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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES

VOLUME IX.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1872

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 210.

January 6, 1872.

Price { WITH SUPPLEMENT, } 4d.

SESTINA.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



MY soul at rest upon
a day
As a bird sleeping in
the nest of night,
Among soft leaves
that give the star-
light way
To touch its wings
but not its eyes
with light ;
So that it knew as one
in visions may,
And knew not as
men waking, of
delight.

This was the mea-
sure of my soul's
delight ;

It had no power of joy to fly by day,
Nor part in the large lordship of the light ;
But in a secret moon-beholden way
Had all its will of dreams and pleasant night,
And all the love and life that sleepers may.

But such life's triumph as men waking may
It might not have to feed its faint delight
Between the stars by night and sun by day,
Shut up with green leaves and a little light ;
Because its way was as a lost star's way,
A world's not wholly known of day or night.

All loves and dreams and sounds and gleams of night
Made it all music that such minstrels may,
And all they had they gave it of delight ;
But in the full face of the fire of day
What place shall be for any starry light,
What part of heaven in all the wide sun's way ?

Yet the soul woke not, sleeping by the way,
Watched as a nursling of the large-eyed night,
And sought no strength nor knowledge of the day,
Nor closer touch conclusive of delight,
Nor mightier joy nor truer than dreamers may,
Nor more of song than they, nor more of light.

For who sleeps once and sees the secret light
Whereby sleep shows the soul a fairer way
Between the rise and rest of day and night,
Shall care no more to fare as all men may,
But he his place of pain or of delight,
There shall he dwell, beholding night as day.

Song, have thy day and take thy fill of light
Before the night be fallen across thy way ;
Sing while he may, man hath no long delight.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



MARKET BAS-
ING, in Holm-
shire, there are
five or six good
houses that were
built, some of
them eighty, some
of them a hundred
years ago—in a
word, before the
town was what it
is. They stood
there when the
linendrapers, gro-
cers, and silver-
smiths lived over

their shops in the main streets, and not in pretentious villas of unending stucco scattered along the Hunslope-road, as they do now. For in those honest days, strange to say, a shopkeeper kept his shop, and wasn't a bit ashamed of it. And these old houses are tenanted now by persons of the same class as those who occupied them when their bricks were new and red. The one by the church is Lawyer Battscombe's. It was his grandfather's before him. That house a hundred yards nearer the middle of the town is Mr. Francis Melliship's; and a mile in Oxford-street and twenty perches in Market Basing mean about the same thing—for in these small towns, a house five steps from your door is in an out-of-the-way place it requires an effort to reach. Read the legend in dingy, gilt relief letters over the door—they were much stared at when first put up, being a novelty from London—MELLISHIP, MORTIBOY, & Co. Melliship's Bank, for there is no Mortiboy in it now. Mortiboy's Bank is at the other end of the street, by the post-office. In many ways, the two banks are

wide as the Poles apart. At the other end of the town, in Derrigate, is another of these old houses. Here lives Mr. Richard Matthew Mortiboy, by the courtesy of Market Basing—when addressing him in writing—styled esquire, but commonly spoken of as Ready-money Mortiboy.

The reason why, I will tell you presently.

The blinds of two of these houses, from garret to kitchen, are drawn down, and the shutters farthest from the door pushed to.

But at the house in Derrigate, the shutters next the door on either side are closed, and two mutes, with vulgar faces and crape-covered broomsticks, stand on the steps.

Susan Mortiboy is dead, and is about to be buried in St. Giles's Church; and the mutes stand at her brother's door—one on the right hand, and one on the left, arrayed in funeral trappings, bearing the insignia of their order.

Sentinels of honour, to tell us that the Commander-in-Chief, Death, has himself entered the house, and receives the homage of Respectability, his humble servant in this wise.

Outside, it is cold January frost: inside, in the parlour, are the mourners. They have a good fire, and are as comfortable as decency on such occasions will allow. Ready-money Mortiboy's parlour is a gaunt, cold room, with long, narrow windows, wire blinds, horsehair chairs, a horsehair sofa, red moor-reen curtains, and a round table with a red cover reaching to the floor. A decanter of sherry and eight glasses are on it.

The company assembled have not had any of the sherry, but sit looking at it. If one catches another's eye, the one instantly pretends to be intensely occupied with the ceiling, the pictures, the fire, the street view, anything but the sherry. Till, as by a spell, the one's eyes dwell again on the decanter, are caught in the act, and revert with guilty speed to the street view, pictures, fire, ceiling, anything but the sherry.

Mr. Richard Matthew Mortiboy, the chief mourner, stands with his back to the fireplace. He sighs occasionally with creditable emphasis. He intends his ejaculations to be taken for expressions of grief: they really tell of weariness, and a heartfelt wish that it was all over.

He is sixty-three years old, tall, bald-headed, and of spare frame. His black clothes—he was married in the coat—fit him so tightly that, until you are very well

used to his appearance, your mind would wander into useless speculations as to the ways and means by which he can get into his suits; and once in, can ever get out again.

But those who know old Ready-money well have discovered that he is one of those human eels who can wriggle out of anything they can wriggle into.

Lydia Heathcote, his niece, sits with the Bible open at the Book of Leviticus, looking at her uncle.

She is his next-of-kin now Susan, his sister, is dead, and old Mortiboy is a millionaire.

Honest John Heathcote, her husband, sits next her. The farmer is the only personage in the company who does not take his eyes off the decanter of wine when he is caught looking at it. He does not think it exactly, but he feels that it is the only pleasant object in the room, and stares straight at it accordingly.

The family lawyer, Benjamin Battiscombe, fills the easy chair.

The family doctor, Mr. Kerby, is expected every minute.

Mr. Hopgood, mayor of Market Basing, and linendraper, is present in person, out of respect for the family, in his official capacity of undertaker. His face wears an aspect of melancholy solemnity only one shade less deep than that he puts on for a county magnate, deceased—undertaken by Hopgood, Son, & Pywell.

George Ghymes, as Mr. Mortiboy's confidential and managing clerk, and the friend and agent of Susan Mortiboy, deceased, is present.

And in this goodly company there is one real mourner, Mrs. Heathcote's daughter Lucy, whose gentle hand smoothed the last pillow of Susan Mortiboy, her aunt.

"Put out to be drunk, I suppose," grunted John Heathcote, with his brown hand on the decanter, to his wife in an undertone. Then aloud, "Shall I give you a glass of sherry, Lydia?"

Mrs. Heathcote objected, but took it.

The ice thus broken, a glass was filled for everybody but the chief mourner.

Up to this time there was no conversation, but its place was to some extent supplied by the tolling of St. Giles's bass bell.

B-ong!—B-ong!—B-ong!—at intervals of half a minute.

Mr. Mortiboy broke the silence.

"What *are* we waiting for?" he asked with the impatience of weariness.

"We are waiting for Mr. Francis Melliship and Mr. Kerby," said the Mayor.

"Oh-h-h," sighed the chief mourner, with a look of resignation.

"Francis Melliship all over—eh, Uncle Richard?" said Mrs. Heathcote, feeling her way. "He always is behind at everything. I've often heard my poor mother say that, when you married his sister Emily, he kept you all waiting a quarter of an hour before he came to church to give her away. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"—quickly suppressed: it was a funeral.

But her uncle looked angry at this mention of his marriage to Miss Melliship, and Lydia Heathcote saw her mistake before he growled out in reply—

"Mr. Melliship's cavalier proceedings in private life have not come under my notice for years."

"How long is it since he has been in your house?" asked John Heathcote, bluntly.

"A dozen years, I suppose," said Lydia.

"I'll tell you," said Mr. Mortiboy. "He hasn't been here since my poor wife was buried—sixteen years ago last April."

OMNES: "Ah!"

Lucy Heathcote: "Poor dear aunt—I remember her very well, though I was but a little child. She always brought something over to Hunslope for Grace and me whenever she came to see us. I recollect her little boxes of sweets, and I have got two of her dolls now. Poor Aunt Emily!"

Mrs. Heathcote: "Ah, poor thing!"

Mr. Mortiboy: "She was like all the Melliships since the days of Methuselah—always giving something to somebody that was none the better for being made a fool of, Loo, my girl."

In this particular way, Lucy's granduncle Mortiboy had never made a fool of his niece.

"We are all older since then," said John Heathcote, who was a slow thinker.

"Mr. Melliship affronted me in a way I shall never forget—though I hope I have forgiven him," said Mr. Mortiboy. He was one of that numerous class of homuncules that think ill, yet speak well.

"Why not be friends, then? I like to see a family all friendly, for my part."

"That is a worthy sentiment, sir," said the lawyer. It was the first opportunity he had had of creeping into the conversation.

"Nobody would ever quarrel with you, John," said his wife, half reproachfully.

"And I quarrel with nobody."

"If they let you alone," said Mr. Mortiboy; "but I was slighted, John. Good—dear me, here is the hearse!" He pulled out his watch. "Ah! I thought as much—we are due at the church now."

"Shall we send round for Francis Melliship, uncle?"

"No, Lydia," said her uncle, with severe irony. "We all of us dance attendance on Mr. Francis Melliship: everybody in Market Basing always has done, since I've known it."

"Don't be hard on a man behind his back," began the farmer.

Mrs. Heathcote shot a glance at him from her dark eyes that meant—"How dare you oppose Uncle Mortiboy?"—but her husband did not choose to see it. He went on, regardless of consequences.

"I've always respected Mr. Melliship. I hope I always shall. And I wish he came to Hunslope oftener than he does."

His wife pinched him viciously. Hers was a difficult part to play. She was very friendly, in her way, with the family at the other bank; but she was Ready-money Mortiboy's nearest of kin.

"My brother-in-law," said Mr. Mortiboy, in tones of satire, "is dressing himself with more than his usual care"—then, in one gruff blast—"and Francis Melliship is the greatest Peacock in Market Basing! I—hate—Peacockery in man or woman!"

Mrs. Heathcote smoothed her crape demurely. She loved it: I don't mean the crape—Dress.

"Farmer-like—eh, John?—for you and me. We are not going to begin Peacocking, I think."

The Mayor's chief assistant now entered with a mournful bow, and proceeded to decorate the chief mourner with a long crape scarf. The chief mourner resented this.

Holding up the scarf, he said, looking at the man—

"What is the meaning of this gewgaw?"

"A scarf, sir—quite usual—at all respectable funerals."

"Always worn, sir," said the Mayor.

"I never wore one before," said Mr. Mortiboy, testily. "I should have stopped the affair at hatbands and gloves, I think. Plain, but respectable. I hate show. Poor

Susan, too, never cared for ostentation. Mr. Grimes—"

"I left the matter to Mr. Hopgood, sir. He knows better than I do what to do."

"Always our practice, sir," said the Mayor.

"Well, well. Come, put it on then. As they're made, we must have them, I suppose. Poor Susan!"

The old man looked mournfully askant at the great crape rosette at his hip, and at the ends of the scarf dangling about his knees.

He shook his head, and, taking from his pocket a sad-coloured silk handkerchief full of holes, he wiped his eyes, but not of tears. There was only one loss Mr. Mortiboy would have shed tears over—the loss of money. At sight of his grief, all the company were affected likewise in different degrees. Lucy Heathcote was by his side in an instant. She kissed the old man. At this he wiped his eyes again.

"I have lost all—all—that—were near to me—now," he said.

"Not all, Uncle Richard," put in Mrs. Heathcote, meekly, and hiding her face in turn in her handkerchief.

But the old man never noticed her interruption. He went on—

"There was Emily—gone—taken from me just—as—we knew each—other—well—"

"Oh!—oh!—oh!—oh!" sobbed Lydia Heathcote. She had despised poor Mrs. Mortiboy all her life, said every sharp thing she could think of about her behind her back, and would not have called her back again to Market Basing for worlds.

"And Dick—my son—my son! I loved that boy—if—ever—I loved anything—"

His father had turned him out of the house one night—years ago, neck and crop.

"—Goes and runs away from me—and—I'm left alone—now—Susan's—"

He looked up towards the bed-room above.

"Not alone, uncle, dear," said Lucy, in a sweet voice. This young thing loved the old hunks himself, and not his money.

The others hung on his words, for he was the greatest man in the town.

Market Basing, town and people, belonged to him—almost.

"Wife dead and gone from me." He wiped the unsubstantial tears from his eyes again. "Son dead—and—buried—who knows where? Susan—Susan—gone! I'm

an old man. We spent three hundred—at least, Susan did—trying to—find Dick."

"He was a great trouble to you, sir," said the lawyer, who had got Dick Mortiboy out of some nasty scrapes.

"The pocket-money that—boy—had"—here he nearly cried in earnest—"that his aunt Susan gave him. If it was not speaking ill of the dead," said Mr. Mortiboy, "I should say—Susan—spoilt him. She always sided with him against his father. Ah! I've said hundreds of times, 'My boy, Lightly come, lightly go.' He thought nothing of the money he spent. I did not want him to be a spoilt Peacock. She gave him a gold watch and chain the day he was ten years old. I never had one till my father died. I wanted him to be like Me. But—it—wasn't to be. People said, 'What you've been all your life getting 'll soon be spent after you're—gone, M-o-rtiboy—'"

Mrs. Heathcote groaned at this picture, and looked hard at her uncle.

"—After you are—gone—M-o-o-rtiboy.' I used to hope he'd grow up, and alter his ways, and be fond of business, and—all that. But no! Dick's dead—my boy's dead—and—and—I never recollect being separated from Susan before."

"Poor thing! she was such an invalid," said Mrs. Heathcote, soothingly.

The old man stared at her, but went on without noticing his niece's interruption.

"Ah-h, I—couldn't have said it then, I dare say I couldn't, but I could say it now if I only had—my—boy—Dick—again, 'Let him spend it if he likes.' I could say—when people said to me, 'Mr. Mortiboy, your money will all be spent'—I could say, 'From—all—my—heart.'"

It was quite a physiological curiosity, this heart of his, that he spoke of so feelingly. It was such a very little one.

"—I could say from all my heart, 'Well, if those that have the spending of it have as much pleasure in spending it as I have had in getting it'"—(here Mrs. Heathcote smoothed her dress, and solemnly shook her head, as if there could be no pleasure to her in spending old Ready-money's hoards; at the same time, she listened with all her ears)—"I'm a satisfied man."

"You can't take yours out of the world with you, any more than anybody else can, I suppose," said Mr. Heathcote.

"John!!" whispered his wife, in a key of the strongest remonstrance.

"No, Heathcote—no," said the old man; "and I don't know that I want. Money's a trouble and an anxiety—and that's all."

A quick step outside; a gentle knock at the hall door.

One second after, Mr. Melliship was in the parlour, in the middle of them all.

He took his stand close to the table: a fine, handsome man of middle age. He bowed to them all, but without looking at anybody. His eyes looked straight before him at the wall.

They bowed in return.

His coat and gloves fitted him perfectly. They bore in their cut the indelible mark of a West-end tailor's skill.

Now, Mr. Melliship was a gentleman, and moved in the best county circles. They did not, and were afraid of him accordingly.

Mrs. Heathcote addressed him.

"We began to fear something had kept you, Mr. Melliship—on this melancholy—"

"Occasion" died away on her voluble tongue.

There was something very strange about the fixed gaze of Mortiboy's brother-in-law.

They all stared where he stared, and found themselves all looking at the picture of Susan Mortiboy, painted when she was a comely young woman.

Mrs. Heathcote—irrepressible—recovered herself at once, and translated in an audible whisper, for the company, the thoughts that were passing in Mr. Melliship's mind.

"It is a long time since he was here. He is thinking of Susan, or of his sister Emily. It is a melancholy occasion—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mortiboy," he began. Then pressed his thumb-nail hard against his teeth, and looked at the red cloth.

He gulped down some rising in his throat, made an effort to recover his self-possession, and continued—thrusting his hand into his coat-pocket—

"I—I'm rather absent, I fear. To tell you all the truth, I hardly feel well this morning. I found this to-day. It—it—rather shook me. You will know the writing. I wish it were true."

He handed a yellow scrap of antique letter paper to Mr. Mortiboy.

The old man took it. It was his wife's writing—a voice from the dead—though that was nothing to him. He opened the note;

then, bursting with anger, turned purple in the face, for he read—

"THE LATE MR. GASH'S RECIPE FOR REMOVING BALD PATCHES ON THE HEAD:—USE CAYENNE PEPPER AND COD-LIVER OIL, WELL RUBBED IN, NIGHT AND MORNING."

Old Ready-money boiled with rage, and gasped for breath.

The top of his own head was as bald as a billiard ball. Trembling violently, he handed the paper in silence to Mrs. Heathcote. She read it with amazement, and stared in expectation, first at her uncle, then at Mr. Melliship.

"Cod-liver oil and cayenne pepper! Good God, man! Years ago—your insult—to me! With my dead sister lying up-stairs, have you come here to insult me over her coffin?" roared Mr. Mortiboy, clutching his cravat with his lank fingers.

"I beg your pardon—there must be some mistake here. I am innocent of any intention to insult you."

He took the paper from Mrs. Heathcote, folded it mechanically, and replaced it in his pocket, and stared again at the portrait.

On the others, the late Mr. Gash's recipe had fallen like a bombshell.

As a matter of course, for a moment there was a slight titter. Old Ready-money was so angry—so bald—and altogether it was so funny, they forgot where they were.

A titter, instantly suppressed.

They looked at Mr. Melliship for an explanation.

And he looked so strange that morning, not one of them dared ask him for it.

So they sat mute.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Heathcote and Lucy, with well-meant but unsuccessful endeavours, tried to soothe the old man.

"He's d-r-u-n-k, I firmly believe," her uncle hissed in Mrs. Heathcote's ear; and he cast an angry glance at the man he had for twenty good years treated as a foe.

But there was yet one more outrage on propriety for them to bear.

Francis Melliship advanced—his head up, his chest thrust forward.

Old Ready-money involuntarily shrank from him.

He was a coward, and afraid.

Mr. Melliship took another step in advance.

Hitherto they had looked at his face, for

the table cover had hidden his legs. Now they looked at them.

"Good heavens! Mr. Melliship. Sir——" cried the chief assistant, who had been about to endue the banker with a scarf like the others.

"Mr. Melliship!" exclaimed the lawyer and the Mayor in a breath, opening their eyes to their widest.

The old man looked. Lucy looked.

"Merciful goodness!" her motherscrieked; "why, you've got light—ahem!—trousers on!"

The astonishment and confusion you can imagine. If you doubt it, try the effect yourself.

Another knock: slightly louder than Mr. Melliship's had been.

Dr. Kerby entered the room—suave, polite. He began to stammer an apology for being a few minutes late; "in fact, he had been—a—attending Lady——"

"Mr. Mortiboy—Mr. Battiscombe—what is the matter?"

A pause. He looked round, and met Francis Melliship's eyes full.

And he read their meaning.

"Oh-h-h! we are very old friends, and very good friends," he said, linking his arm in Mr. Melliship's; "and, my dear sir, as one of the most amiable and polite men I ever met—a man who never refused me a request——"

"No; my purse is always at the service of the—poor. You mean—the cheque—for the Hospital I said I would——"

"I must ask you for five minutes of your valuable time; and, as a great favour, now—at once."

They walked out arm in arm in the direction of Mr. Melliship's house.

As they left the room, the doctor had looked behind him very significantly.

Then they forgot everything in the strange scene they had just witnessed. The old man all anger—Lucy sorry—the others curious.

"I say he's disgracefully tipsy, at one o'clock in the day, and the doctor knew it. But, Mr. Francis Melliship, I shall be even with you"—then, in a lower tone, "some day—soon."

The politic lawyer was inclined to assent. True, he did not number among his clients Francis Melliship.

John Heathcote spoke out his mind.

"I think, Mr. Mortiboy, you do Melliship an injustice. Before to-day I've heard of his drinking more than is good for him; but I never believed it. I think he is ill!"

"John!" exclaimed his wife.

"He never meant to insult you or anybody else. He is too much the gentleman to do it."

The old man was getting purple again.

"John!"—and Lydia pinched him as hard as she could.

Various suggestions were made as to the cause and meaning of this strange conduct of Mr. Melliship's.

All the while, the solution lay neatly folded on the floor.

Lucy's eye caught it. She picked up a crumpled letter in the same handwriting as the recipe for bald spots.

She just glanced at the contents—lest, perchance, she should add fuel to the fire—and handed her uncle a letter in which his wife, Francis Melliship's sister, had tried to heal a family dispute between her husband and her brother with true woman's tact; and hoped and foretold, and prayed too, that they might live in brotherly love for the future.

The old man read it, and frowned over it.

"This is what Mr. Melliship meant to give you, Uncle Richard, I feel sure. He gave you the other by mistake."

Old Ready-money shook his head slowly and incredulously.

"Why did he give me the other, then? He is not sober, that's why."

Everybody else believed Lucy's surmise was true. But this did not explain Mr. Melliship's extraordinary conduct in coming to a funeral without being dressed for one.

The whole thing was a riddle, and they were dying to solve it, but could not.

"Will he come back? Are we to wait?" they whispered.

Now all this had wasted half an hour or more; and the men standing at the door were frozen.

No stress of weather must shake a mute's decorum. So their teeth chattered, and their hands and feet were numbed dead.

A decent servant maid came in, and whispered something in the ear of Mrs. Heathcote. She referred her to her uncle.

But the chief mourner was deaf, and the message had to be repeated aloud. When he heard it, he exclaimed, with much irritation—

"Hester! Brandy! Who for? The mutes? Now, what do mutes want with brandy?"

"They are starved, sir, with the cold," said the chief assistant, "and I thought you might be pleased to send them a little drop before we start. Very sorry to trouble you, but the maid said you had the key."

"Certainly not. They can't require it at such a time. They're paid, I suppose."

"Their teeth, sir, they quite chatter; and Mr. Mopes he's snivelling with the cold, and can't help himself, poor man. I beg your pardon, sir; but a day like this, mutes will get chilled; and when one's teeth get chattering it looks like a snivel, hold your crape how you may."

"Then tell him not to snivel, from me. Hewas before me the otherday—he snivelled then. It's a way he's got, I think. God bless my heart!—can't they jump about, and keep 'emselves warm? I do it."

The revolutionary boldness of Mr. Mortiboy's proposition so utterly staggered the undertaker, that he stood full thirty seconds before he spoke in reply.

"Not well, sir. You see, it isn't usual, sir—with the profession. But I'll tell them what you say."

A grunt.

Enter Hester the maid again.

"Dr. Kerby's compliments, sir, and he's very sorry, and neither he nor Mr. Melliship will be able to be present at the funeral. Mr. Melliship's taken ill."

The others wondered very much, and went without them.

Mrs. Heathcote and Lucy spent the time that they were away in settling the nature of Mr. Francis Melliship's complaint.

But they were a long way out in their guesses.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

AFTER the coaches had set the mourners down again at Mr. Mortiboy's house, the funeral party had still two pieces of business to perform.

They had to eat the luncheon provided for them, and to hear the will read.

The question they silently debated was whether Susan Mortiboy—who all her life had spent half her income in works of charity, and the other half on keeping up a house for her brother to live in—had ventured to leave any of her money to anything or anybody but Ready-money Mortiboy by

her will. She possessed a sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, left her by her father. This sum her brother at once took out of the Three per Cent. Consols for her, and re-invested it at two per cent.—grudgingly paid—with himself. As her life was for years considered a bad one—physically—her brother paid the interest over to her for two very good reasons. First, he thought he should not have to pay it very long; secondly, because she had the absolute power of disposing of the principal by her will.

This led him to regard charitable institutions of all kinds as his natural enemies—though, for decency's sake, he subscribed five guineas a-year to the county infirmary, and two to the Albert Dispensary. For he felt sure that, if he did not inherit his sister's money, the charities would get it among them.

So, twelve years and two months before our story opens, he availed himself of a fit of indisposition more severe than usual to help his sister Susan to make her will. Now, he had in his library a mischievous octavo volume called "Every Man his own Lawyer," published for one Grantham, in the Strand, and seven other worthies of the trade, in the year of our Lord 1826. Out of this he took a form of a testamentary instrument, in which Richard Roe bequeathed to John Doe certain personal property, under certain conditions, set out with all the old-fashioned piety and verbosity common in the wills and testaments of half a century ago. For this will in the book fitted his sister Susan's intentions to a T. Mr. Mortiboy had struggled hard to make her bequeath her property to him absolutely, but she would not consent; so he gave in with a good grace, made her will himself, and saved three or four guineas Lawyer Battiscombe ought to have pocketed. He read it over to her, and she signed it, in the presence of Hester Noble, domestic servant, and George Smith, gardener; and Mr. Mortiboy locked it up in his safe till it should be wanted; through having taken effect. And this was it: fairly written out, in old Ready-money's clerkly autograph—

"In the Name of God Amen I Susan Mortiboy of Dergate in the town of Market Basing in the county of Holm spinster being of sound and disposing mind memory and understanding but mindful of my mortality do this second day of December in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-nine

make and publish this my last Will and testament in manner and form following that is to say First I desire to be decently and privately buried in the churchyard of the parish in which I shall happen to die without any funeral pomp and with as little expence as may be—”

“Now, that I perfectly agree with,” her brother had said, as he was making a rough draft of the will. “The author? Mr. Gifford. Well, Mr. Gifford, you’re a very sensible man. You’re just of my mind in the matter. No useless pomp and expence.”

At this point in the proceedings, however, the old gentleman’s feelings had been grossly outraged, for his sister had put him to the pain of writing the words that gave away four hundred pounds sterling, and made certain little specific bequests of personal effects. Reluctantly, too, he had added—

“And as to all the rest residue and remainder of my estate whatsoever and whosoever and of what nature kind and quality soever the same may be and not hereinbefore given and disposed of after payment of my just debts legacies funeral expences and the expence of proving this my Will I do hereby give and bequeath the same to and unto John Heathcote of Hunslope in the county of Holm gentleman and to and unto George Heathcote of Launton Grange in the same county gentleman nevertheless in trust for and to the use of—”

And the trust was this.

The trustees were to hold the twenty-five thousand pounds for twelve years from the date of the will, and then pay it, with the interest accruing thereon, to Richard Matthew Mortiboy, testatrix’s brother—if her nephew, Richard Melliship Mortiboy, should not during that time be heard of, or his death be satisfactorily proved. In the event of his coming back, he was to have the money absolutely.

The twelve years had gone. Dick had not turned up, and it was two months over the limit put down in the will.

The money was Mortiboy’s.

So after a little preliminary humming and hawing, he went to the safe, and fetched the will.

“I did not draw that instrument,” said Mr. Battiscombe.

“I made it myself,” said Mr. Mortiboy.

“The lawyer’s best friend is the man that makes his own will—or, for the matter of that, anybody else’s.”

“Anybody who can read and write, and add two and two together, can make a will. Mr. Ghrimes? I’ve heard you say so, often enough.”

“We shall see,” said the lawyer, telegraphing privately under the table to Ghrimes, by treading on his only corn.

“You *will* see, Mr. Battiscombe,” replied the old gentleman, proudly. He loved law, and delighted to dabble in high-sounding phraseology, of the technical meaning of which he knew nothing at all.

“I think you might have let me have a finger in the pie, sir.”

As he spoke, the lawyer telegraphed again to Ghrimes; but the tender toe was gone this time. Mr. Battiscombe’s boot only pressed the carpet.

“The Court always carries out a man’s clear and obvious intentions. I’ve known this ever since I could read about a probate case.”

“Subject to certain rules, more or less clearly defined, sir. No doubt, Mr. Mortiboy has made no mistake”—signalling to Ghrimes again. “At least, I’m sure I hope so.”

“The thing’s as plain as a pikestaff. Your boy—that sweeps your office—might have put down my poor dear sister Susan’s wishes in black and white as well as you could, Mr. Battiscombe.”

“Permit me to doubt it, Mr. Mortiboy: as I found out, one day last week, that he can read, but can’t write.”

“Then it’s a scandal to Market Basing; for there—are—no—less—than four charity schools!”

“He came from Hunslope.”

“I asked Battiscombe to take him,” said Mr. Heathcote. “He’s my wife’s gardener’s boy.”

“We can’t be expected to teach all Hunslope the three Rs, Uncle Richard,” said his niece, apologetically.

“Certainly not, Lydia. Now, I think I may read the—subject of discussion. It is very simple, and ver-y clear—hem!—to my mind.”

Old Mortiboy took up his stand near the window. The rest faced round. Ghrimes and Battiscombe exchanged signals again. Having cleared his throat several times, the old gentleman threw himself heart and soul into the business at hand.

He read the will through, from end to end, and nobody made a remark.

"There," said he, looking triumphantly at the lawyer. "I think that is clear enough, even for you, Mr. Battiscombe; and I will say, I have always found you a clear-headed man. The effect is plain, except for those conf—ahem!—legacies. She left her money to Dick—though she knew he was dead when she did it: that was like a woman's obstinacy. And Dick has not come within the twelve years—it's two months over now. And the money's mine—eh, John Heathcote? You see it? You're a trustee?"

Mr. Heathcote made a motion with his hand towards Mr. Battiscombe.

They all looked at the lawyer. He said—

"So far as regards the effect you intended it to produce, Mr. Mortiboy, the will is waste paper, and—"

"Now, Battiscombe, you're a pleasant man, and like your joke, and all that; but I put it to you—is this a time for fun?"

"And I answer—no time for fun. Sir, I will stake my reputation, as your legal adviser, on what I say. The trust takes effect from the death of Miss Mortiboy, not from the making of her will. I should have told you that if you had honoured me with your instructions."

The folios of blue paper dropped from Mr. Mortiboy's hand. He gasped for breath, turned very yellow, and looked faint as a spent stag.

Lydia—quick-witted—recovered herself first: she saw through the matter in a moment.

"Well, uncle," she said, trying to put the best face on the affair, "you'll have the interest for twelve years, and then have the money. It won't matter to you much, I dare say."

She said this quite cheerfully to her uncle.

The old man pointed his trembling finger towards Ghrimes, and shook his head.

The managing clerk had risen from his seat.

"Mr. Mortiboy," he said, "I feel it is time I should speak. Perhaps you will think I have done wrong. My excuse must be that Miss Mortiboy—to whose kindness I owed much all my life—made me do what I did. I—I—There is a codicil to the will you have read."

And as he said this, he pulled a folded sheet of paper from his pocket.

Except the lawyer, everybody was alive with interest.

"Go on, Ghrimes," said the old man, hoarsely. "You never deceived me before."

"Miss Susan made us—Mr. Battiscombe and me—promise sacredly we would never mention this to—"

"You never deceived me before—that I know of—young man. But no promise ought to have kept you from coming straight to me. When did—my sister—make a fool of herself, eh?—eh? Go on!"

"The week before she died, Miss Susan called in—"

"You and Battiscombe. Go on! What has she done? For God's sake, out with it!"

Briefly told, she had done this. Revoked her bequest to her nephew, Richard Melli-ship Mortiboy; given the twenty-five thousand pounds to her brother; made him sole executor and residuary legatee, and directed him to put a stained window to her memory in St. Giles's Church; ratified and confirmed the other legacies contained in her will.

The executor's face brightened for one moment when Ghrimes got to the important clause of the codicil.

It clouded again when he heard of the window he was to pay for out of his money.

This subject of complaint lasted him for the rest of the short afternoon, as they sat gloomily over the port and sherry, and the remnants of the funeral collation.

But if he forgot his trouble about the window, it was to recollect his grievance against his sister for not trusting him, and against the lawyer and his confidential clerk for not telling him what was being done.

"She knew I never would have let her have any window or nonsense: that was it," he said, over and over again.

The truth was, his sister had loved her church, had loved her work at the schools, and among the poor, and she did want her memory to dwell among them.

At last—and it seemed a long time in coming—the old man was left alone.

Now, as we know that Mr. Richard Matthew Mortiboy—commonly called Ready-money Mortiboy—is the principal legatee under this codicil to his sister's will; and as he is a very rich man, and gives the title to this matter-of-fact story, let us here trace his pedigree, and say a word or two about him.

The Mortiboy pedigree is not a long one. There are four generations in it: Old Ready-money, his father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather. Who his great-grand-father was, nobody knows.

Of the four personages who constitute the trunk and chief branches of the heraldic tree, three lived, thrived, and died at Market Basing; and, at the time our story opens, the last is alive and more thriving than any of his ancestors were: for money gets money. If you have but much, you must, in spite of yourself, have more.

The town of Market Basing is on the high road to the North, at such a distance between two more important places that, in the old days, all the coaches stopped there time enough for the passengers to get down, and eat a meal. So, before railways upset everything on the coach roads, there was no traveller between London and the Land o' Cakes who did not know Market Basing a great deal better than people nowadays know Rugby Junction on the great iron road from London to Liverpool.

The principal inn was the Horse and Jockey; and at this substantial hostelry, the gentleman we will designate Mortiboy the First filled the important, though anything but exalted, post of ostler.

Like many other ostlers on the road, Mat Mortiboy had the right of supplying the beasts under his care with his own hay and corn and his master's water. The profit arising from such sale was his perquisite: and a very handsome one it was: and close indeed Mat always was about the savings—which he kept in an old stocking in his hay-loft, and in a leathern pocket-book under his coarse shirt.

On the other hand, the proprietor of the Horse and Jockey was proverbially easy as an old shoe: while the servants got fat, the master starved.

In tavern businesses, this is not unfrequently the case.

In 1746, times were bad at Market Basing; and when nobody else would lend mine host of the Horse and Jockey the money he stood in sore need of, his ostler, Mat Mortiboy, tumbled two thousand guineas into his lap—at his lawyer's: and took a mortgage deed and covenant for interest at six per centum per annum in return. This † was his signature to the parchment, for he could not write.

Mat was master of the situation now. The innkeeper, old and ruined, died, and Mr. Mortiboy and his fat wife became host and hostess of the principal inn at Market Basing. This worthy couple were sharp as needles, and saving as magpies. They died

rich—the widow two days after her husband—leaving every sixpence of their fortune to their only child, Matthew. And here begins the reign of Mortiboy the Second. He married, started a brewery on a good scale, and brought up the only child who lived out of a family of five, what he called a "scholar." In his turn, he died, and was buried; and all he had inherited from his father, with all he had gained and saved added to it, he left to his son. Not one groat's worth to church, charity, or his wife's poor relations.

Then begins the long reign of Mortiboy the Third—"the scholar." This man was a genius—of the lowest order: your pounds, shillings, and pence, and two and two make four, genius. He cut the Horse and Jockey—taking in his successor smartly; kept the brewery on; sent out travellers all over three or four adjacent counties with his beer, and put half his fortune into Melliship's bank. He became banker, alderman, oracle, and esquire. His union with Miss Ann Ghrimes was blessed with happiness and three children:

Ann, his first-born, who married her cousin, Mr. Ghrimes, and became Lydia Heathcote's mother.

Susan, d.s.p.

And Richard Matthew—the first of his race that ever had a two-barrelled Christian name before the patronymic Mortiboy.

The "scholar" smoked his pipe, and drank fourpenny-worth of gin and water cold, at the rival house—for he dared not face the poor man at his old inn—and took the best company away with him. One-third of a shilling's-worth of liquor lasted him a whole evening. If it did not, he smoked a dry pipe, or helped himself from the blue jug that was at everybody's service, pretended it was gin and water, and was just as happy. But he learned a great deal in the parlour of the Angel: who was safe, and who was queer: which were the warm men, and which the poor devils out in the cold. And he turned his information to good account—letting Brown overdraw to his heart's content, but pulling his neighbour Smith up short at half a crown.

This man was wise in his generation. He saw that Market Basing would spread itself: so bought every acre of land close to the town that came into the market, and lent money on the rest.

Living in a time that saw what are called

"manias," Mr. Mortiboy bought — good value—when all the world about him were red-hot for selling: and sold—bad value—when all bought. He carried out the great Tory statesman's maxim—like many another trader—long before it was put into epigrammatic form. All his life he bought in the cheapest market, and sold in the dearest; and he never slept out of his native town a single night, nor wasted a single farthing piece in his life. He lived before tourists were born.

Ann, his daughter, got a thousand pounds down on her wedding day, and all the world grasped Alfred Ghymes's hand, and congratulated him. But his wife died soon after Lydia, their daughter, was born, and he never got another penny from his father-in-law. Indeed, the banker hinted that, after what had happened, he ought to refund the thousand pounds. But Ghymes was a farmer, and farmers are a good deal "cuter" than the men of cities give them credit for being. He did not hand over the money, and thence arose a mortal feud. He and his father-in-law never spoke again.

So, when the third Mortiboy died, he had two children to leave his fortune to.

He left his daughter Susan twenty-five thousand pounds in hard cash; and the rest, residue, and remainder of his estate, of whatsoever kind and wheresoever situate, to Richard Matthew, his only son.

Ready-money reigned in his father's stead.

The fourth Mortiboy had not a scrap of his father's talent. But he was cautious as the typical Scotchman—greedy as the typical Jew—and cunning as any old fox in a Holmshire cover.

He carried on his bunch one at least of the keys of wealth.

He never spent anything.

He came of three sires who had money, and worshipped it as a god: as the only good thing: father — grandfather — great-grandfather. He sucked in the *auri sacra fames* with his mother's milk. He never heard anything talked about in the old house he was reared in, but Money. How to get it. How to keep it. How to put it out to use, and make it breed, like Jacob's ewes.

As a baby, his mother checked him when he shook his silver and coral rattle, for fear he should wear out the bells that jingled on it.

He wore calico drawers till his father's trousers fitted him in everything but length.

At school, he was always the boy who regarded a penn'orth of marbles as an investment to be turned into three-halfpence—not played with.

And this, his father told him, if kept up the year round (Sundays left out), was fifteen thousand six hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. And the boy entered into this great fact, and understood it: worked it out on his slate, and kept it up in apples, pegtops, tennis balls, and other commodities, when marbles were out and these things in.

So he grew up, and was initiated early in life into the mysteries of keeping a country bank. And when once you are on the inside of the counter, you find there is no mystery in it at all.

It consists in getting hold of as much of other people's money as ever they will leave with you—and putting it out, by way of earning interest for your own benefit. In lending an apple or two where you know there is an orchard: but not so much as a seedling pip where there isn't one.

In his father's time, Melliship, Mortiboy, & Co. had split. The Melliship of the day started a new bank; and Ready-money's father kept the old one to himself, continuing to trade under the old style and title. Then, besides the bank, he had the brewery—a sound, prosperous concern, that only troubled him twice a-year: to take the profits.

The Holmshire iron is not bad stuff for working up when mixed with Staffordshire pig. A clever man, named Hardinge, found this out, and mortgaged his estate for thirty thousand pounds to work the ore in the stone that lay under nearly every field.

But it was not enough. He applied to Mr. Mortiboy, and mortgaged his foundry and his plant, and further encumbered his estate. More money was wanted, and Mortiboy would lend no more. A few thousands would have made the works a fortune to him. But the banker pulled up short, and nobody dared "stand against Mr. Mortiboy," though a dozen would have formed a company and found the money. Mr. Mortiboy foreclosed. Mr. Hardinge died of a broken heart. And works, plant, and estate were the mortgagee's.

Ghymes, a man of hard head and sound judgment, managed everything. He was Ready-money Mortiboy's factotum, and was

incorruptibly honest. Even his master could trust George Ghymes, and he did. He would have let him dip his hands in treacle, and put them into a bag of little Koh-i-noors in the dark, and never felt a qualm. But for this weakness, he conceived it his duty to distrust everybody else. He made this vice—in his own eyes—a virtue. He did not believe in any honesty but the honesty of paying what perforce you must pay. And by himself and his standard he gauged all other men—and thus suspected everybody: his sister, his niece, his clerks, his servants, his customers.

So in Market Basing the charitable called him eccentric—the malicious, a miser. Small towns develop characters.

You can see in a tumbler what you fail to observe in a vat.

Mr. Mortiboy was usually called "Old Ready-money." There were half a dozen anecdotes about the origin of the *sobriquet*. Who wouldn't like to have it? This was the commonly received version:—There had come to Market Basing parish church a new parson, and his wife had come with him. Proverbially, new brooms sweep clean, and the parish was in an awful state of heathenism; so she, poor thing, bent on all sorts of good works, called first—subscription-book in hand—on Mr. Mortiboy, their richest parishioner. She did not know he went to chapel. She encountered a shabby man in the bank—on the doorstep, indeed.

"Is Mr. Mortiboy in?"

"My name, ma'am—at your service."

They stood on the pavement outside.

The rector's wife opened her eyes, and took him in from top to toe in a glance—as a quick woman can.

"Are you Mr. R. M. Mortiboy, sir?—Mr. Rob—"

"Ready-money Mortiboy, ma'am."

So the tale is told. I don't know if this is the true version; but the old man carried his nickname to his grave, and never was called anything else—behind his back.

He was the last man in the world to be asked for alms. Polite enough, but hard as nails. He had a formula of his own invention, applicable to all occasions.

If anything was wanted for Market Basing—he was the greatest victim of the poor rates.

If flannels and New Testaments were to be given to the starved niggers of Quashiboo, he thought the stream of charity should be

turned on the hungry and houseless ones at home.

But if anybody made a call on him for these, he was instantly impressed with the importance of foreign missions.

For both—he was a little deaf, and times were bad, and his interest in changes of the weather absorbing.

Now, when his guests were gone, and he was alone, his sister's charge concerning the stained glass window preyed on Mr. Mortiboy's mind. It was all very well for a bishop, in a cathedral—where there are plenty of windows, and plenty of money—to have a memorial window put up to his memory; but, in his sister Susan, such an injunction was an outrage on propriety. Old Ready-money had very clear notions of his own station in life. And, after all, a parish church had no business with coloured windows. At chapel, they did without them. And then, his sister's station was not high enough for memorial windows.

"I'll take Battiscombe's advice about it if it's down in the bill, 'thirteen and fourpence—engaged a long time.' If I can get out of such an absurd direction, I will. What will people say? Very likely, think *I* did it—and think I'm mad into the bargain. It's just the sort of thing Francis Melliship would go and do, now. Put up a stained glass window! She should have left it—poor thing!—to her Sunday school teachers and parsons, that have had her money for years, to do that for her! They would have done it, no doubt!"

Mr. Mortiboy quite chuckled at this humorous idea. His face suddenly changed, however, from gay to very grave.

The four candles lighted for his guests were burning on the table!

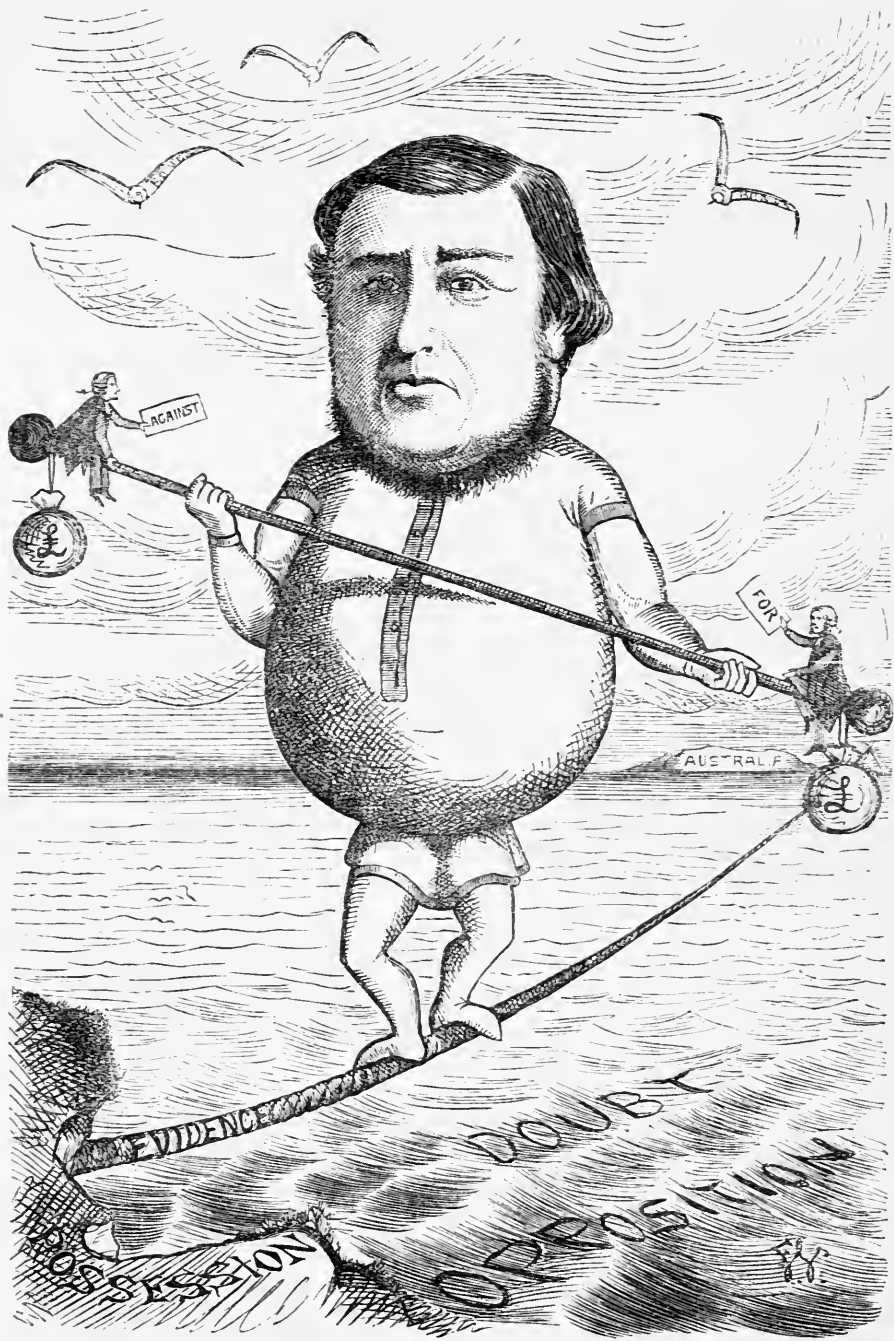
He quickly blew out three, quenching the last spark of fire at the wick ends with a wet forefinger and thumb—avoiding smell, and possible waste.

Then he held up the decanters to the solitary candle, and measured their cubic contents of port and sherry with his greedy eye.

Next, he took the candle up in his shaky old hand, walked slowly round the table, and collected the glasses.

"Ghymes has left half his last glass. Well, George Ghymes never did drink anything, so I'm not surprised."

He poured the half glass of port back into the bottle.



Once a Week.]

[January 6, 1872.

“A GREAT PERFORMANCE.”

"Lydia, my girl, you'll"—holding the glass Mrs. Heathcote had used upside down—"get—red—in the—face—like your mother was, if you don't take care."

At last, he got to Lawyer Battiscombe's seat.

"Ah!—I thought so. Trust a lawyer. Not a drop, if you squeezed the glass for a week."

Then he sat down by the fire, took a lump or two of coal off, and put his feet on the fender. He sat in his easy chair, in thought. Wondering what they would have thought if they had seen him pouring the wine back into the decanters;—thinking he should not have cared a rush if they had. Wondering whether Lydia Heathcote counted on his death;—thinking she was not quite sure of his money yet. Wondering why his sister Susan could not have left him all her money;—thinking he would do his best to defeat her intentions, and secure the odd hundreds he had neither a legal nor moral right to. Wondering why he felt so drowsy;—thinking—

He was fast asleep.

He slept an hour, and the candle burnt down two inches and a half before he was awakened.

His sister's maid had brought in the tea tray at the usual hour, and her entrance roused her master.

He woke with a start: counted the biscuits on the dish, and questioned the girl in a breath.

"Was I asleep? Ah!—four—I didn't take—six—my nap—eight—to-day: that's it. Never get into—I'm sure, I thought I made nine of 'em before—bad habits, Mary."

"No, sir"—and exit.

"The minx had had time to have one, I believe. They think they'll take advantage of me; but they're mistaken. They won't."

He got up, fumbled for his keys, and put away the wine and biscuits in the cupboard by the fireplace.

Then he walked to the window, and looked out into the night. It was dark—the moon had not risen; but the street lamp opposite his door threw a good deal of light into the room.

He blew out his last candle.

"If I'm only thinking—and, goodness knows, I've plenty to think of—I can think quite as well without a candle. Besides, this room is always light."

He never touched his tea, but sat musing till he dozed off again.

When he woke, his fire was out, his legs were cramped, and it was a quarter to nine by his watch. He pulled the bell.

"What a thing habit is! Because I don't happen to have twenty minutes' sleep in the afternoon, I waste the whole of a precious evening."

"Shall I lay the cloth here, sir?"

"No. Certainly not. I shall take my supper in the kitchen when you're gone to bed. Tell Hester and the cook to come to me."

Dressed in black gowns, and with their aprons ready for their eyes, the servants waited his commands. They found him sitting with a little housekeeping book of his sister's in his hands. They thought Mr. Mortiboy was about to improve the occasion. But they had misjudged him. He was going to discharge them.

"Habit is a curious thing," he began, pouring out a cup of the cold tea, and sipping it appreciatively. "I missed my usual little nap on the stairs to-day, and I have wasted a precious evening—a pre-cious evening through it."

The corners of the white aprons dropped. The three domestics waited for him while he took another sip of his tea.

"I ought to have done this earlier; but thoughts of her who is gone"—he looked upwards—"kept me from it."

The aprons up again, ready for use. Hester, a very old retainer, in real tears.

"You've heard me called eccentric?"

"Oh! no, sir!"—mumbled.

"You've heard 'em call me old Ready-money?"

"Oh! no, sir!"—very loud.

"Yes, you have. You were—Susan's—servants, not mine. You've heard me called rich, now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I should not have been called rich if I had spent all my money like my poor sister did. One servant will be quite as many as I shall want."

Aprons dropped again.

"Hester, you can do all I shall require. So, cook, and Mary, my girl, I really must give you notice, for I can't keep you. But I can give you excellent characters, both of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Mortiboy," said the cook—facing him, with arms a-kimbo—"thank

you, Mr. Mortiboy; but my mistress, as I lived with four year and three-quarters—come Michaelmas was five years—would do that for me any day. And I've only been here four months, which—”

“I have given you notice,” Mr. Mortiboy interposed. “I shall not keep you your month. I shall pay your wages instead.”

He was getting angry.

“Thank you, sir. Which is the law, and rich and pore must both abide by it”—dropping a most irritating curtsey.

“I'll pay you now!” cried Mr. Mortiboy.

“If you please, sir; and I'll pack up my boxes this very night, and go. For I couldn't abear—”

Poor little Mary, frightened out of her wits, tugged at cook's gown.

“Don't pull me, Mary. Mr. Mortiboy never was my master—and never shall be.”

“I'll take your black dress away from you if you say another word.”

“No, sir—'xcuse me, that'll go with me to my next place; and I shan't trouble you for a character. And I *have* heard you called old Ready-money, and called you so myself—”

Before she could finish her sentence, the ruler of the roast was dragged out of the room by Hester and Mary.

An hour and a-half later, Mr. Mortiboy had recovered from his discomfiture, paid the cook, and seen her and her baggage off the premises, and sent Mary and Hester to bed.

He sat before the kitchen fire, eating a slice of cold boiled beef laid on a crust of bread. He dispensed with a plate and fork, but had a very sharp knife in his hand.

He cut his mouthfuls into equal parallelograms, with mathematical precision, and slowly got through his frugal supper.

He rose from his chair, unfastened the door, and looked out into his garden.

The moon was up, but heavy clouds obscured it every moment, drifting swiftly past.

An idea had for half an hour held possession of his mind. He was going out.

To pay a visit to the churchyard.

To find out for himself which really was the smallest window. The will said nothing about the size.

He found his great-coat hanging in the passage, without a light.

He fumbled at the latch and bolts of the front door, and let himself out.

The moon shone brightly on it and him; and he saw, in chalk characters,

“*OLD REDDY-MUNNY IS AMIZER*”

scrawled on it.

“Now, this is too bad—to-day,” he exclaimed, producing from his inner coat pocket the sad-coloured handkerchief, full of holes. “I must wipe it off. What is the good of a policeman? I'd give—I'd give—a— a shilling to know who does it, and hang the little devils for it too.”

He rubbed the writing off his door, and went on his way. His house opened on the street. Across the street was a paddock. The field belonged to him. He had the key, and let himself in.

This close was a little gold mine to him. It was the arena on which all flower shows, agricultural and horse shows, wild beast shows, and riders' circuses were held.

A few sheep started as he crossed the wet grass at the side by the church.

In the churchyard, the clouds hid the moon—and hid the ponderous figure that had dogged him there: from his house door—over the paddock wall—into the graveyard.

The old man went on.

“The moon gone in? But I'm not superstitious. I'd as soon sleep in a church as anywhere else,” he said to himself as he groped his way round the south wall of the church. “Ha! light again!”

The man behind him dropped three or four paces back.

Not a sound was heard in the deep, wet grass.

“Now, we shall see what we are at. There is a smaller window than this though, I know—and this is not a big one. I should have made a first-rate window-peeper in the old tax days.

“Ha! this is the window I had in my eye. Now, could it cost ten pounds to put in a beau—u—tiful window there?”

The moon was clouded again, and his attendant gained on him. There was a corner between them. That was all.

“Be whipped if I think it could cost ten pounds. Eight ought to do it.”

The man came nearer. His arm was raised.

“No mention of which window you meant to have, Susan, my poor dear sister. Ha! ha! Ghrimes was taken into your confidence, not your own flesh and blood.”

Nearer still the arm came. It almost touched him.

"Well, now, I've been all round the church, I think. I'll go back, or I shall go and catch cold in this grass. It's like a little river. D—n! What's this?"

He had stumbled over some hard substance in his path.

The moon shone out brightly, and showed him the footstone of his wife's grave. He had not been near it for years.

He read the inscription on the headstone in the bright moonlight.

"Wants doing up a bit," he muttered.

The man who was dogging him was close at his back.

"There's room for Dick's name now, if we had heard about him. But no, poor fellow—no!—I think I'll go in again now. I—"

As he spoke, a hand like a blacksmith's fell on his shoulder, and held him in a vice!

GRACE SELWODE.

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE MEETING IN HYDE PARK.

I LISTENED again. Sure it was Jack's door opening very softly. I had not bolted mine, and now I had but to move the latch, and 'twas unclosed; and I was listening at the chink I had made to hear what further would take place.

There was no doubt on my mind as to what Jack was about to do; and in another moment his stealthy footstep—that none but those listening as I had listened would hear—passed by my door.

I waited until I knew he must have turned at the angle of the staircase, and then I slipped after him. I kept behind a statue that stood there, for fear he might turn back and discover me. I held my breath; but I could hear the beating of my heart like the ticking of a great clock.

As I expected, Jack was at the hall door—which, to my astonishment, he opened without drawing any of the bolts, which usually made so much noise. He must have slipped them back overnight, in anticipation of his movements. In another instant he had closed the door after him, and ere I knew what I was doing I had followed, and found myself in the street with a dark shadow in front of me, which I pursued noiselessly, creeping close to the wall when I feared he

was likely to look behind. I need not have done this, for the figure moved on swiftly towards the west.

'Twas a dark, gloomy twilight. The gray clouds were close packed over the heavens, obscuring the struggles of the rising sun to show its light. 'Twas a chill morning, and an April mist was falling, scarce to be called rain, and yet that made one's garments dank and heavy. I moved quickly onward, for my feet had wings, and scarce seemed to touch the earth. I felt no fear for myself, for Jack was not far off, and I knew too well that he had a trusty weapon with him.

On, on—two noiseless, stealthy figures, with the city asleep behind them, making for the waste of ground where blood had been spilled, and where 'twas like soon to be spilled again. A strange courage had taken possession of me. I stole in and out among the trees, ever keeping the object of my pursuit in sight.

At length, Jack paused anigh a stagnant brook; and there he leaned against the trunk of a tree, and looked sharply round to see if any one was coming. 'Twas lighter now; the sun would soon be up; the clouds were beginning to disperse; the chill mist was disappearing; there was a streak of red on the horizon, prophetic—so in my shuddering soul I thought—of what was to come. And still my brother watched and waited. And I, in my concealment, watched and waited too. 'Twould be of no avail to appear until the combatants should be ready.

A hasty step made me look out.

'Twas Harry Fanshawe.

"I came as quick as I could," said he.

"They're late," said Jack.

And as he spoke two other persons came in sight, their hats slouched over their faces, their cloaks muffled round them.

In agonized apprehension I watched their approach. They came nearer and nearer; but even when there was no danger of being seen by any but those they had come to meet, they seemed unwilling to throw off their disguise, and kept their faces well hidden.

I felt my brain swimming, my heart sinking. Nearer and nearer they moved. The time had come for me to make myself seen and heard—for me to prevent the murder of one or both of them. So, gathering up my ebbing courage, I sprang from my hiding-place, and darting between them, I shrieked—

"Sir Everard! Jack!—oh, Jack!"

I know not which were most affrighted at my sudden presence—Jack and Harry Fanshawe, or the new-comers. My mantle fell from me in the energy of the movement, and I stood there, with outstretched arms, in a supplicating attitude.

“Grace!” ejaculated Harry and Jack, in one breath.

“Grace!” said another voice, but not Sir Everard Tylney’s. “This is tragedy indeed, as good as ‘Hamlet.’”

And throwing aside the cloak that had enveloped him, Uncle Oliver stood before me; and in another moment I was sobbing in his arms.

The sun was coming up red and glorious now, sending deep crimson lights over the sky and into the woods, and quivering on the faces of the five so strangely met together.

“Grace,” said Jack, coldly, “this is a bad jest.”

“What do you mean, sir?” says Uncle Oliver. “To put an end to murder is surely a good one.”

“To put a stain on one’s honour not easily to be wiped out is no light matter,” answers Jack, loftily.

“Tush, tush, boy!—hast not had fighting enough already, but must come home to try thy sword on her Majesty’s peaceable subjects against their inclination?”

“Good morning, sir,” says Jack, in a majestic manner, moving away.

“Stop, sir!” says Uncle Oliver, putting his hand upon his shoulder, “and don’t make a fool of yourself. How came you here, Grace?”

“I followed Jack,” I sobbed.

“After putting you on the scent, sir,” added Jack.

“That she didn’t,” said Uncle Oliver, quickly. “How did she know where you were going? No; ’twas a better authority that let me know where I should find you—’twas Sir Everard Tylney himself.”

“Sir Everard Tylney!” cried Jack, aghast. “I said he was a coward. He shall answer for this.”

“You’ll have to go to France for satisfaction, then,” said Uncle Oliver, coolly; “for he’s on his way to St. Germain’s at the present moment. May his patent of nobility be ready for him.”

’Twas my turn to be astonished now. Was Uncle Oliver sane, and who was the man with him? And I looked round quickly.

“Miss Selwode was a spectator the last time I saw her,” said a good-natured voice. “She is an actor in a drama now. Ah,” said he, “nature is the highest art. That ‘Jack, oh, Jack!’ of yours would have made the fortune of any actress. But I do wrong to jest, Miss Selwode; nor would I do so, but that this tragic matter is like to have so happy an ending.”

I looked from him to Uncle Oliver for an explanation—for I could not speak to ask for one. And Mr. Steele, gathering up my mantle, which the others had not heeded, wrapped it carefully around me.

“’Tis cold in the early morn’g,” said he, “and you are shivering.”

So I was; and Uncle Oliver bade me take his arm, and said he—

“Grace, child, here is thy father’s letter. You may thank Mr. Steele for his help, for without it I should scarce have succeeded.”

“No thanks to me,” said Mr. Steele. “I fought a duel once, and if ever I have had power to prevent one since, or to throw my weight into the scale against duelling, I have held it to be my duty to do so. No thanks, young lady. ’Tis for my principles, not for praise, that I have helped your uncle.”

And then my uncle explained how that he and Mr. Steele had had more than a suspicion of Sir Everard’s dealings with the foreign court; but that ’twas thought unwise to agitate in the affair, as so many were unsteady in their principles, and there was no knowing who might be implicated in a matter that had more danger to its partizans themselves than to those intrigued against.

“Besides,” said Uncle Oliver, “my hands were tied when I found that Sir Everard was my nephew-presumptive.”

And then he went on to say that when he discovered the true state of things he at once went to Mr. Steele, and they consulted together; and that my fears of a duel had been taken up warmly by Mr. Steele—

“And I believe,” continued Uncle Oliver, “they moved him more than any qualms at a Jacobite plot. Well, as we had good proof against the man, I went to him, and privately warned him of his danger, making the condition of my keeping silence until he was in safety dependent upon his giving up Ralph’s letter. He hesitated a little, but I was firm; and, feeling his danger, he finally yielded.

“Twenty-four hours clear?” said he.

“‘Forty-eight,’ said I—for when it came to the last, I was sorry for him.

“‘Perhaps you will acquaint Colonel Selwode with this unforeseen turn of events,’ said he. ‘I was to meet him to-morrow morning.’

“Your note, Jack, was lying on the table.

“‘Give it me,’ said I, ‘and I will answer it.’

“So I formed my own plan of communicating with you, and brought Mr. Steele with me to preach you a sermon against duelling; and here we are. But Grace, child!”

I heard no more. A great flash of light seemed to dart across my brain, and then a peal of thunder, crashing, crashing, till I was beaten down, and could neither hear nor see; and when I awoke after it, I was very weak, and at first I did not know where I was. It was a soft spring morning, and the sun was shining into my room, and my mother was sitting at my bedside, gazing anxiously upon me, whilst Clarinda—looking as if she had not slept for weeks—was standing at the foot of the bed; and when I recognized her and spoke to her, she burst into tears, and left the room.

I had had a brain fever, and had been ill for many days, hovering betwixt life and death.

Every one knew about everything now. Perhaps Uncle Oliver knew the most; for Mr. Lydgate had inquired all about me, and Uncle Oliver had learned something, and had guessed more. But he kept it to himself, only whispering to me, the first time he was able to see me—

“Philip Lydgate is mending apace. He will be right glad to see thee.”

“Then he has forgiven?” I said, involuntarily.

“Pooh!” said Uncle Oliver, somewhat contemptuously.

The golden time was coming again; and yet, in the midst of it, I felt a sort of pity for Sir Everard.

“And Sir Everard?” I asked.

“Is safe in France, and will deem it wise to stay there.”

I laid my head back upon my pillow, and fell into a dream that had scarce any shadows in it, and the light was very fair. The web was being spun in a golden sunshine now: its warp and woof were silken and silvern, and it sparkled with shining jewels. It was almost too glittering to look at; and so I closed my eyes.

CHAPTER LV.

LASTLY.

FOR many days I was too weak to do more than lie in a sort of passive state both of mind and body. I had—as well as I can remember—no wishes for the future, being perfectly content that matters should be just as they were, without any further advance; indeed, any change or effort would have been irksome to me. I did not even inquire for Mr. Lydgate. I knew that all was peace between us, and that when I was stronger I should see him again, and tell him of all that had happened—not but that he knew it all well enough now, without any explanation on my part.

’Twas a curious state that I was in, and one that might have been mistaken for indifference; though ’twas not, but was rather that I had come to one of the halting-places of my life, and had made a pause. Faith and Hope had met me, and were holding converse with me that could not be interrupted by the world in general. And as they pointed to the chart which showed how my course had been steered past this mountain and that rock, through these treacherous shoals or nigh that eddying whirlpool, they told me of a wind from Heaven that had swelled my sails, and had carried me on my way in safety. “But ’tis so gentle a breeze, and so hushed by earth-tempests,” quoth Faith, “that ’tis unperceived; and few know its force until the ending of the voyage is at hand.” “Ah,” said I—for Hope was smiling full upon me, and whispering something too low for me to hear, and yet which had an inspiring sound—“’tis well to have met it half-way; so can I depend upon it for the rest of the journey.” But Faith answered somewhat sadly—“The best meet with many falls: ’twill be lost sight of again in trouble.” “Never,” said I, with energy—“never.”

And I spoke with such vehemence that I awoke from my dream.

“Never!”

And as I opened my eyes, I started, for with my mother, who ever watched beside me, there stood another, who looked anxiously and tenderly upon me, saying—

“Grace, sweetheart, what does thy ‘never’ mean?”

But it had no meaning; for all the words that Hope had been whispering into my deaf ears sounded out clear, as though they had at last reached my heart, and I stretched out my hands, saying—

"Philip!"

It was not strange to me that he was there—'twas as it should be; and I gave one sigh of contented relief, for I felt that my path was made smooth without my having any more perplexities.

"Philip!"

Was the sun that came shining in at the windows brighter than any other sun that had ever risen on the earth? or was it our own happiness that made the world seem so full of dazzling light?

At first we could not tell; but as we came to speak more soberly of the past and of the present, we knew that there was a peace in our souls that would throw oil upon all future waves of unrest, and a light that would lighten the darkest day that might dawn in the future.

"The 'yea' hath come in truth, sweet-heart," said Mr. Lydgate.

And I answered—

"And will last for ever and ever."

"Amen!" quoth he, solemnly.

POST SCRIPTUM.

There were two marriages at the old church at Selwode in the July of the year A.D. 1710—Jack and Magdalen, Mr. Lydgate and myself.

They were very quiet weddings, attended by few beyond our own family. Sir Simon Lydgate had been moved to come out of his seclusion at Cottenham, since the signs of the times were favourable to the Tory party, and was induced to visit his old friend, and witness the marriage of his only child.

So he and my father triumphed together over the fall of those they deemed their enemies; though why they held them so I never fairly made out. The Whigs were indeed declining in power, the Marquis of Kent and the Earl of Sunderland had been dismissed from their offices; and 'twas clearly to be perceived that my Lord Godolphin would shortly be removed—which, indeed, happened not long afterwards.

My father's rejoicing was great; but though he remained a staunch Tory to the last, he never mixed much in politics again. Neither did he go to town oftener than his political duties actually required, but remained at home, managing his estate, and looking after the welfare of his tenantry.

