time become acclimatised, and had learned to take their mother as they found her.

With her new cousins, Monica and Isabel Lavenham, Daisy Schofield had indeed made a faint endeavour to discover her real self; but so provokingly had the revelation been met, so thoroughly had the new-comers imbibed the earlier portraits presented by the parent, and so obviously were they out of touch with one and all their new-found connections, that she had swiftly withdrawn every confidence, and had told herself resentfully that it was worth nobody's while to care what was thought by two such scornful, disagreeable fashion-plates of fine ladies,

That the Grange was made fun of at Flodden Hall, Daisy more than half suspected. That Monica meant sarcasm behind innocence on occasions innumerable, it was easy to perceive. That Monica despised herself? Yes, she felt very nearly sure that Monica despised herself; despised her, moreover, not merely as an inmate of a despised house, but with a purely personal disdain.

Was this the case? It was.

And herein we see an instance of what has been above asserted, namely, that we do all of us at times so act and react upon one another as to make perfectly just estimates impossible.

Monica Lavenham had a baleful effect upon Daisy Schofield. In Monica's presence Daisy could not shine, do what she would. A secret uneasiness would sharpen her tone, roughen her manner, cause her to assume more self-assertion, more aggressive self-confidence and importance than she would ever be known to exhibit on other occasions. With Monica's entrance the very hairs on her head would bristle and stiffen. The children would wonder at the petulance and irritability of their usually cheerful dispenser of small benefits. Mrs. Schofield, all unconscious, would placidly observe: 'Dear me, what has come to Daisy? Something, sure, has put Daisy out.' George would find his sister moodily gazing from a window after the visitors had departed, and when he would inquire—as possibly he might inquire—if anything were the matter, would be told 'Nothing.'

Was it because of this thinly-veiled antagonism that Monica, on her part, could never resist making Bell laugh when Daisy's name arose between the two in private?

Monica had not begun by taking much account of Daisy. She had simply classified her according to Mrs. Schofield's primary delineations; but presently it must be owned that, upon discovering the light in which a certain pair of jealous eyes looked upon herself, she began to experience a delicate sense of cat-and-mouse pleasure in putting forth her claws. No one knew better how to play cat-and-mouse, and poor Monica had never been taught that there was any harm thus playing.

She looked down upon Daisy Schofield, and it did Daisy good to be looked down upon. That was her view of the matter.

'Pert little, underbred thing!' cried she, with her beautiful chin in the air; 'I like the fat, old, vulgar mother infinitely better. I shall be quite friends with her. But I can't stand Daisy.'

And, accordingly, Daisy had to be taught, and that in the best style out, that she was not to be 'stood.' All her cousin's humours, her caprices, her disdain, her airs and her graces were for the eldest Miss Schofield's especial benefit—the younger ones merely coming in for their share or not according to chance—while the poor tiresome mother, the Mrs. Schofield from whom one and all were wont to flee, the droning, drowsy narrator, who was barely endured abroad and thrust aside at home, towards her Monica would, out of sheer contradiction it might be, but perhaps also with a mingling of some better motive, be so gentle, considerate, and respectful, that even her uncle felt as if he had hitherto underrated a very worthy woman.

Then Dorrien entered upon the scene, and our two young

ladies did not like each other any better than before. Previous to his introduction to the Miss Lavenhams the thought of him had been a secret source of exultation to Daisy. The principal part of his wooing had been done prior to the arrival of the sisters at Flodden Hall; and he had only delayed putting the final touch to it till after he should have had his last bachelor season in town from a conviction that, once fairly 'booked,' neither the widow nor her daughter would see any need for further indulgence of the luxury.

As an engaged man he could not have rebelled,—but he had laughed in his heart as he told himself that he was not yet an engaged man. He had fully meant to become so; there had been no idea of crying off, not the very slightest; no he had only stolen a few weeks' leave of absence from the neighbourhood; and, curiously enough, this at the very time when Monica and Isabel Lavenham had been reluctantly precipitated into it.

Thus they had never met him. The previous year he had been travelling, and had not been in London at all; and the sisters had. as we know, only enjoyed two seasons there. But for such causes there would almost certainly have been a previous acquaintance. They knew the same people, went to the same houses, frequented the same resorts. Innumerable as are the distinct 'sets' in London society, a recognised member of any one is tolerably sure to know sooner or later the greater part of the other recognised members. It is necessary to remind my readers of this, that it may be understood how speedily and easily Dorrien had been at home with the two, with whom no one else was at home at all. Daisy had bitten her lip more than once as she sat by, almost entirely neglected and left out in the cold, during the first occasion of their meeting at the Grange. She had divined. as by instinct, the impression made by her beautiful cousin; and an entirely new feeling regarding Dorrien from that hour took possession of her breast.

Hitherto he had been her great reserve force. She had felt—all of them had felt—that once Dorrien spoke out, they could cope even with the Lavenhams. Good Mrs. Schofield, who alone was serenely confident that in themselves and by themselves she and hers were on a level with any mortal being, was yet willing enough to pour into the ears of her cousin Joseph's fine ladies the pride with which her heart was bursting.

But she had been restrained by her daughter. Daisy had not

been so foolish as to lay herself open, or to permit her mother to lay her open, to a chance of being ridiculed. She had been, she would have said, sure, certain of Dorrien; but all the same, it had ended in her exacting from one and all absolute silence concerning him; while to herself she had hugged the thought of presenting to her cousin such a lover as even Monica Lavenham might have been proud to call one.

Beforehand her secret had been closely kept; and though, on the reappearance of Dorrien in the neighbourhood, she had permitted herself to mention his name to Isabel Lavenham—being fairly amicable with Bell—it had been under the prudent supposition that to suppress it altogether would have been more pointed, more likely to attract attention, than to let it arise and pass in general conversation.

She had calculated, moreover, that Dorrien, who had lost not a day in renewing his suit, having indeed resolved upon bringing it now to a point, had probably been remarked by others on his daily ride to the Grange,—(he had ridden over there on three successive evenings before that on which we first beheld him),—and accordingly an easy reference to the subject would seem in Bell's eyes the simplest thing in the world.

But do people ever refer to such subjects easily?

And now imagine a clumsy, tactless, inexperienced male presuming to consider himself a match for two fair ones in strategic wiles. It is really almost pathetic to think of Dorrien's credulity at this point. He had a cheerful conviction, for instance, of having duped Miss Daisy in the most artful manner possible, when he handed her into her pony carriage and saw her drive away from the front steps at Cullingdon the day she called by herself there. He had not the faintest suspicion that all the time she had been smiling and chatting during her stay, that her eyes and ears had been on the stretch, and that not a change of colour nor an altered accent escaped them.

She knew—who better?—that the Miss Lavenhams were his guests that day. She had come because they were so; because of a burning desire to hear and see, to know and discover what was going on.

And he had fancied her all unconscious and unobservant when she made that innocent suggestion about the village play! He had dreamed that his swift change of front, the light that flashed into his eye, the eagerness in his voice, all the nameless indications with which face and form alike were trembling, had left him unbetrayed! His immediate attendance on her? She had not been deceived by that. Had she not witnessed the restlessness, the disquietude which almost immediately set in; the nervous, uncontrollable movements which told of impatience and dissatisfaction; the swift rebound of relief and elasticity when the ordeal was over?

Ah, poor Daisy! A dull pain gnawed at her heart during that homeward drive through the green lanes.

Dorrien had charmed more than her fancy by this time. It needed but one such day's experience to convince her of the bitter truth.

Let us take a slight retrospect.

Dorrien was unlike any man whom Daisy Schofield had ever met before. George's friends and her own friends were, as she would have told you, all very well: sprightly, jocular, good-looking, go-ahead. Taking one with another, she had until lately seen no reason to be discontented with them. Their talk had suited her; she had not found them, nor their ways, nor their looks, nor their clothes distasteful. Her standard had been easily reached.

But then came Dorrien, and for the first time in her life this young girl beheld—what shall we call him? A man of fashion? A man about town? A smart man? A club man? A man whose every association and connection is with such attributes and spheres? To say that Dorrien was a gentleman does not express all this. There are many hundreds of perfectly well-born and well-bred men, fit for any company, equal to any occasion, who have yet no trace of the bearing, the carriage, the—truth compels such details—the tailoring of your gay bachelor of St. James's. Dorrien was simplicity itself, but his very simplicity was a thing unattainable. The self-satisfied and flourishing sprigs of respectability to whom the Grange was an open house both had what he had not, and lacked what he possessed.

It was about this time that Daisy began to find Freddy Wilkinson 'officious,' and Teddy Oliver 'unbearable.' She had been wont to think Freddy's anticipation of every wish, his rising to open every door, and his flying to render every attention, as so many proofs of polite deportment; now his solicitous inquiries and tender cares were tiresome. Master Oliver, on his part, fared no better. Teddy was a dull youth whom nobody ever thought worth taking trouble about; but it

was understood that, as George's friend, he was to be permitted to come out to the Grange as often as George liked, sit down at the lower end of the table at dinner—his chosen place—and hold solemn converse with his host on matters interesting to their two selves, but to no one else at table.

Such manners presently came to be voted abominable by Miss Daisy Schofield.

She had grown, moreover, to despise the outward appearance of both youths. Their shirt fronts had a knack of bulging out in front; Dorrien's never bulged out. They were anxious about their ties and their wristbands; she would catch them taking furtive peeps at the mirror, and pulling this and that straight at intervals; Dorrien never looked into mirrors, and never needed to pull anything straight.

It is a sharp test to which a young critic is put when she begins to perceive all this. We know that in a certain rank the ordinary dress suit of a gentleman has over and over again made the fustian of a rustic swain unbearable in feminine eyes. There was almost as much difference between Dorrien's suits and the suits of the young men above named, as between theirs and the working-clothes of a day-labourer.

And betwixt them and Dorrien himself there was further a great and impassable gulf. It was not that he was uncivil to them, nor even that he avoided them; on the contrary, he was perfectly ready to talk and be talked to; but he would have conversed with grooms and stable-boys in the same bland, agreeable manner.

He was simply an inhabitant of another world. Whether he found the world in which he was now sojourning congenial or not, he was too wise a traveller to let appear. He was its denizen for the nonce; and it was his business to conform to its usages and flatter its interests.

Accordingly, he chatted with one and another, choosing topics in which they were interested, and about which they were likely to be well informed; whereat all who met Mr. Dorrien at the Grange were entirely pleased, and quoted his sayings and opinions with animation thereafter. But as to introducing any subjects of his own, or supposing that he might have a single point in common with any member of this herd of strange creatures, I really do not think the idea once occurred to Dorrien.

That, again, had gradually become apparent to Daisy, as day by day she had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

Once begun, she had been unable to stop eating, and her eyes were thus ever opening more and more.

It was necessary, however, to hide within her own bosom, and to brood over in secret, all that was going on there! None of it could be confided with any hope of reciprocity. Even the younger ones would have laughed at her. Tottie would have said, as pertly as Daisy herself would once have said, that such comparisons were ridiculous; that the whole thing was ridiculous; and that she, for her part, could not imagine how anything so ridiculous could ever have entered into her sister's ridiculous head. Schofield's cap strings would have stood on end with bristling ire. 'Ridiculous' would not have been the word in her mouth. no suggestion or supposition would her wrath have been moved to a like extent. She and hers not good enough for anybodyher George's friends not fit company for anybody-for a prince of the blood royal, if need be? Well, she had never expected to hear that said, least of all by her own daughter! And of young Wilkinson and young Oliver, too? Freddy Wilkinson's father could buy up the Dorriens any day; and the Olivers could hold their heads as high as any people in the place.

It would have been hopeless to suggest that Freddy, Johnny, or Tommy should have been kept out of Dorrien's way. Such a proposition would not improbably have ended in Dorrien being kept out of theirs. Mrs. Schofield had a temper; a temper, it is true, which did not often appear, but was there for an emergency; and, as we all know, the most peaceable maternal bird will fly out in defence of her young.

Nor would George himself have been any easier to handle. At the best of times he was not partial to the company of Daisy's new admirer. 'I hate to find that swell here,' he would mutter, when he came home at six o'clock, tired, dishevelled, anxious only to be let alone, and to be permitted to slouch about, and in and out, without anyone's interference or notice, till dinner time. 'If he must come, why can he not come in the afternoon? Why must he always be here in the evening?'

The answer to which might thus have been given: George's evening was Dorrien's afternoon; having always been accustomed to make calls between five and seven o'clock—a time which was certainly pleasanter for taking a long country ride than between three and five, in the heat of an unusually hot summer—he had seen no reason for altering his habit, even though it

did entail his being there when the elder son of the family came plodding up the drive on his daily return from the town.

Accordingly, the cool, easy figure, reposing on a garden chair beneath the shade, and looking as if it had reclined there all day would not infrequently be the first sight to meet and vex George Schofield's ill-used eyes, as he peeped over the hedge at a well-known point, once the chairs had taken up their permanent out-of-door place on the lawn.

Dorrien used to turn his smooth head lazily round as the new-comer approached, and extend a few fingers when he was near. We do not say that he presented only two fingers, but certainly he did not give the hand. In his own mind he rather wished that there were no need for giving anything. He could be pleasant to the other young men whom he met at the Grange; they were nothing to him,—but nothing becomes something when it takes the shape of a brother-in-law. George was rather a vulgar-looking fellow—it was a pity there was a George.

And George, on his part, would invariably be at his worst when thus caught. He would be weary, and dusty, and untidy, and pale-faced. Preoccupied with his own affairs, the sight of the guest would cause him to look sullen. Sullenness does not improve any countenance.

Dorrien, on the contrary, would be in perfect order, and perfectly disengaged and gracious.

So marked would be the contrast, and so obvious was it which was the sufferer thereby, that Daisy, out of sheer *esprit de corps*, would be annoyed and mortified, even though she alone were by to see.

Once she had gone so far as to make a suggestion on the subject. She did not do so a second time.

George was angry, astonished, and exceedingly disagreeable. What? Go into the house? Go into the house until visitors had left? That was a nice idea, to be sure! When he had been boxed up in a beastly, dirty, reeking office ever since the early morning, to say that he was to be done out of the only mouthful of fresh air he ever got! That was a pleasant thing to say to a fellow! Because he was not grand enough for her visitors, forsooth! It was like a sister to insinuate that he was not fit to stand alongside of that fool of a fellow of hers. And pray, who and what was this Dorrien that they should make a fuss about him? Everyone knew that the Dorriens were as poor as rats, and that Liverpool people thought nothing of them. It was all rot

young Dorrien's coming over, and making believe he was after Daisy. All rot: Dorrien came because——, but at this point Daisy would fly. She would fly rather than stay and argue the point. Nothing was gained by such passages-at-arms.

As regularly as Dorrien reclined in the garden chair at six o'clock, so regularly did he see a somewhat short, broad, thick-set figure stump up the drive, newspaper in one hand, stick or umbrella in the other; and as regularly did he think it rather a pity that there was a George.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS LAVENHAM CONSIDERS THAT IT WOULD BE UNWISE TO INTERRUPT THE COURSE OF EDUCATION.

Whether we smile or weep, Time wings its flight: Days, hours, they never creep, Life speeds like light.—ANON.

'And really and truly you would prefer not to go?' said Joseph Schofield, at breakfast, one morning. 'You would rather stay quietly at home, than be off with the rest to the sea? Mind you, it was not to have been Blackpool, nor Southport, nor yet the Isle of Man. Those places are all very well; Ramsay's nice enough, but vulgar; but I can see that they are not the thing, none of them are the thing for you.'

'Oh, Uncle Schofield!' Monica was always being touched by her uncle's profound and artlessly expressed homage.

'They are not,' repeated he, calmly drinking his coffee. 'They do for the Palmers.'

His nieces laughed.

'Oh, they do very well for them,' proceeded the speaker, all unconscious. 'The Palmers, and the George Schofields, and their set are just the people for Ramsay. It's thick with them. George—the lad George—finds lads like himself all over the place; and Daisy and Tottie find all the other Daisies and Totties they know. That's why they fancy the Isle of Man. They like to take their friends with them. Mrs. George would not know herself if she was set down in a place like Scarborough, for instance.'

'Scarborough is a most fashionable resort,' said Mr. Schofield, impressively. 'At Scarborough you would find numbers of the aristocracy, of the London folks you and your sister'—(he had got into the habit of addressing Monica)—'are accustomed to associate with. We should go to the best hotel, and see all that there is to be seen. I am told that the bands and the promenades are the best in England. But don't suppose I want to go,' added the speaker hastily, aware that in his secret heart he had been rather inclined to dwell upon the prospect.

'You see we have had such a change already,' replied Monica with the cheerful intonation which somehow always conveyed the whiff of a compliment. 'It was such a change for Bell and me to come straight away from London, and find ourselves in a part of England in which we had never been before, that we are only just beginning to feel at home; are we not, Bell? At first it all felt strange. We did not know the places; nor the people; nor your ways; nor you yourself,' smiling across the tea-tray. 'Everything was so unlike what we had ever been accustomed to, that we had to learn it all. Now that we are learning, it would be a pity to interrupt the course of education. We are getting on nicely; we are getting to understand—.' She paused.

'Aye, that's since you have been at Cullingdon,' said her uncle, handing back his cup for some more. As he did not glance at the niece who took it, he did not perceive that she reddened.

'Cullingdon? Oh,' and, in despite of all she had maintained upon the subject, Monica could not help wishing that another pair of eyes had been equally blind; 'I—yes—I suppose Cullingdon helps. But indeed, Uncle Schofield,' rather eagerly, 'indeed it is not only because we go there; it is because we are beginning to know other nice people as well as the Dorriens.'

'The De Vincis, and the Alverstokes.'

'No, no; not them at all. I don't care much about the De Vincis; and I detested the only Alverstokes we ever knew, and should probably detest equally this branch of the family. They are smart people, of course; and it is as well to know them, and to go to their houses—(by the way, I suppose they will ask us),—but I was thinking of quite other kinds of people with whom we have lately become acquainted. I must tell you, Uncle Schofield—I am sure you will not mind my telling you—that when Bell and I first came and saw the friends, the neighbours whom—whom we fancied were the only people we should ever meet—were the only

people you lived among—we—our hearts did a little sink. You know, dear uncle,' affectionately, 'you know the cousins at the Grange and at Fairlawn, and others like them are not—not—.' She stopped abruptly, somewhat at a loss.

'I know, my dear, I know.'

'And you do not mind my saying it? But, you see, we had no idea that we had only seen the worst.'

'Monica!' a breathless remonstrance from her sister, and both girls glanced apprehensively at their elderly relation.

It was not like Monica to have made such a slip.

Mr. Schofield, however, had only a placid and faintly twinkling smile upon his face. In his heart he was thinking, 'Lord, if only Mrs. George and the lot of them could have heard that!' That he was neither indignant nor astonished was at once apparent, and accordingly, 'He is a perfect darling!' internally cried the guilty Monica, and she could almost have hugged the grizzled head opposite. 'He is far, far better than he looks. He may not look it, but he has a soul above Flodden Hall.'

'It was very naughty of me to say that, Uncle Schofield,' she now proceeded, reassured and anxious to persevere in her exposition, 'but you see it slipped out. We were rather disappointed, rather astray and stranded, you know. I only say this because it is all right now; don't you understand, uncle? We are no longer in the least stranded.'

An inward protest on Bell's face.

'Not in the least,' repeated the speaker, with resolute emphasis. 'And that is why we do not care about Scarborough. All the better people have come back to this neighbourhood now that the partridge shooting has begun. And some of them are very nice people; quite pleasant people. There are the Rowlands, for instance, and the Carnforths, and the Shillingfords. I dare say, before we had come to live here, we should have been stupid enough to class all of these with——.'

'- With the George Schofields and the Palmers?'

'Why, yes,' said Monica, laughing, 'that was what I really meant. We thought all Liverpool and Manchester people were the same. But they are not the same; they are as different as possible. The Rowlands are——'

'— A first-rate old Liverpool family.' Mr. Schofield finished the sentence as though assenting to it. 'Oh, I could have told you that. But, of course, I did not like to say anything; I did not want to set you against the others. Oh, I knew well enough

that there were some really goodish houses to go to,' with a little air of pride; 'but then I thought, "Wait a bit, and they'll find it out for themselves; "-that was what I thought. The Rowlands are good enough for anybody; they might be in the county set; but they don't lay themselves out for it. They keep on in the same old way they have kept for years and years. Their sons have always been gentlemen, and had the education of gentlemen. Harrow has been their school for generations; so old Rowland told me the other day. He was there himself, and so were all his brothers. The daughters marry well-not flash marriagesthey don't go in for a twopenny-halfpenny younger son of a lord, and keep turning up at their father's house whenever they are short of money; they marry good sound men, not always business men-one of their husbands is a member of Parliament.' impressively—'and I never heard that any of them did amiss. Oh, the Rowlands are very highly thought of, and I hear that when they are in London they go to all the London balls.'

It was impossible to resist a smile, but the sisters hid theirs in their tea-cups.

'Yes, I liked them,' said Monica, next. 'I liked their entire absence of pretension, and their nice, homely, old-fashioned ways. As you say, Uncle Schofield, the sons are gentlemen; not smart men, but good sort of steady, plain——'

- '— Plain? Do you call them plain? Ernest Rowland is supposed to be most tremendously good-looking about here. Of course I am no judge, but I have always been told so,' quoth Mr. Schofield, entering into the spirit of the conversation. 'He is a great, big, swashing fellow, as his father was before him, with the same fine head of hair. Old Rowland always was proud of that head of hair of his.'
- 'I meant no disrespect to the hair,' said Monica, 'nor to Mr. Ernest Rowland's claims to beauty. He is good-looking; and so is the little boy—what is his name? Bertie? But what I intended saying was that they were not—not——'
 - '- Not like Mr. Dorrien?'
- 'Yes. Not like Mr. Dorrien.' Although startled by so sudden a turn, she was able to reply to the question, and even to wonder why it had been put. But her uncle resumed without apparently having had any occult motive.
- 'Dorrien has an air,' he said, reflectively, 'that the Rowlands can't catch. Put old Rowland beside Sir Arthur Dorrien and you

see a grand-looking, striking-looking old fellow contrasted with a withered, wizened, rickety bit of a scarecrow. Sir Arthur looks for all the world like a half-starved deer beside a majestic shorthorn bull, but the deer has something the bull has not. Young Dorrien——.'

He paused.

Neither auditor broke the pause.

'They tell me young Dorrien is after Daisy Schofield,' concluded the speaker, with a little laugh. 'I don't believe it.'

'Then there are the Shillingfords.' Monica prudently, perhaps a little hurriedly waived the discussion. 'The Shillingfords are really very nice. I do not say it to please you, my dear uncle, though I know you like them, and wish us to like them; but because both Bell and I were so very much pleased with all we saw that day we went to the Shillingfords.'

Mr. Schofield had been absent for a few days, during which some experiences had been gone through.

'The children were so nice, were they not, Bell?' continued Miss Lavenham, glancing at her sister with a frown, for Bell was still looking far too much amused, having vastly appreciated the Dorrien interlude. 'Such dear, polite little things; and so charmed to be taken any notice of, yet not in the least spoilt. they were funny too; they made us laugh; some of the things they said were really witty and original. What was that about the cow, Bell? And Mrs. Shillingford was so simple, and pretty, and pleasant,' proceeded Monica, rippling on with anxious care, 'I was quite surprised when we heard afterwards who she was; though I need not have been, for of course the best people never talk of who they are. Oh, we shall like Mrs. Shillingford. But I forgot, Uncle Schofield, your being away this week has thrown you quite into arrears about us and our doings. We have got to tell you of our call at the Carn-Did we tell you of that? No, I am sure we did not, because it happened the very afternoon you left; and I am afraid I forgot to put any news into that wretched scrap I wrote. Oh, you will be amused to hear about us and the Carnforths. Bell and I mean to have a great deal of entertainment out of the Carnforth family. You must know, my dear uncle, that the reason they rushed to call upon us the very day after they returned from Scotland, from their uncle's moor—(each one in turn took pains to inform us immediately about their 'uncle's moor')—was that they consider they are the only people about here with whom we

can possibly associate. They are by way of being themselves far too fine for the place——-'

'Too fine? That's good!' cried Mr. Schofield. 'Is that the idea? When I can remember old Carnforth Liverpool to the backbone! Always among the better stamp of Liverpool men, I grant you; always rather grand in his way; but very well pleased to turn his honest penny with the rest of us, and as good a business man as you could find on the Exchange.'

'What is the present Mr. Carnforth?'

'A Liverpool man, too, and nothing else. Surely he was not saying——'

'— Oh, no, he said nothing. Indeed we only just saw him arrive in his dog-cart as we drove off.'

'Came straight out by the four-twenty train. He goes out early, I know. But he goes in as regularly as I do, and makes no bones about it. Well, and the ladies?' He was all attention.

'The mother was very entertaining,' said Monica, smiling at the recollection. 'She came in from the garden with a large cottage bonnet on, her basket full of flowers, and with garden scissors hanging on a ribbon from her arm. She was the country lady, you know. She had been "down to the farm," she informed us, and had 'looked in on their little school" on her way back. She was expecting guests from the North, "shooting men." Now that "the shooting has begun," the "house will be full all the autumn." And then she ran on about the partridges, and the coverts, and the keepers, and the luncheon-pony, till Bell and I began to wonder where we were, and if it was possible that we were sitting in the drawing-room of the white house we had passed so often, and had always thought was so very like your own, Uncle Schofield.'

'Eh? It is a larger house than this, my dear.'

'Larger? Oh, yes, it is larger, I dare say; but still it has the same appearance; the same aspect: bright, and pretty, and fresh, and—and rather dazzling, you know. And well situated—that is, conveniently situated—for busy people who have to hurry off in the mornings,' archly. 'No long avenues; no turnings and windings; just drive in and drive out among the flower-beds. It did seem odd to hear Mrs. Carnforth running on about partridges.'

'Oh, they have partridges. They keep turnip-fields on purpose. The Carnforths have more land than you would think

hidden away behind. They make a great point of their shooting, and of having young men to the house for it; and their bags are fair—very fair. But as for the farm,' with contempt, 'the farm is in Mrs. Carnforth's imagination, if it is anywhere. They have a few cows, and a bit of a poultry-yard,—but that is all I ever heard of in the shape of a farm. Maybe the gardener has his house there; and there may be a piggery, for aught I know; but we have all that ourselves, without calling it "a farm."

'Ah! that is because you never do call things by fine names,' said Monica, with animation. 'You have solid substance without dishing it up in highly flavoured sauce. From what I saw, and from what I guessed, while at those Carnforths', I take the farm with a grain of salt. Well, the next thing was the school. Do you suppose there is a school? Or does it consist of the gardener's daughter, and the pig's piggy-woman?'

They all laughed.

'There is a school, most likely,' quoth Mr. Schofield sententiously, 'but how much or how little Mrs. Carnforth has to do with it is another matter. No doubt she'll make the most of whatever finger she has in any pie.'

'And the village,' cried Monica merrily. 'She was very great upon "the village," I must tell you. She gives prizes in "the village;" prizes for the best kept "village garden," and the best cleaned "village windows." Somehow those few straggling cottages and that public-house by Batley Church—I had never thought of them as a "village." Uncle Schofield, what has Mrs. Carnforth in particular to do with Batley? It seemed to me that there were three or four large houses quite as close to the church, and inn, and turnpike, as the Carnforths', and quite as important-looking.'

'And so there are, my dear. And, for that matter, the Whites and the Conybeares own a vast deal more of Batley parish than the Carnforths do. I doubt if the Carnforths own more than half a dozen cottages or so. Oh, no; it's only the way they have got; they talk themselves into believing they are big people; and, as nobody can exactly contradict them, they fancy it all goes down.'

'How ridiculous!' said Bell, who had hitherto been content to listen. 'I felt as if it were ridiculous at the time, Uncle Schofield. Now, at the Dorriens'——' and she paused.

'At the Dorriens' there was a different feeling in the air, eh?' rejoined her uncle, complacently. Ever since he had been at Cullingdon, had handed Lady Dorrien in to dinner, and had ridden off from the front door escorted by the son, and waving

farewells to the father, he had thought of those whom he had before denoted 'a wild spendthrift set' with new feelings. It was now a delight to him to recognise the distinction betwixt the old blue blood and the mixture which sought to pass as such.

'To be sure, the Carnforths are a wonderful take in,' he now proceeded reflectively. 'When you see old Carnforth getting out at Batley station—bowing here and bowing there; so gracious to the station-master, and so civil to anybody and everybody who touches a hat—you would think he was lord of all the country-side. Manners? There's not a man in Liverpool can touch him in point of manners. He has pretty well mannered himself up into the position he has. He gets the best people to his house. If ever there is a political meeting, or anything of the kind to be held about here, the heads of it are always sure to be entertained by the Carnforths. Then he lays himself out for the young fellows, the sprigs of nobility who are cropping up in business now and again. They go to the Carnforths; they get shooting and billiards, and the best of good dinners, and wine. And the Miss Carnforths flirt with them——.'

'-- Uncle Schofield, how wicked you are!'

'They have never flirted to any purpose, however,' proceeded he, with high zest. 'They have not enough money to afford a penniless "honourable;" and though they are fine girls in their way, they have not looks to catch the elder brothers. Besides which, it is not the elder brothers who are to be met with hereabouts. It is only the lads; and, as I say, the lads are glad enough to go to the house, and to take all they can get. Oh, you will like to dine there. I have never been myself: it was not worth their while to ask me: but they will ask you fast enough. And you will have a pleasant evening, and music, and all the rest of it. They ask George Schofield now and again, he tells me. It is easy to see why they ask There are a lot of daughters, and George is not to be sneezed at. But they have never known the rest of the Grange folks; they say the place is too far off. We'll see; we are further off; and if I am not very greatly mistaken,' starting from his seat-'if my eyes don't deceive me, there is a groom riding in at the gate now, who looks uncommonly like a groom to have come from Carnforths'. 'Tis the Carnforths' groom, and he has an invitation in his pocket!'

In a few minutes the invitation came in.

'You are a wizard, uncle,' said Monica, 'a veritable wizard. It is for Tuesday next, and there is to be "no party, but only a few

shooting men,"'—reading the note with a smile. 'But what is this?' suddenly; 'they only invite Bell and me! There is no mention of you,' to her uncle, 'and do they think, do they suppose,' anger flaming in her cheek, 'that we are going to be treated like this? Asked to dine from your house, and you not invited? What, I wonder, do they mean by such impertinence?'

'I dare say they have no room for me,' replied her uncle quietly, though with an obvious endeavour not to betray some slight disappointment. 'I am told they give out that they never have formal dinner parties; and though, in a sort of a way, I have known them all my life, and Carnforth is ready with his chat whenever we meet, and often walks up from the train with me, in preference to other people—it stops there. As I have never been to visit him in his own home, I dare say he thinks there is no need to begin now.'

'Then he may do without us also,' said Monica, walking to the desk with head in air. 'Bell and I don't choose to be barely admitted to a house in this manner.'

'Won't you go, my dear?' in surprise.

'Had we not better go, Monica?' chimed in Bell.

'I would not go for worlds. That I would not. You are too good, Uncle Schofield; you never claim anything on your own account, and you let people pass you by.'

'Oh, I don't mind,' said he.

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'But they need not think to get us;' the speaker stopped, a little ashamed.

'That's it, they think to get you,' assented Mr. Schofield, perceiving perfectly all she had left unsaid. 'They think to be friends with you, and show you off, and—and why not?' he broke off suddenly. 'It will amuse you to go, and I confess I should like to hear about it afterwards;' and he moved a step or two nearer, and looked anxiously at her.

'We will not go,' cried Monica, with a little stamp. 'Uncle Schofield, when—when the Dorriens asked us, did they think that they also had been your neighbours for many years without having had you under their roof? Did they give that as a reason for still excluding you, even when we, your own visitors, your own nieces, were invited there? You know how differently they acted. Could anything have been more polite, more courteous than your invitation? Everything was arranged for you, and made easy for you, and——'

Mr. Schofield's quiet face gradually illuminated.

'They were very kind,' he murmured. 'Well, my dear, do as you please about the Carnforths, but if the Dorriens should ask you?'

Monica did not say what she would do if the Dorriens were to ask them.

CHAPTER XV.

DORRIEN STRUGGLES FOR THE MASTERY.

Then comes the anxious strife that prize to get:

And then 'tis all he wants, and he must have it yet.—CRABBE.

THE invitation was declined, and the same afternoon brought Nemesis on the wings of the wind. The sisters had set out for a ramble, and were returning through the meadow, when their eyes simultaneously fell upon a horseman turning in at the gate, and that horseman proved to be Dorrien.

Catching sight of them almost at the same instant of their perceiving him, he was out of the saddle in a moment, and, calling to a gardener to take his horse to the stables, was down the slope, and by Monica's side, ere the pair could advance many steps to meet him. The usual greetings interchanged, and a movement being made to continue the stroll, 'I think I shall go in,' observed Isabel, who had her own ideas, whatever Monica might choose to admit. 'I wet my feet crossing the brook, and these wild flowers ought to be put in water at once. You won't stay long?' she added in a matter-of-course tone, for which Dorrien blessed her in his heart.

Bell and he were the best of friends. To others he invariably commended *her*, whilst dumb about her sister; and whenever able to detach his thoughts from the one theme, he was more ready to turn them in the direction of Monica's sister than of anyone or anything else.

In her present move he now saw a simple act gracefully performed. There was no need for others to follow because she felt herself obliged to take care of her health and her woodland treasures; and there was certainly no occasion for her to risk the well-being of either by remaining to form a third person of the party. As her light figure tripped up the slope he looked after

it admiringly: he felt as if he could afford to look admiringly: and then he turned with a sense of joy to Monica.

And yet he had really nothing in particular to say to Monica, nothing but what could have been said with perfect ease and propriety in the presence of another. At first, indeed, it seemed as if he had absolutely nothing to say at all. He walked by her side, bent his head to inhale the fragrance of the blossoms she held towards him, indulged himself with a touch, a look now and again, and felt that life was full for the time being.

On a sudden, however, he wakened up. 'I am to meet you at the Carnforths' on Tuesday, am I not?' he said, as they turned to retrace their steps along the dell, having come to an end of the trimly kept path.

'At the Carnforths'?' repeated Monica. She had never thought of this. The name of Dorrien had never been mentioned to her by the Carnforths. 'I did not know you knew them,' subjoined she. 'I—we—we have only just made their acquaintance ourselves.'

'Oh, I have known them for long enough; I dine there whenever I am in this part of the world. It is the pleasantest house to go to about.'

'But I did not know you went to any house "about."'

'That's my mother's nonsense. She does not go, neither does my father; but I go wherever I am asked. Of course I mean in reason. I——'

'You "often wonder who lives in all the houses," Mr. Dorrien,' archly.

'You will never forgive me that? But I am not going to explain. You understand; you understood at the time; you saw it all at a glance. I knew none of the Schofield set, consequently I had to pretend that there was no other set. I never dreamed that you——'

'- Could belong to the Schofield set?'

But then she took pity on him. He had been unfortunately placed, and his confusion of ideas, nay the very blunder from which he had started, was in itself flattery which merited forgiveness. She now held out the olive branch with one of her own smiles. 'That little quarrel is worn out,' she cried, gaily. 'We must start another if we are to keep one on hand. But now about the houses and the people whom you really do go to hereabouts. You say there are some nice houses?'

'Oh, there are-lots!'

- 'And we have ourselves begun to find this out.'
- 'Of course. They are only just beginning to fill. The people go off for July and August, but September always brings them home. There are the Rowlands——'
 - '-- Oh, do you know the Rowlands?'
- 'Rather. The Rowlands are the right sort. No humbug there. The Carnforths, you know—but you will find out all about the Carnforths in time. I nearly got my mother to know the Rowlands once; but it fell through. She won't have the Carnforths at any price.'
 - 'And you are going there on Tuesday?'
- 'You are, aren't you?' Something in her tone made him put the question quickly.
- 'Certainly not,' replied Monica, who had now come to a decision in her own mind. 'We were invited; but we have declined.'
 - 'Declined?'
- 'Shall I tell you why? We could have gone very well; we should have liked to go; but our uncle was not asked, and we do not choose to go to any house to which he is not admitted.'
- 'Good gracious! Did the Carnforths do that?' exclaimed Dorrien, deeply disconcerted. 'Of course that was—was awfully bad. Of course that was—was just like them. But, Miss Lavenham,' eagerly, 'they never meant it. It was only their stupidity; they are the stupidest people in some ways—(though, of course, they are supposed to be a clever family)'—in parenthesis—'and—and I am positive they never meant any harm. Couldn't you?' and he turned upon her an imploring eye.
- 'Can you suppose we could? We would not have our good, kind uncle slighted for the world.'
- 'But they never thought of slighting him; they have never had any acquaintance with him, have they?'
- 'Never. Then for what cause,' continued Monica, with an air that wonderfully became her, 'should they seek ours? We did not want them. We could have done without them very well indeed. But they came over last week——'
 - '-I know; the very day after they returned from Scotland.'
- 'From their uncle's moor,' proceeded Monica, with a wicked smile; 'over they came, mother and daughters in full state. Isabel and I were out; but we found an array of cards on the table, some of which at least, it was to be supposed, were for our uncle. He was away from home, so we had to return the call

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without knowing anything further; and then, when a note came this morning, it appeared that he was not mentioned in it.'

Dorrien was gloomily mute. He had accepted his own invitation with transports. It had been baited better than anyone but himself knew. 'No party,' thus the words ran, 'only we have one or two people staying in the house. Captain Alverstoke and Mr. St. George are coming to shoot, and the Miss Lavenhams to dine.' It had not been supposed that Dorrien would know anything about the Miss Lavenhams amid their present surroundings; but, as the young ladies had been out for a couple of seasons in London, there might have been former meetings, or at any rate hearsay recollections, which would be of use on the present occasion.

Dorrien, as we say, had accepted with trembling eagerness. It was not only that here was an unexpected, an absolutely unsought opportunity for being in Monica's company, it was that such an opportunity would, he knew, be safely hedged in from any Schofield dangers.

He had been unable to resolve on any course of action with regard to Daisy Schofield; the truth being that he had, up to the date of his first appearance in these pages, gone almost as far as a man could go without absolutely putting the all-important question. He had solemnly assured both his parents of his intentions, and received their delighted assent and co-operation; he had paid court to Mrs. George Schofield openly and assiduously, after the fashion of a prospective son-in-law; and he had been rallied and congratulated by his friends. More than all the rest, he had partially satisfied his creditors with confidences and promises.

When alone, all of this would stand out to view in such bold relief, would so close round upon Dorrien and hem him in, as it were, that with a sigh and puff of his cigar he would resign himself to fate, inwardly exclaiming that such a poor devil as he had no choice, and that he was simply the victim of his forefathers sins.

It was beastly bad luck that he should not be allowed to slip his head peacefully into the noose. He could have done that at once. He really liked Daisy Schofield after an easy fashion. We know that he cantered home singing after spending a long lazy afternoon at the Grange; and though, of course, he felt the atmosphere he breathed there to be different from that to which he was habituated, he had been enough about the world to * make him able to endure it.

'Once away from her own people, this girl will do well enough,' had been his philosophical reflection as well as his father's; but, as he was really rather a good-natured young fellow than otherwise, he had arranged in his own mind that he and Daisy would dine with the Schofield party at least once on every occasion of their visiting Cullingdon Manor. As for living at Cullingdon with such a wife, he did not see himself doing that at all. Little did poor old Sir Arthur know that a very different plan of life spread itself before his son's mental vision; and now it might have opened the infatuated Dorrien's eyes more than all besides, had he chosen to pry into his secret heart, to find that, with another bride, he would have desired no other home than that of his childhood.

Dimly aware of this, he still struggled to play out the game. He would decide upon nothing, bring nothing to a point. Excuses were found wherewith to satisfy his father, and plausible inferences were carefully prepared for the Schofields; and time—only a little time, a few short weeks—was gained. Do not be too hard upon him, he really did not himself know to what depths his soul was stirred. He fancied the feeling would pass; would wear out, and expire. He had always heard that this kind of thing did not last; and that the more fiercely it burned for the time, the sooner would its strength be exhausted. Of Monica he thus thought:

'She does not care for me, not in the least. She only likes to be amused, and have some one to talk to. If I may only have her to myself now and then, so as to grow accustomed to her, and get to think little of her, I shall soon be all right for Daisy.'

To accomplish this desired end, it was, however, so absolutely necessary to see Monica as often as possible, and to usurp her as much as possible, that such a chance of meeting on neutral ground as at the Carnforths' was not to be let pass; and it next became instantly desirable to make certain of his prospective bliss. Fortune favouring him, he had caught the sisters alone, friendly, and out-of-doors. At first it had been almost too much; he had been dreamily satisfied with what the moment brought forth; but when, on rousing himself to inquire regarding the forthcoming festivity, he had been met by the simple statement of a fact which admitted, or almost admitted, of no expostulation, other emotions tied his tongue.

The thing was done; the overture had been rejected; and now, not only was he defrauded of a whole precious evening, but not improbably of several more! If Miss Lavenham had allowed to appear in her note the indignation which sparkled in her eye,

most certainly no further dealings would come to pass betwixt the families. His only comfort was in recollecting that, when Sir Arthur had demurred to the necessity for inviting Mr. Schofield with his nieces to Cullingdon, he had insisted upon his own view of the case, and had carried his point. What a chance it was that he had insisted! How should he have faced Monica now, if Sir Arthur had had his way?

'You see, we really had no option,' said she.

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He was obliged to see it with the best grace he could.

'Uncle Schofield tried to persuade us to go.'

'Did he, indeed?' ('Sensible man,' internally muttered Dorrien; 'women are fools about etiquette, and such trash.')

'So it was not his doing. We should have pleased him better by going than by staying away.'

('And you would have pleased me also. Now, why could you not have pleased us both, instead of mounting this confounded high horse, which pleases nobody?') Young Dorrien rebelled in his heart, and this time he could not bring himself even to assent with his lips.

'I am afraid you think we have been tiresome,' said Monica, sweetly. 'Perhaps, if we had had time to consider, we might have thought as you do. If we had it to do over again——'

- "— Who is that coming up the drive just now?' cried Dorrien, interrupting her. 'It is the Carnforths' groom. I know the man. He has come over again from their place. I swear he has! He has come with a message, with a note, or something. They have sent to ask your uncle now——'
- '-Now?' exclaimed Monica. 'Surely you cannot mean it? You cannot think it? Now?'
- 'Why not? Oh! I'll answer for it they have-,' staring with eager eyes.
 - 'You think they would dare?'
- 'Dare?' echoed Dorrien, confounded by her tone. 'Why-what-I don't understand----'
- '—And, dear me, how absurd we both are!' cried she, with a sudden recollection and a merry laugh. 'You do not suppose I told Mrs. Carnforth the reason for our refusal, Mr. Dorrien? Oh, dear me! no; I merely "regretted we should be engaged on the evening" for which they asked us; I would not say a "prior engagement," because that would have been too civil, and I did not mean to be civil;—but I wrote as decidedly as I did vaguely.'

'All the same, the man has stopped at the back door,' said Dorrien, catching at a straw. 'Do let us go up and see what has brought him,' and, without waiting for her consent, he almost ran up the slope.

Smiling to herself, Monica followed, just in time to witness an explosion of mirth betwixt the groom and footman over what was evidently a jest at the former's expense. The words, 'You are a nice fellow, you are!' fell upon her ears, before her own sudden entrance upon the scene caused the necessary return to sobriety of demeanour.

The Carnforths' servant held a note in his hands, and with this missive the laughter and raillery were obviously connected.

- 'What is it, Thomas?' inquired Thomas's mistress with dignity, but nevertheless in quicker accents than were usual with her. 'Is anything wrong?'
- 'It was a mistake of mine, miss,' replied the horseman, touching his cap. 'I could not find anywhere the note I was given to take back from here this morning. I fancied all day I had laid it down again, and I could not be spared till now to come over to fetch it. I was just hearing that it had never been seen, when I put my hand in the saddle pocket, not thinking like, and here it was!'

A smothered exclamation broke from Dorrien.

- 'This is the note that Miss Lavenham wrote this morning?' he demanded, stepping forward.
- 'Yes, sir. Very sorry, sir—miss. It shall be delivered as soon as possible now, miss.'
- 'Here, give it me; Miss Lavenham would like to have it back,' said Dorrien, with a glance towards her. 'Wait a few moments. There was something else Miss Lavenham wished to say; she is glad of the opportunity. Shan't keep you half a minute,' hurrying his companion towards the house with an impetuosity that there was no resisting.

Twice Monica opened her lips to speak, and twice they closed again without emitting a syllable. On the one side of the question was not only pride, but conscience. Dorrien had never before shown so barefacedly the feelings by which he was actuated, and she was very well aware that they were feelings to which she had no right, and upon which she ought to have frowned. On the other hand, inclination prompted her to yield on every count, and inclination won the day.

The two entered the house. 'Don't go into the drawing-room,' whispered Dorrien. 'Write here,' pushing open the door of a little side room seldom used. 'Here are writing things;' and he ranged them before her, and gently pressed her into a seat. Then he stood by, with his hand on the back of the chair. She could feel, she could almost hear his breath come and go, during the silence of the next few moments.

'Oh, I don't know, I really don't know!' Bewildered by being thus taken possession of, and having her own strong will subjected to such high-handed treatment, Monica felt an irresolution unusual with her. She flushed and stammered. 'You see, Mr. Dorrien, I told my uncle——'

'-But you said he would be pleased to have you go.'

'Still,' and she felt herself blush anew, 'he would wonder, he would be surprised.'

'Not at all. In the morning, in the bustle and hurry of having to settle a thing off-hand, you took a fancy into your head, which I afterwards had the good fortune to dispel. It was a perfectly unfounded fancy. You were under a complete misconception of the case. I give you my word for it—I am ready to swear it—that no omission was intended. You had not thought of that, and now that you have the chance of reconsidering your decision, without the Carnforths ever having the slightest idea that you have done so——' and he pushed the paper under her hand.

At the same moment a step was heard coming through the hall.

'Do write, do,' whispered Dorrien, his tall form casting a deep shadow on the desk, as he bent over her in his urgency. She wrote: and when she had written, he thanked her in tones of which he ought to have been ashamed. Then he himself took the missive outside, and with his own hands gave it to the messenger, bidding him haste and begone.

'Where is the other, the note I wrote first? It had better be burnt,' said Monica, somewhat shamefacedly turning things over on his return. 'I am afraid Isabel will scold me for letting myself be argued out of my better judgment,' she added, endeavouring to give a cool, matter-of-fact colour to a concession which she was conscious would scarcely bear the light of day. 'You are responsible for this, Mr. Dorrien. You will have to bear the brunt of my uncle's astonishment. But I know why you have done it,' she added rapidly, and without looking round, for she durst not

face his smile: 'it is because you fancy we are unfortunate in our present surroundings, and that we must be deplorably in need of a little change, a little society, ever so small a scrap of gaicty. Is it not so? Am I not right?'

'Certainly. To be sure.' He beamed acquiescence. He had gained his point, and was willing now to fall in with any view of the matter from any point. 'It would really have been a pity to have knocked off so pleasant a house from your list. I am so glad I was in time. And what luck it was altogether,' exultation and triumph breaking through all barriers. 'Oh, heavens, what luck!"

'But where is my other note?' said Monica, looking round. She did not wish it to fall into the hands of servants, to whom it might afford subject for conjecture when coupled with the part Dorrien had played in its being cancelled.

'It is of no consequence, is it?' said he, indifferently. 'You got it back, and that is the only point worth considering. Shall we join your sister now?'

But Monica was not going to yield upon every occasion.

'I put it down here, among these papers,' she confidently asserted. 'I know I did;' turning over torn scraps and loose sheets out of the blotting book. 'It must be somewhere. One moment, Mr. Dorrien; I never like my letters to lie about. I must find it.'

'It is not lying about,' muttered Dorrien, under his breath. But he pretended to search also.

'How tiresome!' exclaimed Monica again. 'How very tiresome!' with some petulance. 'Are you sure you did not lift it? You were looking at it. Perhaps you put it by mistake into your pocket.'

He had, by Jove! With an awkward laugh, meant to be perfectly natural and spontaneous, Dorrien drew forth the little document; and his companion, who had been up to that moment really unsuspecting, on a sudden perceived what had been done. She began to think that she was having a good deal of fun out of this Harry Dorrien.

Gravely he handed her the note: she received it and tore it in shreds. Then they went into the drawing-room, and Bell was informed of the revolution which had taken place.

This was easily done. She had heard something, had guessed something, and was charmed with the whole.

Of course Mr. Dorrien knew best; of course they themselves

knew nothing. Monica had been too hasty; she thought at the time that Monica had been too hasty; and really Mr. Dorrien's coming over, and showing them the matter in another light, was a special interposition on the part of Providence.

Neither of her auditors quite knew how they felt beneath this. Other powers than Providence do occasionally meddle with the affairs of men and women, and though neither replied to the gay prattle, nor looked at one another, perhaps each was thinking the same thoughts.

(To be continued.)

'The Light of the World.'

IT is not without misgiving that I accede to the request that I would write a notice of Sir Edwin Arnold's new poem, 'The Light of the World, or the Great Consummation.'

In the first place, I am an old friend of Sir Edwin's. We were boys together, and in the same class. We sat on the same benches, shared in the same studies, composed our Latin verses on the same themes, and competed for the same prizes. To me all that he writes comes laden with old memories of his ardent sympathy and youthful enthusiasm. A witty novelist speaks of a review 'so bitter that it could only have been written by a personal friend.' Such hypocritic friendship is as alien from me as 'log-rolling' is. When I read a book it never occurs to me to ask whether a friend wrote it or an enemy; whether it emanated from a school of thought with which I sympathise, or one with which I disagree. Dishonest praise is only less distasteful to me than dishonest blame, because on all occasions, so far as individuals are concerned, I feel greater happiness in expressing approval than in finding fault.

The acute reader will perceive how completely I am writing myself down 'no critic.' I lack all the qualifications which go to the production of so much ordinary criticism. I have no jealousies, literary or other. I am not the member of any party which requires that insult or depreciation should be poured on its opponents. Though I have, for good or for evil, written much, I never wrote a word intended or calculated to give pain to any person. If I were called upon to speak such words it would seem to me more base to do it anonymously than with my name. When I read a book I do so for pleasure, for profit, or for relaxation. If it answers its purpose I am grateful to the writer, and gladly forgive his demerits and frailties. If it neither amuses nor instructs me I lay

¹ The Light of the World, &c. By Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. One wol. crown 8vo. Longmans, Green, & Co.

it down and leave it alone. But I should in many cases be ready to admit that the failure of the book is due to my own fault quite as much as to that of the writer; and many a book, if it had a voice, might say to the disappointed reader—

Sis sus, sis Divus, sum caltha, et non tibi spiro.

But, as for hunting out misprints, and parading trivial oversights, or inventing mistakes where they do not exist, or ignoring every merit and dwelling exclusively on defects, or repeating to an author's depreciation any decrepit sneer or threadbare epigram to which false friend or open enemy may have given vogue against him, I would rather cut off my right hand than write reviews of that nature. I prefer to leave such methods of reviewing to those who feel it no degradation to stoop to them; all that I shall attempt will be to give some account of the poem, and to say exactly what I think of its value and its merits.

Sir Edwin Arnold is now well known as a poet. He has published several volumes of verse, and even his earliest volumes contain lyrics which those who have read them will not easily forget. The 'Feast of Belshazzar,' which won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1852, attracted more notice than any prize poem since Heber's 'Palestine,' and deserves more permanence than ninetynine out of a hundred prize poems can ever claim. It is eleven years since he published his 'Light of Asia,' which has gone through a multitude of editions. It is at least as popular in America as in England, and it procured to the author from a Buddhist potentate—the King of Siam—the Order of the White It is a book full of charm, of noble teaching, and Elephant. of fine poetry, and thoroughly deserved its great popularity. Since then Sir Edwin has given us his 'Indian Poetry' in 1881, and his delightful 'Pearls of the Faith' in 1883. The reading public of two hemispheres knows that any poem from his pen will be attractive and serious.

These later volumes of verse have owed some of their impressiveness and interest to the high and pure thoughts which he has drawn from his acquaintance with Hindoo and Arabian literature. In 'The Light of the World' he depends in a very subordinate degree upon those sources of interest, and treads the ground—so familiar to millions of Christian readers for long centuries—of the land

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed For our salvation to the bitter cross. On this volume, therefore, more than on those which have preceded it, will depend the general estimate which we form of him as an English poet of the Victorian era.

He cannot of course be placed—he would not, I am sure, dream of any claim to be placed—on the same line with the two great poets whom this era has produced—Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning. In any attempt to rank the poets of this generation a line must be drawn between their names and that of any of their contemporaries.

Their rank, unless we are deceived by the special appropriateness of their teaching to the age which they have adorned, is with the very highest. No contemporary poet has equalled the pathos, the melody, the rich imagination, the high level of perfection which marks out the workmanship of the one; or the extraordinary learning, versatility, insight, originality, and profundity of the other. Nor again can Sir Edwin Arnold match the exquisite felicities of diction, the consummate taste and classical refinement of Mr. Matthew Arnold; nor is he gifted with the rich vocabulary and lyric frenzy-what De Quincey might have called the 'jewelly hæmorrhage' of words and metaphors-which are to be found in the best work of Mr. Swinburne. But he has little to fear from comparison with any other poet of our time, and the intrinsic merit of his poems will secure them a permanent place in English literature. It is never safe to prophesy of any poetry, short of the very greatest, that it will hold its ground against the ravages of time, and not be crushed under the mountainous accumulations of literature, much of which aspires to something more than a merely ephemeral interest. But it is certainly true of Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia' and 'Light of the World, that they have a far higher claim to live than a great deal of English poetry which has managed to survive the incalculable quantity which year by year is born only to perish.

The 'Light of the World' will have to encounter the silent or open prejudices of two classes of readers.

There are those—very few I trust in number—who have persuaded themselves that the Kingdom of Christ is at an end, and that criticism has shattered the credibility of the Gospels. Of late years there have been some who have, with daring irreverence, assailed even the moral supremacy of Jesus, and

Not even from the Holy One of Heaven Refrained their tongues blasphémous. From such assailants Christianity has nothing to fear. On all grounds of *vital* criticism they have been met and defeated all along the line, and nothing is more remarkable than the way in which even those who have insisted most strenuously that Christ was nothing more than man, have yet been unable to approach Him otherwise than with awful reverence and on their knees.

Sir Edwin Arnold writes throughout as a believer in the supernatural. If he seems to find difficulties in the 'Song of the Angels to the Shepherds,' the misgiving melts away before the thought—

Why shall no inner under splendours burst Once—twice—the veil? Why put a marvel by Because too rich with hope?

and seeing how vast were the world-issues of the Dawn of Christianity—

What cause of wondering
If that one silence of all silences
Brake into music? if, for hopes like these,
Angels, who love us, sang that song, and show
Of Time's fair purpose made the 'great light' glow?

And again-

If rivers from their crystal founts flow down,
If 'twas the dawn which did day's gold unbar,
Ye were beginning of the best that are,
The most we see, the highest that we know,
The lifting heavenwards of man's life below.

Through all his poem runs a belief in the Incarnation and in the Resurrection, and he accepts the Gospel narrative of the miraculous power which healed the sick and raised the dead. It is because of this belief that

Therefore, though better lips ye shall not lack,
Suffer, if one of modern mood steals back—
Weary and wayworn, from the Desert-road
Of barren Thought; from Hope's Dead Sea which glowed
With Love's fair mirage; from the Poet's haunt,
The Scholar's lamp, the Statesman's scheme, the vaunt,
'The failure, of all fond Philosophies,—
Back unto thee, back to thy olive-trees,

Thy people, and thy story, and thy Son,
Mary of Nazareth! so long agone
Bearing us Him Who made our Christendom,
And came—to save the Earth—from Heav'n, His home.

But there are some who, from the very intensity of their faith and the sensitiveness of their devotion, cannot bear that, in speaking of the Saviour of the world, there should be the least scope for the exercise of imagination, or that any writer should say one word of Him which diverges from the letter, or which in any way goes beyond the Gospel narrative. In my 'Life of Christ,' written seventeen years ago, I rigidly excluded every element of fancy, and when I alluded to any incident reported only by tradition or legend, I carefully separated it from the recorded facts. My task was simply to bring out the whole force and bearing of the Gospel narrative by attending to the minutest shades of meaning indicated in the original Greek, and by shedding upon the circumstances narrated by the four Evangelists the light of the historic surroundings and local colouring derived from the religion, the customs, and the scenery of Palestine. object of the poet is different. The setting of his picture is purely imaginative. But it is only in the setting that he has given play to his imagination. His treatment of the Person and the work of the Christ is uninvaded by a single extraneous circumstance. He has not followed the highly reprehensible example of treating Him as a fit subject to be introduced into fiction, or of inventing one miracle or incident in order to attribute it to Him. In all that pertains to the description of His teaching and actions, Sir Edwin has been guided by the right instinct, which has kept him faithful to the letter of the sacred records. He has not, therefore, taken the slightest liberty with the name which all Christians reverence, nor has he even availed himself of those numerous apocryphal writings of the earliest centuries, which, in the attempt to enhance the glory of Jesus, did but dishonour If any go further than this, and regard it as an irreverence to make the Son of Man in any way the subject of a poem or of a narrative, the instinct of Christendom no longer sanctions their view. One of the sweetest and purest saints of God in the Middle Ages, St. Bonaventura, of whom, as of Melanchthon, it might have been said that the old Adam had but little part in him, was the earliest author of any 'Life of Christ.' Indeed, the endeavour to set forth the full significance of one or other part of the Gospel story is again and again attempted by the greatest and holiest of the Fathers, both Greek and Latin. A Greek drama, still extant, of 2,601 lines, called 'Christus Patiens,' has been attributed to no less an authority than Gregory of Nazianzus. And, not to speak of Pope's 'Messiah,' or Giles Fletcher's 'Victory and Triumph of Christ,' Sir Edwin might have claimed the immortal example of Milton's 'Paradise Regained' for far bolder treatment of the words and thoughts of Jesus than any on which he has ventured. He has, with wise self-control, refrained from adding to the touches of the sacred picture.

On the other hand, no one can say one word of legitimate blame against the poet, if, in the framework of his story, he introduces characters who play their part in the Bible narrative, and accepts traditions respecting them which were widely current in early Christendom. It may be freely conceded that his Lady Miriam of Magdala occupies in the poem a position which cannot in any way be inferred from the Gospels; but Sir Edwin might fairly plead that here he scarcely amplifies the data derivable from Christian and Jewish traditions. The purposes of the historian, who endeavours to discover rigid fact, and of the poet, who makes incidents of avowed fiction the vehicle of moral and spiritual instruction, lie widely apart from each other. In a history no one could blend the derivation of 'Magdalene' from the town of Magdala with the other fantastic Rabbinic derivation of the word from gâdal, 'to twine,' as though it referred to Mary's 'braided locks.' In incidents which do not pretend to be otherwise than imaginary, it is quite allowable to accept both derivations. When the poet speaks of Pappus and Pandera he merely alludes to wellknown names of Talmudic legend, and is not asking to be taken au grand sérieux. One cannot, indeed, but regret that Sir Edwin has also availed himself of the impossible, and, in some respects, displeasing, identification of Mary of Magdala with Mary That they were different persons, and had not the least resemblance to each other—except so far as each is the heroine of one incident of passionate love-may be regarded as a certain result of modern criticism. Yet who shall blame the poet when he might claim for their identification the authority of St. Gregory the Great; the general tradition of the Western (though not of the much greater writers and critics of the Eastern) Church; the services for the feast of St. Mary Magdalene in the Roman .Breviary; the authority of the English Prayer Book of 1549; and even the names of such men in the English Church as Bishop Andrewes, Dr. Lightfoot of the 'Horae Hebraicae,' and Dr. Pusey?

The Introduction of the poem is called 'At Bethlehem.' It describes the night of the Nativity, the Song of the Angels, and the visits of the shepherds and the Magi to the manger-cradle. It is mainly written in rhymed heroic verse, though of a more varied and less artificial melody than the tune of Pope. It contains one passage in the metre of Milton's 'Ode to the Nativity,' and one lyric which we shall quote, as its refrain is re-introduced in several later passages of the poem:

بنب

Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity;
Hearts of men upon Earth,
From the First to the Second Birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colours of Heaven on their breast.

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hate are dead
And Sorrow and Death shall cease;
'Peace on Earth and Goodwill!'
Souls that are gentle and still,
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!

The Magi are usually regarded as Chaldeans, but Sir Edwin makes them 'true followers of the Buddh,' with saffron scarfs round their necks

and twixt the eyes, In saffron stamped, the name of mysteries Om; and the Swastika, with secrets rife How man may 'scape the dire deceits of life.

The Introduction closes with a passage about the Massacre of the Innocents, which is almost the only one in which the poet gives us a glimpse of his theological views. The glimpse is too slight and incidental and ambiguously expressed to dwell upon. It seems to show that Sir Edwin's doctrinal standpoint is hardly that of the Athanasian Creed; but it does not affect the general scope of the poem, to which readers will go for other things than theological instruction. Sir Edwin is at least fully alive to the vast and beneficent results which Christianity has wrought in the

domain of human history. He tells us that the Angels had much cause that night

To lift the curtain of Hope's hidden light, To break decree of Silence with Love's cry,

foreseeing that the Babe of Bethlehem should, past dispute—

Bring Earth great gifts of blessing and of bliss; Date, from that crib, the Dynasty of Love; Strip his misusëd thunderbolts from Jove; Bend to their knees Rome's Cæsars; break the chain From the slave's neck; set sick hearts free again, Bitterly bound by priests, and scribes, and scrolls; And heal with balm of pardon sinking souls; Should Mercy to her vacant throne restore. Teach Right to Kings, and Patience to the Poor; Should by His sweet name all names overthrow, And by His lovely words the quick seeds sow Of golden equities, and brotherhood, Of Pity, Peace, and gentle praise of good; Of knightly honour, holding life in trust For God, and Lord, and all things pure and just; Lowly to Woman, for Maid Mary's sake.

The First Book, 'Mary Magdalene,' is in some respects the finest. Like most of the poem, it is written in blank verse. It opens with one of several lovely descriptions of the Sea of Galilee:

Clear silver water in a cup of gold,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara,
It shines—His Lake—the Sea of Chinnereth—
The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet
So many blessëd days. Oh, happy waves!
Oh, little, silver, happy Sea, far-famed,
Under the sunlit steeps of Gadara!

The poem was conceived in Galilee when the writer was wandering there 'with reverent feet,'

Treading Christ's ground, and breathing Christ's sweet air.

As one who will carry with him till death an ineffaceable impression of the lonely desolation and indescribable charm of that scene, which now—as we hear with an involuntary shudder—is to be vulgarised and desecrated with the scream and smoke of the

railway train—I can bear witness to the accuracy of the descriptions of which the poetic beauty will be recognised by every reader.

Now all is changed—all save the changeless things— The mountains, and the waters, and the sky-These, as He saw them, have their glory yet At sunrise, and at sunset; and when noon Burns the blue vault into a cope of gold. And ofttimes, in the Syrian Spring, steals back Well-nigh the ancient beauty to those coasts Where Christ's feet trod. That Lily which He loved And praised for splendour passing Solomon's-The scarlet martagon—decks herself still, Mindful of His high words, in red and gold, To meet the step of Summer. Cyclamens Lift their pale heads to see if He will pass; And amaryllis and white hyacinths Pour from their pearly vases spikenard forth, Lest He should come unhonoured. In His path Still, as of old, the lowly crocus spreads A golden carpet for Him, and the birds-Small almoners of Heaven, as once He said, Who fall not unregarded—trill their hymns Of lively love and thanks in every thorn.

After a fine passage, in which he bewails the ravages of man amid the infinite charm of that quiet scene, he continues—

Dead lie His once fair fields;
Barren the fallows where His sower sowed.
None reap the silver harvests of the sea;
None in the wheat-row roots the ill tares out.
The hungry land gasps empty in the glare;
The vulture's self goes famished; the wolf prowls,
Fasting, amid the broken stones which built
The cities of His sojourn. Wild birds nest
Where revels once were loudest. All are gone
Save for those names never to pass away—
Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala—
The nine white towns that sate beside His Lake.

None surely knoweth of Capernaum
Whether 'twas here or there. Perchance He dwelt
Longest and latest at this nameless mound
Where, on the broken column, rests the stork;

Where knot-grass with its spikes, and bitter balls Of trailing colocynth, and nebbuk-thorns Bind as they will the marble wrecks, and weave Shelter for shy jerboas and the snake.

Amid these scenes, at Magdala, stops Pontius Pilate with his wife, Procula, on his way northward to answer at Rome the charges of his infuriated provincials. The striking character of Pilate is here powerfully brought into relief. Pilate relates to his wife the scenes of the trial of Christ, which haunt his conscience and trouble his sleep. He feels that the hour when he gave way through fear of Cæsar to the hellish cries of the mob at Jerusalem, hounded on by their priests and elders, was an hour in which he had inflicted a deadly wound on his conscience, and on his Roman courage and sense of justice. His Prisoner had passed silent to lofty death; he, the judge, to a shamed life. The worst that his enemies can inflict on Pilate is not a tenth part so deadly as this hurt which he wrought against himself. He feels how the simple Majesty of Christ stripped him bare of all his honours, and made him not the judge but the self-condemned prisoner at the bar. He cries out :

Oh, thou great, grave face!
That journey'dst with me on this mindful day,
Amid Thy watching hills of Galilee;
Why didst Thou not reply!—I might have saved!
Why wouldst Thou not reply!—I would have saved!

But Christ's kingly speech had been followed by kingly silence, and, despite the spear stabbed socket-deep, and the rocky tomb, and the watch, Pilate cannot escape that Face; he fears that even in Imperial Rome he shall meet it.

Will He run over-sea whose tireless step
Outstrips my swiftest war-horse, mends my stride
On every march, pitches my camp with me,
Sits with me in my tent, my judgment-hall,
My banquet-room, my bed-place; watches me
With those great eyes which do not hate, nor blast,
But send a keen light to my inmost self,
Where I read, 'This is Pontius, Fortune's slave
For Cæsar's fear'!

Perplexed by these awful anxieties, he asks if anyone at Magdala has known this Prophet of Nazareth. A Syrian hand-

maid tells him that He is now lodging in the house of the Lady Miriam of Magdala, once a sinner and possessed by seven devils—afterwards one of those who ministered to Jesus. Pilate sends for her, and at his bidding she tells him something of Christ's life and Resurrection.

Also she told beautiful words He spake,—
Words of bright mercy and of boundless peace—
With wisdom wondrous, clad in simplest speech,
As scent, and silver leaves, are shut, and seed,
For golden gardens under suns to come,
In the upfolded flow'r-cup. 'Which blest buds,'
Spake she, 'shall blossom ever more and more
For all flesh living, till the full fruit rounds,
And there be "Peace on Earth—Peace and Goodwill!"'

Many had drawn near to listen while Mary spoke, and among them a stately stranger from the East, who, when she ceased, steps forth and lays at her feet a scroll. But Pilate, deeply moved, springs up and orders his band at once to prepare his horse, that they may ride to Sepphoris, lest one more watch spent in listening to such words should brand him Nazarene. While he is waiting for the train to get ready, he strides down furiously to the margin of the Lake, and the day begins to dawn over him 'with soft forgiving splendour,' ridging the hills with rose,

While every wimpling wavelet of the sea Rolled a light edge of silver on the gloom.

He is touched by the glory of the morning, and the breeze which wafts the folds of his war-cloak no less than the innocent plumes of the water-linnets in the reeds; and he thinks of the verse which Mary has quoted, 'He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good.' Still more deeply does he muse on what shall be his portion—

if these things grow And Rome should pass, and huge Olympus' self Be emptied of its gods.

He turns to mount his war-horse, and as the day broadens over Galilee, 'forgetting no man's roof,' the message of the angels and their song of hope seems to sound in the whispering palms and waving grass.

The Second Book is called the 'Magus.' The Eastern traveller who laid the scroll at Mary's feet was one of the three Magi who

had visited Christ's cradle; and the scroll contained a request that Mary would suffer him to talk with her, since he is anxious to learn about Him with whom she had walked in Galilee. He is specially anxious to know what truths Jesus had taught beyond those of his Lord, Buddha. In answer to the request, Mary tells him the story of the life of Jesus. What she says of the Nativity again illustrates the poet's point of view. She says—

One would show whitest silver; one would have

The chosen one to shoot, and grow, and spread

Most gold at heart. And, Sir! if thou shouldst fetch A thousand pearls up from thy Arab Sea One would gleam brightest, best! The queenliest gem, The choicest bloom, would happen suddenly; Unlooked for! What hath made them perfect none Wotteth, no more than where the fount will rise Amid a hundred hollows of the grass Whence the stream starts; no more than which shall be—Of cedar-apples shed by myriads When sea-winds shake the groves on Lebanon—

Sir I if thou shouldst pluck

A roof of dark green glory o'er the hill.

In such wise, as I dare to deem, He came
Of purest Mother Perfect Child, begot
Divinelier, surely, than we know; arrived
In this world—of the many worlds—by path
Leading to birth as new, as sweet, as strange
As what His dear feet opened past the Tomb.
If we should strive to say in mortal speech
Where He was Man, and why much more than Man,
The earthly words would mar the heavenly truths.

Love tells it best in its simplicity, And worship in the deepest silences.

A thousand lilies here in Galilee

The rest of the book sketches in outline what is known of Christ's infancy and early years up to the age of manhood and the beginning of the ministry.

The Third Book is called 'The Alabaster Box.' Mary shows to the Magus the precious fragments of the alabaster box which she had once broken to anele with its priceless perfume Christ's unsandalled feet. This enables her to introduce the story of how, in her splendid days of sin and luxury, she had met Him after His sermon in the synagogue of Nazareth, when, rejected by the Nazarenes, He had gone to Kenna. On that day, by a word, He

had healed the son of Herod's courtier. Convinced by His aspect and His works, she had followed Him to Capernaum, had witnessed His further miracles, had heard His teaching, and had listened to the wondrous sermon on the Kûrn Hattîn.

Oh, Sir, think

In that one mountain morning—at one word—All our World changed! Poverty rich! sick hearts Comforted! those who weep to laugh and sing! This Earth the Anteroom to neighbouring Heaven; Wise souls its salt; pure souls its lamps, set high Like cities upon hills, like candlesticks
Lighting the house! 'So let them shine,' He said: 'That men see your good works, and glorify
Your Father in the heavens!'

The little touches by which the poet strives to bring out the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount are illustrated in the following passage, in the words, 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children. . . .'

'Else'—tenderly He smiled, and wistful gazed On mothers suckling black-eyed babes, and sires Holding their brown boys high to see and hear, Halving one barley-crust—'else were you men—Being evil, and so gentle, not the less, To these your children—kinder to bestow Than the Bestower! more to praise than God!' At this—as who well knew what idle things Children will ask—and men—he drew, in gold, Plain as the Sun's long line across the Lake, Our road to follow: 'What ye would that Men Should do to you, do ye likewise to them! The Law is this, the Prophets this!'

Then, after a pathetic description of the miracle at Nain, Mary relates the incident at the feast of Simon, and how, heartbroken by true penitence, she had washed Christ's feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

The Fourth Book, called 'The Parables,' opens with the remark of the Magus that much of Christ's teaching reminds him of that of 'the great Tathâgata,' but that Buddha held life to be one long sorrow, whereas Christ's doctrine was glad. Mary confirms his impression. She says—

Nay, and those never knew my Master's mind, Nor touched the golden hem of what He taught, Nor tasted honied lesson of His lips, Who drew not from the treasure of those lips Joyance to make him glad to live or die!

In illustration she proceeds to tell him of some of Christ's Parables as bringing out the hidden meaning of the world. But the Mage is still oppressed by the riddle of the world; by the fact that without slaughter there is no meat for the young vulture and the tiger, and that in the Realm of Love, nevertheless—

Each slays a slayer, and in turn is slain.

Mary answers that the Infinite is incomprehensible here, but that Christ said 'He who hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' The Ideal that He revealed was a God of Love, and the duty He taught was a life of love.

And, in the house once, at Capernaum—
His Twelve, disputing who was first and chief—
He took a little child, knit holy arms
Round the brown, flower-soft boy; and smiled and said:
'Here is the first and chiefest! If a man
Will be the greatest, see he make himself
Lowest and least; a servant unto all;
Meek as My small disciple here, who asks
No place, nor praise; but takes unquestioning
Love, as the river-lilies take the sun,
And pays it back with rosy folded palms
Clasped round My neck, and simple head reclined
On his Friend's breast.'

Understanding the lesson of childlike trust, the sage expresses his wonder that Jesus had confined His teaching to the small world of Palestine. She replies that He came in contact with the great world of Heathendom when He visited Tyre, and narrates the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman.

At this point the poem pauses for a moment to speak of Tyre, and the conquest of Christianity over the heathen world.

The Fifth Book is entitled 'The Love of God and Man.' It is destined to the object of bringing out other great points in Christ's teaching, and contrasting it with the corruptions of later Christianity, when

Some far-off Pharisees will take His law— Written with Love's light fingers on the heart, Not stamped on stone 'mid glare of lightning-fork— Will take, and make its code incorporate; And from its grace write grim phylacteries
To deck the head of dressed Authority;
And from its golden mysteries forge keys
To jingle in the belt of pious pride;
And change its heavenly cherishing tenderness
To warrant for the sword, the chain, the flame,
Lending hard Hate the sacred seals of Love,
And crying: 'Who believes not, perishes!'

Against all hard and cruel teaching, not only all Christ's doctrines, but His very existence is the protest. The fact that He became man shows that all, even the vilest, were worth His tenderness and compassion. The fact that He ate and drank among men, and that His hair fluttered in the breeze which stirred that of His fellow men, proved His perfect humanity, and involved a rich promise for all mankind. The Mage is by this time convinced indeed that the teaching of Christ was diviner than that of the Lord Buddh, but asks whether Jesus had thrown any light on the awful mystery and indignity of death. In reply Mary leads into his presence the daughter of Jairus—to whom is given the name Shelômith-whom Jesus had raised from the dead She has little definite to tell, but she intimates that death had revealed itself to her as the foreshadowing of a new and more glorious life.

The last Book is called 'The Great Consummation.' The Mage thinks that the seeming death of Shelômith may have been only a trance; and to remove all further doubts Mary tells him the story of the raising of Lazarus, who is here represented as her brother, because she is identified with Mary of Bethany. After this she narrates the Betrayal of Christ, the Agony and Bloody Sweat, the Cross and Passion, the precious Death and Burial, the glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and especially His appearance to her in the Garden, by which she won

The first word ever spoke from Heaven's own mouth Plain to earth's ear, to tell us Death has died, And Love shall save all that will trust in Him.

And thus, with a repetition of the lyric of the introduction, the poem ends.

I have endeavoured to fulfil one, at least, of the functions of a critic—a very humble one—by simply setting before the reader the nature of the book, and giving such an outline of its structure as may show him exactly what he has to expect. Further, I have purposely

quoted many specimens of the poetry in order that no prejudice of mine, either against or in favour of it, may stand in the way of the reader's desire to form his own appreciation of its beauty or of its demerits. For myself, I can only say that I have read it with delight and with keen interest. It seems to me to be a very beautiful poem, rich in noble thoughts. I venture to prophesy for it a wide and loving appreciation wherever the English language is spoken. I believe that it will be even more popular than 'The Light of Asia,' and, whatever may be its ultimate destiny, I know enough of the poet to feel sure that he will say with Wordsworth—

If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven, Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light, Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content.

F. W. FARRAR.

Stone-Broke.

TWO battered hurdles, A heap of stones, A hayband wrapping The hurdles' bones.

A sack in tatters,
And in it thrust
Straw half-rotten
And grass half dust.

There through the Autumn A grey old man Began to hammer Ere day began;

And there, while lingered A ray of light, He sat and hammered From dawn till night.

And through December
He hammered still,
Though cold, and ragged,
And old, and ill.

'The House?' 'No, better To die instead, Or go on living On naught but bread.'

And so through all of The long grim frost He worked, as grimly, Counting the cost. The windy wayside
Was bare and bleak,
The icy East blew
Week after week.

His eyes grew dimmer, His back more bent, Slower and slower His hammer went.

But he hammered early,
He hammered late,
Till his heap had gathered
To yonder gate.

He hammered, hammered
Till all was done,
The whole heap finished
To its last stone.

The last stone broken,

He did not stir;

He seemed a watcher

Or listener.

He sat, nor heeded
The cold snows blown—
His own heart broken,
Himself a stone.

A. H. BEESLY.

The Pupil.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE poor young man hesitated and procrastinated: it cost him such an effort to broach the subject of terms, to speak of money to a person who spoke only of feelings and, as it were, of the aristocracy. Yet he was unwilling to take leave, treating his engagement as settled, without some more conventional glance in that direction than he could find an opening for in the manner of the large, affable lady who sat there drawing a pair of soiled gants de Suède through a fat, jewelled hand and, at once pressing and gliding, repeated over and over everything but the thing he would have liked to hear. He would have liked to hear the figure of his salary; but just as he was nervously about to sound that note the little boy came back—the little boy Mrs. Moreen had sent out of the room to fetch her fan. He came back without the fan, only with the casual observation that he couldn't find it. As he dropped this cynical confession he looked straight and hard at the candidate for the honour of taking his education in hand. This personage reflected, somewhat grimly, that the first thing he should have to teach his little charge would be to appear to address himself to his mother when he spoke to her-especially not to make her such an improper answer as that.

When Mrs. Moreen bethought herself of this pretext for getting rid of their companion, Pemberton supposed it was precisely to approach the delicate subject of his remuneration. But it had been only to say some things about her son which it was better that a boy of eleven shouldn't catch. They were extravagantly to his advantage, save when she lowered her voice to sigh, tapping her left side familiarly, 'And all overclouded by this, you know—all at the mercy of a weakness—!' Pemberton gathered that the

weakness was in the region of the heart. He had known the poor child was not robust: this was the basis on which he had been invited to treat, through an English lady, an Oxford acquaintance, then at Nice, who happened to know both his needs and those of the amiable American family looking out for something really superior in the way of a resident tutor.

The young man's impression of his prospective pupil, who had first come into the room, as if to see for himself, as soon as Pemberton was admitted, was not quite the soft solicitation the visitor had taken for granted. Morgan Moreen was, somehow, sickly without being delicate, and that he looked intelligent (it is true Pemberton wouldn't have enjoyed his being stupid) only added to the suggestion that, as with his big mouth and big ears he really couldn't be called pretty, he might be unpleasant. berton was modest—he was even timid; and the chance that his small scholar might prove cleverer than himself had quite figured, to his nervousness, among the dangers of an untried experiment. He reflected, however, that these were risks one had to run when one accepted a position, as it was called, in a private family; when as yet one's University honours had, pecuniarily speaking, remained barren. At any rate, when Mrs. Moreen got up as if to intimate that, since it was understood he would enter upon his duties within the week she would let him off now, he succeeded, in spite of the presence of the child, in squeezing out a phrase about the rate of payment. It was not the fault of the conscious smile which seemed a reference to the lady's expensive identity, if the allusion did not sound rather vulgar. This was exactly because she became still more gracious to reply, 'Oh! I can assure you that all that will be quite regular.'

Pemberton only wondered, while he took up his hat, what 'all that' was to amount to—people had such different ideas. Mrs. Moreen's words, however, seemed to commit the family to a pledge definite enough to elicit from the child a strange little comment, in the shape of the mocking, foreign ejaculation, 'Oh! là-là!'

Pemberton, in some confusion, glanced at him as he walked slowly to the window with his back turned, his hands in his pockets and the air in his elderly shoulders of a boy who didn't play. The young man wondered if he could teach him to play, though his mother had said it would never do and that this was why school was impossible. Mrs. Moreen exhibited no discomfiture; she only continued blandly, 'Mr. Moreen will be delighted to meet your wishes. As I told you, he has been called to London

for a week. As soon as he comes back you shall have it out with him.'

This was so frank and friendly that the young man could only reply, laughing as his hostess laughed, 'Oh! I don't imagine we shall have much of a battle.'

'They'll give you anything you like,' the boy remarked unexpectedly, returning from the window. 'We don't mind what anything costs—we live awfully well.'

'My darling, you're too quaint!' his mother exclaimed, putting out to caress him a practised but ineffectual hand. He slipped out of it, but looked with intelligent, innocent eyes at Pemberton, who had already had time to notice that, from one moment to the other, his small satiric face seemed to change its time of life. At this moment it was infantine; yet it appeared also to be under the influence of curious intuitions and knowledges. Pemberton rather disliked precocity, and he was disappointed to find gleams of it in a disciple not yet in his teens. Nevertheless he divined on the spot that Morgan wouldn't prove a bore. He would prove, on the contrary, a kind of excitement. This idea held the young man, in spite of a certain repulsion.

'You pompous little person! We're not extravagant!' Mrs. Moreen gaily protested, making another unsuccessful attempt to draw the boy to her side. 'You must know what to expect,' she went on to Pemberton.

'The less you expect the better!' her companion interposed. 'But we are people of fashion.'

'Only so far as you make us so!' Mrs. Moreen mocked, tenderly. 'Well, then, on Friday—don't tell me you're superstitious—and mind you don't fail us. Then you'll see us all. I'm so sorry the girls are out. I guess you'll like the girls. And, you know, I've another son, quite different from this one.'

'He tries to imitate me,' said Morgan to Pemberton.

'He tries? Why, he's twenty years old!' cried Mrs. Moreen.

'You're very witty,' Pemberton remarked to the child—a proposition that his mother echoed with enthusiasm, declaring that Morgan's sallies were the delight of the house. The boy paid no heed to this; he only inquired abruptly of the visitor, who was surprised afterwards that he hadn't struck him as offensively forward, 'Do you want very much to come?'

'Can you doubt it, after such a description of what I shall hear?' Pemberton replied. Yet he didn't want to come at all: he was coming because he had to go somewhere, thanks to the

collapse of his fortune at the end of a year abroad, spent on the system of putting his tiny patrimony into a single full wave of experience. He had had his full wave, but he couldn't pay his hotel bill. Moreover, he had caught in the boy's eyes the glimpse of a far-off appeal.

'Well, I'll do the best I can for you,' said Morgan; with which he turned away again. He passed out of one of the long windows; Pemberton saw him go and lean on the parapet of the terrace. He remained there while the young man took leave of his mother, who, on Pemberton's looking as if he expected a farewell from him, interposed with, 'Leave him, leave him; he's so strange!' Pemberton suspected she was afraid of something he might say. 'He's a genius—you'll love him,' she added. 'He's much the most interesting person in the family.' And before he could invent some civility to oppose to this, she wound up with, 'But we're all good, you know!'

'He's a genius—you'll love him!' were words that recurred to Pemberton before the Friday, suggesting, among other things that geniuses were not invariably lovable. However, it was all the better if there was an element that would make tutorship absoroing: he had perhaps taken too much for granted that it would be dreary. As he left the villa after this interview he looked up at the balcony and saw the child leaning over it. 'We shall have great larks!' he called up.

Morgan hesitated a moment; then he answered, laughing, 'By the time you come back I shall have thought of something witty!'

This made Pemberton say to himself, 'After all, he's rather nice.'

On the Friday he saw them all, as Mrs. Moreen had promised, for her husband had come back and the girls and the other son were at home. Mr. Moreen had a white moustache, a confiding manner and, in his buttonhole, the ribbon of a foreign order—bestowed, as Pemberton eventually learned, for services. For what services he never clearly ascertained: this was a point—one of a large number—that Mr. Moreen's manner never confided. What it emphatically did confide was that he was a man of the world. Adolphus, the firstborn, was in visible training for the same profession—under the disadvantage as yet, however, of a buttonhole only feebly floral and a moustache with no pretensions to type. The girls had hair and figures and manners and small fat

feet, but had never been out alone. As for Mrs. Moreen, Pemberton saw on a nearer view that her elegance was intermittent and her parts didn't always match. Her husband, as she had promised, met with enthusiasm Pemberton's ideas in regard to a salary. The young man had endeavoured to make them modest, and Mr. Moreen confided to him that he found them positively shrinking. He further assured him that he aspired to be intimate with his children, to be their best friend, and that he was always looking out for them. That was what he went off for, to London and other places—to look out; and this vigilance was the theory of life, as well as the real occupation, of the whole family. all looked out, for they were very frank on the subject of its being necessary. They desired it to be understood that they were earnest people, and also that their fortune, though quite adequate for earnest people, required the most careful administration. Mr. Moreen, as the parent bird, sought sustenance for the nest. Adolphus found sustenance mainly at the club, where Pemberton guessed that it was usually served on green cloth. The girls used to do up their hair and their frocks themselves, and our young man felt appealed to to be glad, in regard to Morgan's education, that, though it must naturally be of the best, it didn't cost too much. After a little he was glad, forgetting at times his own needs in the interest inspired by the child's nature and education and the pleasure of making easy terms for him.

During the first weeks of their acquaintance Morgan had been as puzzling as a page in an unknown language-altogether different from the obvious little Anglo-Saxons who had misrepresented childhood to Pemberton. Indeed, the whole mystic volume in which the boy had been bound demanded some practice in trans-To-day, after a considerable interval, there is something phantasmagoric, like a prismatic reflection or a serial novel, in Pemberton's memory of the queerness of the Moreens. not for a few tangible tokens—a lock of Morgan's hair, cut by his own hand, and the half-dozen letters he got from him when they were separated—the whole episode, and the figures peopling it. would seem too inconsequent for anything but dreamland. The queerest thing about them was their success (as it appeared to him for a while at the time), for he had never seen a family so brilliantly equipped for failure. Wasn't it success to have kept him so hatefully long? Wasn't it success to have drawn him in that first morning at déjeuner, the Friday he came—it was enough to make one superstitious—so that he utterly committed himself,

and this not by calculation or a mot d'ordre, but by a happy instinct which made them, like a band of gipsies, work so neatly together? They amused him as much as if they had really been a band of gipsies. He was still young and had not seen much of the world—his English years had been intensely usual; therefore the reversed conventions of the Moreens (for they had their standards) struck him as topsyturvy. He had encountered nothing like them at Oxford; still less had any such note been struck to his younger American ear during the four years at Yale in which he had richly supposed himself to be reacting against Puritanism. The reaction of the Moreens, at any rate, went ever so much further. He had thought himself very clever that first day in hitting them all off in his mind with the term 'cosmopolite.' Later, it seemed feeble and colourless enough—confessedly, help-lessly provisional.

However, when he first applied it to them he had a degree of joy-for an instructor he was still empirical-as if from the apprehension that to live with them would really be to see life. Their sociable strangeness was an intimation of that—their chatter of tongues, their gaiety and good humour, their infinite dawdling (they were always getting themselves up, but it took forever, and Pemberton had once found Mr. Moreen shaving in the drawingroom), their French, their Italian and, in the spiced fluency, their cold, tough slices of American. They lived on macaroni and coffee (they had these articles prepared in perfection), but they knew recipes for a hundred other dishes. They overflowed with music and song, were always humming and catching each other up, and had a kind of professional acquaintance with continental They talked of 'good places' as if they had been strolling They had at Nice a villa, a carriage, a piano and a banjo, and they went to official parties. They were a perfect calendar of the 'days' of their friends, which Pemberton knew them, when they were indisposed, to get out of bed to go to, and which made the week larger than life when Mrs. Moreen talked of them with Paula and Amy. Their romantic initiations gave their new inmate at first an almost dazzling sense of culture. Mrs. Moreen had translated something, at some former period—an author whom it made Pemberton feel borné never to have heard They could imitate Venetian and sing Neapolitan, and when they wanted to say something very particular they communicated with each other in an ingenious dialect of their own-a sort of spoken cipher, which Pemberton at first took for Volapuk, but

which he learned to understand as he would not have understood Volapuk.

'It's the family language—Ultramoreen,' Morgan explained to him drolly enough; but the boy rarely condescended to use it himself, though he attempted colloquial Latin as if he had been a little prelate.

Among all the 'days' with which Mrs. Moreen's memory was taxed, she managed to squeeze in one of her own, which her friends sometimes forgot. But the house derived a frequented air from the number of fine people who were freely named there, and from several mysterious men with foreign titles and English clothes whom Morgan called the princes, and who, on sofas with the girls, talked French very loud, as if to show they were saying nothing improper. Pemberton wondered how the princes could ever propose in that tone and so publicly: he took for granted, cynically, that this was what was desired of them. Then he acknowledged that, even for the chance of such an advantage, Mrs. Moreen would never allow Paula and Amy to receive alone. These young ladies were not at all timid, but it was just the safeguards that made them so graceful. It was a houseful of Bohemians who wanted tremendously to be Philistines.

In one respect, however, certainly, they achieved no rigourthey were wonderfully amiable and ecstatic about Morgan. was a genuine tenderness, an artless admiration, equally strong in They even praised his beauty, which was small, and were rather afraid of him, as if they recognised that he was of a finer clay. They called him a little angel and a little prodigy, and pitied his want of health effusively. Pemberton feared at first that their extravagance would make him hate the boy, but before this happened he had become extravagant himself. Later, when he had grown rather to hate the others, it was a bribe to patience for him that they were at any rate nice about Morgan, going on tiptoe if they fancied he was showing symptoms, and even giving up somebody's 'day' to procure him a pleasure. But mixed with this was the oddest wish to make him independent, as if they felt that they were not good enough for him. They passed him over to Pemberton very much as if they wished to force a constructive adoption on the obliging bachelor and shirk altogether a respon-They were delighted when they perceived that Morgan liked his preceptor, and could think of no higher praise for the young man. It was strange how they contrived to reconcile the appearance, and indeed the essential fact, of adoring the child with

their eagerness to wash their hands of him. Did they want to get rid of him before he should find them out? Pemberton was finding them out month by month. At any rate, the boy's relations turned their backs with exaggerated delicacy, as if to escape the charge of interfering. Seeing in time how little he had in common with them (it was by them he first observed it—they proclaimed it with complete humility), his preceptor was moved to speculate on the mysteries of transmission, the far jumps of heredity. Where his detachment from most of the things they represented had come from was more than an observer could say—it certainly had burrowed under two or three generations.

As for Pemberton's own estimate of his pupil, it was a good while before he got the point of view, so little had he been prepared for it by the smug young barbarians to whom the tradition of tutorship, as hitherto revealed to him, had been adjusted. Morgan was scrappy and surprising, deficient in many properties supposed common to the genus, and abounding in others that were the portion only of the supernaturally clever. One day Pemberton made a great stride: it cleared up the question to perceive that Morgan was supernaturally clever and that, though the formula was temporarily meagre, this would be the only assumption on which one could successfully deal with him. had the general quality of a child for whom life had not been simplified by school, a kind of homebred sensibility which might have been bad for himself but was charming for others, and a whole range of refinement and perception-little musical vibrations as taking as picked-up airs-begotten by wandering about Europe at the tail of his migratory tribe. This might not have been an education to recommend in advance, but its results with Morgan were as palpable as a fine texture. At the same time he had in his composition a sharp spice of stoicism, doubtless the fruit of having had to begin early to bear pain, which produced the impression of pluck and made it of less consequence that he might have been thought at school rather a polyglot little beast. Pemberton indeed quickly found himself rejoicing that school was out of the question: in any million of boys it was probably good for all but one, and Morgan was that millionth. It would have made him comparative and superior-it might have made him priggish. Pemberton would try to be school himself-a bigger seminary than five hundred grazing donkeys; so that, winning no prizes, the boy would remain unconscious and irresponsible and amusing—amusing, because, though life was already intense in his

childish nature, freshness still made there a strong draught for jokes. It turned out that even in the still air of Morgan's various disabilities jokes flourished greatly. He was a pale, lean, acute, undeveloped little cosmopolite, who liked intellectual gymnastics and who, also, as regards the behaviour of mankind, had noticed more things than you might suppose, but who nevertheless had his proper playroom of superstitions, where he smashed a dozen toys a day.

At Nice once, towards evening, as the pair sat resting in the open air after a walk, looking over the sea at the pink western lights, Morgan said suddenly to his companion, 'Do you like it—you know, being with us all in this intimate way?'

'My dear fellow, why should I stay if I didn't?'

'How do I know you will stay? I'm almost sure you won't, very long.'

'I hope you don't mean to dismiss me,' said Pemberton.

Morgan considered a moment, looking at the sunset. 'I think if I did right I ought to.'

- 'Well, I know I'm supposed to instruct you in virtue; but in that case don't do right.'
- 'You're very young—fortunately,' Morgan went on, turning to him again.
 - 'Oh yes, compared with you!'
- 'Therefore, it won't matter so much if you do lose a lot of time.'
- 'That's the way to look at it,' said Pemberton accommodatingly.

They were silent a minute; after which the boy asked, 'Do you like my father and mother very much?'

'Dear me, yes. They're charming people.'

Morgan received this with another silence; then, unexpectedly, familiarly, but at the same time affectionately, he remarked, 'You're a jolly old humbug!'

For a particular reason the words made Pemberton change colour. The boy noticed in an instant that he had turned red, whereupon he turned red himself, and the pupil and the master exchanged a longish glance, in which there was a consciousness of many more things than are usually touched upon, even tacitly, in such a relation. It produced, for Pemberton, an embarrassment; it raised, in a shadowy form, a question (this was the first glimpse of it) which was destined to play a singular and, as he

imagined, owing to the altogether peculiar conditions, an unprecedented part in his intercourse with his little companion. Later, when he found himself talking with this small boy in a way in which few small boys could ever have been talked with, he thought of that clumsy moment on the bench at Nice as the dawn of an understanding that had broadened. What had added to the clumsiness then was that he thought it his duty to declare to Morgan that he might abuse him (Pemberton) as much as he liked, but must never abuse his parents. To this Morgan had the easy reply that he hadn't dreamed of abusing them; which appeared to be true: it put Pemberton in the wrong.

- 'Then why am I a humbug for saying I think them charming?' the young man asked, conscious of a certain rashness.
 - 'Well—they're not your parents.'
- 'They love you better than anything in the world—never forget that,' said Pemberton.
 - 'Is that why you like them so much?'
 - 'They're very kind to me,' Pemberton replied, evasively.
- 'You are a humbug!' laughed Morgan, passing an arm into his tutor's. He leaned against him, looking off at the sea again and swinging his long, thin legs.
- 'Don't kick my shins,' said Pemberton, while he reflected—'Hang it, I can't complain of them to the child!'
- 'There's another reason, too,' Morgan went on, keeping his legs still.
 - 'Another reason for what?'
 - 'Besides their not being your parents.'
 - 'I don't understand you,' said Pemberton.
 - 'Well, you will before long. All right!'

Pemberton did understand, fully, before long; but he made a fight, even with himself, before he confessed it. He thought it the oddest thing to have a struggle with the child about. He wondered he didn't detest the child for launching him in such a struggle. But by the time it began the resource of detesting the child was closed to him. Morgan was a special case, but to know him was to accept him on his own odd terms. Pemberton had spent his aversion to special cases before arriving at knowledge. When at last he did arrive he felt that he was in an extreme predicament. Against every interest he had attached himself. They would have to meet things together. Before they went home that evening, at Nice, the boy had said, clinging to his arm:

- 'Well, at any rate you'll hang on to the last.'
- 'To the last?'
- 'Till you're fairly beaten.'
- 'You ought to be fairly beaten!' cried the young man, drawing him closer.

A year after Pemberton had come to live with them, Mr. and Mrs. Moreen suddenly gave up the villa at Nice. Pemberton had got used to suddenness, having seen it practised on a considerable scale during two jerky little tours—one in Switzerland the first summer, and the other late in the winter, when they all ran down to Florence and then, at the end of ten days, liking it much less than they had intended, straggled back in mysterious depression. They had returned to Nice 'forever,' as they said; but this didn't prevent them from squeezing, one rainy, muggy May night, into a second-class railway-carriage—you could never tell by which class they would travel—where Pemberton helped them to stow away a wonderful collection of bundles and bags. The explanation of this manœuvre was that they had determined to spend the summer 'in some bracing place;' but in Paris they dropped into a small furnished apartment—a fourth floor in a third-rate avenue, where there was a smell on the staircase and the portier was hateful--and passed the next four months in blank indigence.