Jack, as soon as he could do so with honour, retired from the army, though not

until Magdalen had shed many tears and had passed many sleepless nights through anxiety for her soldier husband. Jack, however, had determined to remain with the Duke to the last; and the great general's downfall—rejoiced in by the French Court and by the Jacobite party—drove the last remnant of Toryism from Jack's breast.

As for Mr. Lydgate and myself, we are living at Cottenham with Sir Simon, who is old and frail, and scarce likely to last over another Christmas. Uncle Oliver is a frequent visitor, and it is chiefly owing to him that the mortgage on the Cottenham estate is all but paid off.

"I have made you my heir, Grace," said he; "and why should I not see some of the effects of it in my lifetime?"

And so life is winding along like a rippling stream through a fertile pasture land. Mr. Lydgate is high in esteem among scholars, wits, and politicians, and holds his place honourably amongst them. I am justly proud of my husband, and think there is no one equal to him in the world; and he is pleased to say much the same with respect to his wife.

And truly I endeavour to do my duty in every way; and from all that I hear, I think I am not over-boastful in saying that Mr. Philip Lydgate, poet, wit, and scholar, would scarce have found the Lady Mary so good a wife as Grace Selwode.

THE END.

TABLE TALK.

IT IS HARDLY NECESSARY for us to tell our readers that the subject of our cartoon is the plaintiff in *Tichborne v. Lushington*. As the case is *sub judice*, it is out of place now to make any remarks having reference to the merits of the case for the claimant, which was completed on Friday, the 22nd ult.; or to publish *canards* about the turn the case for the defence is likely to take when the Attorney-General opens it on the 15th inst. We leave this congenial work to the paragraph writers of the Dailies.

BUT THERE ARE some matters for comment arising out of this the *plus célèbre* of all *causes d'apparat*. There is something more than a possibility that all the time that has been spent upon investigating into the merits of the Tichborne case may be wasted. It is quite possible that there will be an appeal

upon some trumpery question of the admission or rejection of certain pieces of evidence by the judge. On the 20th of December, the Chief Justice remarked that he "had been struck several times, when things had been excepted to, with the thought of what an injustice it would be to have the trial thrown away on account of the admission or rejection of one trifling piece of evidence." This may be done through the appeal of the defeated party at the end of the trial. For it is provided for by our English Common Law. But the bare possibility of a repetition of the trial is simply awful.

THERE ARE THREE POSSIBLE appeals on a motion for a new trial on such a point. First from Bovill, C.J., to the full Court; secondly, under the Common Law Procedure Act, 1854, to the Court of Error; and thirdly, to the House of Lords. This difficulty was formerly met by a form of procedure called "trial at bar." A "writ of right" was the last remedy for recovering an estate. The action was tried "at bar"—that is, before all the judges of the Court; and they settled finally, in the progress of the case, what was evidence and what was not. Now, to have to try the Tichborne case again is too much; yet it is not easy to see what is to prevent it under the present system, if a *single piece of evidence* is unduly admitted or rejected, and the point is duly taken by counsel and the judge.

AS A PROOF OF this, here is a case in point that occurred at the last sittings at the Guildhall. It was a cross-action about a cargo of sugar. Ingenious counsel prepared pleadings raising over thirty issues for the jury to decide. In the result, the learned judge extracted seven essential points, and left them to the jury, saying that "ten to one" this would involve a misdirection, and necessitate a new trial. It is clear to everybody that in civil matters the cost of an action is generally too great, and sometimes is a denial of justice to suitors. Trials "at bar" being obsolete, we want a tribunal like the Appellate Courts in Equity, that can quickly and readily review the decision of the inferior court. New trials on all the issues of fact ought to be impossible.

NEXT to plum pudding, we suppose that the mince pie holds the most favoured place among the delicacies of this festive season.

It is a rule of all good society that politics should never be introduced at the dinner table; but history affects even the smallest items of our social existence. In those stern Cromwellian days when the God-fearing Puritans determined to suppress, to the best of their rough and ready zeal, the pomps and vanities of a wicked age, even the mince pies and plum puddings came under their cheerful interdict at this season of the year—though it was allowed that they might be lawfully and piously eaten in any month except December. Needham, in his "History of the Rebellion," sings:—

"All plums the Prophet's sons deny,
And spice broths are too hot—
Treason's in a December pye,
And death within the pot.
Christmas, farewell! thy days, I fear—
And merry days—are done;
So they may keep feast all the year,
Our Saviour shall have none."

In further illustration of the religious idea connected with mince pies, I will give a passage from the *Connoisseur* for Thursday, December 26, 1754, in which the writer stands out, in true British fashion, for the time-honoured Christmas dishes:—"These good people would indeed look upon the absence of mince pies as the highest violations of Christmas; and have remarked with concern the disregard that has been shown of late years to that old English repast; for this excellent British olio is as essential to Christmas as pan-cakes to Shrove Tuesday, tansy to Easter, furrnity to mid-Lent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas Day. And they think it no wonder that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid, substantial Protestant mince pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic *amulets*, and the light, puffy, heterodox *pets de religieuses*." Happily, however, for the peace of mind, if not of true Protestants, at least of our schoolboys home for the holidays, the 'orthodox' mince pie still holds its ground as sturdily as ever; and I think I cannot do better than, with all due reservation as to the excellence of the prescription, conclude my note on mince pies with the recipe of the learned old Sir Roger Twysden, if only to give my readers an idea as to the ingredients used in former times in perfecting this favourite confection:—"To Make Mynce Pyes, A.D. 1630.—Take a phillet of veale or a leag of mutton, and when it is parboyled, shred it very smalle; then put to

it three pound of beefe suet, shred likewise very small; then put to it three pound of Corinthes, well washt and pickt; and one pound of sugar beaten; of nutmegs and synnamon, of each half an ounce. So put them in coffins or pyes, and bake them. You must laye some of ye Corinthes at toppe of ye meat when they bee made, and must not therefore mingle them with all the rest."

SOMETIMES ONE COMES upon a novelty even in that monotonous department of our morning broadsheet devoted to advertisements. Among the announcements of one of our metropolitan theatres in the *Times*, during the last week, has been the following:—"Ballot-boxes are placed throughout the theatre, in which the spectators of 'The Tempest' are requested to insert the name of the Shakspearean play which they prefer. The piece which has the majority of votes on the withdrawal of 'The Tempest' will be played next year." The state of the poll on the preceding evening is then given, by which we learn that the votes were—for "Cymbeline," 1,593; for "Macbeth," 848; and for "Hamlet," 987. It will be curious to note how far this experiment for gauging the public taste in matters dramatic will succeed in the long run.

AN OLD SETTLER WRITES: Going back from the "latest improvements" to first beginnings, I am reminded of the opening of the first theatre in New South Wales. A word or two about it, in connection with the papers now appearing in ONCE A WEEK on that colony, may not be uninteresting. Governor Hunter—after whom the Hunter River was named—was the second governor of this settlement, and was the first to authorize the opening of a theatre at Sydney. The principal actors were convicts. The price of admission was meal or rum, taken at the door. Many had performed the part of pickpocket in a London playhouse; but at Sydney, this was not such an easy matter. They were not discouraged, however; for, glancing at the benches, they saw what houses had been left unprotected by their owners, and proceeded to rob them. The first play was "The Revenge," and the prologue was characteristic of both actors and audience. This prologue was composed by the notorious pickpocket, George Barrington, and afterwards printed *in extenso* in his "History of New South Wales" (1802

edition). It is too long to quote here in its entirety; but the opening lines will give an idea of its character:—

"From distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we come,
Though not with much *éclat*, or beat of drum;
True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal—
What urged our travels was our country's weal.
But, you inquire, what could our breast inflame
With this new passion for theatric fame?
He who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
You'll own, will make an admirable Ranger.
To seek Macheath you have not far to roam,
And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home.
As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
When 't was so dark you could not see your hand;
From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
We often had recourse to th' flying leap;
To a black face have sometimes owed escape,
And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the worth of crape."

And so it ran on for thirty lines more, in the same suggestive strain.

A CORRESPONDENT: As a rider to your note on curious sign-boards, I send you the following from the *Birmingham Gazette* of May 24th, 1756:—"Last week a rectangular sign-board was put up by a watchmaker in the High-street of the city of Oxford, on one side of which there is literally the following whimsical inscription:—'Here are fabricated and renovatd trochiliac horologes, portable and permanent, linguaculous or taciturnal, whose circumgyrations are performed by internal spiral elasticks or external pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurum or argent integuments.' Since the putting up of these inscriptions, some attempts having been made to deface them, or pull down the sign, the proprietor has stuck up the following *carcat* at his shop window:—'May 14: Whereas an attempt was made last night, at the hour of twelve, to storm the hornwork of this castle by four battering blunderbusses (enemies to wit and humour). Friendly notice is hereby given, that the owner will defend his property with artillery. Therefore beware!'"

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given. Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

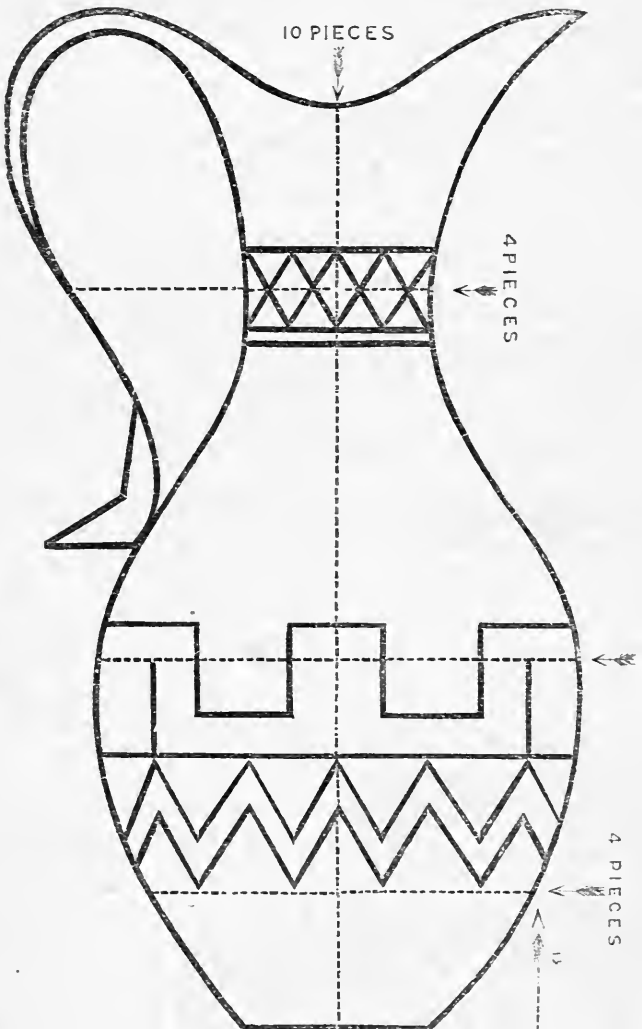
Jan. 6,]

NEW YEAR'S SUPPLEMENT.

[1872.

A NEW USE FOR HALFPENNY BUNDLES OF WOOD.

AT this holiday season, the time of our national festivities, our children come in for their share of the good things Great Christmas brings in the skirts of his coat. For Christmas Eve, Boxing Night, New Year's Day, Twelfth Night see the juveniles' star mightily in the ascendant. Papa finds his study full of little hats and great coats. He grumbles, but puts up with it. The children are having a dance. Next week the study is filled with flimsy pieces of paper freed from the treasures they hid, deal boxes, dolls dressed and undressed, tapers of a dozen hues, his wife, his sisters and sisters-in-law, and a live and perfectly innocent fir-tree.



The ladies have chosen this haunt of papa's for their secret and mysterious rites, "because the children never come in."

En passant, these same children are well aware of what is going on, and every now and then a mischievous imp is at the study door, a bright little eye peers through the keyhole, or a quick little ear listens to the hushed voices inside; and then, at the first cause of alarm, runs off full gallop to the nursery, and tells all the interesting tale in that noisy region.

Toys charm children. They love

them till they break them—and often long after. When they get bigger they only want bigger toys; and this trite moralism the

world has known for ages, so we won't preach about it now.

Happy children of the rich! Soft little maids, with great flaxen-haired, blue-eyed dolls as big as yourselves almost, with eyes that open and shut, and wiry voices that squeak out "Ma" and "Pa."

Hearty great-limbed boys, some day to be the brain and sinew of the State, now absorbed in the fascinations of a real railway train, careering full pelt down your father's mahogany—how happy you ought to be!

But what of your little fellows who have no toys, nor the hope of money to buy them? Charity children—the orphan, the outcast, the poor miserable little human waif and stray. Children without father or mother, or, worse for them, with both—bad ones, criminals or sots.

How many of these children there are in workhouses, asylums, orphanages, and charitable institutions of all sorts in this country!

Let us give our attention for a little while to a new and ingenious method of providing them with amusement. They cannot be provided with expensive toys, or with the cheapest sorts in adequate numbers to supply their wants.

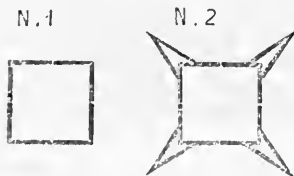
Here, then, is an amusement with which instruction may be easily combined by judicious persons who have charge of such poor children.

In all these places, I should think—at all events, in many of them—the bundles of wood in common use are employed for lighting fires. Let us see to what good use they may be put before they serve the purpose for which they were made. Let us show some of the many designs that may be made with them, affording hours of innocent recreation to the inmates of the institutions in which such a means of passing time in the cold winter days will be a Godsend.

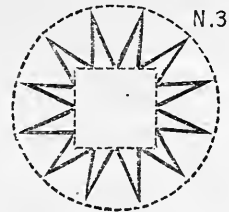
Given, the floor of a room and some bundles of wood:—

FIG. 1.—TO MAKE A STAR.

First lay eight sticks of wood in the form of a square, as is done in the diagram No. 1;



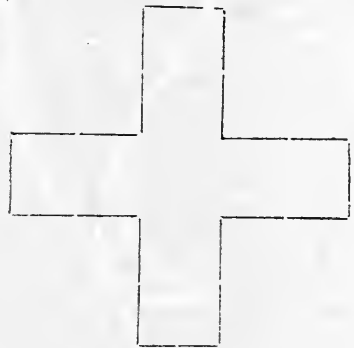
then at each corner lay two pieces more, as in diagram No. 2; then place eight pieces of wood between the corners just laid, to form points like the corner pieces; and the star will appear as in diagram No. 3. Re-



move the inside square (see the dotted lines), and then the star will be perfect. In all cases of forming circles, the star should be made first, and then the circle formed round it (see dotted lines).

FIG. 2.—TO FORM A CROSS.

To form a cross, the pieces of wood are to be placed as shown in this figure. These



crosses can be made of any size, and are very easy to construct.

Now let us try something rather more difficult.

FIG. 3.—TO FORM TEXTS.

Each letter is composed of two or more pieces of wood. By referring to the diagram it is easily seen how to form the texts.

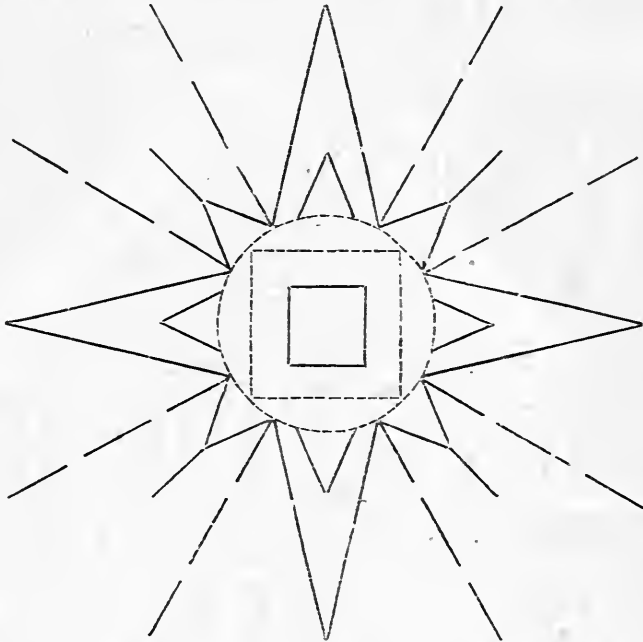
LOVE YOUR
BOOK

Of course, any other text or motto can be formed in the same way.

FIG. 4.—ANOTHER STAR.

In all stars, the inside dotted square must be formed as in Fig. 1 for the star to be

made properly. When completed, all the pieces of wood represented by dotted lines can be removed, and the star will then be quite perfect.



Let us now show one or two examples of Texts in Old English. (Figs. 5 and 6.)

These are very effective when made, and not so difficult to construct as they look.





FIG. 7

(the Jug which appears on our first page).

First lay two pieces of wood to form the bottom of the jug; then put ten pieces in an upright direction (see dotted lines); then put five pieces across (see dotted lines); then place four pieces across, lower down (see dotted lines); then put four more pieces across from the neck to the handle (see dotted lines). These dotted lines are only inserted to enable the builder to form the jug; when it is formed they are, of course, removed. Having laid the wood in the direction of the dotted lines, it is now pos-

sible to begin the jug. Commence at the bottom of the right-hand side, placing the sticks one after the other, to the number of twelve, which form the lip or spout of the jug; then lay other sticks up the length and side, beginning from the bottom, one after the other, end to end, as shown in the diagram. The dotted line crossing the neck to the handle is put in to show how it is formed. By the assistance of the dotted lines it will be easily seen how to form the ornamental pattern on the jug. When all the sticks are laid, remove those represented by the dotted lines, and the jug will be then perfect.

FIG. 8.—A CHURCH WINDOW.

This would be a good study in a school where there is plenty of room. The children will begin at the bottom, and by counting the number of sticks in the diagram,

they will, with care, be able to form this imposing Gothic window. Where the lines in the diagram are thick, it is intended that two or more pieces should be put close together.

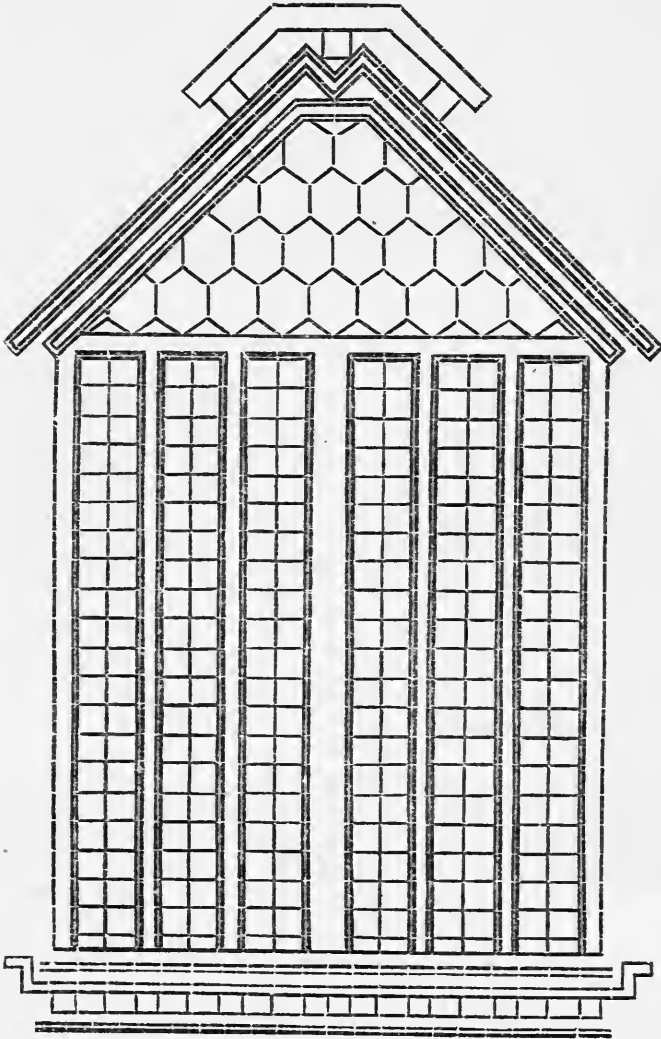


FIG. 9.—A CLOCK-FACE.

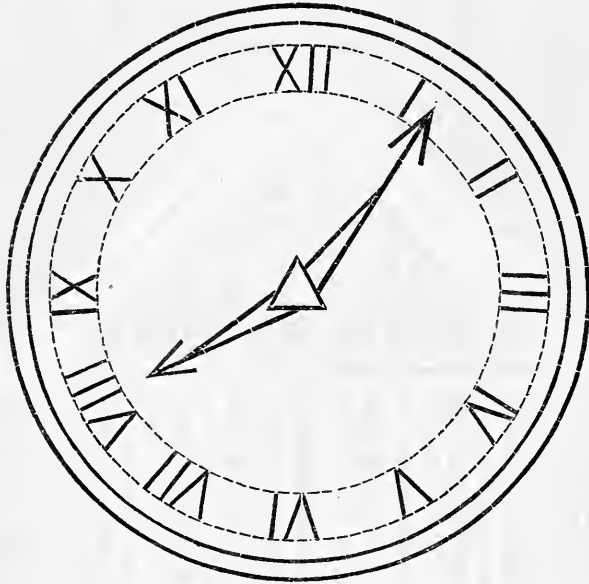
Having carefully studied our instructions for the formation of the preceding diagrams, the little builders may, by the exercise of a trifling amount of ingenuity and carefulness, adapt the rules we have laid down to the formation of a clock-face, as shown in the diagram (p. 28).

The diagrams which are used as illustrations to this article have all been made from

figures practically worked out with the pieces of firewood. Such designs may, of course, be increased *ad infinitum* by persons who are interested in the work. We commend the suggestion here given of a very inexpensive and exhaustive amusement for little pauper children to every philanthropic lady and gentleman numbered among the readers of *ONCE A WEEK*; and we believe our suggestion will bear fruit. If it does, our object in writing this article is served.

It is recorded of one of the greatest authors in the literature of Fancy that, when a child, he loved best his "box of bricks." He built farmhouses, castles, and palaces—

his own invention ever lending new charms to the capabilities of his toy: his imagination peopling his miniature edifices with beings equally of his own creation. For

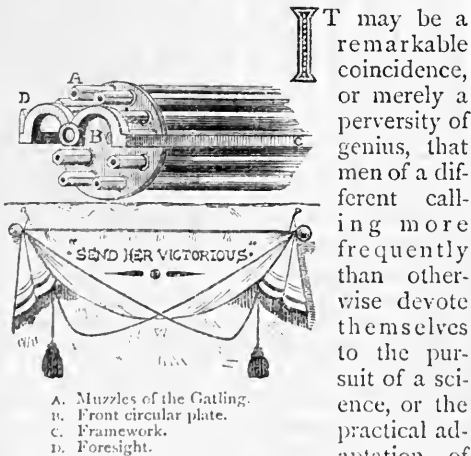


the poor, joyless children in whose interest these lines are written the box of bricks is an unattainable luxury. If, then—and I think I have shown that it is the case—the pieces

of firewood will very well supply the place of the richer child's wooden bricks, let the half-penny bundles serve the children's purpose first, and that of lighting the fires afterwards.

THE GUN OF THE AGE.

BY CAPTAIN E. ROGERS
(LATE 3RD W. I. REGIMENT).



- A. Muzzles of the Gatling.
- B. Front circular plate.
- C. Framework.
- D. Foresight.

which might least of all be supposed to

fall in their way. We might multiply instances of the anomaly in every branch of knowledge and of industry; but let it suffice to say that the machine-gun, which engages our present attention, will be found no exception to the exception—if it be not the rule—*that invention requires no specialty.*

The American gentleman who gives his name to the particular modification of mitrailleuse under consideration is a doctor of medicine, not of divinity—as has been stated by a writer in one of our military contemporaries; and so far back as 1861, he conceived the idea of a compound gun—*i.e.*, a collection of barrels arranged around a central shaft, and placed in combination with grooved chambers, each barrel being furnished with its own lock mechanism, designed to work independently, but with continuous regularity, through the play of internal pinions actuated by a crank handle at the will of the operator.

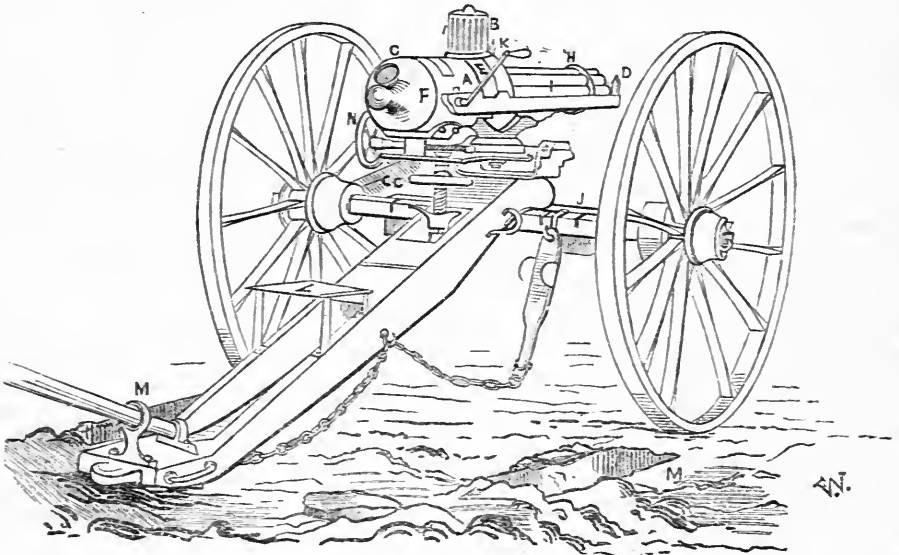
His first attempts at constructing the gun were naturally rude and imperfect; but well

might the good people of Indianapolis have gazed amazedly at the ugly-looking weapon as it poured forth round after round—200 a minute—under the manipulation of their inventive townsman.

From this moment the fame of the Gatling Battery became noised abroad; and although the very first batch of guns on the new principle, together with numerous patterns and drawings, were destroyed at a fire in the city of Cincinnati in the following year, the indefatigable and enterprising doctor soon produced fresh plans, and double the number of the guns consumed were

rapidly manufactured at another establishment in the same city. The result of their trial was in every instance a gratifying success, which culminated in the adoption of the arm officially by the United States Government in 1866.

During these years of repeated experiments with his machine-gun—the chrysalis period of its existence, so to speak—Dr. Gatling made no effort to suppress the secret of its mechanism; but, on the contrary, we are told, “he published full descriptions of the gun, with cut and diagrams, and sent them to all parts of the civilized world.”



A. Breech-casing.

B. Drum.

C. Elevating screw.

D. Foresight.

E. Hopper.

F. Cascable plate.

G. Plugged orifice to reach a damaged lock when necessary.

H. Front circular plate.

I. Barrels.

J. Cartridge boxes.

K. Thumb-nut.

L. Foot-stand.

M. Shelving trench (two feet deep) into which to lower the gun when not engaged.

X. Automatic traversing screw.

Presuming that the inventor's liberality has been thus widely appreciated, and that the internal structure of the gun has been seen and understood, we will not on this occasion enter upon a purely technical description, but refer curious readers to the minutiae contained in articles on the subject, published in the "Journal of the United Service Institution" (1870), "Colburn's United Service Magazine" (1871), and to the several notices of it in the daily and weekly press.

To offer some sort of account is, however,

incumbent on us, so as to initiate the uninstructed into the mysteries involved in this novel many-slayer; but we shall endeavour to be as brief and intelligible as the nature of the subject will allow. With the aid of our illustration, it will be at once apparent that the gun is composed of ten rifled barrels, supported near the muzzle by a circular plate, and screwed into another at the breech, both of which plates are rigidly fastened upon and to a main revolving shaft, which is itself journaled in front into the frame that supports the entire apparatus,

and in its rear end into a diaphragm within the breech-casing. This rear-casing conceals from view the lock mechanism and cocking device; but the hinged hopper, or brass curved plate with an aperture, may be noticed, down which the cartridges glide successively from the feed-case or drum into a grooved carrier, where they are taken instant possession of by the locks, forced into their appropriate barrels, and discharged in a continuous stream by impact of the needle. On the under-side of the breech-casing, and out of view, is an opening or shoot, whence the cartridge shells emerge after the explosion of their contents; for as soon as the charge is fired, the locks act a secondary part in withdrawing the cases.

Thus, it will be understood that when the gun is revolved by means of the crank handle, the locks, in rapid succession, move forward to load and fire, and return to extract the cartridge shells; in other words, the whole operation of loading, and thus closing the breech by the entrance of the cartridges directly into the barrels, of discharging the projectiles, and afterwards of expelling the empty shells, is conducted while the barrels are kept in continuous revolving movement, five cartridges being in every stage of readiness to be fired, and five of being extracted. And herein is developed the beautiful mechanical principle, as the inventor points out, that "while the gun itself is under uniform constant rotary motion, the locks rotate with the barrels and breech, and at the same time have a longitudinal reciprocating motion, performing the consecutive operations of loading, cocking, and firing without any pause whatever." One other apt quotation will suffice to illustrate familiarly this peculiarity of double action, which governs the firing capabilities of the gun:—"A sheet of paper cannot be printed in a cylinder press unless the cylinder be rotated, nor can a shot be fired from the Gatling gun except when the barrels and locks are rotated."

Above the breech in the smaller guns is pivoted a feed-drum or cylinder, as in our illustration, divided into sixteen compartments, each containing twenty-five cartridges, all of which rounds may be discharged within one minute of time! This drum is revolved by the manipulation of the left hand, while the right is engaged with the crank-handle. Two artillerists are, therefore, only required to work the gun— one man to

stand by with a refilled drum or feed-case, to replace the empty one, and the other to lay, load, and fire the piece by the revolution of the crank-handle. In fact, the Gatling may be simply and briefly described as an ingenious device for obtaining an accurate, concentrated, and continuous fire of small-arms, with the fewest number of men to direct and sustain it. The feed-drum will, we believe, supersede the use of metal feed-cases in all the Gatlings manufactured for present use in the army; and it would certainly appear to be the most feasible and the readiest mode of loading with ease and celerity. The back and foresights, under such circumstances, are placed on the framework, due allowance being made in practice for any consequent deflection; but, as has been well remarked, it is quite possible to be too accurate—that is, too concentrated—in firing at large bodies from a multiple gun. A gun of this description—and from which we have taken our illustration—may be seen at the Crystal Palace, where it has been placed on view by Colt's Agency firm, of No. 14, Pall-mall.

Besides the usual elevating screw common to all great guns, the more recently built Gatlings have been provided with a *Kinne* attachment, or automatic traversing apparatus, which enables the operator to direct his fire along a front of 12°, in the same manner as the hose of a fire engine is sometimes made to sweep along the frontage of a house in flames. This improvement is of great value, in view of the fact that, as recoil is reduced to minimum by reason of the separate discharge, shot by shot, of each round—the effect of which is *entirely* overcome by the weight of the gun and carriage—it follows that, when once the machine is properly laid as to true elevation, it will perform its deadly functions with the certainty of an automaton. The advantages claimed for the Gatling are, indeed, that while there is no escape of gas at the breech, and no recoil which can destroy its unerring precision, it performs the operations of loading, firing, and extracting the case by simply revolving the crank "automatically, uniformly, and continuously."

But there are other and more general advantages rightly ascribed to this machine-gun that may be thus enumerated:—

1st. The locks, which form an essential part of the mechanism, are removable at pleasure through an opening in the cascable

and diaphragm plates at the butt end c; nor, when a damaged lock is subtracted for repair, need firing be discontinued.

2nd. The several parts of the gun are interchangeable; and, better still, they are simple and few.

3rd. The barrels, having space between them for free circulation of air and radiation of heat, will not heat and foul quickly under the rapidity of fire they must be subjected to in a lengthy day's fighting.

4th. The rifled small-bore barrels for the medium and smaller sized guns are made proportionately strong, so as to admit of heavier charges than ordinary ones, which advantage implies greater initial velocity, a flatter trajectory, more extensive range, and, consequently, increased accuracy and more terrible man-killing power than that attainable by any other like species of arms of precision.

5th. The barrels are constructed of any calibre suitable to the ammunition in general use; or—as in the larger-sized gun of inch calibre—shell, case-shot, or solid projectiles weighing half a pound, can be employed at ranges that hitherto belonged only to rifled field-pieces.

6th. The cartridge shells are manufactured by the aid of machinery, out of sheet metal one-tenth of an inch thick, waterproof, and solid enough to withstand the rough usage incidental to a campaign, and capable of being reloaded forty or fifty times, the first cost being estimated at sixpence each only! Besides, loading machines can be carried with the gun into action; and in this way the supply can be made to meet the demand without encumbrance.

7th. The weight of the gun and carriage is comparatively light, rendering it capable of being drawn by two horses only, when four or six are required for the lightest field-piece.

8th. The absence of recoil, and having no nerves to disturb in the act of taking aim, permit of a continuously accurate fire in the midst of the smoke of battle or in the darkness of the night; while the moral effect produced in repelling an assault by the fact of there not being a second of time for the assailants to advance between the discharges, cannot be over-estimated.

9th. The lives of three or four men at most need only be exposed; and the results attained can only be measured by the exposure of as many hundred men armed with ordinary rifles.

In each and all of these nine points, the Gatling machine-gun stands unrivalled; and it is matter for congratulation that our Government has shown itself wisely provident in adopting so indispensable an adjunct to future warfare, and to meet the emergencies and requirements of the day.

For the present, we believe, thirty-six Gatlings, at a cost of less than £10,000, will be delivered for service in the army; twenty-four of them, of .57-inch calibre, being employed as field pieces, while the remaining twelve, of the medium .75 pattern, will be issued to garrison batteries or placed in fortifications.

Constructed, as they have been, at the Elswick Works, under the supervision of the Ordnance select committee, there is every reason to suppose that they will have received a superior finish, likely to develop the principle of the gun to its utmost capacity. But there is a special feature in the improved Gatling hitherto unapplied, although the idea is by no means a novel one. We mean the addition of a thin steel screen, to be affixed to the frame-work in front of the feeding drum, for the joint protection of it and the party working the gun; as also a similar one for the limber. This may or may not answer the desired purpose; but, failing it, we are told of an invention by which atmospheric pressure is used as a motor for giving a gun elevating or depressing action, above and below the parapet, characteristic of the Moncrieff principle, and this is specially applicable to the Gun of the Period. Such an invention would, however, necessarily complicate matters; and we were glad to learn from Captain Moncrieff that no apparatus of the kind need be introduced, as the system of counter-balance is quite as applicable to the Gatling as any other gun. But the simplest method of all is to dig a shelving trench M, about two feet deep, in rear of each wheel, into which to run the gun when necessary, thus lowering it within a foot of the ground.

We are indebted to Captain Moncrieff, personally, for this admirable hint about shelter-trenches.

In all future wars, the Gatling is undoubtedly destined to play an important part, and in our colonies it will soon prove indispensable. Wherever the withdrawal of English troops is rendered expedient, this gun is now ready to supply the deficiency of numbers; and in settlements where the descent

of savage hordes may be dreaded, so awe-inspiring an instrument of death will unquestionably prove itself the right gun in the right place. How invaluable it would have been in the Indian mutiny we can readily imagine, as well as in such minor campaigns as those waged lately in New Zealand, Abyssinia, the West Coast of Africa, the Red River, and British Honduras—not to mention the present difficult Looshai expedition, where its ease of transport—for the Gatling can be taken to pieces, and carried separately—and its startling effects on the natives might bring the affair to a speedy termination. And at home, why should not our volunteer artillery, who are ambitious to be employed in the field, be armed with them? By doing so, the authorities would, we imagine, effect a compromise between the wishes of this patriotic force and their capabilities, alike creditable to volunteers and serviceable to the country.

With torpedoes bristling along our coastline, and enormous rifled guns, supplemented by these terrible Gatlings, scattered throughout the kingdom, we ought, mechanically speaking, to feel secure; but to make us so, do we not require something more? A united will for the common good, a stubborn resolution to keep our soil intact, a lively recollection of past glories, and a determination to repeat them should the need arise. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori!*

THE BRIDAL OF MYRA CARNE.

By JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

A BLACK, frowning, rock-bound coast, marked by a mile of very tall and precipitous cliffs. Midway there is a wide gap, and a bed of sand—fine as the sand of the desert, and golden. This opening is bay-like in form, and slopes from the heights to the sea-shore. The sand bed, which stretches right and left at the base of the cliffs, is bordered by a belt of shingle; and beyond the shingle are breakers, some so large that they are rarely o'erswept by the sea. When the mighty waves battle with these outer rocks, the high-thrown clouds of spray and the vast expanse of seething foam bear witness to the fierceness of the strife. A few yards from the brow of the sandbank is a village—a straggling line of cottages, built of rough-hewn sandstone, and heavily thatched. The church is, perhaps, the smallest in England;

but then the whole population of the place does not exceed three hundred souls.

The men earn their bread by fishing, and by helping the luckless ships that are driven on that cruel, forbidding coast. Terrible wrecking stories are told of hapless crews being murdered and cast into the raging surge for the sake of plunder. If these tales be true, it is strange how little the wreckers are enriched by their blood-bought spoil—and bought, too, at the risk of their own lives. The tombstones that surround the little church bear record that death by drowning is not an uncommon fate at Stormcliff Bay.

The parson, the doctor, and the lawyer live at an inland town; and if the villagers ail in mind, body, or estate, they have to travel seven miles for professional comfort, aid, or counsel.

The best house—truly, the only house—at Stormcliff Bay is Eagles' Nest, standing on a jutting ledge of the highest rock. There dwelt Captain Carne, Aunt Ellen, and Myra.

Nearly eighteen years before the time I tell of, the Captain—then in middle age—came with a young wife to Stormcliff Bay for a week or two. The young wife was seized with sudden illness, could not be moved, and died. The widower would not leave the village, and with his only child and maiden sister abode at Eagles' Nest.

Captain Carne and Aunt Ellen were loved by the villagers, to whom they were ever ready friends. Myra was at least not less loved than her father and aunt. A joyous girl, and beautiful. The rough sea breeze had not affected the surpassing fairness of her skin—fair as the lily of the poet's dream, and tenderly soft. Eyes large and blue—the blue of the Southern sky; wavelets of nut-brown hair veiling her shoulders and falling below her waist; features nobly outlined, with mouth of exquisite sweetness. Above all—the beauty that is felt but cannot be described—a countenance of light, love, and gladness—the shining forth, the radiant sheen of a pure and happy spirit.

It was Sunday evening in full summertide. A night of tropical warmth follows a day of glowing heat. The sea is singularly calm, and the waves wash languidly against the breakers. The people of Stormcliff Bay, together with a few visitors from the neighbourhood, are on the sands. The sun has gone down in exceeding splendour. The moon is rising in her plenitude, and the

countless stars—wooded, not frightened by her soft, silvery light—reveal to creation the glory of the Creator. The stillness that charms and awes, yet soothes, is broken by the voice of Joe the Preacher.

Joe was a shopkeeper in the little inland town, who had taken compassion on the spiritual destitution of Stormcliff Bay, and preached there on Sunday evenings—generally in a room, but weather permitting, on the sea-shore. On this sweet, still summer night, the occasion was special. Joe had a missionary call to Africa, and he was speaking to the folk of Stormcliff Bay for the last time. The preacher was earnest, passionate, phrenzied, and his hearers were spell-bound.

“I have loved you with a love that cannot be told; and now I leave you, and you shall see my face no more until the dreadful Day of Judgment. What words shall I speak unto you? Shall they be words of hope and comfort? Not of comfort, but of warning; not of hope, but of despair;—for I dare not leave you with a lie upon my lips. I cannot bid you farewell, for I know that few of you will fare well; and the blessing would be a mockery. I cannot say ‘Good bye,’ which means ‘God be with you;’ for to most of you God is now, and will be for ever, a consuming fire. Are any of you saved?—any—even one? Who will aver that one of you is rescued from eternal torment? Sure it is that most of you are perishing in your sins, and that everlasting misery is your heritage. How long, O Lord, wilt thou endure? How long wilt thou bear with this untoward generation? Ah, men and women, He will not always tarry, but He will come quickly. Fire will be rained from Heaven, and the pent-up fires of the earth will burst forth. The solid rocks will be melted, and the waters of the ocean licked up by the devouring flames. And you—what will become of you in the terrible Day of the Lord? You do not believe this word, but it is true. ‘Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the word of the Lord shall not pass away.’ May be that none now in the flesh shall live to see that day. Does that comfort you? You will not less surely or less speedily perish. A few years hence, and how many of you will remain? A few years!—some of you will not live many months. Young man and young woman, rejoicing in the strength of your youth, hear ye the Voice of Doom—the sun of the coming summer will shine upon your graves.

Are you mad, and possessed of devils? Then cast yourselves into the sea, as did the herd of swine; for every hour you live, you heap up coals of damnation on your heads. You tremble, but you do not repent. You tremble as devils tremble. Whilst I speak ye feel the fire that will not be quenched, and the torture of the undying worm. But ah! in that Day of Judgment, you shall not be able to say that I warned you not in the Day of Grace.”

The preacher paused, and two persons stole away from the congregation—or rather, Myra Carne was dragged away by her companion, Frank Molino. This young man had lived for many years near Stormcliff Bay, and had known Myra from her childhood.

“Come away, Myra; it is a sin to listen to such raving blasphemy.”

“But Joe is in earnest, Frank, and it is very dreadful.”

“Why, Myra, has Joe fooled you? Look at the rocks and the sea, the moon and the stars. Are they not wonderful and beautiful? Or, darling, when you get home, look in the glass, and see something more wonderful and beautiful than earth, sea, and sky.”

“Don’t talk in that way, Frank.”

“Why, Myra, that preacher must be blind, for he could not believe that such good and glorious things were made to be destroyed. Let those who choose, slander their Creator. Let those who will, adore an almighty demon. We worship the God of Love.”

“It is so sad, Frank, that people should have such horrible thoughts when everybody might be so happy.”

“Well, Myra, we cannot always be happy. I am not happy. Joe leaves Stormcliff Bay to-morrow, and next day I leave.”

“But not for long, Frank.”

“A week or two may not be long to you, Myra, but it is ages to me. Besides, I shall soon have to live in London.”

They stood awhile with their faces seaward, but their minds were too occupied to be conscious of the beauty of the scene in which they had lately exulted. The young man was feebly fighting against the maddening fever of passion, and the girl wondered what disturbed her companion.

“Patience, Myra, you shall soon have a letter from me.”

“Alas! how too soon, how all too soon, we part from each other, and are driven forth

from the Paradise of our love, and cannot again enter therein, save through the Dark Valley of the Dread Shadow.

"Let us go home, Frank. Father will be expecting us."

"You are in a mighty hurry, Myra. I shall not trouble you long, and then you can be with somebody you like better."

"Frank, what is the matter? Why are you so unkind? What has sissy done to you?"

"Whatever comes of it, you must hear me. Look here, Myra, I would rather you stabbed me than call yourself my sister."

"You used to like that name."

"I did until a few months ago when I was away from you, and then I learnt that I did not love you as a brother."

"Not love me, Frank?"

Frank put one arm round her waist, and the other over her shoulder, and drew her so close to him that she felt his hot breath on her face; and she closed her eyes against his burning glance.

"Myra, not as a brother—but deeper, deeper still—all in all, Myra; and if you do not love me the same, I will die; for if you loved another, I should kill him and you."

The girl leant her head on him, but did not speak.

"You fear to tell me, Myra, that you love me as a brother only. But you shall tell me—you shall deal the blow."

"Frank, my own dear, you know I love you as my life. This is cruel of you."

"But, Myra, say your love is not the love of a sister."

"I know what you mean, dear Frank—and I love you as a lover. I am thine, as you are mine."

Her eyes opened for a moment, and Frank held her to him in a long and passionate embrace.

"Are you happy now, my Frank?"

"Ay, darling of my soul—too happy to speak even to you. To-morrow we will talk together, and say when the world shall know that we are one—for it must not be long hence."

"And my father?"

"I will tell him when I return from London."

"But, dear Frank, I have never had a secret from him."

"You must have one for a week or two, for both our sakes."

They slowly ascended the cliff, and stood before the entrance of Eagles' Nest. An-

other embrace, long and silent, and they entered.

Captain Carne was pacing the room. Aunt Ellen was seated at the table reading, or seeming to do so. The Captain had been angry because Myra was half an hour late, and Aunt Ellen had defended the girl. The tiff ended, as usual, by the Captain pacing the room with a measured military stride, and Aunt Ellen putting on her spectacles, and opening a book.

"Well, Frank, have you discovered a fresh constellation? Or have you merely been persuading Myra that it is good and seemly to be disobedient to her father?"

Frank replied they had been walking and talking. The Captain's eyes lighted upon Myra's tell-tale face.

"And pray, what was the talk about?"

Frank began a reply.

"I spoke to Myra, not to you."

Myra blushed deeply, and was silent.

"Since Myra is tongue-tied, favour me with an answer."

Frank replied that they had been speaking of his going away, and of the future.

Captain Carne's face darkened.

"Perhaps a love scene."

"I told Myra of my love for her."

"So, sir, I trust you as a son, and you abuse my confidence. Ellen, do you know anything of this business?"

"No, brother," replied the aunt; "but young people will be silly."

"Frank Molino, mark my words: they will be few, and to the purpose. The folly begun to-night must end to-night. I assume you wish Myra to be happy; but domestic happiness must be well fed, well clothed, and well housed, or it will give place to domestic misery. At present, your means are too limited even for the support of turtle-dove love in a cottage. Then, Myra has not been in society, and she must see others before she can know if she loves you. I now wish you good night and good-bye. For two or three years, you will not be a welcome guest to my house; and meanwhile, you and Myra are as strangers to each other. Good night, Frank."

Myra was crying—Frank was pallid. He crossed the room to offer his hand to Myra.

"I told you, sir, that you and Myra were as strangers to each other. Once more, good night to you."

Frank went out quickly; and, as he descended the cliff, he muttered curses on Cap-

tain Carne. As soon as he had left, the Captain took Myra's hand, and led her to the door.

"Go to your room and to bed, Myra. To-morrow you will be more reconciled to the will of your father."

Aunt Ellen would have gone with the girl to solace her, but Myra repulsed her. In her grief and anger, she would be alone. If her father had spoken kindly to Frank, she would, so she thought, have been patient; but now she was, for the first time in her life, angry with her father.

Myra took off her hat, and knelt by her bedside—not to pray, but to cry and bemoan her unhappiness. Presently there came a remembrance of her father's love and fondness. She arose with the intent of going to his room, and kissing him, and being reconciled to him. Then came a thought of Frank. Would he die? And again her heart was hardened against her father.

Myra opened her casement window, and went on to the verandah. The moon was high in the heavens. The gentle summer wind made a sweet accompaniment to the murmur of the sea, and to the grating of the shingle as it was swept by the waves. Oh, child, will not this scene of beauty, these sublime harmonies, these whispers of love Divine, console you? Alas! for philosophy! It is a friend that fails in the hour of sorest need.

"Myra, dearest!"

What voice is that? Is it indeed a voice, or only an echo of her heart's thought?

Fearing she knew not what, Myra listened.

"Myra, dearest, are you there?"

"What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

Often in his boyhood Frank had climbed to the verandah. It was an easy task for him. In a moment, and before Myra could recover from her bewilderment, Frank was with her, first kneeling at her feet, and then holding her to his heart.

There they sit until the fading of the stars proclaims the rising of the sun. Shall Frank die? At length, after the pleading of hours, Myra, kneeling down, and kissing a cross she wore around her neck, plighted her troth to him. Quaking, and scarce knowing what she did, Myra repeated after Frank an oath that she would marry him whensoever he asked her to do so.

"And now, darling, good-bye till we meet on the shore; and then another good-bye

for a little while, until we meet to part no more."

"Frank, dearest, I wish you had not to go from me even for an hour. Being ever mine, you should be with me for ever."

They lingered lovingly until the dawn of day was visible in the East, and until they were startled by the chirping of a bird.

Frank descended the cliff, and Myra returned to her room, and to bed. Short-lived is ecstasy on earth. Before the warmth of Frank's last kiss had left her lips, Myra thought of her father, and the thought chilled her heart. Ah, if she had gone to her father, and kissed him, and been reconciled to him! Is it too late? Let her go now, and tell him all, and ask him for forgiveness. She half arose from her bed. But then, Frank and her oath! She again laid her head on her pillow. Some day, her father would be reconciled to Frank. A beautiful cottage, perhaps at Stormcliff Bay. Frank and Myra rejoicing in their love. Her father loving both, and sharing their happiness, and being right glad that they married. Lulling her conscience with such opiates, Myra fell asleep. Night vigils are new to her; and, being exhausted, she sleeps soundly. And tranquilly? She sleeps; but, sleeping or waking, no more for her the peace, the bliss of the Paradise of Childhood. Happy Myra, to have lived in it so long. Few abide therein even until childhood has blossomed into youth.

THE STORM.

When Myra awoke, her aunt was standing by her bed.

"Why, deary, what a sleep you have had! Breakfast was over long ago. But get up now—your father wants you to go with him into the village; and, deary, don't be ever so little cross with him. It will all be made right. I'll have a cup of tea ready for you when you come down."

Myra was a long time in dressing. With her awakening, came care and sorrow. The fond dreams of the early dawn vanished in the broad daylight. Until now, when a great gulf seemed to part them, Myra had not realized the love that bound father to daughter, and daughter to father. Her affection for Frank was deep and earnest; but the compact of the night affrighted her. She would beseech Frank to release her from the oath—for it never occurred to her that he had not power to do so. Then

whispers conscience, "But the oath does not bind you to secrecy. Tell your father." Tiresome, remorseless conscience. If Frank will not release her from her vow, why then, indeed, she will tell her father. - But if Frank grant her prayer, why should she expose him to her father's anger—or even why should she give her father pain? Pleased and consoled with this reasoning, Myra met her father without much agitation.

They went through the village to the church, and sat down in the ivy-covered porch. It was a favourite resting-place; and often Myra and her father were there for hours, reading or talking. Just in front of the porch was a grave on which the grass was well kept, and the flowers were blooming. It was the grave of Myra's mother.

"Our visit to the dear old porch must be a short one to-day, Myra; for, as you know, I have to go to town, and I propose to walk there. I wished to tell you here that I am sorry I grieved you last night."

Myra could have borne a blow, but the words of kindness wrung her heart. She took her father's hand, and kissed it; and, as she did so, a tear fell upon it.

"I only did my duty, dear child; but I did not the less regret to give you a moment's grief. I do not think Frank will make you happy; but that you must hereafter decide for yourself. At present, you are but a child, and I must act for you. The last words she said to me, Myra"—the Captain pointed to the grave of his wife—"were, 'Care for her as for me.' To fulfil that sacred trust I have lived a lonely life, watching over you in infancy, in childhood, and in youth. I have striven to be father and mother to you, Myra. On earth, I have no aim but your happiness. You will not now think that I am unkind because I do my bounden duty, and in so doing give you pain?"

Myra kissed her father. She wanted to speak—she yearned to confide in him; but, for the moment, the words would not be spoken.

"Remain here awhile, and calm yourself, my child. When you return to the Nest, tell aunt I shall be home by dusk; and try, Myra, to greet me with your welcome smile."

He kissed her, and walked away. He had not gone far when Myra started up, determined to follow him, and tell him of her fault. Her hand was on the wicket-gate,

and she paused. When he came home, and before going to bed, he should know all, whether Frank did or did not absolve her from the oath. She returned to the porch, reflecting on what was to be done, until reflection became unbearable. In vain she sought to convince herself that she had pursued a wise course—there was a gnawing consciousness that she should not have put off the confession. And ought she to meet Frank? Why not consult dear Aunt Ellen? Comforting suggestion. Sustained by the new resolve, Myra returned to the Nest.

Aunt Ellen was busy, as usual, with her household duties. It would not do to interrupt her. Then came the dinner, and still Myra was silent. But she must decide quickly, for in an hour she was to meet Frank under the cliff. Perhaps it will be better to see him, and persuade him to release her from the oath. Aunt Ellen is going to Birley Farm, to drink tea with Mrs. Jameson. Would Myra accompany her? She pleaded a headache. It was her first lie, and it stung her. Well, then, Myra could walk over to Birley after she had rested—that is, if she felt able to go out.

Aunt Ellen departed, and Myra went to her room, and put on her hat. How she shook! She was hysterical. She mixed some wine with water, and drank it. Then she told the servant that she was going to the sands, and might perhaps take tea at Birley. How broad, smooth, and easy is the way of falsehood—that is, at the outset.

Frank was before her. She was late, because she had to wait until Aunt Ellen had left the home. Her father had gone into the town, and her aunt to Birley. Frank was so glad—they could have a happy afternoon together. They strolled along the beach, he with his arm round her waist, and hand in hand. This will never do. She must get rid of the oath. After an hour's effort, she managed to say that her father was very angry. Why, of course he was angry. It was only natural. He would soon forgive her, for he would see that Frank loved her, and made her happy. And Frank told her how glad he was they had taken that solemn oath, for it united them for ever. The end of it was that Myra re-resolved. The oath bound her. She must tell her father, and he would not wish her to break it. Thereupon an hour of loving talk—the past forgotten, and the future a bright day-dream.

The lovers were disturbed by a summer

storm. The sky was suddenly darkened. The wind howled, and the sea moaned. There was a flash of lightning, and the rocks echoed the thunder. In a minute, the rain fell in torrents. The lovers took shelter in a cavern hewn out of the rock. Myra, who had lived all her days on that rough coast, had never been terrified by a storm; but now, she knew not why, fear overcame her. She shrank from the lightning, and trembled at the sound of the thunder.

Frank led her farther into the cavern, so that the lightning might not affright her. Still Myra was terrified and rejoiced when Frank told her that the storm was over.

When they came on to the beach, the sun was shining brightly, and the only relic of the tempest was the continued agitation of the sea. They were two miles from Stormcliff Bay; and had not proceeded many yards in the direction of that place, when they discovered that they were prisoners. They were on a raised indent of the coast, called Dry Rock Bend, and were encircled by the waves. Frank assuaged the alarm of Myra by pointing out that it was high tide, even if the tide had not turned, and that in an hour at most they would be released. What were they to do? The beach was shingle and weed-covered rock, and it was wet from the rain. So they returned to the cavern in which they had sheltered from the storm.

As Frank had said, the sea subsided ere the hour; but it was nearly two hours before he and Myra left the cavern. They walked on hastily, for the lengthening shadows of the cliffs warned them of the approach of evening.

"Oh, my love," said Myra, "what shall I do if aunt is home?"

"Say, dearest, you took a long walk, and were caught in the storm."

They were near Stormcliff Bay, and Myra stopped.

"Go from me, my love, for I can never go from you. And how shall I bear to-morrow and to-morrow, when you are away from me?"

"Take courage, dear angel; for on the third day—after two to-morrows—we meet, to be united so that thenceforth no one can part us."

"For you, dearest, I will bear it; but were it not for you, I would pray to die this night."

"Darling, we need not part now, save for

a few hours. I can come to the verandah, as I did last night."

"But if you are heard or seen?"

"Do not fear. I will be under the verandah at twelve."

When they parted, Myra ascended the cliff, passed through the village, and met Aunt Ellen coming back from Birley. That was lucky for Myra. Her return with her aunt would explain her absence to the servant; and her aunt did not know how long she had been from home.

They ascended the cliff, Aunt Ellen relating the news from Birley, and Myra appearing to listen, but not heeding what was said. They were near Eagles' Nest, when they saw the servant running to them. The girl was terror-stricken and crying.

"Oh, ma'am!—oh, Miss Myra—poor Miss Myra!"

Master had come home ill. That was the only information they could glean from the girl.

Captain Carne was lying on the sofa, and with him were the doctor and a friend. When they entered, he sat upright.

"Do not be alarmed. It is bad enough, but not so bad as it might have been. Come here, Myra."

She went to him, and Aunt Ellen looked to the doctor for an explanation.

"Your brother has been struck with the lightning, and his sight is hurt; but we must hope for the best."

Aunt Ellen covered her face with her hands, and sank on her knees. Myra shrieked. In that agony, how her words to Frank rung in her ears—"And how shall I bear to-morrow and to-morrow, when you are away?"

And behold, her father would not look at her to-morrow, or for evermore.

The doctor did not deny the case was critical; but there was a chance of recovery, and that chance depended upon the patient being tranquil.

As soon as their grief could be controlled, the sister and daughter wept without moaning.

Captain Carne was led to his bed-room; and, after administering an opiate, the doctor and his friend departed. Aunt Ellen might watch by the patient if she liked, but all that could be done was to let him sleep.

Myra went to her room heart-broken and spirit-crushed. From peace and joy to an-

guish and misery, and in less than two days! Yesterday morning, few so happy that would not have envied her happiness; to-night, the most wretched might pity her smarting sorrow and desolation. She would have refused to leave her father's room but for the appointment at midnight, and the thought of that meeting increased her poignant pain. Could she leave her father in his affliction? No. And yet? Mechanically she trimmed her lamp, and sat down, staring at the clock on the mantelpiece. She was a waif on the stormy ocean, and she had to choose between stolid, mindless resignation, or despair and madness. Her father! Her lover! Let Frank decide for her.

She sat staring at the clock—wondering if it always ticked so loudly—noting the movement of the minute hand, and counting the seconds. It still wanted a quarter of an hour to midnight. Might not Frank be before the appointed hour? She went on to the verandah, but Frank was not there. She waited the weary quarter of an hour, passing from the verandah and the room, backwards and forwards, to look at the clock.

Midnight, and Frank was not there. She determined not to look at the clock again, but to wait on the verandah till he came. As she approached the rustic seat on which the feeble light of her lamp shone through the casement window, she saw a hat on it, and divined it was Frank's. Thump, thump, and faster than horses' feet, beat her heart. Was he hiding?

"Frank!"

No answer to the gurgling whisper. She took up the hat, and a string fell from it, and to the string was fastened a letter.

Back to her room. Harder than ever, faster than ever, thumped her heart. It was with difficulty her palsied hands opened the letter. With greater difficulty her burning eyes read it. It ran thus:—

"MY LOVE AND LIFE—Bad news. But be patient, dearest, for both our sakes. My father is taken ill, and I must leave for America without the delay of a moment. By starting at once, I may be in time for the vessel. Perhaps sooner, but certainly in two months, I will be with you. What I suffer from the separation you may know, my dearest; but you would not forgive me if I neglected the command of a dying father. I will write to you at the post-office, as we ar-

ranged, to-morrow. My love and life, good-bye till then. As you love me, be patient for the sake of thine own—

"FRANK."

Myra read the letter again and again. Now silently, now the words hissing through her fever-parched lips. Then she gazed at it as if spell-bound. There was a mad desire to laugh. Then the sensation of choking. She became insensible, and lay so for hours. The morning breeze came in at the open window, and slowly she revived. There was the letter in her hand, and the hat by her side.

"These must not bear witness against him, if I die."

She cut the hat into tiny pieces, and threw them over the parapet of the verandah. The letter she held in the flickering flame of the lamp until it was consumed, and her fingers blackened and scorched.

After these labours, she lay on the bed, neither sleeping nor waking, until Aunt Ellen came to tell her that her father had slept well—

"But, oh, deary!—oh, my deary, his sight is lost—he will never, never see us more!"

THE BRIDAL.

The summer has grown into autumn, and the autumn has faded into winter. It is nigh six months from the day of the storm, so well remembered at Stormcliff Bay. Every effort to restore the sight of Captain Carne had failed. His last chance was to be treated by an eminent London oculist. Aunt Ellen wanted to accompany him to the metropolis; but Myra was unwell, and the Captain preferred not to inflict his sufferings upon those dear to him. So he went alone, and had been away for nearly two months. The reports about him were very vague; and at Eagles' Nest there was no hope of his recovery.

Is that Myra? Does death work a more pitiable change than sorrow? The light of the eye no longer lustrous, but lurid. The clear, radiant complexion, the bloom of health and youth, the gladsome, winsome countenance, are gone. She is ill, but will take no advice. She says she wants rest, not physic. She will not visit. She will not attend church. About once a week she goes into the town, and will not accept the companionship of her aunt. She stands for hours on the verandah of her room, gazing wistfully

at the sea. She will often go into the village to ask the news from the sea—if there have been any wrecks. Frank has written to say he will be back in January, and January is nearly over. Is it another delay—or is he wrecked? Every sound of the wind and the waves terrifies the lone, despairing girl.

At last—at last there is a break in the black darkness. Myra has gone to town, to ask—without hope—if there is a letter for M. M. Yes; and it is handed to her. It is Frank's writing, and it bears an English postmark. Without leaving the post-office, she reads it:—

"MY LOVE AND LIFE—Home at last, and all well. I cannot write the joy I feel. I leave Liverpool to-night—to-morrow I shall be in London—and next day with you, my love and my life. I only wait a few hours in London to arrange what is necessary for our marriage. I am weeping, dearest—I cannot help it; but the tears are tears of joy. Good-bye for two days, my love and life.

"FRANK."

Myra got into the fly that was to take her to Stormcliff Bay. Oh, that she were home! When she arrived at the Nest, she told Aunt Ellen that she was tired, and would rest awhile. When in her room she locked the door, read over the letter again, knelt by her bed to pray and to give thanks. As she knelt she wept—which she had not done since her trouble began; and her crying was like the crying of a little child.

Next night, Myra went to bed at eight o'clock. She liked to be alone, and she was worn with excitement.

Aunt Ellen was knitting. The door opens, and enter Captain Carne.

"Brother—dear brother!"

"Home again, Ellen, and well."

"Well?"

"Ay, Ellen, well. My sight is restored to me."

To convince her he was no longer blind, he took up a newspaper from the table, and read her a few lines.

"Where is Myra?"

"Gone to bed, tired. I will call her."

"No, I will do so."

"You will startle and frighten her."

"I intended a surprise; and as for the fright, it will not last a minute, for the lass of Stormcliff Bay is not a nervous young lady."

He went upstairs on tiptoe. He noiselessly opened the door. Myra was asleep,

and her father gazed on her with the gaze of fondest love. He set the candle on the table, and touching her, said—

"Myra, my pet."

She started up.

"Oh, my Frank!—my Frank!"

She looked, and saw it was her father. There was a pause, to be counted by seconds only, though it seemed never-ending. Myra could not move or speak. The face of her father was livid, and the veins in his forehead swollen. No words were necessary. She had told her love. As he moved, Myra screamed piteously, and then lay still upon the bed. Aunt Ellen hurried into the room.

"What has happened?"

"Don't you know?"

The Captain took his sister's arm, and, dragging her to the bedside, held the candle over Myra.

"What has happened? Myra loves Frank!"

Aunt Ellen looked, and sank on her knees, crying—

"God have mercy upon us!—have mercy upon us!"

"It seems, then, that you were blind, Ellen. Better if my sight had gone for ever—as, I doubt not, Myra prayed it might be."

The Captain had so far mastered his passion that his voice was calmer.

"Where is Frank Molino?"

"Abroad. He left Stormcliff Bay the day of the storm, and has not been back."

Myra moved.

"Have mercy on her, for her mother's sake! Oh, have mercy on her!"

"Fear not. I shall not hurt her, though I have been deceived."

Myra slowly recovered consciousness. She stretched out her hands to her father in supplication.

"How long have you loved him?"

Myra put her hands before her face.

"Where is he?"

"But you will not kill him?"

"Am I a hangman?"

Myra took from under her pillow Frank's last letter, and gave it to Aunt Ellen, who handed it to her brother.

Captain Carne read it, and then threw it on the bed.

"Loving and generous. And you have promised to marry him?"

"How can you doubt it?" exclaimed Aunt Ellen, who had taken up the letter and read it.

"Then your niece is more loving than I am, or she would say to him—'I am not old enough to be married, and you are not any match for me.'"

"Mercy on me! Have mercy on me!"

"I shall see this Molino. Don't start—I shall not hurt him. If you persist in marrying him, be it so. But not secretly. Your betrothal was secret; but the bridal of Myra Carne—that was your mother's name, and it is yours—I say, the bridal of Myra Carne shall be public."

So he left her to the care of her aunt.

The interview with Frank Molino, who returned that night, was short; and, so far as Captain Carne was concerned, calm. Did Frank persist in wanting to marry Myra? A passionate "Yes!" Then the bridal must be at Stormcliff Bay, and public. That day week was named for the wedding.

"And this further condition, that you do not correspond with her or see her till the bridal day. That is surely not very hard. But whether it be so or not, if you break it, you imperil her life."

The coming bridal was announced to the village and to friends. And though the notice was short, preparations were made for the ceremony. The little church was decorated with evergreens and hothouse flowers, the gifts of the neighbouring gentry.

Captain Carne would not see his daughter, but he instructed Aunt Ellen to provide a wedding garment for the bride. He would not have a breakfast, saying that neither Eagles' Nest nor the occasion was suitable for a festive gathering.

The bridal day was rough and boisterous, but the mid-winter sun was shining gaily. In the little parlour were Captain Carne and Frank, not exchanging a word. There is a rustle of silk; and Myra, arrayed as a bride, enters with Aunt Ellen. Her father, who had not seen her since the night of his return home, kissed her affectionately. Frank was advancing to her, but the Captain stopped him.

"She is my daughter, and not yet your wife. In this place, you must not touch her."

He took a case from his pocket, and put on Myra a glittering necklette and a bracelet, and fastened an ornament on her veil.

"These, Myra, were the marriage jewels of your mother. I give them to you."

He turned to the sideboard, and took from a drawer a curious-looking satin belt,

which he fastened round his daughter's waist.

"Bear with the weight, Myra. This belt holds your marriage portion. I have put into it four thousand sovereigns—for since your childhood, I have been saving for your marriage. The money will ensure you against contumely and contempt."

Myra embraced him.

"Father, dear father, how can I repay your love and care? Forgive me, and bless me."

"Mr. Molino, will you take my sister to the church? It is but seemly for you to escort the aunt of your bride."