The better part of this baffled sojourn was for the preceptor and his pupil, who, visiting the Invalides and Notre Dame, the Conciergerie and all the museums, took a hundred remunerative rambles. They learned to know their Paris, which was useful, for they came back another year for a longer stay, the general character of which in Pemberton's memory to-day mixes pitiably and confusedly with that of the first. He sees Morgan's shabby knickerbockers—the everlasting pair that didn't match his blouse and that, as he grew longer, could only grow faded. He remembers the particular holes in his three or four pair of coloured stockings.

Morgan was dear to his mother, but he never was better dressed than was absolutely necessary—partly, no doubt, by his own fault, for he was as indifferent to his appearance as a German philosopher. 'My dear fellow, you are coming to pieces,' Pemberton would say to him in sceptical remonstrance; to which the child would reply, looking at him serenely up and down: 'My dear fellow, so are you! I don't want to cast you in the shade.' Pemberton could have no rejoinder for this—the assertion so

closely represented the fact. If, however, the deficiencies of his own wardrobe were a chapter by themselves, he didn't like his little charge to look too poor. Later he used to say, 'Well, if we are poor, why, after all, shouldn't we look it?' and he consoled himself with thinking there was something rather elderly and gentlemanly in Morgan's seediness—it differed from the untidiness of the urchin who plays and spoils his things. He could trace perfectly the degrees by which, in proportion as her little son confined himself to his tutor for society, Mrs. Moreen shrewdly forbore to renew his garments. She did nothing that didn't show, neglected him because he escaped notice, and then, as he illustrated this clever policy, discouraged at home his public appearances. Her position was logical enough—those members of her family who did show had to be so showy.

During this period and several others Pemberton was quite aware of how he and his comrade might strike people; wandering languidly through the Jardin des Plantes as if they had nowhere to go, sitting, on the winter days, in the galleries of the Louvre, so splendidly ironical to the homeless, as if for the advantage of the calorifère. They joked about it sometimes: it was the sort of joke that was perfectly within the boy's compass. themselves as part of the vast, vague, hand-to-mouth multitude of the enormous city, and pretended they were proud of their position in it—it showed them such a lot of life and made them conscious of a sort of democratic brotherhood. If Pemberton could not feel a sympathy in destitution with his small companion (for after all Morgan's fond parents would never have let him really suffer), the boy would at least feel it with him, so it came to the same thing. He used sometimes to wonder what people would think they were-fancy they were looked askance at, as if it might be a suspected case of kidnapping. Morgan wouldn't be taken for . a young patrician with a preceptor—he wasn't smart enough; though he might pass for his companion's sickly little brother. Now and then he had a five-franc piece, and except once, when they bought a couple of lovely neckties, one of which he made Pemberton accept, they laid it out, scientifically, in old books. It was a great day, always spent on the quays, rummaging among the dusty boxes that garnish the parapets. These were occasions that helped them to live, for their books ran low very soon after the beginning of their acquaintance. Pemberton had a good many in England, but he was obliged to write to a friend and ask him kindly to get some fellow to give him something for them.

If the bracing climate was untasted that summer, the young man had an idea that at the moment they were about to make a push the cup had been dashed from their lips by a movement of It had been his first blow-out, as he called it, with his patrons; his first successful attempt (though there was little other success about it) to bring them to a consideration of his impossible position. As the ostensible eve of a costly journey the moment struck him as a good one to put in a signal protest—to present an ultimatum. Ridiculous as it sounded, he had never yet been able to compass an uninterrupted private interview with the elder pair, or with either of them singly. They were always flanked by their elder children, and poor Pemberton usually had his own little charge at his side. He was conscious of its being a house in which the surface of one's delicacy got rather smudged; nevertheless he had kept the bloom of his scruple against announcing to Mr. and Mrs. Moreen with publicity that he couldn't go on longer without a little money. He was still simple enough to suppose Adolphus and Paula and Amy might not know that since his arrival he had only had a hundred and forty francs; and he was magnanimous enough to wish not to compromise their parents in their eyes. Mr. Moreen now listened to him, as he listened to everyone and to everything, like a man of the world, and seemed to appeal to him-though not of course too grosslyto try and be a little more of one himself. Pemberton recognised the importance of the character from the advantage it gave Mr. Moreen. He was not even confused, whereas poor Pemberton was more so than there was any reason for. Neither was he surprised at least any more than a gentleman had to be who freely confessed himself a little shocked, though not, strictly, at Pemberton.

'We must go into this, mustn't we, dear?' he said to his wife. He assured his young friend that the matter should have his very best attention; and he melted into space as elusively as if, at the door, he were taking an inevitable but deprecatory precedence. When, the next moment, Pemberton found himself alone with Mrs. Moreen, it was to hear her say, 'I see, I see,' stroking the roundness of her chin and looking as if she were only hesitating between a dozen easy remedies. If they didn't make their push Mr. Moreen could at least disappear for several days. During his absence his wife took up the subject again spontaneously, but her contribution to it was merely that she had thought all the while they were getting on so beautifully. Pemberton's reply to this revelation was that unless they immediately

handed him a substantial sum he would leave them for ever. He knew she would wonder how he would get away, and for a moment expected her to inquire. She didn't, for which he was almost grateful to her, so little was he in a position to tell.

'You won't, you know you won't—you're too interested,' she said. 'You are interested, you know you are, you dear, kind man!' She laughed, with almost condemnatory archness, as if it were a reproach (but she wouldn't insist), while she flirted a soiled pockethandkerchief at him.

Pemberton's mind was fully made up to quit the house the following week. This would give him time to get an answer to a letter he had despatched to England.

If he did nothing of the sort—that is, if he stayed another year and then went away only for three months-it was not merely because, before the answer to his letter came (most unsatisfactory when it did arrive), Mr. Moreen generously presented him-again with all the precautions of a man of the world—three hundred He was exasperated to find that Mrs. Moreen was right, that he couldn't bear to leave the child. This stood out clearer for the very reason that, the night of his desperate appeal to his patrons, he had seen fully for the first time where he was. Wasn't it another proof of the success with which those patrons practised their arts that they had managed to avert for so long the illuminating flash? It descended upon Pemberton with a luridness which perhaps would have struck a spectator as comically excessive, after he had returned to his little servile room, which looked into a close court, where a bare, dirty opposite wall took, with the sound of shrill clatter, the reflection of lighted back windows. He had simply given himself away to a band of adventurers. The idea, the word itself, had a sort of romantic horror for him -he had always lived on such safe lines. Later it assumed a more interesting, almost a soothing, sense: it pointed a moral, and Pemberton could enjoy a moral. The Moreens were adventurers not merely because they didn't pay their debts, because they lived on society, but because their whole view of life, dim and confused and instinctive, like that of clever colourblind animals, was speculative and rapacious and mean. they were 'respectable,' and that only made them more immondes. The young man's analysis of them put it at last very simply they were adventurers because they were abject snobs. That was the completest account of them—it was the law of their being. Even when this truth became vivid to their ingenious inmate he

remained unconscious of how much his mind had been prepared for it by the extraordinary little boy who had now become such a complication in his life. Much less could he then calculate on the information he was still to owe to the extraordinary little boy.

But it was during the ensuing time that the real problem came up—the problem of how far it was excusable to discuss the turpitude of parents with a child of twelve, of thirteen, of fourteen. Absolutely inexcusable and quite impossible it of course at first appeared; and indeed the question didn't press for a while after Pemberton had received his three hundred francs. produced a sort of lull, a relief from the sharpest pressure. Pemberton frugally amended his wardrobe and even had a few francs in his pocket. He thought the Moreens looked at him as if he were almost too smart, as if they ought to take care not to spoil him. If Mr. Moreen hadn't been such a man of the world he would perhaps have said something to him about his neckties. But Mr. Moreen was always enough a man of the world to let things pass—he had certainly shown that. It was singular how Pemberton guessed that Morgan, though saying nothing about it, knew something had happened. But three hundred francs, especially when one owed money, couldn't last for ever; and when they were gone—the boy knew when they were gone—Morgan did say something. The party had returned to Nice at the beginning of the winter, but not to the charming villa. They went to an hotel, where they stayed three months, and then they went to another hotel, explaining that they had left the first because they had waited and waited and couldn't get the rooms they wanted. These apartments, the rooms they wanted, were generally very splendid; but fortunately they never could get them-fortunately, I mean, for Pemberton, who reflected always that if they had got them there would have been still less for educational expenses. What Morgan said at last was said suddenly, irrelevantly, when the moment came, in the middle of a lesson, and consisted of the apparently unfeeling words: 'You ought to filer, you know—you really ought.'

Pemberton stared. He had learnt enough French slang from Morgan to know that to *filer* meant to go away. 'Ah, my dear fellow, don't turn me off!'

Morgan pulled a Greek lexicon toward him (he used a Greek-German), to look out a word, instead of asking it of Pemberton. 'You can't go on like this, you know.'

'Like what, my boy?'

'You know they don't pay you,' said Morgan, blushing and not looking up.

'Don't pay me?' Pemberton stared again and feigned amazement. 'What on earth put that into your head?'

'It has been there a long time,' the boy replied, turning over his leaves.

Pemberton was silent; then he went on: 'I say, what are you hunting for? They pay me beautifully.'

'I'm hunting for the Greek for transparent fiction,' Morgan dropped.

'Find that rather for gross impertinence, and disabuse your mind. What do I want of money?'

'Oh, that's another question!'

Pemberton hesitated—he was drawn in different ways. The severely correct thing would have been to tell the boy that such a matter was none of his business and bid him go on with his lines. But they were really too intimate for that; that was not the way he was in the habit of treating him; there had been no reason it should be. On the other hand Morgan had quite lighted on the truth—he really shouldn't be able to keep it up much longer; therefore, why not let him know one's real motive for forsaking him? At the same time it wasn't decent to abuse to one's pupil the family of one's pupil; it was better to misrepresent than to do that. So, in reply to Morgan's last exclamation, he just declared, to dismiss the subject, that he had received several payments.

'I say—I say!' the boy ejaculated, laughing.

'That's all right,' Pemberton insisted. 'Give me your written rendering.'

Morgan pushed a copybook across the table, and his companion began to read the page, but with something running in his head that made it no sense. Looking up after a minute or two he found the child's eyes fixed on him, and he saw something strange in them. Then Morgan said, 'I'm not afraid of the reality.'

'I haven't yet seen the thing that you are afraid of—I'll do you that justice!'

This came out with a jump (it was perfectly true), and evidently gave Morgan pleasure. 'I've thought of it a long time,' he presently said.

'Well, don't think of it any more.'

The child appeared to comply, and they had a comfortable and even an amusing hour. They had a theory that they were very thorough, and yet they seemed always to be in the amusing part of lessons, the intervals between the tunnels, where there were waysides and views. Yet the morning was brought to a violent end by Morgan's suddenly leaning his arms on the table, burying his head in them and bursting into tears. Pemberton would have been startled at any rate; but he was doubly startled because, as it then occurred to him, it was the first time he had ever seen the boy cry. It was rather awful.

The next day, after much thought, he took a decision and, believing it to be just, immediately acted upon it. He cornered Mr. and Mrs. Moreen again and informed them that if, on the spot, they didn't pay him all they owed him, he would not only leave their house, but tell Morgan exactly what had brought him to it.

'Oh, you haven't told him?' cried Mrs. Moreen, carrying a sustaining hand to her well-dressed bosom.

'Without warning you? For what do you take me?'

Mr. and Mrs. Moreen looked at each other, and Pemberton could see both that they were relieved and that there was a certain alarm in their relief. 'My dear fellow,' Mr. Moreen demanded, 'what use can you have, leading the quiet life we all do, for such a lot of money?'—an inquiry to which Pemberton made no answer, occupied as he was in perceiving that what passed in the mind of his patrons was something like: 'Oh, then, if we've felt that the child, dear little angel, has judged us and how he regards us, and we haven't been betrayed, he must have guessedand, in short, it's general!' an idea that rather stirred up Mr. and Mrs. Moreen, as Pemberton had desired that it should. At the same time, if he had thought that his threat would do something towards bringing them round, he was disappointed to find they had taken for granted (how little they appreciated his delicacy!) that he had already given them away to his pupil. There was a mystic uneasiness in their parental breasts, and that was the way they had accounted for it. None the less, his threat did touch them; for if they had escaped, it was only to meet a new danger. Moreen appealed to Pemberton, as usual, as a man of the world: but his wife had recourse, for the first time since Pemberton had been in the house, to haughtiness, reminding him that a devoted mother, with her child, had arts that protected her against gross misrepresentation.

'I should misrepresent you grossly if I accused you of common honesty!' the young man replied; but as he closed the door behind him sharply, thinking he had not done himself much good, while Mr. Moreen lighted another cigarette, he heard Mrs. Moreen shout after him, more touchingly:

'Oh, you do, you do, put the knife to one's throat!'

The next morning, very early, she came to his room. He recognised her knock, but he had no hope that she brought him money; as to which he was wrong, for she had fifty francs in her She squeezed forward in her dressing-gown, and he received her in his own, between his bath-tub and his bed. had been tolerably schooled by this time to the 'foreign ways' of his hosts. Mrs. Moreen was zealous, and when she was zealous she didn't care what she did: so she now sat down on his bed, his clothes being on the chairs, and, in her preoccupation, forgot, as she glanced round, to be ashamed of giving him such a nasty room. What Mrs. Moreen was zealous about on this occasion was to persuade him that in the first place she was very good-natured to bring him fifty francs, and, in the second, if he would only see it, he was really too absurd to expect to be paid. Wasn't he paid enough, without perpetual money-wasn't he paid by the comfortable, luxurious home that he enjoyed with them all, without a care, an anxiety, a solitary want? Wasn't he sure of his position, and wasn't that everything to a young man like him, quite unknown, with singularly little to show, the ground of whose exorbitant pretensions it was not easy to discover? Wasn't he paid, above all, by the delightful relation he had established with Morgan—quite ideal, as from master to pupil—and by the simple privilege of knowing and living with so amazingly gifted a child, than whom really—she meant literally what she said—there was no better company in Europe? Mrs. Moreen herself took to appealing to him as a man of the world; she said, 'Voyons, mon cher,' and, 'My dear sir, see here now;' and urged him to be reasonable, putting it before him that it was really a chance for She spoke as if, according as he should be reasonable, he would prove himself worthy to be her son's tutor and of the extraordinary confidence they had placed in him.

After all, Pemberton reflected, it was only a difference of theory, and the theory didn't matter much. They had hitherto gone on that of remunerated, as now they would go on that of gratuitous, service; but why so many words about it? Mrs. Moreen, however, continued to be convincing; sitting there with

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her fifty francs, she talked and repeated, as women repeat, and bored and irritated him, while he leaned against the wall with his hands in the pockets of his wrapper, drawing it together round his legs and looking over the head of his visitor at the grey negations of his window. She wound up with saying, 'You see I bring you a definite proposal.'

- 'A definite proposal?'
- 'To make our relations regular, as it were—to put them on a comfortable footing.'
- 'I see—it's a system,' said Pemberton. 'A kind of black-mail.'

Mrs. Moreen bounded up, which was what the young man wanted.

- 'What do you mean by that?'
- 'You practise on one's fears—one's fears about the child if one should go away.'
- 'And, pray, what would happen to him in that event?' demanded Mrs. Moreen, with majesty.
 - 'Why, he'd be alone with you.'
- 'And pray, with whom should a child be but with those whom he loves most?'
 - 'If you think that, why don't you dismiss me?'
- 'Do you pretend that he loves you more than he loves us?' cried Mrs. Moreen.
- 'I think he ought to. I make sacrifices for him. Though I've heard of those you make, I don't see them.'

Mrs. Moreen stared a moment; then, with emotion, she grasped Pemberton's hand. 'Will you make it—the sacrifice?'

Pemberton burst out laughing. 'I'll see—I'll do what I can—I'll stay a little longer. Your calculation is just—I do hate, intensely, to give him up; I'm fond of him, and he interests me deeply, in spite of the inconvenience I suffer. You know my situation perfectly; I haven't a penny in the world, and, occupied as I am with Morgan, I'm unable to earn money.'

Mrs. Moreen tapped her undressed arm with her folded banknote. 'Can't you write articles? Can't you translate, as I do?'

- 'I don't know about translating; it's wretchedly paid.'
- 'I am glad to earn what I can,' said Mrs. Moreen virtuously, with her head high.
- 'You ought to tell me who you do it for.' Pemberton paused a moment, and she said nothing; so he added, 'I've tried to turn

off some little sketches, but the magazines won't have them--they're declined.'

- 'You see, then, you're not such a phœnix as to claim so much,' smiled his interlocutress.
- 'I haven't time to do them properly,' Pemberton went on. Then, as it came over him that he was almost abjectly good-natured to give these explanations, he added, 'If I stay on longer it must be on one condition—that Morgan shall know distinctly on what footing I am.'

Mrs. Moreen hesitated. 'Surely you don't want to show off to a child?'

'To show you off, do you mean?'

Again Mrs. Moreen hesitated, but this time it was to produce a still finer flower. 'And you talk of blackmail!'

- 'You can easily prevent it,' said Pemberton.
- 'And you talk of practising on fears,' Mrs. Moreen continued.
- 'Yes, there's no doubt I'm a great scoundrel.'

His visitor looked at him a moment—it was evident that she was sorely bothered. Then she thrust out her money at him. 'Mr. Moreen desired me to give you this on account.'

- 'I'm much obliged to Mr. Moreen; but we have no account.'
- 'You won't take it?'
- 'That leaves me more free,' said Pemberton.
- 'To poison my darling's mind?' groaned Mrs. Moreen.
- 'Oh, your darling's mind!' laughed the young man.

She fixed him a moment, and he thought she was going to break out tormentedly, pleadingly: 'For God's sake, tell me what is in it!' But she checked this impulse—another was stronger. She pocketed the money—the crudity of the alternative was comical—and swept out of the room with the desperate concession: 'You may tell him any horror you like!'

HENRY JAMES.

(To be concluded.)

Some Birds in India.

T has been well said that life is made up of small things. According to this principle, the exile in India, who wishes to enliven his monotonous existence by taking advantage of the sport that the country affords, must be prepared to find most of his occupation amongst the small game that surrounds him, however much he may long, like Virgil's young hero, to see a wild boar or a tawny lion come forth from the jungle. Under the term 'small game' it is expedient that he should include, not merely the recognised game birds and smaller quadrupeds that are suitable for the purposes of the table. Feather and fur of every kind should be the subject of his pursuit. The well-known Indian naturalist, Dr. Jerdan, when staying at Hooghly at my house, which stood in a large compound with several groups of fine old trees in it, killed in a few hours more than forty different kinds of birds, each of which was more or less useful for his scientific pur-It may not be possible for every man to become a scientific collector of birds, but if he will learn how to skin birds and to preserve their skins, he may be able to send valuable contributions to ornithologists like Dr. Jerdan. I was taught by one of my first sporting mentors how to skin birds and small animals, and to treat them with arsenical soap. It is not very difficult work; but as it took up more time than I could conveniently spare, I soon imparted my knowledge to a clever native servant, who easily surpassed his teacher. It is, of course, expedient to look after the arsenical soap, for a painful case is well known, where the cook mistook arsenical soap for lard, and poisoned his master when out on a shooting expedition. I should regard it as cruelty to shoot the small birds if no use were to be made of their skins or By a little observation and practice, a man may learn plumage. the notes and calls of most of the common birds, and if he hears a cry that sounds strange to his ears, he should go out and see what bird is making it. He should slip a cartridge into his gun, and presently he may be rewarded by finding that he has got some rare specimen, that he can prepare and forward to the nearest scientific ornithologist.

A Government official at a civil or military station in the interior of the country lives very much in the open air, even when he is nominally indoors. A good house or bungalow is usually surrounded by a broad verandah, and almost every door or window in the house is kept open. When a man is sitting in his verandah, either at his work or for his pleasure, he can watch what is passing among the birds and other inhabitants of his garden, and he soon begins to recognise some of them; whilst they gradually become more familiar and fearless of his presence. He should always have a gun within reach for the protection of his little friends, whose natural enemies are ever on the watch for them. Sometimes a hawk swoops down on an unsuspecting victim, or a predatory cat from the village makes a pounce at its prey. In some places the little grey squirrels become almost inconveniently tame, for they have mischievous teeth, with which they nibble some precious things that they ought not to touch. One day I had been feeding a very bold little squirrel, but on my being suddenly called away in the house, the squirrel jumped down from the verandah into the garden. Presently, the most piercing shrieks were heard, and on running back to the verandah I found the poor little squirrel about half way up a post some seven feet high, and dodging round it, whilst a gaunt cat was jumping at him from below, and an owl was hovering over the top of the post and striking at him. My gun fortunately disposed of both the cat and the owl, but the squirrel was so dreadfully frightened, first, by his deadly enemies and, secondly, by the firing of the gun, that he went on for several minutes dodging round the post as if the cat and the owl were still attacking him.

One of the birds that first forces itself on the acquaintance of a stranger in India is the common crow—the Corvus splendens of naturalists. I regard it as the enemy of man, and bird, and beast. It is curious that it should have gained the epithet of splendens, for its appearance can hardly be considered prepossessing, as its feathers are like those of the English jackdaw, and the grey neck has no splendour about it. The Indian crow has the same inquisitive character as his classical ancestors. He wants to have his claw or his beak in every pie. He flies into the verandahs, and, after peering into the rooms to see if the coast is clear, he will make a dash at the loaf on the breakfast-table, or at the cage of a

canary suspended in the drawing-room. No one whose pet canary has had its leg torn off by a crow trying to drag it out of its cage, will ever feel any mercy for the cruel monster. In order to keep the crows cut of the house, it is customary to enclose the verandahs with net-work. It sometimes happens that an adventurous crow has found a chance opening in the nets, and has made his way in; but being suddenly surprised or cut off, is unable to get out again. Then is the time for the servants to bring the pellet-bow, and to make a target of the crow, in punishment for his many misdeeds: or if you are the possessor of a Sylhet bamboo blow-pipe, with its sharp-pointed, paper-winged darts, the life of that crow may be made exceedingly unhappy, until you can almost see that he is making vows never again to enter the habitation of that cruel monster, man; for the crow does not like cruelty when practised on himself. But he is the most cruel creature that I can think When there is a murrain among cattle, as too often happens in Bengal, the crow may be seen pecking out the eyes of a moribund sheep or cow, when the poor beast cannot turn its head away from the merciless assailant. There are, indeed, stories current in barrack-life, that the crow occasionally meets with unpleasant treatment at the hands of young Mr. Thomas Atkins, assisted by the regimental native cook-boys. Whatever treatment the individual crow receives, though he may have been personally an innocent bird, so many of his race have committed atrocious cruelties that he must be prepared to suffer vicariously for them.

Nevertheless, there is some fun in a crow, even if it be a love of mischief. In Calcutta I had a large garden surrounded by shady trees, in whose branches many crows used to roost at night. soon as daylight appeared, they all flew off to their favourite resorts, where they lived upon the garbage of the city; and it must be admitted in their favour that they are most useful scavengers. But, when sunset came, they used to return to their roosting-place, and sometimes they gave me an unwelcome evening serenade. Coming home late and tired from office, I used to sit out on my lawn, and a very large white Persian cat would come out to keep me company. Then the cat and the crows used to have a little The cat would stretch itself out and flick his game of their own. long, furry tail about. Some twenty or thirty crows promptly accepted the challenge, and quickly alighted round the cat, with the intention of pulling his tail. Some of them hopped up in front, as near as they could with safety from the cat's fore-paws, others stood at the side, and several of the best players took their position behind the cat. They evidently acted in concert. The crows in front crept up as close as they dared to secure the cat's attention, and then one of the crows behind the cat made a dash at the tail. which the cat skilfully guarded by flirting it from one side to the It was very seldom that a crow succeeded in getting a mouthful of the cat's fur. The cat, meanwhile, had really an eve to business, and if one of the birds in front of him came within practicable distance, he made a spring that sometimes had a fatal result, and the game terminated among the terrified cawings and clamour of the survivors, who saw their unlucky comrade torn to pieces before their eyes. But in the course of twenty-four hours they seemed to have forgotten the mishap of their brother, and they came again to renew their diversion with the cat, who was always ready to play the game, in which it might be said that his motto was, 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' The crows are certainly clever birds. A friend once gave me two crows' nests that had been built in his garden, which was close to the premises of a manufacturer of soda-water. The crows had got hold of a quantity of the wires used for fastening the corks of the bottles, and had found in them a pliant material wherewith to build their nests. There were a few twigs of wood, but the chief part of the nests was made of wire. I gave these nests to Mr. Schwendler, the Government electrician, when I left India, and I believe that he sent them to a museum in Berlin.

There is a little bird—really a game-bird—which most men who are studious of their health and pleasure like to have on the premises. This bird is the teal. In many old country-houses there is a tealery of long standing; but if no such outhouse exists, the new comer will do well to build a tealery for himself. It need not be very costly or large; but it should be built so as to be proof against rats and cats and jackals; and, as the bottom of the house requires to be provided with a reservoir of water, some little skill is needed to regulate the flow and discharge of the water, so that it may be always kept as clean as possible. Towards the end of February, or in the middle of March, just before the teal are ready to migrate from India to the distant regions of Central Asia or Tartary, the native shikarees must be employed to bring in a stock of live teal. The difficulty is to catch them uninjured, but the clever natives, with nets and decoys, soon arrange the business, and happy is the man who, by March 20, can say that a hundred little teal are safely housed in his tealery. They must be carefully fed and watched, and any dead or sickly birds should be

removed at once. Then, when the dog-star rages; when the thermometer is above 90° in the house at dinner-time; when mutton is tough and the appetite palls at the sight of perpetual roast or boiled fowls, how comforting it is to know that there are a couple of plump little teal on the *menu*, with fresh slices of lemon and a sauce delicately flavoured with Nepalese pepper. Virtually this is not a matter of luxury, for in the worst part of the hot weather and the steamy rains, it is almost necessary for health and strength to have some little solid delicacy like a teal for dinner.

The shooting of teal and widgeon and wild ducks and other aquatic birds soon attracts the attention of the young sportsman. From November to March there is a great migration of wild fowl of many sorts into India, and though large numbers are annually killed during their sojourn in the country, there seems as yet to be no diminution of fresh immigrants. The story of the widgeon in the Calcutta Zoo is one of the best authenticated illustrations of the annual migration of Indian wild-fowl.

In February 1877 a widgeon took up his abode with the rhinoceros in its paddock at the Zoo. It used to pick up the grain that was upset from the feeding-trough of the rhinoceros, and it swam about in the small pool of water that was provided for the rhinoceros' ablutions. This bird had been bought in the Calcutta market, and pinioned and turned loose with others on a large open piece of water in the Zoo. But after it had found its way into the rhinoceros enclosure it never rejoined its companions, nor did any of them come to bear it company. It became quite indifferent to the presence of spectators, and it did not mind the keeper, who went in daily to clean the rhinoceros and its paddock. So things went on till March 26, 1877, when the widgeon disappeared, and no one expected ever to see it again. But, in November 1877, one morning the keeper of the rhinoceros found that there was a widgeon again in the paddock, and when we went to examine it there could be little doubt that it was the same bird, for it seemed quite at home, and behaved just as it had done in the spring, and took no notice of the visitors who came to look, whereas they would have certainly frightened a new or strange bird. The widgeon remained till March 1878 and then flew away. It came back in November 1878 and stayed till March 1879. It reappeared in November 1879 and remained till March 1880, after which it never came back any more, nor has any other widgeon come in its stead. Of course it is not possible to prove to a certainty that it was the same bird that came year after year.

It is known that there are certain spots that have special attractions for migratory birds; and if I could be at a certain bridge near Chittagong on September 1 this year, I should feel as confident of killing a couple of snipe there as I did, year after year, forty years ago. In that case it was known to me that some green grass surrounding a little spring attracted the snipe year after year; but the rhinoceros paddock at the Zoo had no such attractions, and it is unlikely that a perfectly wild bird would select a spot where so many human beings, workmen and spectators, were moving about to disturb it. If that widgeon could but have told the tale of its annual migrations, what an interesting chapter it would be in ornithology.

Although many young sportsmen go out to shoot ducks in Bengal, it requires some skill and experience to make a good bag. There are some broad lagoons, known as jheels and beels, which swarm with ducks, but you can never get a shot at them, for the birds have been so worried and hunted by native shikarees that they are off at the slightest suspicion of danger, and it may be a day's journey in a native canoe to the place where they next settle. In some parts of the country the ducks are more foolish, and do not take even reasonable precautions for their own safety. At some villages in the south of the Bhagulpore district, there are a number of old tanks, or reservoirs, about fifty yards square, surrounded with bushes on their high banks, whilst lotuses and other aquatic plants, such as wild ducks like, almost cover the water. At a certain time of the year these tanks are full of ducks. A man has only to get to leeward of them, and then he can crawl up among the bushes on the banks and look down on the pretty birds feeding and disporting themselves, without a suspicion of danger. It seems almost cruel to interrupt their pleasure; but the first barrel cuts a line through the little flock, and the second barrel makes havoc among them as they rise; and if there is a second gun within reach, two more shots may be fired before the birds seem to understand where the danger comes from. It takes some little time to collect the killed and wounded. By the time the spoil is gathered together the surviving birds have settled on some other tank, and almost the same mode of attack may be repeated. But you must visit them at the right season. You may go there again after a week or ten days and there is not a duck to be seen.

The best wild-duck shooting that ever came within my reach was in the Fureedpore district, where much of the country remains

submerged for several months from the overflow of the large rivers the Ganges and the Berhampooter. Some of these backwaters (if they may be so described) never dry up all the year round. Here. at the right season of the year, the wild ducks assemble in tens of thousands, and, fortunately for the sportsman, they can be got at by a little judicious management. As the same backwaters also abound in fish, the local fishermen are usually very busy there in their canoes, and as the wild ducks soon find that they are not molested by the fishermen, they get accustomed to the canoes and dug-outs that are moving about among them. The fishermen's canoes are generally made of the trunk of a large tree, about twenty or thirty feet long, whilst the dug-outs are much smaller, being formed of the trunks of palm trees split in half. canoes are rather too narrow, so the best plan is to get a couple of dug-outs, and lash them together, with a platform over them, on which one man, or, if need be, two men, can sit with their guns and ammunition, with little risk of an upset. The fore part of this war-ship is built up with matting, so as to hide the shooters on the platform, and the almost nude native boatman sits in the stern and paddles or poles the craft along according to the depth of the water. Where the water is shallow there are plenty of rushes growing, among which the ducks are feeding or flirting, and it is often very tempting to risk a shot at a couple that present themselves to almost certain destruction. patience will be well rewarded. When it is an object to make a large bag, the sportsman must wait till the boatman takes him to some favoured spot, where an open space of water is almost covered with wild fowl of every kind, many of them seemingly asleep, and all-unconscious of impending danger. But the fatal moment comes, and, after several shots have been fired, the surface of the water is strewn with the killed, whilst many wounded birds are vainly struggling to escape. A common landing net is the best implement for collecting the wounded birds, as they try to dive and hide themselves under the weeds. The surviving birds wheel round overhead in little flocks, the different sorts banding together under their recognized leaders, mallards and pintails, red-headed pochards and shovellers, widgeon and teal, all keeping themselves separate whilst on the wing. Much depends on the time of the day when and where the birds will settle again; and if the sportsman is still intent on adding to his bag, he can follow up the birds from place to place according to his knowledge of the locality; but if he is content to return to his camp at once, he may be sure of

finding on the way several stray couples of birds that hid themselves in the patches of rushes when the firing first began.

There is one important maxim to be observed in wild-fowl shooting of this kind, which will perhaps surprise some people. The guns should all keep together, and though there is not room for more than two men on one raft, it is better to have two rafts side by side than for two or more men to take different courses or positions independently. 'Do not think of separating,' writes Mr. Simson, the leading authority on the subject in Bengal, 'else the invariable result will be that just as you are about to get the best shot of the season, when the wild ducks are half asleep and unsuspecting, and all so crowded together that you can scarcely see a foot of water among half an acre of ducks, suddenly off goes a shot from some other boat, and your chance of sport for that turn is spoilt.'

Independently of the eatable wild fowl, as they may be called, there are legions of other aquatic birds which may be described as not eatable, although hunger and necessity may compel the sportsman to eat them, just as a friend of mine, one of the greatest gourmands in India, once found himself reduced to a dinner of fried caterpillars and bamboo leaves to avert starvation. Brahminy ducks, or ruddy sheldrakes, which are found in pairs on the sandy bed of almost every river in India, are not considered eatable birds at the dinner-tables of the dwellers in cities; but when on a river tour your cook-boat has lagged behind, and neither cook nor dinner are likely to be forthcoming for several hours, do not despise the humble Brahminy, though you will do well to skin him before you boil him in any vessel that you can lay your hand upon. Mr. Simson says that in December the Brahminy duck that has been feeding on the young rice is very eatable, 'if better game is not forthcoming.' It is to be regretted that in the other eleven months of the year the Brahminy is like the night-heron, the flesh of which was recommended to Mr. Simson by a native friend, who said that it had 'such a nice flavour of fish.'

Large flocks of wild geese are often seen in Eastern Bengal in the cold weather, and if they settle on the bank of a river, or any seemingly accessible spot, the young sportsman will not hesitate to go after them. But they are disgustingly watchful birds, and when you have toiled hard, and crawled like a serpent over acres of mud and sand to approach them, the sentinel detects you, and away the birds all fly with much music in their contemptuous

voices. Console yourself by thinking that they are usually tough and fishy, and not good to eat. In the same way, if a big flock of pelicans comes in sight, it is very fascinating to watch them wheeling and manœuvring high up in the sky, until they at last determine on the spot on which they will alight. You will get your guns and summon your friends to go and try for a shot at them; but your labour will often be in vain, and again you must console yourself by the thought that they are not fit for human A very different bird is the kooleen or coolen, a very large grey crane, whose trumpet-like call may be heard high in the heavens when the birds themselves are hardly to be seen. But sooner or later the flock will alight on some open space, probably near a river, and it will then be a subject of much consideration how to get at them. If the ground is not favourable for a stalk, there is nothing for it but to select what Mr. Simson calls an 'amiable cow' out of the nearest herd, and by skilfully manipulating the cow's tail, to steer the animal as near as possible towards the coolen, and then take a shot at them over the cow's back. once succeeded in doing this myself, or might not have ventured to write of it. But it is not easily done, as the apparently amiable cow has an antipathy to an English stranger, and the English stranger is not expert in twisting a cow's tail after the manner which is so familiar to the natives. Mr. Simson says that his native shikaree was an adept at stalking birds with cows. 'He had a better hand on a cow's tail than Jem Mason on a hunter's rein. He had one peculiar art; he could drive several cows or oxen at once towards his game, and he did it slowly and steadily. Very often Bengali cattle would not allow a European near them; none seemed to mind him, though his treatment of their tails was barbarous.' If you succeed in shooting a young and plump coolen you are not likely to forget it. A slice from the breast of a roast coolen is excellent at dinner, and you may easily be tempted to eat more than is quite prudent of the same bird when cold for breakfast.

Space is wanting to write about many of the other cranes and waders and plovers and curlews that present themselves to the gun of the young sportsman. I desire to offer one word of sympathy and regret for the poor paddy-bird, who provided sport during the whole of the last century to so many young officers when they were beginning to learn to shoot. But the railways of India have been fatal to the paddy-bird. It came to pass in this way. When the railways were laid out, and trenches were dug,

and excavations made for earth to throw up embankments, the paddy-bird may have thought that this work was being done for his gratification and to provide him with new hunting-grounds in the rainy season. For it is the habit of the paddy-bird to take up his position by any stream or pool of water and to wait patiently till a fish or some other food comes by. His sombre brown plumage casts but little shadow, and, as he does not wish to be seen, he may imagine that no one can see him. But the British navvy cast his eye upon him. When railways were first made in India, platelayers and other English leading workmen had to be employed to superintend the native workmen, and even the higher class of railway officers and engineers could not always resist the temptation of a pot-shot at the poor paddy-bird. The pioneers of the railway had often to rough it considerably in the matter of food, so that a paddy-bird soon came to rank as gibier in their estimation, and he was slain and cooked and eaten without remorse. paddy-bird is but a slow flyer, so even if he took to his wings he was not safe when his enemies became more skilful with their The result has been that paddy-birds have become very scarce along the lines of railway in Bengal, and the survivors have retired to safer parts of the country where railways are yet unknown.

Snipe-shooting is the sport that almost invariably commends itself at an early period of his Indian career to the young sports-It is an inexpensive amusement, and there are few civil or military stations where there is not some marsh or paddy-field within reach of any man who wants to shoot snipe. In most books of good advice to young men going to India, a chapter is devoted to warn him against the imprudence and perils of snipe-shooting. He is told that he will get a coup de soleil, or malarious fever, or be bitten by a snake—all for the sake of a paltry bird that he can buy for sixpence. Captain Baden-Powell, in his book on hoghunting in India, has recommended to the Indian Government that every young officer, civil or military, should be put through a course of hog-hunting, to prove himself fully qualified for the public service. I am much inclined to think that high honours and the choice of preferable appointments should be open to those young men who pass a good examination in snipe-shooting in their first year of service. Unfortunately some of them go out to India with their sight so impaired by hard reading that they can never see to shoot, and would only be a source of danger to their companions. I write rather feelingly on this subject. At a certain

station which was under my authority, a few partridges were to be found in some clumps of rushes and bushes along the banks of the river Adjai, and the district police superintendent, who was a good sportsman, got up a small party for my amusement, the partridges being driven out by a line of beaters directed from an elephant. As we were starting I saw that the new competitionwallah assistant, a pale and weakly youth in spectacles, had joined the party, and, on learning that he was anxious to become a sportsman, it was not for me to discourage him. I was assured that he would not carry a gun, and that he would only look on from the elephant. When we got to the covert it was rather difficult to keep the beaters in line, the bushes and rushes, higher than the heads of the men, being unequally distributed, so that, when the birds began to rise, one shot might be heard too far ahead, whilst another shot came dangerously from behind. I was going along cautiously, when to my horror the spectacled youth emerged from behind a bush with a gun in his hand, and fired off both barrels, without bringing the butt to his shoulder, at a bird that flew unpleasantly near to me. I was both frightened and I called out, 'Take away that man's gun and send him home at once on the elephant.' My orders were obeyed, and the youth himself, very much frightened at his escapade, was only too glad to be sent home, and I believe that he never went out shooting again till an early death closed his career. A friend of mine, a good sportsman, was very unfortunate. He was trying to teach a competition-wallah assistant to shoot snipe. was short-sighted and also squinted badly. When a snipe got up before them, the competition-wallah fired and sent some forty pellets of snipe-shot right into my friend's face, and it was very lucky that he was not killed or blinded. Some of the shots are still in his face.

When Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was in India a few months ago, I believe that some people in England were surprised to read the telegrams that he was devoting himself to snipe-shooting at Madras and near Calcutta. But the Prince was quite right, for he was certain to get good sport. Madras has always been famous for its snipe-shooting. In the library of the Oriental Club there is a book, published in 1806, by Colonel Gold of the Royal Artillery, with numerous illustrations of the ways and manners of the people of Madras. There is one charming picture of two British officers out snipe-shooting with their native attendants. The drawings are coloured, and it is

instructive to see that the British officer in those days went out snipe-shooting in his full regimentals, wearing his red coat with yellow facings and gold epaulets, tight knee breeches and gaiters, and a plumed black military hat, with a scarf of white muslin fastened round it to avert the sun. The native attendants were gaily dressed, and one of them carried an armchair on which Colonel Gold says that the sportsman rested himself between the shots whilst his gun was being reloaded, and refreshment was at hand in the shape of certain leather-covered bottles and a large porous black serai for water. Not having shot snipe in Madras, I will turn to Bengal and try to give some account of how we carried on the war there against the long-bills.

Snipe-shooting in Bengal begins usually in the middle of October, when the flocks of birds arrive on the bright nights about the time of full moon, though a few may come a little earlier in the year. In October the best shooting is to be got amongst the young rice plants, which are then only a few inches high, so that the birds that are killed may be easily picked up. When the rice grows higher and thicker, so as to be above a man's knees, the snipe are not so easily found, and dead or wounded birds are lost in the most annoying manner. At a late period of the year, when the rice has ripened and the stalks, after their manner, lie flattened down upon the water, shooting again becomes practicable in the paddy-fields. But there is another kind of snipe-ground which is much superior. deserted bed of an old Gangetic river, that has silted up in the course of ages, is sometimes covered with thick, soft grass that is very attractive to the snipe, and is almost like a Turkey-carpet for the sportsman to walk upon. Such is the famous snipe-ground at Kanchrapara, to which Prince Albert Victor was taken from Calcutta by two sportsmen who knew the ground well, and made some large bags. Kanchrapara is now the name of a railwaystation about twenty-five miles from Calcutta, so that the ground is easily accessible, and so many men go to shoot there that the snipe are often almost driven out of the place. But with a few days' rest, and with a few moonlight nights, fresh flocks of birds arrive, and the supply seems almost inexhaustible. It is more than thirty years ago, when there was no railway to Kanchrapara, and the ground was known to very few men, that I used to shoot over it. It was then only approachable from the opposite side of the river Hooghly, so that we officials at Hooghly had almost a monopoly of it for ourselves and our friends. The land at

Kanchrapara is the property of a wealthy Hindoo land-owner and merchant, with whom we were on very good terms. We used to drive about three miles up the right or Hooghly side of the river, as far as this gentleman's house. There a boat was in waiting for us; and on the left bank he had ponies ready for us on which we could ride up to the shooting-ground, a distance of about two miles. Our servants and guns were always sent on beforehand, and met us at the western end of the jheel, as the snipe-ground is called. A small stream still flowed through the jheel, and there was room for one gun on the south of this stream, and for two guns on the north side of it. Nothing could be more perfect than this ground for snipe-shooting about 10 A.M. on a cool day in November, with the gentle north wind blowing on our face and the sun well up and behind our right hand. at that time of day sat close on the soft short grass. When they were almost kicked up they flew away about twenty-five yards. and then turned up into the wind, presenting the easiest shot imaginable. It was in the old days of muzzle-loaders, and after firing four barrels we stopped to pick up the killed and wounded and to reload. The ground was generally sound to walk on, but there were one or two places, well known to me, where there was a bit of deep bog, and sometimes a stranger or one of our beaters would get in up to his neck, for we had two beaters to each gun, to fill up the line and to help carry the birds. A man with any pretension to be considered a good shot could get from twenty to thirty couple of snipe in about two hours. One friend of mine could get his fifty couple, but he was a first-rate shot and seldom missed a bird. I had usually to limit my own time for shooting to two hours, so as not to get over-tired, and as soon as the creamy part of the ground was shot over, I mounted one of the ponies and rode back to the boat, in which I changed my clothes and ate some sandwiches as the boatmen rowed along and landed me at the door of my office before one o'clock.

This very easy-going and abundant snipe-shooting very much spoilt me for more laborious work. But I have often shot snipe from an elephant when beating with a line of elephants for the hog-hunters of the Tent Club. I remember the astonishment of a globe-trotter, who was sitting behind me in the howdah and holding on with all his might, as it was his first ride on an elephant across country, when he saw me standing up quietly and knocking over the snipe as they rose. But it is not difficult when you know how to do it, by keeping your balance on the same

principle as the juggler who rides round the circus and performs his tricks from the horse's back. I was taught another rather unusual form of snipe-shooting by my old mentor at Chittagong. Near his elephant-sheds there were some large old tanks, about one hundred yards square, which had gradually silted up, and contained a mass of aquatic plants and weeds. The snipe used to resort to these tanks about the end of March, and it may be that they sometimes made their nests there. My friend had a long rope prepared, with bells at intervals, and also with short hand-lines for small boys to hold on to. Then the long rope was pulled across the tank by men on either side, whilst the small boys scrambled along over the mud and the lotuses and other plants, and the bells kept on ringing. The snipe, on being disturbed by the rope, flew towards the end of the tank, where the guns had taken their station, and so they met their fate. Those who escaped flew round and round for a while and eventually settled again on the weeds. Then the operation was reversed, and the rope and the bells and the boys were pulled back again, to the great annoyance of the snipe; but we thought it rather good sport to get them in this way when no other method was available. There is one source of regret connected with good Indian snipeshooting. In India, when snipe are so abundant, so fat and so freshly killed, they are delicious on the table, and trail-toast is a dainty that can only be appreciated when it is perfectly fresh. In London, the snipe that are to be bought at the poulterers' shops are almost always more than a day old-many of them, unhappily, are more than a week old-and they are very poor things in comparison with the Indian snipe. Of course I refer to snipe of one's own shooting. In the Calcutta market snipe are daily sold which have been caught in nets and strangled in the meshes. When such snipe are set before a man at dinner, he wishes that the fowler who caught them had been taken in his own nets. As the difference between shot and strangled snipe is not too well known to some people, the native dealers in the market hang up their strangled snipe on a string and fire at them with a small charge of snipe-shot, so that a credulous person on finding a shot in a snipe's body may be induced to believe that he is eating a shot snipe. Finally, it may be mentioned that the Indian snipe are said to be identical in plumage and in other respects with the common snipe of England. India has also its jack snipe, which are as hard to hit as their little English namesakes. The Indian painted snipe, which Mr. Simson says is not a snipe at all, is a bird of gayer plumage and of slower flight than the real snipe, so that it falls an easy prey to beginners in the art of shooting. I once shot a double-snipe near Serampore late in March, but never met another of them.

Some Indian readers will probably expect that I should mention quail amongst the small birds that a young sportsman can shoot. But I was most familiar with the damp and watery regions of Lower Bengal, where quail were seldom found. I was taken out quail-shooting near Calcutta soon after my arrival in India, and the occasion was notable to me because it was the only time that I shot over a pointer in that country. My friend had an excellent English pointer, and the good dog did his best, but the quail were very scarce. My friend said that quail only came to Bengal once in three years, as there was a failure of the crops every third year in Upper India, which drove the quail to Bengal. In those days we knew nothing of famines and scarcities and relief measures, but apparently a failure of the crops was then taken as a matter of course. Quail are abundant in the province of Behar, and regular supplies of live quails are now brought down in boxes by the railway to the Calcutta market. In Behar every prudent English resident keeps a quailery, as well as a tealery, on his premises, and a dish of fat quail is a very agreeable and wholesome change of diet when the weather is hot. Quails will not live in a quailery in the damp climate of Lower Bengal. But Providence has kindly sent some little birds that we used to call ortolans, to save the residents of Bengal from inanition in the very hottest of the hot weather. When the hot winds are blowing, the ortolans (the natives call them bugairies) sit in hundreds along the high ridges between the paddy-fields, and are said to fatten themselves on the dust that blows down their throats. Suddenly a native fowler sweeps his nets over them, and they are hurried off to the nearest railway-station for despatch to the Calcutta market, where they are promptly bought up, and as promptly eaten by those residents of Calcutta who have a due regard for their health and digestion.

The grey partridge belongs to a drier country than Lower Bengal, and the beautiful black partridges and chikore are chiefly to be found in the high reeds in jungles which must be beaten with elephants, so I will say no more about them. But in several parts of Eastern Bengal we used to get jungle-fowl shooting, and the Chittagong Hills, which have recently been made known to the world by General Tregear's military expedition, were an almost

inexhaustible preserve and breeding-place for them. ranges of the Chittagong Hills were my favourite ground for Several small spurs of the hills stand out into the iungle-fowl. plain, well covered with trees and brushwood, and the little valleys between these spurs are cultivated with rice, so that there is plenty In the early morning, about the of cover and food for the birds. end of December, it was a pretty sight to watch the different broods of jungle-fowl scratching and pecking about among the ripening rice. Sometimes we used to take a pot-shot at them on the ground, but that was rather mean, and the more sportsmanlike method was just to frighten the birds quietly back into the bushes, and then go and beat them up and shoot them as they flew across from one little hill to another. A full grown jungle-cock, with the sun shining brightly upon his red feathers, flies at a pace that has deceived many a man, though the shot is not so difficult as a rocketing pheasant in a high wind. In other respects, beating jungle-fowl out of these little hills was very like pheasant shooting, with the additional chance of a deer, or a jungle cat, or some scarce bird, such as a muthoora pheasant, a peacock, or a polyplectron, or even a woodcock turning up. There were two or three spots in the Chittagong Hills where, year after year, we were almost sure to find a brace of woodcocks, and as we usually managed to kill the birds, there must have been some special local attraction, such as a spring of water, that brought new birds year after year to exactly the same spot. It is wonderful how migratory birds, flying at a great pace high in the air, can detect a favourable spot on the ground and suddenly alight on it.

I have rather wandered away from the small common birds. which should be the subject of a young man's study almost as much as the wild birds. The mynahs that live in your garden are well worth watching, and when you are learning to skin birds, they are good subjects, as their skins are strong and do not tear. On the other hand, spare the pretty ring-doves which sit cooing on your walls until you are proficient in bird-skinning, for their skins are specially tender and liable to be torn. Moreover, if you shoot these pretty doves when they are paired and have a nest, you will come under the ban of the great Hindoo poet, who uttered a terrible curse against a hero who had wantonly killed a. pair of doves. The mynahs are much like starlings in their habits, though not in their plumage, and you will find that there are several kinds of mynahs of different colouring. A beautiful bird is the black mynah, who is as clever as a grey parrot at learning to talk and imitate sounds. The best ones come from the hills of Nepaul, and you will find it a good investment to buy one and keep it in a cage and teach it whatever it will learn, in addition to which it will learn for itself some words and many sounds that you might wish untaught. The golden oriole, called the mangoe-bird in Bengal, is sometimes seen. It is becoming very scarce, for its beautiful feathers have a market value, and it is ruthlessly persecuted. I never allowed any one to shoot an oriole on my premises. On the other hand, we waged incessant war against the koel, or Indian cuckoo, which some people call the hot-weather bird. When the heat is becoming oppressive in the end of March, this wretched bird comes, and the natives say that he calls 'Kutul pukka,' i.e. 'The jack-fruit is ripe,' as that popular but unpleasant fruit is then ripening. I never understood what the bird said, but he also uttered a series of piercing cries, the notes being higher and shriller as he went on indulging his fancy. One of my servants had charge of a gun, which he was authorized to use only against the koel. As soon as a koel began to scream from a tree near the house, my man went out and very soon stopped the entertainment. At Hooghly and at Dacca we had occasionally large flights of green parrots, which were very mischievous to all kinds of fruit and grain crops, so that they had to be fired at and driven away whenever they appeared. On the other hand, the common water-wagtail, the black and white sort, was a very welcome bird, and it would have been sacrilege to shoot it. The water-wagtail brings in the cold weather. As soon as you see a water-wagtail running about you may be sure that the cold weather is nigh. And as long as he flits about your garden paths you may be tolerably confident that the cold weather is not altogether gone. There are yellow as well as black and white wagtails, and they are both of similar habits. The Hindoos regard the black and white one as a sacred bird, as it has the mark of the deity Vishnu on its head, but I am not learned in Hindoo mythology.

I have said on an earlier page that a gun should always be kept handy for the protection of the pet birds and creatures and for the collection of rare and strange specimens. I used also to keep a little rook-rifle by Holland within reach, and it was a weapon of wonderful precision, to the great annoyance of the crows and the magpies and jays, and some other crafty birds that fancied that they knew when they were safe from the range of a shot gun. I will conclude with a small story of the abuse as well as of the

use of the rook-rifle. Some young friends from Calcutta were spending a holiday with me at my house at Hooghly. The house was built on the high bank of the river Hooghly, but in the course of years the river had changed its bed and there was a broad alluvial formation between the house and the river. This afforded an open space for practice with the rook-rifle, and targets of several sorts, chiefly empty bottles or earthen pots, were put out at fixed distances to be fired at. There was good grazing ground down to the river-side, and an old native lady had the privilege of grazing her small herd of cows and calves there. Unfortunately one of my young friends was challenged by another of them that he could not with the rifle hit a calf that was feeding close to the river, the distance being (as afterwards measured) almost 200 yards. The rifle was fired and the calf was seen to fall. It is certain that the man who fired the shot had no expectation of hitting the calf. We were all astonished. The old lady in charge of her cattle, seeing the calf fall, went up to it and was utterly amazed, as she had not heard the report of the rifle. Presently she looked all round and saw that we up at the house had been guilty of some mischief, and she began to yell lustily. A deputation of the offenders went down to appear her, and by the time they arrived at the dead calf the old lady had quite mastered the She threw herself on the ground and invoked all her deities to attest that she was ruined, as the most precious calf in Bengal had been killed and she was undone. The calf may have been worth four or five shillings; when she found silver to the amount of twenty shillings placed in her hand her grief was rapidly cured. She embraced the principal offender's knees and called him her father and mother. She took the dead calf by the leg and threw it in the river. The deputation of young men returned to the house sadder and wiser, and under strict promise to shoot at no more calves.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

Love's Silence.

OF all the words that bear their part In all the deeds of day to day, One word is chiefly in my heart, One little word I must not say.

The hills of truth are strait and steep;
They have a smart in every stone,
And climbing them I needs must weep
To think that love must die unknown.

Night follows day—day chases night,
And brings a lesson strange to teach,
That love is lifeless in the light
And silence is the fullest speech.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

The Gift of Life.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

ON a dreary November afternoon I was having tea with one of the most successful artists of the day. His studio was a large richly furnished room with a profusion of beautiful things about it. There were heavy curtains, long low divans, and stuffs and scents from the East, and nowhere a sign of hard work or struggle; even the palettes and the half-finished portraits seemed to exist merely for the sake of adding an extra dash of colour to the whole effect.

My host, a tall handsome man of genial manner, had that air of boundless leisure which belongs sometimes to the most energetic The world said that he had sold himself for money, that his earlier works promised a richness of feeling and fancy which could hardly find expression in highly paid reproductions of fashionable women. I was never sure if he realised this, for no one was apparently less troubled by regrets than he. particular evening, however, we had branched into a discussion on the possible strength and depth of artistic feeling, and I maintained, perhaps too bitterly, that the true fire was stifled by money and luxury. I forgot for the moment how much of what I said might apply directly to the man lounging near me, and as he remained silent, and yet in some intangible way assured me that he was listening, I grew more and more eloquent, and in the heat of my feeling began to walk up and down the room. With more emphasis than originality I exclaimed that it was the love of Art for her own sake which was the true inspiration of the artist, not love of the gold she brought him. 'Nowadays,' I declared bitterly, 'no one loves her enough to make any sacrifice.' stopped short in front of a small bronze figure which I had never noticed in his rooms before. It stood upon a table in a dark recess, and I could scarcely see it; but with that sudden instinct

which warns us now and then that we are close to something great, I carried my prize quickly into the light. It was the figure of a girl young and strong like a fresh green shoot. She was almost naked, and she was dancing evidently because she could not help it—there was an irresistible gaiety and joyousness about her which made one long to dance too. Her delicate head was thrown back as if a laugh were rippling from her lips, and one arm was flung out with a grace that was almost insolent. The other arm was gone.

'Is this an antique?' I cried, impatient for an answer.

'It is curious you should have taken up that thing at this moment,' my friend returned thoughtfully. 'Look at it again. I think you will say it is not Greek in spite of the inscription.'

I examined the enchanting creation once more, and noticed that on the base was written, in Greek characters, ΑΓΛΑΙΑ ('The Spirit of Joy').

'That figure was modelled hardly a year ago in Paris,' my friend continued, 'and the man who imagined it gave his life for it. Would you like to hear the story?'

And before I had time to answer he began the following narrative:—

None of the other artists who lived in the same street, or even those in the same house, knew much of the young sculptor Leroy. He was from the South, and had come to study in Paris; but, unlike all the rest, he never would make any friends or join in the wild pleasures of his fellow-workers. It was rumoured that he was dreadfully poor; but then so many others were poor and yet led pleasant convivial lives. 'No: something else is wrong with Leroy,' the artists used to say; 'he is either mad or in love.' never asked anyone inside his room, and indeed there was nothing much to see, except a very bare garret and a lot of white clay, with here and there some lump beginning to take living shape. Leroy's pale quiet face did not attract people, and he was very soon left to go his own way. The concierge used to shrug her shoulders when she reached the top story in her gossip over the different inmates of the house, and wonder how the thin darkhaired fellow lived.

Leroy, for all his melancholy looks and his poverty, more stringent than anyone imagined, was happy. His mind was thronged with shapes he longed to put into marble, and this bare garret formed the background to many wonderful dreams. Sometimes, when he shut the door upon the dark ugly staircase and rested a moment in his chair with his eyes closed, the room seemed to fill with beautiful forms, which moved and swayed before him, and he would lean back, watching intently, till at last one above all the rest would entrance his eyes. Then he would strive to imprint every line and curve upon his memory, in a fever lest anything should escape him before that sudden stillness in the air, which always woke him with a shudder to the ugly realities of his life. Over and over again he was disappointed in the attempt to reproduce his vision, and often in despair he broke what he had modelled. But he could not be unhappy while he lived in the world of his dreams, and he never thought of the Even after his first shock of finding his little store of money exhausted, he began without misgiving to pawn his small possessions, and worked on in the same unhampered way as before. But after a time, when his watch and his clothes, and finally even his bedstead, had gone, he found himself growing uncertain and restless. He was at work on a figure of Justice, but the tall calm woman oppressed him, and she seemed to grow less and less like the majestic shape which had once moved across his sight. Incessantly he tried to conjure her up before him, but in this time of his greatest need his visions seemed to have deserted him. He could think of nothing but poverty and misery, and as he looked bitterly round the empty room he wondered why so little had come of his love and enthusiasm. There was nothing to show for his dreams—nothing but shapeless clods of clay, and no one but he could know what they might have become. At last, one cold, wet evening, as the dark was beginning to set in, Leroy left off working quite dispirited. He leant back in his one chair and closed his eyes in a weary despair, wishing the room were warmer and that he had something besides bread for supper, when suddenly through the dim garret danced the most enchanting being he had ever imagined—a girl so young she might almost be called a child. Her hair was bound with flowers, and a laugh was in her eyes; she seemed the very spirit of youth and He did not know how long he watched her marvellous irresistible dance. She stood before him at last in one supreme attitude, rivalling all she had been before, and then in an instant she was gone.

Leroy sprang to his feet. Here was an inspiration, here was something which would live for ever and bring him immortality also! His warm Southern blood, which had got so chilled in

Paris, danced again in his veins. He saw the green fields of Provence, the flowers, the deep sky, and the glorious sun flooding everything with light. All this beauty and joy should deck his statue, all this exhibitantion of youth and spring.

It was dark, but Leroy did not stop for that. Now, while his eyes still burned with the brightness of their vision, was the time to work. He hurriedly lit his end of candle and drew in bold strokes an outline of the dancing nymph as he had last seen her. The sketch was rapidly made, and Leroy threw himself on his mattress at once, not to sleep but to dream. Through his uncurtained window he could see the night lit for him by one star. This time he felt more certain than ever before. He could recall every feature, every movement of the spirit; he already knew exactly how he should immortalise her. Models! He could not afford to pay models; but if he could get the best in Paris he would not have them. No one but he had ever beheld such a vision, and the coarser types of earth would only mar the magic outline he could see so plainly.

The next few days were the great days in Leroy's life. Never had his heart and brain and hand moved so harmoniously together as the clay took form under his dexterous fingers; he hardly knew how he had won such sudden power and strength. The only fear which stood behind him as he worked was that he should fall ill and be unable to finish his statue. He pawned the blanket off his mattress, and there was nothing left to cover him at night but an old quilt his mother had made him. But he felt neither cold nor hunger; he was peaceful with a great inward happiness as hour by hour his joy became more tangible.

One morning the sculptor woke to find the world all white and a deadly chill in his room. An intense cold had set in, and that just as he had reached the most critical stage of his work; one more day and the clay would stand the frost; but now, cold was his great enemy. He hardly dared examine his model lest the night should already have undone his labour. So far, however, all was well; but the room must be kept up to a good heat, or the clay would crack and the figure be spoilt. Leroy took his bedding and pawned it. It was so old he got next to nothing for it, but he spent all he did get on firing, and rushed back to the garret, fearful of losing a moment. Very soon he had a roaring fire in the stove, and the concierge, who saw him kneeling before the blaze, noted the store of coal and wood, and concluded that he had earned some money, and that she need not feel uncomfortable about him when she ate her good warm dinner.

All day long Leroy worked almost savagely, never stopping for an instant except to build up the fire; but when the twilight came he was content to stop, for he knew that he had succeeded the Spirit of Joy was imprisoned in clay for him.

He stepped back to look at her with a sigh of relief, and she utterly satisfied him. There was nothing wanting; no single grace had been missed; she stood before him exactly as she had done in his vision.

How he loved her! How beautiful she was! But he could not look at her long; he began to shiver, and turned to the fire. It was almost out! Not a scrap of wood or coal was left; he had burnt even his chair. Leroy felt as if some miracle must happen to save his work; it was impossible that, after he had given everything, she, his wonderful, light-footed spirit, should not live. One night more and she would be safe. But what could be done? How could she be kept warm? It was beginning to turn bitterly cold already, and Leroy knew too well what a cold night would mean in that garret.

The counterpane which his mother had given him was lying in the corner where his mattress had been. With a sudden thought he picked it up, and wrapped the ragged patchwork carefully round the head and shoulders of the Spirit of Joy. Contrive as he would, he could not manage to cover her quite; her dancing feet and one lovely arm were still left bare. There was nothing for it but to take his coat off and wrap it tenderly round her knees.

'Her arm must take care of itself,' he said with a faint smile.

Now that he could no longer see the joyous figure all his elation left him. He tried to keep himself warm by walking up and down the room, but he could hardly move his legs. He had had no food all day, and very little for many days; a numbness was fastening on his limbs, and there was nothing for him to do.

'If she and I can only live till to-morrow,' he thought, 'all will be well.' To-morrow he would make the biggest dealer in Paris come and look at his statue—a dealer who should give him money for the marble he would chisel himself, and later on at the Salon everyone would recognise that a new thing had been born into the world. . . .

It was very lonely and dreary, and he went to the door and opened it on the chance of stray comfort; but the staircase was dark and silent as usual.

When the room was full of moonlight he grew happier again. 'It will soon be over—this cold night,' he said, 'and then we shall

be safe.' He took up his chisel and scratched in Greek letters on the pedestal,' 'Aylaia, and then he lifted the covering for a moment and kissed the little clay feet.

He did not feel cold or hungry any longer, only very tired, and he sat down on the floor in a corner of the room and leant his back against the wall. He closed his eyes, and his reward came to him. For one radiant moment his Vision gleamed before him again—he saw her! he knew her! Then he fell asleep.

And the cold crept further and further into the silent garret, and cracked the little bits of clay lying about on the floor and frosted the window panes. But it breathed lightly on the draped figure, almost passing it by, and found a man leaning half-clothed against the wall. It stopped the blood in his veins, crawled up beyond his heart, and fastened his eyelids down.

When the sun looked into the window next morning there was absolute stillness in the room. Leroy's spirit had followed the Spirit of Joy, and nothing was left but his body and the clay statue.

There were people who came and understood the story. They took off the counterpane and the coat, and the beautiful nymph stood before them. But, because nothing in this world may be quite perfect, one arm had broken off in the night.

E. B.

The Dying Huanaco.

Lest anyone should misread the title to this paper, I hasten to say that the huanaco, or guanaco as it is often spelt, is not a perishing species; nor, as things are, is it likely to perish soon, despite the fact that civilised men, Britons especially, are now enthusiastically engaged in the extermination of all the nobler mammalians:—a very glorious crusade, the triumphant conclusion of which will doubtless be witnessed by the succeeding generation, more favoured in this respect than ours. The huanaco, happily for it, exists in a barren, desolate region, in its greatest part waterless and uninhabitable to human beings; and my title refers to a singular instinct of the dying animals, in very many cases allowed, by the exceptional conditions in which they are placed, to die naturally.

And first, a few words about its place in nature and general The huanaco is a small camel—small, that is, compared with its existing relation—without a hump, and, unlike the camel of the Old World, non-specialised; doubtless it is a very ancient animal on the earth, and, for all we know to the contrary, may have existed contemporaneously with the earliest known representatives of the camel type, whose remains occur in the lower and upper miocene deposits-Poëbotherium, Protolabis, Procamelus, Pliochenia, and Macrochenia. It ranges from Tierra del Fuego and the adjacent islands, northwards over the whole of Patagonia, and along the Andes into Peru and Bolivia. On the great mountain chain it is both a wild and a domestic animal, since the llama, the beast of burden of the ancient Peruvians, is no doubt only a variety: but as man's slave it has changed so greatly from the original form that some naturalists have regarded the llama as a distinct species, which, like the camel of the East, exists only in a domestic state. It has had time enough to vary, as it is more than probable that the tamed and useful animal was inherited by

the children of the sun from races and nations that came before them, and how far back Andean civilisation extends may be inferred from the belief expressed by the famous American archæologist, Squiers, that the ruined city of Tiahuanaco, in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca, is as old as Thebes and the Pyramids.

It is, however, with the wild animal, the huanaco, that I am concerned. A full-grown male measures seven to eight feet in length, and four feet high at the shoulder; it is well clothed in a coat of thick woolly hair, of a pale reddish colour, longest and palest on the under parts. In appearance it is very unlike the camel, in spite of the long legs and neck; in its finely-shaped head and long ears, and its proud and graceful carriage, it resembles an antelope rather than its huge and, from an æsthetic point of view, deformed Asiatic relation. In habits it is gregarious, and is usually seen in small herds, but herds numbering several hundreds or even a thousand are occasionally met with on the stony, desolate plateaux of Southern Patagonia; but the huanaco is able to thrive and grow fat where almost any other herbivore would While the herd feeds one animal acts as sentinel, stationed on the hillside, and on the appearance of danger utters a shrill neigh of alarm, and instantly all take to flight. although excessively shy and wary they are also extremely curious, and have enough intelligence to know that a single horseman can do them no harm, for they will not only approach to look closely at him, but will sometimes follow him for miles. They are also excitable, and at times indulge in strange freaks. writes: 'On the mountains of Tierra del Fuego I have more than once seen a huanaco, on being approached, not only neigh and squeal, but prance and leap about in a most ridiculous manner, apparently in defiance as a challenge.' And Captain King relates that while sailing into Port Desire he witnessed a chase of a huanaco after a fox, both animals evidently going at their greatest speed, so that they soon passed out of sight. I have known some tame huanacos, and in that state they make amusing intelligent pets, fond of being caressed, but often so frolicsome and mischievous as to be a nuisance to their master.

It is well known that at the southern extremity of Patagonia the huanacos have a dying-place, a spot to which all the individuals inhabiting the surrounding plains repair at the approach of death to deposit their bones. Darwin and Fitzroy first recorded this strange instinct in their personal narratives, and their observations have since been fully confirmed by others. The best known

of these dying- or burial-places are on the banks of the Santa Cruz and Gallegos rivers, where the river valleys are covered with dense primæval thickets of bushes and trees of stunted growth; there the ground is covered with the bones of countless dead genera-'The animals,' says Darwin, 'in most cases must have crawled, before dying, beneath and among the bushes.' A strange instinct in a creature so pre-eminently social in its habits; a dweller all its life long on the open, barren plateaux and mountain-sides! What a subject for a painter! The grey wilderness of dwarf thorn trees, aged and grotesque and scanty-leaved, nourished for a thousand years on the bones that whiten the stony ground at their roots, the interior lit faintly with the rays of the departing sun, chill and grey, and silent and motionless-the huanacos' Golgotha. In the long centuries, stretching back into a dim immeasurable past, so many of this race have journeyed hither from the mountain and the plain to suffer the sharp pang of death. that, to the imagination, something of it all seems to have passed into that hushed and mournful nature. And now one more, the latest pilgrim, has come, all his little strength spent in his struggles to penetrate the close thicket; looking old and gaunt and ghostly in the twilight; with long ragged hair; staring into the gloom out of death-dimmed, sunken eyes. One artist we have who might show it to us on canvas, who would be able to catch the feeling of such a scene-of that mysterious, passionless tragedy of nature—the painter, I mean, of the 'Prodigal' and the 'Lioness Defending her Cubs.'

To his account of the animal's dying-place and instinct Darwin adds: 'I do not at all understand the reason of this, but I may observe that the wounded huangess at the Santa Cruz invariably walked towards the river.'

It would, no doubt, be rash to affirm of any instinct that it is absolutely unique; but, putting aside some doubtful reports about a custom of the Asiatic elephant, and which may have originated in the account of Sindbad the Sailor's discovery of an elephant's burial place, we have no knowledge of an instinct similar to that of the huanaco in any other animal. So far as we know, it stands alone and apart, with nothing in the actions of other species leading up, or suggesting any family likeness to it. But what chiefly attracts the mind to it is its strangeness. It looks, in fact, less like an instinct of one of the inferior creatures than the superstitious observance of human beings, who have knowledge of death, and believe in a continued exist-

ence after dissolution; of a tribe that in past times had conceived the idea that the liberated spirit is only able to find its way to its future abode by starting at death from the ancient dyingplace of the tribe or family, and thence moving westward, or skyward, or underground, over the well-worn immemorial track, invisible to material eyes.

But, although alone among animal instincts in its strange and useless purpose—for it is as absolutely useless to the species or race as to the dying individual—it is not the only useless instinct we know of: there are many others, both simple and complex; and of such instincts we believe, with good reason, that they once played an important part in the life of the species, and were only rendered useless by changes in the conditions of life, or in the organism, or in both. In other words, when the special conditions that gave them value no longer existed, the correlated and perfected instinct was not, in these cases, eradicated, but remained in abeyance and still capable of being called into activity by a new and false stimulus simulating the old and true. Viewed in this way, the huanaco's instinct might be regarded as something remaining to the animal from a remote past, not altogether unaffected by time perhaps; and like some ceremonial usage among men that has long ceased to have any significance, or like a fragment of ancient history, or a tradition, which in the course of time has received some new and false interpretation. The false interpretation, to continue the metaphor, is, in this case, that the purpose of the animal in going to a certain spot, to which it has probably never previously resorted, is to die there. A false interpretation, because, in the first place, it is incredible that an instinct of no advantage to the species in its struggle for existence and predominance should arise and become permanent; and, in the second place, it is equally incredible that it could ever have been to the advantage of the species or race to have a dying-place. We must, then, suppose that there is in the sensations preceding death, when death comes slowly, some resemblance to the sensations experienced by the animal at a period when its curious instinct first took form and crystallised; these would be painful sensations that threatened life; and freedom from them, and safety to the animal, would only exist in a certain well-remembered spot. Further, we might assume that it was at first only the memory of a few individuals that caused the animals to seek the place of safety; that a habit was thus formed; that in time this traditional habit became instinctive, so that the animals, old

and young, made their way unerringly to the place of refuge whenever the old danger returned. And such an instinct, slowly matured and made perfect to enable this animal to escape extinction during periods of great danger to mammalian life, lasting hundreds or even thousands of years, and destructive of number-less other species less hardy and adaptive than the generalised huanaco, might well continue to exist, to be occasionally called into life by a false stimulus, for many centuries after it had ceased to be of any advantage.

Once we accept this explanation as probable—namely, that the huanaco, in withdrawing from the herd to drop down and die in the ancient dying-ground, is in reality only seeking an historically remembered place of refuge, and not of death—the action of the animal loses much of its mysterious character; we come on to firm ground, and find that we are no longer considering an instinct absolutely unique, with no action or instinct in any other animal leading up or suggesting any family likeness to it, as I said before. We find, in fact, that there is at least one very important and very well known instinct in another class of creatures, which has a strong resemblance to that of the huanaco, as I have interpreted it, and which may even serve to throw a side light on the origin of the huanaco's instinct. I refer to a habit of some ophidians, in temperate and cold countries, of returning annually to hybernate in the same den.

A typical instance is that of the rattlesnake in the colder parts of North America. On the approach of winter these reptiles go into hiding; and it has been observed that in some districts a very large number of individuals—hundreds, and even thousands—will repair from the surrounding country to the ancestral den. the serpents gather in a mass to remain in a wholly or semi-torpid condition until the return of spring brings them out again, to scatter abroad to their usual summer haunts. Clearly in this case the knowledge of the hybernating den is not merely traditionalthat is, handed down from generation to generation, through the young each year following the adults, and so forming the habit of repairing at certain seasons to a certain place—for the young serpent soon abandons its parent to lead an independent life; and on the approach of cold weather the hybernating den may be a long distance away, ten or twenty, or even thirty miles from the spot in which it was born. The annual return to the hybernating den is, then, a fixed unalterable instinct, like the autumnal migration of some birds to a warmer latitude. It is doubtless favourable to the serpents to hybernate in large numbers massed together; and the habit of resorting annually to the same spot. once formed, we can imagine that the individuals—perhaps a single couple in the first place—frequenting some very deep, dry. and well-sheltered cavern, safe from enemies, would have a great: advantage over others of their race; that they would be stronger. and increase more, and spread during the summer months farther. and farther from the cavern on all sides; and that the farther afield they went the more would the instinct be perfected; since all the young serpents that did not have the instinct of returning unerringly to the ancestral refuge, and that, like the outsiders of their race, to put it in that way, merely crept into the first hole they found on the approach of the cold season, would be more liable to destruction. Probably most snakes get killed long before a natural decline sets in; to say that not one in a thousand dies of old age would probably be no exaggeration; but if they were as safe from enemies and accidents as some less prolific and more highly-organised animals, so that many would reach the natural term of life, and death came slowly, we can imagine that in such a heat-loving creature the failure of the vital powers would simulate the sensations caused by a falling temperature, and cause the old or sick serpent, even in midsummer, to creep instinctively away to the ancient refuge, where many a long life-killing frost had: been safely tided over in the past.

The huanaco has never been a hybernating animal; but we must assume that, like the crotalus of the north, he had formed a habit of congregating with his fellows at certain seasons at the same spot; further, that these were seasons of suffering to the animal—the suffering, or discomfort and danger, having in the first place given rise to the habit. Assuming again that the habit had existed so long as to become, like that of the reptile, a fixed, immutable instinct, a hereditary knowledge, so that the young huanacos, untaught by the adults, would go alone and unerringly to the meeting-place from any distance, it is but an easy step to the belief, that after the conditions had changed, and the refuges were no longer needed, this instinctive knowledge would still exist in them, and that they would take the old road when stimulated by the pain of a wound; or the miserable sensations experienced in disease; or during the decay of the life-energy, when the senses grow dim, and the breath fails, and the blood is thin and cold.

I presume that most persons who have observed animals a

great deal have met with cases in which the animal has acted automatically, or instinctively, when the stimulus has been a false one. I will relate one such case, observed by myself, and which strikes me as being apposite to the question I am considering. It must be premised that this is an instance of an acquired habit; but this does not affect my argument, since I have all along assumed that the huanaco—a highly sagacious species in the highest class of vertebrates—first acquired a habit from experience of seeking a remembered refuge, and that such habit was the parent, as it were, or the first clay model, of the perfect and indestructible instinct that was to be.

It is not an uncommon thing in the Argentine pampas—I have on two occasions witnessed it myself-for a riding-horse to come home, or to the gate of his owner's house, to die. I am speaking of riding-horses that are never doctored, nor treated mercifully; that look on their master as an enemy rather than a friend; horses that live out in the open, and have to be hunted to the corral or enclosure, or roughly captured with a lasso as they run, when their services are required. I retain a very vivid recollection of the first occasion of witnessing an action of this kind in a horse, although I was only a boy at the time. going out one summer evening I saw one of the horses of the establishment standing unsaddled and unbridled, leaning his head over the gate. Going to the spot I stroked his nose, and then, turning to an old native who happened to be near, asked him. what could be the meaning of such a thing. 'I think he is going to die,' he answered; 'horses often come to the house to die,' And next morning the poor beast was found lying dead not twenty yards from the gate; although he had not appeared ill when I stroked his nose on the previous evening; but when I saw him lying there dead, and remembered the old native's words, it seemed to me as marvellous and inexplicable that a horse should act in that way, as if some wild creature—a rhea, a fawn, or dilochotes had come to exhale his last breath at the gates of his enemy and constant persecutor, man.

I now believe that the sensations of sickness and approaching death in the riding-horse of the pampas resemble or simulate the pains, so often experienced, of hunger, thirst, and fatigue combined, together with the oppressive sensations caused by the ponderous native saddle, or recado, with its huge surcingle of raw hide drawn up so tightly as to hinder free respiration. The suffering animal remembers how at the last relief invariably came.

when the twelve or fifteen hours' torture were over, the toil and the want, and when the great iron bridle and ponderous gear were removed, and he had freedom and food and drink and rest. At the gate or at the door of his master's house, the sudden relief had always come to him; and there does he sometimes go in his sickness, his fear over-mastered by his suffering, to find it again.

Discussing this question with a friend, who has an astute mind and great experience of the horse in semi-barbarous countries, and of many other animals, wild and tame, in many regions of the globe, he put forward a different explanation of the action of the horse in coming home to die, which he thinks simpler and more probable than mine. It is, that a dying or ailing animal instinctively withdraws itself from its fellows-an action of selfpreservation in the individual in opposition to the well-known instincts of the healthy animals, which impels the whole herd to turn upon and persecute the sickly member, thus destroying its chances of recovery. The desire of the suffering animal is not only to leave its fellows but to get to some solitary place where they cannot follow, or would never find him, to escape at once from a great and pressing danger. But on the pastoral pampas, where horses are so numerous that on that level treeless area they are always and everywhere visible, no hiding-place is discoverable. In such a case, the animal, goaded by its instinctive fear, turns to the one spot that horses avoid; and although that spot has hitherto been fearful to him, the old fear is forgotten in the present and far more vivid one; the vicinity of his master's house represents a solitary place to him, and he seeks it, just as the stricken deer seeks the interior of some close forest, oblivious for the time, in its anxiety to escape from the herd, of the dangers lurking in it, and which it formerly avoided.

I have not set this explanation down merely because it does credit to my friend's ingenuity, but because it strikes me that it is the only alternative explanation that can be given of the animal's action in coming home to die. Another fact concerning the ill-tamed and barbarously treated horses of the pampas, which, to my mind, strengthens the view I have taken, remains to be mentioned. It is not an uncommon thing for one of these horses, after escaping, saddled and bridled, and wandering about for a night or night and day on the plains, to return of its own accord to the house. It is clear that in a case of this kind the animal comes home to seek relief. I have known one horse that always had to be hunted like a wild animal to be caught, and that

invariably after being saddled tried to break loose, to return in this way to the gate after wandering about, saddled and bridled, for over twenty hours in uncomfortable freedom.

The action of the riding-horse returning to a master he is accustomed to fly from, as from an enemy, to be released of saddle and bridle, is, no doubt, more intelligent than that of the dying horse coming home to be relieved from his sufferings, but the motive is the same in both cases; at the gate the only pain the animal has ever experienced has invariably begun, and there it has ended, and when the spur of some new pain afflicts him—new and yet like the old—it is to the well-remembered hated gate that it urges him.

To return to the huanaco. After tracing the dying instinct back to its hypothetical origin—namely, a habit acquired by the animal in some past period of seeking refuge from some kind of pain and danger at a certain spot, it is only natural to speculate a little further as to the nature of this danger and of the conditions the animal existed in.

If the huanaco is as old on the earth as its antique generalised form have led naturalists to suppose, we can well believe that it has survived not only a great many lost mammalian types, but many changes in the conditions of its life. Let us then imagine that at some remote period a change took place in the climate of Patagonia, and that it became colder and colder, owing to some cause affecting only that portion of the antarctic region; such a cause, for instance, as a great accumulation of icebergs on the northern shores of the antarctic continent, extending century by century until a large portion of the now open sea became blocked up with solid ice. If the change was gradual and the snow became deeper each winter and lasted longer, an intelligent, gregarious, and exceedingly hardy and active animal like the huanaco, able to exist on the driest woody fibres, would stand the best chance of maintaining its existence in such altered conditions, and would form new habits to meet the new danger. One would be that at the approach of a period of deep snow and deadly cold, all the herds frequenting one place would gather together at the most favourable spots in the river valleys, where the vegetation is dense and some food could be had while the surrounding country continued covered with deep snow. They would, in fact, make choice of exactly such localities as are now used for dying-places. There they would be sheltered from the cutting winds, the twigs and bark would supply them with food, the warmth from a great

many individuals massed together would serve to keep the snow partially melted under foot, and would prevent their being smothered, while the stiff and closely interlaced branches would keep a roof of snow above them; and thus protected they would keep alive until the return of mild weather released them. In the course of many generations all weakly animals, and all in which the habit of seeking the refuge at the proper time was weak or uncertain in its action would perish, but their loss would be an advantage to the survivors.

It is worthy of remark that it is only at the southern extremity of Patagonia that the huanacos have dying-places. In Northern Patagonia and on the Chilian and Peruvian Andes no such instinct has been observed.

W. H. Hudson.

At the Sign of the Ship.

LORD HOUGHTON.

FTAWKS dinna pyke out hawks' eyne,' and perhaps no one who has ever compiled a biography should criticise a biographer. But no one but the biographer, perhaps, has had his thoughts so much occupied with the nature and conditions of biography. Only biographers can feel how vague must be the reviewing of this kind of literature, by persons who do not know what kind and quantity of materials the author had at his com-His difficulty may have been the richness of supply, so that he knew not what to omit, or it may have been the poverty, so that he knew not what to put in. Then the unlucky man is apt to find that half the plums, at least, must be left out of his There is a Scotch town of which the slogan is 'Sour plums in Galashiels.' Too many of the biographer's plums would prove sour, either to readers whose feelings he must respect, or to the family and descendants of the subject. The biographer who, as in Mr. Carlyle's case, boldly offers all his plums, is read and reviled; the more cautious or more good-natured biographer laudatur et alget. The world does not guess the enormous mass of materials in which the modern biographer labours. It is like a mountain of quartz, but it needs a great deal of crushing, and the gold is not always twenty ounces to the ton. Through that mountain it seems as if the mountain-piercing beast of the fairy tale could never have made his way, but a way has to be made.

The biographer's trade, at present, is dominated by fashion or trade-custom. Fashion demands two good large volumes, nobody knows why, and it is not every life, however long or distinguished, that can supply really good filling for those two volumes. Thus the biographer is often almost compelled to insert much that is unessential, much that the reader probably skips. Letters are piled in, and these letters contain a good deal that is not germane to the matter, that does not illustrate character at all. The truth is that biographers and readers are dominated by the examples of Boswell and Lockhart; men who had the very richest subjects, and the very best opportunities of knowing their subjects. In our age, many men and women are their own Boswells. They ought to be best acquainted with themselves, but, though every

man can be his own Boswell, it is much less easy for him to be nis own Johnson. He can, and does, tell us the names of the people with whom he dined, but if, like the Doctor, 'he had good talk,' unlike Boswell, he does not report the talk for his readers. In short, as Mr. Wemyss Reid says in his 'Life, Letters, and Friendships of Lord Houghton' (Cassell), 'the heart of the biographer knows its own bitterness.' One can readily believe that, but for the filling of the two volumes, Mr. Wemyss Reid would have omitted much that is here, and, but for other considerations, would have inserted much that he omits. Where is the use of letters in which we read that 'Annabel sends her best regards;' or that 'it is thawing here, and, if it goes on, will be an almighty squash to-morrow;' or that somebody's aunts are at Tunbridge Wells, as if everybody's aunts were not at Tunbridge Wells? No man, woman, or elderly child ever lived whose letters were not as well worth printing as such extracts. Yet it would be difficult to find a recent biography which is not padded with such uncharacteristic trivialities. To leave them out were, unluckily, a counsel of perfection, for then, where were the two volumes? There remains the idea of leaving all lives unwritten, which, unlike Scott's life or Johnson's, do not naturally furnish the due quantity of really essential material.

Mr. Wemyss Reid had, in Lord Houghton, an admirable subject, and he has treated it in an admirable spirit. Lord Houghton knew every one, and wished to know every one. From his college days to his death, he was intimate with all who were witty, beautiful, great, and with all whom he was able, as he was willing, to enrich with a better share of life's good things than lay within their unassisted reach. The late Mr. Forster was not habitually a sayer of good things, but Mr. Reid has chosen a remark of Mr. Forster's about Lord Houghton, which contains the brightest and noblest compliment. 'I have many friends who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace.' The present writer, whose acquaintance with Lord Houghton was of the slightest and latest, was most struck by his unaffected courage. Old and ill, Lord Houghton would not permit himself to be languid and weary. As long as he was living he would be enjoying life, and enjoying it in his own characteristic way, in society, in conversation, in the company of new as well as of old associates, of new as of old ideas. The same courage, indomitable by weakness, disease, and the prospect of death, united with Lord Houghton's natural and cultivated kindness, no doubt made him a friend to whom a man

might turn in disgrace, as certainly as he might repose on him in poverty or sorrow. To live thus was to be an Epicurean of the right sort, of Molière's school, was to be classical, perhaps, rather than Pagan. Mr. Wemyss Reid has rightly laid his stress on this aspect of Lord Houghton's character, on the goodness and buoyancy which tamed even Mr. Carlyle, and made Lord Houghton, as it were, the Topham Beauclerk to the sage's Johnson. The other side of Lord Houghton's character, that originality which had its humorous aspects, Mr. Wemyss Reid has left rather in the shadow, perhaps partly as too familiar, partly as too mythical for much comment. 'He was the hero of a hundred more or less apocryphal legends, the wit upon whom a thousand jokes he had never uttered were fathered.' And yet we might be glad, and very glad, if one of Mr. Reid's two volumes had been the Apocrypha of Lord Houghton.

The Church reads the Apocrypha 'for example of manners,' and the world would read the Apocrypha of Lord Houghton for entertainment. We would fain hear more of him as a bibliophile; as a collector of rare books his experiences must have been instructive and amusing. His great good deed in literature was the editing of Keats's 'Letters and Remains,' and I confess to bearing a grudge against Mr. Wemyss Reid for giving us so little of this chapter. The name of Keats does not come into the index, nor that of his humorous and interesting friend, John Hamilton Reynolds, whom Lord Houghton must probably have known. In the chapter on Cambridge and the Apostles one expected more information, for which, probably, materials did not exist. A quotation from Lord Houghton's 'Timbuctoo' would have been pleasant to set beside Lord Tennyson's and Thackeray's:

I see her sons the hill of glory mount And sell their sugars on their own account. Prone at her feet the prostrate nations come, Sue for her rice and barter for her rum.

I quote the majestic lines from memory. 'The Popeians and Darwinians' liked Lord Houghton's 'Timbuctoo.' Young Mr. Tennyson's poem was not Popeian, and mankind yet marvels how the Examiners, apparently inspired on this occasion only, recognised the poet. The most interesting thing in the chapter on Cambridge is the notice of Sunderland, the Waring of his day, the orator who was to do so much, and who vanished from men's ears and eyes.

One is, perhaps, a little disappointed with the letters from famous people which are published here. Perhaps they had not

time to write much: it needs a man with Mr. Fitzgerald's powers and leisure, to write very delightful letters. Of Thackeray we hear really very little. Mr. Wemyss Reid thinks the following note of Thackeray's 'in its interest not surpassed by any other letter among the many thousands left behind him by Milnes.'

My DEAR MILNES,—Miss Bronte dines here to-morrow at 7. If you are by any wonder disengaged, do come to

Yours truly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

This is saying very little for the many thousands of other letters. We knew before that Miss Brontë had dired with Mr. Thackeray, and we wish that a Boswell had been one of the guests. But Thackeray, who scarcely ever wrote a line without a sketch, or a touch of himself in it, penned many letters more entertaining than this perfectly commonplace invitation. Among the most interesting letters are those from Mr. David Gray, the young poet, and from his father. It is not possible to say that the poet's letters are exactly what a Scot and a poet should have But Gray's letters were produced when he was fighting death with feverish anxiety, and perhaps no more represent his true character than the character of Keats is represented in his letters to Miss Brawne. With such a difficult disciple, Lord Houghton's real kindness displayed itself in the noblest light, and many years afterwards, at the Century Club in New York, he still had a good word for the poetry of Gray, who 'described all the nature within his ken in the highest poetic perfection.' not Lord Houghton's least praise that, in 1838, a Quarterly Reviewer accused him of 'rendering homage at the fantastic shrines of such baby idols as Mr. John Keats and Mr. Alfred Tennyson.' A poet not so great as Landor curiously thought him, Lord Houghton had none of the artist's envy, and was even more ready to seek out and enjoy all that was good in literature than all that was good in life. He was in the right when there were few on his side, when his admirations were looked on as

Vana superstitio, veterumque ignara deorum.

It is certain that the future will know him well in his biography, even if there are passages in it which add nothing essential to the knowledge. It is certain, too, that the student who likes plums, and skips the pudding, as many students use, will find the stuff of several pleasant evenings' reading in Mr. Wemyss Reid's volumes.

When commenting on Mr. Thackeray's note to Lord Houghton, I had not read Mrs. Ritchie's description, in Macmillan's Magazine, of the dinner to which Lord Houghton was invited. that one might wish a Boswell had been present, and a very young Boswell was present, Miss Thackeray. In her delightful paper, 'My Witch's Cauldron,' she shows us what a failure the party was, how much was expected, nothing attained; how the prim little Northern genius, Miss Brontë, snuffed out the fun, till Mr. Thackeray fled to the club and left his guests in despair. Brontë for once proved unequalled as a wet blanket. cleverest, the most amusing people were gathered, and the Yorkshire woman damped the gaiety of them all, confining herself to patronising the governess. The most entertaining talk was hoped for, and talk there was none. How did Miss Brontë manage itby shyness, by superiority, or by a mixture of unsocial qualities? I confess that this lady, whose genius is undeniable, hath ever been to me a literary Dr. Fell, though 'the reason why I cannot tell,' and now it seems as if there may have been some justification for the instinct. Miss Brontë was, perhaps, shy and silent, while people felt the existence of criticism in her silence and her shyness—of criticism, and perhaps of disapproval. sure, a sudden appearance as a Lioness out of the desert may have made her 'gey ill to live wi' at a dinner party. Lucky it was for Lord Houghton that he could not be present, though perhaps his geniality and social courage might have melted and humanised the frigid little Yorkshire spectator.

* * *

The discovery of an Aristotelian fragment is exciting much interest among people who know nothing about Aristotle. Why should this be? There are quantities of Aristotle in circulation, but the persons who fuss over a scrap of the Constitutions neglect the Ethics and Politics absolutely. This is typical of our queer 'cultured age.' Men who know no more Greek than Mark Twain review classical works, translations and so forth, with the greatest aplomb, laying down the law about matters whereof they have not even a smattering. In a poem, or anything else that deals with Greek life, they will say, 'This is un-Homeric' about a passage translated from Homer; or, 'This is not Greek,' when it has abundant Greek authority. Yet it seems so easy not to pretend to know Greek!

When so much is written about 'style,' a weary topic, when so much is said about getting style (like 'getting religion') it is useful to note what Schopenhauer remarks on the subject. 'There is no quality of style that can be got by reading writers who possess it. . . . But if the qualities exist in us, exist, that is to say, potentially, we can call them forth and bring them into consciousness; we can learn the purposes to which they can be put; we can be strengthened in an inclination to use them, or get courage to do so. . . . The only way in which reading can form style is by teaching us the use to which we can put our own natural gifts. We must have these gifts before we can learn the use of them. Without them, reading teaches us nothing but cold dead mannerism, and makes us shallow imitators.' That is so well put that it need never be said again. It is the sum and substance of all that is worth remembering in scores of essays and lectures on 'getting style.'

Schopenhauer makes a complaint which is more justified every day. 'People are all trained to read in time, all the same thing, namely the Newest Books; and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who once were celebrated, as Spindler, Bulwer Lytton, Eugène Sue.' This is extremely unjust to Bulwer Lytton, at least, whoever Spindler may have been; but the general statement, though prejudicial to the interests of modern authors, is correct. How are we to keep the middle path, to read what time has tried, and yet not to neglect, as Lord Houghton did not neglect, such 'baby idols' as contemporary poets? Even Shakspeare was once a contemporary.

The funniest of all books is Mr. Rutherford's 'English Authors,' published at 'The Constitution Job Office, Atlanta, Ga.' This is what the lettering on the back tells us. The titlepage relieves our anxiety about the 'Job Office' by proclaiming that the publishers are 'The Constitution Book and Job Print.' Mr. Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., gives details about contemporary writers in the style of the New Journalism. He adds lists of questions for examination. Can the reader answer these?

Why did Arnold refuse to have his picture taken? Who wrote 'Divided'?

Who gave Copyright dinners to the Poor?

Whose late works are considered unorthodox?

Who was accused of marrying for money?

What author had a libel suit?

What author had 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' in mind ready to write when it appeared?

Who is the sensational writer of this age?

Who is the literary queen of England, so far as riches are concerned?

Who lives at Max Gate?

Whose hair was red?

Who was one of Browning's most ardent admirers?

What author has an American wife?

* *

And what has all this to do with English literature? However, the questions are distinctly puzzling. I hope none of us can answer any of them, though the replies may be well known at Athens, Ga. Of course the book is probably as much of a joke in America as in England. But it only carries literary gossip to a power slightly higher than its usual force. Does Mr. Rutherford know who wrote the History of Rome in Madrigals?

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

In the ages long ago,
In some dim enchanted vale,
You were once a rose, I know,
And I was a nightingale,
Singing sweet and singing long,
Singing sadly the night through,
And the burden of the song,
All of you!

Me your radiance once fell o'er,
You the moon, and I the tide,
Ebbing, flowing, evermore,
To your impulse I replied;
You shone on and I surged on;
Troubled was my mighty sea
When your silver glory shone
Over me.

Once again in ages far
Fell a lustre dim and dear—
Well I knew your evening star,
Bending o'er my dusky mere.

Ah, but if it ne'er pierced through
Gathering gloom, your pallid glow,
All the night I mourned for you,
Sighing low.

By your strange unfathomed eyes,
Oh, my star, my destiny,
In whatever changing guise,
You are still the fate of me.
Shadowy gift Time never gave,
Time and Death that shall deride,
To eternity your slave
To abide!

MAY KENDALL.

• •

I keep racking my brains for the moral—it must have a moral —of Dr. Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, translated by Mr. Gosse (Heinemann). The portrait of Dr. Ibsen is capital. I was certain he was like that. Sometimes you form quite a wrong idea of a poet You expect to see a tall, violet-eyed, chestnutfrom his books. haired, languid, lovely, and witty young man, something of a fop, and you find a robust, sensible, humorous person, with no claims to resemble the charm of his Muse. But nobody could doubt what Dr. Ibsen is like, and here, in Hedda Gabler, is the image of the man. Still, that does not help us to the moral of Hedda Gabler, a name which a lady took to be the feminine form of Heliogabalus. Why did Hedda make Lövburg shoot himself. why did she shoot herself, and what is it all about? seemed a lady of more judicious self-control. Perhaps the best contrast to Hedda is M. Becque's La Parisienne. She might have shot herself, but she only laughed, and had the laugh on her One character is nearly as bad and unnatural as the other, but there is no doubt as to which is the more amusing.

THE EARLIEST CROCUS.

One golden flame has cloven
The dingy garden clay,
One golden gleam is woven
Athwart the gloomy day.
And hark! the breeze is bringing
One sudden bird-note, ringing
From far away.

Soon, set in dainty order,
A serried golden line,
All down the garden border
The crocuses will shine.
At last the spring is sighted!
One golden lamp is lighted
To give the sign.

FRANCES WYNNE.

* * *

A Finnish dog, answering to the name of Förde, wants a home. He is a beautiful, tall, affectionate, silver-grey dog. They say he does not hunt sheep nor poach. Has no objection to an Ibsenite. His owner would like to receive 10*l*. as some consolation for his absence, but a happy home for Förde, in the country if possible, is what his owner most desires. Testimonials to character are necessary. Has no objection to a clergyman's family, of whatever denomination. Förde is an accomplished mouser.

A. LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions should be addressed to

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39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.,

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The Sisters thank F. B. for her letter, and beg to say that they are especially thankful for comforters and socks, which, with any gifts of books or magazines, should be sent direct to the Sister-in-charge, 42A Dock Street, E.