Aunt Ellen kissed Myra, and departed with Frank.

"Myra, you will not return to Eagles' Nest, nor shall I. We leave the old home for ever."

Clinging to him—fondly clinging to him—and with a prayer in her heart that she might live to be a blessing to him, Myra went forth with her father.

"Let us ascend the cliff, and take a farewell look at the old home."

Myra was weak; and what with the burden round her waist, and the strong wind, the ascent was slow and toilsome. At length they reached the summit of the cliff. It was high tide, and the mighty foam-crested waves were angrily dashing against the huge, defiant rock.

From the church porch, where Frank, Aunt Ellen, and the friends were assembled, Myra and her father could be seen. The veil and the long hair of the bride were fluttering in the wind.

Now they kneel. The father is forgiving the disobedience of his child. Solemn moment; and the company at the church porch, from a reverent impulse, cast down their eyes, and join in the father's prayer.

What scream is heard above the storm? A piercing shriek, mingled with a wild and mocking laugh. Where is the bride? Where is her father? An instant since, they were kneeling on the rock. Where are they? There was a moment of wondering, awful silence, and then cries of horror from the company at the church porch rent the air, startling the sea birds from their nests.

When the tide went out, the watchers found the lost ones on the beach under the cliff. The bride was tightly grasped in her father's arms. The weight of the gold

around the waist of Myra had made them sink into the depths without the possibility of rising again, and kept them on the spot where they fell.

Such was the Bridal of Myra Carne. The women who knew her weep when they hear her name, and the rough men of Stormcliff Bay tell the story with bated breath.

* * * * *

In the abode of the insane is a man for whom there is no hope of cure. Sometimes he speaks words of burning, passionate love to a vision he calls "Myra!" Sometimes he is getting ready for a wedding. Sometimes he recites that scene on the cliff; and, in doing so, re-echoes Myra's wild and piercing shriek. And even the schooled hearts of those who have charge of the maniac are thrilled with awe and pity.

PARIS AFTER TWO SIEGES.

I.—AFTER THE GERMAN SIEGE.

IT is Saturday, the 4th of March, and we catch our first glimpse of the Prussian helmets at Noyelles. Away on our right lie St. Valerie and the English Channel, and we are still 120 miles from Paris. Our train travels slowly and cautiously on, over temporary bridges and a track which has been hastily replaced. We are thus able to note the contrast between the picturesque hamlets—which look as undisturbed as if they had never heard of Sedan—and the many silent factories which are paying its penalty. We stop at every roadside station, and the time tables bear, ominously, the date of August, 1870. Everywhere the invader is in unequivocally absolute masterdom. Surely, nothing could indicate more complete and hopeless conquest than the fact of apparently not more than a dozen Germans being left in possession of each place, and there—with the inevitable porcelain pipe, or the alternative cigar—placidly permitting or forbidding, as their pleasure may be, our passage along the chief highway to the capital.

In due course we reach Amiens, to find that familiar Rugby of the Chemin de Fer du Nord swarming with an excited throng. The aspect of the station is startling in its incongruity. Mingling with the crowd of soldiers, or side by side with them, looking on, are groups of idle workmen in blouses,

while native peasant women—voluble as ever—jostle their way through the multitude. An officer of Mobiles, from the Pas du Calais, travels in the same carriage with us. It is a trying ordeal for him to pass through the mass of blue coats which intercepts his way to the refreshment rooms; and whatever our bias may have been, it is impossible not to feel a hearty sympathy with a people upon whom has fallen such a tremendous humiliation. As our train passes out of Amiens station, we can see Von Goeben's men, who are here evidently in great force.

The prolonged armistice has still a week to run, and it is known that Moltke is prepared, at an hour's notice, to move forward in overwhelming force. We have no later news than yesterday's London papers, so conjecture is busy as to whether there has been any hitch in the ratification of the treaty of peace, and whether the conquerors are or are not in the capital.

Our French fellow-travellers ask the question everywhere, and get contradictory replies; but at last they learn beyond doubt that the Champs Elysées have been evacuated, and they appear much relieved by the assurance.

After passing Creil, we are obliged to diverge from the direct—but now broken and impracticable—line, and to travel by a loop to the west. At Pont Oise, the splendid stone railway bridge has been destroyed, and we descend and cross a pontoon bridge—women as well as men carrying their own luggage—and so find our way to a train on the other side. By and by we are among the devastations—villas, factories, everything in ruin; and after a further appreciable journey, long enough to give us some idea of the surprising distance apart of besiegers and besieged, we are passing under Fort la Briche—its teeth drawn, though—and glide into St. Denis. No need to look hard for signs of the times here. We are surrounded by captured cannon, battered walls, and tall chimneys curiously perforated; and we just get a glance at the indications of severe bombardment which the cathedral and town have undergone. Prussians again, pipes, tobacco, and cigars, *ad libitum*, of course. Stern facts are here decidedly against the Anti-Tobacco League; for the smoke, smoke, smoking conquerors have bright, intelligent faces, clean complexions, and, as a rule, capital physique. All have a good-tempered, self-satisfied air; and the bearing of the officers

is here—as everywhere on the road—singularly graceful and dignified.

At the St. Denis station we have only a slight delay, and not the slightest inconvenience; and then our train passes on through the fortifications, and we are in Paris.

You can't have your horses and eat them; so cabs are rarities. Thus it happens that our first peep at a city so lately shut out from the world is taken from the top of an omnibus. While we wait the regulation time for it to start, the horses are restive—possibly from unwonted nosebag—and the driver pokes at them, and calls them bad names; his angriest thud being when he anathematizes one as a *Prussien*. Near to us is a kindly workman, in semi-uniform, who, with that talent for comedy which gracefully characterizes so many of his class, playfully inquires if we are Prussians; and, without waiting for a reply, asks if we come from London, and learning that we do, we fall in for a cordial acknowledgment—by no means the only one volunteered during our short stay—of the gratitude of the French metropolis to the English one for well-timed aid in extremity. "*Paris est morte*," mourns our companion; and indeed it has a queer, dead look. Evening is closing in. This is the second night on which gas has been available since the siege; and now not more than half the street lamps are lighted. No gas can be spared for house, or shop, or café, nor even theatre or other public building; and when we look down from our elevated seats, the little groups of faces we catch sight of through the shop windows are clustered in the softened light of an oil lamp, and have the quaint and curious effect of an old Dutch picture. The eye rapidly takes in other unfamiliar characteristics. Many shops in the leading thoroughfares are closed. Almost every woman is attired in black. Many of them have doubtless been bereaved; those who have not so suffered, dress thus soberly in deference to the patriotic sentiment of the hour. Five out of every six men wear uniform of some kind or another. Every five minutes the *rappel* sounds, and patrols of National Guards, with most unmartial tread, pass us continually. Disarmed, red-trousered soldiers of the line, and Mobs from various departments, singly pass about their business, or in numbers divide their rations of horse beef or coffee beans on church steps or convenient pavement. A string of women, here and

there, stand to take their turn for rations, with that docility and order which have made the *queue* a distinctive national institution. Who has not watched and admired the decorousness with which a Parisian waits his turn at the theatre or omnibus door? And who now, looking at these patient women seeking bread, will not remember Carlyle's graphic account of the origin of the tail in like troublous times eighty years ago?

As our omnibus makes its way, we notice the inscription, "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*," painted on all the churches and public buildings, by the "men of the fourth of September;" while upon every Government edifice, the word "*Nationale*" has been plainly and—the number of letters being the same—easily substituted for "*Impériale*." National flags, British, Spanish, American—above all, and in great profusion, the red cross of the Geneva Convention—fly conspicuously over innumerable houses.

We descend from our lofty station, and presently reach the Hotel du Louvre. But how has its gaiety succumbed to desolation! We cross the once busy and brilliant courtyard, and, lighted by a single oil lamp, ascend the grand staircase. Of the many hundred chambers, not more than a dozen are occupied. Two ordinary sitting-rooms do duty for the palatial dining-hall and the famous reading-room. A solitary waiter, who cannot speak English, represents the old polyglot crowd, and attends to our call for food. The familiar sumptuous *carte* is still in type, but our choice is limited to one soup and one *entrée*; and there is no prospect of sweets or cheese. Every floor above the first is devoted to an ambulance; but, fortunately, the folly of aggregating large numbers of sick and wounded in such unsuitable places—instead of treating them in small barrack hospitals, where the air is constantly being renewed, and where no fluffy carpets or hangings toy with and cherish the infected exhalations—has not been manifested here, as it has been in other grand hotels.

We are endeavouring to portray as intelligibly as possible the aspect presented to the visitor entering Paris, as soon as it was reasonably practicable to do so, after a five months' beleaguement which, in so many of its characteristics, is without parallel in history; and we fear it is easy to over-estimate the value of such first impressions.

Paris changes its features as readily as a

beauty does her dress, and as completely as smile succeeds to tears on the face of an impulsive girl, or sunshine alternates with shower on an April day. We can simply attempt to tell what we see in the city during the few days that intervene between the close of foreign war and the beginning of civil strife; and, without particular order of time or topography, we pursue our peregrinations.

Here, then, is the Place de la Concorde, but yesterday in German occupation. The eight statues which typify the chief provincial cities still wear the tight black veils which hid their faces from the foe. The effect is rather ludicrous; and the Vandals to whom the soil of Paris was no more sacred than any other belligerent territory must have found it hard to appreciate the sentimental inspiration which had succeeded in giving these emblematic cities the visages of niggers. Among the rest is the statue of Strasburg, covered—base, throne, and figure—with immortelles and banners, piously placed thereon by patriotic individuals, and by not less patriotic companies of National Guards, with much oratory and fanfaronading, and much vowing to emulate the bravely but vainly resisting Alsatian capital. It is but bare justice to the “barbarians” to say that, so far as we can see or ascertain, no sacrilegious touch has disturbed veil, or wreath, or other emblem; but that, on the contrary, 30,000 triumphant soldiers entered a city which was full of exultant memorials of their own prior discomfiture, and left it three days afterwards, not only without despoiling and defacing, but without inflicting the slightest injury. A lady whose elegant apartments are close to the Champs Elysées—within the occupied district—and who looked, not unnaturally, for rudeness and requisitioning, informs us that she was not even disturbed by the sight of a soldier within the square in which her house is situated. One of our party spent some hours among the German troops, who, with intelligent avidity, engaged in conversation with him—seeking information especially respecting the famous edifices which could be distinguished from their positions. As evening closed in, their arms stacked and supper over, they merrily bivouacked round their cheerful camp fires, and inspired the artist's sketch; while the air resounded with song and chorus, or such hymns as that noble one of Luther's, which has been raised on so many a strange and awful scene during

the last year. But the Germans are outside the ramparts again; and now a glorious moon shines down upon fair Paris, which looks bewitching by its light. All the *cafés chantants* and the *jardins* are closed, and the silence of the Champs Elysées is only broken by the tread of small companies of National Guards. Paris has taken to early hours; and, as we wend homewards, we wonder of how many great cities it could be said that, with its police disbanded and its lamps unlit, we might have walked its streets unharmed, and probably unannoyed, at any hour of its darkest night.

We have already observed the wide circumference of the besiegers' positions. The real brunt of the defence was, of course, borne by the outlying forts. These, sixteen in number, are built on eminences encircling the city, and at irregular distances from it. Fort Bicêtre is barely one, while Ronsny is probably three miles from the ramparts by which the city is completely girdled. In like manner, the forts are varying distances apart. Vanves and Issy communicate with each other by a trench little more than a mile long; while from Issy to Mont Valerien is five miles as the crow flies. At this south-western extremity, the Seine emerges from Paris, and about two miles from the walls curves sharply round, and passing under the heights of Meudon, St. Cloud, and Courbevoye, maintains a course northwards, and so nearly parallel with the ramparts that it was regarded as itself an outlying defence. A line of wooded and picturesque heights, however, commanded these southern and south-western sides, at a distance which—with the wonderful improvements in gunnery—brought the city itself within range. The south-western angle of Paris is known as the Point du Jour. The river is here spanned by a long viaduct, which carries the circular railway, and connects the line of fortifications. By telescopes we can perceive, as did the curious Parisian during the siege, the Prussian works at Chatillon and Clamart, just to our left, and much more plainly at Meudon and Bellevue, straight before us. We see, clearly enough, the helmeted sentry pacing before the burnt and battered château which, this time last year, was Prince Napoleon's summer retreat.

Shells must have been frequent visitors within the walls at the Point du Jour, if we may judge by the mischief done. On the street lamps hereabouts, the panes of glass

facing the enemy are darkened; and who does not remember the stories of affliction which befel the unwary inhabitant whose harmless dormitorial candle suggested treachery and signals? Emerging by the draw-bridge, we find a semi-circular earthwork, its concave calculated to afford shelter to the defenders, its convex slope cunningly covered with boards, having nails presenting their sharp points upwards, in a way which must have seriously disconcerted the too daring assailant who escaped the meshes of wire tightly strung from stump to stump across the road. Had the Germans only consented to fight after the best examples of last century, instead of invisibly fringing from behind hardly perceptible earthworks, how much more picturesque and heroic the chronicle would have been! The gate at the Point du Jour has suffered severely from the guns at Meudon, between which and this part of Paris there was no intervening fort. The walls of the *enceinte*, too, have been frequently hit, the coping has been much disfigured, and the masonry indented a good deal; but no serious injury can we detect, and nothing anywhere accomplished approaching to a breach. Away on our right for miles extends what was the Bois de Boulogne; on our left, a tract last year covered with houses. The Bois has been cut down, since it obstructed the view of the besieged, and might have afforded cover to the besiegers; and, for similar reasons, where the houses stood is now, round the greater part of the *enceinte*, a plain strewn with *debris*. The saddest consideration is, that generally the loss will fall on individual owners, whose misplaced confidence has induced them to build on these hard military conditions.

The Versailles road leads in a straight line through Billancourt to the bridge at Sèvres. All the way, shelling has been very mischievous. The stone bridge at Sèvres has been broken; but by its side the Germans have constructed one on pontoons, which does duty to perfection. We follow the downward course of the river, which is here about as wide as the Thames at Chelsea. Opposite us are the sentry boxes of the Prussians, who are still at their posts; and immediately behind them abundant natural and artificial shelter for men on outpost duty. The line of the river must have been one of incessant excitement hereabouts. Where we are walking, every garden wall speaks elo-

quently. Chipped and crumbled stone and brickwork, and perforated doors and shutters, tell their own tale of pot-shots at short ranges, and of immortal souls sent to their account by skilled marksmen, who bore their victims no personal malice—firing, it may be, weapons skilfully wrought and perfected by artificers who looked upon the slaughter only as a contest between the chasseur and needle gun.

Now we are opposite St. Cloud. We see daylight through the windows of the palace. The roof is gone, but the *façade* is unbroken, and we do not yet realize its ruin. The bridge here is also broken; but enterprising boatmen are busy ferrying over the thousands who have come out *en fête* to see the ruins, and—though they would scorn the suggestion—to look upon the Prussians in the flesh. For our part, it may as well out here as on any other page, biassed, as we may be, either way or neither—they are splendid-looking fellows; and their officers have smart, soldierly bearings, and frank, ruddy faces, which make them look so—well, so English, that we are conscious of feeling at home with them as our Charon lands us on their side of the Seine.

We breakfast among the devastations; with great gaps which shells have wrought in the ceilings and walls about us. With much circumspection, we make our way over mountains of *debris*, which almost block the narrow street leading upwards from the river. The walls, which still retain their perpendicular, look as if a moderate wind would bring them down upon us. And yet there are some vestiges of peaceful times apparent. There, for instance, is a porcelain stove, and above it a mirror, unharmed; near them a cupboard full of cooking utensils, in perfect order; and presently we come upon a butcher's shop, lined with white tiles, uninjured; and opposite it, a shop scarcely accessible among the ruins, kept by a barber, who—still more remarkable—is actually operating on a client. Nor must we omit to note that the church has escaped with slight injury. The impression upon us all is one of surprise and dejection. The ruin is declared by one of our party—who has seen and described Bazeilles—to be as complete as in the case of that unhappy village; and much more saddening, since here the character and value of the property is so immeasurably higher. Climbing heap after

heap of fallen building, we make our way up to what was the palace, to find it a mere skeleton. Roof, ceilings, floors—all are gone.

Well-dressed and, it must be confessed, gay crowds circulate through the favourite apartments of the first and third Napoleons, and are busy breaking fragments from such marbles as have not been calcined, or

poking among the rubbish for relics and souvenirs.

One of our number is finishing his sketch, when a Frenchman suggests that underneath shall be written, "Burned by the Prussians in 1871." The circumstance is worth noting, as an illustration of the perverse hostility which Frenchmen seem to feel for simple fact. At the same time, while there is no



RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

doubt about the shelling from Mont Valerien of the Château of St. Cloud, there is much conflict of evidence as to the destruction of the town. We are told that the Germans deliberately painted the place with petroleum, and set fire to it, after the armistice—a startling accusation, vigorously and pertinaciously sustained. One thing only is clear to us, that both sides looked upon

the place as likely to afford shelter to the other, and at different times both had helped to make it untenable. Let us hope that deliberate history may accurately determine their relative culpability.

As we stroll through the park, the injury it has sustained appears less than might have been anticipated. Unchanged is the private railway station whence, little more

than seven months ago, the Emperor departed on his ill-fated journey to Metz. Fragments of shells—clearly from Valerien—lie about the grass. The lofty lantern of Demosthenes has been destroyed; and here, just below the fountains, and close to the palace, is an outpost shelter, the skilfully neat and substantial construction of which excites our admiration. Chairs which have had their day in Imperial saloons have survived to do humbler duty here. Close by, a black cross, bearing a simple inscription, tells how tenderly his comrades have committed to the grave a Fusilier, whose ashes are left to repose far away from the Fatherland for whose integrity he died. Grim batteries, masked and exposed, enable us to estimate the importance of these heights, which commanded the wide space east of the Seine, and formed the right of the German position fronting Mont Valerien and the battle grounds of Busanval and Montretout. Standing here, it is easier to comprehend the failure of the great sorties in this direction. We recross the river, and follow its course to Suresnes, above which towers Mont Valerien, looking a most imposing fortress, but no longer a strong tower of defence, for the German tricolour floats over its bastions. The bridge here has been broken down, although enfiladed by the guns of the fort. We now enter the Longchamp; and it is a pleasant surprise to find that, notwithstanding the rough usage the pleasant meadows and neighbouring part of the famous wood have had, no irreparable injury has been done. But nearing the *enceinte*, it is difficult to recognize in the shorn plain across which we are passing the once umbrageous and delightful Bois de Boulogne. For miles the trees have been cut down, leaving the stumps about two feet only above the ground. In case of close fighting these would no doubt have been wired; but, as we pass, hundreds of workmen are busy taking up what remains for fuel.

The heights of Montmartre and Belleville—which, in the brief but spirited defence under Marmont, in 1814, were outworks of great strategical importance—are now within the *enceinte*. From them, looking northwards, the view stretches out over an almost unbroken plain, extending from St. Denis, on the west, almost to Avron, on the east, and probably measuring forty square miles, space for an incredibly large army to deploy under the shelter of their fortifications.

VIGIL OF THE NEW YEAR.

IN this the death-watch of the year,
As dwells athwart the moonlit snow
The silence of a holy fear,
I sit me by the ingle-glow;

And musing in my quiet room,
I watch the fire-gleams rise and fall,
Lighting fantastic through the gloom
The old Dutch pictures on the wall.

Nor sound without nor voice within,
Save of the hearth-log crackling clear,
Or one shy cricket chirping thin,
Comes in this death-watch of the year.

Till lost in long laborious thought,
Old, ghost-like fancies haunt my brain
Of dreams the long-dead years have brought,
Of days to never come again.

Old faces seem in this weird while
Betwixt the meeting of the years,
To greet me with the sweet old smile,
To whisper all the ancient fears

Of love and hope, and friendship leal,
That made up life in that old time
Ere yet the wintry Death could steal
The sunlight of a golden prime.

One tender face of all the throng
Of long-lost ones that round me wait,
Looks on me loving, lingering, long,
To bless me in my lone estate.

Till in the bliss of this sweet pain,
New-waken'd in this hour of hours,
I feel the passionate pang again
Of May's long gone and withered flow'rs.

For hearts though old are hearts yet young,
When through the happy seasons gone
The close-drawn memories are unstrung
Of joys our halcyon days have known.

So old, old friends, of whom the dream
Of many a past and loving cheer
Still lingers, all familiar seem
To meet me in the dying year;

Until I feel that yet withal
The loneliness of us who last,
The angel blessings ever fall
Around us of the dear ones past.

Thus muse I, till upon mine ear
All sudden breaks a merry chime
Of bells, that in the new-born year
Ring in the latest hope of time.

In the present Volume of ONCE A WEEK, a Cartoon, by Mr. F. WADDY, will appear Weekly.

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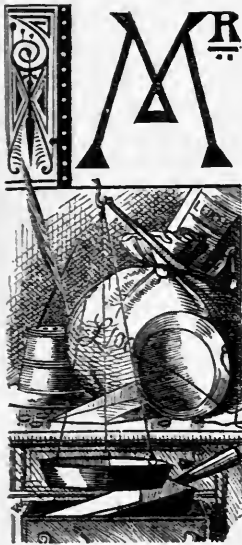
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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.



MMORTIBOY'S first impulse, on feeling the hand upon his shoulder, was to cry for help; his second—when a moment's reflection had convinced him of the entire folly of the first—to shake off the hand, and turn round. It must be confessed that a third impulse tempted him—to break from the stranger's hold altogether, and flee with what speed he might. His assailant released him, how-

ever, at once; and Mr. Mortiboy sharply turned upon him, trembling.

"Who—who—are you?" he stammered.

It was a figure he did not know: that of a tall, strong man, warmly wrapped in a thick pilot jacket, with a stout stick in his hand, and a round felt hat upon his head. As the moon came out by fits and starts between the flying clouds, Mr. Mortiboy made out, besides these details, a thick black beard, which covered all the face from the eyes downwards, and hid a foot or so of throat and chest.

"Old Mr. Mortiboy, I think you are?" said the stranger, in a rough, harsh voice.

"Mr. Mortiboy certainly—and perhaps old. Pray, who are you, and what do you want?"

"I want to speak to you. Come out of

this mouldy old churchyard, and go home. I will walk with you."

"You can come to-morrow to the bank. That is where I receive strangers."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall go home with you now. So as soon as you've done your business—whatever that may be—in this convivial and cheerful gathering-place, we'll go on together to Dergate."

"Is it business you want to see me about?"

"I suppose you don't have many evening callers for pleasure—do you, Mr. Mortiboy?"

"I do not. I am not one who wastes his time in gossiping with people."

"Not had many parties since your son went away, I suppose?"

Mr. Mortiboy laid his hand upon the stranger's arm.

"My son! Did you know my son Dick? Can you tell me anything about him?"

"Go on home, and I will tell you all I know."

"It's twelve years and two months," growled Mr. Mortiboy to himself—"twelve years and two months, yesterday. I wonder if he'll tell me what became of the boy."

He led the way home: not by the pad-dock: through the streets—a way the stranger seemed to know pretty well, as he swung along the street by the side of him, great-shouldered and burly, looking up at the names over the shops, as if he was trying to read them; nodding his head, too, with a certain air of recognition, as they passed the public-houses.

But it does not take long to exhaust the streets of Market Basing; and the pair found themselves in a very few minutes on the steps of Mr. Mortiboy's house.

"Still live here, eh?" asked the stranger.

Mr. Mortiboy, not without a certain feeling of uneasiness, opened the door, and admitted his guest. The hall was perfectly dark, and he bade him wait while he struck a light. To his terror and amazement, the stranger—who evidently knew where things

stood—deposited his hat on the hat-stand, and his stick in the umbrella-stand. Now, this familiarity with places in a perfect stranger, and in the dark, savoured of the supernatural; and though Mr. Mortiboy was not a superstitious or a nervous man, he trembled slightly, and looked over his shoulder at his visitor, as he led the way to the parlour.

As he peered curiously at him, he could not help thinking of the Devil.

It was the room which had been the scene of the will-reading. There was no fire; and only the one bed room candle which Mr. Mortiboy carried in his hand.

The stranger—he was apparent now—was a man who seemed about thirty-two or three years of age. His black curling hair was crisp and short; his figure was tall and muscular; his forehead was broad and square; and his eyes had a sort of fierce light about them which might mean many things.

Mr. Mortiboy raised the candle, and coolly held it before his face while he scrutinized him. He put it down after his inspection, which the stranger bore without flinching.

“I don’t know you. What do you want with me? And what have you got to tell me?”

“You do not know me?” asked the other.

“I do not, sir. And, to tell the truth, I hardly want to know you: for I mistrust the look of you.”

His visitor reached out his hand, and seized a decanter with a glass of wine left in it.

“It’s a cold night, and with your leave—” he smelt it, and put it down with a shudder of disgust. “Dry sherry. No, thank you. But haven’t you got a fire anywhere? Isn’t there one in the kitchen?”

Mr. Mortiboy stared at him with amazement. What had this familiar stranger to do with his kitchen? It was a lonely house, and he began to think of violence and midnight marauders.

“If we have business, it will be short, I suppose, and you can transact it in this room, cold or not, just as well as in the kitchen. Sit down, and say what you have to say, and go.”

“We have business; but it is so long, that I shall probably stay here all night. Take the candle, Mr. Mortiboy, and we will go to the kitchen, where you generally sit when Hester goes to bed. Follow me. I know the way.”

He took the candle; and, going into the hall, turned to the left.

The old man went after him as he strode out of the room, and clanked in his great boots along the passages—which he seemed to know well enough—in great wonderment and not a little terror. But how was he to disobey a man so big and so masterful—a man, too, who knew the house as well as he did himself?

There was a bright fire enough in the kitchen, and the strange visitor sat down, and warmed himself.

“It is twelve years,” said the stranger, in a deep bass voice, “since your son Dick ran away;—since, rather, you turned him out of the house.”

“Twelve years and two months. Twelve years and two months, yesterday.”

“Hang your two months. You have never heard from him since he left you?”

“Never.”

“Would you like to hear from him again?”

“If I knew he had been doing well. If it was to hear that the promise of his youth had been broken, I should like to hear of him.”

“Would you like, then, to hear that your son Dick, very early in his history after leaving you, saw the many errors of his ways, and reformed: that he became steady, industrious, and respectable: that, in short, he got money? And is, consequently, much revered and respected by all good men?”

“I should. Good heavens, man, if this is what you have to tell me, be quick about it!”

“First, Mr. Mortiboy”—he had spoken throughout in a rough, constrained voice—“I have had a longish journey, and have caught a cold. Give me a glass of brandy.”

“Brandy—brandy! It’s what the con-founded undertakers asked for this morning. I am sorry that I have no brandy at hand, sir. Would you like some gin?”

The stranger nodded. Mr. Mortiboy went to a cupboard, which he unlocked, and took out a bottle and a wine glass. Before handing it to his guest, he held it up to the light, and then measured the contents by the length of his finger. It was two joints over the length of the middle finger. He shook his head; and muttering, “I’m afraid she’s found the way to the cupboard,” poured out a glass cautiously, as if it had been the finest Chartreuse. His visitor tossed it off quickly; and, taking the bottle

from his hands, filled a second glass, and tossed that off. Then he sat down, and meditated for a few moments: Mr. Mortiboy watching him with his hands on his knees. The old man's nature was stirred up by the mention of his son's name. Old hopes, old affections, old memories rose again in his heart, where they had been silent and buried for more than half a score of years.

"Tell me about Dick," he said, impatiently, drumming his heels upon the floor. The stranger stood up, and half bent over him.

"I am Dick," he said, softly, and in his natural voice.

Mr. Mortiboy leapt up as if he had been shot. He seized the candle again, and held it to his face. He peered in his eyes. He looked again. Then he put down the candle, and answered in a quavering voice, almost in the words of Scripture—

"The eyes are the eyes of my son Dick, and the voice is his voice. But I do not know him—I do not know him. Dick was not so tall: Dick was smooth-faced: Dick was afraid of me. You are not Dick, sir. You are some impudent impostor, trying to cheat me out of a few pounds, because you know that I want my son Dick to come back again. That I want him," he repeated, piteously. "I want him."

"Dick was nineteen when you turned him out of your house, and bade him darken your doors no more. It is no great wonder if his face *was* smooth; and I think you will remember, if you reflect, that you gave him ample cause to be afraid of you."

"Prove to me—prove to me—that you are my son: my own son!"

The old man's spare, thin form—almost as tall as his son's—shook with emotion and excitement—and he stretched out his arms in a sort of wild yearning.

"Shake hands, father, and sit down, and I will tell you everything."

He held out both hands frankly.

Mr. Mortiboy took one timidly, and kept it in his, patting it coaxingly.

"Tell me something," he said—"the smallest thing—to prove that you are really Dick."

The stranger put his hand into his breast pocket, and took out a little roll.

"When your son left your house, did you tell any one the reason why you turned him out in disgrace?"

"No one to this day knows the reason, but Dick and myself. Whisper it."

"Then—is no one listening?—I will tell you. He was not extravagant, but he wanted money from time to time—as all young men will. His aunt Susan gave him a little. You gave him none. He forged a cheque: it was only for five pounds. But—he forged it! Have you got that cheque?"

"It has never left my pocket-book."

"Take it out, then. I am going to have it back again. You paid the money, and you told him that you would never forgive him—that you would never see his face again."

"I did—God forgive me!—I did."

"You did. You wrote him a letter to London, in answer to his. Here is the letter. I will read it. You remember that it was very short?"

"Your father sends you the enclosed ten pound note. Go, and retrieve your character."

"Is not this the letter?"

The old man took it with trembling hands.

"It is," he cried—"it is. And you are really Dick?"

"Stay. Let me finish. The ten pounds and the five pounds make fifteen. Suppose we say that this sum had accumulated at compound interest for twelve years: it would by this time have amounted to twenty-six pounds, eighteen shillings, and perhaps a penny or so over. Here are twenty-six pounds, eighteen shillings, and sixpence, which I propose to give you in return for the cheque."

He took the money out of a small bag, into which it had been counted, and poured it on the table.

Mr. Mortiboy counted it over again carefully: but this was habit. Then he took out from a pocket-book—one of those fat leather books, bursting with papers, which suggest all sorts of things to do with investments—an envelope.

It was labelled, grimly enough, "The Last of Dick." In it was an old cheque, stamped and initialled by the clerks of the bank. He handed it across, and waited in silence.

His visitor read it, put it in the fire, and went on.

"So far, we are quits. You have your money back. But our quarrel has yet to be made up. By the way, do you remember

my falling into the fire when I was a boy, and burning my arm? See here!" He drew up his sleeve, and showed a small, deep scar in the left arm. "One does not imitate these things."

"*You are Dick,*" cried his father. "I know you now. I knew you, really, directly you spoke in your old voice. But everything else has changed in you. And you are so big."

"Will you shake hands?"

His father shook hands with him—but not, as yet, quite cordially. In his mind—the moment he found it was his son, and no other who had come back to him—arose a feeling which jarred upon and was discordant with the natural joy of his heart: a suspicion that perhaps he had only come to borrow money—or, worse still, to live upon him. Parental affection was nipped in the very bud by the prospect of fresh expense, like the apple blossoms by an East wind.

"Go on, Dick—tell me about yourself."

"No. Tell me first about yourself."

"I am well—I am well. Not any richer, it's true; but bodily, well."

"And my aunt?"

"Dead, Dick—dead. She died last week, and was buried to-day. And oh, Dick, Dick—what a pity you did not come home a week sooner!"

"Why?"

"Because, if you had, you would have come in for all her money. As it is, I have it—I have it. Not much, it is true; and saddled with all sorts of vexatious bequests. A hundred here, and a hundred there, and a memorial window to put up. Dear, dear: what a waste—what a waste!"

"A memorial window?—ho, ho! In the church?—ha, ha! But we'll have a cheap one, father—we'll have a cheap one. I know the way to set about getting painted glass at cost price."

"Do you?" asked his father, eagerly. "Tell me how."

"Matter of business, my dear sir," answered the son, with an air of importance. "We must see our way in other things first. And so the poor old lady's dead! Well, I'm sorry."

"And what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Do you want me to give you the history of twelve years? That will take more than one evening's talk. As many evenings, perhaps, as I shall be with you."

"Why, Dick—why? You are not going away directly you come home, are you?"

"Business may take me. I've got my affairs to look after."

Mr. Mortiboy brightened up; and his fatherly affection, relieved of the cold wind of doubt, glowed and flamed in his heart, till he was fain to rise from his chair, and seize his son's hand, which he shook for several moments with every sign of lively emotion. Then he poked the fire, and took up the gin bottle.

"Dick, on such a night as this, we must drink our own healths. Shall it be port—they did not drink it all—or shall it be brandy?"

"Brandy, father, for me."

Mr. Mortiboy retired with the one candle, and presently returned, bearing a bottle of brandy, which he opened with great care and ceremony.

His son had lit a short wooden pipe, and was smoking as quietly as if he had never left his native land.

"I always have one pipe, and a glass of something," said his father. "And since poor Susan was taken, I mean to get rid of everybody but old Hester, and she goes to bed at eight. I send 'em to bed early. So that we are quiet, and to ourselves down here. Now, talk to me, Dick."

Dick took a long pull at the brandy and water.

"Where am I to begin? Let me see. Well, when I left England, which was not very long after I left you, I went first to the Cape, where I tried my hand up country at sheep and sheep-farming. But it was poor work. No money to be got, be as careful as you please. Got tired of that. Went to America. Went to the Californian diggings, and did pretty well. Went prospecting to Mexico—"

"What's 'prospecting,' Dick?"

"Looking for silver. Found plenty, of which I will tell you another time. Then the American war broke out, and then I had a grand stroke of luck; for I took up the blockade-running."

"No—did you really, though, Dick?—did you really?" The old man's eyes sparkled with satisfaction. "There was money to be got there."

"There was, and we got it. But that came to grief at last. We ran the good little craft ashore—here's to her memory—and lost her. Then—to make a long story short

— we realized our investments, bought a cotton estate of three thousand acres, and have been doing well enough ever since."

"And you're really worth money, my boy?"

"Worth—well, I don't know how many thousands, that's a fact; because we haven't reckoned up for the best part of two years. But we've got money; and here I am—ready to invest some of it by your advice, if you like to help me in that way."

"Then you're welcome, Dick"—Mr. Mortiboy held out his hand this time with real cordiality—"you're welcome, my boy; and I will help you to invest it."

"So you shall, sir."

"And—and—you haven't taken to drinking, Dick, and are quiet, I hope? Because I have a very quiet house here—very quiet and retired—and could not change my habits."

"As for my habits, a mouse couldn't be quieter. You'll let me smoke, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"And as for drink—let me have a glass or so of grog, of an evening—gin and water—anything—and, so long as I stay with you, I shall be contented. Let us save money, at any rate."

"Well said—well said. Now, look here, Dick. I allow myself a bottle of gin a-week. We will have two bottles between us. Is it a bargain?"

"It is."

"And we could share the expense—extra expense, I mean—between us, Dick."

Richard Melliship Mortiboy—*i.e.*, Mr. Mortiboy, junior—looked at the author of his being with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"We shall not quarrel about that. And so long as I am here, I shall be able to help you about the bank, and all the rest of it. Not for nothing, you know."

"Assuredly, not for nothing. And you can tell me about the blockade-running, and how the money was got. Any of it come home with you, Dick?"

"Some of it—a little—is in London. The rest is in Mexico: safely invested."

"Oh! in Mexico. But that's a long way off."

"Only four weeks. That's where the estate is. You can't bring the land away, you know."

"Ah! no. Dick, I am glad you've come back. Be a credit to me, and—and—there's no saying what may not turn up. But, oh!

Dick, what a pity you did not turn up seven days ago, in time to get your poor aunt's money."

"And so you went to the churchyard to-night."

"I was passing, by the merest accident in the world; and it just occurred to me that I would turn in, and see what would be the properest window—the best, you know, for the memorial of your aunt."

"I'd pick out the smallest," said his son.

"No! Would you, though? Would you really, Dick? Don't you think people would talk? I did think of it, it's true."

"Let 'em talk! And now, governor, that we're all friends again, let us have one more go of brandy and water, and I'll light another pipe; and we'll have a talk about old lines."

They talked till a very late hour for Mr. Mortiboy. And then Dick asked where he was to sleep.

"Lord!" replied his father. "I never thought of that. There's only my bed, and your poor aunt's. The spare beds are not made up and ready."

"Well, she's gone, you know. So I suppose I can have that?"

"If you don't mind."

"Mind? Not I, indeed. Put me anywhere. I once slept in the bed of a man who had been bowie-knifed in it the night before, and was none the worse for it. Mind? Not I. It's the old room, I suppose?"

His father led him to the room. Dick gave a look of approval round it, and proceeded to undress. Round his waist was a heavy belt, which he threw on the table with a crash.

"What's that?"

"Some of the 'ready,'" he said. "Some of the stuff that we're all so fond of. Gold, father—gold!"

"Dick," said Mr. Mortiboy, solemnly, "I'm *very* glad you've come back. And more glad still, that you've come back with so much right principle."

He went away, and his son went on with his toilette.

Mr. Mortiboy came back, and put his head in at the door.

"Don't waste the light, Dick. You're burning one of your aunt's waxes. I like to see all the lights out before I get into bed myself."

"All right, governor," said his son, blowing it out. "The old chap's the same as

ever," he muttered. "Damn his bottle of gin a-week. I think the compound interest showed true repentance, though."

In three minutes, Richard was sleeping the sleep of the virtuous.

And this is how Dick Mortiboy came home again.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

MR. MELLISHIP and Dr. Kerby, after they left Mr. Mortiboy's house on the morning of the funeral, walked to the bank—the doctor leading the other gently by the arm. They entered at the private door, and the banker led the way to his study, where he sat down, and leaned his head on his hand.

"Still the same symptoms?" asked the doctor.

"Still the same. I forget what I am doing. You see how I have offended everybody this morning. My mind is dwelling perpetually on one subject."

"What is that?"

"Money, my friend, money. My brain seems troubled at times, and I hardly know whether the thing I am thinking of is real, or only the vision of a disordered fancy. Can your medicine do nothing to relieve me?"

"Have you been trying no medicine of your own?"

The banker sighed.

"I have not been able to keep my hands from the brandy."

The doctor shook his head gravely, and said nothing for awhile.

"You must go away, you know. I told you so months ago. You must have complete rest and change for three months at least."

"As well talk of rest and change for three years."

"My dear old friend—the human brain is not like an iron machine. You can't work it for the whole period of your natural life without rest. You must take a holiday."

"I cannot—yet, doctor."

"If I speak as your doctor, I must say, professionally—then get some other advice than mine. But let me speak as a friend, and say, for God's sake take a holiday, or something evil will happen to you."

"What, doctor—what?" asked Mr. Melliship, eagerly.

But his adviser put the question by.

"There are all sorts of mischief—to brain,

to stomach, to heart—wrought by long and continuous work. Let us avoid them all by taking a holiday."

Mr. Melliship hesitated. Then he took up an almanac, dotted with memoranda.

"If I cannot trust my memory, I can trust these," he murmured. "I shall be comparatively free in a fortnight, doctor. I promise you that, if I possibly can, I will take a holiday then."

"And until then, no more stimulant than is absolutely necessary?"

"I promise that, too."

When this conversation was over, it was too late to go to the funeral.

The doctor went his way. And the banker rang the bell, and summoned his chief clerk, to whom he explained that a sudden indisposition had prevented him from attending the funeral, and would keep him in his own study. And then he wheeled up his sofa to the table, and fell into a long reverie.

Half an hour before six he rose, and went up to dress for dinner.

Dinner at Mr. Melliship's was a solemn and sacred institution, hedged round by the triple armour of an absolute punctuality, evening dress, and a certain stately courtesy, with which the master of the house treated his guests.

To-night there were no visitors, and Mr. Melliship, descending to his drawing-room at five minutes before six, found that the only occupants were his wife and daughter. His son Frank had still to come. But the banker, taking no notice of his absence, sat thoughtfully in an easy chair, and, resting his head on his hand, contemplated the coals. His womankind, to whom all his moods were sacred, abstained from interrupting him; and, to the astonishment of all the servants, six o'clock struck without the familiar accompaniment of the bell by which Mr. Melliship was wont to intimate to his *famuli* that he waited for no one.

It was a quarter-past six when Frank, who had returned late and dressed hastily, came into the room. Mr. Melliship looked at his watch abstractedly, and rang the bell without saying a word.

The banker was a man who loved to have finished with the day before the dinner hour. The evening was his time of enjoyment and recreation. Unlike Mr. Mortiboy, he took little pleasure in work, and none in the daily details over which he exercised a compulsory rule. Naturally indolent, and finding

his chief pleasure in literary and artistic pursuits, he yet worked conscientiously every day in his office behind the bank, where his clients found him when they came to deposit their money with him or to ask his advice. He had no confidential manager, such as Mr. Ghrimes—probably because he had not had the good fortune to find among his clerks a man of ability and integrity enough to gain his entire confidence. He was well served, however—better than Mr. Mortiboy was—because his people liked him; but his staff were all of inferior capacity, and there was not one among them whom he could trust with aught beyond the routine business of the bank. The work, consequently, was sufficiently difficult at all times, and of late had been—owing to the issue of certain transactions—more arduous than ever. In the evening, therefore, when the desks were locked and the papers put by, Mr. Melliship was able to breathe freely, and might fairly be said to live.

For many years he had looked forward to the time when his son Frank should be able to take his place, and carry on the business of the bank. That time had now come. Frank's education at Harrow and Cambridge was finished, and young Melliship had returned home—though with no great amount of distinction—and was ready, as soon as his father should propose it, to begin the preliminary course of bank training which was to fit him for the work of his life. But, strangely enough, his father as yet had made no sign; and though all the world knew that Frank was to become a partner, his days were idle, and—against his will—spent chiefly in shooting and hunting.

Nor was this all. Of late, a singular change had come over his father. Mr. Melliship, once the most genial and even-tempered of men, was now uncertain in his moods, fitful and capricious. The old expansiveness of his character seemed to be gone; and he had ceased to take his old interest in those things which had been formerly his chief topic of conversation.

Frank felt—what both he and his sister were somehow afraid of saying openly—that his father's character had undergone some sort of deterioration. How and why, he was unable to guess. Only Dr. Kerby knew, what we know, that in his over-worked head were the seeds of that most subtle and dangerous disease—paralysis of the brain.

The change showed itself in many ways. Mr. Melliship had been a great giver of dinners. To sit at the head of his own table, feeling himself in culture, intellect, and—it must not be forgotten—in personal appearance, the superior of his usual guests, was an infinite pleasure to this handsome and stately man. He had some acquaintance—such acquaintance as men in the country reckon no small distinction—among literary men, and could invite a lion of lesser repute to stay with him. The lion would roar at his dinners. And he had friends on the Continent who sent him visitors. So that Mr. Melliship had opportunities of calling together his friends to meet distinguished foreigners, and of hearing him converse with them—which he could do fluently—in French and Italian. And he used to patronize artists, and invite them to stay with him. Moreover, it was whispered that he had written papers for what were vaguely called “the Quarterlies”—though to this he never confessed. He was a special friend of the doctor's, by reason chiefly of this culture he had acquired, which sat so gracefully upon him. The squirearchy of the neighbourhood regarded him as an ornament to their society; and by all men, in all classes, Mr. Melliship was spoken well of: by all men but one—his brother-in-law, the man who had married his sister. Ready-money Mortiboy had called him hard names for twenty years.

But now the hospitalities at the bank were contracted; fewer visitors came from town, and no dinners were given. To all Frank's inquiries of his sister, he could get no satisfactory answer, save that things were really changed, and that his father's old serenity was gone, to give way to fits of taciturnity and a habit of retreating to the study, sacred to his own privacy since the birth of his children.

This night, at dinner, he was more silent than ever. The talk, however, such as it was, was chiefly carried on by Mr. Melliship himself, in a jerky manner, and with an evident effort.

He sent away his plate almost untouched, but swallowed bumper after bumper of Madeira—a new thing for him to do. Frank and Kate observed it with silent consternation. Then he broke upon the little chatter of his wife with a sudden and disagreeable laugh.

“The most absurd thing,” he said, “really

the most laughable thing—I actually went to the funeral to-day in coloured trousers!”

“Why, my dear,” exclaimed his wife, “it will be town talk!”

“I can’t help it. I forgot entirely that I was not dressed. It was certainly the most absurd mistake I ever made.”

Then he lapsed again into silence; while Frank—on whom a very uneasy feeling had fallen—hastened to relate stories of absent-minded men, and how they put themselves into ridiculous positions. But his father took no notice.

Frank noticed, with a relief, that he drank very little wine after dinner; and he proposed, almost immediately after his mother and sister had retired, that they should go upstairs for tea.

Mr. Melliship rose at once, and led the way; but turning back, as if he recollected something, he sat down again.

“There was something I wanted to say, Frank—what was it? Yes—yes;—I have not been altogether well for some little time.”

“So I have observed, sir. Can I not do something to help you at the bank—assist you in some way?”

“No, my dear boy—no—not just yet. But in a few days I hope to get everything settled—everything arranged for your joining me. And my own— Yes, if things turn out so. But suppose they do not?”

Then he relapsed into silence again.

“Come, father, we will hope they will turn out all right. Why should they not? Let us go and have some tea, and a little music.”

Mr. Melliship laughed.

“Yes—tea, and a little music. So we wind up the day, and ease our cares. *Gratior it dies*. Which of them was it—I think there was one—who had soft music played while his veins were opened in a bath?”

“Good heavens! I don’t know,” said Frank, looking at his father anxiously. “But come upstairs.”

Mr. Melliship took his tea-cup, and sat in his chair, and began to talk—for the first time for many weeks—of the little ordinary matters of the day to his wife.

“Play me *my* sonata, Kate,” he said to his daughter, “while I tell you all the particulars of to-day’s gloomy business.”

Frank watched him through the evening with a growing intensity of anxiety. These singular transitions from a gloomy taciturnity to an almost incoherent utterance, and from

this back to the old easy, pleasant manner, alarmed him. And then his reference to affairs of business. What affairs? He had never inquired into them; he knew nothing about his father’s pecuniary position. He had always been accustomed to the appearance of wealth in the domestic arrangements, to an ample allowance, to the gratification of all reasonable wishes, and he had asked no more. It occurred to him now, for the first time, that these gloomy fits of his father’s might have some solid cause in the affairs of the bank; and a shudder passed through him when he reflected—also for the first time—that banks in other places got into difficulties, and why not the bank of Melliship & Co.?

But Kate played on, and her mother, with her work in her hands, chattered, while the two men trembled. Are not women happy in this, that they seldom feel the blow before it falls? To men belong the long agony of anticipation, the despairing efforts at warding off the stroke of fate, the piquancy of remorse, the bitterness of regret, and the dull, dead pain of foreshadowing—that *προσδῶκία* of which Paul speaks. These they bear in silence mostly; while their women wonder what has come over them, or are only vaguely distressed in mind with the fear that something has disagreed with the stomachs of those they love. For women have this very odd and inexplicable feeling about men, that their first thought of how to please them takes the form of something to eat, and their first thought of uneasiness flies back to something eaten. And on them, so unprepared, comes the blow—heavy and cruel it may be, but not so heavy, not so cruel, not so destitute of comfort and compensation as it has appeared to the men who have suffered from it for so many months already.

About ten, Mr. Melliship got up.

“Good night, children,” he said. “I am going to my study. Where did I put the book I was reading?”

“What was it, papa?” asked Kate.

“‘The Life of Lord Castlereagh.’ Thank you, my dear, here it is. Have you read it, Frank? You shall have it, if you like, to-morrow. There is a very singular story about him. One night, as he was lying awake in a long, rambling room in an old house in Ireland, a fire burning at the other end of the room, he saw a child step out from the embers. The child, advancing towards him,

grew larger and larger, and at last stood by his bedside, a giant in stature, glaring at him with the wild look of despair, wounded and bloody. He rose, seized his sword, and advanced upon the phantom. As he drew near, the shape retreated, growing smaller and smaller, till it became a child again, and vanished in the fire. You know he afterwards fell by his own hand. Do you think the figure appeared to him again? I have sometimes thought so."

He looked round the room in a strange, wistful way, and went away without saying another word.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Mrs. Melliship, as her husband left the room, "why your father should tell us such a dreadful story; and to-day, too, after the funeral, when we wanted cheering up."

"I suppose," said Kate, "that his own thoughts have been turned all day in the direction of death, and that he cannot shake off the impression of the morning. Besides, you know how fond he was of poor Miss Mortiboy."

They did not know he had been closeted with Dr. Kerby while the service was being said at the church.

A ray of hope struck Frank. His father was not well. The funeral of his old friend had, as Kate put it, turned his thoughts in the direction of death.

"I will go," he said, "and see whether I can be of any use to my father. He is certainly not well to-night."

"He ate no dinner at all," said his mother. "See if he will have something sent up."

The study at the bank was a room at the back of the house, approached from the main stairs by a long, dark passage. It was not the custom of any one in the house, save the master, ever to enter the room, except in the morning, when Kate herself superintended the dusting operations, and made it her care that none of the papers should be disturbed.

Mr. Melliship entered his room, and turned up his lamp. Sitting down before the fire, he opened the book he had been reading, and read over again the story of Lord Castlereagh's suicide. As he read, his face grew haggard, and his cheeks pinched.

Then he pushed the book from him with a sigh, and opened a cellaret at his elbow, whence he drew, with a little hesitation of manner, a bottle of brandy and a glass. As

he was taking out the cork, he heard Frank's footstep in the passage. He had just time to put back the bottle, and to resume his seat, when Frank's knock at the door was followed by his entrance.

"Come in, my boy," said Mr. Melliship, "come in. You find me very busy."

"I am come to be of use, sir."

"That, Frank, you cannot be to-night. And so, if that is all, and I cannot help you, leave me to silence and work."

"But you are not well, my dear father."

"I am not, Frank," he said, sadly.

"Will you see a doctor to-morrow?"

"I have seen Dr. Kerby to-day; and he prescribes what I hope you will help me very soon to take—a long holiday. But I cannot begin it just yet. And so, good night, my dear son."

With that explanation—something, at least—Frank retired. As soon as his footsteps had reached the end of the passage, Mr. Melliship drew out the brandy bottle again, and filled his glass. As he held it to the light, a look of weariness came across his face. He put it down untasted.

"What is the good?" he muttered. "It brings stupefaction; but what is the use of stupefaction? It brings hope; but what is the use of hope? It paints the future bright, when the future is all black and gloomy. Good God! can I not find strength enough to meet my fate? At least, let me do what I can, and write to the accursed man who pulls these strings that are strangling me."

He sat down to the table, and took his pen.

"MY DEAR SIR" (he wrote)—"It is in your power to relieve me of all my embarrassments, or to—"

And here he stopped—because between his eyes and the paper on which he was writing there seemed to fall a cloud, and his brain wandered. His face dropped into his hands, and he groaned aloud. The clock ticked on, but he sat there motionless. Presently, he lifted his head, with a heavy sigh, and looked round furtively. What was it he saw, that on his brow there stood beads of perspiration, that his cheeks were blanched with terror, that his eyes were starting from his head?

The table at which he wrote was in the centre of the room: his back to the fire. He sat on one of those wooden chairs which revolve without the trouble of lifting them.

As he turned, and looked straight forwards, there was the fire burning brightly and cheerily; there was the mantelshelf, with all its dainty decorations, and above it the large oil painting of his children at four years and six—of Kate and Frank.

Was there nothing else? To us, had we been there, there was nothing. So, as the harmless rustic passed the pool where Diana and her nymphs were bathing he saw nothing, because nothing was to be seen. Presently, Actæon comes along, and with the glimpse of that other world he loses his perception of the present. So, too, when the Arcadian shepherd piped upon the mountain-side, the gods, Pan and the Dryads and the Fauns sported and revelled about him, and he neither heard nor saw. But to some luckless one—some dweller among cities, some poet whose brain is drunk already with the wine that he finds in the chambers of imagery—great Pan himself appears in all his terrors; and then the brain reels and totters, and the poor poet speaks never more coherent language.

So the banker, leaning forward, was face to face with an apparition from the other world.

"Woman," he cried, stretching out his hands in helpless agony—"dead woman—why do you haunt me?"

It was the woman he had gone to bury that very morning: Susan Mortiboy—his old playmate, his first love. She stood—or seemed to stand—before the portrait of his children, and held out her hands before the canvas as if to protect them. A tall, thin figure, with a worn and sad face, full of the sweet and passionless tenderness which comes of a life spent wholly for others, and ignorant of that human love which makes, at one time in their lives, all women selfish who are loved.

"Why?" cried Mr. Melliship. "Why?"

Her lips, as he thought, moved; and, though no sound came forth, to him she seemed to speak, but only echoed back the terror of his heart.

"The time of success is past—the time of ruin is at hand. Be strong to meet your fate."

"Strong!" he cried. "But how?—but how?"

And then the bloodless lips parted again, and the words which were not uttered floated across his brain—

"Be strong to meet your fate!"

"Oh! Susan," he murmured, "do not mock me. This is now the second time. The first time was on the night you died, and then you told me what you tell me now. Great God of Heaven! have you nothing more to say? To be strong—to let the ruin come—to be able to do nothing—to smile and pretend to resignation! Yes—but what is that of avail to help my children? And to save my own honour? Show me a way!—show me a way!"

The time for the help of saints has gone. Susan Mortiboy, a sainted and holy woman, had, it seemed to him, no advice to give; for the figure before his eyes was silent, still, and motionless. It spoke not; but it looked steadily in his face, while he gazed fixedly forwards, as one in a mesmeric trance.

And presently, as it seemed, the figure moved from the front of the fireplace to the side, and turned to the picture of the children, whither followed the eyes of their father. All the deep affection of his nature, all the keenness of his anxiety, all the bitterness of his terror, were concentrated in that gaze.

The features of the children faded away, and Mr. Melliship *looked through* the portrait again to see his own drawing-room. By the fire sat his wife, asleep over her work; at the other end of the room his son and his daughter, talking in whispers. Oh, death!—oh, life!—oh, joy!—oh, sorrow!—so far apart and yet together! The father, with his spectral guest, with his breast racked, and tortured, and torn: the son with his sister, but two rooms away, talking lightly of love, and hope, and pleasure.

"Oh, Kate," whispered Frank, so that his mother should not hear, "if you knew how I loved her."

"So do I," said Kate. "Not as you do, silly boy; because I know she is not an angel at all—not a bit more than I am."

"And do you really think she loves me?"

"Why, of course she does. I have seen it for months."

"But how—oh, Kate!—how could you have seen what I have hoped to tell you so long?"

"By ever so many little things—by signs and tokens—by things that men are too stupid to see. It must be a great misfortune to be a man," said Kate, sententiously.

"Not at all," replied her brother; "because if I were not a man I should not have

fallen in love with Grace Heathcote, and you would not have had the pleasure of helping me in my difficulties."

"I don't believe you will have any difficulties, only you imagine obstacles that do not really exist. But I am not going to talk this nonsense any longer. Come, and let us sing our duet, and then we will go to bed."

Stories are told of men who have heard conversations hundreds of miles away. They may be true or false; but here was Mr. Melliship hearing a whispered talk that took place under his own roof, only two rooms distant from him.

But as he listened and looked, a cloud floated over the picture, and it became once more the picture of two children playing.

The figure that turned its face towards him seemed to be weeping.

"Why," said the banker, "does all that I do or hope for turn to disappointment? You told me years ago, Susan, of my indolence, my vacillation, my love for making things pleasant, and smoothing over difficulties. You alone knew my nature, because you loved me, unworthy as I am. Yes, you loved me; and once I loved you. Would to God that you had been with me always—a protector from my evil genius, the best mother to my children that they or I could have had. And now you come, when the game of life is played, and I have lost, to mock me with words that mean nothing. Susan, is this well done?"

She pointed again at the picture.

He looked, and saw a very shabby, ill-furnished room. It was in a great city, for there was a never-ending rumble of wheels outside; it was in a crowded part, because you could hear them passing and repassing beneath the window; it was in a poor part, because you could hear the cries of those who vended their wares and hawked their goods about the streets.

In the room, lying on an old horsehair sofa, was his wife. By her sat Kate—his golden-haired Kate, the darling of his heart, his softly nurtured and tenderly cherished daughter, in a worn black dress, in mourning—God of Heaven! for whom?—bathing her mother's temples with water. And in the window, catching the last light of a winter day, Frank, bending over some work.

They were speaking.

"Kate, my dear, I want some eau de Cologne. My head is burning."

"Hush, mamma," she whispers—"we have no money. If Frank is fortunate, and gets his money to-night, we will buy something to relieve your poor head."

Frank, overhearing the question and answer, buries his face in his hands; and the father sees the hot tears pouring through his fingers.

"Be strong? But how? O, merciful Lord! must it come to this?"

The gray dawn of the February day breaks through the blind of Mr. Melliship's study, where the lamp has long since spent itself, and gone out. The light prowls round the room furtively. There is nothing in the room. It gets stronger, and looks again. There is a sitting figure in a chair. There is a painting over the mantelshef, wherein two innocent children are laughing upon the white face that looks up on them: and there is nothing else. No figure of a dead woman, moving clay-cold lips; and parting the folds of a shroud to tell of coming danger; no voice from the grave; no phantom of a disordered brain: for the brain has passed through the troubled stage of disorder, and has settled down again into brightness. The brightness of insanity. Mr. Melliship is mad at last; and is waking again, with all this night forgotten, and only one idea left to act upon. On the brink of ruin, which yet might have been averted if his brain were only clear, he has the delusion that he is rich—immeasurably rich!

MR. IRVING AS MATHIAS.

THE subject of our cartoon will be recognized by all our readers who have seen Mr. Irving as Mathias, in "The Bells," at the Lyceum Theatre. "The Bells" is a complete success, thanks to the admirable acting of Mr. Irving. The piece was produced by Mr. Bateman on the 25th of November, and the critics were unanimous in their praise of the acting of the principal character of the piece. Indeed, "The Bells" is essentially a one-part play—as completely so as "Leah" is. It is founded on the story of "The Polish Jew," by those great novelists, M.M. Erckmann-Chatrion—the twin brothers of modern French romance.

The play is adapted by Mr. Leopold Lewis, who seems to have performed the task of taking other men's ideas as well as adapters generally do it. His version of

"The Polish Jew" opens as "The Corsican Brothers" does—with a narrative of the motive incident of the plot.

Mathias keeps an inn in Alsace. In the common room of this inn, Walter and Hans are talking of the murder of the Polish Jew, which happened fifteen years before; when Mathias, the rich innkeeper, returns from a visit to Paris. Mathias was the murderer. He is astonished and alarmed to find the crime still a topic of conversation. When he killed the Jew for the gold he carried in his belt, he was poor and embarrassed. Now he is wealthy and prosperous, and the chief man in the village. His daughter is to be married to Christian, and he can give her a dowry of thirty thousand francs.

In Paris he has seen a mesmerist put people into the mesmeric sleep, and make them disclose their thoughts. This has made a deep impression on his mind. He sups; drinks with Hans and Walter; and after they are gone, is alone—with his disordered fancy. The sledge bells ring in his ears: again he sees the face of the murdered Jew: the sougling wind blows back on him the Jew's blessing, "God be with you." Still the sledge bells ring, and Mathias sees his victim driving in the snow. With a wild and terrible cry, he faints and falls.

In the second act, he is hurrying on the signing of the marriage contract. But as he writes his name to the parchment, the bells ring in his ears, each chime a fiendish voice to rack his soul.

The deed is signed, and witnessed by half the village.

They dance a dance of joy. Mathias, leaping up, joins in it, and shouts and sings with a mad glee.

In the third act the guests depart, and Mathias resolves to sleep alone: for he talks in his sleep. He locks the door of his chamber, and retires to his bed—to dream; and, in his dream, to live again through all his night of crime. But with a new horror. A prisoner at the bar, he fancies the mesmerist makes him sleep, and tell his judges, with his own lips, the secret story of his guilt.

Day comes. His wife and Christian break open the door of his chamber. They lift Mathias from his bed of horrors: and dying. He breathes his last in their arms.

Such is the plot of "The Bells."

The piece is well mounted. The vision of the Jew in his sledge, in the snow storm

(first act), and the hall of justice of the dream (third act), are all that can be desired.

Of Mr. Irving's character of Mathias, it is impossible to speak too highly. It is the finest impersonation seen on the English stage for years. It is a work of the highest art. The actor is lost in his creation. You see only Mathias, the terror-stricken murderer. The acting in the dream scene can only be charged with one fault. It is too real: too terrible. And at the end, the presentment of death is perfect.

Mr. Irving appeared first on the London stage, five years ago, in a play called "The Belles' Stratagem," at the Theatre Royal, St. James's.

To this versatile actor it would appear that tragedy and comedy come alike. He appears as Mr. Jingle in "Pickwick," after impersonating Mathias in "The Bells," and is very good indeed in the part. This assumption may be necessary to make "Pickwick" "go," but it is an artistic mistake. Mr. Irving should leave us with his splendid rendering of Mathias distinct and uneffaced by his second and altogether different character. We shall hail with pleasure his appearance in a new piece after his Mathias has had a long and profitable run.

We congratulate Mr. Bateman on the great success of "The Bells." The artists, Messrs. Hawes Craven and Cuthbert, have done well. Miss Pouncefort and Miss Heywood are efficient supporters of Mr. Irving; and in a small part—Sozel, the waiting-maid—Miss Mayne is very pretty and piquant.

PARIS AFTER TWO SIEGES.

AFTER THE GERMAN SIEGE.—PART II.

FROM the heights of Montmartre and Belleville may be seen, some six or seven miles away, the German positions—part of that marvellous environment by which 200,000 confident veterans, spread along a circumference of fifty miles, kept within a remorseless ring of steel and fire probably three times their own number of armed but ill-disciplined troops. We go out by the well-paved high road to Lille, which runs from La Villette, and passing by the fort of Aubervilliers, four miles out, forms the main street of Le Bourget. Hard was the fate of Le Bourget. Its possession by the French was essential to the success of any sortie in this direction, a fact which made its retention by the Germans a thing not to be questioned,

besides the satisfaction which its occupation gave them of annoying the defensive outposts. Le Bourget was consequently the object of furious contention over and over again. It was taken from the besiegers by a sort of filibustering expedition, and held for two feverish nights in October. It was one of the main points of a formidable combined movement on the 21st of December, in which ramparts, field batteries, forts, and musketry assailed the German foreposts with sustained ding-dong without success. And again on the 21st of January, under cover of a fog, a night attack of infantry, following a furious artillery fire, was repulsed with surprisingly small loss to the grim warriors who, behind wall and barricade, maintained by their cool intrepidity the reputation they had previously acquired. As we approach the village, we have to round several formidable barricades, and we intersect the line of entrenchments which connected La Courneuve on our left with Great Drancy on our right. Field batteries are distinguishable also about the plain. Loop-holed garden walls and vicious-looking earthworks testify to the fierceness of the fighting as we make our way. Here, as in other places, we see that the streets have been re-named in German, and we are aided in our explorations by German sign-posts.

Amid the evidences of tragic warfare, there are others which indicate a certain sardonic humour. Among them are lay figures, which, presenting themselves from upper windows, invited the shots of zealous marksmen without adding to the casualties. We enter a little *estaminet*, to which a poor woman has just returned. She has made desperate efforts to tidy up the place, and is vending bread and beer to the soldiers of the Queen Elizabeth regiment, who, in singularly sober, homely fashion, are sitting on such seats as can be improvised. We join them, and have a pleasant, instructive chat. One, whose heart is evidently with his wife and children and his grocery store at Breslau, explains with much courtesy and clearness the various positions upon the map; and all the men impress us most favourably.

About a mile and a half beyond, the road crosses the inundated country between Dragny and Blanc Menil. Returning towards Paris, we turn off to Drancy, which lies somewhat to the east, hardly a mile from Le Bourget, and which was tenaciously

held by the French as an outpost. It has consequently been heavily battered. The church has suffered severely, but suspended from the key of the chancel arch is a crucifix, with its figure untouched; and directly opposite, at the west end, a marble monument, erected in 1865 to the memory of the Countess Ladoucette, has also escaped shells in a way which may, without extravagant credulity, be spoken of as miraculous. But of all places, apparently, Bondy—between one and two miles farther east—has been most completely and destructively shelled. The wood to which it gives its name covered the advanced position of the Germans, and screened their siege works at Clichy and Montfermeil. Batteries erected nearer still not only pounded away at Bondy, but are said to have thrown shells over its head into Belleville, six miles off. It was indeed plucky of the French to hold such a position as long as they did, in face of such a fire; but on New Year's eve the place was vacant, and the Saxon patrols moved forward and took possession. As we enter, we find a squad of Landwehremen drilling by the side of the Canal de l'Ouarcq, which had been cut with the intention of restricting the water supply of the besieged city. Of the church of Bondy, the bare walls alone remain; and in contemplating the rest of the town, we lack words to give variety to the description of so much unvaried devastation. The eye with difficulty realizes the extent of material injury which is indicated by what we see before, behind, and all around us. How impossible to estimate the hardship and loss sustained by the inhabitants of this and other pleasant suburbs situated within the military zone! The "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" will doubtless continue to fascinate the world; but had the big talkers and bellicose writers who strove so hard to goad our Government into a participation in the mad strife shared the fortunes of one of these inoffensive householders, they might have propounded different views. Surely they would have felt, as we do, in looking on at the desolated homes, and thinking of the bread winners, with their dependent women and helpless children, penned up for five months yonder in Paris, that war is a damnable thing, about which it is hard to find a mitigating feature. But *A la guerre comme a la guerre*; these marvellous people are too buoyant to sink in any sea. Here is a gen-

tleman philosophically surveying his shattered chateau, through the garden of which we have to drive in rounding a barricade; and we pass a cart-load of simple furniture, with a cheery little company walking by its side, wending its way towards the doorless and windowless place which—although they have no word equivalent to ours—has to them all the charm of home. The tiled floors of cottages, which have little else left, are neatly cleaned, as a preliminary to re-occupation; and here are two bright-eyed, merry girls, who have come out to see what is left of their house, and are rejoicing that the stairs are perfect, and that the roof is not beyond repair. There is some law of compensation here. If a light heart can rush frivolously into war, it can also take from the penalty its sting.