Miss Trench begs to thank the readers of Longman's most heartily for their response as regards the 'Donna Knitting Society.' She has already received 138 woollen mufflers, besides six shirts, vests, socks, mittens, &c. 'The men are as thankful as if we had given them ten shillings,' the Sister writes who distributed the mufflers. She has also received for the Night Refuge:—Anon. 5l. Mrs. Horsley 2l. Miss E. A. Sweet 10s. Mrs. A. Keep 10s. Mrs. Lewis 1s. Miss Stirling ('Donna') 5s. E. B. S. M. 8 comforters. All woollen comforters, &c., to be sent, as before, to Miss Trench, Secretary D.K.S., Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk,

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The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to

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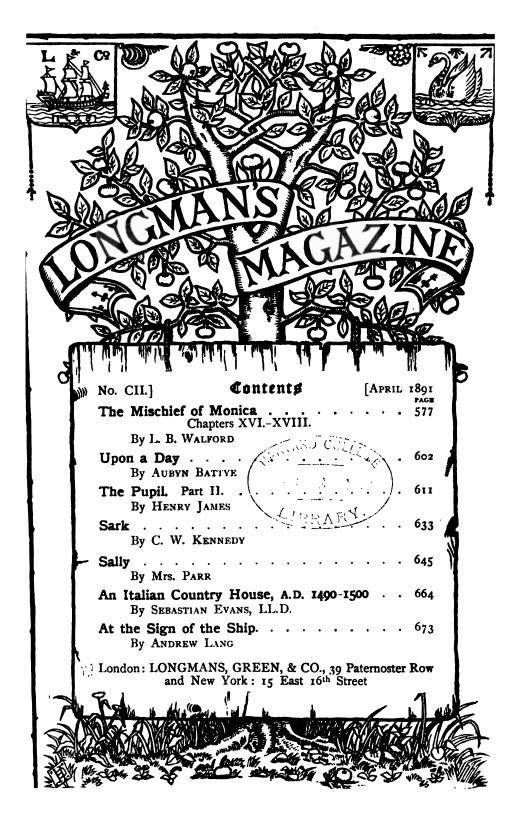
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LORD LYTTON.

QUEEN'S HEAD HOTEL, NEWCASTLE UPON-TYNE, 'June 4, 1887.

'Sir.—Will you to-day allow me to present you with this Testimonial and Poem on ENO'S justly celebrated "FRUIT SALT"? My occupation being a very sedentary one, I came here to see what change of air would do for me, and, at the with of some personal friends, I have taken your "FRUIT SALT"; the good result therefrom is my reason for addressing you.—I am, Sir, yours truly, 'A LADY.'

'The Appetite it will enforce, And help the system in its course; Perbaps you've ate or drank too much, It will restore like magic touch. Depression, with its fearful sway, It drives electric-like away; And if the Blood is found impure, It will effect a perfect cure.

'Free from danger, free from harm, It acts like some magician's charm; At any time a dainty draught, Which will dispel disease's shaft; More priceless than the richest gold, That ever did its wealth unfold; And all throughout our native land. Should always have it at command.'

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—'Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your "FRUIT SALT" for many years, I think it only right to tell you I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but, apart from the publication of that, you are welcome to make use of this testimonial fit is of service.

'A DEVONDHERE LADY.—Jan. 25, 1889.'

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it, Life is a Sham!—'A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unsorapulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fall to secure reputation and profit.—Adams.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'
Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

OF ALL CHEMISTS. PREPARED OTLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.F. by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



Longman's Magazine.

APRIL 1891.

The Mischief of Monica.

By L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. SCHOFIELD'S THANKSGIVING.

A man will work his bones away If but his wife will only play; He does not mind how much he's teased So that his plague looks always pleased.—PATMORE.

MONICA, you are really absurd!

'Why am I absurd?'

- 'You pretend that you don't care for this Harry Dorrien; you pretend that he doesn't care for you---'
 - 'I never pretended that he did not care for me.'
- 'You can see that he is madly in love every time he comes over-and he makes a pretext for coming every second day; he plunges in deeper and deeper. He worships the very ground you tread upon,—
 - '-- Oh, rubbish!'
- 'Rubbish! There is no rubbish about it. What is more, you don't think there is rubbish. I know your way; you always look particularly cool and indifferent when you have raised a storm in somebody else; and you never had on your cool, indifferent face more plainly than when you came in from the garden just now.'

The sisters were alone, Dorrien having ridden off in the early dusk, when forced to admit that he durst linger no longer.

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- 'Well,' said Monica, calmly, 'considering that I have just allowed that it is possible the young man does care a little—a little more than he ought——'
 - 'More than he ought? Oh, you are thinking of Daisy.'
- 'Of course I am thinking of Daisy. The thought of Daisy inspires me——' She coloured, laughed, and broke off short.
- 'Fie! Monic.' But Isabel also laughed, and that indulgently and sympathetically. 'I know you are a naughty, mischievous creature,' she went on. 'And I must own that Daisy is fair game. She is so important, so confident, so altogether secure; and, what is more. I don't believe she cares for him.'
- 'Yes, she does,' said Monica, quietly. 'That is to say, she cares as much as she can. She is so very busy, you know. She has all her practising to do; and her drawing society and her reading society to keep up with; and then she has so many friends, such numbers of friends.' Isabel laughed again.
- 'So that Mr. Dorrien is only one among dozens of other things,' pursued her sister. 'He is only a part of the whole, and not a particularly important part: but still, she does care; she is fond of him: she—he——. Pshaw! The mischief is done; 'petulantly. 'It is done, and cannot be undone. He will never kneel at Daisy's shrine now, my dear Bell; he has found metal more attractive; while as for her, I think, I really think that she ought to be grateful to your humble servant for having opened everybody's eyes in time. If Mr. Dorrien had really cared for her, would he have ever done as he had done? Of course not. No man would be such a weathercock. He had merely thought she would do, and now he finds she won't do. Voilà!'
 - 'Après?' said Bell, smiling.
- 'Après? Oh! leave après to take care of itself. It entirely depends upon circumstances; and circumstances, my dear sister, are, like facts, stubborn things to deal with. I like this Harry Dorrien. He has given me something to do; something to think of. But I don't know about bolstering up his ragged old home.'
 - 'Monica!'
- 'That is what it amounts to. Oh, yes, Cullingdon Manor is beautiful enough, picturesque enough; but it is dropping to pieces all the same. And then even if I did—did, you know—slip in front of poor little Daisy as one does at an Irish jig, and carry off this fine partner of hers before her very face, where, my dear Bell, where, I ask you, is a very necessary item of the business to come from?'

- 'What item?'
- 'Good Heavens, dear child, what a babe in arms you are! The money, you poor innocent; the pounds, shillings, and pence, you little simpleton. Who is going to find the wherewithal to rig up rotting old Cullingdon, if the next baronet lay it stone by stone at my feet?'
- 'How you talk! I wish you would not speak so contemptuously, Monica. You seemed so pleased with Cullingdon the day we were there, quite as much pleased and charmed as I was,—and now you turn against it, and abuse it.'
- 'I am not abusing it, only those who owned it last, and who ought to have put it in repair, and did not. I am not even abusing Sir Arthur. It must have been "going bad," as Jenkinson would say, before his day. In a few more years it will be gone altogether. Mr. Dorrien,' with a faint smile, 'is quite right in thinking it is his duty to save his ancient demesne while he may.'
 - 'By marrying Daisy?'
 - 'Or Daisy's cousin.'
 - 'Well?'
 - 'Well?'

Each looked at the other. 'If he is right, what do you mean?' said Isabel at least. 'I never can understand you in this mood, Monica. You won't speak plainly. A few moments ago you sneered at Cullingdon (though you were so taken with it at first, in parenthesis), 'then you seemed to infer that Mr. Dorrien,——' and she stopped inquiringly.

- "I don't know that I "inferred" about him at all. You taxed me roundly with his—his having succumbed to my charms. I own it looks as if he had. Then you want me to say that I, on my part, have also succumbed. Whereas, I have done nothing of the sort. If Harry were to ask me to-morrow, I should probably say "No:" most certainly I should say "No," unless——.' She paused.
- 'Unless what?'
- 'Unless Uncle Schofield'—Monica's tone was prudently lowered—'unless he would undertake to make it worth my while. Do you understand? I very hugely doubt his undertaking anything of the kind. We have no claim upon him, Bell; we must never forget that we had grown to be quite as much at home with Uncle Lavenham, and he cast us off. Should Uncle Schofield cast us off too, we should be a couple of beggar girls to-morrow,' slowly. 'What would our own poor little allowance do for us? Hardly anything. Where would go all our easy life, our comforts, luxuries?'

'Ah—bah!' said Bell, fretfully. 'What is the use of reminding me of them morning, noon, and night? I know all about them over and over. You will get on to the piano and the riding horses directly; and when "good, kind uncle" appears upon the scene, I can stand no more.'

The angry blood rushed to Monica's face. 'You ungrateful, heartless girl!' she exclaimed. 'I am ashamed even to listen to you. It would serve you right to be turned adrift once more, with no "good, kind uncle" in waiting this time. I do not believe you care—not one single jot—for anyone's feelings but your own——,'.

'— Humph! I care as much as other people do, I suppose.' There was significance in the querulous retort.

'What do you mean?' demanded the other, with a fiery cheek.

'I mean that you, you who preach so finely, and are down on me so virtuously—pray whose feelings are you thinking of when you flirt with Harry Dorrien, though you don't mean to marry him, and keep quiet about it to Daisy Schofield, though you don't mean him to marry her?'

Without a word Monica walked from the room. It was not the first time that the tables had been unexpectedly turned on her of late; Isabel had a certain provoking clearness of vision, which, when brought to bear within her own narrow range, could prove on occasion excessively disconcerting. She was not, as we know, a clever girl; she was not worldly-wise, nor philosophic, nor quick-witted as was Monica—but all the more it seemed she could be sharp in a small way. She had so little to think about, gave herself so few subjects for meditation, that all the powers she had would be concentrated upon any single point selected. This made it at times dangerous to quarrel with her.

It was especially dangerous at the present moment, but the feelings of Monica were not always within her own control. Another second and she might have said words which no after agonies could recall. She was absolutely startled to find what a shock Bell's words sent through her frame.

Hitherto she had not even to herself allowed that any scheme so ugly as that boldly delineated by her sister could have originated within her bosom. Dorrien had told her, Monica, that there was nothing between him and her cousin; wherefore, as she happened to know with very positive certainty that there was a great deal, he was bound to suffer for his falsehood.

He had lied beneath the witchery of her own charms. That was certainly in his favour; but since the spell had been found so potent, it must be allowed to fulfil its end, if only to save an unsuspecting girl from being entrapped into an unfortunate marriage.

As for Daisy—Daisy had been laughing-eyed and cock-a-hoop,—but she would do her a service all the same. She was not in the least fitted to be Lady Dorrien: Mrs. Schofield would be simply unendurable as Lady Dorrien's mamma: and the sooner the whole family reverted to their original conditions the better.

But it never occurred to Monica that in the teeth of her fascinations Dorrien still designed to pursue his original plans. Thus, we see, he and she were at cross purposes. She thought she had him fast; she had nothing of the kind, as yet.

Of course Isabel was penitent in the course of time. To be at variance with Monica was so uncomfortable, so doleful, that from sheer love of ease, if from no other motive, she would have sought a reconciliation under any circumstances; whilst under the present ones, Monica's good-will was absolutely essential to her existence.

Mr. Schofield came and went, invariably the 'good, kind uncle' in Monica's estimation, the rich bachelor in Isabel's. what was his presence to girls who had been accustomed to endless variety of companionship; who had, at least for several years past, been habituated to the newest chatter of Belgravian drawingrooms, and the latest on dit of St. James's clubs? When the worthy gentleman made his re-appearance, which he did punctually to a minute or so, every evening, he had no idea of its being any part of the programme that he should amuse his nieces with Liverpool talk and news. He would have said that they would neither have cared for nor have understood the same. They did not know the people, how could they be interested in their doings? Evening papers were barely started in the north at the period we write of, and an evening paper did not enter into our merchant's calculations. He came out to his well-appointed, luxurious villa, tired, but not over-tired with his day's work, eager to leave it behind him, and to enter upon new topics, and fresh fields,—and any accounts of his pigs and his poultry, his stables and his gardens, were music in his ears.

His elder niece having divined this, had usually some accounts to give. Bell used to wonder where her sister picked up so much knowledge as would be displayed at the dinner-table, now that the fading light of September made it desirable to sit down to the well-spread board, instead of going for the evening ride; Monica

had invariably something amusing, bright, and lively to narrate during the meal: some comical sayings of old Jenkinson the gardener, for instance. Here was one:—

'I had a compliment to-day, Uncle Schofield; Jenkinson paid me a brilliant compliment, as I think you will own when you hear it. He had been complaining of the impossibility of accomplishing some desired feat, and all in a moment a happy thought struck me, which I confided at once. What do you think was the result? He held his head on one side, rubbed it, took off his cap as in a sort of amazement, and finally exclaimed: "Well, they do say two heads is better than one, if it be but a sheep's head." A sheep's head! And yet I felt so flattered. My "sheep's head had suggested what he and all his men had never thought of; and he carried out the suggestion on the instant. Was not that something to be proud of?'

'Monica,' her uncle had responded to this, 'he has the sense to appreciate you. I shall think the better of Jenkinson hereafter.'

During which talk Isabel would sit idly by, occasionally wondering how it was that all the amusing things happened to Monica, and none to her; but more often content to eat her dinner in peace, and wait for drawing-room conferences and conversation thereafter.

On the present occasion there was a great deal to be talked over, and quite a new subject to be opened up; so that Bell's amende honorable was made in a trice, and the sisters descended at the sound of the gong, on their customary good terms with each other.

Mr. Schofield was, as usual, in his easy-chair, all dressed for dinner, and not at all indifferent to its announcement. The ladies were often late, often had to rush down with pins and brooches omitted; aware that the calm figure, which never offered rebuke nor remonstrance, had been already some time patiently waiting; but on the evening in question, so engrossing had been other matters, that each delinquent's tongue was breathlessly apologetic, on finding that nearly a quarter of an hour had passed since the butler threw open the door.

'Do forgive us,' pleaded Monica. 'We really mean to reform, Uncle Schofield. I don't know how it is, we always mean to be in time.'

'Oh, no matter, no matter, my dear.'

'But it does matter, and it shall not happen,' she rejoined, emphatically. 'We must go up to dress sooner—that is all.

Now that the evenings are beginning to close in, we shall not be tempted to stay so late out of doors; so we shall come in and change our things, and sit down for a cosy read by the fire, as soon as there is a fire to read by.'

'Have a fire as soon as you please, my dear.'

'Very soon, then, uncle; but not till we really want it. There is certainly a briskness in the air, but I like it. It is delicious after the heat we have had, and the days are as fine as ever.' It appeared to Isabel as if Monica had an object in discoursing at such length about the weather.

Presently it appeared.

'And had you anyone here to-day?' inquired Mr. Schofield.

'We had Mr. Dorrien.' ('Oho, you did not want to talk about Mr. Dorrien till the men were out of the room?' divined Bell. 'You kept to the weather and such topics till they were disposed of, for the time being. I understand.')

'Mr. Dorrien rode over, uncle, to see if we were going to the Carnforths' on Tuesday,' said Monica, in a clear, narrative tone. 'It appears he knows the Carnforths very well, and says they would be perfectly shocked at the idea of having committed any rudeness in asking us there by ourselves. He thinks they must only have felt that they could not very well take the liberty of inviting you in this easy way for the first time.'

'Yes, yes; oh, Dorrien is a sensible fellow; I was sure it was only that too. I was sure the Carnforths meant no discourtesy,' said Mr. Schofield, with an accent of relief, for in spite of his own judgment, he had been obliged to consider himself aggrieved under Monica's strong representations, and it was infinitely pleasanter not to feel aggrieved. 'It is a pity,' he now added. 'I wish he had come before: I wish we had only known before.'

'As it happened, he came in time after all,' rejoined his niece, with rather a foolish laugh. 'The Carnforths' groom had made some mistake, and left my note here after all. He only came for it at tea-time. So I—so we—we thought that perhaps we had better change what had been said, and—and——,'

'— And accept,' chimed in her sister, promptly. 'Mr. Dorrien's arguments carried so much weight——'

(Monica grave as a judge. Uncle Schofield perceptive and twinkling.)

'—That we both felt it impossible to hold out against him,' proceeded the speaker, merrily. 'The truth was, uncle, that Monica and I were simply dying to go. Everyone says the

Carnforths have a merry house. And though Monica was so very grand, and stately, and affronted this morning, as soon as she found that she could change her mind without abating her dignity, she was thankful enough to do it.'

'And it was Dorrien who got you to go?'

'Oh, altogether! He is going himself. He says he always dines with the Carnforths when he is in this part of the world, and that there is not a better house to go to.'

'They shall know that you went to Cullingdon, however,' said Monica, addressing her uncle. 'Sir Arthur and Lady Dorrien did not think it taking a liberty with you to invite you there in an easy way. No, my dear uncle, I am not deceived. These Carnforths only want Bell and me because they think we will do for their "shooting-men," and talk about London, and smart people, and all the rest of it. I know what they are up to. But we just won't; we will do nothing of the kind. We will talk about you, and your home, and your ways, and—and all you are to us——'

Mr. Schofield hastily took a mouthful of sherry.

'And I shall say you went to Cullingdon,' added Bell, as though contracting to perform her part of an agreement.

It was not in human nature to resist being touched. It might perhaps have been in better taste to have ignored the supposed affront, and simply left Mr. Schofield out of the discussion; but somehow he had himself been so frank from the outset, that nothing but frankness was now possible.

They had therefore the pleasure of seeing him really more gratified by their partisanship than wounded by the occasion which called it forth. He was not a man of many words, but his simple, 'Thank ye, my dears,' his gentle inclination of the head towards each, and his subsequent obvious pondering over a pleasant subject, told its own tale. In his heart Joseph was saying: 'Thank the Lord for these two dear girls.'

It is not often one meets with bachelor uncles who thank the Lord for perfectly friendless, almost penniless, and very expensive

nieces.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW TO ACCOMPLISH AN AIM IN LIFE.

And hence one master-passion in the breast, Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.—POPE.

THE Carnforths' house was always comfortable. Taken at unawares, at odd intervals, at unfortunate moments—such a house had no unfortunate moments. In the dullest month of the year, at the earliest, darkest period of the day, at a time when it would have seemed as if Nature herself permitted slovenliness, and set an example of disorder, neither slovenly nor disorderly habits put forth so much as a shoot from beneath the wing of the Carnforth régime. Excuses were not known in the household. That which was ordained, was ordained; that which was the law, was the law of the Medes and Persians.

Now the key to the whole lay in a very simple fact. master and mistress had but one end and aim in life, and that was to maintain themselves and their family in the position to which they had, by dint of much care and pains, attained. By means of continued and sustained effort, of tact, ability, patience, skill, and the outlay of a considerable amount of money, they had propelled themselves into a certain amount of prominence; but no one knew better than they did themselves that all previous toil and trouble. all the energy and ability which had been required to obtain for them this coveted pedestal, would be thrown away unless it were upheld by the same hands which had originally formed it. no solid basis. Neither on one side nor on the other could the family lay claim to any sort of distinction; wherefore the social status which was aimed at by one and all might have been thought the last thing in the world capable of achievement.

But what cannot some people do? Those who visited Bingley Hall, at the date our story opens, who beheld in their host the handsome, polished, urbane, elderly gentleman, and in their hostess the no less handsome, placid, and luxuriously attired elderly lady, would have seen little in them to recall the good-looking young couple who, thirty years before, set up their very modest housekeeping together. Those who remembered the Carnforths then, nevertheless, testified that even at that time a neater, trimmer, more compact little establishment never existed; and it accordingly may not be too much to say that it was this faculty for making the best of everything, as well as the most of every-

thing, which primarily gained for the pair the success they coveted.

They had begun by being good-looking, clever, and thrifty; then fortune smiled upon them. People who would not have thought of taking any notice of Mr. and Mrs. Carnforth had they been ill-favoured, ill-dressed, dowdyish, issued early invitations as soon as they discovered that their rooms would be ornamented thereby. Mrs. This and Mrs. That rather liked to make out that young Carnforth, being a 'married man' and a 'better sort of man'—(what they meant by the phrase they alone knew, for their husbands vehemently protested against any betterness whether as regarded business, or birth)—the dear creatures stuck to it, however, that young Mr. Carnforth should have the honour of taking them in to dinner at their own houses; while the husbands themselves were quite as ready to look upon their right hands as the proper places for Carnforth's wife.

Everybody liked being introduced to the Carnforths. Mrs. Carnforth's last gown from Worth's—she said it was from Worth's—was gazed upon with mingled envy and delight by the fair ones in their after-dinner retirement. In such request was she at balls, that really the way in which she had usurped the best partners (so she was wont to tell her daughters), long after her dancing days ought to have been over, was shameful to think of; whilst Carnforth could take a turn with the best still, and he was sixty years old at the time we speak of.

So that scarce a door had been inaccessible to the handsome, agreeable, ornamental pair, as young married people. It is quite wonderful what looks will do at a certain period of life.

A fine moustache and military bearing would, however, have palled in time upon Carnforth's associates of both sexes, had these not been supported by something more endurable. Carnforth could talk like a sensible man, as well as look a gentleman. He was not only pleasing to behold, he was charming to sit beside or walk beside. He knew—what did he not know? He read the best authors whether in English or French—possibly rather more of the latter than the former. He deliberately selected from a periodical the scientific and literary articles for perusal. He was fond, genuinely fond, of poetry. He understood history. There was a man for you.

When we add that Mr. Carnforth was a thorough-paced man of the world, a shrewd man, a business man, a money-making and money-keeping man, we have said enough to furnish abundant cause for the steady progress upwards which year after year found him making. As we have said, he had become wealthy; but wealth was not his *ultima Thule*. He desired it as a means to an end. To be a known man, a 'somebody,' a companion of 'somebodies,' this was his ambition.

Wife and children, sons and daughters, had been trained by himself. Each, from eldest to youngest, could be of use in the attainment of his life purpose. The very little ones from earliest days had been taught to prattle out certain phrases, and to adopt certain beliefs. Mrs. Carnforth, as we know, was perfect in her rôle of country lady, in her superintendence of turkey chicks, and her hospitality towards 'shooting-men.' Her daughters, handsome and clever girls, kept up the ball with spirit. When with their own people, among the 'right sort,' who so lively, not to say uproarious, as they? Tongues like mill-clappers, laughter like millgirls' laughter. In company which it pleased them to consider below their august selves, mum would be the word. George Schofield, who, barely admitted to Bingley Hall, occasionally had views of the sisters from both points, used to protest he never knew such queer customers. They never had much to say to George, but their father would not permit them to say nothing, The Schofield money was good money, and George Schofield would be the head of Schofield and Sons' one day.

To return to the Carnforth establishment. It was years since the prosperous merchant had taken possession of the handsome house in which he now dwelt; fields and meadows had been added to gardens and stabling; a cottage here and there had been purchased; lodges built; a wing to the mansion added; innumerable appliances and conveniences here and there inserted;—until, at length, it had become one of the most commodious and convenient of all the many handsome and substantial residences about.

When so much has been said, however, there remains nothing to add further. There was no natural beauty, no antiquity. Monica Lavenham's sole reflection on leaving Bingley Hall for the first time had been that there was something incongruous in connecting the idea of such a place with partridges; her uncle's villa would have been as likely to suggest partridges to her mind.

And yet she owned to a perception of difference between Flodden Hall and Bingley Hall. This was owing to stage-management. Mr. Schofield, for instance, would never have alighted on the

platform of his little station as Mr. Carnforth did on his, all smiles, acknowledgments, and condescension. He would never have had in waiting a smart groom jingling the reins of a blood-mare in a high dog-cart; and he would never have seized the reins himself, and driven round several miles out of his way, in order to meet the sportsmen, and carry home the game; dashing up with it to the door, and calling the ladies out of the drawing-room to show them what luck the day had brought. Before dinner-and you may be sure eight o'clock was the Bingley Hall dinner hour, though we are writing of a good many years ago, when hours were earlier-before dinner, billiards would be going on; also tea for the sportsmen in their own gun-room or smoking-room; while in the library, shaded lamps and the brightest and most glowing of fires would invite the studious to peaceful perusal of the newest periodicals, with which the tables were invariably loaded.

Next, gong upon gong. You never heard gongs rolled out with more gloomy grandeur, rising to fury and madness, than at the Carnforths'.

For dinner full dress was an understood thing, whether there were guests or not. We do not mean to infer, dear young ladies, who read this, and are on the eve of incredulity, that everybody would be in the same kind of full dress on each occasion—oh, dear me! no; but have not such mammas and sisters as are accustomed to being equipped fashionably always some halfworn splendour which has to be burnt down, like a still smoking cinder, ere it be thrown out among the refuse? And have not papas and brothers also garments which are no longer equal to the full blaze of a thousand lights, but which look as nice as possible round the family dinner table? The Carnforths understood this kind of effect. It looked well; it paid; it kept the servants, as well as themselves, up to the mark. Hence no sins of commission or omission in the dress department would be condoned by those in authority, or attempted by those under it. For the same reason, the dinner would be always more or less profuse; the silver dark with a glorious shine; and the table napkins folded to look like new every evening. N.B.—We must here allow that it was upon this one point alone that Miss Grace Carnforth, who was vice-commander-in-chief of the establishment, permitted herself not to see quite plainly. In theory she desired that there should be fresh napkins every evening—in practice she did not choose to observe that there were not, provided they were folded

with adroitness. The Carnforths' laundry bill was already large enough.

In no other matters, great or small, would that lynx-eye relax, or that ready tongue spare.

But for Miss Grace, the sleek, full-fed, bloated figure-head of a major domo calculated that he might have spared one half the sum he had to lay out in the year upon coats and trousers. 'Morning shoes, too!' he would cry. 'He could not see, for the life of him, he couldn't, what odds it was to her, or to the governor either, if he were to be let alone to wear his old slippers of a morning. It was that dressing up of a morning that he did turn round against. It kind of upset him like. In many a house no one expected to see a butler till lunch time, and there was houses, too, where he wasn't needed to show up till afternoon-tea time. He, Ricketts, was just about himself by the afternoon. He weren't fit for going about of a morning, he weren't.'

With all his grumbles, however, the grumbler stayed on and on. The Carnforths' was a good place; it was no part of its master's policy to stint in wages, or in reasonable pickings. A number of young bachelors going backwards and forwards for a couple of nights at a time, rowdy enough and queer enough in their little games, wanting this and wanting that, and wanting nothing said about it, made Ricketts's pockets dance to some tune, over and above the sly fun he had among them all. When he had had some unusually lively birds, and made his little profit thereby, he would forgive Miss Grace even for the compulsory regulation shoe in which he had to wait at the luncheon table.

If, then, this well-drilled and strictly superior household were never suffered to relax, if on sweltering summer days as well as on dingy winter ones all must invariably be harmonious and complete within and without, it may be imagined how peculiarly inspiring was the scene presented to the eyes of the expectant Miss Lavenhams as they alighted from their uncle's carriage on a chilly, dull September evening, whose drifting clouds and drizzling rain would have made a drive not enlivened by cheering anticipations a somewhat dreary one.

They now found themselves within a large, central, Turkey-carpeted hall, not unlike in shape and solid surroundings their uncle's hall on a larger scale: but the resemblance stopped there. He had no rows of stands hung with hats and caps, coats and cloaks, plaids, shawls, waterproofs. He had no tables set out with rows of gloves—shooting gloves, driving gloves, boating gloves, even

'gloves' proper. He had no trophies upon the walls, no heirlooms, no pictures which might be ancestors, and were at any rate relations. In short, Mr. Schofield's hall was bare and formal, lacking garniture, and that sort of orderly disarrangement with which a large family, well attended and looked after, provides a house. As the Miss Lavenhams slipped off their wraps, they took this in with native quickness of observation. 'Even to the long logs of wood on the huge iron fireplace,' said Bell, afterwards.

She did not know that those logs were among Mrs. Carnforth's stock in trade. Mrs. Carnforth's special gift lay in the countrifying department. She would not have her firewood cut too small, nor trimmed too neatly. At some great house where she had once visited she had noted the size of the billets—billets no longer—and had had her fireplaces built to order. Thus she could say, 'We burn our own wood,' with as easy a grace as 'I have been down to the farm.'

But besides the crackling and odorously puffing blaze, Monica and Isabel had to own that there were many nice things at the Carnforths'. The rooms were beautifully decorated, and appropriately furnished. They opened one out of another; and the lights were low, on purpose. A spaciousness and at the same time a cosiness was obtained thereby. People stood about where they chose, and dropped in and out as they chose. There was a delicious scent of flowers in all parts. There were large bowls of roseleaves—Mrs. Carnforth dried her own rose-leaves; she had just come in from gathering her last rose-leaves for the bowls the day the Miss Lavenhams had come over before, she now explained. She had a receipt for drying herbs and blossoms which had been written out for her by her grandmother—her dear old grandmother—a receipt which had been in their family for a hundred years—(I am afraid Uncle Schofield had the whole of this over his coffee cup next morning, and enjoyed his coffee the more for the accompaniment); and, finally, when the miniature table had been displayed, and the ancient bureau inspected, and the magnificent, antique, leather screen duly appreciated, the young visitors severally confessed to themselves not only that the thing was well done, but that it was done even better than they had expected. Nothing to the most lynx-eyed inspection was wanting.

'And yet, 'said Monica, to herself,' between this and Cullingdon what a difference! Lady Dorrien never shows you her bureau; it never occurs to her that there is anything about it to show. Her miniatures are in old worn-out cases, here, there, and everywhere.

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Harry Dorrien does not even know which is which. He looked from one of them to me—I know what he thought. He will look at that one again. He will learn to whom that face belongs. Otherwise, a fig for the old folks who lived before him. But these Carnforths, they are all as elaborately up in "my greataunt" this, and "my great-uncle" that, as if each old fogy had been a Tudor or a Plantagenet, instead of a Mr. Hurly or a Mrs. Burly. We can all go back to great-uncles and greataunts, my dear Carnforthians. As for the screen, Mr. Carnforth had to own to the screen. He had picked it up at an old curiosity shop, and a very good place to pick from too, but the screen at Cullingdon grew there. How finely it faded into the dim shades How grand, composed, solemn, almost mournful, it What a setting it made for Harry's head when he looked! stood in front, stooping over the miniature! He-oh, here he is!'

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CARNFORTHS AT HOME.

That borrow their behaviour from the great,
. and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE he was; and she caught her breath, and then cried 'Pooh!' and laughed at herself.

It was too silly, too entirely absurd, to feel such a sudden shoot in her veins, just because Mr. Harry Dorrien, who was, of course, to be there, and who ought to have been there before them, had at length made his appearance.

None of the young men had been down when the Miss Lavenhams were ushered in. There had been several strangers seated about; and these had been very distinctly named, and presented; they were guests whom the Carnforths were pleased to name. But the flowers of the flock, the youth and beauty representatives of the collection, had been conspicuous by their absence.

Their delay was now explained. 'Here come the laggards,' cried Grace Carnforth, striking a charming attitude against the light. '"Better late than never." But they are later even than usual to-night. They will not go up to dress in time. Don't

you find that is always the way with shooting-men, Miss Lavenham? They come in quite early—they can't shoot after six o'clock now—and then they dawdle about, and play billiards, and smoke, and pretend they don't hear the dressing gong!'

All of this not only permitted Miss Lavenham to note that the four or five young men who were advancing in a group were sportsmen, but that they were intimates—that they could afford to disregard gongs and the like, whilst they smoked and played billiards,—so that when the fair speaker proceeded to explain that one of the delinquents was Captain Alverstoke, another was Mr. St. George, and a third was Mr. Dorrien, she could feel that with the proverbial one stone she had killed quite a covey of birds instead of only two.

The fourth member of the quartet was her own brother; and as this brother had not before met the Miss Lavenhams, his introduction to them was the next thing.

Like the rest of his family, he was an admirably executed representation from a first-class original. With all the inherited ability which was his due, he had hit off his part; and though deficient in the personal bearing of the father, and by no means so clever as the mother, he had had the benefit of early training, and the use of models. Consequently much was to be expected; and, to do the young man justice, he himself realised this. could not be Mr. Carnforth, but he could be Mr. Carnforth's son. Where the one could smile and sympathise, the other could smirk and simper: where mother and sister could remember and remind, could recall family seats and family connections, he could run off the names of smart fellows he had met. He had joined the militia; that made way for 'our regiment,' and 'our regiment' again opened the gates for men with whom he 'had been quartered.'

In Liverpool Lionel Carnforth was supposed to be rather a fast young man; but perhaps he was not so fast as was thought. It was not his game to be fast—save with discretion. He desired to belong to the best clubs, to mix with the best society; he aspired to being seen at every good house to which it was something to get an invitation; to being allowed to hang on to a well-known coach with its well-known party at the Grand National, at Chester, at Tarporley, and at Hailwood Races; he was in the seventh heaven when allowed to make one of my Lord This' or my Lord That's shooting party on the occasion of a great battue.

As a purveyor of youth to Bingley Hall Lionel was, however,

only a success in moderation. The acquaintances whom he brought there were, indeed, for the most part, well-born and well-bred; often, moreover, good-looking and agreeable. They would be lively, of course; it followed almost certainly that they would be lively; but Mr. Schofield had described them with intuitive accuracy as waifs and strays, who willingly went 'for what they could get.'

Under the circumstances, what men, we may ask, would not have done the same? Neither Liverpool itself nor the adjacent country can be called prolific in affording variety of amusement. Who would debar the unfortunates whom Fate has cast thither for longer or shorter periods, from catching at any chance gleams which fall across their path? Lionel Carnforth was for ever falling across the path of some one or other of these eligible waifs (eligible, that is, as a friend of his own and a frequenter of his paternal home); but—and here comes in the inevitable 'but'—out of all those associates whom he had hitherto introduced, no single one had done more than come and go, shoot, dance, flirt, frolic, and depart.

Perhaps this may in some small degree account for the sharpness of Miss Carnforth's chin, and the dart of her eye; her younger sisters were growing up; she began to think it time that Lionel brought some other kind of men to the house.

On the present occasion Lionel had certainly brought some older men. Dorrien, as we know, was nearly thirty, and Captain Alverstoke, who lived several miles beyond Cullingdon, was possibly forty, certainly not far short of that age. He had come with Dorrien, and was, it appeared, on much the same terms with his hosts as Dorrien was. There were no family inquiries nor messages in either case. The two came to the Carnforths; young Carnforth went to them; there it ended.

It had been considered great luck by the givers of the present entertainment, that they should have been able to secure both guests to meet the Miss Lavenhams. The Miss Lavenhams would thus see that not only could the Carnforths import creditable acquaintances down to Bingley Hall, so as to form something of the necessary 'house-party' required to give flavour to an autumn gathering, but that they could summon the two eldest sons of the two principal neighbouring county families—and that, in an easy fashion suggestive of frequent intercourse and long-standing intimacy.

It was delightful to the family eye to behold the unpunctual group straggle in, Dorrien's dark head above the rest Alverstoke laughing over his shoulder to the next behind.

We have said that Monica Lavenham experienced a certain treacherous throb at the same sight. Had she had time to think about it, doubtless she would have felt nothing of the kind, not being in love with Mr. Harry Dorrien, nor at all intending to become so; but she had insensibly suffered him to influence her actions; she had permitted herself to enjoy his torments beneath her satire; and she had not cared to shut out his image when in solitude it had risen before her eyes.

Had my heroine been surrounded by all the environment of former times, it may be questioned whether Dorrien would ever have gained enough of her attention to have taught her that he was in any respect different from all the rest of her world; but he had been met with at a period when, cast down, dejected, and at times unutterably desolate, Monica was scarcely herself, and he had become—some one.

In the Carnforths' drawing-room a new stride was taken. It was not only that Harry looked handsome, striking, distinguished, not merely that he contrasted markedly with those by whom he was surrounded (none of the other young men could compete with Dorrien in appearance), but that the knowledge of what lay beneath the surface, the recollection of those hungry and thirsty looks and breathless tones, to which alone her presence on the present occasion was due, invested every movement with significance. She could scarcely bring herself to meet his eye.

That was again absurd. Again she cried 'Pooh!' in her heart, and looked boldly round, and the look was replied to on the instant.

It was but a flash of recognition. The next moment Dorrien was claiming the acquaintance of Mrs. Carnforth's principal lady visitor, a full-blown dame of quality, whose dowager title procured her several weeks' anchorage in this comfortable haven every autumn; while Monica was replying to Mr. Lionel Carnforth's bow, and wondering if he were to be her fate thereafter.

The idea did not exhilarate her: she saw through Lionel; as she had seen through his sisters, at a glance. Rather the other man, the jolly, red-faced, broad-shouldered laugher and talker, than he. Alverstoke? She had heard of these Alverstokes. Lady Mary Alverstoke, an aunt of this Lancashire family, had been at her Aunt Fanny's; possibly this man had been at her Aunt Fanny's too. She could not remember him; but, at any rate, the idea would do to begin upon, supposing—oh, he was to take Isabel, that was plain. He was being led up to Isabel at the moment.

Well, she must put up with the Carnforth creature. Of course

she need not expect to have Dorrien. She looked at the three Miss Carnforths, laughed to herself, and shook her head. No, that would indeed be too much to expect.

But Harry might as well come up and speak to her. He had no occasion to linger by that distant sofa; feigning to have been, so far, unable to look beyond it; and permitting himself to be usurped ere he had so much as shaken hands with the two whom he himself had brought thither. He was not even looking in their direction. They had not told the Carnforths they knew him; it was for him to show that he knew them.

Isabel was thinking the same thoughts. A certain painful sense of inferiority had crept into the poor girls' breasts since their lot had been so strangely altered; and ideas which formerly would never have occurred to either were now continually thrusting forth their poisonous fangs.

'He ought to come up to us at once—at once;' Monica's proud spirit swelled within her.

'Can he be going to pretend he does not see us?' was the affrighted scare of the more timid Isabel.

Dorrien was simply afraid to go to them. He had been at The Grange the previous evening, and fancied thunder in the air in that region. Then his creditors were beginning to threaten, and he had had a miserable hour after the post came in the same morning. He had nearly, very nearly resolved on throwing over the Carnforths, putting the all-important question to Daisy Schofield that very day, and never seeing Monica Lavenham again—which latter clause, we may add, must be taken at the reader's discretion.

No more tender looks, words, nor sighs, however. No more wanderings up and down the dell behind the garden, in the dusk. No meeting at Bingley Hall—no, confound it! this one meeting could not be avoided: this one dinner party absolutely must be attended. After all that had taken place, after all his entreaties, his urgency, his victory, he must at least keep the appointment.

But in future he would make no more such appointments. He would hold aloof from the very sight of Monica Lavenham. Since the witchery of her presence unmanned him, he must learn to distrust himself, and flee temptation.

During such cogitations he had been rapidly looking over his accountrements for the day's sport; ere they had led to anything he was well on his way to the meeting place, his portmanteau under the seat of the dog-cart.

Of course he thought no more, once the birds were rising, and the dogs working, and the jocund havoc begun among the turnipfields. The day was rough and dull, but his spirits rose with every hour. When the light went, and homeward tramped the weary feet by hedge-row and stubble-border, who was the best company of them all? Who raised the song that set the others singing? Who leaped the stiles that crossed the little footpaths? Who told the story that made the audience laugh long and loud as they passed beneath the terrace windows? Dorrien was the life and soul of the party. He made them late for dinner, he was in such 'form.' St. George wondered how he had never known before that Harry Dorrien was such a jovial man; Lionel Carnforth sometimes broke out into great guffaws before Harry could open his lips, he thought him such a funny fellow.

Then when alone once more, the fever in the young man's veins had died out, and he had sent, if the truth be told, to Mr. Ricketts for a mouthful of brandy—the which had somewhat surprised old Ricketts at that hour; especially as Mr. Dorrien, who was supposed to be a rather particularly sober gentleman, had partaken of tea like a good, well-behaved little boy when he first came in.

Harry's blood was in a ferment, and he was only too well aware of it. He felt as if he were about to commit himself one way or other, and cared not which. If only he did not need to speak to Monica, nor to look at her, nor—confound that Alverstoke! (Alverstoke was between Isabel and her sister)—the next minute Mr. Dorrien walked across the room, and took up position.

'I was just going to bring Mr. Dorrien up to you,' said a voice on Monica's other side; 'Mamma hopes you will take Miss Lavenham in to dinner, Mr. Dorrien. We are going now. We are never formal,' and Miss Carnforth, sweetly smiling, looked to Mr. St. George for his arm on her own account, and felt as if she had managed her little procession in a light-handed, airy manner, redolent of simplicity and high breeding. Such arrangements fell under her care. She had had her own reasons for deciding upon this one.

To Dorrien no less than to Monica it came as a surprise. Neither had for a moment dreamed of any such good, or ill, fortune. Each had alike felt it to be so improbable as almost to be impossible that they should be thus assorted; and so significant did the circumstance seem, not only in their eyes but in that of Isabel also, that the first thought of one and all was that some

whisper had united the two names in common talk, and that this whisper had found its way to Bingley Hall.

A moment's consideration, however, dispelled the idea, and showed Dorrien in his natural place. Mrs. Carnforth had the parson of the parish—always available on such occasions,—Mr. Carnforth the dowager above named; the three daughters, severally Mr. St. George and two inferior youngsters, not good enough for their guests; while as for the brother, the brother who might have been supposed to be the real rock ahead, nothing was more plainly evident than that he had made his own selection in the blonde daughter of the portly dame, whose train was now sweeping after her, in front of all, turning up the corners of rugs and mats as it trailed along.

A minute's reflection was all that was needed to master the situation.

Monica drew a long breath. Dorrien turned his face towards her. Each felt as if a momentary shock had been received; and again, as if it had passed off harmlessly. She ventured to smile; he to speak.

'I had not dared to hope for this,' he said. They were passing through an antechamber, in narrow file, two and two, as the words were murmured; the effect was as if they had been alone. What now remained of the resolutions of the morning? They had passed away like the morning dew!

Dorrien was now all eye, all ear for the one being present who had become the one being in all the world to him. Engrossed, absorbed in Monica, he forgot or neglected everything else. He ate because he was a healthy man and because the food was there; but he knew very little about it. He hardly drank at all. A sort of loathing of wine possessed him. He was indulging in another species of intoxication.

But this is for our readers. It must not be supposed that there was any breach of *les convenances* on the part of either Mr. Dorrien or Miss Lavenham at the Carnforths' dinner table, or indeed that the ordinary spectator could have remarked anything beyond what was usual on such occasions. Dorrien was struck, attracted, attentive: Monica was soft, winning, and supremely lovely. A bright flush on the girl's cheek and a lustre in her eye enhanced her natural charms. She put forth no fresh ones. None were needed.

What did they talk about?

It would be hard to say. Every subject chosen was common-

place enough, every discussion trivial enough to have passed between any pair of people present. She inquired about his sport—he about her music? She had a tale to tell of misadventure—he one of escape. They had been reading the same book; it was curious that he should have obtained it the very day after she had recommended it; and now they found they thought alike about this book. Monica contradicted herself flatly at one period—shall we confess why? It was to see if Dorrien would do the same. He did: she laughed at him; he laughed also; he had no shame.

In truth the poor wretch neither knew nor cared what he said, so long as he might say it. All he wanted or asked for was, to be yielded this hour of bliss, to be permitted to murmur in Monica's ear, to listen to her low replies, and to gaze into her face.

With a start he would be brought up now and again, however. One of the younger Miss Carnforths on his other side, either voluntarily or involuntarily blind to the state of affairs, refused, woman-like, to be thus trampled upon without turning.

- 'Are you not longing for the hunting season to begin, Mr. Dorrien?'
 - 'I-ah-oh, it does not begin just yet, you know.'
- 'I know, of course.' (They all knew; it was their business to know; naturally Miss Ethel resented the imputation.) 'I know, of course,' she said, somewhat tartly; 'I only asked if you were not longing for it?'
 - 'Oh-I-I don't know,' said he.
 - 'Cub-hunting will begin next month, will it not?'
- 'Next month? What's next month?' half dreamily, half impatiently. How could he stop now to consider which was next month?
- 'Why, October,' rejoined Ethel, promptly. 'We are more than half-way through September already. This is the 22nd, you know. I am sure some cub-hunting begins in October, for my sisters and I were stopping at a house last year where——'
 - '- Yes-oh-of course.'

Dorrien's eye wandered round towards Monica's other side, to which an unknown, unimportant individual had somehow drifted, which nonentity had now seized upon this his first opportunity for asserting his right to recognition.

('The devil take him!' muttered Harry, hot on the instant. 'Confound his impudence!')

Prattle, prattle from Miss Ethel, bent upon making good her claim also. 'We went with papa to inspect the stables, and some of the young horses in the paddock were brought round for us to see; and the stud groom said he had not had such a good lot together for many years. You see there are three packs of hounds now within reach, and——'

("'Pon my word,' fumed Dorrien, with angry contempt, 'I must shut up this girl!') 'I hate to talk about hunting till the time for it comes,' he exclaimed, abruptly. 'It is bad enough then, the way one's ears get dinned with the same old stuff year after year; it is nothing but kennel or stable from morning to night; but one might at least be spared it beforehand,' and he looked straight into Tettie's amazed face, and then lifted his wine-glass to his lips and turned his head away. '

Some men mind not what they say and are careless to whom they say it, once their blood is up. Dorrien, although in the main a good-humoured fellow, had a temper which could not brook opposition, and which had never been broken in. Add to this he was in a house he despised; and add further that at the moment he despised himself. The very fact that he despised himself for what he was doing made him the more intolerant of let or hindrance that emanated from any other source. If he could not hold himself in, he would endure no other hand upon the rein. If he chose to be ruined for a girl's sake, no other girl should put forth her little finger to save him. As for Ethel Carnforth, he simply felt as if a noxious insect were irritating him and he must brush it off.

The luckless Tettie had accordingly nothing now for it but to sit in silence, and in renewed mortification of spirit.

She was, it must be told, especially unfortunate in her position at table. Nothing is more difficult, as every hostess knows, than to arrange a dinner-party so that every person present shall be rightly placed: and at informal gatherings, such as the present one at Bingley Hall, no pains were, as a rule, taken in the matter, it being generally understood that the guests were quite clever enough to make good their own intentions on the subject, and rather preferred to be allowed to do as they chose, escape from whom they chose, and attach themselves where they chose.

On the present occasion the youngest Miss Carnforth had had her own will, wherefore she had now no one to blame but herself. She had airily informed her partner, who was not to her mind, that necessity obliged them to separate, and had sent him round to seek a shady nook in some obscure part of the opposite side of the table; she had then slipt into the niche between Harry Dorrien and her brother Lionel, just at the moment when Lionel was wondering whether two men would not need to sit together.

Ethel solved the problem for him. She had been delighted with herself for her adroitness; and had demurely awaited her turn, telling herself that Miss Lavenham, having been handed in to dinner by Dorrien, had to be sure a prior claim on his attention; also that she would be content to take a little less than her share, on the ground that she had no lawful claim at all.

How sorry was her plight now! Dorrien, neither ashamed of his rudeness nor attempting to redeem it, was haughtily staring across Monica at the young aspirant who, either unperceiving or undaunted, continued to chirrup; while, on the other hand, Ethel's brother, whose politeness did not extend towards taking any heed of a sister in adversity, was fully occupied with his own partner.

The result was that Tettie's indignation burned within her, and finally burst into a conflagration which threw a light upon much that might otherwise have escaped notice. By this illumination she made discoveries. First, she discovered that Mr. Dorrien's shoulder, the shoulder next herself, was very much more thrust forward than it had any occasion to be; this meant that Mr. Dorrien's face and form were considerably more turned towards his other neighbour than they need have been. Next, that while Harry spoke incessantly (he had soon routed his foe and regained the field), he spoke in an undertone, this undertone being soft and exquisitely modulated; finally, that he never laughed.

Archy Alverstoke, on the other side of the way, was sending her sister Grace into fits of merriment every moment, while even the gentler Isabel Lavenham rippled charmingly in response to jests and badinage. Mr. Dorrien could be as gay as anybody. He had been noisy enough in all conscience when the sportsmen thundered up the back staircase, late and scrambling, to their rooms, before dinner. Dorrien's voice had been distinctly heard, as they went past the girls' apartments; and it had certainly been heard as evoking bursts of mirth, remonstrance, and retaliation. The girls had said to each other and to their blonde visitor that there never were such boys for making a noise in a house. But, it had been added, Mr. Dorrien and Mr. St. George were nice boys on the whole; and all boys were the same. They were the same at that delightful Irish house where Grace and Ethel had just

been staying. Such a jolly house! Shockingly riotous, to be sure, but such fun!

The sounds of laughing and pushing and jostling had in reality been music to their ears when the jostlers were Alverstoke and Dorrien, and it had been felt that their guests' thus making themselves at home, to the extent of breach of discipline and decorum, was as it should be. But Dorrien, as he now sat at the dinner table, serious, absorbed, intent—Dorrien, brusque and inattentive on the one hand, enchained, impassioned on the other—this was not as it should be. Ethel Carnforth began to observe Dorrien.

(To be continued.)

Upon a Day.

THE tent is pitched some ten feet above the river, just in the point that is made by the meeting of the river and the brook. The river here forms a horseshoe, and from the tent door you have a clear view down either curve. A lock connects the two heels of the horseshoe, so there is no traffic past the tent. It is impossible, indeed, to pass up this way into the river above, because of a tumbling bay.

Our little promontory is the extremest point of a meadow that is quite remarkable in itself. It is full of grand old trees; sycamore, chestnut, oak, and lime—none more noble than two mighty elms that rear themselves up high into the sky, and widen out below into a rugged platform, on which many persons may Further on are three magnificent cedars of Lebanon, whose arms stretch right across the brook. They belong not of right to an English scene. They were planted long ago, perhaps to commemorate a royal visit. For this was then the inclosure of a religious house. But little of the abbey is remaining now. You may trace the foundations here and there, and in the farmhouse across the meadow are one or two old mullioned windows that have evidently seen better days, and that is all. have said that the whole of the space included in the horseshoe is filled by a large osier-bed—a roddam, as it is called on the But the willows are so wide apart that there is plenty of room for a jungle-growth of nettles, comfrey, and giant waterdocks.

Such, then, are, roughly speaking, the surroundings of the tent. Men in houses, where wooden shutters and close-drawn blinds shut out the day, sleep heavily and late. But here, though sleep is sound, there is no slow returning to consciousness. Lightly plays the breath of morn with the loose canvas of the tent door, and as lightly the sleeper awakes from sleep. He was asleep, he is awake; and that is all. At once alert, conscious, himself, he is looking out upon the infancy of a new-born summer day.

It is an enchanting scene. The sky (how far away it seems!) is some cold, clear tint of palest green, more subtle than any painter ever put on canvas yet. In the south a single star is twinkling to the dawn. High up among the fleecy clouds the young moon rides—a silver gondola. Low in the east, just topping a line of elms, stretches a long black cloud, shaped like some dragon of the prime. Glassily smooth flows the river, excepting where the breeze has caught it, and turned it into silver light.

And this tent-liver has nothing to do all day. Think what it means. A whole long day to be idle in! Never mind the grammar. Grammar was made for those who have to work; for there are persons who are obliged to work. There are some poor things, who, even on this very day, and when the sun is at its hottest, and Throgmorton Street is for all the world like the furnace-rooms of Woolwich Arsenal, will be swarming like black-beetles out of all the cracks in that stone-built oven, happy in the knowledge, or delusion, that they see their way to gold.

But our tent-liver has little time to spare for thoughts on such In a very few minutes now dawn—the half-light will be over: day—the sunlight—will be here. It lasts, this border-time, but some brief half-hour; but that half-hour is full of interest, for it closes in the little hidden dramas of the night. The tent-liver is setting out; let us go too. You must not go with him. Why not? Because you would see nothing then. Do you think the river picnicers see anything? They see Bass's Ale and cucumbers, no doubt; but nature?—never. Nature, believe me, is not so easily seen. To all the blackbeetle Throgmorton Street swarms she rolls herself up like a hedgehog. They repel her as 'with a pitchfork.' 'Gently, and one at a time,' is her motto. So you cannot go with the tent-liver; but still, you shall not lose, for I will be your Diable boiteux and show you what he sees, and how he manages to see it.

See his dress. How carefully its colour is chosen! It is hard, indeed, to say what its colour is. It is neither drab, nor grey, nor green, but something perhaps of each of these. It is indefinite, but it harmonises so cleverly with any surroundings that it needs a quick eye to detect the wearer at the distance even of a hundred yards. Throgmorton Street affects stand-up collars, and its pocket-handkerchief is white and displayed as a charm, as a fetish; and the same may be said of its cuffs. But the tent-dweller knows better than that. He knows that the first principles for the study of all wild animals, from tigers to water-rats, are three in number, and are these—

Keep out of their sight. Keep out of their hearing. Keep out of their field of smell.

Wild creatures have an instinctive dread of anything white. You cannot stop out your rabbits more effectually if the days and nights are quiet, than by the simple plan of placing pieces of white paper in the mouth of their holes; an envelope fixed into a split stick and stuck up at the end of the hedge will keep the cock pheasants in, and spare the need of human stops, as every keeper knows.

The hearing of wild creatures is marvellously acute; and, of all possible noises, nothing alarms them half so much as the sound of the human voice. This particular sound travels a long way, and the wild animal with its ear close to the ground has timely warning of any coming danger. It is no exaggeration to say that the voice of ordinary conversation will put on the qui vive any creatures within a radius of a quarter of a mile and much further even than this in hilly districts. We have all seen, at some time or other, an elderly sportsman's gesticulations as he inveighs in early English against the wildness of the 'beastly birds,' quite blind to the fact that his own voice has long ago put up the heads of every partridge on the place.

Whether the sense of smell of birds is as acute as that of mammals is a disputed point. There are good grounds for supposing that it is comparatively but little developed; and that the decoy-man who carries a bit of burning turf when he visits his decoys is the victim of a baseless superstition. But to return to the tent-dweller, who has suddenly stopped as if frozen into stone. He is only looking at a water-rat. It seems, you think, almost ludicrous, to take elaborate observations of a creature so common and so small. Believe me you are wrong. The common water-rat, regard him from what point you please, is well worthy of study. He is one of our most interesting English animals. Although commonly spoken of as a 'rat,' it does not really belong to the muridæ, but to the arvicolæ, or voles. not very easy to point to any great structural differences. Those grinding teeth have no roots; and, for the rest, the distinctions are chiefly superficial, and these you may notice for yourself. Its head is broader and shorter than that of the rat; its tail is shorter, blunt and covered with hair. Its ears are also hairy, and not naked as the rat's. But it is in habit that the great difference lies. The barn-rat can swim well, but he is a landlubber in comparison with his aquatic cousin. The barn-rat is

omnivorous, as the housekeeper knows to her cost; the water-rat is almost entirely a vegetable feeder. Not entirely, for at certain seasons of the year he too acquires a taste for meat; but this is not his rule. Look at the little creature. It is still and almost of the same colour as the alder stub on which it sits. this, and it is so still, not, you may be sure, because it does not see the tent-dweller, but because it trusts it is itself unseen. But the watcher stands there also motionless, and it soon forgets its fears, and begins to prepare for breakfast. Slipping silently into the water, it makes for a little patch of reeds. Suddenly it dives. and one of the reeds begins to quiver. A skilful woodsman is at work below. Presently the reed floats out flat on the top of the water, cut off cleverly close to the root. Often the diver will reappear at once; but sometimes he will cut two or three reeds consecutively, and then coming to the top seize first one and then the others by the white succulent end, and swim off with them to its seat. When it has a great burden, or is in a hurry—and it is always in a hurry for breakfast—it swims with all its feet. other times it uses its hind feet only, carrying its fore-limbs at its side as the harbour seals their flippers.

But see the tent-dweller. By that quick turn of his head you may know that something has arrested his attention, and he seems to be listening intently. Stay. Do you hear that curious, whistling sound, coming from the reed-bed beyond the cedars? It is an otter coming home from his travels of the night. To the tent-dweller the sound is familiar as that of a human voice. Off he sets at top speed, and does not stop till he has reached the nearest cedar. Leaning there, almost hidden by the trunk, he knows he is safe from discovery; for the breeze is blowing in his Nearer and nearer comes the whistling sound, and then for a minute all is still. Presently round a corner of the stream comes -not the otter, to all appearance-but a wave; the otter is swimming under the water. But now he is out upon a shallow, a beautiful picture of activity and strength. In his flat head, his powerful jaw, and his muscular shoulder there is expressed, not cunning so much, perhaps, as precision and secresy. wanted an agent to do me some dark deed, I would choose, not the fox, I think, but the otter. He would travel like a very power of darkness, swiftly, secretly, and strike as surely as the vendetta, not one single second too soon or too late. When he is on the hunt he has no need to chase the fish; he can scent them, even from the bank, and, slipping into the water without a sound, is

upon them before they are aware. And our otter now has slipped into the water, and is coming quickly down stream, but with no more sound than if he were swimming in oil. He emerges, directly under the roots of the third cedar; a moment's pause, and in a single bound he is up among the roots and out of sight. And now, if you look closely, you may see a large dark hole, well guarded by the twisted roots of this old tree. Oh yes, the tent-dweller knew it long ago, and has been on the look-out ever since he first noticed the otter's seal or footprint in the mud. But he has had long to wait, for otters are great travellers, and one has not been here for days. Why do not the hounds come here and hunt? Because it is too near to the big river, and once there the otter could laugh at his foes.

Now there flies past a beetle, larger than a dor-beetle, but flying with less noise. Suddenly it drops headforemost into the water; not into the brook, indeed, but into a stagnant ditch that opens out of it. It is Dytiscus, the great water-beetle, and this is its curious habit. It is aquatic all the day, aerial all the night. I do not find that anyone has tried to explain this strange contradiction. By all the laws of residential life the water is his home. In the water lie all his seeming interests, his food, his loves, his He was hatched under the leaf of a water-lily; and there. or thereabouts, he passed from a long-bodied, hungry larva to a hunched-back, helpless chrysalis; and, by-and-by, with torpedolike body and swimming legs, broke loose, a perfect water-beetle. How, then, can we account for this irregular habit? Is it not just possible that it may be connected with the process of respiration? The water-beetle is a strong-swimming creature, and needs a large amount of air for oxidation of its blood. The beetles possess, in connection with their trachæal system, a series of air-cells analogous to the air-spaces of birds; until these are filled they are unable to rise, and they are filled by the motion of the wings. May it not be that Dytiscus retains this collected air in these trachæal dilatations, as in reservoirs, as residual food for his tissues during the day?

What hoarse, ill-omened scream was that? It is as if some old chiding witch were passing on her broomstick through the trees.

A white owl is going back to its hollow in the sycamore. How dreamily soft is its flight! The whooping of a pigeon's or a peewit's wings would be plainly heard at that distance. But this bird sails noiselessly and soft, as down or feathers wafted on

space. He is one of the few owls that call when on the wing. His cousin, the tawny owl, for example, utters his beautiful hoot only when at rest. Do you notice that this bird is carrying something in its talons? You cannot see at this distance what it is, but the tent-dweller could tell you it is a field-mouse, and that it is the last of many that the bird has been carrying to its young ones every few minutes through the night.

In the sycamore now the babies are snoring, as you may hear them at sermon-time in a country church. For this is the owl of church towers and hollow trees, while the tawny, like the longeared owl, oftener nests in places quite exposed.

But the east is beginning to redden now; dark, almost to blackness, stands out our line of elms, clear-cut against a band of crystal sky, that slowly widens with the rising of the curtain of the night. And now long, rose-coloured filaments begin to feel their way up among the diaphanous haze of the lower zones, and now the warm glow catching, slowly at first, leaps from cloud to cloud, till the whole wide eastern sky is ablush like the peachgardens of the south. But the elms and the broad meadows round them are not lighted yet. Now turn round and see how great the difference; for

—not through eastern windows only,
When morning dawns, comes in the light;
Above the sun climbs slow—how slowly!—
But westward look, the land is bright!

Before he lights the fire for breakfast our friend will have his morning swim. It is less a swim than an exploration. Instead of amusing himself by taking noisy headers, he slips quietly into the water from the stern of his boat, and with a few strokes, just to stretch his limbs, sinks till there is little else but his eyes above the water, and drops down stream. It is an old ruse, and one which the West Indians practise with a view to catching water-fowl. The hunter fits over his head a calabash, and, surrounded by empty, floating gourds, is borne right into the midst of the unsuspecting wild-fowl. Gourds or no, this is the way to study the habits of those birds that live where water runs. And now a pair of swans are bringing their brood of five up from the lower reaches, where they have been all night. Stately and slow they come, the male bird leading, and the young strung out in a line behind him. The female brings up the rear. Quaint little things are the soft grey cygnets, and when they come to a bit of

rapid water, it is funny to see them all turn at exactly the same angle, so as to negative the pressure of the stream, taking it slantingly, as a brewer's horse takes the hill.

The sand-martins have drilled their tunnels into the bank, where it is, from turf to water, not more than five feet high. It is an impossibility for even the most practised swimmer to remain absolutely motionless in fresh water for more than a few moments at a time. But the sand-martins take no notice of the swimmer's head. In and out of their nests they dart, twittering cheerily all the while. Poor little birds! They have chosen a risky nesting-place. Sometimes there comes a summer flood, and then all their nursery cares are gone for nothing. It is true they may make a second nest, but it surely must be weary work, unattended though it seems to be with any sense of loss of interest.

Even the sharp eye of the kingfisher is deceived at first. From his perch on a dead alder bough he flashes like a jewel into the stream, sending up a little cloud of spray, as with a single movement he seizes a minnow and returns to his vantage point. It is only in the early morning that the kingfisher fishes here: at other times of the day he is in seclusion up the brook. beautiful is the brook in itself and in all its surroundings. Every river feature is to be found here in little. Here it flows in deep, dark pools where the big white-lipped chub lie wary and expectant, waiting for moth or caterpillar to drop from off the soft blue willows that almost span the stream. Here it tinkles fairy music over tiny waterfalls, and on again past brown stones and golden gravel to where broad beds of flowering crowfoot show up like snow in the noonday sun. The very banks themselves are beautiful; not only for the jewelling of the honeysuckle or the pink dog-rose, but because of the common nettle, water-dock. meadow-sweet, and yellow ragwort that help to give the brook its own identity, closing it in and screening it from the rude gaze of things outside.

In one spot only is the luxuriance of plant life less than tropical, and here there is none at all. This spot is under the cedars. There is a solitude of majesty, and no plants may flourish there. Only the rabbits burrow round about, and the otter finds a home beneath their overhanging roots. Close to them is the tent-dweller's favourite post, and here he will lie, sometimes for hours, in the hottest part of the day. Idling? Well, yes, I suppose it is idling; at least, that is what Throgmorton Street would say. He is so still you might suppose

him fast asleep. But, in truth, every sense is strung to its highest pitch. Nothing escapes him. Not the briefest shadow of a passing bird; not the faintest rustle in the grass. He can see and learn more in this way in a single hour than if he were to walk a whole day up the brook. That is the way to study nature. Go a hundred yards from the house in any direction, and be still. Wild things are all about you then. The way through the wood, that now seems so deserted, was an animated scene just before you came along. It is your voice, your tread, your shadow; and, forgive me, dear reader, your smell, that have wrought the change; even though, as is most improbable, the jays did not see you, and scream danger ahead. But, back to the cedars.

Lie down with the tent-dweller flat on the ground, and look steadily into this deep, dark pool—deep, that is, relatively. It seems at first to be quite empty—quite fathomless. But soon the bottom grows distinct, and certain little rays of light are seen glancing on stones, and roots, and water-grass that moves in waving tresses. And presently a creature, scarlet and blue, and of any and every tint between these two, as the light takes it, comes into view. It is a male stickleback. He is keeping guard over his nest—that small, irregular bunch of weed, in the middle of which his partner and her eggs are hidden. It is only at this season that he is gorgeous in his suit of scintillating armour. And so he keeps his watch—a perfect Paladin—and so he holds the field against all comers, secure in his suit of armour and his bristling spines. And then, with a sound of rushing wind, a woodpigeon drops down to drink.

Of all the birds that haunt our woodlands, the pigeon is perhaps most wideawake. You will not easily catch him napping. He does not even drink like other birds. He does not sip and hold his head up to let the water trickle down his throat; he just takes one long steady pull, and then is off again to the bean-field.

Time would fail to tell of all or of one-half of the incidents of humble life that come under the tent-dweller's ken in even this one sleepy hour of a broiling summer day. Of the cock-pheasant, radiant in purple and gold, who comes down to drink, walking, delicately as Agag, through the nettles; of the caddis-worm, architect and builder, collecting sticks and shells for the castle he will bear about with him through life—of the caddis-flies, rising buoyant through the water, and, dry almost at once, stretching their wings to lose themselves forthwith in the quivering noonday heat.

There is much indeed to see, but the tent-dweller notes it all. And could we stay, we too might come to see it with his eyes. But our holiday is all but over, and we have many a mile to go ere night.

May I drop the historic present—for all this happened long ago—and just tell you what the tent-liver has himself said since of this same day? He said that on this day he did not find his way back to the tent until long after the dew had settled down upon the meadows, the summer moon had risen on the river, and the barn-owl had set out in quest of mice. That he remembered this day especially well because of some verses which came to him while yet he lay awake. They were these:—

Tinkle, dear brook,

The close defences of thy woven bowers

Are sweet and spangled through. Here let me lie,

And win thy secrets from the careless flowers,

Who take them from thee all too easily.

No wiles of love shall cheat my tongue; no fear,

None—though the tidal sea itself should clamour here.

Aged with the ages,
Child of the ice-stream in the dawn of time,
With lovers' raptures, fears and plaint of ills
Trusted these thousand summers: if sublime,
Dead to thy birthplace deep among the hills
And all love's confidence thou find'st the sea,
Sweet is thy low-voiced music now. Enough for me.

Faithless thy smiling?
Yes, I have seen thy brown and seething flood
Rouse the big salmon out beyond the nets—
A mile across the blue. And I have stood
Where flood-gates fail and death his pleasure gets.
But here—so kind thy court—the rudest thing
Is the small tyrant minnow deftly skirmishing.

And ere another verse could frame itself he dropped asleep.

AUBYN BATTYE.

The Pupil.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

A COUPLE of days after this, during which Pemberton had delayed to profit by Mrs. Moreen's permission to tell her son any horror, the two had been for a quarter of an hour walking together in silence when the boy became sociable again with the remark, 'I'll tell you how I know it: I know it through Zénobie.'

'Zénobie? Who in the world is she?'

'A nurse I used to have—ever so many years ago. A charming woman. I liked her awfully, and she liked me.'

'There's no accounting for tastes. What is it you know through her?'

'Why, what their idea is. She went away because they didn't pay her. She did like me awfully, and she stayed two years. She told me all about it—that at last she could never get her wages. As soon as they saw how much she liked me they stopped giving her anything. They thought she'd stay for nothing, out of devotion. And she did stay ever so long—as long as she could. She was only a poor girl. She used to send money to her mother. At last she couldn't afford it any longer, and she went away in a fearful rage one night—I mean, of course, in a rage against them. She cried over me tremendously, she hugged me nearly to death. She told me all about it,' Morgan repeated. 'She told me it was their idea. So I guessed, ever so long ago, that they have had the same idea with you.'

'Zénobie was very shrewd,' said Pemberton. 'And she made you so.'

'Oh, that wasn't Zénobie; that was nature. And experience,' Morgan laughed.

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- 'Well, Zénobie was a part of your experience.'
- 'Certainly I was a part of hers, poor dear!' the boy exclaimed. 'And I'm a part of yours.'
- 'A very important part. But I don't see how you know that I've been treated like Zénobie.'
- 'Do you take me for an idiot?' Morgan asked. 'Haven't I been conscious of what we've been through together?'
 - 'What we've been through?'
 - 'Our privations—our dark days.'
 - 'Oh, our days have been bright enough.'

Morgan went on in silence for a moment. Then he said, 'My dear fellow, you're a hero!'

- 'Well, you're another!' Pemberton retorted.
- 'No, I'm not; but I'm not a baby. I won't stand it any longer. You must get some occupation that pays. I'm ashamed, I'm ashamed!' quavered the boy in a little passionate voice that was very touching to Pemberton.
- 'We ought to go off and live somewhere together,' said the young man.
 - 'I'll go like a shot if you'll take me.'
- 'I'd get some work that would keep us both afloat,' Pemberton continued.
 - 'So would I. Why shouldn't I work? I ain't such a crétin!'
- 'The difficulty is that your parents wouldn't hear of it,' said Pemberton. 'They would never part with you; they worship the ground you tread on. Don't you see the proof of it? They don't dislike me; they wish me no harm; they're very amiable people; but they're perfectly ready to treat me badly for your sake.'

The silence in which Morgan received this graceful sophistry struck Pemberton somehow as expressive. After a moment Morgan repeated, 'You are a hero!' Then he added, 'They leave me with you altogether. You've all the responsibility. They put me off on you from morning till night. Why, then, should they object to my taking up with you completely? I'd help you.'

- 'They're not particularly keen about my being helped; and they delight in thinking of you as *theirs*. They're tremendously proud of you.'
- 'I'm not proud of them. But you know that,' Morgan returned.
 - 'Except for the little matter we speak of, they're charming

people,' said Pemberton, not taking up the imputation of lucidity, but wondering greatly at the child's own, and especially at this fresh reminder of something he had been conscious of from the first—the strangest thing in the boy's large little composition, a temper, a sensibility, even a sort of ideal, which made him privately resent the general quality of his kinsfolk. Morgan had in secret a small loftiness which begot an element of reflection, a domestic scorn not imperceptible to his companionthough they never had any talk about it-and absolutely anomalous in a juvenile nature, especially when one noted that it had not made this nature 'old-fashioned,' as the word is of childrenquaint or wizened or offensive. It was as if he had been a little gentleman and had paid the penalty by discovering that he was the only such person in the family. This comparison didn't make him vain; but it could make him melancholy and a trifle austere. When Pemberton guessed at these young dimnesses he saw him serious and gallant, and was partly drawn on and partly checked, as if with a scruple, by the charm of attempting to sound the little cool shallows which were quickly growing deeper. When he tried to figure to himself the morning twilight of childhood, so as to deal with it safely, he perceived that it was never fixed, never arrested—that ignorance, at the instant one touched it, was already flushing faintly into knowledge; that there was nothing that at a given moment you could say a clever child didn't know. It seemed to him that he both knew too much to imagine Morgan's simplicity and too little to disembroil his tangle.

The boy paid no heed to his last remark: he only went on, 'I should have spoken to them about their idea, as I call it, long ago, if I hadn't been sure what they would say.'

'And what would they say?'

- 'Just what they said about what poor Zénobie told me—that it was a horrid, dreadful story; that they had paid her every penny they owed her.'
 - 'Well, perhaps they had,' said Pemberton.

'Perhaps they've paid you!'

'Let us pretend they have, and n'en parlons plus.'

'They accused her of lying and cheating,' Morgan resumed perversely. 'That's why I don't want to speak to them.'

'Lest they should accuse me, too?'

To this Morgan made no answer, and his companion, looking down at him (the boy turned his eyes, which had filled, away), saw that he couldn't have trusted himself to utter.

- 'You're right. Don't squeeze them,' Pemberton pursued. 'Except for that, they are charming people.'
 - 'Except for their lying and their cheating?'
- 'I say—I say!' cried Pemberton, imitating a little tone of the lad's which was itself an imitation.
- 'We must be frank, at the last; we must come to an understanding,' said Morgan, with the importance of the small boy who lets himself think he is arranging great affairs—almost playing at shipwreck or Indians. 'I know all about everything,' he added.
- 'I daresay your father has his reasons,' Pemberton observed, too vaguely, as he was aware.
 - 'For lying and cheating?'
- 'For saving and managing and turning his means to the best account. He has plenty to do with his money. You're an expensive family.'
- 'Yes, I'm very expensive,' Morgan rejoined, in a manner which made his preceptor burst out laughing.
- 'He's saving for you,' said Pemberton. 'They think of you in everything they do.'
- 'He might save a little——' The boy paused. Pemberton waited to hear what. Then Morgan brought out oddly—'A little reputation.'
 - 'Oh, there's plenty of that. That's all right!'
- 'Enough of it for the people they know, no doubt. The people they know are awful.'
 - 'Do you mean the princes? We mustn't abuse the princes.'
- 'Why not? They haven't married Paula—they haven't married Amy. They only clean out Adolphus.'
 - 'You do know everything!' Pemberton exclaimed.
- 'No, I don't, after all. I don't know what they live on, or how they live, or why they live! What have they got and how did they get it? Are they rich, are they poor, or have they a modeste aisance? Why are they always chiveying about—living one year like ambassadors and the next like paupers? Who are they, any way, and what are they? I've thought of all that—I've thought of a lot of things. They're so beastly worldly. That's what I hate most—oh, I've seen it! All they care about is to make an appearance and to pass for something or other. What do they want to pass for? What do they, Mr. Pemberton?'
 - 'You pause for a reply,' said Pemberton, treating the inquiry

as a joke, yet wondering too, and greatly struck with the boy's intense, if imperfect, vision, 'I haven't the least idea.'

'And what good does it do? Haven't I seen the way people treat them—the "nice" people, the ones they want to know? They'll take anything from them—they'll lie down and be trampled on. The nice ones hate that—they just sicken them. You're the only really nice person we know.'

'Are you sure? They don't lie down for me!'

'Well, you shan't lie down for them. You've got to go—that's what you've got to do,' said Morgan.

'And what will become of you?'

'Oh, I'm growing up. I shall get off before long. I'll see you later.'

'You had better let me finish you,' Pemberton urged, lending himself to the child's extraordinarily competent attitude.

Morgan stopped in their walk, looking up at him. He had to look up much less than a couple of years before—he had grown, in his loose leanness, so long and high. 'Finish me?' he echoed.

'There are such a lot of jolly things we can do together yet. I want to turn you out—I want you to do me credit.'

Morgan continued to look at him. 'To give you credit—do you mean?'

'My dear fellow, you're too clever to live.'

'That's just what I'm afraid you think. No, no; it isn't fair—I can't endure it. We'll part next week. The sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.'

'If I hear of anything—any other chance, I promise to go,' said Pemberton.

Morgan consented to consider this. 'But you'll be honest,' he demanded; 'you won't pretend you haven't heard?'

'I'm much more likely to pretend I have.'

'But what can you hear of, this way, stuck in a hole with us? You ought to be on the spot, to go to England—you ought to go to America.'

'One would think you were my tutor!' said Pemberton.

Morgan walked on, and after a moment he began again: 'Well, now that you know that I know and that we look at the facts, and keep nothing back—it's much more comfortable, isn't it?'

'My dear boy, it's so amusing, so interesting, that it surely will be quite impossible for me to forego such hours as these.'

This made Morgan stop once more. 'You do keep something back. Oh, you're not straight—I am!'

- 'Why am I not straight?'
- 'Oh, you've got your idea!'
- 'My idea?'
- 'Why, that I probably shan't live, and that you can stick it out till I'm removed.'
 - 'You are too clever to live!' Pemberton repeated.
- 'I call it a mean idea,' Morgan pursued. 'But I shall punish you by the way I hang on.'
 - 'Look out, or I'll poison you!' Pemberton laughed.
- 'I'm stronger and better every year. Haven't you noticed that there hasn't been a doctor near me since you came?'
- 'I'm your doctor,' said the young man, taking his arm and drawing him on again.

Morgan proceeded, and after a few steps he gave a sigh of mingled weariness and relief. 'Ah, now that we look at the facts, it's all right!'

They looked at the facts a good deal after this; and one of the first consequences of their doing so was that Pemberton stuck it out, as it were, for the purpose. Morgan made the facts so vivid and so droll, and at the same time so bald and so ugly, that there was fascination in talking them over with him, just as there would have been heartlessness in leaving him alone with them. Now that they had such a number of perceptions in common it was useless for the pair to pretend that they didn't judge such people; but the very judgment, and the exchange of perceptions, created another tie. Morgan had never been so interesting as now that he himself was made plainer by the sidelight of these confidences. What came out in it most was the soreness of his characteristic pride. He had plenty of that, Pemberton felt—so much that it was perhaps well it should have had to take some early bruises. He would have liked his people to be gallant, and he had waked up too soon to the sense that they were perpetually swallowing humble-pie. His mother would consume any amount, and his father would consume even more than his mother. He had a theory that Adolphus had wriggled out of an 'affair' at Nice: there had once been a flurry at home, a regular panic, after which they all went to bed and took medicine, not to be accounted for on any other supposition. Morgan had a romantic imagination, fed by poetry and

history, and he would have liked those who 'bore his name' (as he used to say to Pemberton with the humour that made his sensitiveness manly) to have a proper spirit. But their one idea was to get in with people who didn't want them, and to take snubs as if they were honourable scars. Why people didn't want them more he didn't know—that was people's own affair; after all they were not superficially repulsive—they were a hundred times cleverer than most of the dreary grandees, the 'poor swells' they rushed about Europe to catch up with. 'After all, they are amusing—they are!' Morgan used to say, with the wisdom of the ages. To which Pemberton always replied: 'Amusing—the great Moreen troupe? Why, they're altogether delightful; and if it were not for the hitch that you and I (feeble performers!) make in the ensemble, they would carry everything before them.'

What the boy couldn't get over was that this particular blight seemed, in a tradition of self-respect, so undeserved and so arbitrary. No doubt people had a right to take the line they liked; but why should his people have liked the line of pushing and toadying and lying and cheating? What had their forefathers-all decent folk, so far as he knew-done to them, or what had he done to them? Who had poisoned their blood with the fifth-rate social ideal, the fixed idea of making smart acquaintances and getting into the monde chic, especially when it was foredoomed to failure and exposure? They showed so what they were after; that was what made the people they wanted not want them. And never a movement of dignity, never a throb of shame at looking each other in the face, never any independence or resentment or disgust. If his father or his brother would only knock some one down once or twice a year! Clever as they were, they never guessed how they appeared. They were good-natured, yes-as good-natured as Jews at the doors of clothing-shops! But was that the model one wanted one's family to follow? Morgan had dim memories of an old grandfather, the maternal, in New York, whom he had been taken across the ocean to see, at the age of five: a gentleman with a high neckcloth and a good deal of pronunciation, who wore a dress-coat in the morning, which made one wonder what he wore in the evening, and had, or was supposed to have, 'property' and something to do with the Bible Society. It couldn't have been but that he was a good type. Pemberton himself remembered Mrs. Clancy, a widowed sister of Mr. Moreen's, who was as irritating as a moral tale and had paid a fortnight's visit to the family at Nice shortly after he came to live with them. She was 'pure and refined,' as Amy said, over the banjo, and had the air of not knowing what they meant and of keeping something back. Pemberton judged that what she kept back was an approval of many of their ways; therefore it was to be supposed that she too was of a good type, and that Mr. and Mrs. Moreen and Adolphus and Paula and Amy might easily have been better if they would.

But that they wouldn't was more and more perceptible from day to day. They continued to 'chivey,' as Morgan called it, and in due time became aware of a variety of reasons for proceeding to Venice. They mentioned a great many of themthey were always strikingly frank, and had the brightest friendly chatter, at the late foreign breakfast in especial, before the ladies had made up their faces, when they leaned their arms on the table, had something to follow the demi-tasse, and, in the heat of familiar discussion as to what they 'really ought' to do, fell inevitably into the languages in which they could tutoyer. Even Pemberton liked them, then; he could endure even Adolphus when he heard him give his little flat voice for the sweet seacity. That was what made him have a sneaking kindness for them—that they were so out of the workaday world and kept him so out of it. The summer had waned when, with cries of ecstasy, they all passed out on the balcony that overhung the Grand Canal; the sunsets were splendid—the Dorringtons had arrived. The Dorringtons were the only reason they had not talked of at breakfast; but the reasons that they didn't talk of at breakfast always came out in the end. The Dorringtons, on the other hand, came out very little; or else, when they did, they stayed—as was natural—for hours, during which periods Mrs. Moreen and the girls sometimes called at their hotel (to see if they had returned) as many as three times running. gondola was for the ladies; for in Venice too there were 'days,' which Mrs. Moreen knew, in their order, an hour after she She immediately took one herself, to which the Dorringtons never came, though on a certain occasion when Pemberton and his pupil were together at St. Mark's-where, taking the best walks they had ever had and haunting a hundred churches, they spent a great deal of time—they saw the old lord turn up with Mr. Moreen and Adolphus, who showed him the dim basilica as if it belonged to them. Pemberton noted how much less, among its curiosities, Lord Dorrington carried himself as a man of the world; wondering, too, whether, for such services, his companions took a fee from him. The autumn, at any rate, waned, the Dorringtons departed, and Lord Verschoyle, the eldest son, had proposed neither for Amy nor for Paula.

One sad November day, while the wind roared round the old palace and the rain lashed the lagoon, Pemberton, for exercise and even somewhat for warmth (the Moreens were horribly frugal about fires—it was a cause of suffering to their inmate), walked up and down the big bare sala with his pupil. The scagliols floor was cold, the high battered casements shook in the storm. and the stately decay of the place was unrelieved by a particle of furniture. Pemberton's spirits were low, and it came over him that the fortune of the Moreens was now even lower. A blast of desolation, a prophecy of disaster and disgrace, seemed to draw through the comfortless hall. Mr. Moreen and Adolphus were in the Piazza, looking out for something, strolling drearily, in mackintoshes, under the arcades; but still, in spite of mackintoshes, unmistakable men of the world. Paula and Amy were in bed-it might have been thought they were staying there to keep warm. Pemberton looked askance at the boy at his side, to see to what extent he was conscious of these portents. But Morgan, luckily for him, was now mainly conscious of growing taller and stronger and indeed of being in his fifteenth year. This fact was intensely interesting to him—it was the basis of a private theory (which, however, he had imparted to his tutor) that in a little while he should stand on his own feet. He considered that the situation would change—that, in short, he should be 'finished,' grown up, producible in the world of affairs and ready to prove himself of sterling ability. Sharply as he was capable, at times, of questioning his circumstances, there were happy hours when he was as superficial as a child; the proof of which was his fundamental assumption that he should presently go to Oxford, to Pemberton's college, and, aided and abetted by Pemberton, do the most wonderful things. It vexed Pemberton to see how little, in such a project, he took account of ways and means: on other matters he was so sceptical about them. Pemberton tried to imagine the Moreens at Oxford, and fortunately failed; yet, unless they were to remove there as a family, there would be no modus vivendi for Morgan. How could he live without an allowance, and where was the allowance to come from? He (Pemberton) might live on Morgan; but how could Morgan live on him? What was to become of him, anyhow? Somehow, the fact that he was a big boy now, with better prospects of health, made the question of his future more difficult. So long as he was frail, the consideration that he inspired seemed enough of an answer to it. But at the bottom of Pemberton's heart was the recognition of his probably being strong enough to live and not strong enough to thrive. He himself, at any rate, was in a period of natural, boyish rosiness about all this, so that the beating of the tempest seemed to him only the voice of life and the challenge of fate. He had on his shabby little overcoat, with the collar up; but he was enjoying his walk.

It was interrupted at last by the appearance of his mother at the end of the sala. She beckoned to Morgan to come to her, and while Pemberton saw him, complacent, pass down the long vista, over the damp false marble, he wondered what was in the air. Mrs. Moreen said a word to the boy and made him go into the room she had quitted. Then, having closed the door after him, she directed her steps swiftly to Pemberton. There was something in the air; but his wildest flight of fancy wouldn't have suggested what it proved to be. She signified that she had made a pretext to get Morgan out of the way, and then she inquired—without hesitation—if the young man could lend her sixty francs. While, before bursting into a laugh, he stared at her with surprise, she declared that she was awfully pressed for the money—she was desperate for it; it would save her life.

- 'Dear lady, c'est trop fort!' Pemberton laughed. 'Where in the world do you suppose I should get sixty francs, du train dont vous allez?'
 - 'I thought you worked-wrote things; don't they pay you?'
 - 'Not a penny.'
 - 'Are you such a fool as to work for nothing?'
 - 'You ought surely to know that.'

Mrs. Moreen stared an instant, then she coloured a little. Pemberton saw she had quite forgotten the terms—if 'terms' they could be called—that he had ended by accepting from herself; they had burdened her memory as little as her conscience. 'Oh, yes, I see what you mean—you have been very nice about that; but why go back to it so often?' She had been perfectly urbane with him ever since the rough scene of explanation in his room, the morning he made her accept his 'terms'—the necessity of his making his case known to Morgan.

She had felt no resentment, after seeing that there was no danger of Morgan's taking the matter up with her. Indeed, attributing this immunity to the good taste of his influence with the boy, she had once said to Pemberton, 'My dear fellow; it's an immense comfort you're a gentleman.' She repeated this, in substance, now. 'Of course you're a gentleman-that's a bother Pemberton reminded her that he had not 'gone back' to anything; and she also repeated her prayer that, somewhere and somehow, he would find her sixty francs. He took the liberty of declaring that if could find them it wouldn't be to lend them to her—as to which he consciously did himself injustice. knowing that if he had them he would certainly place them in her hand. He accused himself, at bottom and with some truth, of a fantastic, demoralised sympathy with her. If misery made strange bedfellows it also made strange sentiments. It was, moreover, a part of the demoralisation and of the general bad effect of living with such people, that one had to make rough retorts, quite out of the tradition of good manners. 'Morgan, Morgan, to what pass have I come for you?' he privately exclaimed, while Mrs. Moreen floated voluminously down the sala again, to liberate the boy; groaning, as she went, that everything was too odious.

Before the boy was liberated there came a thump at the door communicating with the staircase, followed by the appearance of a dripping youth who poked in his head. Pemberton recognised him as the bearer of a telegram, and recognised the telegram he thrust out as addressed to himself. Morgan came back as, after glancing at the signature (that of a friend in London), he was reading the words: 'Found jolly job for you-engagement to coach opulent youth on own terms. Come immediately.' The answer, happily, was paid, and the messenger waited. Morgan, who had drawn near, waited too, and looked hard at Pemberton; and Pemberton, after a moment, having met his look, handed him the telegram. It was really by wise looks (they knew each other so well) that, while the telegraph-boy, in his waterproof cape, made a great puddle on the floor, the thing was settled between them. Pemberton wrote the answer with a pencil, against the frescoed wall, and the messenger departed. When he had gone Pemberton said to Morgan:

'I'll make a tremendous charge; I'll earn a lot of money in a short time, and we'll live on it.'

'Well, I hope the opulent youth will be stupid—he probably will—'Morgan parenthesised, 'and keep you a long time.'

'Of course, the longer he keeps me the more we shall have for our old age.'

'But suppose they don't pay you!' Morgan awfully suggested.

'Oh, there are not two such—!' Pemberton paused, he was on the point of using an invidious term. Instead of this he said, 'two such chances.'

Morgan flushed—the tears came to his eyes. 'Dites toujours, Two such rascally crews!' Then, in a different tone, he added: 'Happy opulent youth!'

'Not if he's stupid!'

'Oh, they're happier then. But you can't have everything, can you?' the boy smiled.

Pemberton held him, his hands on his shoulders. 'What will become of you, what will you do?' He thought of Mrs. Moreen, desperate for sixty francs.

- 'I shall turn into a man.' And then, as if he recognised all the bearings of Pemberton's allusion—'I shall get on with them better when you're not here.'
 - 'Ah, don't say that—it sounds as if I set you against them!'
- 'You do—the sight of you. It's all right; you know what I mean. I shall be beautiful. I'll take their affairs in hand: I'll marry my sisters.'
- 'You'll marry yourself!' joked Pemberton; as high, rather tense pleasantry would evidently be the right, or the safest, tone for their separation.

It was, however, not purely in this strain that Morgan suddenly asked, 'But I say—how will you get to your jolly job? You'll have to telegraph to the opulent youth for money to come on.'

Pemberton bethought himself. 'They won't like that, will they?'

'Oh, look out for them!'

Then Pemberton brought out his remedy. 'I'll go to the American Consul: I'll borrow some money of him—just for the few days, on the strength of the telegram.'

Morgan was hilarious. 'Show him the telegram—then stay and keep the money!'

Pemberton entered into the joke enough to reply that, for Morgan, he was really capable of that; but the boy, growing more serious, and to prove that he hadn't meant what he said, not

only hurried him off to the Consulate (since he was to start that evening, as he had wired to his friend), but insisted on going with him. They splashed through the tortuous perforations and over the humpbacked bridges, and they passed through the Piazza, where they saw Mr. Moreen and Adolphus go into a jeweller's shop. The Consul proved accommodating (Pemberton said it wasn't the letter, but Morgan's grand air), and on their way back they went into St. Mark's for a hushed ten minutes. Later they took up and kept up the fun of it to the very end; and it seemed to Pemberton a part of that fun that Mrs. Moreen, who was very angry when he had announced to her his intention, should charge him, grotesquely and vulgarly, and in reference to the loan she had vainly endeavoured to effect, with bolting lest they should 'get something out' of him. On the other hand he had to do Mr. Moreen and Adolphus the justice to recognise that when, on coming in, they heard the cruel news, they took it like perfect men of the world.

When Pemberton got at work with the opulent youth, who was to be taken in hand for Balliol, he found himself unable to say whether he was really an idiot or it was only, on his own part, the long association with an intensely living little mind that made him seem so. From Morgan he heard half-a-dozen times: the boy wrote charming young letters, a patchwork of tongues, with indulgent postscripts in the family Volapuk and, in little squares and rounds and crannies of the text, the drollest illustrations-letters that he was divided between the impulse to show his present disciple, as a kind of wasted incentive, and the sense of something in them that was profanable by publicity. The opulent youth went up, in due course, and failed to pass: but it seemed to add to the presumption that brilliancy was not expected of him all at once that his parents, condoning the lapse, which they good-naturedly treated as little as possible as if were Pemberton's, should have begged the young coach to rally again. keeping his pupil in hand another year.

Pemberton was now in a position to lend Mrs. Moreen sixty francs, and he sent her a post-office order for the amount. In return for this favour he received a frantic, scribbled line from her: 'Implore you to come back instantly—Morgan dreadfully ill.' They were on the rebound, once more in Paris—often as Pemberton had seen them depressed he had never seen them crushed—and communication was therefore rapid. He wrote to

the boy to ascertain the state of his health, but he received no answer to his letter. Accordingly he took an abrupt leave of the opulent youth, and, crossing the Channel, alighted at the small hotel, in the quarter of the Champs Elysées, of which Mrs. Moreen had given him the address. A deep if dumb dissatisfaction with this lady and her companions bore him company: they couldn't be vulgarly honest, but they could live at hotels, in velvety entresols, amid a smell of burnt pastilles, in the most expensive city in Europe. When he had left them, in Venice, it was with an irrepressible suspicion that something was going to happen; but the only thing that had happened was that they succeeded in getting away. 'How is he? where is he?' he asked of Mrs. Moreen; but before she could speak, these questions were answered by the pressure round his neck of a pair of arms, in shrunken sleeves, which were perfectly capable of an effusive young foreign squeeze.

'Dreadfully ill—I don't see it!' the young man cried. And then, to Morgan: 'Why on earth didn't you relieve me? Why didn't you answer my letter?'

Mrs. Moreen declared that when she wrote he was very bad, and Pemberton learned at the same time from the boy that he had answered every letter he had received. This led to the demonstration that Pemberton's note had been intercepted. Mrs. Moreen was prepared to see the fact exposed, as Pemberton perceived, the moment he faced her, that she was prepared for a good many other things. She was prepared, above all, to maintain that she had acted from a sense of duty—that she was enchanted she had got him over, whatever they might say; and that it was useless of him to pretend that he didn't know, in all his bones, that his place at such a time was with Morgan. He had taken the boy away from them, and now he had no right to abandon him. He had created for himself the gravest responsibilities; he must at least abide by what he had done.

'Taken him away from you?' Pemberton exclaimed indignantly.

'Do it—do it, for pity's sake; that's just what I want. I can't stand this—and such scenes. They're treacherous!' These words broke from Morgan, who had intermitted his embrace, in a key which made Pemberton turn quickly to him, to see that he had suddenly seated himself, was breathing with evident difficulty and was very pale.

'Now do you say he's not ill-my precious pet?' shouted his

mother, dropping on her knees before him with clasped hands, but touching him no more than if he had been a gilded idol. 'It will pass—it's only for an instant; but don't say such dreadful things!'

'I'm all right—all right,' Morgan panted to Pemberton, whom he sat looking up at with a strange smile, his hands resting on either side on the sofa.

'Now do you pretend I've been treacherous—that I've deceived?' Mrs. Moreen flashed at Pemberton as she got up.

'It isn't he says it, it's I!' the boy returned, apparently easier, but sinking back against the wall; while Pemberton, who had sat down beside him, taking his hand, bent over him.

'Darling child, one does what one can; there are so many things to consider,' urged Mrs. Moreen. 'It's his place—his only place. You see you think it is now.'

'Take me away—take me away,' Morgan went on, smiling to Pemberton from his white face.

'Where shall I take you, and how—oh, how, my boy?' the young man stammered, thinking of the rude way in which his friends in London held that, for his convenience, and without a pledge of instantaneous return, he had thrown them over; of the just resentment with which they would already have called in a successor, and of the little help as regarded finding fresh employment that resided for him in the flatness of his having failed to pass his pupil.

'Oh, we'll settle that. You used to talk about it,' said Morgan. 'If we can only go, all the rest's a detail.'

'Talk about it as much as you like, but don't think you can attempt it. Mr. Moreen would never consent—it would be so precarious,' Pemberton's hostess explained to him. Then to Morgan she explained: 'It would destroy our peace, it would break our hearts. Now that he's back it will be all the same again. You'll have your life, your work, and your freedom, and we'll all be happy as we used to be. You'll bloom and grow perfectly well, and we won't have any more silly experiments, will we? They're too absurd. It's Mr. Pemberton's place—everyone in his place. You in yours, your papa in his, me in mine—n'estce pas, chéri? We'll all forget how foolish we've been, and we'll have lovely times.'

She continued to talk and to surge vaguely about the little draped, stuffy salon, while Pemberton sat with the boy, whose colour gradually came back; and she mixed up her reasons,

dropping that there were going to be changes, that the other children might scatter (who knew?—Paula had her ideas), and that then it might be fancied how much the poor old parent-birds would want the little nestling. Morgan looked at Pemberton, who wouldn't let him move; and Pemberton knew exactly how he felt at hearing himself called a little nestling. He admitted that he had had one or two bad days, but he protested afresh against the iniquity of his mother's having made them the ground of an appeal to poor Pemberton. Poor Pemberton could laugh now, apart from the comicality of Mrs. Moreen's producing so much philosophy for her defence (she seemed to shake it out of her agitated petticoats, which knocked over the light gilt chairs), so little did the sick boy strike him as qualified to repudiate any advantage.

He himself was in for it, at any rate. He should have Morgan on his hands again indefinitely; though indeed he saw the lad had a private theory to produce which would be intended to smooth this down. He was obliged to him for it in advance; but the suggested amendment didn't keep his heart from sinking a little, any more than it prevented him from accepting the prospect on the spot, with some confidence, moreover, that he would do so even better if he could have a little supper. Moreen threw out more hints about the changes that were to be looked for, but she was such a mixture of smiles and shudders (she confessed she was very nervous) that he couldn't tell whether she were in high feather or only in hysterics. If the family were really at last going to pieces, why shouldn't she recognise the necessity of pitching Morgan into some sort of lifeboat? This presumption was fostered by the fact that they were established in luxurious quarters in the capital of pleasure; that was exactly where they naturally would be established in view of going to pieces. Moreover, didn't she mention that Mr. Moreen and the others were enjoying themselves at the opera with Mr. Granger, and wasn't that also precisely where one would look for them on the eve of a Pemberton gathered that Mr. Granger was a rich, vacant American—a big bill with a flourishy heading and no items; so that one of Paula's 'ideas' was probably that this time she had really done it, which was indeed an unprecedented blow to the general cohesion. And if the cohesion was to terminate, what was to become of poor Pemberton? He felt quite enough bound up with them to figure, to his alarm, as a floating spar in case of a wreck.

It was Morgan who eventually asked if no supper had been ordered for him; sitting with him below, later, at the dim, delayed meal, in the presence of a great deal of corded green plush, an ornamental plate of lady-fingers and a languor marked on the part of the waiter. Mrs. Moreen had explained that they had been obliged to secure a room for the visitor out of the house; and Morgan's consolation (he offered it while Pemberton reflected on the nastiness of lukewarm sauces) proved to be, largely, that this circumstance would facilitate their escape. He talked of their escape (recurring to it often afterwards) as if they were making up a 'boy's book' together. But he likewise expressed his sense that there was something in the air—that the Moreens couldn't keep it up much longer. In point of fact, as Pemberton was to see, they kept it up for five or six months. All the while, however, Morgan's contention was designed to cheer him. Moreen and Adolphus, whom he had met the day after his return, accepted that return like perfect men of the world. and Amy treated it even with less formality, an allowance was to be made for them, inasmuch as Mr. Granger had not come to the opera after all. He had only placed his box at their service, with a bouquet for each of the party; there was even one apiece, embittering the thought of his profusion, for Mr. Moreen and Adolphus. 'They're all like that,' was Morgan's comment; 'at the very last, just when we think we've got them fast, we're chucked over.'