From Bondy, we continue our journey, through Rosny, to the Marne; find the bridges broken, and cross by a pontoon bridge, which leads us directly to the pretty village of Brie—*petit* Brie-sur-Marne. We are now on the northern verge of the historic horse-shoe formed by a loop of the river, which here abruptly turns, and, after running towards Vincennes, makes a semi-circular curve about a mile in diameter, and then continues in a straight line to Champigny. The two or three square miles of land thus enclosed form a plain, commanded by the forts, and particularly protected by the redoubt sometimes called Faisanderie, but better known as Joinville; below which nestles the little village of St. Maur. Trochu and Ducrot led their hosts from out the Bois de Vincennes, and crossed the Marne under cover of these forts, bent upon breaking through the lines held by about one-fourth their number of Saxons and Wurtembergers. Brie is not unimpressive. There are great gaps where Fort Nogent has banged into it; but there are coquettish villas without a scratch, and where protection has been apparently obtained from the invader by the simple expedient of chalking "*maison habitée*" on the gate-posts. Here, too, the church has gone almost unscathed. Precautions have been taken, valuables have been removed, and others boarded over; but the curé seems comfortable enough, and with his permission a young soldier is solacing himself at the harmonium in a vestry, and rather warmly resents, as equivocal, our complimentary reference to the circumstance of

the place having been so much respected during the occupation by his countrymen. After much diligent exploration, we find a cabaret, where an enterprising native is revenging his country's wrongs by vending some unutterably vile red wine to the steady-going Wurtemberg warriors, who do penance benignly, philosophically consoling themselves with the never-failing pipe. Leaving Brie, we follow a high road crossing the wide neck of the horse-shoe, and intersecting the battle-field. To our right is the plain, on the left irregular wooded slopes, extending to Villiers and the besiegers' positions. There are indications of the important defensive use which this road—especially the part of it carried through a cutting—served. The Mulhouse railway embankments, too, have been similarly utilized. A mill and its outbuildings on the high ground have been loopholed, and must have had an active time of it—judging by the quantity of cartridge-cases lying about. The fields, too, are strewn with such evidences as mitrailleuse cartridge-boxes, kedis, cooking utensils, pieces of cloth, and knapsacks; nor can we overlook the neatly trimmed graves of the fallen. But it is at Champigny that we realize the stubborn nature of the fighting. Fort Joinville has fired most destructively into the village; and the position under such a fire was so clearly untenable, that it is a matter of surprise that the besiegers should have so gratuitously exposed their men instead of setting their foreposts some distance farther back.

Ducrot's advance, preluded by a furious fire from the forts, drove back the Germans, but only to a short distance behind Champigny; and though the latter must have been immensely outnumbered, they returned, and disputed possession of the village. For two nights, the men of each army held the two sides of the same street, renewing with the morning their fierce musketry fire from opposite windows, and contesting the place house by house. We have graphic accounts, pardonably coloured, from the soldiers, who describe with much vivacity the way in which they had forced a passage by front windows, and driven four times their number out at the opposite side. The scene is now a very lively one. Barricades are still up at the ends of each street; but tradesmen are making energetic efforts to resume business in their battered shops, and women and young girls are busy making

the best of what remains of their houses. The grisettes are the objects of somewhat awkward gallantry on the part of young Saxon soldiers, and are not—as it appears to us—indifferent to such attentions; in fact, there is no little unequivocal flirting.

As we drive along the road towards Paris, the shattered houses are numerous; and stretched out beside us is the plain where so many had to lie and moan during those long, keen winter nights, and where the various ambulances had such opportunities of usefulness. The sun has set, and twilight is deepening into dusk, as we re-cross the Marne, under the guns of Fort Joinville, where the blue coats and helmets are now at home. Before entering the thin but pleasant Bois de Vincennes, we turn to take a last look at the meadows and vine-hills, where thousands were left to rest in their last long sleep, while Ducrot—not dead, and certainly not victorious—retraced his steps, as we are doing, towards Paris.

We could have well prolonged our stay on such an inspiring spot, but our driver suddenly remembers that the gates of Paris close at seven. Making all the speed we can, and passing unchallenged through the last German lines, we get round the palisaded and bristling earthen bastion, and reach the gates just as the National Guards are about to hoist the drawbridge, which, as soon as we have passed, is drawn up, and shuts in the sorrowing city from the outer world.

Sorrow there surely is. Acute privation, anxiety, destitution, death have been here; and we know, too, that there is at this moment much want and suffering—too sensitive and reticent for public rationing—which the English organizations are trying to reach. But signs of depression rarely meet the eye. In the workmen's quarters, people sit at their doors, or about the wine-shops, with the old cheerful expression. Everywhere the omnibuses are crowded; at favourite houses—like Peter's, or the Café Riche—no seat is unoccupied at the dinner hour. The boulevards, as evening promenades, are almost as gay as of yore; and, curiously enough, there are still those odd contrasts between neighbouring cafés; and the circumstance of one being crowded while the other is deserted can be no longer attributed to the favour or disfavour of the Emperor. For nothing can be more complete and conclusive

than the utter abandonment of the Empire and all its characteristics. Of that vast mob of satellites and functionaries who were wont to *viva* the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince Imperial, not one appears to have the decent fidelity to put in a word to mitigate the universal derision which greets the frequent references to Badinguet. The caricatures with which the shops and kiosks are full are clever and amusing, but often coarse and revolting, especially those which represent the Empress; and bearing in mind that the people who applaud and buy these prints passively endured the Government for twenty years, we are not disposed to challenge Burke's dictum that the age of chivalry is dead.

Knots of political disputants are, of course, more frequent than in the days of *gendarmérie* and *sergents de ville*. Here a courageous speaker is emphatically assuring an excited crowd which encircles him, that while they have been shut up within their walls he has been in the provinces, and he knows that their armies were beaten. We return a quarter of an hour later, and find the same incredulous crowd, and the same speaker reiterating the obnoxious assertion, amid a storm of jeering contradiction. For is it not clear? France has been betrayed! Her generals have had their price! All the monarchical powers of Europe, and all the reactionary parties in France, have combined under the influence of a terror lest success should crown the Republican effort, and seal the fate of all other systems of government! And so Paris has been surrendered, and the country dismembered, just when victory was certain!

The humour of the hour is to commit violence upon any person who can be regarded as a Prussian. We call to see a lady, and find her home forsaken, and her neighbours relentless—her husband being a Badois, "one of our enemies." We look in at a pastrycook's on the Boulevard du Temple, and the young lady who serves us explains that although she speaks German she abhors the Prussians, being an Austrian. But this sophistry is becoming so familiar, that an edict has gone forth warning all Austrians to be ready with confirmatory evidence of their nationality. We hope our pretty *patissière* will be able to make good her story, else it may go hard with her. For here, close at hand, we witness a crowd sacking the shop of a reputed German, who

is said to have returned since the armistice to look after the property from which he had to fly on the declaration of war. He has, fortunately, been carried off with a whole skin to the police-station; but the crowd continues to indulge its cowardly humour by throwing stones against his evacuated and undefended premises.

To a sympathetic observer, it is inexpressibly painful to look at such infatuation, and to feel that a great people have learned nothing and forgotten nothing, and that blood and treasure have been spent in vain. Officers of the Line are strutting about the boulevards as if they were the heroes of a hundred fights. And in their pleasant haunts, with their beautiful environs in ruin; with a crushing penalty to pay for past follies; with the enemy at their gates, waiting the payment of the money; and with revolution fermenting in their midst—these frivolous people are venting their impotent threats of another war which two years hence is to carry desolation across the Rhine.

For though Paris boasts itself tranquil, there are disquieting signs, intelligible enough to such observers as the ubiquitous correspondents of the English newspapers, some of whom we find confidently waiting a serious issue.

We are at the Place de la Bastille, with its rich traditions of despotic incarcerations, and with its lofty column commemorating and glorifying successful revolts. Make way, citizens! Here comes a company of National Guards from Belleville, headed by its band, and accompanied by its vivandière. With the troop, there are motley auxiliaries, men in Mobile uniform, men in blouses, and men with grimy faces, as if they had come, with the muskets they carry, straight from the forge. Newswomen who are proclaiming the *Cri du Peuple*, the *Vengeur*, and the *Mot d'Ordre* subsidize; so, too, do the vendors of toy tricolours, and of medals in honour of Garibaldi.

The procession makes the circuit of the column outside the railings, then repeats the march inside; then a ladder is placed, and a delegation from the corps mounts to the pedestal. Another ladder is reared against the column; and one of their number ascends, and places the wreath among the tricolours, red flags, black flags, immortelles, and other emblems which cover its shaft. Then we have frequent but not boisterous cheering. They "*Vive la Répub-*

lique;" they "*Vive la reprise de la combat pour la République*," they denounce somewhat, and vow much; and while thus engaged, another corps, with band and vivandière, and irregular allies as before, arrive, and, like those who have preceded them, piously hang their votive garland in its place. About all this there is something suggestive of *claqueurs* and footlights; but we are bound to admit that it is earnestly and decorously done, that there is not the slightest symptom of disorder, and after brief harangues from its leaders each company returns peaceably as it came.

Let us follow the second company to Montmartre. Here we find the National Guards barricading, entrenching, and fortifying themselves on the buttes, and avowing their determination to retain and defend with their lives the guns which they say were partly purchased by their voluntary contributions, and which—the treaty notwithstanding—they will not surrender to Bismarck.

Sentries are posted on the slopes and about the various approaches to the hill. There is said to be abundance of weapons and ammunition, and the rebel Guards display much zeal and resolution.

AUSTRALIA AS IT IS.—PART IV.

CONCLUDING PAPER.

IN this our concluding paper on the progress of New South Wales, we propose to sum up briefly some of the more isolated yet always interesting facts contained in the official report.

We will first take the religious denominations. Of these, the Anglican stands first in point of numbers, and is followed by the Roman Catholic, the Presbyterian, and the Wesleyan. All denominations possess equal rights, enjoying the most perfect toleration and freedom, and none is specially supported by the State. The Anglican Church in New South Wales is subdivided into five dioceses—namely, those of Sydney (the metropolitan see), Newcastle, Grafton and Armidale, Goulburn, and Bathurst. In the diocese of Sydney (including the city of Sydney and its suburbs) there are ninety-two clergymen, and a hundred and eighteen churches and chapels. Church accommodation is provided for about twenty-eight thousand people, and the total average attendance at public worship every Sunday is computed at about

twenty-six thousand. In the other dioceses, the number of churches is of course smaller; but ample spiritual accommodation seems to be provided for the Anglicans of New South Wales, when we see that the whole colony, though as yet comparatively limited in population, has altogether two hundred and sixty-three chapels and churches—the total number of licensed Anglican clergymen being a hundred and fifty-four.

Next in importance come the Roman Catholics. In the diocese of Sydney (also their metropolitan see) this sect has sixty-nine clergymen and eighty-two places of worship, and the total average attendance of Roman Catholics at public worship every Sunday throughout the colony is reckoned at a little over forty-seven thousand persons. The strength of the other leading denominations may be measured with tolerable certainty by the following numbers:—Presbyterians, fifteen thousand; Wesleyans, thirty-four thousand; Congregationalists, five thousand; Baptists, two thousand; Unitarians, four hundred and fifty; and Jews, four hundred. These figures, however, it must be remembered, only represent the average attendance of regular members of these several denominations at public worship every Sabbath.

Connected with the religious system of New South Wales, we may mention that there are in the colony eight hundred and five Sunday schools, which are attended by about forty-eight thousand scholars. Speaking of Sunday schools naturally suggests the chief facts touching on the progress of education generally in the colony. The principal educational machinery of New South Wales is represented by the Primary Schools, public and denominational; the Grammar School of Sydney; the King's School of Parramatta; and lastly, the Sydney University and its affiliated colleges, St. Paul's and St. John's. The University of Sydney, situated on a hill to the south of Sydney, presents to the eye a magnificent range of buildings. It was established and endowed in the year 1851; and by a Royal Charter of 1858, its graduates enjoy the same rank, style, and precedence as are enjoyed by the graduates of our own Universities. The distinctive character of Sydney University is the absence of any religious test, its aim being to supply the means of a liberal education to all orders and denominations, without any distinction whatever.

Great importance is attached by the people of New South Wales to primary education, and ample provision has been made by the Legislature of the colony for the instruction of the young. There are many points of resemblance between the Public Schools Act of New South Wales and the bill introduced by Mr. Forster into the House of Commons in relation to the same subject. There is a Council of Education, consisting of five members, who are appointed by the Governor, with the advice of the executive council—their term of office lasting four years. The act entrusts to the council the expenditure of all moneys voted by the Colonial Parliament for elementary instruction. The council has authority to establish and maintain public schools; to grant aid to certified denominational schools; and, subject to certain provisions, to appoint and remove teachers or school inspectors; to frame regulations; to elect its own president; and to define the course of secular instruction, the training, examination, and classification of teachers, the examination of scholars, and the discipline to be enforced. Another important clause of the act is one which makes provision for schools to be taught by itinerant teachers, who move about among the scattered population of the interior. Such schools (termed half-time schools) may be established wherever twenty children of the legal age, residing within a radius of ten miles from a central point, can be collected in groups of not less than ten children in each. Under certain regulations, assistance is provided to schools in thinly populated districts. A school fee, generally of a shilling per week, is charged, a reduction being made where several children attend belonging to one family; but children whose parents are unable to pay the fees are taught gratuitously. The colonists of New South Wales seem to have settled the question—so much vexed with us at home—of secular and religious teaching in a very business-like manner. Their act provides that “in every public school, four hours during each school-day shall be devoted to secular instruction exclusively, and of such four hours two shall be in the morning and two in the afternoon; and a portion of each day—not less than one hour—shall be set apart when the children of any one religious persuasion may be instructed by the clergyman or other religious teacher of such persuasion; pro-

vided that, in case of the non-attendance of any clergyman or religious teacher during any portion of the period hereby set apart for religious instruction, such period shall be devoted to the ordinary secular instruction in such school."

While upon the subject of education, we are pleased to find that our colonial brethren are by no means badly off in the matter of libraries. The Free Public Library, supported by Government, was opened on the last day of September, 1869. This collection contains about 16,000 volumes, many being of great value as works of reference; and new books in the various branches of literature are daily being added. Another large library is the Mechanics' School of Arts, under a management similar to that of the Free Library. The library consists of not fewer than 16,000 books, embracing standard works in every department of literature. The reading-room is spacious and comfortable, and contains the principal English, Scotch, Irish, foreign, and colonial newspapers, together with British, French, German, and American periodicals, and a large and valuable reference library.

We must not forget to mention one or two facts of interest relating to law and lawyers in this thriving young colony.

The laws of New South Wales are substantially identical with our own; but there are a few variations of some importance, which may be worth noticing. The most material is that the punishment of death is still awarded for the crime of intent to murder. Another difference is the absence of a grand jury — an improvement, by the bye, which many people are beginning to think might well be introduced into our own system of judicature. In New South Wales, the bills of indictment are found or ignored, as the case may be, by the Attorney-General. A third striking variation in the colonial laws, as compared with those of the old country, is that the landed property of a person dying intestate is divided in the same manner as personal estate, instead of passing in its entirety to the heir-at-law.

Of the lawyers themselves, we are told that the number of barristers on the roll of the Supreme Court resident in the colony is fifty-six, of whom four are Queen's Counsel. But of these, some are not practising. The number of Sydney attorneys in practice is one hundred and sixteen, and of country attorneys ninety-eight. There are twenty-two

notaries public, all of whom are attorneys. So that the people of Sydney have, on the whole, no dearth of legal advisers.

But, to reverse the old Roman phrase, let the toga yield to arms for awhile—at least, in the present notes. New South Wales, like the mother-country, has her defensive force of volunteers, although necessarily on a much more limited scale. The first volunteer corps in the colony was formed in 1854, shortly after the receipt of the news of the outbreak of the Crimean War; but only partial success attended the effort. Very little was done to make the force attractive. With some of the peculiar parsimony common to Governments nearer home, the Government aid was limited to the issuing of arms and accoutrements of the inferior pattern of the period; the cost of the uniform and other expenses being borne by the members themselves; and this, too, after an invitation from the Government itself to the colonists to enrol themselves. It was not, therefore, until the year 1860 that the movement took any real hold upon public favour. Following the example of the mother-country, a number of the most influential people in Sydney established a rifle association upon the English model, and the scheme was crowned with a success which every year grows more triumphant; and our New South Wales riflemen are no mean shots. The first prize meeting, at which no less than 500 volunteers competed for prizes, was held at Randwick, in September, 1861. Since then, the practice of the rifle has been continued with enthusiastic zeal; "and," proudly adds the report, "our riflemen have attained a degree of excellence as shots which is not surpassed in any part of the world." And it cannot be denied that there is good reason for the boast. In numerous intercolonial contests, the Sydney "cracks" have been almost invariably successful, both with the Government weapon and the small-bore. In the small-bore contest with Victoria, for a challenge shield of the value of £300, New South Wales won five times out of six, the contest having been conducted annually "home and home," on condition that three matches should be won in succession to secure the prize.

To show that the colonists of New South Wales have not left themselves perfectly defenceless against any modern invasion from an unlooked-for quarter, we need only glance at the numerical strength of their volunteer

force, which, in round numbers, is as follows:—Artillery (seven batteries), five hundred and thirty-five men. Rifles, reckoning Sydney and country corps together, about two thousand five hundred; besides two hundred and thirty-five men of the Naval Brigade. This last has a special organization, being a happy compromise between the militia and volunteer systems. It was established in May, 1863, and it has all along been a very favourite corps. The gunners receive retaining pay at the rate of a pound per month, and the officers proportionately higher rates, according to rank. The principle of its constitution has proved highly successful, as it has been the means of inducing a class of men to join who, from their avocations on the water and along shore, are the best suited for a semi-marine service.

The total amount voted by the Sydney Parliament for the volunteer force and naval brigade in 1870, was £11,966.

With these healthy facts before us, we think we may safely leave our New South Wales colonists to the development of their boundless natural resources; being well assured that for the present, at least, they are well able to take care of themselves against any ordinary aggressor.

TABLE TALK.

IN a recent issue of the "Westminster Review," a most interesting paper appears on a subject dear to all English hearts, namely—the Pilgrim Fathers. Of the many people who delight to speak with interest and reverence of those grand old pioneers of British emigration to the West, few know who these redoubtable Pilgrim Fathers really were. When the *Mayflower* started from Plymouth, she had on board one hundred passengers, of whom forty were men and the rest women. When, after many dangers, they at length arrived in New England, eight of their number were chosen as the Government of the new community—these eight men were the Pilgrim Fathers. First stands John Carver, unanimously elected governor, a man between fifty and sixty years of age—"a pious and approved gentleman as to character." This humble-minded and self-sacrificing leader only lived five months after landing. His wife, Elizabeth, died soon after. Then comes William Brewster, the ruling elder of this community,

and the oldest man in the company. He had mixed, in his earlier years, amongst Courts and Cabinets, and had suffered much persecution for the truth's sake. He was not regarded as a pastor, although he preached, "proverbially and profitably," twice every Sabbath. He is said to have had a singularly good gift in prayer; and, like a wise man, approved of short prayers in public, because, as he said, "the spirit and heart of all—especially the weak—could hardly continue, and so long stand bent, as it were, toward God as they ought to do in that duty, without flagging and falling off." Brewster died in 1644, at the age of eighty years. William Bradford was foremost among the younger men. He joined the Pilgrims when eighteen, and was chosen governor in Carver's place when only thirty years old. He could speak six languages, and was altogether a remarkable man, being described as the Washington of the colony. To his history and other written records we are indebted for much of the knowledge we possess concerning the "plantation" which he governed by common consent for eighteen years. Edward Winslow is another notable character. He was of gentle birth, and an accomplished scholar—the second richest man of the party, and the happy husband of a worthy wife. Although only twenty-five years of age, he had great influence over his compatriots. His sound judgment, pleasant address, and inflexible uprightness fitted him for the many diplomatic missions he successfully undertook. He died at sea, when in the service of Cromwell, at the age of sixty. His portrait—the only one extant of any Pilgrim—represents a polished Christian gentleman: no crop-haired Roundhead, or lean and sour-looking ascetic, but one who might well be what he was called, one "whose life was sweet, and conversation just." Isaac Allerton was a middle-aged man, and the father of a family; the merchant of the company, and an extensive speculator in after-years. Then comes Miles Standish, of whom Longfellow has so worthily sung. This stout-hearted soldier was thirty-six years of age, and sprung from an old and distinguished family. There are stories of his having been heir to a large property wrongfully withheld from him. Though small in stature, he was mighty in battle, and by no means the weak Christian that many of his compatriots would have had him to be. Certainly, he was never

member of any Christian church. A sampler worked by his daughter is still one of the prized relics of Plymouth. He lived to be seventy-two, and was a tower of strength to the settlement. Samuel Fuller was a popular physician, as well as a godly man. Though he left his wife to follow him, he brought his cradle with him, and in it was rocked—on board the *Mayflower*—Peregrine White, the first infant Pilgrim. John Alden, the last of the list, is another of the Pilgrim Fathers who has been celebrated by the poet. Although only a cooper by occupation, his strong, sound sense, and many sterling qualities, made him a man of mark, and he often acted as “assistant” to successive governors. Twenty-two when he arrived in New England, he remained there till his death, at the age of eighty-four. He married Priscilla Mullins, whose name has also been immortalized by romance: for she refused the hand of Captain Miles Standish, preferring the humbler attractions and more solid qualities of her younger admirer.

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS are not so often in people’s mouths, but of them also something may be said. At least eighteen of the men had wives with them, and many of them are prominently mentioned in the public records of the colony. Mary Brewster, Rose Standish, and Elizabeth Winslow are familiar figures in the gallery of New England worthies. Some of the girls, too, are distinguished by tradition; and all of them have left descendants by whom their memories are revered. Several lived to a great age, and length of years is still a peculiarity of life in these states. Elizabeth Howland died at eighty-one; Mary Cushman lived to be ninety, and resided seventy-nine years in the country; Mary Chilton was at least seventy when she died; and Constantia Hopkins was old.

AN ATTRACTIVE TITLE is the first recommendation of a Christmas story in our day; but authors do not seem always to have been so particular in studying the prejudices of their readers in this matter. Lady Craven—afterwards known as her Serene Highness Elizabeth, Margravine of Anspach—published, in 1799, a “Tale for Christmas” with the following mellifluous title:—“Modern Anecdotes of the Ancient Family of the Kinkver-vankotsdarsprakengotchdernas.” One of the

papers of the day, in a notice of this attractively christened little work of fiction, said:—“This tale, which is dedicated to the late Lord Orford (then Mr. Walpole), is told with much humour; the descriptions are particularly fine, and the moral tends to show that opposition produces both craft and fortitude.”

A PARAGRAPH which appeared in the *Times* some short time ago is, I think, worthy of more permanent notice. It seems that the French Minister of War has decided that in future white or dappled gray horses shall not be employed in military service, the experience of the late war having proved that animals of such colour offer an excellent mark for the enemy’s artillery.

ANOTHER CURIOUS piece of information connected with white horses is, that during the siege of Paris they were condemned by the veterinary authorities as unsuited for human food, horses of this colour being regarded as lymphatic.

A LEADING PAPER makes a note of the death of a philanthropic cotton-spinner at Manchester. The obituary notice ends thus:—“He was liberal of his gifts to other local charities. Though he never took a prominent part in local affairs or in politics, he was for many years a most highly respected citizen. He only leaves a daughter to lament his loss.” Sub-editors should be careful.

ERRATUM.—In “Buried Cities” (vol. viii., p. 572), the last line but one should be—

“ | And a man | surely cannot wish for more.”

Annapolis, the word it contains as it stands, is misspelt—one *n* is left out.

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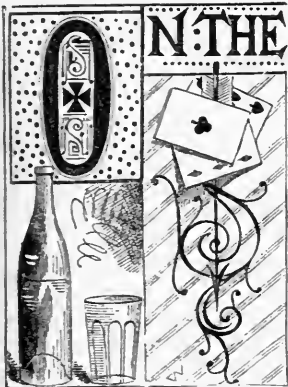
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A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.



THURSDAY morning, Dick Mortiboy went uptotown to see the "partner" of whom he had told his father. "Meet me," he wrote to him, "at Euston, in time for the two o'clock train." At ten minutes before two there arrived on the platform of the

terminus a thin, slightly built man, who began pacing up and down, and irritably glancing every moment at his watch.

He was about forty years of age. His closely shaven cheeks were sallow and pale, save in the part where a beard should have been, and this was of a blue-black. His hair—worn close and short—was black and straight. His features, at first sight, appeared to be delicately and clearly cut: looked at more closely, it seemed as if the lines, skillfully designed, had been roughly executed—much as an engraver spoils a drawing on the block. His eyes were small, bright, and set well back in the head. His lips were thin and mobile; and his chin was long, nearly straight, and very sharp. Now, persons with long straight chins are not unseldom remarkable for tenacity and obstinacy. What constitutes a look of cruelty? I cannot define it. But Mr. Richard Mortiboy's partner and friend had it, distinctly and unmistakably.

Looking at him for the first time, a sort of shudder ran through you; and though

after-acquaintance might remove the dislike of first thoughts, a secret suspicion was always awakened in men's minds whenever the name of Alcide Lafleur was mentioned. Not in Dick's, it is true, because Dick had not a sensitive nature. He was one of that numerous tribe of mankind who are physically strong, and intellectually self-reliant and clear-sighted. It belongs to a timid nature to take fright at the sight of a stranger—to see intuitively a certain friend in one man, and a certain enemy in another: to open out, like a sensitive plant, in presence of the first; to shut up and shrink, as the plant folds up its leaves and bends back its branches recoiling, at the contact of the other.

M. Alcide Lafleur was irreproachably dressed, in a dark gray suit and black coat. His appearance proclaimed him a foreigner; but when he addressed one of the guards, his accent was perfectly pure, and his English that of a well-educated gentleman—English, say, a little better than that we hear in the drawing-rooms of London; such as an American of the highest class talks.

The train came in true to time, and among the first to step out was Dick Mortiboy. The partners shook hands, and walked out of the station, taking a Hansom which passed along the road.

"Never take a cab from a station," said Dick, with the air of a man who propounds a new maxim in philosophy, "unless you want all the world to know where you are going."

"Where are we going?" asked his companion.

"Anywhere you like, my dear Lafleur, provided we have a quiet place to ourselves, and a talk. I've got a devil of a lot to say."

Lafleur shouted to the cabman through the trap, and in a few minutes they were deposited on the pavement of Greek-street, Soho.

"A quiet house," said Lafleur, leading

Richard into it—"a house where donkeys of conspirators meet and devise schemes which never come to anything, for the upsetting of the world. I use it sometimes."

"Are you turned politician and Republican?"

"Yes, to get their secrets, such as they are: poor things, when you know them all. But come in."

The house was externally the modest establishment of a *blanchisseuse*. Two or three Frenchwomen, in clean, white caps, and faces which looked almost as clean and white, were ironing and folding before the window. One looked up as they entered.

"*Tiens!*—it is you, M. Lafleur. And monsieur is your friend?"

"It is I, madame," returned Lafleur, taking off his hat. "And monsieur is my friend."

"And charmed," said Dick, in French, "to make the acquaintance of madame."

"Let us have a room, madame, and a fire, and a bottle of brandy, and—and—"

"And a beefsteak, and a pot of stout, and a pack of cards," said Dick.

"You shall have them all, messieurs. Follow me, if you please."

She took them upstairs to a back room on the first floor, which looked out cheerfully on an old churchyard: a very pauper among churchyards—so green and grimy were the tombstones that should have been white, so black and bare the ground that should have been grass. Dick looked out and laughed.

"Here," he said, "is a lively and desirable locality to choose for one's own bedroom."

"Eh? What does it matter? I would as soon sleep in a churchyard as in an hotel."

"We have slept in one, my dear friend, not so very long ago, without experiencing any harm."

Lafleur laughed—an uneasy, unpleasant laugh. It was this coarse-minded Englishman's chief fault that he was always making some reference to former unpleasantness.

Madame brought them, with a beaming face, a huge beefsteak from an adjoining eating-house, with the other luxuries they had called for; and, after putting them on the round table in the middle of the room, added, quite as a matter of course, and as if it were as much an accessory to the table as a saltcellar, an inkstand, pens, and a few sheets of paper.

Then she lingered for a moment, gazing

admiringly at the stalwart Dick—the hand-somest conspirator she had ever entertained in her hotbed of treason.

"Monsieur brings good news?" she asked.

Dick looked at her, somewhat puzzled. But Lafleur answered for him—

"Good, madame, but secret."

"I understand," she said. "I wish you success."

Then she retired, shutting the door carefully, and making as much noise as possible in going downstairs, in order to show that she was not listening outside.

"She thinks you are a messenger from the International somewhere or other," said Lafleur, carelessly. "Let us get to business."

"Let us get to dinner," said Dick. "Good Lord, how hungry I am! Do you remember—"

"No, I do not. I remember nothing of the past. I wish you did not."

Dick laughed, and sat down to the table.

"Have some steak, Lafleur. No place like England for beefsteaks. Eat, my friend—eat: that will refresh your memory of many things."

"Tell me how you are getting on," said his friend, taking a small piece.

"In the first place, I'm nearly starved."

"That I see," returned Lafleur.

"The old man is the same as ever: but shakier than he was. And now, attend carefully, because this will change all our plans. He has not only forgiven and forgotten, as he says, but he believes everything I tell him. And he is going to be guided by all I advise, if only I play the cards well."

"Did you say anything about the mines?"

"He won't listen to the mines."

"Did you tell him about the sunken treasure?"

"I tried it on last night: but he didn't rise as I could have wished. The fact is, Lafleur—Do have some more steak. No? Then I'll finish it."

He finished the steak before he finished his sentence. Then he pushed back his plate, drained the pewter too; and then, turning his chair to the fire, pulled out a pipe, filled it, and lighted it.

"My father always has his meals in the kitchen," he observed. "It is a delightful custom. So do I. We sit opposite to each other; and the old woman cuts the meat. The governor only eats a plateful, if it's hot; or a slice on a piece of bread, if it's

cold. I do the same. I tell him it reminds me of my camp life, and that I like it. Queer, isn't it? And he believes me!"

Then he began to smoke his pipe.

"You forget my impatience, my dear Richard," said Lafleur, softly.

"No, I don't. At night we sit opposite to each other, and I smoke my pipe, and tell him of my partner's skill and prudence; how we managed to get money; and how we've been hoarding it, and saving it, and grinding and screwing, to get more."

"Aha!" said Lafleur, with a smile.

"Very well, sir. All this is to lay a foundation, and was exactly what we agreed upon. But, you see, the old man believes the tale to such an incredible extent, that we can do better; or, at all events, I can do better."

"What are you going to do? Dick, you're not going to throw me over, are you?" asked Lafleur, leaning forward eagerly.

"I think I am," returned the other, coolly.

"Look here. I come home with you. We've got our little pot. It is agreed that we shall make it out to be a great deal bigger than it is. I am to go down, like the Prodigal Son, to the old man: I am to say to him, 'Father, I'm truly penitent for what I did.'"

"What did you do?" asked Lafleur.

"That's nothing to do with you, my Alcide. I am to repent, and weep, and tell him that nothing but filial love brings me home again: that, and a desire to show him with my own hands what I have done. Very well. I am then to put into his hands the documents of partnership, and tell him all about the cotton. Eh? And then I am to propose to him a mortgage of our valuable estates, or a loan, or some means by which we can raise five thousand pounds, of which you are to have half. Is all that correct?"

"It is. Five thousand will do it."

"You are quite sure of your system?"

"Sure, Dick! Am I sure? What made our last pot?"

"Your system."

"What kept us afloat at San Francisco?"

"Your system, still."

"Then you ask if I am sure!" said Lafleur, flushing to the eyes. "Dick, if I only had a dollar in the world, and was certain that I should never make another, I'd lump it all on my system. Give me only five thousand pounds, I'll break any bank in Europe; and then go to America, and break any

bank there. And then we'll share the spoil!"

"Very well," said Dick, coolly. "Now, I tell you what I'm going to do. I'll buy, and take to Market Basing to-morrow, all the things we agreed upon, and show them to the governor. But after that, I'm going on another tack. I'm going to see if I can't stay there, and get more than a paltry five thousand. I'm going—don't you perceive?—to be a support to my father's failing age, my friend."

"Ah!" said Lafleur, in a tone which might mean a great deal.

"Yes. And I may possibly make him see that things will be carried on better with me than without me. But give me three months."

"And meantime?"

"I am quite certain, Lafleur—quite certain: you know me?—that I can get you the money, one way or the other."

"One way or the other?"

Lafleur looked meaningly in his friend's face.

"Yes," said Dick, with a firm setting of his eyebrows. "It can be done, and I can do it. In three months' time you shall have your five thousand, and I shall either be a rich man, or else—"

"Else what?"

"Still a member of the firm of Lafleur, Roaring Dick, & Co., formerly respectable traders in San Francisco, New Orleans, the city of Cairo, and other places in the United States, and elsewhere in this populous and little-witted globe."

"I can live very well for three months," said Lafleur, meditatively. "There is not much to be done, it is true. But there is something. I know a place or two already. And I still have a thousand left."

"You mean *we* have a thousand."

"Of course—of course."

"It is just as well, my partner, to be accurate. In this particular juncture it makes a little difference, because I want half of it to take back to Market Basing."

"What are you going to do with it there?"

"Don't you understand? I have seen my partner. He hands me a cheque on account. It is my share of the profits of one venture. Eh? And my partner is going to sail directly, to look after this year's crops."

Lafleur nodded.

"Where's the money?" asked Dick.

"In the bank. You must wait till to-morrow. Very respectable thing to have a banker's account, you know."

"Then, let us go and buy the things we want; and, after that, we'll have a pleasant evening. Where am I to sleep?"

"Here, if you like. Madame often makes up beds for her conspirators. You are not suspicious?"

"My dear Lafleur, when was I ever suspicious? Besides, look here."

He half opened his waistcoat. In a pocket, on either side, were two handles: one straight—that appertained to a bowie-knife; the other rounded—that belonged to a six-shooter.

"You stick to old friends, then?"

"All old friends. My knife, and my pistol, and my Lafleur. But come, while we have daylight."

It was a singular collection of things that they brought home that night; and Dick spread them out on the table with an air of great triumph.

"Here's the cotton: the raw material out of which we make our great profits. Here's a photograph of the plantation. Looks devilish like, doesn't it. Here is the dark-skinned but impressionable and intelligent African: free, contented, and happy: hoeing with all the zeal and energy of a British pauper, all for love of Lafleur, Roaring Dick, & Company. Here are the feathers presented me by the Queen of Madagascar, and a map of the estate—wants a little touching up, the estate does, with a pen and ink—which her Majesty gave me. Here is my nugget, which I picked up in California—that's no lie, at any rate!—and was so virtuous as to resist the temptation of staying to pick up more: because I preferred a life of steady industry and religion to one of unsettled aims, uncertain prospects, in some wild spot, perhaps far away from any place of worship."

"Is the old man religious?"

"No," said Dick. "I forgot that. But somebody else is sure to be religious. Only I must be careful not to draw the long bow too much. Well, have I got everything I want? The bowie knife used by the wicked Yankee."

"Have you got the rough plan showing where the sunken treasure is?"

"Here it is. The same that the honest old bo's'n gave me, the day I relieved his wants out of my slender stock."

"I say, Dick. Be mild. Yours is a very lively imagination."

"And here is a bit of silver ore from that mine which you and I know of, up in the Mexican mountains, which no one else knows of, and which we can get for a mere song. I've got them all. And now, Lafleur, here's the brandy, and here are the cards, and let us have a game. Upon my word, I don't think there's a single soul in all Market Basing that knows the game of *cuchre*. The usual stake, I suppose?"

Each friend laid a small handful of gold on the table, and began. It was a curious feature about their play, that each kept an eye on his own, and one on the other's hand. Moreover, there was a sort of ostentation of integrity about them, as they sat with their hands well forward upon the table, and their cuffs pulled back, and shuffled, dealt, and cut in a manner which seemed to say, "You see how honest and simple I am?"

After playing till twelve, Lafleur rose—he had been winning slightly—and put on his hat. It was characteristic of Lafleur, that, though he had drunk nearly half the bottle of brandy to his own share, his face was as pale and his manner as quiet as before.

"Must you go? Then I will meet you at the bank to-morrow, and draw the money. Send up that Frenchwoman, will you?"

Madame came up. M. Lafleur had spoken about the room. It was in readiness. Would monsieur step upstairs?

Madame was a bright little body of about five and twenty, not uncomely in features, and clean of appearance. So Richard—who had an eye for beauty—invited her to sit down, compounded her a glass of brandy and water, and entertained her by a few descriptions—drawn from that boundless storehouse, his own imagination—of Eastern scenes, and the places he had seen. And after an hour's relaxation, he went to his bed-room.

There was neither lock nor bolt on it, and Dick noticed, with a little suspicion, that it opened outwards. This gave him no means of protection at all, and he carried about with him a largish sum in valuables and money. But he was a man of boundless resource. He drew a piece of string from his pocket, undressed, tied one end to his great toe, and the other to the handle of the door. Then he placed his pistol

and knife under the pillow, and got into bed.

"Ho! ho!" he laughed. "If they open the door—"

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

IT is the duty of the historian, painful though it sometimes be, to preserve impartiality in the description of his characters: neither, on the one hand, to be so far blinded by admiration of a hero's virtues as to forget his faults; nor, on the other, to visit his errors with so heavy a displeasure that any gleams of virtue may be quite overlooked and forgotten. In obedience to this rule, it is incumbent upon me to state plainly, what has already been intimated, that Richard Mortiboy the younger was by no means the manner of man that he wished to appear in the eyes of his confiding father. There was no cotton estate; there were no mines; there was no sunken treasure; there was nothing but a pocketful of money, gotten together by various shifts and devices more than questionable. And right in the unsuspecting heart of Market Basing—as innocent a town as any in this guileless realm of England—there had dropped, though not from Heaven, one of the most unscrupulous, crafty, and thorough-going rascals that might be found in a long day's march: even by Ariel the rapid.

In one word, Dick Mortiboy was simply the greatest ruffian and scoundrel unchanged.

We, who write history, would fain have all our characters virtuous. How sweet and easy-flowing would be the years; how quiet and gentle the conversations; how empty of pity and terror the lives; and, oh! how bereft of interest would be our books! For when the villain ceases out of the land, and the voice of the tyrant is heard no more, history will cease too; because there will be nothing left to chronicle but the wooing of turtles. "The purpose for which snakes was built," writes an American natural philosopher, "is not yet explored." But here is doubtless one reason why rogues and rascals were constructed, and why villainy and roguery are allowed to prosper: to furnish material wherewith the historian is enabled to point his moral and adorn his tale.

It was now twelve years since a certain cold, wild night in November, when, about nine o'clock, Mr. Mortiboy, senior, followed by his son—then a tall stripling of eighteen

—walked down that dark passage in the house which we know, and opened the door. The wind blew in, and the rain was pouring down. The father was trembling with passion: the son cold and stolid. Mr. Mortiboy pointed to the darkness, and said, in constrained, hard tones—

"Go. Darken my doors no more. You are no longer my son."

The son said nothing; but looked up and down the street, as if inspecting the state of the weather before taking a walk.

"Go," repeated his father.

"One may as well first put on a great coat, on a night like this," returned the boy, coolly. "Had you not better shut the door, father, for fear of catching cold, while I delay you for one minute?"

His father took no notice, but stood steadfastly gazing at him. The young man, taking his time to get comfortably into the great coat, selected his umbrella from the stand, and put on his hat. Then he took out his purse, and looked at it.

"You must give me some money," he said.

"Write to me from London, and I will tell you what I will do for you. Now, go. Your aunt shall not know why."

Two days later, a letter came from London, containing nothing but young Mortiboy's address. To this the father replied by a ten pound note, without a word of forgiveness or of blame; and from that time all correspondence had ceased, and Dick Mortiboy's name was no more mentioned in his father's house.

It was understood vaguely that he had "done something."

The young man, with his ten pound note, and five or six pounds besides, which he got by selling his watch and chain, went to the docks, and looked for a ship about to sail—whither he cared not. What he wanted—for very special and cogent reasons of his own—was to get away at once, and never to come back again at all.

He found one clearing out, with her cargo on board, her papers ready, bound for Palmiste Island, and going to sail the very next day. He took a second-class passage for ten pounds; getting a half-promise from the purser that, if he made himself useful on the voyage, he might have some of the ten pounds returned on their arrival. And a few days afterwards, young Mortiboy was sailing merrily across the Bay of Biscay, his cares

all thrown to the winds, delighted at the prospect of seeing the world, and getting away from the difficulties and debts which had driven him to—convey, the wise call it—imitate his father's signature so carefully, with all its dots and flourishes, that not even the bank clerks could tell that it was not the genuine autograph of Ready-money Mortiboy.

He did more than make himself useful to the purser—he did all his work for him; and that so easily, lightly, and well, that the ship's books were never better kept. The purser showed his gratitude. He not only bestowed a daily ration of grog upon him—which was really a delicate attention—but he persuaded the skipper to enter him on the books as purser's clerk; to give him back his passage money; and when the ship, after her three months' voyage, was tugged into the harbour of Port Dauphin, in the Island of Palmiste, to present him with a trifle besides, by way of acknowledgment. And then, when Dick had refused an offer to be taken back again in the same ship, still as clerk, his patron sent him to a business house in the town, with a recommendation to the effect that Mr. Mellon—as Dick called himself—was a young man of excellent business habits, and respectable connexions. The latter clause, being put in as likely to help, was certainly not a greater untruth—although the purser knew nothing whatever about his relatives—than is told a thousand times a-day by people who write testimonials alike for the deserving and the undeserving poor.

The recommendation was accepted as sufficient; and Dick found himself on what seemed to him—he had never before drawn more than a pound a-week—a princely salary of £150 a-year, in one of the best business houses of Port Dauphin. His hours were not long; and he had his day, after four o'clock, entirely to himself. Now, this was the unfortunate part of it. From four o'clock till six—that is to say, in the cool of the evening—one might stroll under the trees; one might climb the hills—though this was hot work; or one might sit and do nothing. At six, just as the sun went down, came the *table d'hôte*, which brought you well on to seven. And here, Dick—whose income was not much more than enough to find his breakfast and dinner, and pay the rent of the little wooden box he slept in, for which he paid a pound a-

month—ought to have ended his day, and gone home to bed. Unfortunately, there was a billiard-room in the hotel, and he found it pleasanter to smoke his cigar—cigars, even at a halfpenny a-piece, the current price in Palmiste, mount up—than to go home to his dreary room, and go to bed. Added to which, the younger Mortiboy had the eye of a Roberts for billiards. So he used to play, and to make his little pot every night. Then the descent of Avernus, which had been checked by the voyage out, began over again. For to billiards was speedily added brandy and soda; and not unfrequently, as the weeks passed on, a little game at *écarté*, where his winnings at billiards were generally transferred to his opponents' pockets. Presently, these proceedings coming to the ears of his employers—respectable and, considering all things, even God-fearing merchants—it was not astonishing that Mr. Mellon received one morning a polite, but firm, intimation that his services would not be required after the end of the current month. But Dick again fell on his feet. In Palmiste are coffee and sugar estates. And among the planters who sold their sugar to Dick's employers was an old Englishman, who had been struck by Dick's handsome face and his frank manner. Learning that he was without employment, he offered him a place on his own estate, where his sole business would be to pay the coolies engaged for the canes, look after their rations, and keep the accounts. And he bargained to give him, over and above a house and allowances, fifteen pounds a-month in hard cash. Dick accepted the offer with joy, and went down to the Hautbois estate with the delight of a schoolboy. For it was characteristic of this young man, that no sooner was he out of a scrape than all his good spirits returned to him.

For some months all went well. Hautbois was at the other side of the island, some forty miles from the town of Port Dauphin. There were no billiards, no *écarté*, and no loafers about Hotel verandahs ready to propose or to accept a brandy and soda, on the slightest possible pretext. It is true that there was no society; but he had work during the day, and was sufficiently tired at night to go to bed with pleasure at nine o'clock. Hautbois stood ten miles away from any other house: an estate cut out of the virgin forest, which here sloped down to the very sea shore, until it merged into the mangroves,

where they grew standing thickly together, with their unwholesome leaves, and their long, slimy roots—the nursing places and cradles of the young sharks, who disported themselves about the tendrils in the shallow water in all the innocence of childhood. Round the estate lay the deep, silent woods, where there were no birds, because the monkeys ate the eggs, or the hurricanes blew the nests away out to sea. Away in the glades, you came upon deer that were only frightened at the sight of man for twelve weeks in the year, during the shooting season—a periodical time of misery, whose approach they yearly expected with terror, and saw themselves safely passed through with a lively gratitude. Wild and fearful beasts there are none in Palmiste. Unlike most of the other West Indian Islands, it has no snakes; and, with the exception of a centipede or so, a big spider of ferocious and bloodthirsty build, and a few scorpions, there is nothing in all Palmiste to scare a girl. To the north rose the mountains, tall and wooded. And over all these lay the bright, soft blue, never hidden by fog, seldom by cloud, with a warmth which got into the bones, and made one lazy and thoughtful, and inclined for rest: an air which makes men good, because it is too much trouble to be anything else. Here for awhile Dick was happy. Mr. Oswald, his employer, asked him to dinner; talked about England, and the old days when he was a young man, and George the Third was King; told old stories of his Oxford life, and of the princes, and their wild doings; and surrounded the young man with a pure and peaceful atmosphere, which made him for awhile look back on his past with shame and regret. And then old Mrs. Oswald took a fancy to him: made him come and talk to her when her husband was up in town: inquired into the condition of his wardrobe. This was scanty: Mr. Oswald made it plentiful; saw that his little house was properly furnished, and made comfortable for him; and instructed him in the best way of dealing with his Indians.

His duties took up about three hours in the day. Then he would go over to the mill, and watch the sugar-making. By degrees he grew expert at this, as in anything which he took up; and Mr. Oswald added another five pounds a-month to his salary, and made him one of the mill superintendents. On Saturday he had to overlook

the distribution of rations to the men. On these days, there was a great scene round the storehouse over which he presided—as the Indians came, accompanied by their wives and children, to receive the weekly dole of rice, and grain, and salt fish. It was then that Dick—who loved nothing so well as to command and administer—was in all his pride. He learned to talk Hindustani, and achieved a reputation—easy enough, but not entirely without its merits—of being able to swear as hard as any coolie of them all in his own tongue.

Dick ruled them with a rod of iron.

Standing over his stores and his accounts, with his long, thin figure, his flashing eye, his ready hand—which many an Indian remembered as being heavier than most which he had encountered—and, above all, his ready tongue, he was at once the terror and the admiration of the shrinking crowd which gathered round him, and received, in such silence as was compatible with their stage of civilization, the weekly allowances.

So Dick's days passed pleasantly away, and the memory of the past troubled him little. Came presently the hunting season, when Mr. Oswald gave his great parties. To these the young accountant was asked, and discovered other talents. For the eye which had been chiefly trained at a billiard-table was found the truest of any with a rifle, and most of the honours of the hunt fell to young Mellon, of Hautbois estate. He could ride, too, because he belonged to a riding country, and many were the mounts he had got as a boy from his cousin Heathcote or his uncle, Mr. Melliship. So it came about that, in spite of his inferior position—one generally held by mulattoes of the island—young Mellon began to be known as a gentleman of station not contemptible, and manners which belonged to a higher grade. And since no one is satisfied to recognize a man as a friend till a coherent and intelligible story of at least ten years of antecedents has been made out about him, it was whispered abroad that young Mellon was one who had quarrelled with his father, a man of colossal income, and had run away. This was spread abroad so industriously that it ended by being received as gospel, and Dick found all doors open to him.

No harm was done so long as he remained at Hautbois, or only went about to the neighbouring estates. In these visits, he made the acquaintance of the young

ladies, who led lives as dull as ditchwater in their secluded homes, and were delighted to get some one, if only an *employé* on an estate, to talk to. And such an *employé!*—a mysterious stranger with the manners of a nobleman; a tall and graceful youth of twenty, with all the beauty of a hero of romance, all the possible passion which lay undoubtedly hidden behind black curls and splendid eyes, and a little dark moustache, and a cheek which had hardly yet forgotten how to blush. And so the fame of him went up even to the great and important city of Port Dauphin; and when the races came, and the Governor gave his ball, and the garrison theirs, and the bachelors theirs, and there were dinners every day, and dances when there were no balls, interest was used to get Mr. Mellon cards of invitation; and he, too, with Mr. and Mrs. Oswald, went up to town to enjoy himself.

We cannot, historians though we are, linger over this most fatal week. Dick had been six months with Mr. Oswald. It is easy, therefore, to calculate how much money he had saved, at the rate of about ten pounds a-month. With this in his pocket, he took a chamber at the hotel for the week of the races, and prepared to be happy. Everybody liked him: the young ladies because he was young and handsome, and danced well, and looked like a *chevalier*; the men because he was never ill-natured, never in the way, never in the least snobbish—a thing which could not always be said of the Palmiste bachelors—and because he would sit up all night, sing a good song, and play a game of cards when the dancing was over. This little game of cards it was that brought him to grief; for Dick went back at the end of his week with a sorrowful heart, and fifty pounds to pay in the course of the next month—a debt of honour. He was profoundly miserable. Among all his acquaintances, he had not one friend; there was not a soul in all Palmiste to whom he could have gone for the loan of a ten pound note, except old Mrs. Oswald. If only the young man had poured out his troubles to her, all would have been well with him. For the heart of the childless old lady yearned to the bright and handsome lad, who might have been her own son, and who looked so innocent and happy.

But Dick had already plucked the fatal apple which brings man to grief. That is, he had passed the portal which leads

from innocence to guilt; and having passed through it once, found little difficulty in going through again. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and the bravo who can number his hundred murders has almost forgotten the terrible heart-sickness that came upon him when he committed the first.

In the month the debts were paid, and Dick freed from all his difficulties. He went on with his duties, but he looked pale and harassed. Mrs. Oswald used to ask him if he were ill, and made him dine at the house oftener—thinking, in her kindness, that he wanted society. And her husband offered him a holiday at Port Dauphin for a fortnight, if that would do him good. But Dick shook his head, tried to look pleased, and declined.

Thus two or three months passed away. One day Mr. Oswald received a letter, which he read with perplexity. He had his horses put in at once, and drove away to town. Mr. Oswald did not come back that night. That was nothing unusual. But he came the next day, accompanied by two men whom Dick knew, when he saw them, to be inspectors of police. As the carriage drove up, he was crossing the open space between the mill and his own cottage. Why did he stop, and turn as if for flight; and then, trembling in all his limbs, seem to lose in a moment all his pride and manliness, and crouch together as he continued his walk?

Mr. Oswald called him. The old gentleman was perfectly haggard with anxiety and terror. To look at him, you would have thought that he was himself the criminal whom the officers came to look for.

Dick tried to pull himself together. He succeeded to a small extent, and advanced with a conscious swagger to the verandah where his employer was standing.

"Mr. Mellon," said Mr. Oswald, "a very painful thing has happened. Some person has forged an order to a cheque for fifty pounds, and the money has been paid. The forged cheque has been placed by the bank in the hands of the Crown Solicitor, and they—they—say it is you." He cleared his throat. "Of course, I am quite certain it is a mistake."

"Quite, sir," said Dick, with a nervous twitching of the mouth. "These gentlemen—"

He looked at the inspectors.

"We have to arrest you, Mr. Mellon."

"Oh! May I have a word with you, Mr. Oswald?"

The inspectors, in reply to a look of interrogation from the old planter, nodded; and Mr. Oswald led his clerk into the dining-room. As they came in at one door, Mrs. Oswald entered at another. Dick did not see her.

"I do not want to waste your time, sir," he said. "You have been very kind to me—more than kind; but the thing is true."

"What thing?" asked Mr. Oswald.

"I am arrested for forging a cheque. It is quite true. I did it. You will not tell them in the court what I have told you, I am certain, Mr. Oswald. I gambled during the race week, and lost all I had, and fifty pounds besides. How was I to pay it?"

"Why did you not ask me?" cried Mrs. Oswald. "Oh! my boy, why did you not ask me?"

"I wish I had," said Dick, ruefully.

"If you must forge some one's name," said Mr. Oswald, almost weeping, "why, in Heaven's name, why not have forged mine?"

"I wish I had," said Dick, looking at him with real emotion. "I wish to God I had!"

And while Mrs. Oswald cried and lamented, and the good old man, her husband, sat mournfully with his head in his hands, the young fellow went off with his captors, to be locked up in the gaol of Port Dauphin. One touch of compunction—perhaps the last he ever knew—visited his heart when he saw the grief of the good old couple.

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE PANTOMIME.

THE history of the first practical introduction of the pantomime on the English stage is extremely curious. The man to whom we are indebted for the creation of the genuine pantomime is John Rich, the celebrated actor and theatrical manager. Rich was the son of Christopher Rich, at one time patentee of Drury-lane Theatre. The aim of Christopher seems to have been to swell his coffers rather by the introduction on his boards of French dancers, Italian singers, and any other exotic exhibition, than by the united skill of the educated actors of true English comedy. The son inherited the same taste; but the crowning cause of John Rich's first inauguration of the pantomime was principally the dubious condition of his own resources.

After his father's death, Rich was left, with his brother, joint patentee of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn-fields. But the company under Rich's command was so lamentably inferior to the rival staff at Drury-lane, that the latter carried away all the applause and favour of the play-going public at that day.

"To retrieve the credit of his theatre," says Davies, "Rich created a species of dramatic composition unknown to this and, I believe, to any other country, which he called a pantomime. It consisted of two parts—one serious and the other comic. By the help of gay scenes, fine habits, grand dances, appropriate music, and other decorations, he exhibited a story from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," or some other fabulous writer. Between the pauses or acts of this serious representation, he interwove a comic fable, consisting chiefly of the courtship of Harlequin and Columbine, with a variety of surprising adventures and tricks which were produced by the magic wand of Harlequin, such as the sudden transformation of palaces and temples to huts and cottages, of men and women into wheel-barrow and joint-stools, of trees turned to houses, colonnades to beds of tulips, and mechanics' shops into serpents and ostriches."

Of these pantomimes—in which he appeared himself under the assumed name of Lun—Rich brought out a succession, from the year 1717 until the period of his death; all of which were wonderful successes, and had runs of from forty to fifty nights each.

The satisfactory pecuniary results attending Rich's experiment naturally drew rival managers to follow suit in the same direction. Dramatic critics, and the more refined lovers of the true drama, might be disgusted at the innovation; but, as one of them indignantly remarks, "to the disgrace of the public taste, Rich frequently obtained more money by such paltry exhibitions than all the sterling merit of the rival theatre was able to acquire."

At the outset, Rich's novel entertainments were organized on a comparatively limited scale, being simply some trifling harlequinades in the taste of the Italian night scenes; and it was not until Thurmond, a dancing-master, brought out his pantomime of "Harlequin Dr. Faustus," at Drury-lane, that Rich, put upon his mettle by what he considered an unwarranted invasion of his own particular province, produced, in December, 1723, his "Necromancer; or, Dr. Faustus," which was

acted with consummate success, and magnificently prepared.

It was to the rivalry between the two pantomimes that the epilogue to "Edwin" alludes:—

"Yon rival theatre, by success made great—
Plotting destruction to our sinking state—
Turn'd our own arms upon us, and, woe be to us,
They needs must raise the devil to undo us!
Straight our Enchanter gave his spirits wing,
And conjured all the town within this ring!"

It sounds strange in these days, when old Drury without its Christmas pantomime would be almost a national misfortune, to hear Cibber apologizing for his first introduction of Harlequin and Columbine at the "Lane." He says, sensibly enough, that he would never have consented to degrade a playhouse in which he had a concern by such exhibitions if there had not been a second theatre; but as this was the case, they were obliged at Drury-lane either to comply with the public taste or starve. It is to this that Pope alludes when he says:—

"When lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards rise: here Booth, and Cibber there.
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons Cibber mounts the wind."

And Theophilus Cibber, in his life of Booth—the grandfather of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln—observes that however the severer critics might cry out against these mummeries, as they often called them, yet as the managers found laying out some hundreds on a piece of this description would bring them in as many thousands, who can be surprised that they continued them, while they turned so much to their own account? And we think that theatrical managers of the present day, whose special mission in this world seems to be an everlasting struggle to make both ends meet, are very much of Theophilus Cibber's opinion.

As plays were then usually acted at common prices—namely, boxes four shillings, pit half-a-crown, first gallery eightpence, and upper gallery a shilling—the receipts of the managers made a much better figure when, by a pantomime, they were enabled to advance their prices to boxes five shillings, and so on for other parts of the house in proportion; and so considerably increased the number of spectators, that instead of receiving, at common prices, about £500 a-week, they generally found the total of six days' playing amounted to nearly £1,000. So great was the success of some of these panto-

mimes, that the advanced prices, by their frequent use, became rather the common prices. What were called "advanced" had previously only been charged on exceptional occasions, such as benefit nights.

Before concluding these notes on the first introduction of the genuine pantomime on the English boards, we may add a few words of interest regarding some of the changes which have taken place from time to time in the characters brought in.

In Rich's first pantomime, for instance, there was no Clown. The Clown—so dear to the affections of all youthful playgoers—was the invention of the inimitable Joe Grimaldi. Rich himself was the first Harlequin, and a capital Harlequin, too, he made. The Harlequin, however, did not speak until the great Garrick took away his dŭm-bness. But the man who made Harlequin what he is at the present day was James Byrne, in the pantomime of "Harlequin Amulet; or, the Magi of Mona," produced at Drury-lane.

Before this, Harlequin had been dressed in a loose jacket and trousers, and his work was to throw himself into graceful poses and attitudes. Byrne changed his dress to what we see it in the modern pantomime.

The Pantaloon has not seen much change from his original character; but of the Columbine the same can hardly be said. Originally, in the Italian comedy, Columbine was a waiting-maid. She was the confidante of the heroine, and assisted in all her little love plots.

Among our French neighbours she became a mere dancer and pirouetter. In England, the servant became the mistress, the confidante of the heroine; but she still remained the dancer with short petticoats our lively French neighbours had made her.

Although Rich must be considered the veritable father of true English pantomime, yet it is worthy of note that some inkling of the new invention—which Rich afterwards elaborated into a fixed and settled shape—had entered the minds of others about the same time.

A curious little *brochure* was published in 1727, under the following title:—"The English Stage Italianiz'd in a New Dramatic Entertainment called 'Dido and Æneas; or, Harlequin, a Butler, a Minister of State, Generalissimo, and Lord High Admiral; dead and alive aguin, and at last crowned King of Carthage by Dido.' A Tragi-Co-

medy, after the Italian manner, by way of Essay, or first step towards the farther Improvement of the English Stage. Written by Thomas D'Urfey, Poet Laureate *de Jure*. London: Printed for A. Moore, near St. Paul's. 1727. Price 6d."

Certainly, it is nothing more than a satirical skit on the passion for Italian opera which prevailed to so great an extent at the time, as may easily be judged by his introductory remarks, in which he says:—

"Nor do I repine to see 'em" (his own lyrical lucubrations) "give place to those delightful Italian airs, which are now so common that the very shoe-boys sing '*Non è si vago e bello*,' at the corner of every street. How much will it add to the interest and glory of Great Britain if we can bring our tragedy and comedy to the same perfection! I know of no better a method than at once to abolish our old-fashion'd stuff, and for ever banish from the stage Shakspeare, Jonson, Dryden, Otway, Wycherley, Congreve, Rowe, Addison, and all those formal fellows, who, with their ponderous sentiments, thicken the blood of their auditors; whereas, these light, airy performances quicken the circulation, give new life, and, as it were, quite another manner of air to the whole human microcosm."

Yet, when we glance at the incidents of the plot of this pleasant little trifle, it is difficult not to be reminded of much of the merry foolery which forms so important an element of the real conventional pantomime of which Rich was the inventor.

It is, in fact, in itself a pantomime of a certain sort; and was intended, perhaps, after all, as a burlesque upon the new style of theatricals, which so aroused the ire of the fastidious wits and critics of the day.

The plot of this "Dido and Æneas" of Tom D'Urfey's is briefly as follows:—

Æneas, the itinerant prince of Troy, and his father Anchises, are entertained at the court of Carthage by Queen Dido. Æneas relates his adventures to her majesty, during which Harlequin, the Queen's purveyor, takes some piquant morsels from his plate. For this poor Harlequin is condemned to be hanged. But the prince, who relishes a practical joke, procures his pardon, only to make a useful agent for himself. The good looks of Æneas have transfixed the soul of Queen Dido. She falls into love's despondency; but, recovering, makes Columbine her confidante. But "the course of true

love," as Shakspeare says, "never did run smooth." The prince, instead of returning the imperial passion, casts a sheep's eye at Columbine. Harlequin tells his master that the fair figurante is pre-engaged. Æneas, however, insinuates a purse of gold into his palm, and Harlequin promises, "upon his honour," to render him his humblest and best services. The slighted majesty of Carthage, drawn dagger in hand, resolves to cry quittance with the coquette Columbine. A cabinet council is held, Harlequin sitting as prime minister, the "Doctor" as war secretary, and Scaramouch as clerk. It is determined to pursue the fugitive lovers, who have fled to the sea coast. Harlequin (*sub rosa*) informs them of their danger, pockets another purse of gold, sees them safely on board ship, and wishes them—colours flying and guns roaring—*bon voyage*. Queen Dido, on horseback, harangues her brave troops; Harlequin, as generalissimo, makes a loyal reply; Pantaloon promises to conquer or perish; and the Doctor, from the privy purse, supplies the sinews of war. The generalissimo, however, and the Doctor cheat the poor soldiers out of their pay, and admit Pantaloon—who threatens to peach!—to a share in the plunder. A scout announces the quick approach of the enemy. The Carthaginian heroes, in a panic, throw down their arms hurriedly, and take to their heels. Pantaloon, fearing to be pulverized, scours away after them; and Queen Dido, in doleful dumps, is left *solus* in her glory. Another scout informs her majesty that his predecessor's alarm was a false one, and that the hostile fleet is windbound. She takes rides about the camp like a fury, and makes Harlequin her lord high admiral. The Queen, dressed as a shepherdess, runs stark mad; and the sympathetic maids of honour, to fall in with her strange humour, bleat like young lambs! One of the royal frolics is to make Harlequin a hobby-horse. The Doctor is now called in to prescribe, and Queen Dido becomes *compas*. Alas! he has heavy news to tell her. Harlequin, who has all along nourished a secret passion for her sacred self, in a paroxysm of despondency, has suspended himself from the back-stairs banister. Dido commands that his corpse shall be brought in—when she cries over it like a tragedy queen. The Doctor, to comfort her, offers to bring the dead to life again—which he does by a mysterious pharmaceutical process of his

own. Her majesty, resenting the affront of Æneas, crowns the catastrophe by giving her hand to Harlequin; and Harlequin, to the martial music of drums and trumpets, is proclaimed King of Carthage.

And this pantomimical effusion, we are informed, "was acted privately, with great applause, in the hall of Knole House, on Christmas Eve, 1725."

CHARLES READE.

THE first of our series of cartoon portraits of men of letters appears in the present number. The subject of it, Mr. Charles Reade, is the youngest son of the late John Reade, Esquire, of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire. Mr. Reade is an Oxford man (he took his B.A. *dégré* in 1835), and is a Doctor of Civil Law, and a fellow of Magdalen College in that university. He was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1843. We have put Charles Reade first on our list for the two following reasons—because (1) he is the greatest living English writer of fiction; (2) his two splendid stories, "A Good Fight" and "Foul Play," did so much for the success of ONCE A WEEK.

"A Good Fight," with three volumes of new matter added to it, was subsequently called "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Charles Reade's earliest stories were followed, in 1856, by that powerful work of his genius, "It is Never too Late to Mend." The book created a great sensation: was read by everybody: effected its author's purpose—viz., compelled the public to insist that the Model Prisons' system should be looked searchingly into.

From the publication of "Peg Woffington," Charles Reade has continued to apply his great talents to the work of writing novels and dramas: with what success, every reader of fiction knows.

The annexed complete list of his writings will give a correct idea of the extent of his productions in the difficult field of the Literature of Imagination, in which he has chosen to exercise his genius.

STORIES IN ORDER OF PRODUCTION.

	Vol.
Peg Woffington	1
Christie Johnstone	1
{ Clouds and Sunshine	1
{ Propria que Maribus	
{ Art	1
{ It is Never too Late to Mend	
	3

	Vol.
Love me Little, Love me Long	2
* { Autobiography of a Thief	1
{ Jack of all Trades	
White Lies	3
Eighth Commandment	1
The Cloister and the Hearth	4
Hard Cash	3
Griffith Gaunt	3
Foul Play †	3
Put Yourself in his Place	3
A Terrible Temptation	3

* Under title of "Cream."

† With Dion Boucicault.

DRAMAS IN ORDER OF PRODUCTION.

The Ladies' Battle	Translation.
The Village Tale	Three-act drama.
The Lost Husband	Four-act drama.
Masks and Faces *	Two-act comedy.
Gold	Drama, five acts.
Two Loves and a Life *	Drama, four acts.
The King's Rival *	Comedy, five acts.
The First Printer *	Drama, three acts.
The Courier of Lyons	Drama, three acts.
Honor before Titles	Drama, three acts.
It is Never too Late to Mend	Drama, five acts.
Griffith Gaunt	Drama, five acts.
Foul Play	Drama, five acts.
Dora	Pastoral drama, three acts.
The Double Marriage	Drama, five acts.
Put Yourself in his Place	Drama, five acts.
The Robust Invalid	Comedy, three acts.

* With Tom Taylor.

This list shows that Charles Reade is the author, or joint-author—in four plays and one novel—of seventeen different stories, ranging in length from one-third of a volume to four volumes: and of an equal number of dramatic works.

Now it certainly argues some want of real knowledge or study in the critics of this day, that they cannot assign his place, whatever that may be, to this writer. They can place inferior authors; but they really and honestly have no notion where this man stands either as a novelist, or dramatist, or both. Perhaps it may tend to clear this absolute fog, enveloping the judgment of our contemporaries, if we descend from the indefinite to the definite, and compare him with a writer of acknowledged excellence. We are so fortunate as to possess in this country a novelist who, if contemporary criticism were to be trusted, is the greatest writer of fiction the world ever saw. With regard to Shakespeare, contemporary criticism has left but two remarks in print, both of them unfavourable. Corneille was so often lashed, and so little praised, that he has left a line behind him to celebrate the fact.

"J'ai peu des voix pour moi, mais je les ai sans brigue."

Molière was denounced as a plagiarist. Voltaire was well lashed. Scott did not quite escape. Bulwer has been severely criticized. Even Dickens was always roughly handled in certain respectable prints.

But George Eliot is faultless. This is the sober and often-repeated verdict of every quarterly, monthly, and daily critic in the empire, except of one old woman, who tried to stem the torrent of adulation, in the "Quarterly Review," and failed, because, being no critic, she selected certain of that excellent writer's beauties, and held them up for faults.

Now perhaps some people will open their eyes if we tell them that this prodigious writer often borrows ideas from Charles Reade, and sometimes improves them, sometimes bungles them. But as in matters of art it is sometimes kind to open people's eyes, we shall assure you that this is so; and moreover that in a single instance the two writers have come into competition on fair terms, and the comparison is so unfavourable to the favourite, that the said comparison, though obvious, has always been dexterously avoided.

In "It is Never too Late to Mend," published in 1856, one of the situations is as follows:—Good Mr. Eden, having to deal with a hardened thief, goes down on his knees in that thief's cell, and prays aloud for him; and softens him a little.

In "Adam Bede," good Dinah goes on her knees in the cell of Hetty, an impenitent criminal; and softens her a little.

Reade uses few words, after his kind; and Eliot uses many words, after her kind. But amplification is not invention: the inventor and the only inventor of that famous scene in "Adam Bede" is Charles Reade.

Mr. Eden preaches a sermon in the gaol. The author shuns the beaten track, and gives the very words of the sermon.

George Eliot profits by this, and gives her Dinah the very words of a sermon. And in one respect she goes beyond her original: for her sermon is fuller, and has a distinct merit, being composed—with great art and beauty—of homely English, often Saxon, and nearly always monosyllabic. But she falls behind in one thing, she makes Dinah preach her sermon to strangers; and that shows a want of constructive art.

Charles Reade has since returned to his own invention, and has made his Rhoda Somerset preach a remarkable sermon, at

which those personages are present whom that sermon hits. This is art. A sermon, preached to the reader only, is a mere ex-pression on the narrative. It is a wart, though it may not be a blot.

The only situation of any power in "The Mill and the Floss"—viz., the heroine and her lover drifting loose in a boat, and being out together all night—is manifestly taken from the similar situation in "Love me little, love me long." But Eliot's treatment of the borrowed incident is petty and womanish by comparison with her model.

In "Felix Holt," the ground is admirably laid for strong situations: but in the actual treatment only two come out dramatically, and they are both borrowed. The young gentleman going to strike his steward, and being met by "I am your father." And the heroine going into the witness-box to give evidence for her lover. The former is borrowed from an old novel, and the latter from Charles Reade's "Hard Cash;" and it may be instructive to show how the inventor and the imitator deal with the idea.

We print in parallel columns quotations of the evidence given in court by both novelists' heroines.

Hard Cash.

(Vol. iii., p. 294. 1863.)

BY CHARLES READE.

Julia Dodd entered the box, and a sunbeam seemed to fill the court. She knew what to do: her left hand was gloved, but her white right hand bare. She kissed the book, and gave her evidence in her clear, mellow, melting voice: gave it reverently and modestly, for to her the court was a church. She said how long she had been acquainted with Alfred, and how his father was adverse, and her mother had thought it was because they did not pass for rich, and had told her they were rich; and with this she produced David's letter, and she also swore to having met Alfred and others carrying her father in a swoon from his father's very door. She deposed to Alfred's sanity on her wedding-ere, and on the day his recapture was attempted.

Felix Holt the Radical.

(Vol. iii., p. 228. 1866.)

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

There was no blush upon her face: she stood, divested of all personal considerations, whether of vanity or shyness. Her clear voice sounded as it might have done if she had been making a confession of faith. She began and went on without query or interruption. Every face looked grave and respectful.

"I am Esther Lyon, the daughter of Mr. Lyon, the Independent minister at Treby, who has been one of the witnesses for the prisoner. I knew Felix Holt well. On the day of the election at Treby, when I had been much alarmed by the noises that reached me from the main street, Felix Holt came to call upon me. He knew that my father was away, and he thought that I should be alarmed by the sounds of disturbance. It was

Saunders, against his own judgment, was instructed to cross-examine her; and, without meaning it, he put a question which gave her deep distress.

"Are you now engaged to the plaintiff?"

She looked timidly round, and saw Alfred, and hesitated. The serjeant pressed her politely, but firmly.

"Must I reply to that?" she said piteously.

"If you please."

"Then, no. Another misfortune has now separated him and me for ever."

"What is that, pray?"

"My father is said to have died at sea: and my mother thinks *he* is to blame."

The Judge to Saunders. — "What on earth has this to do with Hardie against Hardie?"

Saunders. — "You are warmly interested in the plaintiff's success?"

Julia. — "Oh, yes, sir."

(Colt, aside to Garrow.

— "The fool is putting his foot into it: there's not a jury in England that would give a verdict to part two interesting young lovers.")

Saunders. — "You are attached to him?"

Julia. — "Ah! that I do."

This burst, intended for poor Alfred, not the court, baffled cross-examination and grammar and everything else. Saunders was wise and generous, and said no more.

Colt cast a glance of triumph, and declined to re-examine. He always let well alone. The Judge, however, evinced a desire to trace the fourteen thousand pounds from Calcutta; but Julia could not help him: that mysterious sum had been announced by letter as about to sail: and then no more was heard about it till Alfred accused his father of having it. All endeavours to fill this hiatus failed. However Julia, observing that in courts material objects affect the

about the middle of the day, and he came to tell me that the disturbance was quieted, and that the streets were nearly emptied. But he said he feared that the men would collect again after drinking, and that something worse might happen later in the day. And he was in much sadness at this thought. He stayed a little while, and then he left me. He was very melancholy. His mind was full of great resolutions, that came from his kind feeling towards others. It was the last thing he would have done to join in riot or to hurt any man, if he could have helped it. His nature is very noble: he is tender-hearted: he could never have had any intention that was not brave and good."

There was something so naïve and beautiful in this action of Esther's, that it conquered every low or petty suggestion even in the commonest minds.

mind most, had provided herself with all the pieces de conviction she could find, and she produced her father's empty pocket-book, and said, when he was brought home senseless, this was in his breast-pocket.

"Hand it up to me," said the Judge. He examined it, and said it had been in the water.

"Captain Dodd was wrecked off the French coast," suggested Mr. Saunders.

"My learned friend had better go into the witness-box, if he means to give evidence," said Mr. Colt.

"You are very much afraid of a very little truth," retorted Saunders.

The Judge stopped this sham rencontre, by asking the witness whether her father had been wrecked. She said, "Yes."

"And that is how the money was lost," persisted Saunders.

"Possibly," said the Judge.

"I'm darned if it was," said Joshua Fullalove, composedly.

Instantly, all heads were turned in amazement at this audacious interruption to the soporific decorum of an English court. The transatlantic citizen received this battery of eyes with complete imperturbability.

Fertile situations are the true cream of fiction; these once supplied, any professional writer can find words.

Now, the fertile situation in "Felix Holt" was supplied by Charles Reade. The true literary patent is in him. His is the witness with the clear, mellow voice who gives her evidence as if before God—and that witness a young lady who loves the man for whom she gives evidence, he being present. To be sure, George Eliot's witness shows a disposition to argue the case; but that is no improvement on the original.

We will now call attention to another instance of George Eliot's imitation of Charles Reade.

In his little story, "Clouds and Sunshine," Charles Reade uses this expression

—“the thunder of the horses' feet drawing the waggon into the barn.”

His unlucky imitator pounces on his “thunder” and his “waggon,” and deals with them thus:—“The thunder of the waggon coming up the hill.” Now the iron shoes of a team going over the wooden floor of a barn do come the nearest to thunder of anything we ever heard: but a waggon coming *up* a hill does not thunder: the most prominent sound is the creaking of the slow wheels. This, then, is unintelligent imitation on a smaller scale.

In 1860 Mr. Reade produced a mediæval novel with an idea-ed title, “The Cloister and the Hearth.”

His faithful imitator soon followed suit with a mediæval novel, whose title was un-idea-ed—“Romola.”

Here the two writers met on an arena that tests the highest quality they both pretend to—Imagination.

What is the result? In “The Cloister and the Hearth,” you have the middle ages, long and broad. The story begins in Holland, and the quaint Dutch figures live; it goes through Germany, and Germany lives; it picks up a French arbalestrier, and the mediæval French soldier is alive again. It goes to Rome, and the Roman men and women live again.

Compare with this the narrow canvas of “Romola,” and the faint colours. The petty politics of mediæval Florence made to sit up in the grave, but not to come out of it. The gossip of modern Florence turned on to mediæval subjects and called mediæval gossip. Romola herself is a high-minded, delicate-minded, sober-minded lady of the nineteenth century, and no other. She has a gentle but tame and non-mediæval affection for a soft egotist who belongs to that or any age you like. One great historical figure, Savonarola, is taken, and turned into a woman by a female writer: sure sign imagination is wanting. There is a dearth of powerful incidents, though the time was full of them, as “The Cloister and the Hearth” is full of them. There you have the *broad* features of that marvellous age, so full of grand anomalies;—the fine arts and the spirit that fed them—the feasts—the shows—the domestic life—the laws—the customs—the religion—the roads and their perils—the wild beasts disputing the civilised continent with man, man uppermost by day, the beasts by night—the hos-

telries—the robbers—the strange vows—the convents—shipwrecks, sieges, combats, escapes—a robbers' slaughter-house burnt, and the fire lighting up trees clad with snow. And through all this a deep current of true love—passionate, yet pure—ending in a mediæval poem: the battle of ascetic religion against our duty to our neighbour, which was the great battle of the time that shook religious souls. But perhaps we shall be told this comparison is beside the mark; that a dearth of incidents is better than a surfeit, and that it is in the higher art of drawing characters George Eliot stands supreme, and Charles Reade fills an insignificant place. We will abide by that test in this comparison.

What genuine mediæval characters, to be compared with those of Walter Scott, for instance, live in the memory after reading the two works we are comparing?

“The Cloister and the Hearth” is a gallery of such portraits, painted in full colours to the life. “Romola” is a portfolio of delicate studies. “Romola” leaves on the memory—1, a young lady of the nineteenth century, the exact opposite of a mediæval woman; 2, the soft egotist, an excellent type; 3, an innocent little girl; 4, Savonarola emasculated. The other characters talk nineteen to the dozen, but they are little more than voluble shadows.

“The Cloister and the Hearth” fixes on the mind—1, the true lover, hermit and priest, Gerard; 2, the true lover, mediæval and northern, Margaret of Sevenbergen; 3, Dame Catherine, economist, gossip, and mother; 4, the dwarf with his big voice; 5, the angelic cripple, little Kate; 6, the Burgomaster; 7, the Burgundian soldier, a character hewn out of mediæval rock; 8, the gaunt Dominican, hard, but holy; 9, the patrician monk, in love with heathenism, but safe from fiery faggots because he believed in the Pope; 10, the patrician Pope, in love with Plutarch, and sated with controversy; 11, the Princess Clælia, a true mediæval; 12, the bravo's wife, a link between ancient and mediæval Rome.

Philip of Burgundy does but cross the scene; yet he leaves his mark. Margaret Van Eyck is but flung upon the broad canvas; yet that single figure so drawn has suggested three volumes to another writer.

You can find a thousand Romolas in London, because she is drawn from observation, and is quite out of place in a me-

diæval tale. But you cannot find the characters of "The Cloister and the Hearth," because they are creations.

When "The Cloister and the Hearth" was first published, the *Saturday Review*, staggered by the contents of the book, yet bound by the sacred tie of habit to say something against it, summed it up as inferior on the whole to Walter Scott. But nobody has ever compared "Romola" to Walter Scott. Adulation, however fulsome, has evaded this comparison, because it would have provoked derision; and no reviewer, until this article was written, ever had the courage to compare "Romola" with "The Cloister and the Hearth." Yet any one, who has not made that comparison honestly and fairly, knows little of Charles Reade, and cannot possibly assign him his true place amongst living writers of fiction.

Our space will not allow us to criticize at length the works of Charles Reade on the present occasion. His dramas we must pass by altogether; and of his novels, we can only make a few remarks concerning the two that are connected with ONCE A WEEK.

"Foul Play" began to appear weekly in this magazine in January, 1868. It is a novel of immense power, of the greatest originality, and is one of his works that shows best the boundless resource of the writer. This feature must strike every reader of Charles Reade's novels: his resource is unlimited: his incidents, novel and striking, yet always possible and natural, follow one another with startling rapidity. "Foul Play" showed off to perfection his ingenuity. The plot is intricate: the characters—several of them quite new in fiction—are real men and women, living and acting in his pages as men and women live and act and speak in real life, and in few novels but his own. It is a story of what is called the sensational type: yet so great is the power of art: so mighty the skill of the artist: that all the incidents seem natural and consequent. "Foul Play" leaves the stories of Mr. Collins and every other sensational novel writer far behind. It is a work of genius. The effect of the book is perfectly marvellous. Judge of this from its recent influence upon an ill-conditioned mind.

We quote the *Times*, November 29:—A case tried last November, at Boston, U.S., before Judge Lowell. The ship was abandoned at sea in June, 1871, while on a voyage to Hong Kong; and the crew, after

spending three days and nights in their boats, arrived safely at Fayal. The master was charged by the crew with scuttling the ship by boring holes in her.

It appeared that the account they gave, in many of its details, followed the story in Charles Reade's "Foul Play;" and that Bruce, the sailmaker, a few weeks before he sailed, had read the novel in Chelsea Hospital.

The judge, after a three days' trial, observed, in his summing-up—"The witness Bruce, who had been reading a novel of great power, goes to sea, and finds all the prominent details of the plot of that story worked out in fact by the master and his accomplices. The great improbability of this happening is pointed out; and he comes and says the master is in the habit of reading "Foul Play" during the voyage, and that he often saw the book lying about on the poop. This conduct on the part of the master would be equivalent to leaving a printed confession in sight of his crew."

The highest compliment to fiction has been paid. It has been imitated in fact. It is a book about sailor-life, and is so true to that life, that a sailor, too base or too ignorant to comprehend its moral teaching, chooses to copy from it the details of crime only a sailor can commit.

Of the "Cloister and the Hearth" it is impossible to speak too well. The author's perfect knowledge of mediæval life, just before the time of Erasmus, is wonderful. The plot is full of incident of the newest and most striking, yet most probable and natural sort: the characters live, and seem to us real persons we know well: the France, Italy, Holland, and Germany of the time of Erasmus are faithfully reproduced. The interest never flags: there is always something to command attention and excite curiosity. "The Cloister and the Hearth" is one of the most scholarlike and learned, as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful, works of fiction in any language. This splendid production can only be compared with the best books of one author—Walter Scott. And in all things it is as good as "Kenilworth" and "Ivanhoe": in some points it is better. Although we place these two books first in their respective classes—"Foul Play" in the class of novels called sensational, and "The Cloister and the Hearth" in that of the purely imaginative—yet Charles Reade's books, taken

throughout, are of more even merit than those of almost any other novelist. They are written in English as pure, as simple, and as truly Saxon as any this century has produced: in a literary style—nervous, vigorous, and masculine—with which the most captious and partizan critic cannot find any fault.

Read him: resign yourself to the magic spell of his genius: and be lifted above the cares of everyday life into the regions of imagination, peopled by his real creations. You may be trusted then to draw your own conclusions as to the merit of his books.

By the million readers of the time to come, Reade, Dickens, and Thackeray will be handed down to fame together in every English-speaking country.

To the scholar and the man of culture, "The Cloister and the Hearth" may possibly be dearer than the humorous and wonderful creations of Dickens's fertile genius, or the life-like characters and satirical digressions of Thackeray.

PARIS AFTER TWO SIEGES.

AFTER THE COMMUNE.—PART I.



THE spy fever is now raging so fiercely, that adventurous foreigners run no small risk of being taken before the Central Committee, which sits at a wine-shop. The Committee's manifestoes are boldly posted all over Paris. We try to realize the position as viewed by the insurgents.

Bismarck's terms may well to them seem intolerable, when we remember how severely they were reprehended in England. Hence the extravagant unpopularity of the ministers who have consented to the humiliating but inevitable conditions dictated by the conquerors. Then, again, the provinces have elected a monarchical and reactionary Assembly; and, although M. Thiers has

declared for the Republic as the "form of Government which divides us the least," and pledged himself deeply to its maintenance, the pledge is so contrary to the whole tenor of his political life that it may well be looked upon with scepticism by the Reds, who regard themselves as the normal guardians of their darling Republic. The situation is not a little aggravated by the determination of the Assembly to avoid meeting in Paris, and by the spirit of antagonism which makes the provinces resent the continued leadership of the metropolis, and the Parisians impatient of the dead weight of the rurals. But there is little doubt that the vitality and tenacity of the disaffection is largely attributable to the fact that for more than six months the workmen of Paris have been living in idleness, receiving their franc and a half a-day, with rations for wives, mistresses, and children. To them the siege has been one long holiday, during which they have had to play at soldiering, and to learn barricade-making under Rochefort, at the head of a special Governmental department.

There has been much talk of inner lines of defences, of exploded monuments, and smouldering ruins, over which the Prussians are to enter in triumph if they dare. And, lo! it has happened that instead of defending and heroically dying in their last ditch, they find their city surrendered—not only without the slightest approach to these extremities, but before thousands of them have even seen a Prussian helmet.

Irritating, all this, viewed in conjunction with the prospect of speedy disbandment and cessation of pay, as well as the possible relapse into Imperialism or worse.

And all this while, we must not forget, there is in Paris, as in every other big city, an army of outcasts and criminals, which recent amnesties and emptying of prisons have recruited, to whom a period of disorder is a golden harvest-time. Of lawless ruffianism there is an element abroad, of vain-glorious humbug there is no lack; but there is a preponderance of earnest zeal—of patriotic fanaticism, if you will—which, believing much and daring all things, cannot be overlooked.

After an evening spent in discussing all this, and disputing how the business is to end—the prevailing idea being that, if judiciously left alone, it will die out like other fireworks—we retire; but about four o'clock

in the morning we hear the rappel and the tramp of soldiers. Going out, we see in every direction companies of provincial Mobs marching out of the city, carrying three days' rations, and with those cooking utensils, tents, and necessaries which must all through the campaign have seriously over-weighted the French soldier. Poor fellows! they ill bore comparison with the Teutons through whose ranks they would shortly have to pass; but as they tramped away, they seemed light-hearted, and doubtless were glad to have their faces once again directed towards the villages and fields from which a cruel conscription had torn them.

The Champs de Mars is covered with tents, and wooden erections continue to hold cavalry in the Tuileries gardens. General Chanzy's men, regarded as reliable, have been brought in over-night, and are camped in their pretty *tentes d'abri* along the river quays; while those picturesque, half-savage Spahis, and hardly less barbaric Turcos, divide the general interest with the sailors, who have a very British, shiver-my-timber, T. P. Cookean appearance, and whose pre-eminent popularity during the siege it is consequently easy enough to comprehend.

The contending forces become daily more defined, but do not yet seem irreconcilable. The Reds demand, as they had riotously done in October, and again in January, the election of the Commune. Dear to the Reds is this dream of the Commune. Like most other watchwords of their party, it derives its significance from the use made of it in the first Revolution, especially during the Reign of Terror, when the municipal government of Paris was absolute. In its abstract form, it simply implies a claim for local government by an elective body like an English town council, instead of by nominated prefect and council such as existed under the Empire. Reserving the right to nominate the mayor, M. Thiers seems willing to concede the Commune; but no attempt is made at conciliation; and the insurgent demands grow, and presently include the control of the city finances, the command of the National Guard, and a scheme of decentralization and of governing France by a federation of the large towns.

One thing is quite clear. Either the Government must leave the disaffection to wear itself out, and wait a favourable opportunity for compromise; or, if suppression is resolved

upon, it must be vigorously and decisively undertaken.

On the 18th, the Government attempts to seize Montmartre! Two thousand men easily get possession; but no arrangements have been made for the removal of the cannon.

Inefficiency and irresolution neutralize the power of the Government. The insurgent Guards come to the rescue; the Line—which has its own grievances about pay and rations and incapable leaders—fraternizes; the oscillating element goes over to the Revolution, which, flushed with unexpected success, indulges in the customary excesses. The Government retreats to the south bank, and then flies to Versailles, without even taking the precaution to retain the southern forts. The "friends of order" make a feeble protest, and are soon cowed into acquiescence.

The second siege has begun.

The bridge at Neuilly is one of the very few which were not broken as part of the tactics of defence against the Germans. The whole country round about is commanded by the guns of Mont Valerien; and, until astonished by the unlooked-for fidelity of the commander of that fortress, the insurgents roamed at will over the country on both sides of the Seine. But, on the 2nd of April, when their sortie towards Versailles became a stampede back on Paris, and it was discovered that the troops could once again be trusted, the Assembly may be said to have begun offensive operations against the Commune in earnest. On the 7th, the Versaillaise carried the bridge at Neuilly—a "heavy blow and sore discouragement" to the Communists, who must either have given way to panic, or must have been much distressed by Valerien and the batteries at Courbevoye; else, surely, with mitrailleuses behind their barricade, they could have made it impossible to cross a perfectly straight and level bridge like this.

Once on the Paris side of the bridge, the Versaillaise reversed the guns at the barricade, and directed them up the noble avenue. The Commune answered in like manner from the Porte Maillot, and from batteries at the Arc de Triomphe. On the south side of the avenue is the Bois de Boulogne, on the north the Ville de Neuilly; and here Dombrowski's men were holding their position valiantly to the last, unconscious that

their flank was turned, and the troops in Paris.

On the day after the city gates were reopened, we visit and explore Neuilly; but we despair of conveying even an approximate idea of its ruined condition. Several broad streets run at right angles from the avenue; these again are intersected at right angles by other streets. Conceive at both ends of each street, batteries pointed at each other, and the result is before us in stumps of trees and lamp-posts, and in the crumbled condition of everything which intervened. The quadrangular spaces formed by these intersecting streets were occupied by handsome villas, the gardens well wooded, and surrounded by substantial walls. Each of these quadrangles has been converted into a fortress. Upon getting possession of the block nearest the bridge, the troops had apparently to begin a regular siege of the next, and each block was assailed and defended in a way of which we have seen no other example.

Every exposed point in the railings or gates has been timbered, every gap in the walls has been built up with sand-bags; and so cautiously has every movement been made, that even with all this shelter the gardens have been sapped, and embankments and trenches abound for protection from the fire of riflemen in the windows, and up the trees on the other side of the street. In like manner, the windows, and embrasures which have been made in the houses, are guarded by sand-bags. The extreme care of their skins which is evidenced—especially on the Versaillaise side of the Rue de Chezy—is the first impression made upon us; and next, we are convinced of the necessity for such caution; for, in whatever direction we look, the devastation is amazing. Shells have penetrated, and have burst great gaps; while in other places, cannon has battered substantial buildings utterly to the ground. But the peculiar feature of Neuilly is the work which musketry has done. In the principal quarter, it would be hard to find a foot of timber, or stone, or brickwork which has not been eaten into, and pock-marked with the indentations of bullets. The ruins of St. Cloud and Bondy have been already referred to as more impressive than Bazailles; but what we see at Neuilly far exceeds anything which was to be seen during the war or after the German siege.

Approaching the Porte Maillot, we observe the memorial chapel erected by Louis Philippe on the spot where his son, the Duke of Orleans, died in 1842. It stands a solitary object in a desert of *débris*. The Porte Maillot has been heavily pounded; and the ramparts near give evidence of the destructive cannonade to which they have been exposed. Entering by the gateway, a sad scene of devastation meets our view. Before us is the circular railway, which at this point has been covered by arches turned from iron girders crossing a cutting beneath the roadway. The girders now lie uniformly at an angle of about 45° , and the arches have fallen into the area below; but whether the destruction has been effected by the Versaillaise guns, or exploded on the "inner line of defence" principle, it will be long before it can be restored to its original utilitarian purpose. The houses on each side of the avenue leading up to the Arc de Triomphe present innumerable gaps; but, considering the enormous number of shells which must have fallen within this area from Valerien and the other batteries, it is amazing that the damage is not much greater.

Returning to the ramparts, it may suffice to say that all along the western side of the *enceinte*, from the Ternes to the Point du Jour, where the mischief naturally culminates, there is utter smash of the most piteous kind. Three months ago, we traversed the same ground. Then the villas and *châteaux* of the Ternes, of Passy, and Auteuil were in all their characteristic beauty and coquetry. Then, too, we travelled by the circular railway; and not even the great glass roof at Auteuil was injured.

TABLE TALK.

WOODEN legs, I know, are not often the subject of "Table Talk," but I am going to say a word or two about them. Every reader of "Pickwick" recollects the evening with Mr. Stiggins and the Bricklane Branch of the Ebenezer Temperance Association. I quote, as read, that section of the report which details the case of Thomas Burton, purveyor of cat's-meat to the Lord Mayor:—"Has a wooden leg; finds a wooden leg expensive going over the stones; used to wear second-hand wooden legs, and drink a glass of hot gin and water every night—sometimes two. Found the

second-hand wooden legs rot and split very quickly: is firmly convinced that their constitution was undermined by the gin and water. Buys new wooden legs, and drinks nothing but water and weak tea. The new legs last twice as long as the others used to do, and he attributes this solely to his temperate habits." This conclusion of the cat's-meat man was very strange in itself; but by the aid of an unintentionally comical pamphlet I received the other day on the very serious subject of artificial limbs, I shall add one further proof of the truism that truth is stranger than fiction. The legs made by the writer of the pamphlet follow nature so closely, that "employers and others do not know" that the persons who wear them "have had the misfortune to lose a limb." One William Luxon was fitted so accurately, that "he was not content with fairly walking, as another man would do, but accepted a situation in which he was employed to deliver flour to bakehouses; and this not casually, but day by day." He will be produced whenever required; and the writer adds, "of course he broke the instrument, after using it for three years, as it was never designed to carry such a load as a sack of flour, 2½ cwt." Extraordinary as is the flour man's case, it is outdone by the next—that of an usher in a school, who was fitted "so well that his subsequent employers never knew he had lost his foot, neither did the lads he taught, or they would have given him the usual nicknames. Subsequently, he learned dancing." A boy who runs about all day "trundling a hoop," to use his own words, says that "he does not know he has got it on." Most of the clients can be "produced for inspection any evening." We might multiply these instances, but enough is as good as a feast. We will conclude with this one, premising that the "drop joint bucket leg, which by touching a spring enables the wearer to rest the stump, and be more at ease in company," is apparently the inventor's favourite appliance. It was supplied to a gentleman with the following wonderful result. The maker says:—"He permits me to use his name, and will also correspond, as he thinks it his duty to do so, being well suited at a low charge. His business has increased fourfold since he has used this instrument. I need say no more respecting him, but conclude by quoting my prices." They range from £1 10s. to £11. The effect of the book

upon the mind is to make it appear rather a calamity not to have lost a limb.

WE MAY ADD THAT sixteen patents have been taken out for new contrivances in artificial limbs. The first was in the year 1790. The wear and tear of a wooden leg appears from this calculation:—Suppose the owner of the leg walks four miles a-day, he covers 7,040 yards; that number multiplied by two will give the number of times the knee and ankle joints have to move: 14,080 times a-day. If the man rests altogether for 65 days in the year, the springs of his leg will still have to make 4,224,000 motions in the year. So strength is a very necessary element in the manufacture of artificial legs, of which there are only eight makers in the London Directory.

OUR MOST POPULAR low comedian told this story the other day. I can't imitate his unique way of giving it; but, as I do not think it has been printed before, I will reproduce it as well as I can:—In Bevis Marks there dwelt a wealthy Jew, one Nathan Moss. He had a fair daughter, who was happily wedded one fine day to a youthful Hebrew of her tribe. Nathan gave a sumptuous breakfast—all Bevis Marks was there. When the knives and forks were playing loudest, the host said—"Well, are you all enjoying yourselves?" There was a chorus of—"We are—we are." "Is the champagne good?" "Beautiful, Nathan." "How do you find the turkey and sausages?" "Delicious, Nathan." "Are the pickles right?" "Beautiful, beautiful." "And you're all enjoying yourselves very much, and everything's just what you like?" "Yes—yes." "Come, then, eightpence a-nob can't hurt you!" Habit and the opportunity together had proved too strong for their entertainer!

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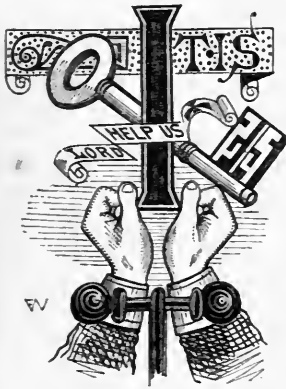
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A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.



NOT a pleasant thing, apart from the shame which every one feels, except the true philosopher, to be clapped into prison in any climate; but it must be most unpleasant of all under a tropical sun. The absence of fresh

and free air, and the deprivation of those small comforts which alone make life in Palmiste tolerable, are of themselves enough to make a weak man commit suicide, and a strong man go mad. Poor Dick sat, the first night of his confinement, on the stone couch which did duty for a bed in his cell, mournfully thinking over his chances; and speculating—for the case was far too clear to admit of any hope of acquittal—how long a term of imprisonment he would be likely to have. Then, with the elasticity of youth, he went on to speculate, further, what he should do when he got out. And presently, wearied with so much thinking, he lay back upon his grass mat and went to sleep till the sun rose, and, shining in at his barred window, awakened him. He started up, and instead of his little room at Hautbois, made neat and comfortable by the care of Mrs. Oswald, he found himself in a white-washed cell, with a stone floor, and iron bars instead of green jalousies. The window looked into the courtyard of the prison, where some miserable Indians, prisoners,

were huddled together, waiting for the guards who were to take them to work. Presently his door opened, and a mulatto turnkey appeared—a fat, merry-looking rascal—who gave him the usual instructions as to the rules of the cell, and let him know that he was to be brought before the magistrate that morning.

Perhaps, in Dick Mortiboy's whole life—which was chequered enough, and had its banyan days—there was but one recollection to which he turned as seldom as he could, only one which caused him bitter shame and pain even to think of. It was the recollection of the dismal and degraded procession—of which he formed one—that filed out from the prison doors, and was marched solemnly down the street, *coram populo*, to the magistrate's court. It was headed by a brace of weeping Indians, charged with burglary and attempt to murder—they shed tears as they went, and howled their innocence; then three or four men who had been drunk and disorderly—these were the most shamefaced of the lot; then a negro, who pretended to laugh at the absurdity of the charge against him—he had been stealing ducks; then Dick—the bright, handsome young Englishman—walking along, red with shame and misery, with this crew; then a Chinaman, against whom something unlawful connected with other people's pork was alleged—He wore a surprised countenance, as one who should say, "Dear me! this is very singular—very singular, indeed! What can be the motive of this?" Then half a dozen more Indians; and then the procession was closed by two policemen. A long string passed down the file, which every man had to hold with one hand. The Indian is quite contented so long as he keeps his fingers closed on the string, and considers himself laden with fetters. If he is driven along loose, he runs away, multivivous.

That dreary day! Many of his acquaintances—including the man for whom he had

forged the cheque, who was the principal witness—were in the court; and not one—not one of all the men with whom he had lived and drunk and sung—seemed to have a kind or pitying look. Dick tried to steel his heart, ineffectually, against the shame. It was bruised and seared by this day's misery, insomuch that it never became again as it had been once—never again soft, relenting, charitable. Have you not noticed that criminals appear to have no sense at all of moral culpability? It is because circumstances, as well as repetition, deaden the feeling of remorse. Thus, when Dick forged his father's name, in the first place, the consequences were sharp and decisive; secondly, they were not accompanied by any public shame; thirdly, he was in dire straits in the town, and only too glad to get out of Market Basing; and lastly, his father had always restricted his pleasures, and cut down his allowances to the merest pittance; so that he hated his home, and left it with delight. Now it was different: he had a chance in life, and he threw it away. He made friends, and he lost them. He got a certain sort of position, and he put himself out of it by his own act and deed. It is the public consequence of a crime that causes the remorse and agony of the sinner; not those hidden consequences which are unseen, yet, perhaps, more retributive, because they sear the heart and paralyze the will.

The day came to an end at last, and the procession was re-formed to return—Dick being fully committed for trial at the next sessions, now some two months off. They pushed him into his cell, gave him his dinner, and left him to his meditations.

There are only occasionally in Palmistone prisoners of any social grade or rank above that of merchant-sailor, or Indian coolie; but at this moment there was another prisoner also awaiting his trial—a young Frenchman, some few years older than Dick. At stated hours the prisoners were allowed to walk in the courtyard, between which and the main entrance was a strongly locked gate, opening into a sort of barrack-room, where policemen and guards were always about. There was also another entrance, by an iron door, never opened, which led into the chief gaoler's private house, and was designed as a means of getting into the prison without going through the guard-room, in case of a disturbance; and at the back of a court lay a large bare room open to it, which had

been built for the prisoners as a place where they might work out of the sun when in-door work had to be done.

In this room, on the second day of his confinement, Dick, being released for his walk, saw a man sitting on the stone bench which ran round the four walls, and formed the only furniture. He started, for a moment changed colour, and half turned to escape; only there was nowhere to go to, and he stopped. For the man he saw there was one of his old friends—a man who used to dine at the same *table d'hôte* with him in Port Dauphin. He was a young Frenchman of the colony—like himself, a merchant's clerk—and, like himself, a gambler: but Lafleur had already a reputation beyond his years. He was slightly built, and pale, with close black hair and a thick massive beard, like the Frenchmen of the South. Dick knew him chiefly as connected with a card story in which he figured as the principal actor. The quarrel had been made up by a duel, in which Lafleur's opponent gave information to the police, and the combat was stopped on the ground. But men looked shy on him after this affair, and even in Port Dauphin, where public morality runs low, were chary of being seen much in his company.

The man started at the sound of Dick's step, and turned a haggard and careworn face to see who was coming. He rose, with a strange, constrained air, quite unusual to him, and half held out his hand.

"You are come to see me, Mellon? This is kind of you."

"I? No, by gad! You have come to see me. I am"—Dick turned red for a moment—"I am a prisoner."

"So am I," returned the other.

"You, too? What have you been doing?"

"They pretend that I murdered young Deschamps."

Dick involuntarily recoiled. Then he laughed, defiantly.

"They pretend I forged a cheque. Damn it!—they will pretend anything. Only, I say, Lafleur, you're in a worse scrape than I am."

"Bah!" said the Frenchman; "it is nothing. In the first place, it was a duel. I am innocent. And in the second—"

"Nonsense," said Dick. "What a fool you must have been!"

"Well, there's no evidence."

Dick shrugged his shoulders, and sat

down—glad enough to have a talk even with a murderer. It will be understood that prison discipline in Port Dauphin is lax.

The days passed on. Lafleur grew more anxious. Only his lawyer came to see him; none of his own relations entering the prison. Mr. Oswald got a lawyer, too, who came to see Dick from time to time. But his visits did not tend to make the young man more cheerful: his spirits sank every hour.

One day Lafleur looked, for the first time, bright and even hopeful.

"What is it?" asked Dick. He felt particularly low that morning. "Hang it, man, if you were acquitted you couldn't look jollier."

"I see hope, my friend. I have a plan. We may escape yet."

"Don't see how."

"Listen."

He took Dick's arm, curiously, before he began to speak, and felt the biceps. Now, Dick was strong-limbed and muscular, besides being tall.

"My faith, my friend, if I had your strength—"

"Go on, man—go on."

Lafleur looked round. No one was in the courtyard but a couple of policemen, whose backs were turned. He drew a key from his pocket, and furtively showed it to Dick.

"It is the governor's own key—the key of the iron door."

Dick nodded, and said nothing.

"The mulatto gaoler got it for me. He is my father's son."

"Your brother?"

"Pardon me — I said my father's son. Now, listen. It depends on you. At six, we have to go up to our cells. Who always conducts us?"

"Pierre, your—your friend, and Smith."

"Just so. You will have to floor Smith. Pierre will be managed by me, without any trouble. It is all squared with him."

Dick looked thoughtful.

"Smith's a big man; but I think I can tackle him. Are we to wait till six? Oh! Lafleur—why did you tell me so soon?"

The day was interminable.

Slowly the leaden-footed hours crept away.

From two to five they were locked up.

At five they were let out for another

breath of fresh air; and Dick's heart beat fast as the hour approached.

The clock struck a quarter to six. The sun was already setting behind the mountains, and in a few minutes it would be dark.

Presently, making a great jingle with his keys, Smith, a ponderous Englishman of sixteen stone, followed by Pierre, came through the large gate. According to custom, he stopped to lock the door behind him, and leisurely crossed the yard to the work-room. Dick held himself at the inside of the door.

"Come," said Smith, standing at the door, "time's up. Where's Mr. Mellon?"

He was looking straight into the room, where Lafleur was standing, motionless and trembling.

"Here," cried Dick, striking him full in the temple with his fist. Smith reeled, and would have cried for help; but another blow, from the left, knocked him with his head against the corner of the stone bench, and he fell, senseless and bleeding.

He was stunned.

Lafleur rushed out, followed by Dick. They had forgotten to knock down poor Pierre, who waited stupidly: standing still, to be despatched with such a blow as had felled the gigantic Smith. To his astonishment, they had opened the little door, and were gone without so much as a tap. Now, he had specially signified a strong desire to receive from his affectionate half-brother exactly the same treatment as that designed for Smith. They had disappointed him.

A single passage led through the governor's house to his garden in the front. There was no one there. They passed across, and stood without—for the moment, free.

Outside the door, in the road, but to the left of them, was a small knot of policemen and gaolers, idly talking and enjoying the cool breeze of the evening. Lafleur touched his companion lightly on the arm, and they stepped to the right. Another turn brought them to a bye-street. It was now quite dark—for there is no twilight in latitude 8°; and fortunately there was no moon.

"Where now?" asked Dick, breathlessly, wondering what was the use of liberty in a place where there was nowhere to hide.

"Follow me. It is all arranged. If only we can find the boat."

Dick began to understand a little; and they walked quickly along the narrow streets of the Indian quarter, where they were little likely to meet Europeans who might know them.

They passed no one, a stray Indian or two excepted; and in ten minutes were out of the town and on the high road.

Here it ran across a bare and rocky plain, which stretched for a mile or so from the sea-shore. Lafleur led the way still, and now began to run. No one was ever on the plain, by day or night. They reached the shore. The sea was calm and smooth, save where, a quarter of a mile out, the breakers of the coral reef shone clear and bright as they rolled in, and formed their long, white crests like a fringe round the shore, or like a bulwark to protect the island they loved so well. But the two were in no mood for smiles or sentiment.

"What the devil are we to do next?" said Dick.

"See this white post? It is a landmark. We are to keep in a line with this and the fort—"

"But I can't see the fort."

"I know the direction: it is exactly over there—and they will be off the reef. It is all arranged, I tell you. Can you swim?"

"Can I walk?"

"Then follow me."

It was low tide—the sea, as well as everything else, seeming to favour them. They stepped into the water, keeping as well as they could in the line along which they had started. It was not easy, for it was quite dark. They slipped and fell. Now their feet would catch in a branch of coral. Now they would step upon a large sea slug—a bloated worm, two feet long—into whose miry body their heels would crash and sink, conveying a horrible sense of danger and misery; now a hole in the coral, and they would be up to their armpits. But they struggled on in silence, and at last stood close to the very edge of the reef, and peered eagerly into the darkness. The crash of the waves was all that they could hear. The white breakers rose higher than their heads, and they could see nothing beyond them. Worse, they could hear no sound of oars or oarsmen.

"Where are they?" cried Dick, almost breaking down at last. "Good God! have you brought me to this horrible place to look for a boat in darkness like this?"

"Better to die here than to be hanged. Remember, it was you who killed Smith."

Dick said nothing: standing shivering in the water up to his middle.

For nearly half an hour—they thought it half the night—they stood so: silent, washed by the waves. The tide was rising, and they would shortly have to choose between wading back or being drowned. But neither dared speak to the other.

Suddenly Dick caught Lafleur's arm.

"I hear voices!" he cried. "Shout, man, shout!"

Lafleur listened with a sort of sob. Suppose it should not be his boat! But, no—it was impossible that another boat should be off the reef in so desolate a place, and at such a time.

He shouted. There was no reply.

He shouted again; but in vain. Then Dick put his two hands to his mouth, and gave a cry that might have been—and I dare say was—heard on shore.

A hoarse sailor's call was the answer, followed by a shrill whistle. It sounded close at hand; but they could see nothing.

"All right," cried Lafleur. "Let us keep close together. Now!"

He plunged through the breakers, and disappeared.

"Lord keep the sharks off!" thought Dick, and followed him.

Outside, a boat lay tossing in the roll of the Atlantic, the crew resting on their oars; all with their faces turned anxiously towards the shore. There was a cry near them, and they turned a light in its direction. In two minutes they were alongside the escaped prisoners. Dick, who was the first, clambered in over the stern, and sat in the bottom, shaking and trembling. Lafleur was more exhausted. He seized an oar, but had not strength enough to climb into the boat. They drew him over the side; and the next moment—for the lantern had been used to facilitate the business—a huge black fin showed for an instant above the water, and then disappeared.

"It's a shark," said the man at the helm.

"I touched him with my foot," said Dick, his voice soft and shaking. "Good God!—give me some brandy."

They gave him brandy, and he revived a little. Then they performed the same kind office for Lafleur.

The Frenchman pointed to Dick.

"He did it all," he gasped. "Without

him I should never have succeeded. You must put him on board too."

The men murmured; but the helmsman stopped them.

"One man makes little difference. I will settle it with the captain."

Two miles from the reef, in the roadstead, lay a small schooner. The night was so dark that she could only be reached by her lights, and the men pulled unskilfully. But they got alongside at last; and the moment they touched, a rope was lowered.

"Captain," said the man at the helm, who seemed to be one holding authority, "there are two. You will hear from me at your port."

"Right, sir, right. Now, then, gentlemen, quick's the word."

Dick clambered up. He touched the deck, and looked wildly round; for he thought it was all a dream.

The captain clapped him on the back.

"Come," said he, "this was bravely done. Where's the other?"

As Lafleur climbed the rope, the men in the boat shouted, "Adieu," and pushed off.

The captain whistled, the sails of the schooner fell, and Dick felt her move. In half an hour they were in open sea, bound for the port of Havana.

The captain took them below, and showed them a small cabin, with a pair of bunks. He had, too, changes of clothing; and, though it was difficult to fit a man of Dick's inches, it was something to be dry, even with six inches of leg between boot and trouser.

"No one of the sailors," said the captain, "knows anything. We've only been in port two days, and none of them have been ashore except the cook, and he's deaf. Mr. Lafleur, you're welcome, for your father's sake. And you, young sir, for any sake you like, whatever you have done."

Dick shuddered. "What had he done?" The thought of the big turnkey, whose black blood he had seen oozing out upon the stones, struck cold at his heart.

But he held out his hand to Lafleur, and said, with an emotion that had nothing simulated about it—

"You've rescued me from that infernal place, and you stood by me in the boat. I swear to you, Lafleur, by all that I can swear, that I will stand by you till the last. If I can help you, I will help you. If I can

defend you, I will defend you. If I can save you in any trouble, I will save you. If I have any money, you shall have half, and more. If I have any luck, you shall have half, and more. So help me God!"

Lafleur took his hand in his, and pressed it, and said nothing. So was plighted between them the troth that made them partners for life.

Next day they were in the trade winds, bowling merrily along; for the schooner was as fast a vessel as any in those waters.

"Who were the men in the boats?" asked Dick, as they leaned over the taffrail, after breakfast, watching the flying fish and the porpoises.

"The man who held the rudder strings was my father; one of the others was my brother; the rest were my cousins. The whole thing was arranged by the lawyer, my cousin. Pierre got an impression of the key in wax, and made it himself. He's a clever locksmith. You see, it would hardly do to have a man in my position tried for murder—though it was a fair duel—and I knew they would do something for me, sooner or later."

"By Jove," said Dick, "you must be a devilish clever family. And suppose the shark had spoiled our little game! I wish I hadn't hit Smith so hard. He was a good fellow, after all. But it is deuced hard to regulate your stroke so as just to stun, and not to kill. It wants a lighter wrist than mine."

Smith, however, was not dead—he was only stunned; and directly he came to himself, which was three minutes after the birds were flown, he staggered to his feet, and instantly collared Pierre, making a great roaring, because he felt too groggy on his feet to hold on long. Pierre lost his situation; and notwithstanding he made great protestation of his innocence, he was not observed to care very much about his *démision*, and applied his talents subsequently, with great success, to the trade of locksmith. The last time I heard of Pierre, I was told that he had sent his two sons to England—one to be made a barrister, and the other a doctor. They were smart young fellows; and when they went back to Palmiste, refused to speak to their father because the poor man was coloured. Now this was ungrateful.

It would take me too long to follow the fortunes of Dick for the ten years which

intervened between his escape from Palmiste and his return to England. He did, always with Lafleur and the captain, a little trade in black humanity, running in the fast-sailing schooner between Congo and some quiet creek in Cuba. And they never got caught. It was during this period that he grew his beard, and developed his former meagre proportions. Presently came the American war, and the game of blockade-running began. By this time the captain, to whom the schooner belonged, was dead; and Dick and Lafleur, like the pirates of old, took quiet command of the craft, no questions being asked as to the approval of the skipper's heirs. And then, for a couple of years, a merry time. There is a port, little frequented by English ships, some few hundred miles east of New Orleans. There the adventurers found their market; and many a glorious run they had from Nassau, laden with contraband of war. But the pitcher oft-times taken to the well gets smashed at last; and one fine morning, when the day broke, after a thick black night, a Federal cruiser was discovered only a mile away; and the tight little schooner, driven on shore, was broken up and destroyed.

But they had made by this time a pretty little sum between them, which was lying to their credit in Havana; and the catastrophe affected them but little. Meanwhile, in these long days and nights at sea, Dick had imbibed from his companion a large share of his gambling spirit. He was now heart and soul a gambler. How far Lafleur played fair or false, no one knows; but I think he never cheated Dick, in his worst moments. Their partnership was true; and though there was neither friendship, respect, nor affection between them, there was the mutual bond of self-interest, and, it may have been, a sentiment, an unseen fetter—forged on that day when they braved the terrors of the reef—which both felt, and both were either unwilling or unable to break. Their names were changed. Dick called himself Shipley; Lafleur, Vidal. Under these names they "traded."

Between '65 and '68—the year of their home-coming—had been an alternation of reverses and victories, chiefly carried on at the gambling-tables of the Southern States and Mexico. They won, they fought; they lost, they fought. And it was Dick who—after a lucky night or two at New Orleans had pulled them out of the mire, and set them up with a handful of money—proposed

to go over to England, and see whether anything could be made out of the old man. There was no risk to speak of. Long since, the escape of Mellon and Lafleur had been forgotten, or only remembered as a mysterious disappearance, in Palmiste. It had never been understood. The only ship which sailed from the port that day was a small schooner which had passed out of port at three in the afternoon, and was said to have sailed before nightfall. The woods were searched, but in vain; and the police had finally given up the hopeless task of trying to find them. Moreover, who would now have recognized either of them?

And so they came to England, like the wild beasts of the forest, seeking whom they might devour.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

PARKSIDE, where the Heathcotes lived, was seated on a sunny slope, just outside the straggling village of Hunslope. From the windows you had a view of scattered cottages, a farmhouse or two standing sheltered by their rickyards, the church tower peeping over Lord Hunslope's elms, and, in the distance, the white turnpike road to Market Basing. John Heathcote's house was well named: the gravelled drive up to his door skirted one of the parks that surround Hunslope Towers. The farmer's garden was six feet lower than the park: so there was a natural fence. The only disadvantage attending this was that, once a-year or so, a Southdown of his lordship's tumbled over into Mrs. Heathcote's flowerbeds. About which catastrophes, when they occurred, Mrs. Heathcote made more fuss than the sheep did. She was a born grumbler. She grumbled for self and husband: when it was wet, because it was not fine; when the sun shone, because the turnips wanted rain; when beef was dear, because corn was low; when the markets rose, because John had sold too soon; when they fell, because he had held on to his corn or his bullocks.

And she was infallible.

John Heathcote—as honest and sensible a man as ever sowed one grain in the hope of reaping twenty—farmed five hundred and thirty acres of land, good, bad, and indifferent. Three hundred and eighty acres were his own good freehold. The remaining hundred and fifty he rented of his neighbour, Lord Hunslope. Of the lot,

but twenty acres came under the category of bad and indifferent. They served their useful purpose, if they did not pay their way: they gave Mrs. Heathcote good cause of complaint.

"What in the world your father wants to go and pay forty-two shillings an acre for Church Marsh for, nobody but John Heathcote knows," she had said to her daughters and at her husband a thousand times.

But her husband puffed his pipe in peace. She had pecked at him so long, he could not have digested his dinner without his usual dessert.

At Parkside, they dined at half-past two in the afternoon. Dinner was over, and they were sitting in their pleasant dining-room. The winter's sun was shining brightly in at the windows.

At one, Lucy sat with some tating on her lap. Mrs. Heathcote, in her violet silk, at the other, lazily peeling a pear. The farmer was smoking his clean clay pipe by the fire-side.

"What did he say, John?" asked Mrs. Heathcote.

She referred to Dick Mortiboy.

"I didn't see him."

"Didn't see him! I thought you said he was coming over to-day?"

"I saw your uncle Richard."

"You said the beautiful Dick was coming over this afternoon."

"I know I did. Your uncle said he was."

"Why didn't you ask him to dinner?"

"I did."

"It's a wonder you thought of it, I'm sure."

John Heathcote gave a grunt in acknowledgment.

"The last time that boy was here, he was brought in with a broken collar-bone."

"Broke it at Codgebroke Brook, on my old black mare. How that boy did ride!"

"When you mounted him. Riding your horses to death! I always said he'd come back like a bad shilling, if he only had time to do it."

"Your mother used to say she knew he was dead—didn't she, Lu?"

"Sometimes she said she thought so, papa," said Lucy, softly.

"I never had a lucky legacy in my life," sighed Mrs. Heathcote.

Her cousin Dick's return was a very bitter pill for her to swallow, but she had got it down.

"What did you want the boy dead for? You've got enough, haven't you, Lydia?" said her husband, rather angrily.

"He never was any good to himself or anybody else. I never counted on Uncle Richard's money though, for I felt sure he'd come back. Such scapegraces always do. What did they say about it, John? I suppose all the world and Market Basing know about it by this time!"

"Market Basing people know all about it," said Mr. Heathcote. "They were all talking about it this morning."

"What did they say?"

"Wait till the boy comes, and see him for yourself. Where's Grace gone?"

"She has gone with Frank Melliship down to the church, to practise something or another on the organ for Sunday. They'll catch their deaths of cold in that church a day like this!"

"Who's gone with 'em to blow?" asked Mr. Heathcote.

"Silly Billy, father," replied Lucy.

She said this quite gravely. Silly Billy had been blower ever since she had known the church.

"Then I'll bet a new hat the greenhouse fire's never been lighted. I told him to light it."

Mr. Heathcote put on his hat, and went out to light it himself.

"I'm quite anxious to see Cousin Dick, mamma," said Lucy. "I wonder what he's like. Of course I don't recollect him a bit."

"You need not want, my dear."

"What a number of strange places he must have seen, and after living in a quiet little town like Market Basing! What a change for him! I should love to see foreign places, and—"

"Foreign fiddlesticks!" said her mother. "You shall go to Scarborough with us in the summer, if I can only make Dr. Kerby say you must. Then John must take us."

"I wonder if Cousin Dick is married."

Her mother started.

"Married! of course not. In those outlandish places, who could there be to marry? Cannibal queens?"

"I don't know, mamma. I only wondered if he was married."

"Pare me another pear, Lucy, and don't be ridiculous. They keep very well; and I like a pear better than grapes, I think."

This accomplished general had been sur-

prised by Dick's return. But she had formed her plans. He should be Grace's husband.

That was why he was not married.

"There is somebody on horseback coming across the park, mamma," said Lucy, looking towards Hunslope Towers.

There was an undisputed right of way across the earl's park.

"Where, girl," cried her mother, hastily, joining her daughter at her window.

In the distance, there was a figure on a horse to be seen.

"It's your cousin Dick—and Grace is stopping down at that church all this time. I wanted her to be back."

"Is it Cousin Dick, mamma? Whoever it is, he comes very slowly, I think."

"Yes, it's Dick Mortiboy. I know by the horse. It's that chestnut your poor aunt Susan used to drive. I know it by the blaze face."

"I can't see any white, mamma."

"My eyes are better than yours, Lucy. Put another glass on the table, as if we expected him. He's sure to drink some wine. And Lucy—"

"Yes, mamma."

"See if Mary is dressed. She went upstairs an hour ago. Pull the bell."

Lucy Heathcote carried out her mother's instructions, and returned to the window.

"Look at my hair behind, Lucy. It feels as if the braid was loose."

"It's all right, mamma. Mamma, it is not a chestnut horse," said the daughter. "Look. It is Lord Launton, I'm sure."

"So it is. What's he coming sawneying over here about, I wonder? I thought he was at college. He was not at church on Sunday."

"Perhaps he's going into the village, mamma."

"Let's hope he is," said her mother.

But a minute or two afterwards, the heir of Hunslope Towers and Mr. Heathcote were seen going towards the stables together.

"If Grace and Frank don't come back before your cousin comes, I shall be very angry with her. I suppose your father will bring Lord Launton in."

"I dare say he will, mamma. Lord Launton never comes to ask papa a question without coming in." Then she added, "I think Grace took the cough stuff for Granny Worley in her pocket, and I believe she meant to take it round to her cottage."

"She never will go fooling all up the lane instead of coming straight home."

"Poor old granny's cough is dreadfully bad."

"Dreadfully fiddlestick! Let Silly Billy take it when he goes home. I've no patience with such nonsense!"

They heard steps in the passage. The matron smoothed her ruffled plumage. Her face beamed with smiles as the door opened, and in came Mr. Heathcote with Lord Launton.

He was a lad about twenty-one, light-haired, short-sighted, tall, and thin; shy and hesitating in his manner, with a little stammer. Mr. Heathcote was a tenant of the earl's; and this young lord, as a boy, had been accustomed to run in and out of Hunslope Farm, so that a visit from him had not by any means the social significance which Mrs. Heathcote would have wished to see in it.

"It's nothing, Mrs. Heathcote—really, nothing at all," he stammered as he dropped his hat in his effort to find a chair. "How do you do, Miss Heathcote? I was passing, and I—I thought I should like to ask Mr. Heathcote's opinion about—but it is really a trifle—the horse Mr. Heathcote bought for me turns out to have a corn. I was afraid he might prove lame through it."

He was at Oxford, where he had the reputation of being a scholar and a poet; but he had not yet learned to hide those signals of confusion and distress which modesty and shamefacedness hung out continually upon his cheeks. A lad, for the rest, of high-born and generous tendencies, who read the tales of his ancestors' valour to profit, seeing that the virtues of self-sacrifice and duty are the modern substitutes for those old ones of bravery and strength; and knowing that with these the nineteenth century may be made as fair a battle-field as any chronicled by Villehardouin and Froissart.

A poetic youth, too, and dwelling in that cloudland of rosy mist and shapeless castles where the future shines before the eyes of dreaming youth like a landscape by Turner—vague, glorious, and golden. In his own home, with a commonplace and rather stupid father, a mother always occupied with her projects and pet societies, there was no one with whom he could exchange ideas; and so he peopled the solitude with creations of his own brain, and wandered about the glorious old park which surrounds Hun-

slope Towers until every avenue of it was filled with the creations of his own imagination, and every glade was a scene of romance, exploit, and endurance. A foolish, fond, and silly way of passing the hours: an unproductive, unpractical, and wasted time, quite useless in these days of competitive examinations—detrimental to honour lists—and only useful in after-life if, haply, when the fallow years are spent, the soil is found richer and stronger; if, haply, strength of will grows out of vague aspiration, and purpose out of hope.

Ronald, Viscount Launton, was twenty-one: the only son of an impoverished peer. He knew well—it was the bitterness of his life—that he was expected to raise the fortunes of the house by a good marriage. He had always understood this, from the day when he began to understand anything. And at first it did not seem to matter. But there came a time—and it comes to all alike—when he found himself a man; when he felt his sex; when his thoughts turned naturally, and by that noble instinct which it is the business of our civilization to divert or repress, to the love of woman. Chateaubriand, during his years of adolescence, constructed for himself an imaginary woman. One lent him her hair, one her eyes, one her figure, one her hands, and one her mind. This was fatal, because the woman of his dreams never came to him, and he spent his life in looking for her. Ronald was wiser. He found one woman lovely enough, graceful enough, refined enough for a poet's idol, and set her up to be worshipped in that Holy of Holies—the heart of a pure man. He seldom spoke to her: he never told her that he loved her. She never guessed it. Their stations in life were different: for the idol of Lord Launton was Grace Heathcote, Farmer John's elder daughter.

As the mother, so the boys: as the father, so the girls. A fanciful rule, and often enough proving itself by its exceptions. But in the Heathcote family, there was a refinement and delicacy of feeling about the farmer, in spite of his rough downright-ness, which you might look for in vain in his wife. Mrs. Heathcote was essentially commonplace—vulgar sometimes, ambitious always. Her daughters, who had been educated in London with their cousins—other Heathcotes, of a higher social position than themselves, with whom we have little to do—owed, doubtless, some of their refine-

ment to culture and training. But training is only skin deep, and wears off like veneer. It was the hereditary quality that showed itself in them: the gentle blood of the Heathcotes, come down to them through long centuries of varied and chequered fortunes.

Lucy, the younger, now about twenty, who had been the especial favourite of Miss Susan Mortiboy, seemed to have imbibed something of her cousin's deeply religious character. She was weakly, and often suffering: her face one of those thin, pale faces whose beauty is chiefly that of expression—but yet not without a beauty of its own, with its abundant wealth of rich brown hair, and large and deep brown eyes. A girl who seemed to have fixed her thoughts on things above this world: yet one who found none of its duties beneath her. John Heathcote loved his daughter Grace with a sort of passionate tenderness; but when he thought of Lucy, it seemed to him as if his heart melted within him. Grace was the sun of his life; Lucy, like the moonshine, not so bright or so beautiful, but softer, sweeter, more holy. If Farmer John were to read what I have written, he would declare that it was all nonsense and romance. But it is true, nevertheless. Was Grace, then, beautiful really, or only beautiful in the eyes of her silent lover? Wait a moment.

Lord Launton has been sitting all this time, answering yes and no to Mrs. Heathcote's questions, and nervously wishing that he had not called. He stays about a quarter of an hour, and then, grasping his hat, he asks, with a tremendous blush—

“How is Miss Grace?”

And then he retires, stumbling over the door-mat, and walking off with one of Mr. Heathcote's whips instead of his own.

“I like Lord Launton so much, mamma,” said Lucy. “What a pity he is so shy!”

“If he asked my girl to have him, I don't know that she should,” thought Mrs. Heathcote. “They're so poor.”

Lord Launton turned off along the lane which led to his father's park. A pretty, tree-shaded lane in summer, where black-berry bushes across the ditch sent trailing branches across the abyss, pitfalls into which the children fell in the autumn, and scratched themselves; where honeysuckles, too, twined about among sweet wild roses, and long foxgloves shot up in July; but now, in February, a dismal place enough, with its

two frozen ruts, each a foot and a half deep, and the unrelieved brown of its hedge.

Two persons found, even on this cold afternoon, some pleasure in the scenery. They were walking slowly down the lane, side by side; and one of them, a girl, had her face bent downwards.

Lord Launton's cheeks flushed a deep crimson when he saw them. He half stopped, as if he would turn back—but changed his mind; and, making an effort, rode on with head tossed back, and a curious flash in his blue eyes. At the sound of his horse's hoofs, both looked up. He took off his hat, and held out his hand.

"I have just been to the farm, Miss Grace."

"Indeed, Lord Launton. Do you not recognize Mr. Melliship?"

His lordship began to stammer again.

"I—I—I—think we were at Eton together, Mr. Melliship; but you were in a higher form, and you can hardly remember me, I suppose."

Frank Melliship laughed.

"In any case, after five years, we can hardly be expected to remember each other. You are spending the vacation at the Towers?"

"Yes—yes—until I go back to Oxford."

Then Lord Launton left them, riding on fast to conceal his own agitation.

"Heavens!" he thought. "He is a man; and what am I, who cannot for five minutes preserve my presence of mind?"

And then was miserable the whole evening, with the feeling that he had made a visible fool of himself. Of course, he had done nothing of the kind.

Of the pair whom he left behind him, the girl was taller than the average stature of her sex. Her warm winter dress, with its sealskin jacket and furs, was not so thick as to hide altogether the graceful lines of her admirable figure; nor could her thick veil altogether conceal the roses of her cheek and the brightness of her eyes—eyes with the clear brown tinge, the colour of truth and loyalty. Nor could the dank and misty atmosphere of the winter's day take its gloss from the glorious brown hair, as profuse and as abundant as her sister's, which wanted no artificial helps to set forth its wealth. Grace Heathcote is so lovely, that Lord Launton's boyish infatuation is easily understood: so lovely that we seem to know what is passing in the breast of the young man

who walks beside her. For a beautiful girl is one of those treasures—more priceless than any works of art—which makes all men long to call it his own; to envy him who has the happiness to dwell for ever in the magic of her eyes, to revel in the sunshine of her love. We love them at random, and all for the sake of their beauty: we know not what may be the soul that lies beneath: we stake our life and its happiness upon the chance that, under so fair a form, God has given the world as fair a heart. We have an instinct—whether true or false, Heaven knows—that goodness and truth, and fidelity and honour accompany beauty; that where the loveliness which moves our heedless natures is found, there also those things which make life happy when passion is spent, are found also. If they are not there, we believe them to be; and so life goes on, and our love becomes our wife, and remains an angel still. Socrates treated Xantippe kindly, forgetful of the high spirits which had once carried her so far as to pour the basin of water over his head; the judicious Hooker rocked the cradle, doing his wife's work, while he was writing his "Ecclesiastical Polity," without a murmur; and the illustrious Dr. Johnson never ceased to mourn the loss of the painted old woman whom his fancy had endowed with the virtues of the celestials.

Grace Heathcote being a woman, was, of course, not an angel. But there were more than one who thought her so. Lord Launton, as we have seen; Frank Melliship, as we have to see; and, at a distance, John Ghrimes—the sturdy old John, the bachelor of forty, who had her in his heart, laid by like a pleasure to be enjoyed stealthily and in secret, and to be worshipped with the hopeless devotion of one who battles for a hopeless cause—like a Communalist of Paris.

"You were at school with Lord Launton, and yet you have forgotten him, Frank?" asked Grace.

"He has been away whenever I was at home, and I have not seen him for five years. Do you often meet him?"

"This with the faintest tinge of jealousy.

"Oh, yes—very often. And I like him extremely. He used to come to the farm when he was quite a little boy."

"So did I."

"Yes; and you used to break my dolls, and make me cry."

"But we always kissed and made it up again."

"Oh, of course. Children always do."

"Well, then, I wish we were children again."

Grace laughed.

"That you might destroy my dolls again?"

"No."

Frank Melliship was silent again. It is not always easy to approach a difficult subject.

Grace took up the talk.

"And now you have really left Cambridge, and come to Market Basing for good, do you think you will be happy in such a dull place?"

"That depends on one or two things."

Grace did not ask what they were.

"There is something wrong about my father," said the young man. "Something seems to be worrying him. That will have to disappear first. He seems very well; but he is sometimes *distrait*, and returns answers showing that he has not been attending to the questions. And—well, we shall see."

"And what is the next thing to make you happy?"

"A hope, Grace."

"But any man may have a hope. Then what is yours?"

"I hope to realize the dream I was telling you when Lord Launton passed us, and interrupted me. May I tell it you again?"

"Yes," said Grace, softly.

"Then stand still, for we are close to home, and listen again. I dreamed that a childish fancy was to be the settled purpose of a man, and that what I had thought of as a boy was to be the only thing which could give me happiness when I grew up. I dreamed that what might make me happy might make another too. Grace, tell me if my dream was presumptuous. Tell me—my darling—for I love you!"

She put her hand in his, and looked him frankly in the face.

"You may hope, Frank, if it will make you happy."

"And you, Grace—can my love make you happy? My words have not offended you?"