Morgan's comments, in these days, were more and more free; they even included a large recognition of the extraordinary tenderness with which he had been treated while Pemberton was away. Oh, yes, they couldn't do enough to be nice to him, to show him they had him on their mind and make up for his loss. That was just what made the whole thing so sad, and him glad, after all, of Pemberton's return—he had to keep thinking of their affection less, had less sense of obligation. Pemberton laughed out at this last reason, and Morgan blushed and said, 'You know what I mean.' Pemberton knew perfectly what he meant; but there were a good many things it didn't make any clearer. episode of his second sojourn in Paris stretched itself out wearily, with their resumed readings and wanderings and maunderingstheir potterings on the quays, their hauntings of the museums, their occasional lingerings in the Palais Royal, when the first sharp weather came on and there was a comfort in warm emanations, before Monsieur Chevet's wonderful succulent window.

wanted to hear a great deal about the opulent youth—he took an immense interest in him. Some of the details of his opulence—Pemberton could spare him none of them—evidently intensified the boy's appreciation of all his friend had given up to come back to him; but, in addition to the greater reciprocity established by such a renunciation, he had always his little brooding theory, in which there was a frivolous gaiety too, that their long probation was drawing to a close. Morgan's conviction that the Moreens couldn't go on much longer kept pace with the unexpended impetus with which, from month to month, they did go on. Three weeks after Pemberton had rejoined them they went on to another hotel, a dingier one than the first; but Morgan rejoiced that his tutor had at least still not sacrificed the advantage of a room outside. He clung to the romantic utility of this when the day, or rather the night, should arrive for their flight.

For the first time, in this complicated connection, Pemberton felt sore and exasperated. It was, as he had said to Mrs. Moreen in Venice, trop fort—everything was trop fort. He could neither really throw off his blighting burden nor find in it the benefit of a pacified conscience or of a rewarded affection. He had spent all the money that he had earned in England, and he felt that his youth was going and that he was getting nothing back for it. It was all very well for Morgan to seem to consider that he would make up to him for all inconveniences by settling himself upon him permanently—there was an irritating flaw in such a view. He saw what the boy had in his mind; the conception that as his friend had had the generosity to come back to him he must show his gratitude by giving him his life. But the poor friend didn't desire the gift-what could he do with Morgan's life? Of course at the same time that Pemberton was irritated he remembered the reason, which was very honourable to Morgan, and which consisted simply of the fact that he was perpetually making one forget that he was, after all, only a child. If one dealt with him on a different basis, one's misadventures were one's own fault. So Pemberton waited in a queer confusion of yearning and alarm for the catastrophe which was held to hang over the house of Moreen, of which he certainly at moments felt the symptoms brush his cheek, and as to which he wondered much in what form it would come.

Perhaps it would take the form of dispersal—a frightened sauve qui peut, a scuttling into selfish corners. Certainly they were less elastic than of yore; they were evidently looking for

something they didn't find. The Dorringtons hadn't reappeared, the princes had scattered; wasn't that the beginning of the end? Mrs. Moreen had lost her reckoning of the famous 'days;' her social calendar was blurred—it had turned its face to the wall. Pemberton suspected that the great, the cruel, discomfiture had been the extraordinary behaviour of Mr. Granger, who seemed not to know what he wanted, or, what was much worse, what they wanted. He kept sending flowers, as if to bestrew the path of his retreat, which was never the path of return. Flowers were all very well, but—Pemberton could complete the proposition. was now positively conspicuous that in the long run the Moreens were a failure; so that the young man was almost grateful the run had not been short. Mr. Moreen, indeed, was still occasionally able to get away on business, and, what was more surprising, he was also able to get back. Adolphus had no club, but you could not have discovered it from his appearance, which was as much as ever that of a person looking at life from the window of such an institution; therefore Pemberton was doubly astonished at an answer he once heard him make to his mother, in the desperate tone of a man familiar with the worst privations. question Pemberton had not quite caught; it appeared to be an appeal for a suggestion as to whom they could get to take Amy. 'Let the devil take her!' Adolphus snapped; so that Pemberton could see that not only they had lost their amiability, but had ceased to believe in themselves. He could also see that if Mrs. Moreen was trying to get people to take her children she might be regarded as closing the hatches for the storm. But Morgan would be the last she would part with.

One winter afternoon—it was a Sunday—he and the boy walked far together in the Bois de Boulogne. The evening was so splendid, the cold lemon-coloured sunset so clear, the stream of carriages and pedestrians so amusing and the fascination of Paris so great, that they stayed out later than usual and became aware that they would have to hurry home to arrive in time for dinner. They hurried accordingly, arm-in-arm, good-humoured and hungry, agreeing that there was nothing like Paris after all, and that after all, too, that had come and gone they were not yet sated with innocent pleasures. When they reached the hotel they found that, though scandalously late, they were in time for all the dinner they were likely to sit down to. Confusion reigned in the apartments of the Moreens (very shabby ones this time, but the best in the house), and before the interrupted service of

the table (with objects displaced almost as if there had been a scuffle, and a great winestain from an overturned bottle), Pemberton could not blink the fact that there had been a scene of proprietary mutiny. The storm had come—they were all seeking refuge. The hatches were down—Paula and Amy were invisible (they had never tried the most casual art upon Pemberton, but he felt that they had enough of an eye to him not to wish to meet him as young ladies whose frocks had been confiscated), and Adolphus appeared to have jumped overboard. In a word, the host and his staff had ceased to 'go on' at the pace of their guests, and the air of embarrassed detention, thanks to a pile of gaping trunks in the passage, was strangely commingled with the air of indignant withdrawal.

When Morgan took in all this—and he took it in very quickly -he blushed to the roots of his hair. He had walked, from his infancy, among difficulties and dangers, but he had never seen a public exposure. Pemberton noticed, in a second glance at him, that the tears had rushed into his eyes and that they were tears He wondered for an instant, for the boy's sake, of bitter shame. whether he might successfully pretend not to understand. successfully, he felt, as Mr. and Mrs. Moreen, dinnerless by their extinguished hearth, rose before him in their little dishonoured salon, considering apparently, with much intensity, what lively capital would be next on their list. They were not prostrate, but they were very pale, and Mrs. Moreen had evidently been crying. Pemberton quickly learned, however, that her grief was not for the loss of her dinner, much as she usually enjoyed it, but on account of a necessity much more tragic. She lost no time in laying this necessity bare, in telling him how the change had come, the bolt had fallen, and how they would all have to turn Therefore, cruel as it was to them to part themselves about. with their darling, she must look to him to carry a little further the influence he had so fortunately acquired with the boy-to induce his young charge to follow him into some modest retreat. They depended upon him, in a word, to take their delightful child temporarily under his protection—it would leave Mr. Moreen and herself so much more free to give the proper attention (too little, alas! had been given) to the readjustment of their affairs.

'We trust you—we feel that we can,' said Mrs. Moreen, slowly rubbing her plump white hands, and looking, with compunction, hard at Morgan, whose chin, not to take liberties, her husband was stroking with a tentative paternal forefinger.

'Oh, yes; we feel that we can. We trust Mr. Pemberton fully, Morgan,' Mr. Moreen conceded.

Pemberton wondered again if he might pretend not to understand; but the idea was painfully complicated by the immediate perception that Morgan had understood.

'Do you mean that he may take me to live with him—for ever and ever?' cried the boy. 'Away, away; anywhere he likes?'

'For ever and ever? Comme vous-y-allez!' Mr. Moreen laughed indulgently. 'For as long as Mr. Pemberton may be so good.'

'We've struggled, we've suffered,' his wife went on; 'but you've made him so your own that we've already been through the worst of the sacrifice.'

Morgan had turned away from his father—he stood looking at Pemberton with a light in his face. His blush had died out, but something had come that was brighter and more vivid. He had a moment of boyish joy, scarcely mitigated by the reflection that, with this unexpected consecration of his hope-too sudden and too violent; the thing was a good deal less like a boy's book the 'escape' was left on their hands. The boyish joy was there for an instant, and Pemberton was almost frightened at the revelation of gratitude and affection that shone through his humiliation. When Morgan stammered, 'My dear fellow, what do you say to that?' he felt that he should say something enthusiastic. But he was still more frightened at something else that immediately followed and that made the lad sit down He had turned very white and quickly on the nearest chair. had raised his hand to his left side. They were all three looking at him, but Mrs. Moreen was the first to bound forward. 'Ah, his darling little heart!' she broke out; and this time, on her knees before him and without respect for the idol, she caught him ardently in her arms. 'You walked him too far; you hurried him too fast,' she tossed over her shoulder at Pemberton. The boy made no protest, and the next instant his mother, still holding him, sprang up with her face convulsed and with the terrified cry, 'Help, help! he's going, he's gone!' Pemberton saw, with equal horror, by Morgan's own stricken face, that he was gone. He pulled him half out of his mother's hands, and for a moment, while they held him together, they looked, in their dismay, into each other's eyes. 'He couldn't stand it, with his

infirmity,' said Pemberton—'the shock, the whole scene, the violent emotion.'

- 'But I thought he wanted to go to you!' wailed Mrs. Moreen.
- 'I told you he didn't, my dear,' argued Mr. Moreen. He was trembling all over, and he was, in his way, as deeply affected as his wife. But, after the first, he took his bereavement like a man of the world.

HENRY JAMES.

Sark.

I ONCE had a friend who made a fruitless attempt to induce me to accompany him to Copenhagen by representing to me that the cherry brandy was undeniable and as cheap as water, and that all the women were exactly like the Princess of Wales. Sixteen years ago I first set foot in Sark, and although my stay was limited to some six hours or so—in fact a day's trip from Guernsey—my life has ever since been more or less tinged with the romance of that visit, and many are the occasions on which I have burdened my friends with my reminiscences of that

Summer isle of Eden, lying bosomed in deep purple seas.

Before long my vivid impressions faded into tradition, and then even that died out, and fancy reigned supreme; and still I went on with my tale. My Copenhagen friend's statement took some such form as this—

'Do you smoke or drink? If so, you can inhale the rarest Havannas all day long and sip the choicest of Gascon wine'—whatever that may be—'at a merely nominal price. If you don't indulge in these luxuries, but have the fear of Sir Wilfrid before you, why then you can bask in the surf and literally wallow in peaches. There the trammels of civilisation utterly decline to work, and Arcadia is revived. For the romantic, the shepherd and shepherdess life; for the more sordidly disposed, air like champagne, and the Globe and Pall Mall of the previous evening.'

And I backed up my statement to a certain extent by a reference to *Caste*. Who that witnessed the scene can ever forget Bancroft as he stood, with difficulty keeping Eccles at bay with his walking-stick, while he endeavoured to impress on him the desirability of the Norman archipelago as a permanent residence?

However, while I importuned my friends, in season and out of season, to go to Sark, I steadily refrained from going there myself.

I have noticed that in this respect I bear a strong resemblance to other people whose forte is advising.

At last the propitious moment arrived. The summer, both in England and on the Continent, was in a hopeless condition. The Channel Islands, and therein more particularly Sark, Serk, or Sercq, presented an offchance of a higher temperature within measurable distance. Accompanied by the faithful companion of my toils and sharer of my joys—'in short,' as Mr. Micawber would say, by my wife-I took ship and so to Guernsey. Arriving there in early morning I had just time before breakfast to satisfy myself that one of my impressions of that sixteen years' old visit was not a delusion, and that Guernsey still possesses what is to my mind incomparably the best bathing-place in the world. Talk of Boveney and Sandford and the upper reaches of the Thames generally! they can't hold a candle to it; and the ordinary seabathing-place of commerce I consider to be utterly beneath contempt. Here you have what appears to be a large basin cut out of the rock, and protected seawards by a strong wall fitted with natural platforms so cunningly devised that you can suit yourselves with any depth of water from one to nine feet and any form of 'header.' The tide comes in over the wall, ensuring a complete change of water twice daily, and, when it is out, it leaves you the most perfect pool of still water to bathe in. If you prefer the open sea, you can always have it by diving off the wall at low tide or simply swimming over it at high water; but, to me, the absence of wave means perfection in bathing. I will only add that I am informed and believe that the ladies' bathing-place is equally good.

Breakfast over, we had just time to embark ourselves and our belongings in one of the little steamers which run almost daily to Sark, a distance of seven miles or so, 'weather permitting,' and this is not an unimportant proviso on these shores. A rockbound, inhospitable coast, with cliffs full of grim menace, it looks as if it had been heaved up by some convulsion of nature—just the picture of one of those robber-strongholds in which Mr. R. L. Stevenson delights—and the puzzle is to know how or where we can possibly land. This is solved by our suddenly encountering a massive wall built out into the sea for the purpose of forming a small harbour. Otherwise, landing-place there is none for a craft above the dimensions of a cutter or lugger; for the bay in the north of the island which formerly did duty can scarcely be called efficient.

On landing, our Stevensonian memories were freshly awakened by the appearance of sundry piratical-looking boatmen in red caps, by a drawbridge, and by a mighty frowning rock, a tunnel through which is the sole means of ingress to the island. luggage was packed into an ancient dogcart, and we ascended by a good road, fringed with banks of fern and gorse and fragrant with hedges of honeysuckle, to our destination. The ascent is steep and long, and it is a notable fact that all the houses stand high, and, for the most part, inland. No marine parades greet the eye here, and, thank goodness! the bathing-machine is as extinct as the moa. Bitter winter experiences and an occasional landslip have doubtless taught the islanders that a sea-view is not a thing to be desired, and the machine which will survive the Sark beach and the Sark breakers has yet to be invented. have to approximate in solidity to the build of an eighty-ton gun.

We were lodged and boarded in a clean and comfortable farmhouse, as is the custom here, there being but two inns, and those of not very large dimensions. Two small general shops supply the more immediate wants of the inhabitants, and, for the rest, they trust to the daily steamer from Guernsey and to occasional luggers which run across on emergency.

We were not long in discovering that my early impressions as to fruit were hopelessly wrong. There is little or no sign of a fruit tree in Sark, and, although Guernsey could supply it, the remorseless maw of Covent Garden swallows all, and more than all, that the latter island can produce. The price of fruit in Guernsey rules pretty nearly as high as, if not higher than, in London. A few raspberries—and those in a tart—represented practically our fruit-supply during our stay, and the only outward and visible sign was a wild profusion of blackberry blossom.

Certainly, tobacco and strong waters are cheap enough, especially for him who imports the latter from Guernsey for himself, as the retail price in Sark seems decidedly high; and while mentioning this I have much pleasure in recording that during our sojourn we never encountered a single person, native or alien, who showed any signs of liquor. Let the Good Templars take note of this, and the daughters of Rechab be glad. Apropos of tobacco, although shag at tenpence per lb. rejoices the heart of Tommy Atkins when quartered in these regions, the prices of the higher classes of cigars and cigarettes, for some occult reason, does not show any material reduction on their values in England. But what need of such mundane comforts has one who breathes

the glorious air of Sark, which is meat, drink, tobacco, and flannel waistcoats in itself?

The inhabitants are most kindly disposed and glad to see visitors. Although, with the exception of the very old people, they are quite capable of talking English, and that language is taught in the schools, they prefer to converse among themselves in a strange lingo which we should call a French patois of the most provincial description were we not assured on the best authority that it is a survival of the old Norman-French, the language of kings, statesmen, and heroes, and that it is one of the most interesting relics in the present day of the Langue d'oil.

The blood-thirsty pirate of the middle ages and the bold buccaneer of the last century have equally disappeared, and have left no trace behind them; for it cannot be supposed that the civil-spoken, quiet fisherman of to-day can trace his origin to the roaring blades who made this island their rendezvous. The caves and their traditions alone recall the days when the Jolly Roger had it all its own way.

One of our first proceedings was to perambulate the boundaries of our kingdom, which is effected by going round the island in a boat—a work of some five hours. This is eminently necessary for the purpose of generally getting one's bearings, and thereby guiding one's footsteps in future land-explorations; and the endless panorama which the rugged shores supply is unequalled by any coast scenery we know elsewhere. One bay succeeds another, each with its own particular features; mighty caves, some accessible only by water; rocks, single and in groups, standing out in every sort of fantastic shape, full of suggestions of Titanic cathedrals and palaces, and bearing terrible testimony to the dangers of these shores (one was shown to us almost cloven in twain by a ship which ran on to it about sixty years ago and went down with all hands); and everywhere the crystal clear water with luxuriant forests of seaweed floating far beneath us. We came ashore, fully understanding that it requires a lifetime to know these coasts, and that none but a Sark boatman can be trusted to pilot a vessel in Sark waters.

We were now in a position to survey the island by land, and in this we were greatly aided by quite the best and most practical little guide-book that it has ever been my good fortune to come across. It sticks close to the point and tells you exactly what you want to know and no more. The joint authors, who prefer to remain anonymous on the cover of their work, deserve something are perennius from all visitors; and it is possible that that

something will be the said guide-book, which will probably be reproduced in successive editions as roads change and gates alter, until time with Sark shall be no more.

It is not my intention to trench on their province, and for anything approaching a detailed reference to the beauties of Sark I must refer all intending visitors to their pages; the work only costs sixpence. I merely content myself with annexing one statement of theirs, namely, that although the island is only one-anda-half miles across at the broadest part and three miles long, he who fancies that it takes a short time to see it never made a greater mistake in his life. The story of the man who came for a day and spent the remainder of his existence here is quite credible. After weeks spent in exploring the bays, in scrambling over the rocks, and in trying to devise new means of penetrating the caverns, one is quite ready to begin all over again; and its great superiority over the ordinary seaside place lies in this, that each morning and each afternoon, at the cost of the shortest of strolls, you can get an impression of the sea perfectly fresh and distinct from any which you may have had previously. Its aspects at high and low tides differ in toto, and are qualified in accordance with the particular cliff or bay from which you may chance to be viewing them.

Thus in the morning we might lie basking in the sunlight above the Port du Moulin-the road to which lies through a miniature forest, past fuchsia-laden cottages-with the gulls and cormorants wheeling and barking round our heads from their roosting-places on the inaccessible strongholds of Les Autelets, with the islands of Herm, its far-famed shell-beach always a conspicuous landmark, and Jethou shimmering in the haze, and Guernsey lying outstretched beyond them; and in the afternoon we would shift our position to the Banquette point-a bathing-place to be remembered—and look out over the coast-line of Normandy clearly defined, with Jersey lying far away on our right; and again in the evening we might take up our position in the north of the island above the ancient landing-place, L'Éperquerie, where all around us seemed redolent of the old smuggling days, and the never-ceasing surf boils round the Bec du Nez, and fancy ourselves in Amyas Leigh's position, addressing poor Don Guzman-that most ill-used of beings-engulfed far below. Or we might sit at the foot of the column at Longue Pointe, which records the sad fate of Mr. Pilcher and his comrades, with the quaint harbour of Havre Gosselin-most difficult of access—and its flotilla of fishing-boats tossing beneath us,

watching the rays of the declining sun gilding the outline of the island of Brecqhou, as it stretched away in front of us; while towards the south-west something like six thousand miles of sea faded away into the infinite.

Of course we traversed the Coupée, that most awesome neck of land which connects Great and Little Sark, with its narrow road of five feet or so in width and a clear drop of a hundred yards on either side, and reflected that it was not the place which we should select when driving a jibbing horse on a starless night. Equally of course we explored the Gouliot caves, studded with anemones closely resembling, to the poetic eye, rubies and emeralds-to the ordinary observer, cherries and greengagesand bristling with the uncanny 'dead men's fingers,' and shuddered meanwhile at the gruesome thought of being cut off by the tide. There was, as a matter of fact, very little chance of that, as we always kept a sharp look out. Still, any accident which caused delay might put one in a nasty plight, and we always had a feeling of relief when we were clear of them. The same remark applies to most of the other caves with which Sark aboundsnotably to the Boutiques, those strange freaks of nature, the favourite storehouses of the smuggler, with two or three openings seaward, all difficult to get at, and another entrance inland far above the level of the sea. The main entrance has of late been materially altered in appearance by reason of landslips. masses of fallen and still falling boulders threaten before long to block it up entirely, and bear eloquent testimony to the stealthy, irresistible manner in which the sea is for ever sapping the foundations of the island. If Victor Hugo is right in his statement that Jersey was only separated from France—physically speaking-in the eighth century, we have data for calculating how long it will be before Sark disappears entirely.

Then the days and days which we spent fishing just outside the harbour, pulling in whiting—some of them great big fellows too—as fast almost as we could get our lines in, when they were 'on the feed,' and varying our bag with an occasional John Dory, mackerel, or golden-hued rockfish, and sometimes—greatest prize of all—that mysterious creature which the fishermen call 'longnose,' and the like of which we only remember to have seen in that world which lives 'Through the Looking-Glass.' If Tenniel had not these fish in his eye when he introduced us to those animals which

then our memories of his picture have sadly failed us. I will not describe them further than to say that their bones are green and that they are particularly palatable. Hour after hour we rocked in the briny, anchored off the quaint group of rocks which bears the name of Les Burons, in six fathoms of water, with our neverfailing escort of gulls and oyster-catchers swimming and hovering round, waiting for our sand-eels when their attractive powers as bait should be exhausted. Not unfrequently they 'went for' the sand-eel on our surface lines and fluttered off with our hook, but they dropped the tempting morsel like the proverbial potato before they were fairly hooked.

The staple trade here is the lobster fishery, and in every direction the corks which denote the whereabouts of the lobsterpots are to be seen bobbing about. We have read of the delights of a day's lobster-fishing, but to us it seems an overrated pastime. As Dr. Johnson would say, 'When you have pulled up one pot you have pulled up all,' so far as amusement is concerned. It struck us that for the inventor there is a decided opening in the lobster-pot line. To invent a pot, which will prevent the lobster absconding with the bait after he has got inside, will be to benefit a large section of the human race, both the fisher and the consumer. In a very large percentage of the pots which we saw hauled up this contretemps had occurred, and the wily crustacean was doubtless squatting hard by, shaking his sides with laughter, and praying for another pot.

Bathing in Sark waters for the non-swimmer is not to be recommended, and for the weak or delicate swimmer is a somewhat doubtful pleasure, as it generally involves a stiffish climb afterwards. For the strong there are many headlands and creeks where a bathe at high tide is simply glorious. Low tide is not so favourable, by reason both of the rocky nature of the coast and the unpleasant strength of the surf, which knocks one about considerably on the smallest provocation on the part of the wind. We at first went in wholesome dread of the pieuvre or devil fish. Gruesome recollections of Victor Hugo's description of that terrible 'viscosity,' with its five suckers, tough as leather and pliant as steel, which wind themselves round you, while the remaining three lash themselves to a rock by way of purchase, to steady the pieuvre as it drinks you alive, haunted us persistently. Hugo had told us that, though it is very rare in Guernsey, and very small in Jersey, it is very big and common enough in Sark; and his account of the fisherman who had 'recently' been drowned near

Brecqhou by the *pieuvre*, and his testimony as an eye-witness to the chase of the bather in the Boutiques by the same monster, all contributed to make us 'water shy,' and we lost no time in making inquiries of the fishermen concerning him. We fully expected to see a shade of horror cross their faces and that their reply would come with bated breath. On the contrary, it was most reassuring:

'Pieurre? Oh yes, we catch him sometimes. Use him as bait for conger.'

The nonchalant manner in which this information was given quite dispelled our fears, and we never bestowed another thought on our bête noire. Nor did we ever catch a view of him. At the same time the fishermen unconsciously confirmed Hugo's theory respecting the ultimate disposal of all animal matter—namely, that each creature ends by being buried in another creature—and prolonged his chain. In 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' the crabs ate the man, and the pieuvre ate the crabs. Here the conger eats the pieuvre, man eats the conger; and so the world goes round.

For the sportsman the island may be said to possess no charm beyond the fishing aforesaid. There are a certain number of rabbits, but no other game, save an occasional snipe or wood-cock in the winter; and I absolutely decline to recognise the shooting of sea-birds as coming within the category of sport. Fortunately for our peace of mind, the sea-fowler did not put in an appearance during our stay. The dimensions of the island preclude the possibility of the chase—it would get rather monotonous if you ran over the edge every ten minutes—and there are no inland streams wherein the 'gentle craftsman' might find occupation. Golf seems feasible, but we trust that no fanatic will take our word for this, as we are sublimely ignorant of the merest rudiments of that entrancing sport.

Perhaps, after all, the chief charm of Sark is its solitude. The nooks and crannies are so plentiful that, although steamer loads of 'day trippers' were daily precipitated on the island—four hundred on Bank Holiday alone—and though there were many, like ourselves, resident for long periods, we never seemed to see anyone but an occasional native, who bade us a kindly 'good-day.' Of course, if we had stuck to the beaten tracks, it would have been far otherwise—but the stock sights which compose the regulation daily round are few in number and can be easily avoided. Were the 'member for Boreham' himself on these shores (which he is not likely to be, for there are

very few people to talk to, and nothing to talk about) we fancy we could evade him without difficulty from one week's end to another. This piece of advice we offer to 'those about to marry'—Go to Sark for your honeymoon—that is to say, if you love each other as much as you ought; otherwise the consequences would be too awful to contemplate.

Talking of the daily tripper, we should be glad if any mental anatomist would inform us why, even after a couple of days' sojourn in the island, we came to regard him with lofty contempt, not unmingled with pity. 'Poor beggar! he is only a tripper,'—as if we ourselves were not tarred with the same brush! The case of the haughty Norman noble and the pushing parvenu intruder occurs to us, but it does not seem precisely similar. We should like to know if the darkest denizen of darkest Africa experiences a similar sensation when he first catches sight of Stanley.

To the student of politics Sark presents an object of the deepest interest, as it has none whatever. That at least is our impression. We know that there is a Seigneur, whose power is mysterious and awful. This power dates, as we are reminded by a marble slab when we sit in church on Sundays, from 'Helier de Carteret, Seigneur of St. Ouen, coloniser and 1st Seigneur of Sark, A.D. 1565;' and this is further verified by the cannon which still reposes in front of the Seigneurie—a present from the Virgin Queen; we are further assured that Sark contains the only vestiges of the feudal system now existent in the British dominions, but all that we know definitely of the present ruler is that he is so kind as to throw open his pretty grounds to the public twice a week.

We also have dim cognisance of a court of 'Chef Pleas,' which, we understand, meets in the boys' school, and there transacts the business of the realm. If the boys do not make it warm for the legislators, hereditary, elected, or otherwise, with cobbler's wax and sundry other devices known only to the boyish mind, they must be very different to all other boys whom we have experienced.

We believe the Statute Book to be composed of two laws:

- 1. No fire to be lighted on the island without the Seigneur's permission—under penalty.
 - 2. No wall to be broken down—also under penalty.

And we are confirmed in this belief by the fact that the gaol is constructed to hold two prisoners, which is obviously so provided to meet the horrible contingency of a simultaneous infraction of both laws.

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The majesty of the law is represented by two 'connétables,' one of whom accompanied us in our fishing expeditions, not in his official but in his sporting capacity, and an A 1 sportsman he is. He seems to be the general factorum of the island, and, in addition to his constabulary functions, we entertain no shadow of doubt that he is Lord Mayor, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, and First Lord of everything.

Under these auspicious circumstances there appears to be a total absence of party feeling; and yet the lot of the six hundred islanders is not, so far as the casual observer can judge, unhappy.

From an historical point of view, Sark has had a chequered To say nothing of the period antecedent to the Christian era, the monks appear to have settled here in the sixth century, and to have remained for eight hundred years. Since the Norman Conquest, when it became what Mr. Nupkins would call 'one of the brightest jewels of the British crown,' it has been occupied by the monks aforesaid, it has been captured by the French, and recaptured for us by Flemings, it has from time to time been left derelict, and has for many years held the undesirable position of a 'dissolute island.' At length, in the sixteenth century, as we have seen, the valiant and far-seeing Jerseyman, De Carteret, decided to try his hand at bringing this patch of land within the margin of cultivation. He obtained a grant of the island from the Crown at a nominal rent, and set to work clearing, planting, road-making, and otherwise inaugurating the civilisation which has endured to the present day. His descendants held sway there for considerably more than a century, and still exist in the island, but the sovereignty has passed from them, and the seigneurs of later days have acquired their kingdom by purchase.

Since De Carteret's advent, the history of Sark bears the humdrum aspect which usually attaches to quiet prosperity, save in the period of the Civil Wars, when it was twice taken by the Parliamentary forces, and finally 'compounded for' by the seigneur during the Commonwealth.

. A tale of one of its many captures in the Middle Ages is worthy of record. In those days the few natives seem to have carried on the trade of 'wrecking' with great advantage to themselves, and to the terror of the seas in general. One day an English vessel from Rye in Hampshire appeared in the offing, the crew of which asked and obtained permission of the islanders to land for the purpose of burying the body of their captain, on the condition that they should land unarmed. A picked body of

navigators accordingly brought a coffin on shore filled, not with a 'demd unpleasant body,' but with arms, which they placed in the chapel, and, having accoutred themselves, sallied forth to find that the greater part of the guileless Sarkese had, meanwhile, boarded their vessel with a view to plunder. This rendered their task of slaughtering the remaining inhabitants (women and children for the most part) an easy one, while the rest of the crew, who were 'lying low' on board, performed a like kind office for the unwary boarders. It was quite a case of

'Scrag Jane while I spiflicate Johnny,'

and as good an example of diamond cut diamond as the pages of history present.

There was a silver fever in Sark fifty years ago, and the fortune of the island was assured by the enthusiast. Lodes were discovered, shafts were bored, companies formed, machinery imported; but alas! the expectations of the speculators were doomed to disappointment; after ten years, or thereabouts, it was found that there, as elsewhere, 'mines don't pay,' and ruined chimneys and other ghost-like paraphernalia alone remain to remind us of the bright hopes which were raised and the capital which was sunk in little Sark during the 'forties.'

Sark agriculture is of a somewhat primitive nature. Small crops of wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes are visible wherever nature has clothed the rocks with more soil than will suffice to grow the all-pervading gorse and heather. There is an unlimited supply of seaweed manure to hand, but whether it is utilised as fully as it might be, this deponent sayeth not. There is no lack of cows, Alderney and otherwise, whose grazing is regulated on the most economical principles, as they are invariably tethered, even in the best pastures, and seem not infrequently to get a fair proportion of their nutriment from the roadsides. The sheep which pick up a scanty subsistence on the cliffs are as wild and wiry as the antelope of the desert; so much so that there is nothing very improbable in the current 'yarn' that the usual method of acquiring them is by means of a rifle bullet.

The ordinary adjuncts of the fashionable seaside resort are here entirely wanting. The strains of the barrel-organ; the harmonious shout of the negro as he 'walks round'; the clatter of the cavalcade of hacks at half-a-crown per hour; the German band; the ventriloquist; the Punch and Judy; the itinerant preacher; the raucous vender of small commodities—all things

that can 'vex the soul' are non-existent and unheard-of in this enchanted island. 'Peace with Fresh Air' might be its motto. The only possible trial here would be a prolonged spell of rain, and that, we are assured, is practically unknown. Our experience during a three weeks' stay, which were three weeks of pretty continuous rain in England, tends to confirm this. Although we occasionally saw storms around us in the offing, our sky remained propitious, and a couple of short but sharp thunderstorms practically represented our share of the deluge.

Our time, alas! drew to a close, our idyll was ended. We were due elsewhere, and we reluctantly steamed away, echoing Clough's line:

Therefore farewell! We depart but to behold thee again—at least I hope so.

C. W. KENNEDY.

Sally.

I.

DEFORE a house in one of those London streets which turn out of the Strand, a man was standing trying to attract the attention of someone in the kitchen below. 'Hare skins, rabbit skins; any bottles; brass, iron, copper; umbrellas to mend?' he called, as he peered between the rails, his eyes fixed on a head visible above the much-begrimed window-blind.

'Here, I say,' he shouted, rattling the gate, which, to his surprise, suddenly yielded, 'I'm comin' down. I can't have no more than my head snapped off, and that's so well done there as here.'

Already he was half down the steps when the kitchen door was opened and quickly closed on the neck of a girl who, with as much impressiveness as her position could command, called out, 'You be off—bustin' open people's gates and comin' down aireys. Do ye hear what I say?'

'What a Tartar it is!' said the man, admiringly; then, with a quick change of voice, he added, 'You've bin cryin'. What's up, eh? Has anyone bin a rowin' of ye?'

'That's my business,' said the girl, trying to keep up her snappish tone, which failed suddenly, and ended in a burst of tears, to dry which she had recourse to her apron and forgot the door. In an instant the man was at her side saying something by way of consolation, which she repulsed by sobbing 'if he didn't be off, she'd call her missis.'

'As if you didn't know that she's out,' he said. 'I met her turnin' round by Norfolk Street: 'twas that made me come.'

'More shame for ye, then, comin' when people's backs is turned to soft-sawder poor girls into sellin' things what don't belong to 'em. Now be off. March! You won't get nothin' out o' me.'

'So you wants to pretend you takes me for one o' they that goes soft-sawderin' the maidens into chisellin' their missises Now you know you don't think nothin' o' the sort o' me.' 'I don't think nothin' o' no sort about ye. I haven't no time to think o' nothin' nor nobody. I'm run off my legs and fit to drop, and there's the dinner-things not washed away, and that heap of boots to clean—and she goin' on and callin' me but everythink, 'cos I broke two window-panes, which if I hadn't, I should ha' broke my neck—and a good job too, when you're nothin' but a poor orphan with no soul to speak kind to ye.'

'Them as wants to, you won't let to,' said the man, reproachfully. 'I've had my eye on ye this six months and more.'

- 'Missis says as all the men is good-for-nothin's, and no girl as listens to 'em is worth her salt.'
- 'Well, she ain't far out with a good many, but the old baggage saw the worth o' you.'
- 'There—you shut up about her,' said the girl, sharply; 'there's worse goin' than she. When she ain't on the drive and in her tantrums, there's nothin' I wouldn't do for her.'

The man looked at her fixedly. 'Come,' he said, coaxingly, 'tell us yer name—do!'

- 'S'posin' I ain't got no name?'
- 'Take mine, then—'tis what I'm wantin', and I'll throw myself into the bargain. Kitto—Bill Kitto I'm called. What do ye say?'
- 'You be off,' she said, fiercely, 'with a wife already a-sittin' waitin' for ye, and half-a-dozen childern cryin' for their daddy to come home.'

Her temper did not seem to ruffle him: it was as if he admired her more for her suspicions. 'No, no, my girl; you've hit the wrong mark there: I'm a single man, free to marry anybody, only I want that anybody to be you. I'm twenty-eight year old, I've got a bit o' money saved up to start me with a horse and cart to go about the country in the crockery line, and with you a-sittin' by my side we should jog along as happy as Albert Edward and Alexandera.'

The girl gave a gasp—the country, with the green fields and the flowers she had heard of, oh!—but in a moment the heavenly vision was gone: for that space she had forgotten that she was a poor orphan, taken in the name of charity to be a lodging-house drudge. Her mistress, Mrs. Tipper, was her sole protector, the house the only shelter which she could call home.

'Tain't of no use,' she said, hopelessly. 'What would she do? The lodgers wouldn't stay. She couldn't manage the stairs; they're pretty nigh the death of me.'

He had drawn nearer, and had ventured to put his finger

under her chin, so as to lift up the face which just now looked anxious and half sorrowful.

'She could get another gal,' he urged; 'there's plenty to suit her, though only this one to suit me.'

'No,' said the girl, resolutely, as if in answer to some pleading of her inner self: 'tis true her temper's awful, and she don't always keep her hands to herself; but she was good to mother on her death-bed, so I'll stop.'

The man gave an impatient twist. 'Not keep her hands to herself!' he repeated. 'Twouldn't be good for her if I was to catch her knockin' ye about. Great elephant brute!'

Unlucky speech! Mrs. Tipper was close by; she had let herself in, and had crept down to find out who was talking to that artful minx Sally. As she afterwards said, how she kept her hands off she never knew; but she put no restraint upon her tongue, and an hour later poor Sally, drenched in tears, had been turned into the streets homeless and forlorn.

Naturally, Bill still urged his suit, adding weight to it by offering to take her to the house of a respectable woman, where she should stay until they could get married.

'I know she'll be sorry enough when her temper's gone off,' sobbed Sally.

'Oh, d— her bein' sorry,' said Bill. 'What I want is to be done with her, and you to put trust in me.'

'It's almost comin' to me that I will,' said Sally, and she held out her hand, which Bill shook in solemn ratification of their contract.

II.

It was the month of leafy June. Amid the trees the birds were singing, their full-throated songs finding an echo in the hearts of two humble individuals who, side by side in a roomy little cart, drawn by a well-cared-for old horse, jogged through the lanes which led from one village to another. The happy man was Bill, proud possessor of the horse, the cart, and Sally, now neat-looking, fresh, and sweet as the hedge-roses they were passing. The exchange from the imprisonment of the dark kitchen to this open-air life of sun and sky seemed at times too great a bliss for Sally to put faith in; her life was a long holiday which she and Bill enjoyed with the light-heartedness of children. The new venture in trade was prospering apace; Bill was getting to be

known and to be trusted. Their sky was wholly blue: not a cloud the size of a man's hand cast its shadow on their joy.

When, during these journeyings, some passing object would set flowing the stream of memory—usually with untrained minds a sluggish stream—Bill would recall his boyish days, speak of brothers, sisters, friends, long lost sight of—repeat the sayings of his father and mother, and let his tongue run glibly on until he reached his twentieth year; then his recollections ceased, his answers were vague, and, only that Sally placed such implicit faith in him, she would have noticed that these latter statements varied considerably. But Bill was her embodiment of all that was good. What he said was her law, and nothing could shake her faith in what he told her.

For two years this life of prosperity went on. They had a fixed home—a cottage on the edge of the moor, where in winter they settled down until the spring was sufficiently advanced for them to recommence their journeys. That time had come, and they were going by way of Tosshot Common to Kiddington.

As usual, Bill stopped to do some business with the gipsies encamped here, leaving Sally in charge of the cart. From the roadside she watched him, sometimes alone, sometimes with a group round him, until, her attention being drawn to other objects, she was suddenly startled by Bill jumping up by her side, and, without a word to her, giving the old horse such a savage cut that they dashed along the road at a furious pace. What had happened? Sally looked at Bill in amazement, but, without paying any heed to her, he only whipped on the horse to greater speed.

At length the common lay behind them, the shelter of a zigzag lane hid it and them from view, and Bill slackened their pace and let the reins fall loose.

- 'Wonderin' what's up?'
- Sally nodded her head.
- 'Wasn't watchin'?' he added, anxiously.
- 'No.'
- 'Well, I got into a bit of a shindy. Truth is, I met a—a mate I thought had given this world the go-by'; and he gasped as if something was choking him.
 - 'Did he strike ye, or anythin'?'

Bill did not answer; for a moment he struggled with himself, then, jumping from the cart, he flung himself face downwards on the ground. As quickly as she could Sally climbed out after him, but before she could bend down he had staggered to his

feet, and with his handkerchief was wiping his wet, stained face. 'It's passion, Sally,' he said. 'It's in me to tear 'un limb from limb.'

'And no wonder,' she answered with the ready acquiescence of one who loves; 'but you leave him be, he'll be served out, never you fear.'

'And so will them that's innocent be served out, God help 'em,' said Bill, chokingly; 'that is, if there's a God at all. This last half-hour's work has took me back to thinkin' 'tis the devil that orders how things shall go on here below.'

Sally looked at him with a troubled face. Bill, the quietest, most peaceable of men, wanting to tear people limb from limb—upset so that he couldn't speak with a steady voice, or keep back the tears from his eyes. What could it be?

'You can't make out what's up, Sally? Well, 'tis too long a story to begin now—for a bit you must trust me.'

She gave a little laugh. 'It's all one to me whether you tells me, or whether you don't; I knows, whichever way 'tis, they's in the wrong—you ain't.'

Bill didn't say a word—he drove on looking before him stolidly, his poor, bruised heart aching for the trouble he was going to bring on Sally.

'I shall make short work of it to-day,' he said, as he turned out of the lane and took the opposite road to Kiddington. 'I want a bit of quiet at home: to-morrow we'll make a fresh start of it.'

And on they went, hardly exchanging a word, Bill lost in thought—his face twitching, his mouth working, long-drawn sighs unconsciously escaping him. All unknown to Sally, the battle of good and evil was being fought within that rough, untutored breast; by turns angels and devils got the mastery until, by the time their home was reached, Bill had decided on the right thing to do, if he could but find the strength to do it.

III.

SALLY woke up with a start, as if someone had spoken to her; then she gave a drowsy grunt, and let her head sink into her pillow again. It was Bill's task to call her, but apparently on

this morning he had forgotten; for when, for the second time, she was aroused, she had the room to herself. The sun was high: it must be late. Sally was still rubbing her eyes when they fell on a piece of paper—paper with writing on it—conspicuously pinned to the coverlet. An indescribable tremor ran through Sally: in an instant she was the victim of a dozen fears. What had become of Bill? Had he gone to seek out his enemy—to fight—to murder him? Her hand shook so that she could with difficulty hold the paper and spell out what was written on it.

'Sally,' it began, 'will you put trust in me, and believe, as I take God to witness, that if I didn't love you as I do, I shouldn't go away and leave you? But what made me leave you, why knowing I'd come across a good honest girl, and 'tis to keep you such that for a time I rids you of my company. I haven't done nothing wrong, but misfortune's overtook me; but if you sticks to me, all will come right. I've left the money—all but 2l. which I've took—in the china cup under the sugar-basin. Stop where you are: sell the horse and cart—that'll keep you going for a good bit. Don't be cast down, only trust me till I come back again, and mind this—that if anything goes wrong with you, it's all up with

'WILLIAM KITTO.

'P.S.—Don't mention me by name to anybody. I'll write again soon. Trust me, Sally, 'tis truth I'm saying: Trust yours 'til death and after 'W. KITTO.'

Sally slowly spelt this out once, twice, thrice, then crept shivering back to bed again, conscious of only one fact—that Bill had left her: Bill had gone.

Later on, when she went down stairs, she found the breakfast laid, the room in order—Bill's last labour of love. The tea ready, she sat down; but at sight of the empty chair opposite to her, her hitherto stony, dry sorrow was smitten, and the blessed tears gushed forth, bringing ease to her overcharged heart.

Again Sally read the letter, but this time the sting of suspicion was gone, and even the sadness of separation was soothed by the oft-repeated 'trust me.' Trust him?—yes, as long as life was left she would. Had she not trusted him; and had he ever failed her? in the relief of these consoling reflections, Sally was making a very tolerable meal. Refreshed by it, her mental vigour returned, and the energy and decision kept in abeyance while

Bill managed everything revived within her. To prevent her neighbours speculating on Bill's sudden departure she must avoid pulling a long face. 'Mr. Kitto had been called away quite sudden on a matter of business,' she should say. And as for selling the horse and cart, there was no great hurry for that. Why not try first to get rid of what stock-in-trade they had? She could carry it round the same as Bill did—there was no need of a man for that. Little by little these ideas began to take a tangible shape. She hurried to the little shed to see if the horse had been fed, confiding to him that for a time she was going to be missis and master too. 'So you must be extra quiet and good, and never go to run away, which if nobody wallops you, you ain't likely to do; but if they does, can't you gallop—oh my!'

And, this taking her back to the previous day, her thoughts returned to Bill—the mysterious meeting on the common, his distress and despair. "Tisn't that I've done wrong, but misfortune's overtook me." Twas in misfortune that a wife was bound to stick to a husband, more particularly one who had stuck to her when she was shoved out into London streets with no roof to shelter her. 'Trust ye, Bill? So long as breath's left in my body, I will!' and, in answer to some prompting, she went to a drawer and took out the Bible Bill had bought, and raising her eyes, she said, solemnly, 'I trust William Kitto with all my heart and soul, and if he never comes back he's all the same a good and true husband to me!' and reverently kissing the book, she put it back into the drawer.

IV.

Summer had come and gone, winter was nearly over, yet Sally was still solitary, with no more certainty of what had become of Bill than she had the April morning he had left her. So deftly had she managed the sale of the various articles of crockery and tin, that she was encouraged to continue the trade; and, a prosperous woman, neat and fresh-looking as ever, her greatest luxury now was to sit by her fire in the evening mentally counting up her small heard of savings, hidden for safety in the mattress of the bed.

Late one afternoon, on the last day of February, Sally sat indulging in one of these oft-repeated reveries. Her wide-open eyes were fixed on the wall before her, but nothing of that wall

did she see. She was going through, in imagination, Bill's return—their meeting, his surprise at hearing how she had carried on the business, and, final triumph, his face when she put a dinner-knife into his hand and told him to go and cut open the bed-tick!

In the excitement of this finale she laughed aloud, while she pressed to her heart a letter she held in her hand, almost sobbing as she repeated, 'He's coming back—he's coming home!'

Happy Sally! this was the good news which had come that morning. Bill had written that what he had gone away for had come to an end, and that he was once more a free man. 'Most like,' he wrote, 'a week or more may have to pass before you see me, the reasons for which, and what took me away, you shall then know.'

Sally felt sure that these reasons were 'the lettin' of his hair grow.' She had arrived at the firm conviction that by some means Bill had got himself into a scrape, that through that meeting with his mate he'd been caught, and had had to do his term inside the walls of a prison. Now all this was over; they would recommence the old life, and be as happy as they had been before. Like the young creature she was, she had it in her to shout, to skip, to run, and she went to the window and looked out. Snow everywhere falling thick and fast. It was of no use thinking of scampering across the common as she had done; indoors she must remain. She closed the shutters, and settled herself in her chair, but inactivity seemed impossible. minute she had started up, this time with the intention of going to see the old horse—stabled in a near-by shed—and to give him an extra feed in honour of his master's return. Putting her resolve into execution, Sally stayed with Nettle until the last remnant of light was fading away; then she locked the door of the shed, and, with her shawl thrown over her, stood taking a survey of all around. The pitilessness of the weather made her shiver. The sky was black, the snow fell in a steady downfall. The air felt thick, the quick-forming drifts were bringing hedge and road into one level. Over all a great stillness reigned, which seemed but an added terror. A wild feeling of alarm took sudden hold of Sally, and like a scared animal she flew to the shelter of home, burst open the door, and leaving it open, looked with a frightened gaze around. All was as she had left it, except the fire, which had broken from a smouldering glow into a cheerful ruddy flame. The brightness gave comfort to her. She hastily

threw on some more wood, and, fearing that her supply might fail, she once more stepped outside to the little lean-to, where the faggots were stored.

Through the open door the ruddy gleam of the fire fell on the white snow, lighting it up, and showing afar like a beacon light, its lurid flame rekindling the torch of hope within a despairing breast.

Having drawn in her logs and her faggots, Sally fastened the old-fashioned hatch-door with bolt and bar, and with the assurance that she was securely shut in, she drew her chair in front of the fire, and once more began castle-building.

Suddenly she gave a violent start. What was that?—a groan? No, it must be the wind; and with nervous haste she impressed upon herself the many times when the wind sounded so hollow and wild you might take it for the voice of something living. She- There it was again—this time, though fainter, more distinct. It was useless to cheat herself: the sound she heard came from a living being. Creeping to the door, she put her ear to the ground and listened—listened until there came another groan—and then, through her chattering teeth, she managed to get out, 'What is it? Is anybody there?' answer. 'Who are you?' No reply came, and now no sound. The person had either gone away, or had become unconscious. Sally drew a sigh of relief, but the relief was momentary: supposing they were shamming, and hadn't gone away, or that they were faint, or maybe dead. A shudder ran through Sally. could not go to bed with that unknown something or somebody so near as only to be separated by the thin partition of wood. On such a bitter night somebody might have lost their way. Somebody might. . . . Already Sally had withdrawn the bar from the hatch, and opening it just wide enough to look out, she caught sight of a prostrate figure on the path—whether man or woman it was impossible to see. 'What's the matter? What is it?' No answer. With the stick with which she had armed herself, Sally ventured to move the garments of the inanimate form, and to her relief found they were those of a woman. discovery scattered every fear. In another minute the whole door was wide open, and Sally was exerting all her strength to drag the poor creature in front of the fire. This effected, what next was to be done? In her mind's eye she had the recollection of a lodger at Mrs. Tipper's, who had been subject to what she

called 'dead faints.' Sally had often—under Mrs. Tipper's directions—rubbed her hands, held burnt brown paper to her nose, and dashed her with cold water.