This time she looked him full, without blushing, for she saw no reason for shame.

"Frank, nothing that you could say is able to offend me. Nothing will ever make me happy but your love."

For an answer, he lifted the veil from her

face, and kissed her lips, and cheeks, and eyes, and white brow. No one saw them; and the last ray of the early setting sun, as it shone at last from the clouds for a moment before it sank, lay upon the pair, as if with the blessing of God.

Then she broke from her lover, and laying both her hands in his for a moment, she turned the corner by the great yew hedge, and fled into the house.

MR. J. C. M. BELLEW.

THE subject of our cartoon, John Chippendale Montesquieu Bellew, is the only son of the late Captain Robert Higgin, of Lancaster. He was born in 1823. His mother was a member of the family of Lord Bellew, in Ireland; and he has assumed his mother's maiden name. He was educated at the Grammar School, Lancaster, and entered at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, in 1842. Here he became a regular speaker at the Union Debating Society; and in 1848 he was ordained a curate at St. Andrew's, Worcester. In 1850, he became curate at Prescott, whence he went out to the East Indies as a chaplain in the following year. He was attached to St. John's Cathedral, Calcutta, from that date till 1855, when he returned to England, and undertook a temporary engagement at St. Philip's, Regent-street. Here he gained great celebrity for his powers of oratory; and, after having held some temporary clerical appointments, he became, in 1862, incumbent of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury.

Mr. Bellew is the author of a novel entitled "Blount Tempest," "The History of Holland House," and other works.

Some three years since, Mr. Bellew retired from the incumbency of Bedford Chapel, and embraced the Catholic faith.

As a skilful elocutionist and successful reader, Mr. Bellew is in all probability without a rival; and he excels alike in humorous and pathetic pieces, as all who have had the pleasure of listening to him in two such entirely opposite pieces as "Horatius" and "The Charity Dinner" can testify. It may be questioned if any single reader has ever succeeded in gathering together such large and appreciative audiences as Mr. Bellew; and his popularity, instead of being on the wane, appears to increase daily. Personally, Mr. Bellew is a handsome man, with a commanding presence—

natural gifts which he turns to the greatest advantage on the platform.

Doubtless, he owes no inconsiderable portion of his success to his hair, which he wears in a most melodramatic fashion.

He has distanced all his competitors in his own line—which is that of giving theatrical renderings of the best writers to a very worthy class of people, who would never think of entering the door of a play-house.

His best humorous readings—"Love in a Balloon" and "The Charity Dinner"—have been published in our columns. Years ago, Mr. Bellew proved himself to be a master of one of the three Rs—reading. His reputation has been fairly earned.

A FIRST TIGER.

HIGH latitudes and low have done their worst upon a never robust constitution, and the sands of life have rapidly crowded *shikar*—*anglicè*, sporting events—one upon another, in much dire confusion; yet that momentous day of my griffinage must, as long as memory lasts, remain as fresh as ever.

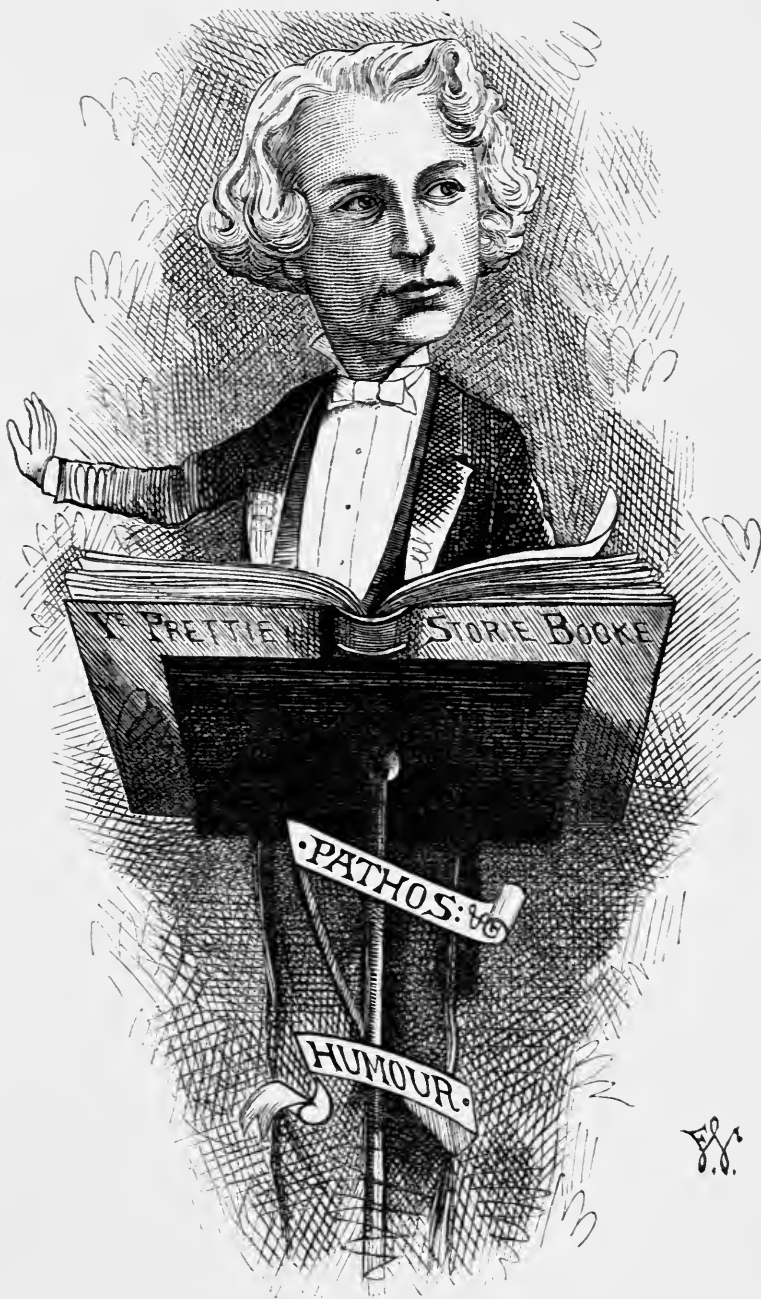
It happened thus. In the year 18—, the —th regiment went into quarters near Moulmein, Birmah. Game of all kinds abounded in the neighbourhood. Snipe sometimes could be shot even upon the parade ground; while the dense jungles to the north and west contained pea-fowl, partridge, jungle-fowl, sand grouse, quail, and deer. In fact, the place was altogether well suited to the proclivities of an Englishman. He could take up his gun, go out, and kill something—unless, indeed, something killed him; and although I never heard of that dire contingency happening, yet the number of tigers in the neighbourhood may be imagined when I state that soon after the arrival of the regiment, a couple of non-commissioned officers did, in defiance of all orders, and with the aid solely of "Brown Bess," succeed in bringing to bag one of these "great cats." This occurred before I joined; and, if I remember rightly, the trick was done from ambush, at the expense of an ill-starred live bait—a goat, I think.

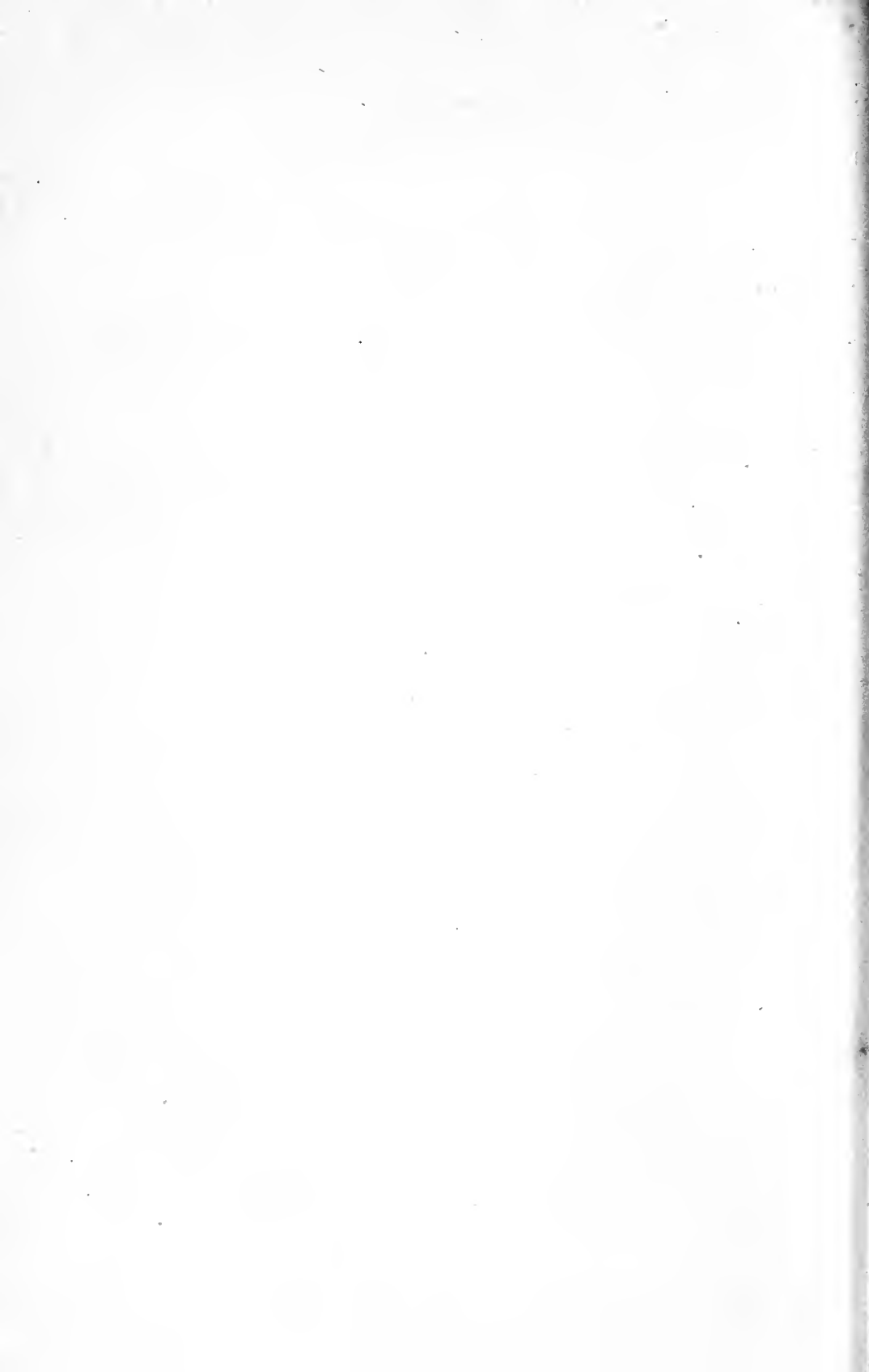
The —th had been but a few months in quarters when I arrived, a youth whose ambition had never yet soared above a day's rook or rabbit shooting.

There joined us also, nearly at the same

time, one Captain Patrick Ryan. He came through an exchange that cost him at least ten years' service, and I was appointed his "ancient;" but neither difference of rank nor age prevented the closest intimacy from existing between us, for we were of one mind in a matter of absorbing interest—viz., gunning. Pat Ryan had listened to the exploits of his brother officers until he came to be possessed with a passionate desire for killing a tiger. He *must* kill a tiger. Of course, coming from a home regiment, his personal experience of that quadruped was on a par with my own very lively reminiscences of feeding-time in the Zoo; and, for my part, I must say that the greedy roar, facile crunching powers, and dreadfully indecent haste of the whole proceeding had not left me too anxious to enter the lists as a philanthropic exterminator of the feline race. Indeed, my most consoling reflection when out shooting with Ryan was that the noise and disturbance of the beaters would most likely prevent my making very close acquaintance with anything of the sort.

With Pat Ryan, however—from, I suppose, not "thinking too precisely upon the event"—things had a less realistic tendency. Pea-fowl and partridges were getting to be too small beer to chronicle; and he was beginning to talk seriously of our midnight watchings for other game, in a manner that caused me considerable epigastric uneasiness. Things were in this state, when our mess *chokedar*, or watchman, startled us all at morning coffee by the assertion that some carnivora had carried off one of our grained mess sheep; for which piece of news he was at once dubbed a thief and a liar, without, however, altering the fact that another sheep was missing within a few days. These sheep were penned up each evening about twenty yards in front of the mess-house—a long, low, thatched building, situated in the south-west angle of an oblong square, containing about fifteen acres of grassland, around which ranged the quarters of the officers and men. This ground was intersected through the centre at right angles by four highways, leading, on the north and west, into the open country and jungle, and on the south and east into the bazaar and native town. Thus it was evident that the marauder, in order to approach the sheep-pen, must have to traverse the whole of the parade, or enfilade at least half a dozen officers' bungalows by entering on the west.





The reality of any nocturnal visitor other than biped was, however, quite pooh-poohed by the knowing ones of the mess. "The whole affair was a wretched imposition," "a palpable swindle," "a glaring attempt at a do," the *chokedar* ought to be well thrashed—*pour encourager*, I suppose, all future aspirants to that post. I only listened, a bewildered young *gobemouche*.

Pat Ryan and myself occupied adjacent quarters, close to the west road. These quarters were mostly alike—low, single-storied cottages, with verandahs, and thick projecting thatch. I cannot well say, after this length of time, what were the arguments that Ryan made use of to induce me to keep watch with him through the greater part of the first four nights of one week. I am not quite sure that I had the moral courage to say "no," but we watched in vain. Then came Friday, a guest night; and although I had not then much learned to "apply hot and rebellious liquors to my blood," yet a very fair share of claret much aided me in mentally, if not openly, discrediting all likelihood of Ryan's hopes ever being realized. More than a week elapsed without any further raid on the sheep-pen, and the affair was ceasing to be talked of. It was past midnight, and the moon in mid-heavens, when Ryan and myself entered our respective quarters, distant about two hundred yards from the mess-house. Ryan had conceded, after our late failure, that he would not ask me to take any further trouble in the matter; but announced his intention of sitting up for this one night for an hour or two, *chez lui*, on his own hook; and I, not to be outdone, volunteered to carry on the same little game, *chez moi*. I must confess that the whole affair was conducted somewhat sybaritically. Here were two men, habited in the light, loose sleeping costume of the East, reposing within a few yards of each other, in the most luxurious of cane fauteuils, with the avowed intention of attempting the destruction of one of the largest and fiercest carnivora of the country, and of which they really knew no more about than a couple of schoolboys. On my side the picture, and within easy reach, is a tea-poy, on which rests some long-necked bottles and tumblers, and also the firing iron—a number ten "Westley Richards"—a present from a retired Indian relative, of some *shikar* experience, whose parting injunction had been to trust in a bone-crusher, and nothing else.

I sat long, peering out into the moonlight, listening to all that hum and screech of insect life that renders the first part of an Indian night hideous; until very gradually, and not without many efforts to prevent it, things began to assume a less and less distinct appearance; and then came oblivion: "Nature's great restorer" was no longer to be balked, and I slept—how long, I cannot exactly say; but when I awoke, that profound stillness had settled upon the scene which is the near prelude to the dawn. The moon was about setting at my back, and cast far out upon the grass the elongated shadow of my domicile. I did not stir, but lay supinely awaiting that accumulation of moral courage which should cause me to shift from my present position to my more comfortable *charpoy*—*anglicè*, couch—indoors. An effort must really be made at once. The *réveiller* would soon beat. Now for it!

But what is that thing—low, stealthy, *contre a terre*, creeping noiselessly, as if on velvet—that has just turned the corner; that passes over the gravel path, without the movement of a pebble betraying its presence; that is now on the grass, yet well in the shade; that—as the smell of the sheep-pen is wafted down upon it—draws back its jowl, scenting the quarry with a demoniac grin, exposing a row of cruel and remorseless fangs? For the first few seconds the laboured throbbing of my heart rendered me powerless; indeed, when I had managed to stretch out my hand, grasp the gun, and struggle into an upright position, all attempts to overcome the excited action of that organ seemed futile. The tiger was now passing nearly right opposite, certainly not more than twenty yards off; still stealthily advancing upon the sheep—the point of his tail twitching noiselessly from side to side with covert excitement.

I bring the butt to my shoulder, and squint along the barrel; but, no—up and down works the sight, from the top of the tiger's shoulder to the bottom, under the influence of my untutored organization. I make a violent effort—I hold my breath—there is a second of stillness—and the piece explodes! and for the moment I am blinded with smoke; but there is a terrific roar, joined with a shriek of human anguish, and the first thing that I can plainly see is the upreared tiger, with extended claws, falling prone upon the chest of poor Ryan! Then all is quiet—for the tiger is dead! There is

a great hurrying from all quarters to the scene of action.

Very gently, and with much caution, we disengaged poor Ryan from his fearful embrace. He is quite insensible. The surgeon, however, can find no wounds except those on the face; but these are truly of a calamitous description—much such as would be made by a sharp garden rake, could it be drawn down the human countenance. Months afterwards, when he was slowly recovering from a brain-fever, I heard from him all he knew of how it happened; and that was little enough. He too, it seems, had fallen asleep in his chair, and remembered only awaking suddenly at the report of a gun, and springing at once out from the verandah; but, alas! into the very clutches of the expiring tiger.

This skin—a very fine one, with claws attached—I let Ryan keep. He soon afterwards went home, invalided; his countenance bearing the ineffaceable evidence of this sad event.

PARIS AFTER TWO SIEGES.

AFTER THE COMMUNE.—PART II.



STANDING here at that part of the ramparts which extends from the Ternes to the Point du Jour, what a scene is presented to our gaze! Girder bridges and corrugated roofs, *débris* of all kinds, in con-

fusion dire, witness—with the miles of demolished villas—to the vigour of the second bombardment, compared with which the German siege operations were as harmless child's play. Outside the walls, we are able to pursue the saps and parallels which have been excavated up to a point within a surprisingly short distance of the ramparts. How much nearer they would have been carried, how much longer the troops would have tarried while the big guns behind them worked destruction in their front, is matter for conjecture; but certainly the desertion of the ramparts by the Guard relieved the besiegers from a dilemma which was becoming tedious and embarrassing, not to say ludicrous.

But it is time we followed in the track of the assailants; and so we turn from their preliminary operations, and make our way into Paris by the Trocadéro, sentries sometimes warning us by the way to avoid ground understood to be mined. Above us is the position on which the insurgent guns were planted to answer Mont Valerien; before us are the Champs de Mars, the river, and—in all her incomparable beauty—Paris herself. We continue our way by the Boulevard du Roi de Rome, and so reach the Arc de Triomphe. The arch must have been hit hundreds of times. A limb of one of the bas-relief figures has been knocked off, and some other mutilations have been effected. There are many places where the balls have penetrated the stone, and others where great black powder blotches have been left; but the architectural outlines are undisturbed, and the monument as a whole is undiminished in its beauty and effectiveness. From the flagstaff on its summit the red flag no longer floats: the troops gained the position and hoisted the tricolour without resistance; and yet at the base of the arch there are barricades of surprising strength, which would apparently have resisted any possible attack in front; and looking down the avenue of the Champs Elysées we see a litter of branches of trees, of broken lamp-posts, and of all such unfortunate objects as obtruded themselves in the line of fire from the batteries in front of the Tuileries gardens. Avoiding such a dangerous path, the troops, therefore, kept working north, and seem to have met with the first serious resistance in their attempts to penetrate eastwards by such streets as the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré and the Boulevard

Malesherbes, where they were confronted by the insurgents' barricades.

An English friend has apartments at a corner where a narrow street intersects the last-named great Via Haussman, and at the intersection of the four ways a barricade had been hastily constructed, mainly by taking up the paving stones of the crossing, building a wall with them, covering the wall with earth, and leaving a trench where the earth had been excavated. To these were added

mattresses, and any material which could at the moment be requisitioned.

Here the Commune kept for awhile the Versaillaise at bay; and whatever may be said for the valour of *la ligne*, there is no question about their possession of that discretion which our proverb tells us is its better part. From tree to kiosk, from kiosk to doorway, creeping along the sides of the street, the red trousers make their way with the minimum of exposure. Reaching the



THE VENDOME COLUMN.

entrance to our English friend's apartments, the troops demand and are allowed access to the entire premises. They thus become possessed of numerous windows, from which they are enabled to fire down upon the defenders of the barricade, who return the fire at an immense disadvantage. The latter make their mark, nevertheless, on windows and furniture; and flattened bullets are preserved as mementoes of the fight.

We are assured, on the authority of an

eye-witness, of a fact which indicates the desperate game which the insurgent Guards felt they were playing, and shows that they indulged in no illusions as to the clemency of the Versaillaise. At this barricade, when an insurgent was seriously wounded, he was despatched by his comrades, rather than be left to become a prisoner. Close to us was a great greasy patch on the pavement, marking the place where one man so stabbed had bled to death. Just below, we

were shown the spot where a woman, charged with having pointed out to the insurgents the position of some soldiers, was brought down, placed against the wall, and summarily shot. The story of one barricade is very much the experience of them all. Some were more substantially constructed; some had formidable artillery and mitrailleuses; and in some cases the Federals had the advantage of the windows and roofs of adjoining houses; but, from all we can gather, the number of actual Federal combatants who fought the desperate fight from barricade to barricade must have been a very small proportion of the Guards who drew their daily pay from the exchequer of the Commune. There are well-authenticated stories of barricades stoutly defended by three men; and a case in which one man held the troops at bay until he was physically exhausted. But, as a rule, the contest at the barricades was not prolonged. The place from which the earth had been excavated formed a trench into which the dead fell; and, as the Federals retreated eastward, these trenches were again filled up, and the paving stones replaced—but so hastily as, in one case within our knowledge, to leave the upturned face of a Communist visible as the stone above it was disturbed by a passing footstep.

We continue our walk towards the Madeleine, which we find bears innumerable marks about the frieze and colonnade, but in other respects has happily escaped. Looking southwards, however, down the Rue Royale, we are confronted by a startling scene. Half-way, where the street is intersected by the Rue St. Honoré, there are fallen houses on both sides, and probably half the street has been fired. It is pleasant to hear it said that the energetic action of an English physician saved not only his own house, but also prevented the fire from extending farther. At the foot of the street there has been one of the strongest barricades. Before going on to the Place de la Concorde, we make a *détour* along the Rue St. Honoré, and reach the Place Vendôme. In its centre is the stunted pedestal, beyond lie the massive fragments of the column, the demolition of which was decreed by the Commune as being a "monument of barbarism, a symbol of brute force, of false glory, an encouragement of military spirit, a denial of international rights, a permanent insult offered by the conquerors to the con-

quered," *et cetera, et cetera*. The statue of the first Emperor, which surmounted the column, has been taken away to a place of security, and the bas-relief with which the stone was encased is being carefully marked and removed. The monument was an imitation of the Trajan column at Rome. Its spiral scroll commemorated the victories of the First Napoleon, in bronze, from cannon taken from the Germans. About the column as a work of art there have always been various opinions; and many competent authorities argue that æsthetically the square is improved by its demolition. But no one will accept as sincere the grandiloquent cosmopolitanism of the decree, or look upon the destruction of such a national monument as other than an act of spiteful vandalism, dictated rather by hostility to the Third than by enlightened repudiation of the First Napoleon. The Place itself has had greatness thrust upon it during the past year. Its mansions, dating back to Louis XIV., have seen many vicissitudes. Ollivier tried hard from one of them to pacify the crowd which called for truth and arms on the first news of Forbach and Reichsoffen. During the siege, the head-quarters of the National Guard were here; and under the Commune, it has been one of the chief military centres. Solid and lofty barricades stopped the outlets to the Rue de la Paix and the Rue Castiglione. But now the Assembly is in possession; men in blouses—possibly some who aided in the demolition of the column—are helping in collecting the broken parts; and every spectator has some suggestion to offer, some sapient scheme for its reconstruction.

Leaving them to discuss the relative merits of an equestrian statue of Thiers as against a figure of "France," we continue our walk. A few yards brings us to what was the Ministry of Finance. It is in ruin, and is a remarkable spectacle. The free use of stone in Paris buildings accounts for the fact that in most cases the external walls have not given way; after roof and interior have been the prey of fire, the façade remains unbroken; and it is only from positions in front of the edifices that it is possible to perceive the real state of things. But the front wall of the Ministry of Finance has fallen forward, and a great mass of rugged stonework lies across the Rue de Rivoli. The extensive constructional use of arches gives to the exposed interior the

appearance of a Roman ruin. Here, as elsewhere, there are circumstantial stories of incendiarism, of stores of petroleum distributed about the building, and fired at the given moment. These stories may be true. The Federals may have fired it from strategic considerations, or they may have done so in vengeance. But it is certain that, into and beyond this angle of the Place de la Concorde—indeed, into the Place Vendôme, and about such places as the Hôtel Meurice—there rained vast numbers of Versaillaise shells, quite sufficient to account for any amount of destruction. For just beyond, where the Rue de Rivoli joins the Place de la Concorde, is a barricade, crossing the roadway from the angle of the Ministry of Marine to the railings of the Tuileries, of construction massive and scientific beyond compare. It, and others like it, would have defied a siege, had not the Commune lost head as well as heart, and failed to guard against the flanking of such positions. A carriage-way has been cleared through, and we pass on freely to the Place de la Concorde. The statue of Strasburg has just been denuded of her votive garlands, swept up and carried off in the dust cart, while her neighbour of Lille has been decapitated; and scattered about the pavement are fragments of lamp-posts and balustrades. One of the two great fountains has been shattered, but the other is unharmed; and, strange to tell, the obelisk of Luxor, the central object standing in the direct line of fire from both batteries, stands inviolate. Crossing the Seine, the Foreign Office, to our right, and the Palais Bourbon, directly opposite, have been damaged, but not seriously, by balls. But turning down the Quai d'Orsay, the three great public buildings which front the Tuileries gardens—the Palace of the Legion of Honour, the Exchequer, and the Bank of Deposit—have little more than their walls remaining. The Rue de Lille and the Rue du Bac are piteous lines of ruin; for here, as in other adjacent parts of the Quartier St. Germain, there has been furious work. Probably, the resistance offered by the Federals on this side was more stubborn than elsewhere; but much destruction may no doubt be set down to their antipathy to the aristocratic traditions and Bourbon partialities of the locality.

Farther up the river, one of the picturesque round towers of the Conciergerie has succumbed to the flames; but, happily,

prompt measures saved a considerable part of the Palace of Justice. The exquisite Sainte Chapelle, just behind, is absolutely untouched. One of Merryweather's London steam fire engines, which was in Paris during the German siege, was happily available in time to prevent the flames reaching the gilded shrine of St. Louis. Incendiarism has, however, triumphed at the Prefecture of Police. Notre Dame and the Pantheon participated in the good fortune which attended the churches everywhere; and the Sorbonne and Luxembourg have only partially suffered. We return, and recross the river by the Pont du Carrousel. Entering the great square, we have before us, in all its stupendous reality, the wreck of the Tuileries. The wing nearest the river retains the outlines of its Mansard roof; but the centre pavilion, and the whole range round to the archway by which we pass to the Rue de Rivoli, is reduced to the bare walls. The feeble-looking fire engines are pumping on the embers, from which smoke is still arising. We look to the Louvre with a glad exclamation of relief, qualified only by the contemplation of the portion in which the library was housed, where the flames have triumphed. The Palais Royal, too, has been destroyed; though the cafés, shops, and theatres surrounding the well-known gardens behind remain uninjured, having been preserved, it is said, by the exceptional energy of the tenants in themselves taking measures to restrain and localize the fire.

Following the Rue de Rivoli eastward, we arrive at the point where it is intersected by the Boulevard Sebastopol. Upon many strange scenes has this old tower of St. Jacques looked down. It must have witnessed the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the bloody work of the guillotine in the Place de Gréve. It must have seen revolutions and restorations, Bourbons and Orleanists, consulates, empires, monarchies, and republics; and, surviving the destruction of the Church to which it was attached, and its humiliation as a shot tower, it has lived to be utilised by Hausmann, and to have at its feet one of the prettiest gardens in Paris; where the pleasant shout of children enlivened without disturbing the scene upon which the old would gaze while spending the leisure which a Parisian apparently never lacks. But St. Bartholomew and the Reign of Terror were hardly sadder times than these; for here at the railings,

the gates being locked and guarded, are anxious women peering in, and, possessed of some slight clue, are craving for further intelligence as to lost dear ones. For the trim flower beds have been opened to receive hundreds of Federals, marched straight from the barricades, summarily shot, and their corpses hastily huddled under the soil. Grim and misanthropic surely the old tower will grow as it thinks of the children at its feet, and of the bloody storm which has raged around its base.

Close at hand, the Théâtre Lyrique is a shell, and the shops and cafés hereabouts have suffered fearfully. But of all the ruins, none will contest the palm with the Hôtel de Ville. Its interior it utterly consumed. Its skyline is jagged, and much of the exterior is blackened with smoke, or fiercely calcined. Some of the many statues which have occupied niches in the façades have succumbed; others are slightly, very many not at all injured. The bas-relief of Henry IV. is gone—the work of the iconoclasts. But probably no building ever displayed in its ruin so many features which recall its charm, or which make us feel that we have insufficiently valued in life, the beauty which confronts us so touchingly in death. For of that Renaissance school which has been honourably known as French, and which has within the last few years been much emulated in England, we can hardly imagine a more perfect example than this. Nor does the eye linger about its beauty of form, more than the mind travels over the wondrous historical incidents of which it has been the stage. From one window Louis XVI., wearing the Phrygian cap, endeavoured to propitiate the mob of the first Revolution. From another, Lamartine braved and subdued the unruly spirits of '48. We hear people who stand beside us dolefully regretting the time when Hausmann gave his receptions and incomparable balls, in its saloons, as Prefect under the Empire. And we are reminded that here the Government of National Defence proclaimed itself on the 4th of September; here it was made prisoner the next month; here the Commune was declared; and here for the last two months, what a chaos—"where all deliberate and none obey"—has reigned! Here, too, as the tide of the Commune's fortune ebbed, the fierce fighting went on from behind the strong barricades in the Place de Gréve. The din of cannon, the strange whirring

sound of mitrailleuse, and incessant bang bang of musketry, resounding through an atmosphere lurid and murky, as the flames contended with the merciful rain, made a discordant hell upon earth; while dread uncertainty possessed the citizens, one moment in danger from the desperate violence of the insurgents, and the next from the retaliatory excesses of the Government troops. The panic about petroleum; the insane credulity which, at such a time, receives with unquestioning faith the wildest horrors; the fear of being denounced promptly; to the denunciation and summary execution of some one, any one else, all these conditions we try to realize as we stand where the Commune men retreated into the Hôtel de Ville, and imagine the scene when they were subsequently driven back into the burning buildings by their remorseless and infuriated conquerors. The Parisians have a theory that whoever holds the Hôtel de Ville is supreme in France. It is a sorry tradition now; but even this desolate ruin may be in some degree a type.

Pursuing our way, we find marks of firing on almost every building along the Rue St. Antoine. The Protestant church there has been a good deal injured. Reaching the Place de la Bastille, there have been barricades, and are ruined buildings; and near at hand is the Granary of Abundance, which has been a tremendous fire. All along the boulevards there are the evidences of fierce street fighting; but about the Château d'Eau there has been a stubborn and sustained, though unsuccessful, resistance; the fountains are shattered, and bombs have wrought destruction all around. Following in the track of the retreating Federals, we reach the outer ring of boulevards, at the point where the Canal de l'Ourcq terminates in the docks at La Villette. Fire has done its wicked work here; and, as at the Granaries, merchandise of great value has been destroyed. Smoke is still rising as we pass on our way up to the Buttes Chaumont.

We are now in what has always been regarded as the most turbulent part of Paris, and we are prepared to find a repressed but fierce and vengeful people. We do find red-trousered sentries and patrols, and we can see reserves of the line. As we near the Buttes, we find a trench partially filled in with earth and quick lime, and close at hand deal coffins, with lids left loose for the identification of the slain men therein. We

find, too, on our way up to the positions from which the cannon has been removed, a heap just hastily covered over, and smelling most repulsively; and we look down into the quarry, which Hausmann transformed from a sanctuary for ruffians and city refuse into one of the most picturesque parks in Europe, and there the troops are guarding such insurgents as have not been shot, and whose turn has not yet come for Satory. A day or two ago, the women up here hissed at and execrated the soldiers as they passed before their houses; and well they might. But who shall argue from yesterday what Paris shall be to-day, or predict from to-day what it will do to-morrow?

We think we see a subdued look here and there, but nothing which could lead a stranger to suppose that a new, and to them auspicious, era had come to a bloody end; that the Commune, which in their eyes was the harbinger of abundant food, the promise of little work and large wages—had expired in flames; and that the fathers and brothers, the husbands and sweethearts, aye, and the wives and sisters doubtless, of these very people had, within a week past, died as martyrs on the funeral pyre! For here, on a patch of open ground, is a little fair; and there are swing boats, in one of which are two young women, and opposite them, in gay companionship, a red-trousered soldier; while close by a lively crowd is listening to a showman, who is discoursing most entertaining buffoonery from the platform in front of his little theatre; and meanwhile the sentries carry long steel rods for probing mattresses and other places of concealment, and Communists are being hotly searched for, and prisoners marched off to Versailles. For happily there is an end to the executions without trial, and there is even a reaction, and people begin to protest against excesses which so recently were applauded as heroic vigour.

Paris looks surpassingly beautiful from these heights; and out yonder, on the northern plain, is the foreigner looking on, a puzzled spectator of this the strangest and saddest drama of the world has ever seen. Had the Germans not lent their aid by permitting M'Mahon's men to enter by the northern gates, and so surprise these heights and Montmartre in flank, their capture would have cost the Government a fearful price; or had such naturally strong positions been defended with the courage and

pertinacity we saw proofs of at Neuilly, the struggle would have been much more protracted, and the issue doubtful.

But as we regain the principal boulevards, we find every street a vista of tri-coloured flags. The men are unstopping the ventilating grids which had been plastered up against the *pétroleuses*; the barricades are rapidly disappearing; 10,000 workmen are said to have been set to work in relaying the pavement, which probably most of them had had a hand in taking up; the shops are open, the cafés are themselves again, and Paris is once more declared *tranquil*.

Englishmen have not been uninterested observers in the events we have here been reviewing. Looking back in our history, we have to retrace more than two centuries for a parallel; and although then we had contending armies, a great rebellion, and a monarch brought to the block, we remember with pride that our revolutionists were God-fearing men, who contended for the authority of laws and parliaments. In 1638 our forefathers rose again in protest against arbitrary power, and banished the Stuarts for ever. Since then the fabric of our liberties has grown—"from precedent to precedent"—by the slow and sure development of public opinion and constitutional reform. In judging French convulsions, it is important to bear in mind the difference in her traditions. For this Communist revolution there is no palliation. Universal suffrage was in vogue, a republican government in power; and it is intolerable that a people outvoted at the ballot-box should appeal to arms, save against unequivocal oppression. But then it must be remembered that twenty years of enervating Cæsarism had left the French people mere infants in political knowledge.

Whatever truth there may be in Mr. Disraeli's axiom, that England is governed by rhetoric rather than logic, it is undoubtedly true of modern France. Windy proclamations and specious epigrams have a weight with the people, which to us seems ridiculous. Nor must we forget their passion for classic reproductions. Thus it happens that there was a charm in the traditions of the Numantines who destroyed their city rather than allow it to cover the invader; and, in like manner, Moscow was cited as a patriotic example. On the resistless approach of Napoleon, in 1812, the governor withdrew the fire-engines, and prepared what

Alison describes as "a sublime effort of patriotic devotion;" and the burning of Moscow will continue to be chronicled among the most heroic deeds in history. Beaten at the poll, the Southern states of America confederated, and appealed to arms; and, doubtless, if they had made Richmond a Moscow, they would not have wanted admirers or apologists. And so in Paris, beaten like rats into their last holes, surrendering with their lives the cause on which these misguided men had staked their fortunes, receiving no quarter, there was to them a sentimental sublimity in reducing to a common ruin with themselves the monuments of the power against which they had contended.

For the murder of the hostages, there is no extenuation. The savagery has its parallel only in the acts of the brigands at Marathon; and it will be conceded that, in either case, reasonable statesmanship might have saved valuable lives.

There is a God that ruleth in the affairs of men, but it is not for us to interpret His dealings. Poor bleeding France has had her follies and her vices, and is paying dearly for them. She has long yielded a nominal deference to a system of priestcraft which has given a servile support to despotism; and, in her spasmodic uprisings, she has ostentatiously adopted a code of blasphemy and infidelity equally irrational. Her want of the common sense submission to the constitutional decision of a majority—which, with all our faults, is never wanting in Englishmen—has plunged France into the most hopeless complications; and her national vanity and passion for military glory have been, time after time, will-o'-the-wisps to lure her to bankruptcy.

Is there no lesson for Englishmen, and have we no province but that of censor?

We have in our midst lawless and dangerous classes, which demand all the thought of the statesman and philanthropist. We too have our uneducated and very partially educated classes, which call for machinery greatly in excess of anything now in existence. Nor are there wanting among us other phases of danger, to which alarmists may well point the finger of caution, and which we shall do wisely to combat with zealously. But, happily, there is in dear old England a substratum of common sense, a solidity of character, a reverence for law and order, and a capacity for self-

government, which leaves no dangerous problem outside the range of constitutional remedy.

TABLE TALK.

THE death of Mr. Joseph Gillott, the eminent steel pen maker, is announced. He has left behind him a great fortune, amassed by intelligent industry; and his career is one of which England may well be proud. Such success is more common with us than in any other of the old countries of Europe. Mr. Gillott began life as a skilled labourer. He found hand-made steel pens, costing 3s. 6d. a-piece. He successfully applied machinery to their manufacture; and for years Gillott's steel pen works has been one of the most interesting and instructive sights of Birmingham. 150,000,000 of nibs are produced there annually. By his ingenuity and persevering energy, Mr. Gillott may be said to have made steel pens an everyday necessity in all parts of the world. Lawyers and literary men still employ the gray goose-quill, it is true; but the world writes with a steel nib. When once steel pens became cheap, quills were abandoned, and the art of making and mending a pen, once taught in every school, has died out completely. Very few people can now do what once everybody who could write did for himself. Mr. Gillott diverted penknives to another use. Only their name remains to show their origin.

INDIA IS NOT quite such a pleasant place to live in, after all, if we may judge from the statistics recently issued by the Calcutta Government of deaths, during the three years ending 1869, from wild beasts and snakes in India. Bengal leads off with 14,787 deaths from snake-bites, and 6,741 from wild beasts. Madras counts 760 from snake-bites, and 888 from wild beasts. North-west Provinces, 2,474 and 2,168 respectively. Central Provinces, 1,961 and 1,347. Bombay is more moderate, the return being 588 deaths from snakes, and 148 from wild beasts. While British Burmah seems the safest place of all; there only having been 22 deaths from snake-bites—but here we think there must be a mistake—and 107 from wild beasts.

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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.



E left Dick Mortiboy fast asleep at madame's the *blanchisseuse*, in Greek-street, Soho, at a few minutes past twelve a.m. on Thursday morning—alone with his purse, his pistol, his bowie-knife; with the great toe of his right foot com-

municating with the handle of the door. But his ingenious device was thrown away. He was as safe in the second floor chamber of madame's house as he would have been in the strong-room of the Bank of England. The people were honest: conspirators, not burglars, frequented the place. Dick got up at half-past ten: breakfasted with Laffeur at eleven, at the Sablonière et Hôtel de Provence, on oysters, galantine, watercresses, black coffee, and the little glass of white brandy. Then came the time of business. He completed his cabinet of specimens, and touched up the map of his Madagascar estate. Dinner at seven, at the Café Quatre Frères, just out of Leicester-square. Euchre till bed-time—winning instead of losing. On Friday, having completed his business in town, he took the afternoon train to Market Basing.

Saturday he walked abroad, and found himself famous.

His father had parted reluctantly from his long-lost son, even for a couple of days. Nothing but the urgency of Dick's London

business reconciled the old man to his going.

When he came back after his short visit, old Ready-money showed more delight than he had done when his son came back, and first introduced himself after a twelve years' absence.

Then, Richard Melliship Mortiboy was as a shadow.

Now, "My son Richard" was a reality.

The old man showed his pleasure in many odd ways. He believed in Dick: he swallowed as gospel all he told him: his name was for ever on his father's lips—

"Richard come back again to his old father. A credit to me. What things he's seen! Nobody here like him."

These were the things he said. And he would press his lean hands on Dick's stout sides a dozen times an hour.

The sense of touch assured him of his reality.

He walked from Derngate to the bank that morning with his father. It was market day, and the little town showed its wonted busy aspect—an appearance it put on only once a-week. Everybody stared at him as a wonder. People they passed on their way turned to look after old Ready-money and his newly found son.

Dick's return was likely to be a wonder in Market Basing for more than nine days.

At the bank, Ghimes and the old clerks welcomed him as the prince come back to his father's kingdom.

They bowed down their necks before the heir.

And Dick had a pleasure in their friendly recognitions, and greeted all whom he remembered in his most kindly way, graciously acknowledging the homage they paid him.

After an hour's talk with his father, he said—

"It would be just as well if I looked up a few people to-day; and in the afternoon I

shall go over to Hunslope, and spend the evening with the Parkside people, I think."

"Very well, Dick—very well. It's Grace's birthday to-morrow. Richard, I'm afraid Cousin Lyddy isn't very glad you're come. She'd booked my money, and she might have had it, perhaps: for blood is blood, my boy. Where else are you going, Richard?"

"Well, father, I shall look up Uncle Melliship and them. I never had any grudge against him."

"Well—no, no. He is your uncle. But pride's going to have a fall, Dick—pride's going to have a fall; and peacock's tails are going to lose their feathers."

"What do you mean, father?"

"Patience, Richard—patience. Not that I could help it if I would."

Dick did not question his father further.

The old man went off to the foundry, and his son spent an hour with Ghrimes. He showed himself so quick-witted, so ready and apt to comprehend, that Mr. Mortiboy's manager was startled.

"What a pity, Mr. Richard—what a pity you did not stay at home, and be your father's right-hand man."

"Perhaps I've done better by going abroad."

"Perhaps you have. You know best. Anyway, stay now you have come back. Your father's not so strong as he was. At sixty-five, hard work begins to tell upon a man. And I will say this for Mr. Mortiboy—he has worked harder than any man I ever knew. As for pleasure, he doesn't know the meaning of it."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ghrimes—he does know the meaning of it. Every man must have pleasures of some kind, or he dies or goes mad. You will do well to remember that when you have to deal with your clerks. My father's pleasure is to watch the money growing. It isn't a bad sort of pleasure, perhaps; though it isn't mine."

Old Ready-money had had his pleasure—had driven to the foundry and the brewery in Susan's carriage; hunted up his tenants, harried his mortgagors, and enjoyed himself every day after his own fashion.

"My own life," Dick went on, with a sort of sigh, "has been one chiefly of hard work. But it has had some of the pleasure of success. There are vicissitudes—vicissitudes in business, Mr. Ghrimes. And over there"—he jerked his finger over his left shoulder, in the direction of the Arctic Pole, but Mr.

Ghrimes understood him to mean Mexico—"over there, the vicissitudes are very frequent."

"So I suppose."

"Yes. Fancy having your estate confiscated once a-year by a new Government, which only lasts till the old one picks up strength enough to overturn it. Fancy riding down to the port with a caravan of silver, and seeing yourself stripped in a day of six months' work—eh? And fancy having the pleasure of winning it back again at a single *coup*, and hanging all the rascals you haven't shot—eh? There's life, my Ghrimes, there's pleasure, there's excitement in that."

Dick slapped him on the back, and laughed, showing all his white teeth, like a jolly, good-tempered lion who slaughters the other beasts for mere pleasure and love of sport.

"You must tell me more about your life in the West," said Mr. Ghrimes.

"So I will. You shall come in one evening. We are devilish lively in the evening, the governor and I. You drink gin?"

Mr. Ghrimes smiled. Everybody in Market Basing knew of Mr. Mortiboy's weekly bottle of gin.

"Come and see me," he said, "and I'll get Frank Melliship. By Jove! I have quite forgotten that boy. What sort of fellow is he?"

"A capital fellow," said Ghrimes, with enthusiasm. "Full of life and energy: full of cleverness too—though not bookish like his father. One that will revive the old bank, and double its work as soon as he gets into it."

"They haven't been doing well lately?"

"Not so well"—Ghrimes spoke cautiously. "But they will pull through. Oh, yes, they *must* pull through."

"Do you know anything, Mr. Ghrimes, that goes on?"

"I know everything that has been done. I don't know everything that is going to be done."

Richard talked to Mr. Ghrimes for some time. Then he put on his hat and strolled out. Not many minutes brought him to the old bank. He stopped, read the faded old letters, "Melliship, Mortiboy, & Co.," and went in.

"Mr. Melliship in?"

"Yes, sir. Engaged at present. What name?"

"Tell him his nephew, Mr. Richard Mortiboy."

The clerk stared. Was this great bearded giant the son of old Ready-money? The news of his home-coming had been noised abroad, but no report was yet about of the manner of man.

Mr. Melliship was in his private room. With him a clergyman. The banker, looking portly and handsome and well, was standing with his back to the fire, laying down the law.

"In a case of this nature, it is incumbent on the rich to do all they can. It is especially the work of the rich. All rich men ought to contribute."

"I wish all rich men would," said the clergyman, who was the representative of the Society for Sending Additional Missionaries to Cannibal Parts.

"I shall myself." Here a clerk whispered in his ear. "Show my nephew in. I shall myself," he continued, as Richard entered the room, "have great pleasure in putting down my name for a hundred pounds."

"My dear sir," began the parson, in a delighted tone.

"Not a word—not a word, I beg. My dear nephew, I am indeed rejoiced to see you."

He shook hands with his clerical friend; and then, shutting the door, shook hands again with Dick.

"And so you have come home, and are come to see me. I am glad of it—I am glad of it. Do not let any little ill-feeling which may exist on your father's part towards myself be the cause of coolness between us. And where have you been all this time?" Then he said to himself, "I see Emily again in you!"

"Looking for fortune."

"Aha! We all look for fortune. How comes it, as Horace asks, that no one is content with the lot which the gods have assigned him?"

"The gods assigned me a pound a-week," said Dick; "so I naturally revolted, and made my way without further help from them."

Which was true—his path and that laid down for mortals by the Olympians having been widely different.

"Have the Fates, then—you know we are all under the will of the Fates—been kinder than they promised at first?"

"Yes—that is, I have forced my way."

"Like the old myth of the Titans' war. You know they defeated the gods."

"Indeed, sir, I know nothing of the sort."

"Well—I suppose your reading has been neglected in your travels. You really have done well? You are immensely improved—if you will permit an impertinence—more like your poor mother. You will dine with us this evening?"

"Not to-night, sir. I have another engagement. Next week, I shall be very happy. How is Frank?"

"Well—He is over at Hunslope. And can I do nothing for you, Dick? Do you want any money?"

"None, sir—none, thank you."

"Your father and I are not, unfortunately, on the best terms possible. Between ourselves, the bitter feeling is all on his part. It arises, Dick"—here Mr. Melliship stooped and whispered—"from jealousy at my superior good luck."

Dick stared. What could this mean? He had heard from his father of his uncle's strange conduct on the day of the funeral.

"The years roll on, and bring only successes to me, Richard. I am oppressed—I am encumbered with my wealth. See here"—he opened a drawer in a safe, and showed it full of sovereigns. "But that is nothing—nothing. This is but a trifle. But, my dear nephew, you must not let me waste my time. I have to negotiate with my agents in London about a loan which demands all my energies, and, really, nearly all my resources. Good-bye, my dear nephew—good-bye. And remember, you are to dine with us next week."

Dick went away in a sort of amazement. What did his father mean by those mysterious hints about impending misfortune? Here was a man subscribing £100 to a missionary society offering him money, talking of his wonderful success, and mixing himself up with foreign loans.

In the afternoon he walked over to Hunslope, along the well-remembered road. Not a tree seemed changed in all the years he had been away.

For a mile, Lord Hunslope's park wall skirted the road.

At a little door Dick had often ridden under in his hunting days, a young man was trying in vain to reach the latch with his whip handle. His horse was shy and fresh, and would not go within a yard of it. The

rider persevered without success. Dick politely opened the door for him.

"You are Lord Hunslope's son, I know," said Dick to himself.

But he was a stranger to Lord Launton, who thanked him, apologized for his horse's shyness, and rode through the gate into the park.

In twenty minutes more, Dick was at Parkside. He arrived there as the short winter's day was closing in. The door was opened by a tall, comely woman of about two and thirty. The lamp was lighted in the hall, and as Dick came into the light—for it was now about four o'clock—it fell full on his face. The woman gave a little cry, and laid her hand on his arm. Then he looked her full in the face, and started back, muttering in his teeth—

"Damnation!——It's Polly!"

"You, Dick—is it you? I heard you were back again, and I knew it would not be long before you would be coming to look after your poor—"

"Shut the door, Mary," cried a voice from within. "The wind is blowing right through the house. Who is it? Is it Mr. Richard?"

"Meet me on Sunday," Polly had time to whisper, "in the lane behind your father's house. I'm going to Market Basing to see my mother."

"The old place?"

"Ay, the old place. There will be nobody there. Meet me at church time." She gave his hand a wet, slobbering kiss, and opened the door of Mrs. Heathcote's parlour. "Master Dick Mortiboy, ma'am."

"Cousin Dick!" cried Mrs. Heathcote, springing from her chair. "Master Dick, indeed, Mary, with a big man like this!"

Dick bestowed a cousinly kiss alike on mother and daughters, shook hands with John Heathcote and Frank Melliship; and then he sat down by the fire, and they began to make much of him.

Years before, when Dick was a bright young lad of ten, after his mother died, Hunslope Farm was the place where alone he seemed to be able to escape from the harshness of a father with whom everything that he said or did was said or done wrong. At all times of the year it was a happy place. For in the winter there was a meet of the hounds which cousin John always attended, mounted on a serviceable animal that carried him as well as any scarlet coat's hunter; or he borrowed a gun, and

went out with the farmer; or there were parties in the evening, when they danced and played games; or there were the children, Grace and Mary, and Frank and Kate Melliship, to all of whom he was the senior and the hero. And at other times of the year there would be the woods, full of all manner of delight to boys; with animals put there on purpose to be unsuccessfully hunted, nests only built to be plundered, wild fruit to be gathered. Most of his holidays, therefore, had been spent at Hunslope Farm, till he arrived at the age of sixteen, when his father declared he had had enough schooling, and he put him in the bank at no salary at all, no allowance for pocket-money, and no more holidays. Then his life became very dreary. In that dull old house of his aunt's few visitors ever came. There were no parties; there was no pleasure. She herself, a good woman, whose heart was wholly given up to religion, gave no thought to the wants—other than the spiritual and bodily wants—of the lad who was growing up longing for society, for some variation of the monotonous life he led. Presently, he began to creep out at nights—letting himself down from the bed-room on the first floor when he was supposed, after nine o'clock, to be asleep; and young Dick Mortiboy became familiar with whatever form of dissipation Market Basing had to offer long before he was tempted, from want of money, to commit the crime which led to his expulsion from home. But of his dissipation and his nocturnal vigils with the choice spirits of the market-town good Aunt Susan never knew. And she had mourned for her runaway nephew all the days of her life.

It must be confessed that this return was a fatal blow to Mrs. Heathcote's schemes and projects. Dick returned, not like the Prodigal Son, empty, starving, and repentant—in which case there would have been hopes for her, because his father would infallibly have sent him empty away—but rich, fat, well-looking, and independent. Now, in Mr. Mortiboy's judgment, no proverb could be better than that which the Frenchman invented—"Nothing succeeds like success." Success dazzled him. His son, a successful man—as he said himself, and it was most unlikely he should lie on so important a point—was an object of admiration to him. Had he come home like the young fellow in the parable, Mr. Mortiboy might have shown him the forged cheque, given him another

ten-pound note, and bidden him go away again, to show his face no more: but left him his money when he died.

However, Mrs. Heathcote was not the woman to show, even to her own daughters, her regret at an accident so unforeseen. She extended to Dick the hand of friendship and the cheek of affection. She made his visit an occasion of rejoicing; ordered an addition of a brace of birds to the supper; and openly thanked Heaven for his safe return.

Farmer John was unfeignedly glad to see him, and they became at once the best of friends—particularly when, after supper, and over a pipe and brandy and water, Dick reeled off a few of his colonial experiences, of which he had a large stock always ready in his inventive brain. It cost him something not to be able to tell more of the truth to the farmer; but it would not do. It was too important for his own interest to maintain the fiction of the cotton estate.

They had music. Lucy played. Grace sang a duet with Frank. Dick had not spent an evening in the society of ladies for ten long years. He sat mute and softened in their presence—not because he felt any sense of moral degradation, but because there is in youth and purity something of the power, signified in that old legend of "Una and the Lion," of taming for the time every wild beast that is not maddened with pursuit and terror. Dick was a wild beast which had not been hunted for many a long day.

"You used to sing and play, Cousin Dick," said Lydia. "Sing one of your old songs."

She touched the chords of a simple old air that he used to sing when he wanted to please her, years before.

Dick shook his head.

"I've forgotten the words—and the tune, too, for that matter. But I'll sing you something else, if you like."

He sat down to the piano, letting his fingers run carelessly over the keys for a few minutes; and then, playing that sort of simple accompaniment which a man with a musical ear picks up for himself, he sang a Mexican love song. As he sang it—beating a sort of time now and then with his knuckles on the piano, as a Spaniard beats his guitar at intervals—his rich, flexible voice vibrating in the low room, and his fierce eyes turned full upon the girls—for it was indeed a love song, only they did not know its meaning—Lucy

shuddered, and grasped tightly the arm of her chair, while Grace stared at him like some poor bird entranced by a rattlesnake.

They both felt relieved when he finished.

"Come," said farmer John, "that's what I call something like a song. You must learn a few English ones, and then we shall do famously."

"All the Melliships have fine voices," said Mrs. Heathcote. "Yours is a bass; but has not Frank a splendid tenor? You will hear him in church on Sunday."

"You can hear him here better, Dick," said Mr. Heathcote. "Come up often and see us. It must be precious dull work with the old man. Now, say good night to the girls, and we will have a quiet pipe together before you and Frank go. To-morrow's Sunday. He'll drive you back with him."

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

DICK MORTIBOY'S drive home from Parkside with his cousin, Frank Melliship, had not the effect of making him sleep more soundly than usual. Indeed, he spent a wakeful night—up to three or four o'clock in the morning, at all events. Two things were in his mind. First, he was wondering what in the world had kept Polly in the service of the Heathcotes all the years he had been away, and how in the world he should get her out of the neighbourhood of Market Basing. Secondly, he was struck with the notion that the finest girl he had ever seen in his life was his cousin, Grace Heathcote. And the two together, mistress and maid, crossing each other's paths in the tangled web of Dick Mortiboy's mind, served to keep him awake.

It was half an hour later than the usual breakfast hour when he walked into the parlour. Old Ready-money had finished his meal, and was carefully trimming his nails at the fireplace.

The old gentleman was dressed in the same apocryphal suit he had worn at the funeral.

"Good morning, father," said Dick, cheerfully. "I have overslept myself by half an hour this morning—a thing I don't do once a-year."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, my boy. In a man of business, I love to see punctual habits. Take Time by the forelock, Dick. Look at me: up at daylight—up at daylight—winter and summer. 'Awake, my soul,' the poet says, 'and with the sun, thy daily

stage of business run!' I began that as a boy, Dick, and I've always consistently acted up to it. Nobody can say I haven't."

"All very well in England, father, but wouldn't do in countries I've been living in. Some nights you wouldn't have half an hour's sleep."

"The poet meant England, Dick. It is the country of the business man."

"Yes, sir; though it must be admitted that a fine stroke of business is done by Englishmen abroad."

The old man's lips were moving, though there came from them no audible sound.

Dick's impression was that his father was repeating to himself the couplet he had made his rule of life.

There was a silence of a few moments, which Mr. Mortiboy was the first to break.

"Dick."

"Well, father?"

"We've got to go to church. John and Lydia will be here soon. We're going to sit in your poor aunt's pew together. Shall you come with us?"

"Well, father, I have thought it over, and I think not. I shall go to chapel with you next Sunday, I hope."

"Very well, my boy. Very well. It's thirty years, I know, since I ever went to church. I've always paid for my pew at chapel, though, and I've often gone."

"Well, you've got a fair return for it, I hope?"

Dick alluded not so much to the spiritual benefit his father might have derived from his Ebenezer, as to the Dissenting connection, which was rich in the town.

"I must go to church to-day, Dick, with the Heathcotes—it's expected of me after the funeral. The Rector's going to preach. I hate a fuss and trouble, though. What is in that box, Dick?" said the old gentleman suddenly, pointing to a case his son had brought back from London with him.

"Only a few specimens and things from the estate, which I got from my partner. Would you like to see them?" asked his son, carelessly.

"Ay—ay—plenty of time before church. The bells don't begin till half-past ten. Open it now, Dick—open it now."

Dick lifted his box on to the table, and opened it.

It was a long deal case, inscribed in large ink characters with the names of divers ports and stations situate in different parts of the

habitable globe, and in it was packed a variety of things which might have gladdened the heart of a collector. Dick turned them all out upon the table. Some were loose, some in small boxes, some wrapped up in brown paper, one or two in many folds of tissue paper.

He threw a pair of curiously worked objects—apparently all beads and feathers—across the table, and began to lie like the proverbial trooper.

"That's a pair of leggings which I took from an Indian in Nicaragua. We were prospecting for silver. I had to shoot him first, of course. Look at the mark of his blood on the left leg."

"You didn't kill him, Dick?"

"Dead as a door-nail. But he would have killed me if I had not. That's the arrow which he was fitting into his bow as I brought him down. Take care of the point, because it's poisoned; and if you pricked yourself with it, no doctor in Market Basing could cure you."

The old man took it by the feathered end, and held it gingerly at arm's length.

"What did you shoot him with, Dick?" he asked, curiously.

"With this," replied his son, taking a revolver from his breast pocket.

"Give them all to me," said Mr. Mortiboy, reaching out his hands. "Give them all to me. I will hang them up in my bed-room, over my bed, and look at them every night."

"You may have the leggings, and welcome, and the arrow; but I can't let you have the pistol, because it was given to me by my friend Senhor de Las Casas, of Cuba, who made me promise never to part with it as long as I lived. See, it's silver mounted. Ah! take care—it's loaded."

His father gave it back in haste. A loaded revolver was a fearful and inexplicable weapon, not to be handled.

"But take care yourself, Dick. Good heavens!—if it was to go off in your pocket!"

Dick laughed, and proceeded with his budget.

"This ivory-handled dagger I got from the King of Dahomey for killing a gorilla which we met in the woods. His Majesty perhaps overrated my exploit. This"—he went on quickly, for he saw that his father was about to inquire into the nature and habits of the gorilla—"this is some of the

silver ore from the Mexican mine I told you of."

"Let me see that—let me see that. Is it real silver?"

"Silver ore, you know. You have to smelt it. There, you see the dark stuff among the mica. That is silver. Put it on your mantelshelf."

"What!—and have it stolen?"

"A beautiful mine that came from. But I told you about it. It's the mine that only my partner and I know of. And it only wants a capital of £10,000 to work it."

"That's a lot of money, Dick."

"It is—it is—I know it. I suppose we shall have to make a company of it," looking sharply at his father.

Mr. Mortiboy said nothing, and Dick went on to describe his collection.

"This," he said, taking a small roll of parchment, "is one of the most curious things that I ever got hold of. Now, you will never guess what this is?"

"It's a chart, I suppose."

"You're quite right. You never heard of Turks' Islands, did you? I thought not. Between Turks' Islands and the Bahamas are a lot of small islets—little heaps of sand, many of them—where no ships can go. I went among them, however, with the aid of this map, which my old friend Captain—never mind his name—gave me. I went among them, father, and I found what he had told me on his death-bed to be all true."

"True! what was true?"

"The position of the wreck indicated in the map. She lies in six to ten fathom water. I went there alone in the ship's yawl, because I would have no eye-witness. She lay to outside the reefs the while. There lies the old wreck, sir, and on board of her is—"

Here Dick stopped, and heaved a mighty sigh.

"What is there, Dick?"

"A hundred thousand pounds, in hard ingots of sterling gold and silver—that's all. And it wants five or six thousand to get it up."

"My de-ar boy, my de-ar son, do you tell me that you can lay your hands on a hundred thou—a hundred thou—sand pounds?" Mr. Mortiboy gasped, with emotion.

"I? Am I a professional diver? Can I navigate a ship all by myself? No, sir; but I can pay men to dive, and sailors to man a

craft; and I can command her myself, and bring home a hundred thousand pounds."

"It's a deal of money, Dick. Six thousand pounds! It takes a long time to get it."

"So it does, so it does. Never mind. I don't ask you to advance a farthing. But it's right to tell you of these things. I'll start another company."

Dick gazed fixedly at the map, which he folded up, and replaced in the box.

"All the rest are only things from our estate. Here's some of the cotton. Did you ever see finer? See, it grows in its pod, just so. We've got a thousand acres already under cultivation, and shall have another thousand next year. Profits are enormous. I shall be able to buy up Market Basing, father, in ten years' time."

"Don't be too sure. You might find me in the way," said the old man, in great good humour. "What's this, Dick?"

"This?—oh, only a little Californian nugget. I picked it up myself in another man's washing, and he gave it me. Pure gold. Now, that is something worth having. You take it, and have a ring made of it, and wear it. I have got a little bracelet, made of nuggets of the same stuff, I'm going to give Grace to-day, for a birthday present."

"Ah!—well, well, my son, if you had not happily come back to your old father, all would have been very different. Give it her. She's a good girl. I've got something for her myself that will make 'em all stare."

Mr. Mortiboy clutched the nugget greedily. Pure gold!—the thing he had spent his life in scraping together. And here was his son picking it up in the open field, without any trouble or exertion, and thinking nothing of it. It seemed strange to him. This, by the way, was the only genuine thing in all Dick's collection.

The old money-grubber leaned back, and looked at all his new-made treasures, and folded them, so to speak, in his arms, and devoured them with his eyes. They represented to his imagination—for he had an imagination—boundless possibilities of gain. Sunken treasure, silver mines, cent. per cent. profit on cotton—why should not he have a share in these things? Why should not he, indeed, be the director, manager, owner, and king of all these? But the risk—the risk: and then he would lose his son again.

Already, Dick had acquired an influence over his father's mind which no one else had ever had. It was his strength, his

vigour, his keen intellect, his audacity, his success, which captivated the old man. He was indeed his son—but how changed from the lad of his memories! Mr. Mortiboy's life had been lonely, and without affection. Between his sister and himself there were few enough topics of interest in common. He had lived almost entirely in his own room—sitting, night after night, bending over those books of which some men never tire: morning, noon, and night: books ruled with blue lines horizontally, and red lines vertically. Living this lonely life, he had ceased for years to look for friendship and kindness. Those who are themselves brooders over fancied injuries are never capable of even receiving affection without suspicion and distrust. He knew people loved his brother-in-law. They did not love him. But they came to do business with him—first, because he did it better than Mr. Melliship; and, secondly—ha! ha!—because they must; because there was no help for them; because they were wrapped in the coils which he had wound round them; because, if they did not come to him, it only depended on his will whether the cord should be tightened, and their miserable necks wrung. It was something to be powerful: something to be feared. But, meantime, there were gleams of light across his darkened and selfish brain which told him that the love of others was, after all, a good thing to have. Then suddenly on his monotonous and dismal days had burst the sunshine of vigorous life and strength. In that lonely house there was again a creature who made a noise in it, striding about the place, singing, laughing, having a great voice. And within the circle of Mr. Mortiboy's power had chanced a capture, as he thought, more important than any of the rest—the capture of his errant son. And, good heavens! thought the proud father, what a man he was!—decided in action, quick to comprehend, ready to suggest. Strong, too, and comely in face and figure: a man to be proud of: a man before whom Market Basing ought to bow down and do homage. And then, so quiet with all his superiority: always deferring to his father, yet always independent in his judgment. As Mr. Mortiboy went to bed at this period, he used to murmur to himself a species of thanks for his splendid son—which was addressed to no Deity in particular, but had its own form quite as much as if it were a

Collect, and intimated the gratitude of the parent that in his son's breast no Peacockery could be found. And he did not what, when he was ten years younger, he would have been incapable of. He believed firmly, absolutely, all that Dick thought fit to tell him: that he was prosperous—not yet rich, but in the way to wealth: that his life had been a long struggle with fortune, and that he had conquered fate. That was to Mr. Mortiboy's mind mere matter of faith, established by an internal conviction not to be shaken. He was, therefore, already inordinately proud of his son; and it wanted but little for the pear which Dick longed to gather to drop ripe into his hands.

The sound of church bells beginning to chime fell on their ears; and Mr. Mortiboy, with a groan of disgust, rose to put on his overcoat.

"They'll be all here directly," he said. "Let us put these things away before they come, else they'll want to be presented with some. Help me to carry them to my bedroom."

Dick had not been in that room since his mother died. It was unchanged: the same red canopy to the bed; the same hangings, only somewhat faded; the same carpet, but worn into holes; and the same chintz-covered chair by the bedside. The only piece of furniture which had been added was a long oaken press, occupying half one side of the room.

Mr. Mortiboy opened it. Within were sundry boxes, drawers, and shelves, together with an iron safe.

"Let us put the things here," he said. "It's the only place where they will be safe. Here are all your poor mother's things, Dick. See"—he opened a drawer in which lay packages in tissue paper—"her jewels: they were all good, poor thing. This is her watch. Ah! dear me. And here are Susan's trinkets: I put 'em in here. I want to give something to Lucy Heathcote—I promised Susan—but not to-day, not to-day. There's that present for Grace—I'll promise it—from Susan's things. Susan was very fond of Lucy."

The old man had contracted a habit of talking to himself, and sometimes forgot that a listener was present. Dick noted with curiosity the collection of odds and ends—old plate, old watches, rings, forks and spoons—which lay in the strong press, whose

thick doors—iron lined—were able to turn the burglar's tools for many an hour. He looked and coveted. Then he deposited his Mexican and Californian spoils with the rest, and saw his father safely lock all up. Ten minutes after, Mr. Mortiboy was on his way to church; and at the last sound of the parson's bell, Dick lit his pipe, and strolled into the garden which lay at the back of the house.

"It's awkward" — strongly qualified — "that girl turning up again. I must get her out of the way. Anyhow, the governor must not learn anything—not just as we are getting on comfortably, too. It only wants a week or two to make him open his mouth like an oyster, and take up the silver mine, and the sunken ship, and the cotton estates and all."

The long, old-fashioned garden was bounded by a high brick wall. There was a door in one corner, always kept locked—not even Mr. Mortiboy knew where the key was. Dick had forgotten this, and tried to open it. Then he suddenly remembered, and burst into a laugh.

"By Jove! nothing is changed in the old place. And here's the pump on which I used to step; and here's the vine by which I got to the pump. Let us climb over, as I used to do when I crept out at night to meet Polly. It's exactly like the old times, only Polly's gone off: and I wish she was dead—by gad!"

Suiting the action to the word, by the help of the vine and the pump, he gained the top of the wall, and threw his legs over it. Beneath him, in the lane, stood Polly—the first at the trysting-place, as she always had been.

"Aha!" cried Dick, with his careless laugh—"there you are, old girl. Isn't it like twelve years ago?"

He leapt down, and stood at her side.

A narrow path ran along by the side of a deep, sluggish river, between twenty and thirty feet wide. The path came from nowhere, and led nowhere, consequently no one ever walked along it; and, particularly on Sunday morning, it was as lonely as a track in the prairie. Across the river stood, quite alone, a small, newly built villa, run up by an enterprising builder. He had failed, as the result of his enterprise, and the villa was now the property of Mr. Mortiboy. But no one had yet taken it.

Polly was dressed gaudily, in her Sunday

best. A tall, finely shaped woman, with a face whose beauty was now on the wane: a well-developed, healthy creature, with those commonplace features—good enough in their way—which you often see in country girls. Her expression was bad, however: low, cunning, and animal. She held out her red, strong hand to Dick, who took it without any great show of affection, and returned it to its owner immediately.

"Well, Poll?"

"Well, Poll? Is that all you've got to say to your true and faithful wife?"

"Don't you think, Poli, you had better stow that?"

"Don't you think you had better do something for me? A pretty thing, indeed, for the wife of old Ready-money's son to be cleaning knives in the kitchen while her husband is singing songs in the parlour! I heard you last night, and I had half a mind to spoil the sport."

"Did you though? Had you really?" Dick laid his heavy hand on her shoulder. "Do you know, Polly, it's devilish lucky for you that you stopped at half a mind?"

"Now, look here, Dick. Don't let's have no chaff. What are you going to do?"

"I tell you one thing I'm going to do, my girl. If you let out even by a whisper, or if I find you have let out, I'll tell the governor everything, go abroad at once, and never come back again. Now, you know if the governor's the kind of old boy to tip up handsomely to his son's wife—especially if she should turn out to be Polly Tresler. So be sensible, and let us talk things over."

"I'm sure I only want to be friendly"—beginning to whimper. "But it's hard, when one sees her man after twelve years, not to get so much as a kind word."

"If that's all you want," said Dick, "I've got lots of them put by in a box on purpose. I'll give you as many kind words as you like—and kisses too, when no one's looking."

"No one's looking now, Dick. And oh, how handsome you've got!"

Dick gave a look north, and another south—that is, up and down the lane. After this concession to nuptial modesty, he bestowed a brace of kisses, one on each of his wife's buxom cheeks. She returned them with a warmth that rather embarrassed him.

"And you've never asked about the boy, Dick," she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, damn it! Is there a boy?"

"A beautiful boy, Dick—the picture of his father."

"And the boy's at Hunslope Farm, I suppose?"

"Then you suppose wrong, because he isn't. I went up to London again directly after you went away and deserted me."

"Hang it! I had to go."

"And never a letter, or a message, or a word, or a single sovereign."

"Hadn't got any sovereigns."

"Well, I went up to London, and the boy was born there, and nobody ever knew anything about it, Dick. And there he is now at school, bless his heart! and nobody would ever believe he was twelve years old."

Certainly there was more than one person in the world who was ready to swear that the boy was no more than ten; but then, Dick could not be expected to know that.

"And I lived in London for eight years in service. Oh! good, Dick—I was always good. You believe that, don't you, my handsome husband?"

"Humph! Don't see any reason for saying 'no' at present."

"And then I came back here, and I've been at Hunslope ever since. And oh! Dick, it's many a time I've been tempted to go to old Ready-money—"

"Wouldn't you have a better chance with him if you called him Mr. Mortiboy?"

"And say to him, 'I'm your lawful daughter, and little Dick'—only his name is Bill—is your true and lawful grandson, and if you're a Christian you'll do something for him. He'd have ought to have had every farden of the old man's money if you hadn't a come back. I've asked questions. Oh, Dick, I'm glad you're come."

"My father is a Dissenter, Polly. Perhaps his views of the duties of religion are different from ours. You and I are simple Church folk, you know. But I'm glad you didn't."

"No, I didn't. But what are we to do now, Dick? Am I to come and live with you, as in duty bound?"

Here she smiled affectionately at him.

Dick looked at her blankly.

"Things are as they are," he said, repressing a violent inclination to use profane words. "We can't undo what's done. You know, Polly, what an unlicked cub I was when I married you."

"You won't deny that, I hope?"

"That I was a fool?—oh! that I was married! No. I would if I could; but I can't, because there's a register at the church of St. Pancras; and though I was married under a false name—"

"That makes no difference, Dick. I found it out from a lawyer."

"Did you? Then you might have spared yourself the pains. No, I'm not going to deny it. And if you hold your tongue, and say nothing to anybody, now I am back—we can meet of an evening, you know, sometimes—I'll do something handsome for you; but if you talk, I'm off again. So there we are, and make no mistake."

Polly said nothing. All her hopes were knocked on the head. She stood twisting a ribbon in her red, ungloved hands, and looking at the big man, her husband, who enjoined his laws upon her. But she was constrained to obey. There was something in Dick Mortiboy which made most people feel that it would be better for them to do what he told them. And all the time she had been planning a little design to make him pay for silence, or threaten to acknowledge him openly. It did seem hard, too.

"How are you off for money?"

"I've got none; and Bill wants new clothes."

"I'll go and see Bill some day—not yet. Here's a ten pound note. Get the little devil—"

"What, Dick, your own son?"

"What's the matter with the girl? Get the young cuss a new pair of breeches, and don't bother me about him."

He sat on a rail by the side of the lane—for they had been walking up and down—and put his hands in his pockets.

"Upon my word, Polly, I had almost forgotten you—I had indeed. And when I saw you at Hunslope, you might have knocked me down yourself, big as I am."

"And weren't you glad to see me, Dick?"

"No—devilish sorry," said her husband, truthfully. "I expected to find you married again, of course."

"Well, I *am* your wife."

"You said that before."

"And I mean to be, too."

"If you don't mean to do what I tell you, it'll be a poor look-out for you. So you'd better make no mistake on that point."

"Don't be cruel, Dick—the very first day and all," said Polly, the tears of vexation rising to her eyes.

The last hardening of a man's heart is the incrustation of that place where a woman's tears take effect. Dick relented a little, and re-stated his case—as a woman's lord and master should; but this time more kindly.

"Now, this is the first and the last of it. If I'm to do anything for you, don't interfere. Don't come between me and the old man. I'm not going to be a brute. I married you, and we can't get rid of that fact. So shake hands, Polly, and go home. I'll write you a letter to meet me again as soon as I see an opportunity. We're all going to Hunslope Farm to dinner when they come home from church. But you must take no notice of me."

"No, I won't—no manner of notice," said Polly. "I'm going to wait at table, and Mrs. Heathcote says I'm to look after you especial."

"I knew a man down away in Frisco, Polly, who was married twenty years to a girl, without a soul knowing anything about it except the parson, and he got shot in a difficulty."

"Did you, Dick? It wasn't yourself, was it?"

"Now, how the devil could it be, when I've only been away twelve years? Well, they had sixteen children, two pairs of 'em twins. And nobody knew it, mind you. And then the man made his pot; and now she rides about in her carriage. And the last time I saw her she had on a blue satin dress, and a red cachemire shawl, and gold chains as thick as rigging ropes. A pretty woman she is still, Polly, and able to enjoy it all. That was the reward of being silent, you see."

"Lor!" said Polly. "Dick, Old Ready-money—I mean, Mr. Mortiboy—is as rich as rich. And they say he can't live long, because he's sold himself to the devil for all his money. Would you give me a carriage and a gold chain?"

"Half a dozen gold chains and a carriage and four. And all Market Basing shall know that you're my wife, Poll. Give me a kiss, old gal."

They parted friends! The man went off in the direction of his father's house: the woman to visit her mother at her little cottage in the town.

Once they turned back to stare after one another.

Their eyes met! Could each have read the other's mind!

THE LAW COURTS CONTROVERSY.

OUR cartoon is a portrait of Mr. George Edmund Street, R.A., the architect entrusted by Government with the work of erecting the new Law Courts.

Mr. Street was born in 1824. He was educated at the Collegiate School, Camberwell. He learnt his profession under Mr. Owen Carter, at Winchester, and Mr. G. G. Scott.

He has always advocated the employment of Gothic architecture, and has written a good deal in support of his views. "The Brick and Marble Architecture of North Italy in the Middle Ages," and "Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain," are his most considerable works. He was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in May, 1866.

Mr. Street has not had any opportunity of showing his power of dealing with a work of national importance up to the present time. Now, he has the opportunity of erecting one of the grandest buildings of the century.

We are proud of our lawyers, if we feel that there is room for improvement in the system they form part of. They are essentially an English production, and a better article than can be found elsewhere, beyond the limits of these realms.

A long-suffering race—their greatest dignitaries have consented to sit for many generations past in buildings called courts. These courts partake most of the nature of the cucumber frame and the packing case. They are hot-houses in summer and ice-houses in winter. They have draughts without ventilation, and windows without light. They are mean, dirty, confined, and comfortable. And they are scattered about in a curious manner, calculated to give as much trouble as possible to the persons who transact business in them.

After many projects and proposals had been discussed in Parliament and elsewhere, extending over a long series of years, it was at last resolved that courts of justice should be erected on a scale commensurate with the importance of the uses for which they were intended.

There was a competition of the best architects, and their designs were submitted to a committee, composed of more or less competent judges, in the month of January, 1867.

The result of the investigation into the merits of the various designs was, that Mr. Street was entrusted with the work.

For a time, what was aptly called the battle of the sites drowned all else; but when the ground on which the buildings were to be erected was once fixed upon, there arose a fresh debate about the merits of Mr. Street's designs, which has been kept up ever since with great zeal and warmth.

It is being kept up in the interests of Mr. Charles Barry chiefly; but all the competing architects and their friends feel that if they can only have Mr. Street dethroned, anybody may be made king in the *mêlée* that is to ensue.

In this discussion the *Times* has, of course, taken a part; and it has cast its great weight into the scale dead against Mr. Street, and leading articles directed against his designs appeared on August 19 and December 6, 1871. Prominent among the writers of letters in the *Times* is Mr. Fergusson, a gentleman who has also written on the subject in the *Builder*, and lastly in "Macmillan."

Mr. Fergusson holds exactly the opinions expressed by the *Times*, and it is not out of the bounds of possibility that Mr. Fergusson is himself the critic of the leading journal. The prophet, as everybody knows, desired very strongly that it might be "that mine adversary had written a book."

Mr. Street is happy in the fact that his opponent has written more than one: and he quotes Mr. Fergusson's books against him with great effect in replying to his article in "Macmillan." As Mr. Street's reply to this article really contains everything of any importance to the public connected with the subject, we will briefly state Mr. Street's case here. There never was a fitter application of the proverbial "Save me from my friends" than in this case, for Mr. Fergusson says he is proud to call Mr. Street his friend, and entertains for him the greatest possible esteem. However this may be, he also says, "To Mr. Street was awarded the Law Courts, because his design was the worst;" and much more to the same purpose. To this criticism, Mr. Street is not backward in replying, "With sorrow for

the writer, I have to say that this tirade contains not a word of truth. . . . The rash temerity of all Mr. Fergusson's slashing statements. . . . This is entirely an invention of Mr. Fergusson's fancy. . . . He damns all styles with a singular impartiality, and with an assumption of omniscience which is superb."

There is nothing like a squabble among artists of any sort for the cultivation of complimentary phraseology. Of course, the next thing will be that Mr. Fergusson will reply to Mr. Street's reply, and vindicate the truth of all his "slashing statements."

Now let us turn to the only part of the question the public cares one straw about: the Courts of Justice themselves.

It is manifest that such a building should contain ample accommodation for the persons making use of it: that its internal arrangement should be as perfect as possible: and also, that it should not cost too great a sum.

The exterior of the edifice—with the Chancellor of the Exchequer a secondary consideration—should present a fine and imposing appearance, and should express, as far as possible, the dignity and greatness of the purposes to which it is applied. In a word, it was the business of the architect to give expression in stone to our idea of the majesty of the law.

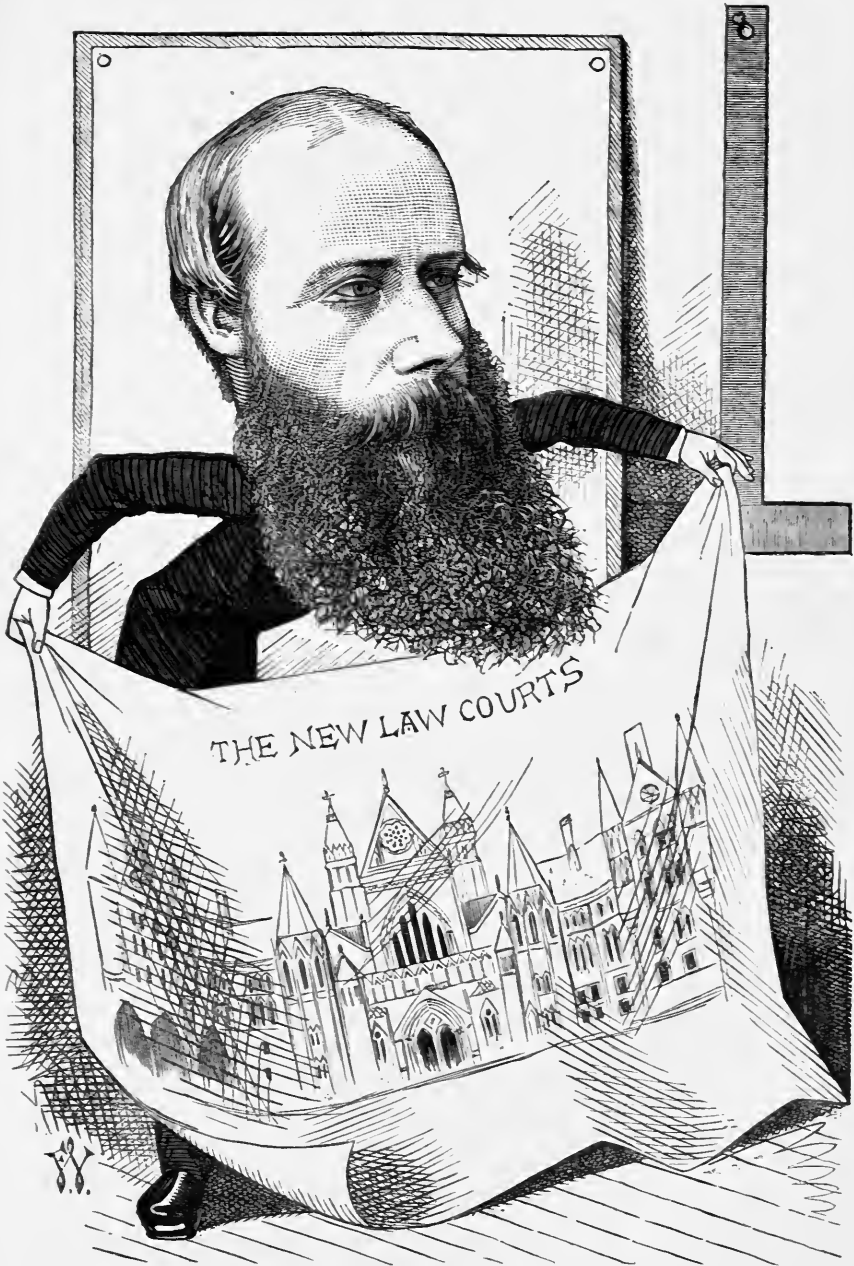
Has Mr. Street approached nearest of the competing architects to the fulfilment of these conditions?

We think he has. And the opposition to his designs proceeds, not from the public, but from two or three interested and self-satisfied little cliques, who cannot lose, if they do not gain, by—in vulgar speech—kicking up a row.

The charges these critics bring against Mr. Street may be reduced to three heads. (1.) His design is the worst. His Courts of Justice will be inappropriate and inconvenient. (2.) His great hall is a vault, and his building generally badly lighted. The great hall is useless inside. (3.) There is a servile imitation of mediæval detail which is "perfectly intolerable."

Mr. Fergusson says:—

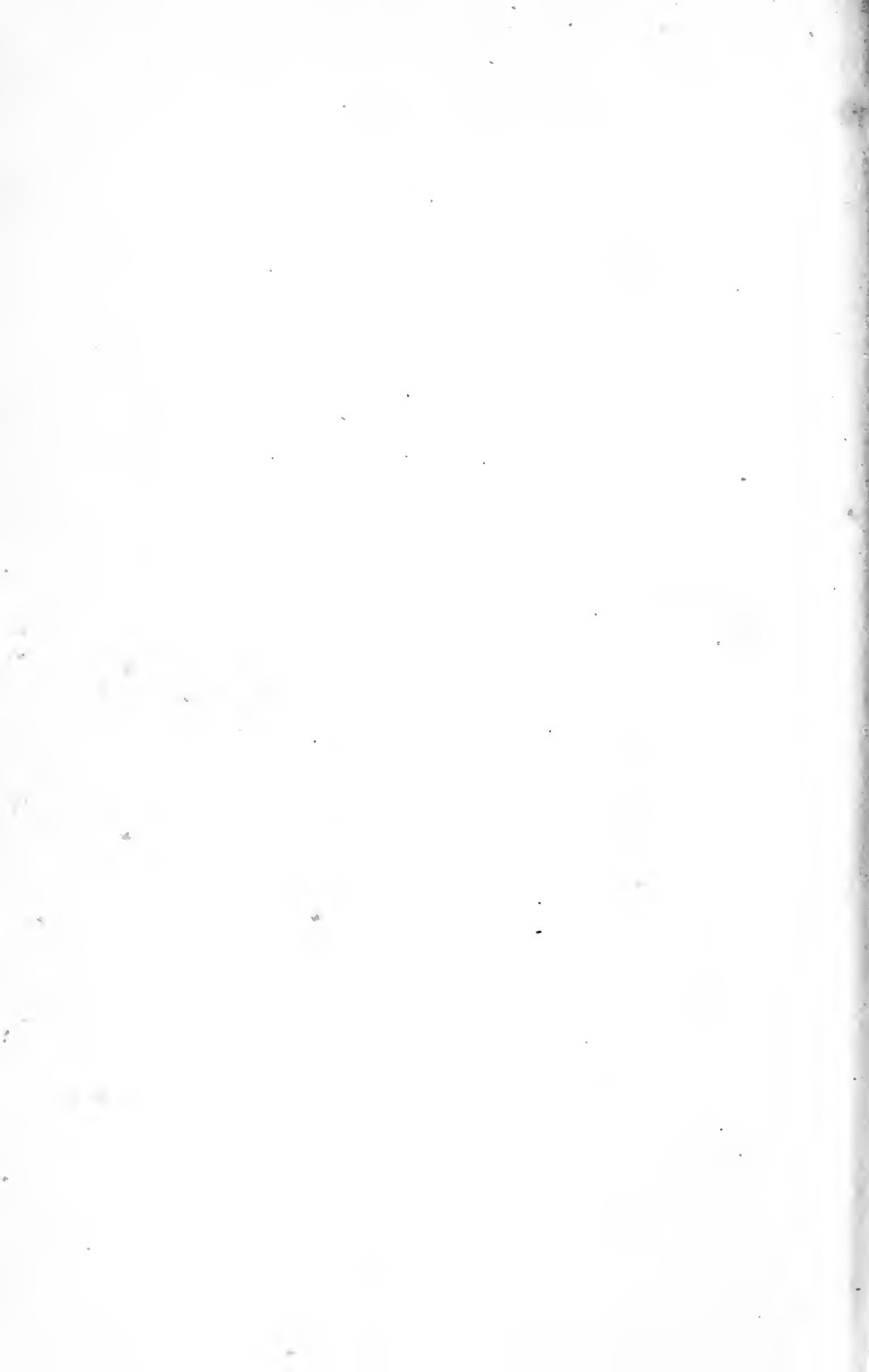
"1. One fine morning the Government, worried and perplexed by the rival claims of the competing architects, awarded to Mr. Street the building of the Law Courts, because his design was the worst—a perfectly competent tribunal having awarded him only



Once a Week.]

[February 3, 1872.

"THE SELECTED ARCHITECT."



three marks in the competition, while it had assigned Edward Barry forty-three."

To this statement Mr. Street replies—

"The competition designs were sent in in January, 1867; and in order to assist the judges of design in arriving at a conclusion, four separate investigations were carried on by direction of the Courts of Justice Commission.

"(a) A joint committee of barristers and solicitors was appointed to report on the plans. This was the most important inquiry of all, as the final plan had to be founded on this very report, to the exclusion of all others.

"(b) The designs for each department were sent to the several heads of departments, and their opinion was asked as to the comparative merits of the several office-plans in detail.

"(c) In December, 1866, two gentlemen—Messrs. Shaw and Pownall—were also asked to make a separate report on the plans."

And—

"(d) Finally, Mr. Gardiner was employed to estimate the cost of carrying into execution the several designs.

"When Mr. Fergusson talks about 'a competent tribunal' having awarded Mr. Barry the first place, he refers solely to the third of the preliminary inquiries referred to above.

"The first inquiry resulted most unfavourably for Mr. Barry. The second report (b) was very unfavourable to Mr. Barry's plans, and much more so than it was to mine. The third report (c) is that to which Mr. Fergusson chooses to confine himself; and the fourth (d) was extremely against Mr. Barry, whose design was estimated to cost no less than £87,000 more than mine was."

This finally disposes of the report that Mr. Barry's designs were better than Mr. Street's.

Again, Mr. Fergusson says the lawyers must be content to lounge in vaulted halls, and describes them as so dark that they can neither see to read nor write in them.

The truth is, Mr. Street's building will be particularly well lighted. He says:—

"My vaulted hall is not a lounging-place for barristers. It is the Westminster Hall of these new Courts—the passage-way to the whole of them—but not likely to be used by barristers at all or ever. The 'narrow' windows have each light five feet wide

by thirty feet high. There is no intention on my part to fill them with stained glass. There is not a gloomy corridor in my building; they are all lighted directly from the open air without borrowed or artificial light."

This disposes of the second objection.

The third is as far from the truth and as easily met as the other two.

Mr. Street has not made an accurate imitation of mediæval detail, but has designed an edifice in a style perfectly free and elastic, and one which lends itself easily to every useful requirement of the present age. He has succeeded in grouping together eighteen law courts and their appendant offices in a design which promises a very fine and altogether suitable building; but his critics are dissatisfied, in his own words:—

"Mr. Fergusson complains that I copy everything accurately from old examples; Mr. Denison that I copy nothing from them, but produce what he calls 'Streetian' work instead! Mr. Sydney Smirke complains that my Law Courts are not like the Flavian Amphitheatre, and Mr. E. W. Pugin (if I understand him aright) that they are not modelled on the Granville Hotel, Rams-gate!"

Mr. Street's difficult task has been to consult the convenience of both branches of the legal profession, and to produce a building pleasing to the public who will pay for it. The dissatisfaction of professional critics is quite accounted for by the fact that they are dealing with the proposals of the selected architect.

ROYAL PILGRIMAGES TO ST. PAUL'S.

IT has now been officially announced that Her Majesty intends, if possible, to go in state to St. Paul's, to return thanks to Almighty God for the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales. It may be interesting, therefore, at this moment, to glance briefly at some of the "goings in state" to the metropolitan church which have taken place in former times. About the earliest occasion of this sort, on an important scale, was when Henry IV. went, in 1399, to St. Paul's to offer up prayers on his accession to the throne. Henry VI. followed the example of his predecessor; and Henry VII., after the defeat of Lambert Simnel, went, on two successive days, in solemn procession to return thanks to God. But one of the grandest

processions to the church of St. Paul was when, on Sunday, the 21st of May, 1514, Henry VIII. went to receive the sword and cap of maintenance, which the Pope had sent him as Defender of the Faith. The crowd on this occasion was estimated as numbering over thirty thousand people.

The next grand occasion was when Queen Elizabeth went, in magnificent splendour, on the 24th of November, 1588, to old St. Paul's. She was seated in a kind of triumphal chariot, drawn by two white horses, and was received at the door of the church by the Bishop of London, the dean, and fifty other clergymen, habited in superb copes. On entering the church the Queen kneeled, pronounced a prayer, and then proceeded to her seat, under a canopy, in the choir, when the Litany was chanted. After that, the brave ruler of England, in one of the most critical epochs of our national existence, was conducted to a closet, prepared for the occasion in the north wall of the church, "where," says an historian of the occasion, "shame to our effeminacy, she remained exposed to the wintry blasts of November during the space of time which Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury, occupied in delivering a sermon."

Several of these thanksgiving services took place in the reign of Queen Anne. Scarcely an important victory was gained in this reign—when important victories were by no means unfrequent—but what the pious Queen proceeded in solemn state to return thanks to the Almighty for the divine favour. One of the grandest of these occasions, perhaps, was on the 12th of November, 1702, after the brilliant successes of Marlborough in the Low Countries, and the destruction of the Spanish fleet in the harbour of Vigo by the Duke of Ormond and Sir George Rooke. Dean Milman, in his interesting work, "The Annals of St. Paul's," says that the Council declared that the cathedral being for that day the Queen's Chapel Royal, the seats were to be disposed of, and all the arrangements made by the Lord Chamberlain. The Queen's throne, as in the House of Lords of that day, was about three feet higher than the floor of the choir, covered with a Persian carpet, and surmounted by a canopy, fifteen feet high. There was, according to the proclamation, an arm-chair on the throne, and a desk for the Queen's book, covered with crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with gold, with a cushion of the same. The two

Houses of Parliament assisted at the ceremony, the Lords being seated in the area or body of the choir; the Speaker of the House of Commons, in a seat next to the Lord Bishop of London, in the middle of the south side of the choir; and the members in the stalls and galleries on each side.

In the procession to the cathedral, the House of Commons led the way. At eight o'clock they went to St. James's Palace, then along Pall-mall, and so to the cathedral, where they took their places. The Lords met at ten, and formed into procession, preceded by the officers of the house, masters in chancery, judges, peers under age, then barons, bishops, viscounts, earls, dukes, the great officers of State, the archbishops, and the Keeper of the Great Seal. In that order they proceeded to the cathedral, and took their seats till the arrival of the Queen, the organ in the interval playing voluntaries. At eleven o'clock, the Queen entered her carriage at St. James's. At Temple Bar she was received by the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen, on horseback.

Then the Lord Mayor surrendered the sword, prefacing the ceremony with a brief speech. It was immediately returned by the Queen, and the Lord Mayor carried it before her to the church. On her arrival at the west door her Majesty was met by the peers and principal officers of State, and conducted along the nave to her throne. Then followed Divine service, and a sermon of about half an hour's duration from the old Whig Bishop of Exeter, Sir Jonathan Trelawney. The Queen led the way back. The Tower guns, those on the river, and those in St. James's Park were fired three times—once, as the Queen left St. James's; next, when the *Te Deum* was chanted; and, lastly, on the Queen's return to the palace.

This procession was taken as the established model for all subsequent occasions of the same sort; and when George III. went in state to St. Paul's, on the 23rd of April, 1789, after his recovery from a dangerous illness, the form of the ceremony was, in the main, similar to that we have just described.

As, however, the *raison d'être* of the thanksgiving was the same as that of the approaching ceremony, and as, in all probability, very much the same order of procedure will be adopted, we give the account of the

procession as it appeared in the papers of the day (April, 1789).

“WHITEHALL, APRIL 25.

“Thursday last being appointed by his Majesty's proclamation to be observed as a day of general thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal interposition of His good providence in removing from his Majesty the late illness with which he had been afflicted, his Majesty was pleased, for the greater solemnity of the day, to go to the cathedral church of St. Paul, accompanied by the Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Princess Royal, the Princess Augusta, the Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Cumberland, and his Highness Prince William; and, attended by both Houses of Parliament, the great officers of State, the judges, and other public officers, to return thanks to God for His great mercies and blessings.

“The procession was begun at eight o'clock in the morning by the House of Commons, in their coaches, followed by their Speaker in his state coach. Next came the masters in Chancery, the judges, and after them the peers, in the order of precedency as they were marshalled by the officers of arms at Westminster; the youngest baron going first, and the Lord Chancellor, in his state coach, closing this part of the procession. Such of the peers as were knights wore the collars of their respective orders.

“Afterwards came the Royal family, in order of precedency, with their attendants, escorted by parties of the royal regiment of Horse Guards.

“Their Majesties set out from the Queen's palace soon after ten o'clock, in a coach drawn by eight cream-coloured horses (in which were also two of the ladies of her Majesty's bed-chamber), followed by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses, and proceeded through the gate at the stable-yard, along Pall-mall, and through the Strand, amid the loyal acclamations of a prodigious concourse of people. The streets were lined as far as Temple Bar by the brigade of Foot Guards, the Grenadier companies of which were posted in St. Paul's Church, and in the Churchyard, and patrolled by parties of the royal regiment of Horse Guards. The avenues into the streets through which the procession passed were guarded by the Queen's Light Dragoons. From Temple Bar

to the church, the streets were lined by the Artillery Company and the militia of the City; the peace officers attending both within and without the City to preserve order.

“At Temple Bar his Majesty was met by the Lord Mayor, in a gown of crimson velvet, by the sheriffs in their scarlet gowns, and a deputation from the aldermen and Common Council—being all on horseback; when the Lord Mayor surrendered the City sword to his Majesty, who, having returned it to him, he carried it bareheaded before the King to St. Paul's. His Majesty, being come to St. Paul's, was met at the west door by the peers, the Bishop of London, the dean of St. Paul's (Bishop of Lincoln), the canons residentiary, and the King's and other officers of arms; the band of Gentlemen Pensioners and the Yeomen of the Guard attending.

“The sword of State was carried before his Majesty by the Marquis of Stafford into the choir, when the King and Queen placed themselves under a canopy of State near the west end, opposite to the altar.

“The peers had their seats in the area, as a House of Lords, and the Commons in the stalls. The upper galleries were allotted to the ladies of her Majesty's bed-chamber, the maids of honour, and such other ladies of distinction as attended on this occasion. The foreign ministers were placed in the two lower galleries, next to the throne; and the Lord Mayor and aldermen in the lower galleries, near the altar.

“The prayers and Litany were read and chanted by the minor canons. The *Te Deum* and anthems composed for the occasion were sung by the choir, who were placed in the organ loft, and were joined in the chorus, as also in the Psalms, by the charity children, in number about six thousand. The Communion Service was read by the dean and residentiaries, and the sermon preached by the Lord Bishop of London. Then followed an anthem, expressly selected and commanded by the King.

“Divine service being ended, their Majesties returned with the same state to the Queen's palace, at about half an hour after three o'clock. The guns in the Tower and in the park were fired three times: first, upon the King's setting out; secondly, at the singing of the *Te Deum*; and thirdly, upon his Majesty's return; after which the brigade of foot-guards fired a *feu de joie* in St. James's

Park, being drawn up in the front of the Queen's palace.

"The public demonstrations of joy and loyalty by the inhabitants of London and Westminster, on the occasion of his Majesty's first appearance since his happy recovery, exceeded all expression; and yesterday evening the illuminations in all parts of this metropolis surpassed in splendour and magnificence all former exhibitions."

Mr. Massey, however, in his "History of the Reign of George III.," related an unpleasant episode of the affair, which contrasts strongly the family relations of English royalty at that day with those of a happier and more affectionate household at the present day. He says:—

"As they passed through the crowded streets, the acclamations which greeted them from every side were to be regarded not merely as expressing loyalty and attachment to the person of the sovereign, but in some measure as an adverse feeling towards the individual who had so nearly succeeded to his place. An attempt was made by the friends of the Prince of Wales to get up a demonstration in his favour; but its partial success had the effect of provoking a more enthusiastic and general ebullition of loyalty as the procession passed through the more populous quarters of the metropolis. The partizans of the Heir-apparent had predicted that the King's mind, so recently and imperfectly restored, would give way under the excitement of this scene, and his Majesty's friends were not without apprehension on this score; but the event was contrary to the hopes and fears on either side.

"The King, whose ordinary manner was hurried and perplexed, showed great firmness and composure during the affecting ceremony. Once only tears started to his eyes, but he immediately recovered his self-command; and, while the Queen and the Princesses were weeping beside him, he succeeded in suppressing any outward sign of emotion. The Prince of Wales, on the other hand, made no attempt to suppress his chagrin, and could not behave with common temper or decency. The Duke of York imitated the example of his brother; and the petulance of these Princes was exposed not only before their own countrymen of every class, but before strangers and the representatives of foreign powers."

The last great occasion of Majesty going

in state to St. Paul's was on the 19th of December, 1797, when George III. and the Queen, with all the Royal family, went to the cathedral to assist at a general thanksgiving for the three great naval victories obtained by Lords Howe, St. Vincent, and Duncan.

FALCONRY.

A SCHEME has lately been started in aristocratic circles for reviving the old English pastime of hawking. In view of the success which this new and interesting venture seems to promise to itself, a few words on this noble and ancient sport, as it formerly flourished, may not be out of place at the present time.

Of the antiquity of hawking much has been written which is, for the most part, mere speculative theory. Where falconry first took its rise must always, therefore—for all trustworthy purposes—remain a moot question. The East was probably the birth-place, as it remains to this day the stronghold, of the art.

Mr. Layard, in the second volume of his remarkable work on "Nineveh and Babylon," states that upon his visiting the ruins of Khorsabad he found a bas-relief in "which there appeared to be a falconer bearing a hawk upon his wrist." It would be rash to judge at once that the figure in this bas-relief really represents that of a falconer; but the weight of Mr. Layard's opinion must be allowed to go a long way in favour of the conclusion. If the supposition be correct, twenty-five centuries must have elapsed since falconry was first instituted. Perhaps as old as this carving is a curious seal from Syria, in the collection of a private gentleman, in which a dog and hawk are clearly represented in pursuit of a hare.

The only trace of the early practice of falconry in Europe is in a passage from Pliny, in which he speaks of a particular part of Thrace where "men and hawks were used to hunt their prey together—the men beating the woods, and the hawks pouncing on the birds they disturbed." But to come down to less mythical times, it is certain that trained hawks were used in this country before the Heptarchy. Turner, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," writing of the time of Ethelbert—not the Ethelbert of 860, who was king after the union of the Heptarchy—says:—"Hawks and falcons were

also favourite subjects of amusement, and valuable presents in those days, when the country being much overrun with woods, every species of the feathered race abounded in all parts. A king of Kent—the Ethelbert in question—begged of a prince abroad two falcons of such skill and courage as to attack cranes willingly, and, seizing them, to throw them on the ground. He says he makes this request because there were few hawks of that kind in Kent which produced good offspring, and could be made agile and courageous enough in this art of warfare. Pope Boniface sent, among other presents, a hawk and two falcons to a friend; and we may infer the common use of the diversion from his forbidding his monks to hunt in the woods with dogs, and from having hawks and falcons." And then, speaking of a later period, he says:—"An Anglo-Saxon, by his will, gives two hawks and all his stag-hounds to his natural lord. The sportsmen in the train of the great were so onerous on lands as to make the exemption of their visit a valuable privilege. Hence, a king liberates some lands from those who carry with them hawks or falcons, horses or dogs. The Saxon calendar, in its drawings, represents hawking in the month of October. Hunting and hawking were for many years favourite diversions in this island. In the tapestry of Bayeux, Harold appears with a hawk on his hand."

Falconry, however, first began to take a universal hold upon the popular taste after the Conquest, and Edward instituted most stringent laws on the subject. According to Froissart, this monarch had with him in his army, when he invaded France, thirty falconers on horseback, who had charge of his hawks; and every day he either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking, as his choice moved him.

At this time falconry was in the heyday of its glory. The passion for the sport pervaded all classes of good society throughout Europe. If a gallant were in prison, he would carve falcons on the walls of his cell. Whether at court or church, the man of high degree always bore a hawk upon his glove. At weddings, the bride took a merlin to the altar with her; and after the great man was dead the falcon was figured on his tombstone.

If we may judge by the frequent mention made alike by the historians and romance

writers of the middle ages of hawking by the water-side, it would seem that the hunting of water fowl was the most fashionable form of the sport in those days.

In the poetical romance of the "Squire of Low Degree," the King of Hungary promises his daughter that, at her return from hunting, she should hawk by the river-side with goshawk, gentle falcon, and other well-trained birds. So also Chaucer, in the rhyme of "Sir Thopas," says that he could hunt the wild deer—

"And ryde on hawkyng by the ryver,
With grey gos hawke in hand."

Another custom—which, perhaps, is one of the chief recommendations towards the revival of the art—was for the ladies to accompany the gentlemen in hawking expeditions; and an old chronicler in the thirteenth century says that they often excelled the ruder sex in knowledge and exercise of the sport—a reason for which he rather ungalantly urges that the pastime was frivolous and effeminate.

By the canons of the church, hawking was forbidden to those in holy orders; but that the laws of mother church in this respect were more often evaded than observed is proved by the satirical allusions to the hunting propensities of the priests made by contemporary poets and moralists.

Hawking was performed either on horseback or on foot, according to the nature of the ground hunted over. As fields and open country are always best for hawking, expeditions on horseback were always preferable for true sport; but where these could not be obtained, and only woods and coverts were at hand, the hawking had to be practised on foot. In following the hawk on foot, it was customary for the sportsman to carry a straight pole with him, to assist him in jumping brooks and ditches. On this point a good story is told by an old historian of the life of Henry the Eighth. "Bluff King Hal" was out one day, following his hawk on foot, at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and attempted, with the assistance of his pole, to leap over a ditch that was full of muddy water. The pole broke, and his Majesty was precipitated head-foremost into the mud. Here he would have been stifled, had not one of the royal footmen, named Moody, who was close by and saw the accident, leaped into the ditch, and released his master from his unpleasant predicament.

"And so," says the quaint historian, "God of hys goodnesse preserved him."

None but those of the highest rank were allowed under the Norman government to keep hawks. In the forest charter which King John was forced to sign, the privilege was given to every freeman to keep airies of hawks, sparrow-hawks, falcons, eagles, and herons, in his own woods.

In the reign of Edward the Third, the Bishop of Ely excommunicated certain persons for stealing a hawk that was sitting upon her perch in the cloisters of Bermondsey, in Southwark.

Henry the Seventh made a stringent decree, prohibiting any man from bearing a hawk bred in England, upon pain of forfeiting the same to the King, it only being allowed to use hawks brought from abroad. What the exact purpose of this regulation was it is difficult, at this distance of time, to discover. But from time to time many arbitrary and capricious restrictions with respect to hawks and hawking were put in force. To show how highly the hawk was esteemed, we need only remember that in the eleventh year of Henry the Seventh it was decreed that if any person was convicted of taking from the nests or destroying the eggs of a falcon, a goshawk, or a swan, he should suffer imprisonment for a year and a day. This act was somewhat modified in the reign of Elizabeth, and the penalty reduced to three months' incarceration in durance vile; but even then the culprit was obliged to find security for his good behaviour for seven years, or stop in prison till he did.

That the birds were enormously valuable is the only excuse for these Draconian laws, which, after all, perhaps, were not very much more tyrannical than the game laws of our own enlightened days, as they are sometimes administered by the Justice Shallows on country benches. At the commencement of the seventeenth century we find that a goshawk and a tassel-hawk were sold for one hundred marks. And this was by no means an out-of-the-way price; on the contrary, selling the birds at all was often considered a great favour. In the reign of James I., Sir Thomas Monson gave one thousand pounds for a cast or couple of hawks.

Hawking was still in its palmy days during the reigns of the Tudors, and Queen Elizabeth was a regular patron of the sport; but with the Stuarts falconry began to fall into

decadence. The pedantic first James had no love for it; although his mother, the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, was an ardent devotee of the pastime, and flew hawks even while she was a prisoner.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century the old glories of falconry grew gradually fainter, and Cromwell and his Roundheads gave it the *coup de grâce*. Towards the latter half of the eighteenth century there was a partial revival; but falconry as a national pastime may be said to have died out with the advent of the Commonwealth.

About seventy years ago or more, Lord Orford and Colonel Thornton made a gallant attempt to revive the fine old English sport in this country, and partially succeeded. But another accident militated against any complete success. Fowling pieces were brought nearly to perfection; and sportsmen whose idea of sport was that of making the largest bags of game in the quickest and most expeditious manner, had no patience to spare for the slower and more artistic hawking.

The care and attention paid to the pursuit in olden times may be judged from the conventional trappings considered necessary for the hawk itself.

When the hawk was not flying at her game, she was usually hoodwinked, with a cap or hood provided for that purpose, and fitted to her head, and this hood was worn abroad as well as at home. All hawks taken upon "the fist"—the term used for carrying them upon the hand—had straps of leather, sometimes of silk, called jesses, put about their legs. The jesses were made sufficiently long for the knots to appear between the middle and the little fingers of the hand that held them, so that the lunses or small thongs of leather might be fastened to them with two tyrrets or rings, and the lunses were loosely wound round the little finger. Lastly, their legs were adorned with bells, fastened with rings of leather, each leg having one; and the leathers to which the bells were attached were called bewits; and to the bewits was added the creance, or long thread by which the bird in training was drawn back after she had been permitted to fly; and this was called the reclaiming of the hawk. The bewits were supposed to be useful to keep the hawk from "winding when she bated," that is, when she fluttered her wings to fly after her game. With regard to the bells, old books on hawking re-

commend that they should not be too heavy, so as to impede the flight of the bird, and that they should be of equal weight, sonorous, shrill, and musical—not both of one sound, but the one a semitone below the other. In the book of St. Alban's, we are informed that there is great choice of sparrow-hawk bells, and they are cheap enough; but for goshawk bells, those made at Milan are called the best—and, indeed, they are excellent, for they are commonly founded with silver, and charged for accordingly.

In an old play, "A Woman Killed with Kindness," written by Thomas Heywood, one of the characters, speaking of a hawk flying, says—

"Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one waight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other.
Mei thinks these Millane bells do sound too full,
And spoile the mounting of your hawk."

The person who carried the hawk was provided with gloves for the purpose, to prevent their talons hurting his hand.

It may be as well, perhaps, to mention, in alphabetical order, some of the principal names and expressions connected with falconry; the more so, as the same terms would most probably be again brought into general use in the event of a successful revival of the sport.

Arms.—The legs of a hawk from the thigh to the foot.

Bate.—To struggle from the first block or perch, either through fright or anxiety to get at liberty.

Beam-feathers.—The long feathers of the wings of hawks.

Bewits.—Strips of leather by which the bells are fastened to the legs.

Bind.—To cling to the quarry—the game flown at—while in the air.

Block.—The conical piece of wood to which falcons are fastened when at rest, and on which they sit.

Brancher.—A young hawk that has lately left the nest, as distinguished from the *eyes*, or nestling hawk.

Cadge.—The frame on which the hawks are perched when they are taken to the field preparatory to sport. In former times they were exposed for sale on the cadge. "Hence, perhaps," says a writer on falconry, "the use of the slang term 'cadger' for an individual who is always asking favours." The cadger, however, in hawking language, is the man who carries the cadge.

Calling off.—Luring a hawk from an assistant at a distance for exercise.

Carry.—A hawk is said to "carry" when, on the approach of the falconer, it moves away with the captured quarry—about the worst fault a trained hawk can have; the more so as it is very difficult to correct this defect, usually of bad training.

Cast is the name given to a pair of hawks.

Disclosed is when the young just peep through the shell.

Haggard.—A wild-caught mature hawk.

Jack.—The male merlin.

Jerkin.—The male of ger-falcons.

Touching this word "jerkin," an anonymous writer of the seventeenth century tells a good anecdote, which is worth repeating:—

"Sir Thomas Jermin, going out with his servants and brooke hawkes one evening, at Bury, they were no sooner abroad but fowle were found, and he called out to one of his falcons—'Off with your jerkin.' The fellow being into the wind did not heare him; at which he stormed, and still cried out—'Off with your jerkin, you knave, off with your jerkin!' Now, it fell out that there was at that instant a plaine townsman of Bury, in a freeze jerkin, stood betwixt him and his falconer, who, seeing Sir Thomas in such a rage, and thinking he had spoken to him, unbuttoned himself amaine, threw off his jerkin, and besought his worshippe not to be offended, for he would off with his doublet too to give him content."

Fesses.—The leathern straps fastened to the legs of a hawk, and which are *not* removed when the bird flies.

Scarb.—The leather thong fastened by a swivel to the jesses when the hawk is confined to block or fist, &c.

Musket.—The male sparrow-hawk.

Nares.—The nostrils of a hawk.

Pelt.—The dead body of the quarry.

Point.—The way in which a hawk rises—"makes its point"—over the the exact spot where the quarry has taken refuge—*i. e.*, been "put in."

Pounces.—The claws of a hawk.

Sails.—The wings of a hawk.

Soar-hawk.—Any hawk of the first year.

Stoop, or Swoop (as in "Macbeth"—"at one fell swoop").—The swift descent of a falcon from a height on the flying quarry.

Tiercil.—The male of the peregrine, or goshawk: probably because these are a third smaller than the falcons.

Train.—The tail of a hawk.

Wait on.—A hawk is said to “wait on” when it soars in circles above the head of the falconer, or over a dog which is pointing game. It is thus prepared to stoop at the quarry when sprung, or to descend on the lure, as the case may be.

The peculiarities attaching to the different kinds of hawks we have not room enough in this paper to discuss; and the distinctions, such as they were, are not very clearly understood even by professed writers on falconry. The truth seems to be that they were rather fanciful than really important; but to show to what a nicety the old regulations pertaining to hawking were drawn, we may just mention the several sorts of hawks considered as alone proper to be used by different classes of society, according to their position.

The merloun was the fit hawk for an emperor; the ger-falcon and the tercel of the ger-falcon for a king; the falcon gentle and the tercel gentle for a prince; the falcon of the rock for a duke; the falcon peregrine for an earl; the bastard falcon for a baron; the sacre and the sacret for a knight; the lanere and the laneret for an esquire; the marlyon for a lady; the hobby for a young man; the goshawk for a yeoman; the tercel for a poor man; the sparrowhawk for a priest; the musket for a holy-water clerk; the kestrel for a knave or servant.

But as far as the real pleasure of the sport was concerned, we expect that the knave, with his humble kestrel, enjoyed his day's hawking as much as the king with his ger-falcon, for all the difference of dignity between these several sorts of hawks, if the kestrel were only well trained in that swift, unerring swoop of destruction upon the unfortunate objects of their prey, peculiar alike to the whole tribe of hawks and falcons.

TABLE TALK.

IT was in April of last year that we published an article on Lord Brougham's Autobiography, the first volume of which was just published. The third has now appeared. We shall not review it, as our article contained anecdotes and recollections relating to parts of the great lawyer's life not included in the first volume of his life. The third volume is marked by the same inconsistencies and the same towering egoism which distinguished the preced-

ing two. It is to be regretted, for Lord Brougham's sake, that reverence for his wishes should have caused his descendants to print all he had written as he wrote it. The *Times* laments his eccentric treatment of facts, his outbreaks of querulous and undignified anger; and closes a long review in words that deserve to be repeated:—“The publication of the volumes which we now close with relief should be a warning to those who inherit the care of the reputation of great men.” It is a noteworthy fact that the fame of Henry, first Lord Brougham and Vaux, is at this moment greater in France, where he lived in his decay, than it is in England, where he was so celebrated in his prime.

A CORRESPONDENT: In connection with your interesting articles on Australia, the following quotation from the *Queensland Courier*, on the culture of the sugar-cane in that colony, is worth notice. The journal referred to says:—“As the success of sugar, tobacco, and other tropical and semi-tropical products becomes more decided, the occupation of land for the cultivation of these crops increases. Already this is going on, north and south, with much greater rapidity than has ever been witnessed before. The Herbert Valley is attracting notice just now as a sugar-producing district. Another and still more effective drain on the labour supply will be the settlement of labourers on land of their own as independent cultivators of the soil. The experience of the past two or three years, and notably of the past twelve months, has proved that the skilful, prudent, industrious cultivator of a few acres of sugar-cane, in the neighbourhood of a mill, stands as fair, and, in the majority of cases, a fairer chance of success even than the large proprietor. The time spent by the labourer in working for wages on other people's land proves the best possible training for successfully engaging in the same pursuit on land of his own; and as the market for his produce is practically unlimited, there is no danger of a glut. Nothing in the history of the colony is more surprising than the rapid strides made in the cultivation of the sugar-cane within the last two or three years.”

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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.



R. MORTIBOY'S son was spending half an hour, for the first time in twelve years, with the wife he had married, whilst old Ready-money himself was seated in his late sister's pew in St. Giles's Church. He looked

round him with some curiosity.

The church of St. Giles at Market Basing is the parish church, and is situate in the middle of the town, where the cross formed by the four principal streets—Bridge-street, Gold-street, Sheep-street, and High-street—starts from. Within a stone's throw of it are all the public buildings.

Originally, the church was a Gothic edifice, the work of some architect whose name has not come down to posterity. The tower looking west bears witness to his skill. The rest of the building was destroyed by fire in the reign of Charles the Second. That Christian prince thought proper to give a thousand tons of timber from a neighbouring royal forest towards the rebuilding of the church. In return, a grotesque statue and a legend detailing the royal munificence were placed over the portico by the corporation of Market Basing. Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt St. Giles's. He drew a square, with a smaller square running out of it—this was the chancel—for his ground plan, and added it on to the old Gothic tower. He built four great

walls, and pierced them with four ugly oblong windows, and then three small walls and three small oblong windows to match, for his chancel. He roofed it over with a dwarfed dome and lantern—reminding you of St. Paul's in a toy box—and left it to the people of Market Basing to worship in, in the stead of their old Gothic church.

So everything remained for a century and a half. Then came a change.

We live now in an age of church restoration; but the fever struck the rector of St. Giles's when the nineteenth century was young.

The dome I have mentioned was supported by four great pillars of white stone: up to these, on each side of the church, came the front railing of a gallery. In 1806, the rector laid his plans for pulling down these galleries, slicing a few rows of pews off, and putting them up again clear of the pillars. This was only part of his scheme, though what else he wanted to do does not matter now. Of course he called on his richest parishioner—the third of the Mortiboy race—for a subscription. And “the scholar” promised him a hundred pounds on his assurance that a London architect had pronounced the galleries unsafe. To this promise Mr. Mortiboy added a condition. It was that he should not be asked for any more. Unluckily for the parson, Mr. Mortiboy's own seat was in the front row of one of the galleries, and he had forgotten to mention that the new erections would not be precisely similar to the old ones. And the banker owned what was called a faculty pew: a *quasi* freehold, to be bought and sold with his house, and for which no pew rent was to be paid.

The very day he heard of the arrangement to sacrifice his seat, he was asked by the rector for a second subscription, on the ground that there was so much more being done than was at first intended. This was more than Mr. Mortiboy could stand. His gallery

gone, his hundred pounds gone—this was much; but to be asked to give more for further desecration of vested rights and spoliation of property was more than he could bear.

So, followed by a good many of the parishioners, he seceded to the modest Little Bethel which had hitherto sufficed for the Nonconformist interest. They pensioned off, economically, the wheezy old man who had preached in it for thirty years—ever since he gave up cobbling on having a call—and sent for an eloquent preacher: an awakener. And then came the tug of war; and Market Basing was divided pretty equally, and with more than the usual bitterness, between Church and Dissent.

Such is the history of the celebrated Market Basing schism, as notable in its way as many a better-known division in the Church.

With a display of that old dog in the manger spirit to gratify which a Shropshire nobleman spent untold sums in building round his great park a wall high enough to keep out the hunting field, Mr. Mortiboy never went to the church again, nor did he suffer any of his family to go there. But the bitterness wore off gradually. And when he died, his son, our Ready-money—though he never went to church—was not seen so often at chapel; while Susan Mortiboy, his sister, went to every church service that was held, and every meeting, and in all parish affairs was as good as ten deaconesses to the parson. Mr. Mortiboy revolved all these things as he sat in the church that morning.

During the service—which was an unfamiliar thing to him, and touched him not—his mind ran back to old times, and he saw himself again playing with Francis Melliship, making love to his sister Emily as he grew older, marrying at that very altar. For a moment the bitter feeling against Mr. Melliship died away—to revive again the moment after, when the thought occurred to him that in a few days his enemy would be at his feet, craving his forbearance and assistance.

The hymns affected him little, because Mr. Mortiboy had no ear for music; and, besides, he was thinking how he should behave when Mr. Melliship came for help. Should he remind him of slights offered five and twenty years ago? Or should he be content to take that moment as an acquittance in full, and be friends again as of old?

He inclined ever so little to the latter course.

In that place he was such an unusual sight, that the people all stared at him over their prayer books. They thought him very much affected by the loss of his sister, because he looked neither to the right nor to the left, but gazed straight before him. Presently, looking forward in this way, his eye caught the face of the preacher, and he was constrained, in spite of himself, to hear the text.

Market Basing is one of those places where funeral sermons are still preached. The text chosen by the friend of Susan Mortiboy, as the theme for his tribute to her memory, was the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth verses of the eighth chapter of Romans.

The preacher spoke out the words in a clear and penetrating voice:—

“For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

I have given the text. I will not attempt to reproduce the sermon. I should only do injustice to it. But it seemed to old Ready-money that it was directed personally at him.

It told of the sin of self-seeking, in its various forms. It showed how the good woman whose death had made a gap in their midst lived wholly for others; and though she could not take her wealth with her—here a warmth crept over the brother's heart, because he knew it was all his—she had made it a blessing to the poor, and used it as if it were a trust. Here Mr. Mortiboy felt uncomfortable. And the preacher, waxing eloquent with his theme, showed that the worship of self is shown in more ways than in the hoarding up and misuse of money—here Mr. Mortiboy felt uncomfortable because the clergyman was really looking at him: why could he not look at Heathcote?—how by disregarding the interests of others, by ignoring their wishes, by pursuing a line which brings misfortune on them, by failing to anticipate their desires, and by countless other ways, the selfish man makes the paths of others hard for them. Mr. Mortiboy thought of his rival, Mr. Melliship, whose path he was about to make very hard, and almost wished, for a moment, that it was not so. And then he drew two pic-

tures—one of him who had no money, but yet had in his heart charity, and sympathy, and thoughtfulness for his neighbour; and one of the rich man who had these virtues in addition to his wealth; and he showed how each in his way was a kind of Providence to the place—preventing more than healing: making men continue in goodness, rather than repent of evil. And then Mr. Mortiboy turned pale, and a chill fell on his heart, because he knew that he had done no good at all—not so much as to one neighbour, and that the only good he had done to himself was to amass money and increase his wealth. Then the preacher generalized; and such is the power of a contented mind, that Mr. Mortiboy forgot a few moments after where he was, and lost himself in thought—about what he should do with Dick.

It was Sacrament Sunday. The plate came round, and caught him unprepared: at another moment, Mr. Mortiboy would have taken no notice of the intrusion. Now he was softened a little, and recollected he meant to give something when he came; so he dropped a coin into it, with the conscious glow of one who does a good action. Mr. Heathcote, who had been asleep, as was his wont during sermon—not from any disinclination to listen, but from sheer force of long habit—woke up, put a crown piece in the plate, and church was over.

Dinner at Parkside. It had a threefold aim. First, as Mrs. Heathcote observed, it would help to divert that melancholy with which she was persuaded her cousin Mortiboy was afflicted at the loss of his sister; secondly, to welcome Dick back to England; and thirdly, because it was Grace's birthday, and Grace was twenty-one. There was another reason, which she kept to herself, that on Sunday Mr. Melliship always remained at home and dined *en famille*; so that there was no chance of Frank calling in the evening, and a reasonable excuse for not asking him. Mr. Mortiboy's dislike to his brother-in-law extended to his nephew as well.

Dick was the quietest of the guests, partly because he was still unused to the society of ladies, and felt it was desirable to keep a curb upon his tongue—which had a habit, indeed, of dropping pearls of conversation, but roughly set. The girls, too, were quiet: Lucy because she was still full of grief for her friend, Aunt Susan, as she was always

called; and Grace out of sympathy. But Mr. Mortiboy was in high spirits—perhaps from the influence of that glow of virtue of which we have spoken before, and perhaps from the revulsion of feeling which comes after a time of gloom and trouble. He sat with his chair a foot from the table, leaned forward at an unpleasant angle, and said "Beautiful, beautiful!" to everything eatable presented to his notice. When the pudding was brought in by Polly, he remarked that it shook, and he liked to see a pudding shake—it was a good sign: and as he drank half a glass of port, with a bit of blue Stilton, he was pleased to remark that the cheese was the only bad thing about the dinner. His chief topic of conversation was his son, of whom he spoke as admiringly as if he had not been present at the table, and frequently patted his broad back. Mrs. Heathcote encouraged him, put in little ejaculations of "La! now, uncle!" "Is it possible?" and so on; while the old man garrulously prated of the good days he was going to have now Dick was come back. Mr. Mortiboy, in spite of his penurious ways at home, was by no means averse to the good things of life. He had schooled himself to believe that it was waste of money to have a decent dinner cooked for himself every day; but it would have been a waste of opportunity to refuse whatever good things were offered by others. So the dinner passed off very cheerfully. It was not exactly pleasant for Dick to have his own wife waiting on him—she had ridden back on the box of John Heathcote's sociable—nor was he altogether free from alarm when his cousin asked him if he had left his heart behind him, knowing that Polly had a fine high temper of her own, which could not at all times be trusted. Nothing, however, happened to disturb the peace between them. When the table was cleared, Mr. Heathcote, in a tone of much solemnity, called upon all to fill their glasses. Health drinking was a ceremony which he would not have omitted for worlds on such an occasion. He began a little speech.

"Bygones," he said, "should be bygones. There is no occasion for crying over what can't be helped. We've had to grieve, and we may now rejoice. Let us drink the health of—"

"My—good—gracious! what a dreadful thing!" cried Old Ready-money, falling back in his chair, his face as pale as ashes.

Mr. Heathcote stopped suddenly. They all started.

"What is it, Uncle Richard?" cried Mrs. Heathcote.

"Well, I shan't forget this!" He was looking at something in his hand.

"What is it, uncle?"

"Well, I *have* done it!" he replied, solemnly. "I've put a sovereign into that plate at the church instead of a shilling."

It was true. In the confusion of the moment, his thoughts distracted from what he was doing, he had put his fingers into the right waistcoat-pocket, where were five sovereigns, instead of the left, where were as many shillings.

Mr. Heathcote repressed an inclination to roar, as at one of the best jokes he had ever heard—because he caught, just in time, a look of admonition from his wife.

"What *is* to be done? I never made such a mistake in my life before," cried Mr. Mortiboy.

"What can be done?" cried Mrs. Heathcote.

"You have done more good than you intended, Uncle Richard," said Lucy. "Some poor persons will have a better dinner next Sunday."

"Better stuff and rubbish!" said Mr. Mortiboy.

"Well, then," said Dick, whose ignorance of church customs must be pleaded in excuse for the hardihood of the suggestion, "write to the parson, and make him give back your change."

"Well—why not? It's only right," said his father.

"Oh!—uncle!" Lucy expostulated.

"I'll send John," said Mr. Heathcote, "if you like."

He saw here the materials for as good a thing as had ever come under his notice, and was determined to make the most of it.

They got paper, and Mr. Mortiboy was going to write, explaining that, in the hurry of the moment, he had made a mistake of some importance—viz., the substitution of a sovereign for a shilling—and begging the rector to return to him the balance due.

But Mrs. Heathcote contrived to make her uncle postpone this till he got home. She did not want the letter dated from Parkside.

Then Mr. Heathcote went on with his speech.

"I have forgotten, now, what I intended

to say, specially. But I was going to propose Dick's health. Dick, my boy, we're glad to see you, and proud of you; and you're always welcome, as you always were, at Parkside."

Mr. Mortiboy's voice shook a little as he raised his glass, and said—

"We'll drink, Dick!—we'll drink, Dick!—your health, my son."

The big prodigal had found his way to his heart; and he loved him better now, far better, than he had ever loved him as a boy.

Dick said a few words; and then Mr. Heathcote filled his glass with an air of business, and looked at his wife, who pulled out her handkerchief. They knew what was coming. But Mr. Mortiboy astonished them all.

"Let me," he said, "say a few words." He turned to Grace. "Grace, my dear, we are going to drink your health, and many happy returns of the day. For twenty-one years, I think, I've dined here on every birthday of yours, and drunk a glass of port to you every year. Lydia, your children are good girls. Had things been different with me—had Dick not, happily, come back to us—I should— But there is no telling what might or would have been done."

Here Mrs. Heathcote buried her face in her handkerchief.

"And now, my dear, I wish you a long and happy life, and a careful husband, and"—here he hesitated a little, and pulled out his pocket-book—"here, my dear"—he took out a crisp and new bank note, and looked at it admiringly for a moment; then he put it from him, as if the action cost him something—"here, my dear, is a present for you."

It was a hundred pound bank note. Grace read the amount with a sort of stupefaction, and gave it to her father. Mr. Heathcote took it gravely, and gave it back to his daughter. And then it went round, and there was a simultaneous cry of gratitude and surprise. They were shocked at the old man's unlikeness to himself.

"But what in the world will you do with it, Grace?" said her mother. "You will have to put it into Uncle Mortiboy's bank."

"Yes—do, Grace," said the donor; "and I'll see if I can't give you interest for it."

Five minutes after she had received her present, Grace handed it back to her uncle to "take care of" for her; and he received

it with a gasp, and returned it to his pocket-book hastily.

It was at once the cheapest and the handsomest present he could give; and he knew he should get it back again "to take care of," when he decided upon what form his present should take.

Poor Grace! It did seem rather hard to her to be tantalized by the sight of such a splendid sum of money, and then to have it suddenly ravished from her sight, and consigned to the dark dungeons of the bank—a prisoner not to be released.

In the evening, Mr. Mortiboy sat in the easiest chair by the fire, and next him Mrs. Heathcote. And he conversed with her about his son Dick, telling her over and over again how great a comfort to him the boy already was: laying out his schemes for an easier life, and planning the happiness that was to be his, now Dick was come home again. Dick, for his part, was listening to the girls as they sang hymns.

"Your nose, my lady," said Mr. Heathcote that night, laying his manly head upon the pillow, "appears to me to be put out of joint."

"Don't be coarse, John," returned his partner.

"Anyhow, Ready-money has broken out in a new place. That hundred pounds of his is all our girls will get. But the old man is improved by it, and I'm glad Dick has turned up again."

"Poor boy!" said his wife, with feeling. "So am I. John, mark my words—though you must have seen it—Dick's setting his cap at Grace already."

John was coarse enough to laugh at this remark, and to continue silently shaking till slumber smoothed out his limbs, and composed them for rest.

As for Mr. Mortiboy, he went home well satisfied, and not the less pleased because the morrow would bring his brother-in-law, for the first time in his life, for assistance and forbearance. For he knew well enough that it was quite beyond the power of Francis Melliship to meet his liabilities. It would be something like a new pleasure to see his proud brother-in-law open his case, and admit that he wanted time. It would be a real new pleasure to have him, like all the rest of Market Basing, secretly under his own thumb. Mr. Mortiboy rubbed his hands when he thought of it. He would not ruin

Melliship: he would even help him. But he would help him at a price, and that price should be his own aggrandizement. To have both the banks at his command would be almost to rule the county as well as the town. To make of Mr. Melliship a superior Ghrimes would be an ample return for those slights he had endured at his hands so long ago. And it fell out so well for Dick, too. He could go back, arrange his affairs abroad, and return in a year or two to leave Market Basing no more, and to succeed him in all his wealth—and even Mr. Mortiboy himself did not know how much that wealth amounted to by this time.

So he, too, went to sleep; and all Market Basing slumbered—except one man.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

THAT man was Francis Melliship!

Old Ready-money's brother-in-law—rival, as he considered him; enemy, that he had tried to make him—spent the Sunday in his usual fashion. In the morning, he went to church with his household, filled his accustomed seat in the family pew, and heard the funeral sermon; dined early, and in the evening went to church again.

Dr. Kerby walked with the Melliships as far as their own door, after the morning service. He begged his old friend, the banker, to take a rest from his work. He took Mrs. Melliship aside, and whispered to her in terms imperative and strong. He told her she must take her husband for a change of air that very week, on some pretext or another.

"If Mr. Melliship won't take you, my dear lady, you must take him."

"Doctor, you alarm us. What—what is the matter with my dear husband?" she asked, unable to conceal the nervous feeling the doctor's words produced, yet unwilling to tell him of the signs of unnatural change in her husband she saw herself.