On this occasion the cold water seemed superfluous, the unfortunate sufferer being already saturated with wet and icy cold. To Sally's practical mind a good drink of hot tea and to get her into something dry and warm would be the most certain cure; and while chafing her stiff hands she bethought her of the blanket off her bed in which, when she could get her wet clothing off, she would wrap her up. Already, however, the heat of the fire was beginning to restore animation, so that when Sally began trying to remove the drenched gown, although seemingly powerless to open her eyes, the woman was sufficiently conscious to make a show of resistance.

- 'I'm only tryin' to get yer wet things off of you,' said Sally, bending down to her; 'but if you're comin' to, we'll wait a minute or so.'
- 'Let me be,' murmured the woman; 'I'm dying'—and she sighed heavily—'I'm dying.'
- 'Not a bit of it—not you,' said Sally, cheerily. 'You'll feel better presently. You'll get warm and dry, and I'll make a cup o' tea for ye. Poor soul! I wish now I hadn't acted so silly, and had opened the door before; only when you're alone by yourself you're forced to be a bit careful.'

The woman made no sign of having heard her—she lay again motionless, and Sally was just about to resort to the burnt paper when the closed eyes suddenly opened, and fixing themselves on the face near her:

- 'Where am I?' she asked. 'Who are you?'
- 'Never mind that now,' said Sally, soothingly. 'You wouldn't be a bit the wiser if I was to tell ye. Try and get to feel a little better. There's time enough for all the rest afterwards. But in such a night, with nothing thicker than this on '—and she held up the thin stuff gown drenched with wet—'is enough to freeze up your senses altogether.'
 - 'I'm so ill,' was murmured faintly.
 - 'Wait now till I get you the tea.'
- 'Oh, it ain't tea, 'tis rest I'm needin'—to be quiet a bit. Inside o' my head a hammer seems goin', and everything about is all of a swim. I can't see your face properly. You seem a young-looking thing. What's your name—eh?' The questions were jerked out as if the effort to speak gave pain.

- 'Sally-that's my name.'
- 'Sally? Ah! Oh, Sally, you won't turn me out? You'll let me be here till morning?'
- 'Why, I ain't the one to turn out a dog in this weather,' said Sally, stoutly, 'let alone a fellow-creature. And you shall have my bed, too, and I'll stretch out by the fire here. Now never mind about thankin' me'; for the woman was trying to clutch her hand. 'If the truth was to be told, I ain't half sorry that you're here. I'd sa' by myself till I'd got a fit of the all-overs, and was wantin' somethin' to do; and so here in comes you for me to look after. Now, what name shall I call you by?'
- 'Maggie,' was said, after a little hesitation. Sally nodded approval, and lent her aid to raise her visitor into a chair; then she bustled about to get the tea ready, but the sick woman could not drink it. The laboured manner of speaking, which Sally had attributed to her hitherto recumbent position, seemed more marked than before. She kept her hand to her side, explaining that she felt 'a catch' there and distressed herself by her efforts to cough, saying she had such a load on her chest that if she could only give a cough it would ease her.
- 'Was you trying to reach your home?' asked Sally, who at length had the satisfaction of seeing her efforts crowned by the poor wanderer lying in greater ease in her bed.

'Home! Ab, I haven't had a home for many a long year.'

Sally looked her surprise. Neither in appearance nor manner did this Maggie answer to the usual tramp. True, her clothes were worn and poor, but it was tattered finery that, like herself, seemed to have known better days. 'No home—no friends—nothing—not I—— What are ye starin'at me like that for—eh?' and her voice sounded fierce and shrill. 'Now you knows that—what I am—are ye wantin' to give me the kick-out?' the eyes, previously so dull, glittered with sudden fury. Sally laid her hand on the coverlet drawn close round the unknown's shoulder.

'That 'ud be a poor reason for me turnin' round 'pon you,' she said. 'I've known the feelin' myself: I've stood in the streets without a roof to give me shelter, or a helpin' hand that I'd a claim on'; and in an instant memory brought before Sally her own poor self standing, thrust out, heart-broken and forlorn. By her side Bill was offering comfort to her—offering to marry her. Suppose that he had not been the man he was? The eyes that she had turned within fell upon the wanderer, whose tawdry finery, uncared-for body, and lined, haggard face told of more than

poverty. A turn of her head, and Sally saw her own reflection, neat, comely, with a grace of youth which, when she was a begrimed little drudge, had never shown itself. And all this she owed to Bill—but for him it might be she lying there. A great swell of emotion rose in Sally. Her body seemed too small to contain her heart, full to bursting. For his sake, because of all he had done for her, would she succour this poor sufferer. With no teaching for guidance, it seemed to Sally that in paying this debt of gratitude she was paying what might be repaid to Bill.

'I'll look to her, and feed her, and 'tend her till she's well,' mentally soliloquised Sally; 'and all and everything I do is done for sake of him, and to be set down to his score. Maggie,' she said aloud, stooping over the woman, who at the sound of her voice wearily opened her eyes, 'the best friend you've found is one that's unbeknownst to you, and 'tis for his sake that I'll be a sister and a mother to ye.'

The poor creature, half roused to consciousness, tried to grasp her hand. 'All right,' added Sally, giving it to her, 'only you mustn't think o' me: 'tain't me that's doin' for ye, mind—'tis him. What you must try and say is, All this is the work o' William Kitto—that's his name—William Kitto—Bill.'

Into the eyes that had been fixed on Sally, without seeming to see her, there leaped up a sudden fire. 'William Kitto—Kitto!' she exclaimed, breathlessly, trying to pull herself up by Sally's arm. 'That's him,' she screamed—'that's he that I'm after—he that '—— But, exhausted, she fell back on the pillow, and Sally, bending down, straining to catch what she was muttering, could only hear, 'Husband—wife—marriage lines—safe sewed up inside my stays'; and with this effort the last flicker of reason seemed to go out, and nothing came after but the ravings of fever.

v.

EARLY the next morning, along the road that led to the neighbouring village Sally was hurrying, bent on getting some physic from the Galen of the place, applied to by those who could not afford the far-off doctor.

'A relation of Mr. Kitto's had been taken with a sort of fever,' she explained, 'and was ravin' like anybody mad, and not knowin' what she was sayin'.'

Poor Sally! the time was past when she could stem her sorrow by cheating herself with this comfort. For hours during the watch of that terrible night she had bravely struggled to believe that it was a make-up—a pack o' lies that the woman was shrieking; but at last suspense became intolerable, and at length a moment came when Sally held in her hands the marriage certificate of William Kitto and Maggie Duncan. Sewn up with the certificate was a letter from Bill himself-written years beforetaking God to witness that he would never live with this woman again, never own her as a wife; that rather than do so he'd put a stone round his neck and jump into the river. Every word breathed misery and despair; and Sally, as she spelt them through, let her tears fall fast in sympathy. The sick woman in her bed was living over again the meeting on Tosshot Common, screaming with laughter at Bill's horror that she was not dead, and vowing vengeance because he had escaped her. It was plain now why Bill had run off.

'Poor Bill! poor Bill!' Sally kept repeating; and then she thought of her poor self—that she and Bill must part. Sally had never realised how dear he was to her. She knew that she would slave for him, starve with him, stick to him; but love him!—she had not thought much about that. Expression, analysis of feeling is rarely indulged in with the class to which Sally and Bill belonged. But this unlooked-for, tragic event made her heart an open book to her; she knew now that Bill was bound up with every fibre of her being, that to live with him was life, to part from him, leave him to another, was death to her. No teaching had Sally ever had to show her that there was a sin in sin beyond the temporal punishment it brought. To have stayed on with Bill would not have burdened her conscience by a feather's weight, only that the other one had the law on her side, and marrying two wives meant transportation for a man. At Mrs. Tipper's, Sally's sole literature had been the lodgers' castaway newspapers, and she had studied the police reports with advantage. There was no longer a doubt. It was she who must go. In her ears rang the curses that the fevered woman was calling down upon her. had evidently found out that Bill had taken to himself another wife, and, with all the inconsistency of an evil mind, the venom of her hatred was mostly directed towards the woman who might be dear to the husband she had deserted.

For ten days, with unremitting care, Sally nursed her rival. VOL. XVII. NO. CII.

Slowly the poor wretch crept back to life and reason, but her strength was no greater than that of a helpless child. Bit by bit she had given her version of her miserable life. How that her husband had been hard to her, the world had been cruel, and that she was now friendless, homeless, with no hope but that 'of revenge,' and always at this point of her story she would vainly struggle to get up, saying she must get to the village—where she fancied he lived—or else he would give her the slip and be off.

One night, after talking more than usual, she fell back exhausted and faint, and then it was that Sally seized the opportunity of saying, 'Now, look here—you must leave the findin' o' your husband to me. I haven't said so before, but I knows the man, and I'll go to-morrow early, and he shall come to ye.'

In the midst of her weakness Maggie gave a diabolical leer of incredulity.

- 'Well, you won't see him no other ways,' said Sally. 'You haven't got the strength to stand.'
- 'And no wonder, seein' I never gets nothin' from you to put strength into me.'

The craving for spirits and beer—of which Sally had none to give—had been the occasion of many a battle.

'When he comes he can do as he likes by you,' said Sally, artfully. 'The two of ye can stop here a bit together if you'm minded to, for I'm forced to go off to see after a friend of mine.'

Maggie feigned to murmur, but she accepted the offer, and lying there with closed eyes—lacking strength to keep them open—she found comfort in the thought of all she would pillage before Sally's return. She had sunk so low that gratitude had no meaning for her, and the goodness shown her only made her snigger over the 'softs' these country folk were.

It was a letter from Bill which had occasioned this proposal of Sally's, saying that he should return early the following day. By that time Sally must have turned her back on home; and having settled the invalid and provided for her morning wants, the poor girl sat down to write her letter of farewell. But the dawn came, and yet the letter was unwritten. Sally knew what she wanted to say, but to put it into words was impossible. The task of writing was so laborious that the manual effort destroyed the power of composition. She made a packet of her marriage certificate and the money, which she divided with Bill, and, with an overwhelming sense of misery, was turning to go, when a sudden inspiration came as a ray of comfort to her. She recollected that

xx meant kisses. On the paper she made fully a dozen, adding, in an almost illegible scrawl, 'When this you see, remember me.—Sally.' Then with her bundle in her hand she slipped out, softly closed the door, and, turning her back upon her little home, she took the road that led to London.

VI.

NEVER would Bill forget the shock of that morning when, so unexpectedly, he had stood face to face with the wife who had ruined his life.

He had come back rejoicing that she was dead, and that he had buried her, resolutely stifling the still small voice that would throw doubt on the 'found drowned' woman being she. The wish being father to the thought, he had readily fallen into the trap laid to extort money from him, and had easily brought himself to put faith in the statements of those whose nature was to lie. Well, if ever man was paid out he was, as, with Sally's little packet clenched in his hand, he stood looking at the woman who lay in her bed.

'I've found ye out!' she gasped, recovering from the paroxysm into which the sight of Bill had thrown her.

He gave a nod of assent. 'How did ye find me?' he asked, coldly.

'She found you—she as brought ye—Sally: ye knows her, don't ye?' she added, finding he did not reply.

'Yes,' he said, in the same measured way; 'she's her I took in place of you.'

She made a desperate clutch at him and fell back, shricking, 'It's a lie—a lie!'

'No—it ain't no lie. I married her thinkin', e'ceptin' 'twas down in the bottommost depths of my heart, that you was dead. This is twice you've dodged me. She never heard of ye, or know'd of ye. Everything here is hers to the bed you're lyin' on, and she's gone away from it all, and it's you's left to me.'

By an effort she turned her face to the wall, and the two remained silent—Bill motionless, stunned in mind, body, and feeling; Maggie filled with an indescribable fury that the object of her heaped-up vengeance had escaped her. As time went on, the bodily needs of the sick woman necessitated some intercourse. Unless she was to die Bill must attend to her; but all the time he was making up his mind—coming to a decision—which he resolved to take without delay. He had tried to keep honest and straight, but Fate was against him—had tied a log round his leg which he couldn't run from. Somehow, he didn't seem much to care what became of him; only stay nere with her? No; he'd leave her the money, and when she'd drunk that through she could sell up the home and furniture, as she'd done before.

'You knows that I ain't goin' to stop with ye,' he blurted out, hy way of preparation for his departure. 'You can'—— He was beginning to tell her what he meant to leave, but at the first word of going all her pent-up jealousy burst forth, and from her lips poured out such a torrent of oaths and curses against Sally that, to save himself from the sudden mad desire to kill her, he rushed from the room, caught up his hat, and fled like one pursued. He was half across the moor before he stopped, and after a pause for breath went on again, determined not to risk a second time that temptation. He would get to one of the ports, go on board some outward-bound ship, and put the ocean between him and that woman. Only he must see Sally once more; and having a strong suspicion of where she had gone, he took the train to London, and followed her to the house of the woman who, pending their marriage, had given her shelter.

She did not seem surprised to see him, and her only reproach was: 'Why didn't ye trust me, Bill—what did ye think, then?'

Bill did not answer. 'I know,' continued Sally, encouragingly, 'what you thought—that she was dead.'

- 'I wish to God she was.'
- 'If she had been, 'twould have been a good job for you and me,' said Sally, simply, 'but as things is, try and make the best of it, Bill.'

Bill shook his head hopelessly. 'I'm tired o' that game. No I've throwed up the sponge, and I'm off to sea.'

- 'And what's she to do?'
- 'Do?' cried Bill. 'Do what she's done before, when she's drunk through what I've left her.'
 - 'But now where is she-who's left with her?'
 - 'Nobody.'
 - 'But she can't help herself: she'll die.'
 - 'Let her—die like a dog: 'tis all she's fit for. She '---

But Sally's hand against his mouth stopped him. 'No, Bill, no—never mind. I knows you've had a lot to suffer, but play fair now. Once on her legs ag'en, act as you will by her, but not now. No; 'twouldn't be you. If you'm bound on goin',' she added, seeing he made no answer, 'well, I'll go back and do what's wanted for her.'

- 'You! Why, 'twas curses on you that drove me out o' the place. I don't know that I shouldn't ha' done better by stayin'—there'd ha' bin' some satisfaction in swingin' for her.'
- 'Poor soul! What matter to me what she calls me?—she couldn't say more than I've listened to; but I don't care—it ain't true, though but for you'—and she put her hand on his arm—'it might be.'

Bill's eyes sought the ground: his bitterness seemed melting away: that heart of stone which lay so heavy within him was turning into flesh again.

- 'If I was to stop,' he muttered, 'what could I do?'
- 'What you've done before—start off on your rounds, and don't come back 'til the time we used to do. And I'll look after her the whiles, and if she gets well quick, and makes it too hot for me, I'll let you know, and then—well, we'll see.'

There was much more said, but in the end this decision was acted on. They returned to the cottage to find Maggie too much exhausted to notice who restored her. Bill got together the small stock-in-trade, and, with Nettle in the cart, drove off at daybreak the next morning.

VII.

That year Bill's round proved more than ordinarily prosperous. With little aptitude for sentiment, and no time for reflection, the perplexities of his life did not unduly affect him. Regularly he transmitted money to Sally, but during the three months which had passed he had not had a line from her.

Every now and again, when jogging along, he felt the place beside him vacant, and, softened by this sudden yearning, he would stretch out his whip and gently rub old Nettle's ear.

One evening, returning to the little town at which he supplied the wants of his trade, he heard that a letter had been waiting for

a fortnight for him. Bill's hands trembled as he opened it: all his wretchedness seemed to rise before him.

'dear Bill,-You're wanted back. Come if you can.-SALLY.'

Leaving the cart and Nettle, Bill started on the following morning, reaching his home in the afternoon. It was late in August, and the common was in its glory. Up to the windows of the little cottage great bushes of yellow gorse gave forth their sweet perfume, and around the honey-laden bees hummed drowsily. Amid this peaceful scene the thought of anger and enmity jarred even upon Bill's unemotional nature. He hesitated in front of the door, fearing what might await him. Suddenly the door opened, and Sally stood there. 'I seed you comin',' she said, stepping out and indicating that he was to follow her. She was looking pale and thin, her eyes heavy with much watching.

'What's up?' said Bill. 'Twas only last night I got your letter.'

'She ain't no better,' said Sally, gravely. 'She ain't long for this world, Bill.'

He made no answer. Now that what he had so wished for was likely to come to pass he did not seem able to rejoice. Sally's manner awed him.

- 'I don't know how you'll take it—the parson's up with her.' Bill's look indicated his surprise. 'Oh, they have been good, and so has everybody around in comin' and sendin' things. Not a day passes but there's soup and stuff for Mrs. Kitto.'
- 'Oh'—and Bill gave an indignant snort—'is that the name they give her? What do they call you, then?'
- 'I never axed—whatever they likes: 'tis all the same to me. Everybody knows how we stands—her and you and me.' Then, seeing the vexed look that overspread his face, she added, 'She told of it herself, Bill.'
 - 'Yes, I'll back her to do that,' he said, bitterly.
- 'But not as you thinks, Bill. Why, now 'tis like a child and its mother with us two; whatever she wants she looks to me for. And the parson, he's never showed no scorn to me; he always says, "You're a good woman"—I'm sure I don't know what for, 'cos I've never shammed or hoaxed any of 'em. Gentlefolks is very nice in their ways,' she went on, after a pause. 'Parson takes it quite to heart that he can't make her sorry. She knows she's goin', but she don't care. She thinks more of my bein' by her than anything he says. You'll come up, won't ye? "Twas he told me to

writ for you to come. He said 'twas the right thing, so I did it.'

Bill stepped across the threshold without a word; silently he followed Sally up to the sick-room.

To his boundless surprise the parson—before whom he felt terribly shamefaced—rose and took him by the hand. 'I'm glad to see you, Kitto,' he said. 'We've anxiously watched for your coming. A few hours more, I fear, might have been too late'; and he moved aside for the husband to take his place at the bedside.

'Speak to her, Bill,' whispered Sally, noting that he drew back. 'Kind, you know,' she added, anxiously.

Bill made a supreme effort, and, gulping down long years of bitterness and misery, 'Well, old gal,' he said, 'how goes it with ye?'

Slowly the dying woman raised her eyes and fixed them on him. After some moments an unintelligible murmur escaped her, and she looked at Sally, who bent down over her, but what she wished to say they could not tell.

'I think it's your hand, Sally,' said the vicar, who was watching them. A look showed that he had guessed rightly. 'Give her yours, Kitto.' Bill obeyed, and feebly Maggie brought the two together.

'That is good—that is right,' said the vicar. 'Those that forgive shall be forgiven. You wish them to be happy, don't you?'

She gave a little sign for reply. 'And we wish you to be happy, too, poor soul—to go to that home where sorrow and sin are forgotten. That is where you want to go—eh?'

This time the face did not answer him: into it came a look which hushed those around. Presently she drew a deep breath, and, with an effort as if to raise herself, she said:—

- 'Is they such as Sally there?'
- 'Yes. Sally herself hopes one day to follow you.'
- 'All right—I'll be off, then—I'll go.'

And falling back on the pillow, those who bent over her saw that she had set out on her journey.

Sally and Bill were re-married. Their wedding was quite a gala day; but up to the present moment Sally is puzzled to know why people make such a fuss about her.

Louisa Parr.

An Italian Country House.

A.D. 1490-1500.

THIS description of a 'villa' belonging to a wealthy Bolognese in the early days of the Renaissance is translated from the Latin of Giambattista Spagnoli, once well known in all the grammar-schools of Europe as Baptista Mantuanus. Born at Mantua in 1448, and dying at Bologna, General of the Carmelite Order of religious, in 1516, he left behind him the record of a blameless life and fifty-five thousand verses in by no means blameless Latin. Of these, no less than fifty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight and five-sixths have duly achieved oblivion, and the remaining line and a sixth would doubtless have been equally successful had they not been embalmed for ever—a typical fly-in-amber—in the utterances of one 'Holofernes, a Schoolmaster,' in Shakspere's 'Love's Labour Lost.'

'Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ Ruminat—

and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:—

Vinegia, Vinegia, Chi non ti vede non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! who understandeth thee not loves thee not.'

Still, admitting that posterity has exercised a wise discretion in forgetting all about Baptista's hexameters, pentameters, and sapphics, the adventurous explorer of his works will find that his time has not been wholly wasted. He will find that both Spenser and Milton, to mention no smaller names, have been there before him, and have not disdained to appropriate more than one or two of his thoughts and expressions. More particularly will he find that this has been the case with Baptista's 'Alphonsus,' a quasi-epic in six books relating the adventures after death of a younger half-brother of Isabella of Castile, on his way from Spain

to Paradise in company with an elderly monitor named Audentius, who possesses, in addition to a pair of wings, a vast fund of knowledge relating to the topography of the Great Beyond both infernal and supernal, and an equally remarkable desire of imparting his useful information to his youthful pupil. In this singular 'Vision of Judgment' he will find a highly picturesque description of St. Patrick's Purgatory on the banks of Lough Dearg, which the travellers apparently approach by a kind of tunnel under France and the Irish Channel—a reference to Pope Joan, and a collection of personifications, Death, Hunger, Disease, and so forth, with whose features he is already familiar in the galleries of later dealers in allegorical portraiture. He will find, too, in a poem addressed to Giovanni Crestoni, the compiler of the first Greek Lexicon, how signal and far-reaching was the influence exercised by the spirit of the Renaissance over a sympathetic ecclesiastic, who, born half a century earlier, might have blossomed into a mediæval saint. In the verses, moreover, here translated he will find the interest which attaches to a series of sketches on the spot of the interior and exterior of an Italian country-mansion at the close of the fifteenth century—sketches from the hand of a master who was himself an admirer and intimate of Andrea Mantegna, and probably also of Francia.

Another interest, too, if I may estimate by my own the feelings of other fishermen in the waters of oblivion, he will find in them—a certain subtle and pathetic fin-de-siècle sentiment which still appeals strongly across the four intervening ages to such of us in these latter days as have not yet succumbed to the pestilence of specialism.

The poem itself is to be found in the fifth book of Baptista's 'Sylvæ' or Miscellanies, and is entitled 'Villa Refrigerii,' which the casual reader might be apt to infer means simply 'The Villa of Refreshment.' A glance, however, at the preceding poem makes it clear that the gentle Carmelite, who ever loves a pun, is here simply playing on the name of his friend Giambattista Refrigerio, and from incidental notices in the two sets of verses it may be gathered also that this friend and namesake probably held some high official position in Bologna the 'Learned' and the 'Fat,' that his uncle Florio was a venerable counsel learned in the law, that he was wealthy in land and fee, and spent much money on books, and that he possessed a most desirable country residence at Ociamo, a hamlet some leagues distant from Bologna on the high road leading from that city through Imola and Forli to

The plague, it would seem, was at this time raging in Bologna, and Refrigerio had invited the poet to leave his Carmelite cloister for a time and seek safety with him at Ociamo. He accepted the invitation, and, by way of thanks to his host, wrote and dedicated to him some three hundred hexameters wherein he describes the villa itself, its surroundings, and a number of books which he found there. All of these last, I incline to think, were printed volumes. Livy, Sallust, Pliny, Virgil, and Horace had already all been printed, most of them more than once; and much of Cicero was in print before the collected edition of his works was published at Milan in 1498-99. Plato, probably, was represented by the translation of Ficino, and Aristotle possibly by Cardinal Bessarion's version of the 'Metaphysics.' Strabo was available in the Latin of Guarino of Verona and Gregory Tiphernas and Plutarch had been rendered piecemeal by a sort of literary syndicate. Of St. Augustine and St. Jerome many works had been published, but the epithet 'three-tongued,' as applied to the latter, would seem to indicate some edition of the Father containing his expositions of passages and words in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures. The first in which these are included is, I believe, that of Nicholaus Kesler, Basle, 1497, in which a desperate hash is made of the Greek, and a blank-symbolic of utter despair—is left for the Hebrew. Kesler, nevertheless, swaggers hugely in the colophon over the faultlessness of his volume, and strongly urges on all students the advisability of not purchasing manuscripts, but only such books as are 'impressed with characters by the new art'; advice which, whether sound or not, had, I imagine, been followed by the proprietor of Ociamo.

As life is short, and Italian landscape has not greatly changed in the country districts lying south of 'wandering Po,' I have omitted bodily the first half of Baptista's poem, in which he expatiates at large on the beauty and fertility of his friend's estate, and trots out, according to his wont, a vast amount of classic lore in describing its hills and woods and rivers, its cornfields and meadows grazed by bulls proud of eye and deep of dewlap, its upland pastures whereon browse flocks of snowy fleece, its orchards of quince and apple, its gardens of fig and olive, and its vineyards of Lesbian and Maræotid grapes, wherein the matronvines predominate oppressively over their husband elms. This is how he continues when at last he arrives at

VILLA REFRIGERIO.

Now turn I thence to sing the domicil Of Refrigerio on its gentle hill.

THE PORCH.

The porch, a floor-space girt with walls four-square Shuts out the mountain and moist southern air; But the broad doorway, yielding ingress free Under the vault of its high canopy With a thin ridge of roofing capped about, Faces the westering sun, and all without It flaunts brave show of gold and minium In pious pageantry, that all who come May know what warden-saints the household keep.

THE BACK.

Northward, the mansion lifts its roof-tree steep And o'er the fields from those high terraces Whence it looks forth at vantage, lessening sees The road whereby the pilgrim fareth on To the Adriatic, skirting Rubicon.

THE FRONT.

Thus much arear the house displays, but turns To face the cool south wind the front that burns With Punic cinnabar aflame all o'er.

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

Between the wings o' the open outer door Is seen the entrance-hall, not deep nor wide, Where settles of live rock on either side Invite the weary. Here ancestral shields And legends of old praise on painted fields Are meetly blazoned, which the passer-by Takes note of and the guest reads leisurely.

THE JANITOR.

Here keepeth watch and ward beside the door, Trusty and true, the Master's janitor, Sore cumbered with the weight of mane and fell, A wee, wee doggie, yet most terrible And harsh of spirit, menacing of eye And tooth, most like that boar whom anciently Stout Meleager slew in Calydon. His ears erect are curved like horns upon His awful forehead—reddish at the tips, Though all beside be white. High o'er his hips, And circling inward on itself, the tail Is perilously fringed with rays of bale Which at the end draw to a little star. Whetting Cerberean wrath, he drives afar With dreadful bark the stranger, while the din Sends news from hall without to house within.

THE BANQUET HALL.

A second door, unfolding right and left,
Reveals the greater hall, fair hung with weft
Of storied tapestries and painted fair
With cunning fancies. Lo, Parnassus there
Uplifts his double peak, and Helicon
Weds to the neighbour clouds that play thereon
His topmost fells. Here roam the goddesses
Of Castaly among their brooks and trees.
Here to the music of their cithern strings
Apollo with his sisters sits and sings.

Here, to three suns, with mystic knots and bows Three flames are knitted and three hearts to those— A riddle he that wrought alone can rede.

Here, too, the warrior-wight who won for meed By land and sea the fame that grows not dim, Great Pompey stands—but yet not all of him, For, since his valour is so great, the small And crowded world cannot contain it all, The artificer discreetly found it best To limn him bust-wise, shoulders, head, and chest, Yet so that through them doth most clearly shine The very image of his soul divine.

Without, a broad and wondrous circlet girds
The doughty Duke with blazoned scrolls and swords,
Meet emblem of his praise beyond the sphere.

This hall, wherethrough the sinking sun shines clear, Is light the whole day long—no darkness falls Throughout its ample span on floor or walls. The frets that vein the ceiling's broad extent, Making a frame round each compartiment, Meet with the meeting cornice, and, between, The pictured panellings reflect the sheen Of polished tables far below, most meet For noble feasting. Here in summer's heat The guest enjoys cool shade, in winter's chill A blazing hearthstone. Come whene'er he will, He findeth comfort here the whole year through.

THE MASTER'S CHAMBER.

Southwestward thence, lo, inner chambers two,
Both giving on one passage. On this side
The household's Master and his Dame abide.
Troth-guardian Juno, faith that knows no fraud,
Piety stainless, chastity unflawed
Dwell with them here and hence with them go forth.

THE GUEST'S CHAMBER.

The other is the Guest's room, to the north, With its sweet beds apparelled sumptuously. Here sleepeth he o' nights, by daylight free No less to enjoy his leisure, bury care, And build at will his castles in the air. Over against the dawn the portico With colonnade of fair long shafts arow O'erlooks a hill whereon the deities Have lavished largess—Pallas olive-trees, Vines Bacchus, myrtles Venus, pine-trees tall The Berecyntian, laurels virginal

The maid who fled the Sun-god. On that hill From boughs for ever leafy falls a still Green shade for ever fragrant with sweet airs.

THE FIRST FLOOR.

Now to the first-floor landing mount the stairs.

Look round! Each room repeats the room below.

Wall-space and passage like proportions show,

And all the members answer each to each.

THE GRANARY FLOOR.

Returning, climb the stairs again, and reach The granary floor, whereon the garnered gold Of harvest glows, and wealthy store untold Of fruits o' the earth and garden provender.

THE CELLAR.

Descending next, behold where year on year From casks of vintage mellowing underground The vaulted cellar through its cave profound Breathes perfume as of Maræotid grapes.

A TREASURY.

Full many a not less worthy theme escapes My muse's ken, the hours so fleetly pace; Yet, Giambattista mine, one crowning grace Here have I found which least of all men I Can pass ungracious and ungrateful by— A treasure-house that in comparison Makes poor these wonders of Hymettian stone, These marbles Libya quarried for thy halls, These carven columns bright with capitals And wreaths of gilded brass; -nor mean I yet The partner of thy bed, thy Margaret, Another Dido—Venus though she be For beauty, and for worth Penelope-But, for the time now lacks to speak of her As fain I would, those praises I defer, And woo another wind my course to steer.

THE CONTENTS OF THE TREASURY.

His seat august, lo, Plutarch holdeth here, He of the mighty mouth, who doth proclaim The deeds of heroes, weighing name by name The great of other lands against our own. Here Livy, sire of history, grave of tone And stately, speaks; and Sallust, eloquent, Graceful and sweet, unfolds his high intent. Here Strabo looks as from Olympus down On continent and island, tilth and town And desert wastes o' the sea that doth unite All lands and sunder. Pliny the infinite Secrets of dædal Nature doth indite, And registers in harsh and rugged phrase The loveliness and wonder of her ways. Here Cicero achieves with tongue and pen More mighty than the swords of armed men, Conquests beyond the Moor and Indian. Lo, here Æneis! Not all Hellas can Show aught its equal—nay, it doth excel The force of Nature—from the stars it fell, Flowed down from Jove, full of immortal grace And sovranty, an earthly dwelling-place Of Him who thus tells man what man may be.

Here, too, Venusian Horace bitingly
Taxes the crimes of Rome, or, rapt in song,
Smiteth his various lyre the stars among.
Here wisdom's well-springs flow, the Stagyrite
And deep-souled Plato, he on whom the light
Fell from the counsels of the gods to show
The height and depth of all that man may know,
All poets can conceive or sages teach.

Here he of Stridon in three-tonguèd speech, Eager of soul and instant, doth beseech The hearts of men with thundrous energy. He, too, of Carthage holdeth here his see As erst at Hippo, Father Augustine, The fountains of whose wisdom flowed divine Still unexhausted through a thousand tomes.

L'ENVOY.

Fain would I greet the rest, but evening gloams And night draws nigh and they are manifold.

Thus hath my Muse portrayed thy country hold Whither she now hath fled and left far hence The fell contagion of the pestilence Here in all pleasaunce sojourning with thee, At Ociamo. Take this small gift from me!

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

At the Sign of the Ship.

THACKERAY AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.

T is generally understood that Mr. Thackeray wished no biography of himself to be written. The only contemporary author who could write that life as it should be done has therefore been obedient to her father's desire. It is easy to understand and to sympathise with Mr. Thackeray's reluctance to be made the hero of a biography. Scarce any biography in the world, except Boswell's masterpiece, tells the truth, and the whole truth. A man, like Cromwell, wants to be painted warts and all, if he must be painted. No modern biographer is likely to do this kind of work. Either he revels in all the tattle he can collect against and about his subject, or he has a dozen reasons—all excellent—for not speaking out. Many biographies are prolonged and anecdotic epitaphs. Mr. Thackeray was the last man in the world to enjoy the prospect of this too benevolent immortality. On the other hand, it is not everyone who wants to have all the trifles of his private life—his petulances, fits of temper, his blunders, his bad luck, dragged into the light. Mr. Carlyle may have thought this desirable; and if so, then, as the Yankee remarks, 'I guess he got his druther.' But it is easy to understand the absence of this 'druther' in an author's mind. A writer like Mr. Thackeray gave himself to the world in his art, and with rather too little than too much reserve. Anyone can read a melancholy chapter of his life, "a living sorrow, in the Hoggarty Diamond. Who wants the details except the lover of tattle? Anybody can tell that he has loved unhappily, or what are the fortunes of Clive Newcome, of the elder George Warrington, of Henry Esmond derived from? They are Everyone sees that Mr. Thackeray was not written in tears. particularly happy at school, that he enjoyed himself at college, that he lived a good deal in Paris, that he often heard the chimes at midnight, that he had lost money at cards. We have the

evidence of Mr. Deuceace, of Blundell Blundell, of Pendennis, of Captain Costigan. He had met and studied minxes, or he could not have given us Becky and Betty. What do the names of the minxes of real life matter to us? I could a tale, or a tradition, unfold concerning one of these ladies, but this is not a column of the New Journalism. What Mr. Thackeray thought of that glorious institution we can read in his remarks on 'Young Grub Street'; he is as frank about his animosities as about his dinners and his liking for a good dinner. All his experience he gave us, all his loves, hates, hopes and fears, his religion, his devotion to good letters, his generosity, his little bouts of impatience and petulance. What more, I ask, do we want? I know not whether a long, heavy biography of Montaigne exists or not. Montaigne tells us all we need to learn about him; we know him as well as Dr. Johnson, out of his own essays. Even so, if we have eyes to see, and a heart to feel, we know through his books, and through the Letters published not long ago, all that is essential about Mr. Thackeray. Some like what they have learned thus; some love the memory of the man, and his nature as they discern it; some do not love him at all, and pardon nothing, as they certainly seem to understand nothing. There were just such people about him while he lived. Some thought him a snob; some called him a cynic; one declared that 'there is a want of heart in all he writes'; that 'his style of conversation is either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent.' We only see, feel, and understand in proportion as we have eyes, hearts, and brains. All these may be exercised on the Thackeray who declares himself in his books, just as well as on any Thackeray of a stout, well-padded biography.

As no such biography has been produced by members of his family, there are various brief stories of his life, by the late Mr. Hannay, by Mr. Anthony Trollope, and, now, by Mr. Herman Merivale and Mr. Frank T. Marzials.¹ This has been an unlucky little book. Mr. Merivale as a young man knew Mr. Thackeray. He is a true Thackerayan; he is not misled by the drivel about cynicism. But he knew Mr. Thackeray towards the close of a life to which fame came late, and decline and death early. Thus Mr. Merivale may lay too much stress on the melancholy of his hero. He must have been gay enough in earlier years. Mr. Merivale has been allowed to use some documents in the possession of Mr. Thackeray's family; he has also the advantages of

sympathy, of old hereditary friendship, and of education such as Thackeray enjoyed. But, unluckily, Mr. Merivale's health broke down when he had written some six chapters, including one on Thackeray's friendship. Mr. Marzials, without some of Mr. Merivale's opportunities, finished the book as well as he might, and the effect is, inevitably, rather an effect of patchwork. There are repetitions, and I venture to prefer Mr. Merivale's critical passages to those of his partner or successor. Two hundred and fifty pages are too much for an essay, hardly enough for a complete biography. But the only reason for which one should desire a complete biography is, that it would contain more of Thackeray's delightful letters. Minute accounts of his doings, of his journeys, of his quarrels and friendships, one does not need, or should not need. Such stories very seldom indeed tell all the truth.

By this time, in articles such as Dr. John Brown's excellent one, in the autobiographies of other people, in anecdotes, and in letters, a world of little items about Thackeray's private life have been published. Mr. Merivale and Mr. Marzials use this material pretty freely. One has read much of it before, and perhaps these details hardly help the general picture.

Mr. Merivale makes it plain enough (it was always plain enough) that Mr. Thackeray's life was neither a successful nor a happy one. He was extremely sensitive—sensitive about others and about himself. 'He liked to be liked, but he loved to be loved,' and he also loved much. These are not the qualities of a life which is to be happy, especially if what we call bad luck or ill fortune accompanies them. The most affectionate heart, a heart that matched his brain, was widowed early, or wedded to a living regret. He could find nowhere the kind of love that was essential to him, and he probably was not even liked as he liked to be liked.

He was not by any means all things to all men; where he despised a man, or was bored by a man, it may be assumed that he did not disguise his emotions. He allows Philip Firmin to behave like a brute, and apparently he has a kind of sympathy for that truculent hero. I do not mean, of course, that he behaved like Philip Firmin; but, if he could tolerate Philip at all, he was probably quite candid when he was bored. That is natural, but it is not what Marcus Aurelius, let us say, would have recommended. Like most humourists he was a man of moods: when his mood and that of anyone in his company were uncongenial, perhaps he may sometimes have become as chilly

as Gray, though, doubtless, never so wild as Charles Lamb. So he would get a reputation for being cynical and heartless—a charge contradicted as much by the generosity of his conduct as by the tenor of his writings.

It was not stupid people only who misconceived him. A man justly celebrated used to be fond of telling an anecdote against Mr. Thackeray, which was clearly based on a misunderstanding. I have had to hear it several times, and restrained a longing to reply in certain well-known words of Dr. Johnson's. It is plain enough, then, that Mr. Thackeray's emotional nature met, as Mr. Merivale says, with disappointment in the world. Current and probable, though necessarily unprinted, anecdotes prove as Then, as to literary success, his was vast, but it came so late that he might almost have spoken of it as Johnson did of Chesterfield's favour. It was a success curiously unpremeditated and unprepared for. As everyone knows, art, and not literature, was the field in which Mr. Thackeray would have preferred to find fame. Without the prick of necessity, it seems probable that he would not have written at all, or, if he had written, would have made history his topic. A letter of his was printed lately, by a merchant of autographs, in which Mr. Thackeray tells an editor that he wishes to do an article of historical research. 'I like the work; it is so gentlemanly,' he says. Probably, when he was turning out 'copy' for Punch and other miscellanies, he often longed, as doubtless other men do, for the more austere and classical air of scholarship. He was naturally a serious student of literature. Had he been rich, he might have done no more, perhaps even much less, than his triend Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald, he was almost or quite a poet, as Mr. Merivale says, but he never seems to have trusted himself in poetry; in poetry he seldom 'spoke out.' This reticence came of modesty and self-criticism. His true bent was really better indicated by his undergraduate parodies and tiny satires than by his love of painting or his liking for the work of scholarship. But it was necessity, the need of writing for his livelihood, that revealed to him his forte. Thus, when he succeeded at last, it was in a direction which he had not thought of in the dreams of his 'At last,' too, was long in coming. His contemporary, Mr. Dickens, was a popular idol, as Mr. Merivale remarks, 'before Thackeray knew what he was going to be.' Vanity Fair was not published till 1848, and then he had but fourteen years in front of him; and, ere they ended, his body was worn out; he had

shot his bolt, and we have only the broken promise of Denis Duval to show us how much of his genius he might have recovered. Even his late success, when it came, was troubled enough. Like very many great writers, he was unhappily sensitive to criticism. A letter to Mr. Aytoun, of Blackwood's, is quoted here, in which he asks for 'a hand,' as Mr. Foker calls ita friendly word. He withdrew the request. 'But I know this, if I had the command of Blackwood, and a humouristical person like Titmarsh should come up, and labour hard and honestly (please God) for ten years, I would give him a hand.' Who would not, that had the chance? For we critics are only the sandwich-men of literature, and our only professional pleasure is to carry sandwich-boards for the truly great; or we are the claque, and have no merit but to applaud a good piece lustily, and 'honestly, please God.' When applause did not come, but blame, Mr. Thackeray felt it more than another. He was one of the very few great writers who cry out when they are hurt, and hit back, as in his reply to the peculiarly idiotic notice of The Kickleburys, in the Times. I never saw the paper in the Saturday Review which he resented so much in his Roundabout Papers. In them he complained more than need be of the thorns about the fairy rose of literary success. He was by no means a perfect hero, let it be admitted. He had planted thorns enough in Bulwer Lytton. His attacks on the author of The Last Days of Pompeii are hardly to be understood, and one could wish that some of Jeames's pleasantries on Bulwer Lytton were expunged from the works of Jeames's creator. He had much to embitter him then, as in the comparative failure of Esmond, which it is now so hard to comprehend. In brief, his life was full of disappointment; but he had, as Mr. Merivale says, the antidote of religion. His belief was of a sort now old-fashioned. might be shown from his remarks on 'George Sand and the New Apocalypse,' wherein he has a glimpse of Darwinism, only to laugh at it. He was happy at least in this, that he was of a generation and a temperament to which faith was comparatively Dr. John Brown speaks of a certain evening when Mr. Thackeray 'spoke, as he seldom did, of divine things-of death, of sin, of eternity, of salvation; expressing his simple faith in God, and in his Saviour.' And there are some who would rather believe and be antiquated with Thackeray than deny and be 'advanced' with a multitude of later 'authorities.' It is wisdom, nobility, goodness, that make an 'authority' in matters

of faith, not acquaintance with physiology or with the Babel of criticism. Mr. Dickens, too, believed. Perhaps the most pleasant paragraph, to the faithful of Mr. Thackeray, in this book is that which tells how he sought a reconciliation with Mr. Dickens, and how they shook hands in the hall of the Athenæum. Why they quarrelled is not made clear, nor is it important. The important thing is that, just before his sudden death, Mr. Thackeray yielded to the impulse which must have long beset him, and 'could not bear to be on any but the old terms.' The world, always pitting these great champions against each other, drove them into a rivalry most distasteful, probably, to both—to Thackeray certainly. He was 'curiously free from literary jealousy.'

A popular novelist, in the presence of a loved friend of Thackeray, one day justified something he had said, done, or written, by remarking, 'Sir Walter Scott said, or did, or wrote so-and-so.'

'I do not think,' answered Thackeray, 'that it becomes either you or me to speak of Sir Walter Scott as if we were his equals. Such men as you or I should take off our hats at the very mention of his name.'

But now with that great and good man he is almost 'equalled in renown.'

The author of the following poem calls it, in the phrase of Wordsworth (though it is not in the style of that author),

A HIGHLY VALUABLE CHAIN OF THOUGHTS.

Had cigarettes no ashes,
And roses ne'er a thorn,
No man would be a funker
Of whin, or burn, or bunker.
There were no need for mashies,
The turf would ne'er be torn,
Had cigarettes no ashes,
And roses ne'er a thorn.

Had cigarettes no ashes,
And roses ne'er a thorn,
The big trout would not ever
Escape into the river.

No gut the salmon smashes
Would leave us all forlorn,
Had cigarettes no ashes
And roses ne'er a thorn.

But 'tis an unideal,
Sad world in which we're born,
And things will go 'contrairy'
With Martin and with Mary.
And every day the real
Comes bleakly in with morn,
And cigarettes have ashes,
And every rose a thorn.

* *

As to one of the misfortunes here deplored, Mr. Eugene Field says very wisely, in his 'Little Book of Western Verse' (Scribners):

And, really, fish look bigger than they are before they're caught, When the pole is bent into a bow, and the slender line is taut; When a fellow feels his heart rise up like a doughnut in his throat, And he lunges in a frenzy up and down the leaky boat. Oh, you who've been a fishing will endorse me when I say That it always is the biggest fish you catch that gets away.

Talking of Mr. Eugene Field reminds me that I wish The Ship had never been freighted with his Dutch Lullaby. The post brings nothing but letters asking leave to set the rhyme to music. Gentlemen composers, please besiege Mr. Field, not me. I believe that Messrs. Osgood, of 45 Albemarle Street, publish Mr. Field's poems and stories; at all events, in New York Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons publish them, and excellent reading many of them are.

* . *

Some persons are painfully incredulous. The Fishing Gazette publishes the following abridged narrative as 'The Major's Yarn,' implying that the 'yarn' is not to be trusted:

I once saw a thing in Japan which has puzzled me ever since. I may as well tell you first that I have gone in thoroughly for conjuring,

and know perfectly all the tricks the Jappas use; but what I am going to tell had nothing to do with that, but sheer gymnastic skill. I had been out shooting near Tokio, and was returning in my 'ricksha,' when I saw a performance was going on in a little village I passed through. I told the coolie to stop, and got out to watch. There were the usual things-bamboo ladder, slack wire, &c .-- and the company were certainly very good, but from the expectant look of the audience the trick of the evening had not come off. At last an old wizened man came into the ring, and was met with shouts of applause. He had a common ball of string in his hand, which he handed round for inspection. I examined it thoroughly, and found it all square. stepped into the centre of the ring, twisted one end of the string round the finger of his left hand, and with the right threw the ball in the air. The ball mounted higher and higher until it had entirely unrolled itself; then, hand over hand, he climbed up! 'But how did he get down?' 'Oh, I didn't wait to see.'

This is only the beginning of a 'yarn' which is as old as the The late Colonel Yule kindly gave me a set of notes, which I have mislaid, in which the same Oriental narrative was traced through some five hundred years. As a rule, another man follows the first up the rope, with a knife in his hand, cuts the first man to pieces, throws the pieces down to the earth, returns, reunites them, and revivifies his friend. Ibn Batuto, the old Arab traveller in the East, saw the thing done, and tells the story. If I am not mistaken, Colonel Yule quotes the Arab in a note to his Marco Polo. The Colonel had cuttings of modern instances from Indian newspapers. No one who reads Ibn Batuto's remarkable version can doubt that he believed he saw what he reports. It seems probable, from various indications, that he was 'hypnotised.' He was extremely ill after beholding this adventure and another magical exhibition at the court of the King of Delhi. 'Living and honourable men' have told me instances of Indian conjuring not so startling, but equally irreconcilable with the laws of gravitation. Nor has the mango-tree trick yet been explained, as far as I am aware. An English writer of the seventeenth century saw it done, with remarkable circumstances, in England. The Fishing Gazette has acquired an incredulous habit from consorting with anglers. But anglers do not lie like golfers. See Golf! See the anecdotes in that deserving serial.

Verses have accumulated in the coffers of the skipper. Here are some which have been too long in stock, and which are published with an apology to the author:

THE OLD YEAR.

What did the old year bring, lassie,
What did the old year bring?
A well-loved youth with a heart of truth
And a golden marriage-ring, lassie.

What did the old year bring, laddie, What did the old year bring? A vessel tight, with sails snow-white, Like a seagull on the wing, laddie.

What did the old year bring, father, What did the old year bring? Six feet of sod in the acre of God, Where the robins sweetly sing, dearie.

What did the old year bring, mother, What did the old year bring? A silent hearth and a saddened path, With the loss of everything, dearie.

THE NEW YEAR.

What will the new year bring, lassie,
What will the new year bring?
To a smiling wife a new young life
In the cottage 'mang the ling, lassie.

What will the new year bring, laddie, What will the new year bring? On a favouring gale a home-bound sail, While aside the waters fling, laddie.

What will the new year bring, father, What will the new year bring? Time does not come to the heavenly home Where the joy-bells ever ring, dearie. What will the new year bring, mother, What will the new year bring?

A year nearer rest with him I love best, In the presence of our King, dearie.

A. LANG.

The 'Donna.'

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following subscriptions. Sums received after March 10 will be entered in the May number:—

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Miss Trench, Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk, thanks the readers of Longman's for forty-one comforters received for the Night Refuge since February 9; of these, one was from 'L. S., who reads Longman.' In all, 171 have been sent to her as Secretary of the Donna Knitting Society. Also, for the Night Refuge, Miss Allardyce, 10s.; E. L. C., 5s. Mrs. Cameron, 5s.

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