These were clear enough: but neither the wife, nor the son, nor the daughter could read their meaning.

They saw the change that cast its shadow over their house. Their anxiety for husband and father was intense.

What could they do? Nothing. And this inaction was terrible to them.

Mr. Melliship was in high spirits all day: he had been in high spirits all the week.

His face was flushed, his movements quick and nervous. He was very excitable, and talked in a wild, exaggerated way.

His present was the very opposite of his natural state.

His talk all the week had been perpetually of one kind: about money, about his own wealth. For the first time in her life, his daughter Kate began to think her father ostentatious. The thought but suggested itself, to be stifled as unworthy: the fault was in her, she thought, not in her father.

Now, on this day, he was even more demonstrative of his newly born pride of purse. He spoke of his intention of removing from the old bank where they had lived so many years, of buying an estate, of having a town house, of getting new plate, of spending money on a hundred things which he had hitherto been quite content to do without.

"But, my dear," expostulated his wife, half in doubt, half in earnest, "all this will cost us a great deal of money."

"And if we have the money to spend on them, my dear?" replied her husband. "What says the Latin poet, Frank?"

*'Vitam que faciunt beatiorum,
Jucundissime Martialis hæc sunt,
Res non parta labore, sed relicta—'*

Eh? Now, I would wager that you cannot finish it."

"I cannot indeed, father. I don't suppose I can read it."

"This degenerate age!" sighed his father. "And here is a man who has only just taken his degree, and cannot cap a quotation from Martial. It was very different in my time, I can tell you, sir. We read Latin, at any rate. But the

'Res non parta labore'

will be yours, my boy, and that is the great thing, after all. Frank," he suddenly added, "I have often thought how enormously rich a family, starting from absolutely nothing, might become by dint of sheer economy, and allowing themselves no luxuries, so that the money might all accumulate. Thus, the Fuggers in the fourteenth century went on splendidly, till there came a fool who threw the family wealth away. My idea is, that the family is to have no fool at all in it."

"If money is everything," said Frank, "it might be worth the while of a man to found a rich family in this way."

"He would inculcate, as a kind of religion," Mr. Melliship went on, "the laws of frugality and industry. He who failed or came short of his duties, should be solemnly cut off from the rest. In six generations, provided the sons were of average brain power, the family would be as rich as the Rothschilds."

Mr. Melliship grew quite excited as he spoke.

"But is it worth while to take all the trouble?"

"Surely yes, Frank. Money, in all ages, means—if you please to use it for that purpose—comfort and luxury; or it means power and authority; or it means ability to advance the world in any way that seems best to you. Surely, therefore, whether you are an Epicurean or a Christian, you must desire money. Whatever your character, you must wish that you had it. And if it were not for the selfishness of men, they would deny themselves in order that their children might have it."

"At all events, Uncle Richard is not a selfish man, then."

Mr. Melliship laughed.

"He has saved money, I believe—only thousands, though; and his son Dick will have them. My dear, let us have Dick to dinner one day this week—any day. Ask the rector—A very capital fellow, full of energy: a man that you must cultivate, Frank, and learn from him all that he can teach you."

This was how he talked all dinner time. After his wife and daughter left them, he stayed behind with Frank, and finished his bottle of wine. They had some sacred music; and at nine o'clock Mr. Melliship read prayers, as was his wont on Sunday evening, and shortly after retired to his own study. This was not unusual, and did not excite any comment.

He sat down before the fire; and, turning his lamp down so as to have little but the firelight, sat with crossed legs, and a pleased, happy expression of countenance. He was thinking of his revenues, of his vast property, and making schemes for the happiness of his children. Hour after hour passed thus. The clock struck eleven, twelve, and one, without his moving from the chair. And the fire, burning lower and lower, at last went out altogether. The cinders were black. All that remained to tell there had been a fire in the grate was the crackling noise the

cooling embers made. Still he moved not. The curtains were not drawn; and the moon, bursting suddenly from behind a cloud, shone through the windows, and fell full upon the portrait of his children, above the mantel-shelf.

The bright light caught his eye, and in a moment Francis Melliship awaked from his reveries. He started up, passed his hand across his brow, and looked wildly round.

Is there anything in all dramatic literature more dramatic than the awaking of Ajax after his night of madness? The goddess calls him: the proud king and warrior comes at Athênè's call, blood-stained, breathing fury and revenge;—telling how in the dead of night he has gone secretly forth, and captured his enemies: how they are within, the two sons of Atreus, bound and tied, waiting to receive the stroke of his sword; and the crafty son of Laertes, Ulysses the fox, for whom is torture before death. So raging, but contented, he returns to his tent. Presently comes the day, and with it a return of his senses. He wakes from his frenzy, and finds himself sitting surrounded by the carcasses of the beasts he had slain in place of the Grecian princes. Then his fortitude gives way. "*Ai, Ai!*" he mourns. "Alas! alas! there is but this one thing left, nobly to die." And so he bids farewell to his wife and his son, and the dear light of the sun, and falls upon his sword, and goes away to those regions of shade where the souls of departed heroes ever wander sadly, lamenting the days of life.

In a moment, the whole horror of his situation burst upon the unfortunate Francis Melliship. The moonlight, pale and bright, fell on his book of memoranda. His eyes caught the words—"*February 10th, Monday, Mr. Mortiboy.*" These five words spoke volumes. The riches he had boasted of did not exist: there were no investments, or only investments that had lost him money: there were no means of meeting the liabilities that fell due on the morrow. For the last three or four weeks, he had been suffering from delusion and madness. But he was not mad now, and he saw his position in all its miserable conditions. How could he explain? How make people understand that what they would mistake for the dishonest boasting of a broken swindler was only the natural expression of an overpowering de-

lusion? He could not: no one could: there would be but one opinion possible. And then to walk for the rest of his days ruined in purse and reputation! The broken banker: the rash speculator: the dishonest bankrupt: mad Melliship! He who had been the first in the town: the proudest, the most prominent, the best bred, and the most highly considered.

He rose with a gesture of despair, stepped into a dressing-room adjoining his study, and came out with a case in his hand, which he held for a few moments, as if dreading to open it. He held it in his hands hesitating.

The moon shone out, and between his eyes and the moonshine there stood once more the figure of the dead woman which he had seen a week before. Again she appeared to him: and this time not pointing to the picture of his children; not stern, reproachful, and threatening: but smiling, pleased, and happy. Her age seemed to have fallen from her, and she appeared as she had been thirty years before, when they were young together.

"Susan!" cried the unhappy man, stretching out his hands, "speak to me. Susan, my first love, why do you come back in the semblance of those old times? Susan, forgive my broken troth, and the promise that you and I alone know of. Speak to me, Susan!"

She did not speak, but beckoned; and when he looked again, she had disappeared.

He sat awhile with troubled brow, trying to think. He could think of two things only: the horror and disgrace of the future, which his disturbed state of imagination augmented; and the image of his old friend—young again—radiant, smiling, beckoning to him. Beckoning!—but where? Surely to some land far off, where there would be no more trouble, but only youth, and love, and pleasant fancies.

* * * * *

As the moon shifted round to the west, the light left the portrait of the children, and, moving slowly round the room, came upon the form of Mr. Melliship lying prone upon the hearthrug. He was not sleeping, but dead; and the black pool that shone in the light of the moon was blood that came from his self-inflicted wound. Like Ajax, he could not bear the disgrace. Without a word of farewell to his children, or of ex-

planation or motive, he had left all his troubles and burdens to be borne by shoulders weaker than his own. Selfish? Perhaps. It is the custom to say that suicides are cowards, and selfish. But there is a point of physical or moral suffering at which every man will give way, and prefer immediate death. We cannot endure beyond that point. Heaven keep us from suffering that even comes near it!

HELIOS AND RHODOS.

(Suggested by the Picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1869.)

LEAN downward; let thy bright and glistening hues,

The garish garb on either side of me,
Dispel the dawn-flecked mist and diamond dew,
The rime-born children of the cold gray sea.
Alas, alas! that night should ever be!

Thy sharp-spined shafts fall on my two bosoms—
The bride-bed for the amorous rays of thee—
And pierce the gems of the red-rose blossoms,
Dazzling the eyelets of the flowerful tree.
Alas, alas! that night should ever be!

The clear blue vault of Heaven above my head;
The golden glitter on the glorious sea;
The wreaths beneath my feet of full-flushed red;
The breeze-blown perfume o'er my island lea.
Alas, alas! that night should ever be!

Thy fiery kisses on my flower-like mouth;
Lips flame-fed filling mine with amorous glee,
Making a fruitful bed of barren drouth,
Ah, sweet! be still as they were wont to be!
Alas, alas! that night should ever be!

Across my harbour-bar, in 'olden days,
Colossal stood thy statue in the sheen,
Watching the vessels on the wine-dark bay
Ride o'er the offing of the sea serene.
Alas, alas! that night hath ever been!

So o'er thine ancient love, my lovely isle,
Fair as in painted picture, fondly lean;
On my lithe limbs thy golden tresses smile;
Call me again thy Rhodos and thy Queen.
Alas, alas! that night hath ever been!

"MR. SPEAKER."

THE first announcement to members on returning to their seats in Parliament, after the recess, will be that their late Speaker has resigned his distinguished post, and thrown upon them the preliminary business of selecting another to assume the place of First Commoner in England, and to be president of their councils.

A few words, therefore, on the form of procedure adopted in the election of a Speaker, may not be out of place, as the interesting and time-honoured ceremony is soon to be repeated once more.

On the opening of a new Parliament, the first business of the members is to elect a Speaker; but nearly the same forms are observed in the election of a new Speaker when a vacancy occurs by death, or—as in the present case—by resignation, between the sessions of the same Parliament. Upon this point we may revert, *en passant*, to an old minute in the proceedings of the Commons in the reign of James I., which is as follows:—

"The Speaker being sick, motion is made to consider what is to be done on like occasion. No precedent appears for choosing a Speaker from day to day. The King must give leave, and approve after choice made. It is argued, 'If there be no precedent, it is fit to make one. Time was when there was no Speaker but the Lord Chancellor, who was common mouth to the whole Court of Parliament.'"

To return to the usual mode of election of a Speaker, now so long and firmly established as part and parcel of our British constitution.

On the meeting of Parliament, the Lord Chancellor, with other peers appointed by commission under the Great Seal, opens the proceedings by stating that "her Majesty will, as soon as the members of both Houses shall be sworn, declare the causes of her calling this Parliament; and it being necessary a Speaker of the House of Commons should be first chosen, that you, gentlemen, of the House of Commons, repair to the place where you are to sit, and there proceed to the appointment of some proper person to be your Speaker, and that you present such person whom you shall so choose here to-morrow"—at an hour stated—"for her Majesty's royal approbation." The Commons then proceed at once to the election of their Speaker. If any debate arises, the clerk at the table acts as Speaker, and, standing up, points to the members as they rise. He also puts the question. When the Speaker is chosen, his proposer and seconder conduct him to his chair, where, standing on the upper step, he thanks the House. The selection and confirmation of a Speaker used to be attended in former times with many ceremonious professions of urgency on the one part and reluctance on the other; and it was even usual to place him in his chair by gentle compulsion, he all the time professing his total unworthiness to fill so onerous a post. As yet he is only

Speaker elect, and as such presents himself on the following day in the House of Lords, and acquaints the Lords Commissioners that the choice of the Commons having "fallen upon him, that he feels the difficulties of his high and arduous office," and that "if it should be her Majesty's pleasure to disapprove of this choice, her Majesty's faithful Commons will at once select some other member of their House better qualified to fill the station than himself." Hatsell states that there have been only two instances in which neither this form of having the royal permission to proceed to the election of a Speaker, nor the other of the sovereign's approbation of the person elected, have been observed.

The first is the election of Sir Harbottle Grimstone, on the 25th April, 1660, to be Speaker of the Convention Parliament which met at the Restoration. The other is the election of Mr. Powle, on the 22nd of January, 1688-9, in the Convention Parliament at the Revolution. The only instance of the royal approbation being refused is in the case of Sir Edward Seymour, in 1679. On the opening of Parliament in that year, the Court had one of its own nominees to offer as Speaker; but the Commons, jealous of their privileges, selected Sir Edward—a man of the first rank in their own order. When, however, Seymour was presented for the approval of the King, the Chancellor informed him that his Majesty had other important need for his services, and that the House of Commons must make another choice, and attend next day to report it. The House had just commenced the impeachment of Danby, and this rebuff did not improve its temper. There was a hot debate on it for a week, followed by a prorogation; and the House, content probably with having sturdily asserted its rights, having again to make a choice, chose Mr. Serjeant Gregory, who, whether acceptable or not to the Court party, was not the candidate put forward.

In an old book entitled "A Treatise on Nobilitie," the author gives an account of the presentment of the Speaker or Prolocutor of the Knights and Burgesses, which took place on "that most stately going" of Queen Elizabeth, in the twenty-seventh year of her reign:—

"Then, at length, the knights of the shires and the burgesses of the citties being admitted, brought in their most learned lawyer

—viz., John Puckering—who, standing at the barre, and having thrice made most low obeisance, sayd what he might to show himself unfit to undertake so great a burthen, requesting most earnestly that they would make choice of another Prolocutor; unto whom the Queene, by the Chancellour, made answer, that she liked exceedingly well of the choice of him already made, and that she ratified the same. Which done, the Prolocutor framed himself to another manner of speach, wherein he particularly rehearsed what great benefits were redounded unto the Commonweale by the most wise Governement of her Royall Majestie. He declared her singular vertues, her very naturall and motherly care over her subjects; but especially in that she had then called together the estates of the kingdome, there to consulte and consider of the most weightiest affaires of the Commonweale, earnestly admonishing the bishops to provide for the ecclesiasticall and Church matters: the nobilitie and the rest to bee careful of the profite and welfare of the Commonweale. In the conclusion of his speech, he most humbly requested that the auncient rights and privileges of the Lower House of the Burgesses—viz., of freely delivering of their speach and minds, and of being free from arrests, as well themselves and their servants, during the time of the Parliament—might be kept whole and untouched; and that if in anything not well by them understood they should happen to offend, he requested leave, as well for himself as for the rest, to have access unto her Royall Majestie. His oration at length ended. The Chancellour, by the Queene commanded and in some points instructed, highly commended the Prolocutor's oration, and in the Queene's name granted the leave he had requested."

In the same account, the Lord Chancellor is described in his opening speech, delivered in the Queen's stead, as addressing "his speach unto the knights and burgesses standing on an heape together below"—words which oddly call to mind the helter-skelter below the bar among the "faithful Commons" in our own day.

In the seventeenth century, when the House of Commons had so many contests with the Crown, it was most important that the man chosen as their president should be not only possessed of great learning, sagacity, and integrity, but also be a man of firm and

indomitable courage; and it is evident from what Clarendon says, and the general tone of parliamentary history, that the House of Commons could be much influenced by the man who for the time occupied the chair.

The principal functions of the Speaker of the House of Commons were not originally—as the title of his office indicates—what they are at present.

“The House of Commons,” remarks the late Sir G. C. Lewis, “were at first a set of delegates summoned by the Crown to negotiate with it concerning the payment of taxes. They might take advantage of the position of superiority which they temporarily occupied to remonstrate with the Crown about certain grievances upon which they were generally agreed. In this state of things, it was important that they should have an organ or spokesman with sufficient ability and knowledge to state their views, and with sufficient courage to contend against the displeasure of the Crown. Since the Revolution of 1688, and the increased power of the House of Commons, the functions of the Speaker have undergone a change. His chief function has been no longer to *speak* on behalf of the House. That which was previously his accessory has become his principal duty. He has been simply chairman of the House, with the function of regulating its proceedings, of putting the question, and of maintaining order; but as their debates have become more important, his office of moderator of these debates has acquired additional importance.”

The proper position and functions of a Speaker were well told by Lenthal, when Charles I., supported by his armed followers, entered the House of Commons and demanded the rendering up of the “five members.”

“May it please your Majesty,” said Lenthal, “I have neither eye to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House, whose servant I am, is pleased to direct me.”

And this is the true explanation of the Speaker’s position. In regulating the business of the House, and in preserving order, the Speaker issues through himself the directions and commands of the House. No man is ever chosen Speaker who is not specially endowed with temper, firmness, and a thorough knowledge of the practice of the House; and his commands are law.

The Speaker “naming” a member is an old-established form of censure for irregular conduct. The only light which Hatsell, in his great work on “The Precedents of Parliament,” can throw on the effect of this mysterious punishment is rather ludicrous. He says—

“A story used to be told of Mr. Onslow—which those who ridiculed his strict observance of forms were fond of repeating—that he often, upon a member’s not attending to him, but persisting in any disorder, threatened to name him (‘Sir, sir, I must name you!’). On being asked what would be the consequence of putting that threat into execution, and naming a member, he answered, ‘The Lord in Heaven knows!’”

But the real explanation of the penalty attached to “naming” a member is contained in the Journal of the House of the 5th of May, 1641, or of the 22nd of January, 1693, where it is stated—“That if the Speaker is compelled to name a member, such member will thereby incur the displeasure and censure of the House.”

The last occasion on which this ceremony was performed was when Feargus O’Connor, having become insane, grew disorderly, and struck the member sitting beside him; it does not appear, however, to have had much effect.

There have been only four Speakers of the House of Commons since the death of George III., which occurred above half a century ago. When George IV. succeeded to the throne, in 1820, Mr. C. Manners Sutton was Speaker, having been chosen to that high office in 1817, and he remained Speaker down to the dissolution of the first reformed Parliament, in 1834. On the meeting of the next Parliament, on the 19th of February, 1835, his re-election was opposed—this first opportunity for a trial of strength between the two political parties being taken. On that occasion, the new Ministry—Sir Robert Peel’s—was defeated, the numbers being—for Mr. James Abercromby, 316; and for Mr. C. Manners Sutton, 306. The latter was then created Viscount Canterbury. Mr. Abercromby was Speaker for only a very few years. He retired at the Whitsuntide recess in 1839, and again there was a contest for the vacant chair. The numbers on this occasion were—for Mr. Shaw Lefevre, 317; and for Mr. Goulburn, 299. Mr. Abercromby was then raised to the peerage as Baron

Dunfermline. Mr. Shaw Lefevre remained Speaker for nearly eighteen years. At the dissolution of Parliament in March, 1857, he retired, and was created Viscount Eversley. On the meeting of the new Parliament, on the 30th of April, 1857, Mr. J. Evelyn Denison, the gentleman who is now about to retire, was unanimously chosen Speaker. Mr. Denison has therefore presided over the deliberations of the House of Commons for nearly fifteen years.

Mr. Denison was born in the year 1800, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1823. In the same year, he was returned to Parliament for Newcastle-under-Lyme. On the formation of Canning's Administration, Mr. Denison was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

At this time, the question of Roman Catholic emancipation agitated the rival political parties of the day, and Mr. Denison was a constant adherent to the claims of the Roman Catholics.

The death of Canning led to a change of the Administration; and Mr. Denison relinquished his post at the Admiralty Board. Preferring an independent political career to the responsibilities of office, he remained in privacy, although several Administrations sought his services.

In 1830 Mr. Denison was returned for Hastings. In 1831, after the lamentable death of Mr. Huskisson, he was invited to stand for Liverpool; and, at the general election of 1831, he was returned for that borough, and also for the county of Nottingham; but he elected to sit for the latter.

During two Parliaments he represented the borough of Malton; and in 1857 he was returned for North Nottinghamshire, for which place he has since continued the member. Mr. Denison took an active part in the conduct of the private business of the House, and, as we have just mentioned, on the retirement of Mr. Shaw Lefevre he was, in 1857, unanimously chosen Speaker; being again unanimously elected in 1859, and in 1866.

Mr. Denison married, in 1827, the third daughter of the Duke of Portland.

The emolument of the Speaker, it may be added in conclusion, consists of a furnished house in the New Palace at Westminster, and a standing salary of £5,000 a-year, besides other collateral advantages in the way of valuable pieces of Crown patronage which

fall to his disposal from time to time. Mr. Denison, on retiring from the Speakership, will be raised to the peerage, with the title of Viscount Ossington, of Ossington, in the county of Notts.

A DAY IN OFFICE.

RAILWAYS have not as yet entirely superseded the use of post-cars in Ireland; and in a certain remote district of a northern county, one of these superannuated vehicles continues, I believe, to convey her Majesty's mails to and fro, in a methodical, tortoise-like fashion quite inconsistent with the present fast age. At all events, the *contretemps* I am about to relate occurred not so long ago; and about this indefinite period, not only did the car run through the part of the country indicated, but on proper—or improper—representation, made in the right quarter, an office was established by authority, nominally for the benefit of the sparse population that dwelt around, in reality for the convenience and gratification of the guests and residents in Shandranagan House.

The village of Shandranagan lay midway between two second-rate provincial towns, and could itself assert small pretensions to the title, inasmuch as not even were the conventional grocery and drunkenness establishments to be found among the small cluster of labourers' cabins congregated on the roadside, nor was this even the main road that passed through Shandranagan. Had it done so, there would, indeed, have been no plausible excuse to urge in request of a post-office. It may, therefore, be regarded as an isolated hamlet, out of the beaten track of humanity, and given up entirely to agricultural pursuits and the breeding of cattle.

Certain formalities had of course to be observed, and guarantees to be entered into, before the postal authorities consented to subsidize the office; upon which my friend, the proprietor of the Manor House, was duly installed as postmaster of the Shandranagan Post-office.

I happened to visit him about this time, and took a rather prominent part both in the jokes with which he was assailed on appointment, and in the "multitude of counsel" tendered on so important an occasion.

We at once resolved ourselves into a committee of ways and means to fix the locality of the post-office, to select a postman, to regulate the hours of receipt and delivery, to

apportion the responsibility of holding the key and of distributing stamps, and various other duties, utterly regardless of the "Instructions to Postmasters" which accompanied the official notification of my friend's appointment.

Naturally, there was a good deal of dispute as to some of these points; and the difference of opinion with regard to "a suitable and central position in the neighbourhood" bade fair at one time to transfer the site of the proposed office to the top of a hill, or to the unenclosed space of an adjacent bog.

"I certainly sha'n't allow my parlour or drawing-room to be called a post-office," began my host's wife, a strong-minded lady. "Nor do I suppose you will give up the library or your smoking-room."

"Why not have it in the kitchen?" said I.

"Or in the harness-room?" cried another.

"Or in the garden-house?" suggested a third.

"What a pity we have no gate-house," remarked my friend, enviously. "Sir Robert Harley has *his* post-office in his gate-house."

"Build one, then," said I.

"Not a bad idea, Jack; but meantime, where can we put the post-office?"

"Nowhere!" exclaimed his wife, boldly—"that is, we can *suppose* its existence in the house, and act accordingly."

"You mean that, by a stretch of imagination and of conscience, I am to report that Shandranagan House is a post-office, but we are really not to post our letters at all."

"Just so."

"But that would not answer at all, my dear; for the people about are to be at liberty to make use of the new post-office, and will want to buy stamps and to call for letters. Besides, what am I to do with the board that is coming out from the central office?"

"What board?" we all asked.

"Why, a board with the words "Post Office" painted in big letters on it, to be put up over the box."

"Nonsense, my dear! As if I should permit such a thing to be stuck up anywhere about the house!"

"But it is in the instructions," said my friend, in doleful accents, habitual with him, and all the more comical because generally uncalled-for.

"I can't help that, my dear. But surely the Postmaster-General would not be so *idiotic* as to imagine for a moment that we

should placard our house in this objectionable manner? It is too absurd."

"The Right Honourable the Postmaster-General is in happy ignorance of our present colloquy," returned my friend, drily.

"After all, my idea seems to be as good as any," said I. "Why not utilize the kitchen? One of the windows looks into the yard—knock a pane of glass out, and affix a letter-box to the aperture in the framework, nail up your board above the window, and there you are."

This proposition was, after some discussion, unanimously adopted—*nisi* the intervention of my friend's wife in the matter of the board, if the sight of it should at any time displease her.

Accordingly, the post-office was extemporized in the kitchen, much to the cook's disgust, although she was slightly mollified when we conferred upon her the style and title of sub-mistress, and handed over to her sole guardianship the bright key of the brand-new brass lock. She was, moreover, invested with authority to dispose of stamps, to distribute stray letters and newspapers among the neighbours, despatch the post-bag, and take under her especial care and protection the appointed carrier; for all which duties and responsibilities she was to be duly rewarded out of the nominal subsidy granted by Government for conducting the official business of the department.

As regards this carrier there were also hot words. My friend scarcely required the sole services of a person to carry the letter-bag to the cross-roads where the post-car passed in the morning, on its way from Donabate, to the chief town of the county; and again, to call for the bag on its return journey with the evening delivery from the metropolis. He therefore proposed to employ the gardener on this extra duty.

"Certainly not," dissented his wife, peevishly. "Spring is at hand, and I shall require every moment of M'Girr's time. He is idly inclined enough as it is."

"The coachman, then?"

"No, nor the coachman. He would be sure to be absent when we required him."

"Well, the butler?"

"Now, don't be ridiculous, Dick. How could we spare him in the morning; or, worse still, in the evening? You are very unreasonable."

"Employ one of the maids," I suggested, mischievously.



Once a Week.]

[February 10, 1872.

"MR. SPEAKER."



"No, Jack, that would not be in accordance with the 'Instructions,'" returned my friend, literally. "It is distinctly stated that the carrier must be a man."

"Why not a boy?—'the boy is father to the man,' you know."

"Well, I see no objection to that, certainly," assented the puzzled postmaster. "There is Mickey Free, a smart, active urchin, who I think would do very well."

"He must clean the shoes, then, as usual, before he takes the bag in the morning."

And with this proviso from the mistress of the establishment, the matter was settled.

Some months passed, after these arrangements had been satisfactorily concluded, in the calm routine of country life, and undisturbed by any incident affecting the office in the kitchen, excepting one little occurrence that may be worth recording. It should, perhaps, be premised that I belong to that noble army of martyrs at the shrine of whose monetary affairs and grievances most of last session was so mercilessly sacrificed; and that during my last tour of duty abroad I had obtained a small monkey, much given to mischief—as is the nature of these Darwinized progenitors of mankind.

This monkey rejoiced in the euphonious name of Chickaroo, and during the winter months he was domiciled near the kitchen fire, where he managed to form a mutual admiration alliance with the cook. It might also be termed "offensive and defensive," for Chickaroo's habits were decidedly aggressive, and the cook had oftener than once been compromised by his quarrels.

"I'll give warnin', so I will," cried the twice-bitten kitchen-maid, "if that nasty, dirty little animal isn't sint out of the house. Look here, cook: it's a big hole he has tuck out o' my leg, an' he has got my garter there now, in his wee fist—it's well he didn't destroy me intirely!"

And certainly, within the limits of his chain, Chickaroo gave ample grounds for the abuse heaped upon him by his enemies. But if there were any piece of mischief more than another that Chickaroo delighted in, it was the rending of paper. On two occasions this propensity of his had involved me in what might have been serious consequences; and, at the risk of rambling out of the way, I feel compelled to narrate them as shortly as possible.

The adjutant of the regiment and myself

occupied neighbouring quarters at a foreign station, and the orderly-room—wherein, of course, the regimental records were kept—lay between. One morning, we were both awakened shortly after daylight by the noise of many voices, and on looking out we were astonished to find a crowd of excited soldiery surging round the orderly-room, conspicuous among them being some of the worst characters in the regiment.

"Three cheers for Chickaroo! Three cheers for our friend the monkey!" was shouted wildly by a burly grenadier, whose close-cropped head gave evidence of crime and punishment; and right lustily was the fellow answered in the cheers that followed to the echo.

What could it all mean? Was it a mutiny? It certainly looked ominous, although the adjutant's presence did not appear to exasperate the mob; on the contrary, there was marked good humour visible on every countenance.

At length the murdet was out. Chickaroo had, it seems, penetrated into the adjutant's sanctum; and having secured in his merciless clutches the regimental defaulter sheets, had torn them to atoms, and thus for ever wiped out the records of crime attached to each man's name. Those only who understand the penalties attached to "habitual drunkenness," for instance, can fully appreciate the import of this unlooked-for amnesty.

The second scrape was still more serious, nor do I feel quite comfortable in making public confession; but, perhaps, by taking you all into my confidence, the felony—if so it be considered—will be condoned now, as it was undoubtedly compounded by my accomplice at the time.

I arrived from abroad at Liverpool, and travelled up to town by the mail train from the Lime-street Station. Here there was some dispute as to my fellow-passenger, Chickaroo—a lady and a crusty old cotton-broker making vehement objection to his presence, even in my lap.

"I'll take charge of him myself, sir," said the friendly guard, interposing. "He can travel quite safely, tied up in my van."

Accordingly, I assisted the guard in securing the rather reluctant Chickaroo to a staple in a remote corner of the van; and having heaped around him an immoderate quantity of biscuits, oranges, and cherries, for consumption on the journey, I betook

myself, in a relieved state of mind, to the perusal of the *Times*.

So passed nearly five hours; and already we were approaching the ticket-platform. At the various halting places *en route* I had either gone to have a peep at Chickaroo—who seemed, at length, reconciled to his position—or the guard had come to the window of the carriage, to report progress; but now, scarcely had we come to a standstill, when the guard appeared at our window, pallid and trembling.

“One word with you, sir.”

I leant forward.

“We’re ruined, sir,” he whispered, faintly.

“Your monkey has been and gone and destroyed a lot of letters and bank-note enclosures! We’ll be transported for life!”

I was equal to the occasion; but it must be confessed that the composure I exhibited was only feigned.

“Silence, and caution. Wait till I see what the brute has done.”

I was interrupted by the ticket-collector; and we moved on again—slowly approaching the Euston Station. It was an agonizing delay; and when at length I could jump out of the still moving train, I upset an unfortunate porter in the wild rush I made for the guard’s van.

There, sure enough, lay, in loose fragments, papers and parcels around the destructive monkey; who, far from being disconsolate, sat “like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage!”

“It is not so bad as I thought at first, sir,” said the guard, reassuringly. “I have examined the bits and scraps there, and find he only got hold of a parcel of the *Liverpool Mercury* and some Birmingham circulars, that I mistook for bank-bills. We’ll say nothing about it.”

I was thankful, indeed, it was no worse; and readily assisted the guard in sweeping away all evidence of the transaction. Nor, I venture to say, was ever “tip” so gratefully administered as the sovereign I slipped into the man’s hand on resuming charge of my mischievous adherent.

Having told these anecdotes of Chickaroo’s previous career, need I go on to recount what took place in the carelessly managed department of the Shandranagan Post-office? Surely you have all anticipated the result—torn newspapers and fragmentary epistles? Well, listen to this conversation, and your worst suspicions will be at once confirmed.

“Very curious, I have not heard from that fellow Burke. Always was most punctual in acknowledging remittances, and it’s a full week since I sent him the price of the brown heifer by P.O.O.,” said my friend.

“And I certainly can’t understand why I have not heard from Mrs. Carmichael. If she intends coming, she ought to be here today; and now I don’t know whether I ought to get her room ready. It is very provoking,” observed his wife.

“Now you speak of it,” said I, “it passes my comprehension why I have not had a receipt from — for the order I sent him on Cox. I suppose these swell military tailors don’t mind a cheque for a hundred, more or less.”

“It’s my belief, Dick,” blurted forth a plain-spoken family friend, on a visit more of business than pleasure—“it’s my belief that your post-office is a mockery and a snare, designed to act the part of a dead-letter office—‘the bourne from whence no traveller returns’—for I posted a note to my wife more than a week ago, requesting information on important domestic details; and I have had no answer, although I have heard from her once or twice since. How do you account for this?”

The similarity of our complaints struck me forcibly; and more still, the contemporaneous nature of the announcement. At once I repaired to the kitchen for information; where, after a close cross-examination of the witness for the defence, I succeeded in eliciting from the cook the direful truth that Chickaroo had made the most of an opportunity afforded by her temporary absence from the kitchen, immediately previous to the despatch of the post-bag, one evening about the period referred to; and, in the short space of five minutes, had reduced the correspondence to a state of white-pulp incapacity for further circulation! The cook had, like myself, kept her counsel; and in common justice to an unpardonable reminiscence, I could not bring myself to condemn when I was myself in need of forgiveness.

This, then, was the only incident that broke the peaceful spell of our Shandranagan existence, and the transmission or arrival of the post-bag had sunk into an unnoticeable event; until one morning we were sitting at breakfast, discussing the probabilities of a wet or dry afternoon, as my hosts were bent upon an expedition to a distant part of the

county, when the servant entered the room, with the usual budget of letters and papers.

"Another General Post-office official, as I live!" exclaimed my friend, taking up a huge missive. "'On Her Majesty's Service.' I wonder what they want to know now?"

Of late various queries had been addressed to him from the Post-office authorities, on subjects more or less important as affecting a salaried official of that department; but, naturally, such impertinent inquiries were either entirely disregarded, or answered incoherently by my friend; and now we might expect an explosion.

"Look out for squalls, old boy," said I, maliciously. "You did not deign to reply to that circular about the Trieste route—as to whether it would be more convenient for the correspondents in your neighbourhood, or that *via* Marseilles and Timbuctoo; and you never reported the parcel of stamps received from Donabate for transmission to Lisdoonvarna; nor did you total your last monthly return. Now you'll catch it!"

"Oh, my poor wife and children—I shall certainly be hanged!" he groaned.

"And serve you right, too, for degrading your residence into a public house for the entertainment of General Post-office officials. Open the letter, and let us hear what he says."

"Secretary's office, Sackville-street, Dublin," read out my friend. "'Sir—I have to inform you that Mr. Strickland, of this department, has received instructions to make an immediate inspection of your postal district, and will visit Shandranagan Post-office about mid-day to-morrow.' That is all he says; and, as the letter is dated yesterday, the inspector will be here in the course of an hour or two. Ah, me! what will become of us all?"

"Well, let him come—and go, too—you can't stay to receive him, that is quite certain," said his wife.

"I really must, my dear. Business before pleasure, you know; and our duty-call on those Delameres, of Killbellisle, can surely be postponed?"

"No, it cannot be postponed; and, regarded from your point of view, this visit of ours is just as much a 'business' as the inspection of that letter-box in the kitchen window."

"If it would not be considered presumption on my part," I interposed, modestly, "perhaps I could undertake the onerous

duties of a postmaster for a day—*à la* the beggar king in the 'Arabian Nights' entertainments."

"I wonder would you look grave enough, Jack? Otherwise it would not be very difficult, I fancy, to pass muster," said my friend, cautiously.

"Why don't you thank him at once for offering his services, Dick? You are most ungracious," said his wife.

"Will you then really take upon yourself to represent me in the flesh, Jack, and receive this enemy to my peace of mind? 'Then, Romeo, doff thy name, and for that name, which is no part of thee, take all myself.' I can say no more—although I have my misgivings," he added, despondently.

Accordingly, my hosts departed on their visit of grace, and I took up one of Anthony Trollope's pleasant fictions to while away the time until the arrival of the Argus-eyed functionary of the General Post-office—pondering much, as I glanced at the title-page of "The Three Clerks," in what manner the author bemeaned himself on duty, when *he* traversed this same district in a like capacity.

The notes of the hall clock announcing mid-day had scarcely died away, when I descried an outside-car approaching the house. I rang the bell.

"Show that gentleman coming up the avenue in here, Kathleen; and let us have some wine and biscuits."

A muffled figure now descended ponderously from the car; but notwithstanding that the maid had evidently expressed my wishes, the gentleman seemed to be in no hurry to enter.

"The gentleman says, sir, if you please, that he'd rather visit the post-office at once; and that he'll drive ye to it, if you'll be good enough to go wid him."

"He can't mean to Donabate, Kathleen. I thought he only wanted to inspect our own post-office. But I shall speak to him myself."

"Where can I find the postmaster of this sub-district?" asked my stout visitor, in a solemn tone of voice, quite overwhelming in its dignity.

"Do you mean of the Shandranagan Post-office?" I returned, sharply, vexed by the fellow's evident surliness and consequential bearing.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you see him now."

"What, you?"

"Yes, me—I am the Shandranagan post-master, and *this* is the post-office."

"Where?" he asked, in a confused manner, turning his eyes in every direction; while blank astonishment settled on his countenance. "I certainly observed no signboard on any of those cottages down below there. I want to inspect the post-office. Did I understand you to say that it is in this—*mansion?*"

"Walk in, sir, and take a 'nip' before we proceed to business; we can have luncheon afterwards," said I, in a conciliatory tone, and magnanimously overlooking his covert sneer.

"You are very kind, sir," he returned, stiffly; "but I seldom eat or drink between meals, and never when I am engaged upon the public service. If you will allow me, I wish to see your office without further loss of time."

I led the way into the kitchen.

"This is the office, and there is the letter-box," I said, pointing to the window.

"The box is kept locked, of course?" said he, approaching it. "Good gracious!—no, it is not! Were you aware, sir, that the letter-box was open at this time of the day?"

"You keep the key, cook—why haven't you locked it?" I asked of that worthy, in turn.

"Come, come, sir—you cannot shift the blame from your own shoulders by accusing your servant of negligence. You are the responsible person in this instance, and should keep the key in your own possession."

This remark, delivered with portentous gravity, was irritating enough, in all conscience; but I bethought me of the part I was enacting, and remained silent.

"The public have freedom of access into this kitchen of yours, I presume, sir?" he went on, sarcastically. "Pray, what is the average number of letters posted here daily?"

"I never struck an average exactly; but no doubt there would be a dozen, including newspapers."

"The latter are not letters, sir; and, may I ask, do you include household correspondence in this average?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then the villagers and such-like make little use of the office as a rule?"

"Sometimes they post an odd letter or paper; and I know they come often enough to inquire for letters—don't they, cook?"

"Yis, yer honour; but it's not so often they get one."

"Exactly so—precisely so," observed the official; and he commenced dotting down something in a red-covered note-book. "Now, I wish to see the outside of the office. The board sent you from Donabate is, I suppose, exhibited above this window?"

"Oh, yes, of course it is," said I, rejoiced to have something at last to satisfy the *exigent* inspector, and thinking I was about to get rid of him.

"Troth, sir, you may save yourself the trouble of looking, for the board is not up."

"Not up!" we both re-echoed.

"No, yer honours, it's down; for the chilthreen, the crathurs, pelted mud at it for fun like; and as they as often missed it as hit it, the clane white wall was all bespathered! so Charley M'Girr removed their mark."

"And where is it now?" we asked, in a breath.

"In the turf-house, yer honours; but, captain, sure it can asily be nailed up agin, if the inspector wants it," she added, condescendingly, in a loud whisper to me.

"I confess I am quite bewildered. May I request, sir, that you will let me see your postman at once?"

"Certainly, sir. Bridget, where is Micky Free?"

"Helping M'Girr in the garden, yer honour. I'll call him."

We waited, silent and gloomy, for the cook's return with the boy; and I was beginning to experience some ugly qualms that something terrible was amiss, when the inspector startled me by a sudden exclamation of mingled pain and fright, and he made a remarkably agile spring on one side.

"Curse the brute! I'm bitten—I'm bitten! Hydrophobia is my doom! I'll have your dog shot, sir—as I live, I shall.—Oh! it's a monkey!"

And the unfortunate gentleman clapped his hands to the part affected, where his rather largely developed calf had been exposed to the fierce onslaught of Chickaroo, whose pent-up wrath at the angry manner adopted by the stranger towards those he held most dear in the world—his master and the cook—could no longer be restrained; and, taking a mean advantage of the Inspector's back being turned, he committed this vicious assault.

"I hope you are not much hurt, sir. I am so sorry; but it is only his playfulness," said I, with difficulty repressing an outburst of laughter.

"A mere scratch, sir—a mere scratch," said the Inspector, recovering his composure. "I was surprised, not hurt. My trousers are torn, but it does not signify. A most dangerous, mischievous animal to have loose in a post-office. I actually observe some very suspicious scraps of paper in his lair there."

I pitied Mr. Strickland from the bottom of my heart for that fearful effort at self-possession; and mentally I thoroughly endorsed his sentiments respecting Chickaroo, justified, as they were, by that celebrated monkey's antecedents. But I was suddenly recalled to the stern realities of the situation by the Inspector's next remark.

"Do you call *that thing* your *postman*, sir?" he asked, contemptuously indicating the abashed and dirty little boy who now stood before us.

"Yes—he carries the post-bag to the mail-car. Don't you, Micky?"

"Yis, yer honour."

"And a good, intelligent, trustworthy boy he is," I added, in anticipatory defence of our *protégé*.

"Has he been sworn?" asked the Inspector, shortly.

"To what?" I inquired, mystified.

"As required by the Postal Regulations. You received 'Instructions for Postmasters,' I presume?"

"Oh! yes, I received them. Were you sworn, Micky Free?"

"Sworn, sir? Och! no, yer honour—the masher never swore me, for why should he? But I'll swear anything his honour wants."

"Boy!" thundered the Inspector, aghast at such profanity—"do you know the nature of an oath?"

"I've see'd them swear in the coorts, yer honour," returned the intelligent boy. "I'll kiss the Book, if that's what you mane, and—"

"You see, he understands perfectly well," I interrupted. "But really I thought the formality unnecessary in the case of an honest lad like this. He shall be sworn before a magistrate to-morrow."

"Where is the post-bag?" asked the Inspector, more sternly than ever, and without heeding my assurance.

"Where's the bag, Micky?"

"Well, to tell the truth, capt'n," returned the boy, making a face, "since the company lift there has been so wee a lot of letthers to carry to the mail, I take them ginerally in my breeches pocket; an' I forget, for the life of me, where the bag is at the prisint momint; but I'll look, yer honour, if you'll wait awhile."

And Micky disappeared into a cavern by the fireplace, wherein were stowed the miscellaneous articles of a kitchen-maid's stock-in-trade.

There was a rattling of old kettles and saucepans heard, and finally Micky emerged—begrimed, if possible, to a more smutty degree—but in his hands was the veritable leather bag, bearing on its brass plate the initials G. P. O.

"Here it is, yer honour; an' it's mighty little use it was lately; for, as you see, the lock's broke!"

"That will do, sir—that will do," said the now thoroughly disgusted Inspector; and he turned savagely towards me, although his accents sounded more like sadness than anger, as he proceeded—"I think I have seen enough to warrant the observation that, in the course of my official experience, extending over seven and twenty years, I never witnessed such shameful carelessness, nor such utter contempt for the Regulations as clearly conveyed to you in 'Instructions for Postmasters.' I shall report your incapacity, sir; and I hope your instant dismissal will be a warning to persons who venture thus unthinkingly and ignorantly to undertake duties of this nature, or fail to perform them. Good day, sir. I need not trouble you further. Good day, sir!"

And he withdrew, leaving me there transfixed by his rebuke, unable to retort, and unspeakably mortified.

How I broke the cruel intelligence to my friend on his return, it is needless to say. Naturally he took the gloomiest view of the situation, and expressed his fears in the most lugubrious language possible. But I chanced to follow him into the kitchen—the scene of his woes—and found him engaged in a (for him) very unusual act of philomonyism—namely, feeding Chickaroo with gingerbread-nuts with one hand, and patting him gently on the back with the other, while he murmured words of encou-

ragement and praise into the animal's astonished ears—

“Good Chickaroo!—brave little fellow! Took it out of the bullying Inspector, you did—you dear little man! *Coke* 'em always, Chickaroo, and serve 'em right—there's a fine little monkey!”

Forgiveness in this direction being thus complete, matters went on as usual for a week or two; and we were beginning to indulge the fond hope that Mr. Strickland's threatening language would, after all, turn out to be a mere “puddle in a storm,” of no effect on the general interests of our little world at Shandranagan, when once again the long blue envelope, with the unmistakable G. P. O. stamp, made its appearance at the breakfast-table, and spoiled our appetites.

“Read it aloud, Jack. The wiggling is yours, but the ruin is mine,” said my friend, gutturally.

“Oh! wait till after breakfast, please; ill-news can keep for half an hour, surely,” said his wife.

“No, my dear, I insist on knowing the worst at once; as for the rest—

“I may my quietus make with a bare bodkin.”

It was, as we anticipated, the death-warrant of the Shandranagan Post-office; conveyed, however, in the politest language, and the most soothing to the tenderest susceptibilities.

Circumstances appeared to warrant the belief that the expense of maintaining a sub-office in a district so thinly inhabited might be dispensed with without serious detriment to the public service. Accordingly, the office was to be disused at the earliest convenient date, and the appurtenances thereof were directed to be forwarded to the central office, at Donabate; due notice being given to the residents in our neighbourhood, and a report being made to the secretary's office, in Dublin, so soon as the suppression had taken place.

Such and to this effect was the document I read out slowly, and with all solemnity, to my attentive audience; and at its conclusion my friend rose slowly to his feet, passed his hands wildly through his hair, and, with well-feigned horror, uttered his Jeremiad—

“Oh! my prophetic soul!—Chaos has come! Ruin stares me in the face! Degradation!—annihilation! The Shandranagan

Post-office is defunct! Black night and dull despair settle on our household. Ichabod!—Ichabod! *O tempora! O mores!*”

TABLE TALK.

IN a recent note, I gave a list of the famous Pilgrim Fathers. As a comparison with the lighter troubles which await emigrants of this latter half of the nineteenth century, when they arrive at the destination which they may have fixed for their new home, let us glance for a moment at some of the little experiences of the brave Pilgrims on their first landing on Plymouth Rock. The first thing to do was to explore the new and strange country. This was undertaken by Miles Standish (Longfellow's hero), with sixteen men under his command. During the eight days' absence of the explorers, death had been busy amongst the Pilgrims left behind in the *Mayflower*. General Bradford lost a son, Mrs. Bradford fell overboard and was drowned. James Chilton and William Thompson, thus early in their career, rested from their labours. More than a month elapsed before a building was fit to be occupied on shore. The first erected was the “common house,” where all met for worship, and where the arrangements for the future were discussed. But months elapsed before any dwelling-houses were ready, and only seven were finished during the first year. Sickness paralyzed the strong arms, and subverted the stronger wills, of many of the colonists. Constant exposure brought on colds, rheumatic complaints, and consumption among them, not to speak of insufficient food. Bradford says of this period of trial and disheartenment:—“In three months past die half our company, the greater part in the depth of winter, wanting houses and other comforts; being infected with the scurvy and other diseases, which their long voyage and uncomfortable condition brought upon them. Of a hundred, scarce fifty remain—the living scarce able to bury their dead; the well not sufficient to attend the sick; there being in time of greatest distress but six or seven, who spare no pains to help them.” Exactly a year after they themselves had landed, a small vessel, with the propitious name of the *Fortune*, brought over a second batch of Pilgrims, to the number of thirty-five souls, to the little settlement. The new arrivals were at first taken for foes, but the joy may

be imagined when they were found to be old friends and beloved relatives. This unexpected pleasure had, however, its drawback, for it compelled them to live on half-allowance for six months. Winslow says he saw men stagger by reason of faintness for want of food. Once starvation would have extinguished the community, had not the providential arrival of kindly fishermen saved them. For years they were subject to seasons of extreme scarcity. In their third year the provisions were once so low "that they knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning!" It is even recorded that on one occasion the Pilgrims gathered round a pint of corn—the only food they had—and that "five kernels" fell to the lot of each person. Nor is this story an exaggeration. For some months they were wholly destitute of corn. Such were some of the early trials of these brave pioneers of the vast emigration system of the present day.

I WILL ADD to this account a complete list of the principal passengers in the *Mayflower*. One individual died on the passage, and one was born whom they named Oceanus. The numbers indicate the number of persons in their several families:—

Mr. John Carver . . . 8	James Chilton . . . 3
William Bradford . . 2	John Crackston . . . 2
Mr. Edward Winslow 5	John Billington . . . 4
Mr. William Brewster 6	Moses Fletcher . . . 1
Mr. Isaac Allerton . 6	John Goodman . . . 1
Capt. Miles Standish . 2	Degory Priest . . . 1
John Alden . . . 1	Thomas Williams . . 1
Mr. Samuel Fuller . . 2	Gi bert Winslow . . . 1
Mr. Christopher Martin 4	Edmund Margeson . . 1
Mr. William Mullins . 5	Peter Brown . . . 1
Mr. William White . . 5	Richard Britteridge . 1
Mr. Richard Warren . 1	George Soule . . . 1
John Howland . . . 1	Richard Clarke . . . 1
Mr. Stephen Hopkins 8	Richard Gardiner . . 1
Edward Tilly . . . 4	John Allerton . . . 1
John Tilly . . . 3	Thomas English . . . 1
Francis Cook . . . 2	Edward Dotey . . . 1
Thomas Rogers . . . 2	Edward Leister . . . 1
Thomas Tinker . . . 3	
John Ridgdale . . . 2	Soule was of Governor
Edward Fuller . . . 3	Winslow's family; Dotey
John Turner . . . 3	and Leister of Mr. Hop-
Francis Eaton . . . 3	kins's family, servants.

THE ILLNESS OF THE Prince of Wales has brought Scarborough, whether justly or unjustly, into uncomfortable suspicion with timid minds. But I suppose the great Yorkshire watering-place will survive the temporary shock to its reputation, and still remain the Brighton of the North. Seaside resorts have their ups and downs. Take the

case of Margate, no longer a fashionable place; but it has had a long reign of popularity, and cannot therefore complain in its old age. Here is a description of what it was more than a hundred and thirty years ago, in the year 1736:—"The town of Margate is seventy-two post miles from London, sixteen from Canterbury, and six from Sandwich. The Canterbury stage coach is the nearest, which is 18s. for a single person. There are hoys which go weekly to London to carry passengers and goods. The passage is 2s. a head; and since the physicians have of late years prescribed drinking and bathing in salt water, this town is much resorted to on that account; there being a fine sandy beach, and a flat shore, where at all times of the tide the machines or bathing waggons can drive a proper depth into the sea for the accommodation of ye bathers. The prizes of provision, as mutton, beef, lamb, and veal, is from 3d. to 3½d. the pound; butter, 8d." In the old "History of the Isle of Tenet," from which I quote—there were no Margate guides in those days—a sketch is there given of Margate pier and harbour, the principal object in the foreground being a bathing machine. "The above is a view of the machine to bath with; it contains a room to undress and dress in, with steps to go down into the sea; will hold five or six people. There are men and women guides, who, if desired, attend. The price is 4s. a-week, or £1 is. for six weeks; and you pay the guide for every attendance. They drive into the sea till it is about breast-high, and then let down the screen, which prevents being seen—under which you go down the steps into a fine sandy bottom." A trip to the seaside in those days seems hardly to have been such an expensive luxury as the harpies of the present day have made it.

IN PALESTINE, and generally throughout Syria and Asia Minor, there grows a black oak tree, from which, at certain times in the year, is gathered a round, rough-skinned excrescence, known in commerce as the blue Aleppo nut-gall. This parasitical growth, caused by the sting of an insect, develops slowly; and when the insect egg which it contains has been hatched, it is easily detached from the tree, packed in bags, and shipped to this country, for the uses of the dyer, and, most important of all, the ink-maker. It is the most astringent vegetable substance known, and contains gallic acid

in excess. It combines with a sulphate of iron, and gives to water a deep black colour. This colour, suspended in the water by a gummy substance, constitutes the black writing ink used a drop at a time by all writers. Good writing ink must possess distinctness of colour, fluidity, rapid drying quality, and, last and most important of all, permanence. This last characteristic can only be obtained by careful manipulation of the chemical constituents of the ink. Now, vegetable matters, being the most fleeting ones used in ink, should be in excess of the other ingredients; and, therefore, to make a good ink, good nut-galls should be used, and plenty of them. The results of the experiments made by Dr. Lewis, by order of the Government, demonstrated that a tannogallate of iron was formed by the union of a salt of iron and the gallic acid of the nut-gall, and that this constituted the best ink for records and all writings requiring preservation.

AN AMERICAN ASTRONOMER, Mr. C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College, U.S., has lately given to the scientific world an account of a remarkable explosion on the sun, of which he was an eye-witness, in the autumn of last year. His description, avoiding technical expressions as much as possible, may be briefly summarized as follows:—"On the 7th of September, between half-past twelve and two p.m., there occurred an outburst of solar energy, remarkable for its suddenness and violence. Just at noon, I had been examining with the tele-spectroscope—this is the name given by Schellen to the combination of astronomical telescope and spectroscope—an enormous protuberance of hydrogen cloud on the eastern limb of the sun. It had remained, with very little change, since the preceding noon—a long, low, quiet-looking cloud, not very dense or brilliant, nor in any way remarkable, except for its size. It was made up mostly of filaments, nearly horizontal, and floated above the chromosphere—the layer of hydrogen and other gases which surrounds the sun to a depth of about 7,000 miles—with its lower surface at a height, of some 15,000 miles; but was connected to it, as is usually the case, by three or four vertical columns, brighter and more active than the rest. Lockyer compares such masses to a banyan grove. This cloud, I computed, was about 100,000 miles long by 54,000 miles high. At

half-past twelve a.m., when I was called away for a few minutes, there was no indication of what was about to happen, except that one of the connecting stems at the southern extremity of the cloud had grown brighter, and was curiously bent to one side; and near the base of another at the northern end, a little brilliant lump had developed itself, shaped much like a summer thunder-head. What was my surprise, then, on returning in less than half an hour, to find that in the meantime the whole thing had been literally blown to shreds by some inconceivable up-rush from beneath. In place of the quiet cloud I had left, the air, if I may use the expression, was filled with flying *débris*—a mass of detached vertical, fusiform filaments, brighter and closer together where the pillars had formerly stood, and rapidly ascending. As the filaments rose, they gradually faded away, like a dissolving cloud; and, at a quarter-past one, only a few filmy wisps, with some brighter streamers low down near the chromosphere, remained to mark the place. But, in the meantime, the little 'thunder-head' before alluded to had grown and developed wonderfully into a mass of rolling and ever-changing flame, to speak according to appearances. First, it was crowded down, as it were, along the solar surface; later, it rose almost pyramidally 50,000 miles in height; then its summit was drawn out into long filaments and threads, which were most curious, rolled backwards and downward, like the volutes of an Ionic capital; and finally it faded away, and by half-past two had vanished like the other."

APROPOS OF OUR RECENT critique on the "Bells," at the Lyceum Theatre, which appeared in No. 211, we may observe that at the performance on Saturday evening, the 27th January, Miss Jenny Henri, a young actress of great promise, delighted a crowded audience by her charming performance of the character of Annette. Miss Henri undertook this difficult part at only a few hours' notice, owing to the indisposition of Miss Fanny Heywood, who originally sustained the character.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.—This Novel was commenced in No. 210, and can be obtained through all Booksellers, or by post, from the Office direct on receipt of stamps.

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 216.

February 17, 1872.

Price 2d.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.



It was Monday morning, February the tenth. The time, three o'clock. The moon had gone down, and the wind, blowing in gusts, souged and sighed as it played round the house, making windows and doors rat-

tle. Within, all was quiet. No one in that house heard it.

On the hearth-rug of the study lay the corpse of the ill-fated gentleman, Francis Melliship.

Overhead, his son Frank slept dreamlessly.

In their several chambers, wife, daughter, servants were asleep.

And he, husband, father, master, lay dead!

O giant Death, door of life, what lies not within the compass of thy power!

Over the waking horror of those to whom the dead man was dearest, I draw a veil. Let me pass by the misery of that awakening: the first great shock; the widow's cry of anguish; the wail of the orphans.

It was at five minutes past seven that the news left the door of the bank: whispered in the startled ears of the milk boy. At eight, Market Basing breakfasts: by that time, everybody was in possession of the news.

"Mr. Melliship at the bank's dead."

They killed him in twenty different ways.

But they gave only one reason for it—the true one: that he was a ruined man.

The bank opened its doors every day at ten.

Long before nine, knots of people were gathered about the street: and every minute they increased in numbers.

People in the town sent sons or servants post haste to tell the news to relatives in the country who banked at the old house, and might be supposed to have money lying there.

"Melliship, the banker, has cut his throat!"

The truth was out, and the town was wild with excitement.

It was Assize time. The judges were to come in by the first train, and the town was filling with country people.

The street that the old bank stood in was soon like Gaol-lane on the day of an execution. There was a great crowd, a stifled buzz of voices, and one object of attention: the great stone house, with all the blinds drawn down, and iron shutters that might or might not be raised at ten o'clock.

This was the scene outside. But what was the picture within?

The terrified clerks, who had hurried down to the bank as soon as they heard what had happened, were behind the shutters in the half-dark room, discussing in whispers what was to be done. Of course they suspected that there was something wrong, though not one of them had any knowledge of the real state of affairs. Mr. Sanderson, the cashier, who had been in the bank forty years, only knew that Mr. Melliship had recently made very large payments, on what account he was unable to say.

Frank came down pale as death, his dress in disorder: more ignorant and more distracted than any of them.

"Mr. Sanderson," he said, "the people are collecting in the street. Can we open the bank before ten? Is it possible that they suspect we are not solvent?"

"All will be well, sir, I hope," the old retainer said, in a voice choked with emotion.

"We must have the books and money. Where are the keys?"

"The keys were always in your father's possession," said the old clerk, solemnly.

Frank shuddered, and buried his face in his hands. His father's body had been laid on his bed. Who was to take them from it?

The clerk saw his hesitation.

"Excuse me, Mr. Frank," he said, the tears running down his cheeks as he spoke, "but some one must get the keys. Let me get them."

Frank assented, and the old servant went alone into the room where the body of his master lay, and presently came back with a blanched cheek, and the bunches of keys in his trembling hands.

They opened the iron door in Frank's presence—for it was evident there would be a run on the bank—and went in.

The strong room—the place where books, securities, and "safe custodies" of all sorts were kept—was fire and thief proof; but for still greater safety, in its farthest side was a money safe, built into the wall.

In this the cash was kept; and they unlocked it without delay, for time pressed—people were already drumming the street door with their heels.

The next question was, what did it contain? This was soon settled.

The black leather note-case was examined first.

"Open it," said Frank.

More than half the compartments had their own notes in them—some ready for issue, the bulk of them undated and unsigned.

Sanderson gave a ghastly smile.

Frank understood it.

Paper bearing the signature of Melliship, Mortiboy, & Company was at a discount that morning; though a few hours before people would have bought the five pound notes at four pounds nineteen shillings and eleven pence halfpenny apiece as long as you liked to sell them.

The old cashier turned to the Bank of England notes. Their value was £2,550.

Frank wrote it down on a piece of paper.

Next they counted the gold—£1,100, in yellow canvas bags of a hundred pounds each; fifty-three odd sovereigns.

Then they reckoned up their stock of silver.

Two sacks, with one hundred pounds in each. Nineteen pounds ten and sixpence loose.

"The copper we need not consider, sir," said Mr. Sanderson. "What is the total? Three, nine, two, two, ten, six," he added as he read the amount over Frank's shoulder.

"It seems a large sum, but I have no idea of how far it will go."

"It is enough, sir, and more than enough for any ordinary day; but there will be what I never saw before, and, please God, shall never see again—a run on Melliship's. At any rate, Master Frank, we must go on paying as long as we can."

"Yes."

"The bank is all right, sir, never fear. With a head like your poor father's was—till these last weeks—we're not likely to be far wrong when things are looked into."

The clerk's confidence in the master he had always served was so strong, it would not have been shaken if there had been only twopence found in the locker.

"And if," said Frank, rousing himself with an effort from the fearful thoughts that filled his mind—"if the people's confidence is not established when our stock of ready cash is run out?"

"Then," replied Mr. Sanderson, with trembling lip, "we must put the shutters up—unless Mortiboy's will advance us money." Then, slapping Frank's shoulder, he cried, with energy—"Go quickly, sir—go yourself to Mr. Ghrimmes, and tell him what a state we are in; and Mr. Mortiboy, your uncle, too. Go, Master Frank, go. Save our credit. We must have more than we've got, or at twelve o'clock the shutters must go up—which God forbid!"

In town or country, a banker's stock of cash is always lowest on Monday. Saturday is the great day for paying out. On Monday morning customers begin to pay money in. On this day the cash at the old bank was lower than usual by at least a third; for two customers had on Saturday drawn £2,000 in notes between them. One had a mortgage to settle, another had bought a house; and as lawyers don't take cheques for such purposes, they had drawn their money out of the bank, and made their payments in notes.

The persons interested in the solvency of Melliship's were the depositors. Clearly,

debtors would not care. It was the creditors that were going to make the run.

They were small shopkeepers, who kept balances of fifty pounds and under at the bank. These men were the most afraid. Larger traders had from one hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds lying to their credit.

The largest balance was kept by Hopgood, Pywell, & Co., linendrapers; but their bills had been met on the 4th. On the 10th of the month they had not above a couple of hundred pounds in the bank.

None of these classes could be hurt much.

Trade is a very elastic thing.

But the doctor, with all his little savings there; the retired shopkeeper; poor gentlemen and gentlewomen in town and country, who had placed nearly all they possessed in Mr. Melliship's custody—for them, his failure meant their ruin.

Here I will show briefly how this failure had been brought about.

Mr. Melliship was by nature a gentleman: he never conceived a mean thought or did a mean action. When his father died, instead of carrying on the banking business, he ought to have disposed of it to old Mortiboy, and gone into the country to live the life of a village squire.

Unhappily for himself and his family, he carried the business on, though he was wholly unfit for it.

Sanguine: he invested largely in Foreign Stocks, promising a high rate of interest; in Land and Credit Companies; in South American mining speculations. This was gambling; but he learnt the truth too late.

Then, in conducting the legitimate business of a country bank, he behaved in a way exactly opposite to Ready-money Mortiboy's notions of trading.

And Mortiboy was right, and Melliship wrong.

In agricultural districts, bankers make advances to the farmers. The security is their stock and their crops. Mr. Melliship advanced his customers money at five per cent. Old Mortiboy at six or seven per cent., according to his customer.

Mr. Melliship never pressed a man, never turned a deaf ear to a tale of distress.

A sorrowful tale told to a banker by his debtor always has for its end time or money.

Mr. Melliship belonged to the old-fashioned school of country bankers: he never threw a man over; he gave him time,

gave him more money, bolstered him up. He went on throwing good money after bad, making new advances to keep his debtor afloat, till the man became involved beyond the power of extrication. Then came the final crash, and the money of the bank was lost. Buried under a mountain of difficulties.

After harvest is the time at which the farmer repays the banker in corn-producing counties.

Stock sells all the year round; and so a little dribbles back. In the Southern counties the lambs pay the rent. In April and May, the banker gets his money back through Biggerstaff's or Lacy's, who do the banking of the London salesmen.

In Holmshire there is a little of everything; the land is described by agriculturists as "useful." Stock, corn, and lambs are produced, and on these securities the bankers at Market Basing make advances.

Mr. Melliship took the bad business; old Mortiboy the good—or none.

There had been four bad years, and the farmers had for once good reason to complain of their bad luck. There were bad harvests and bad lambing seasons; and disease broke out among the cattle, to finish matters.

A bad year means this: the bank must go on advancing till next harvest. This had been repeated three times, and it ruined the old bank; for Mr. Melliship had long before dissipated his father's wealth.

He had been compelled to borrow money in large sums on his promissory notes. He had had no difficulty in doing this: his connection was large and rich. And very few people knew of his embarrassments until four months before his death, when a client of old Mortiboy's died. His son deposited promissory notes of Mr. Melliship's to the amount of £11,575 in the old gentleman's hands for safe keeping and presentation at maturity. They fell due on Monday, February 10th.

Mr. Melliship's difficulties had driven him mad, and Mr. Mortiboy was robbed of the pleasure of seeing his brother-in-law at his feet.

Young Frank ran off to see Ghrimes.

It was a quarter to ten, and there was no time to be lost. He walked quickly into the street, and through the knots of excited talkers, who made way for him, with no

words of salutation, for his hat was drawn over his eyes.

Mr. Ghrimes lived at the other end of Market Basing. When Frank got there it wanted five minutes to ten, and he was gone—just gone—to the other bank. Frank followed him.

“Good Heavens! Frank—what’s this?” cried the manager, when he saw him.

“You know it, Mr. Ghrimes. It is all true. Come round, for God’s sake, and help us!” Frank gasped, breathless with excitement and haste. “There is going to be a run upon the bank. Hark! there is ten striking. Come, quick, Mr. Ghrimes. I must get back.”

It was scarcely etiquette, but Mr. Mortiboy’s manager threw formality to the winds, and went.

Mr. Sanderson would not allow the bank to be opened till Frank returned.

“Open the doors at once,” said Frank; “Ghrimes will be here immediately.”

As the doors opened, a crowd of men surged in. The younger clerks shrank back frightened; but Mr. Sanderson advanced to the counter with bland and reassuring smile. They all opened at once, like so many hounds at scenting a fox. Mr. Sanderson held up his hand. They were silent directly.

“Hush! gentlemen, hush! Have you not heard the dreadful news? Mr. Frank is in there. Do not let us disturb him.”

“I want my money,” roared a bluff old publican—who had about fifty pounds in the bank—from the neighbourhood of the door.

“Pray, gentlemen, let that person come and take his money,” said Mr. Sanderson. “Oh! it’s you, is it, Mr. Stubbs? You are to be served before anybody else, because you haven’t got the manners to wait.”

This created a little laugh. The panic was only just beginning. The man received his fifty pounds, and went off, grumbling. When he got outside, he hesitated. Had he turned back, and given his money again to the bank—as was his first impulse, on finding it so promptly paid—all might have been well. For men possess largely themselves the sheep-like propensity of following where one leads. But a moment of indecision was succeeded by the cold breath of doubt; and Stubbs buttoned up his gold, and walked away.

Stubbs was met outside by his friends.

“Got it—is it arl right? Can they pay?”

“Aye, aye—I’m got moin all square. Moin warn’t much. I dra’ad it out, though—all goold.” And he tapped his pocket.

“Goold, mun—arl goold? That looks ’nation bad, that do!”

“Whoy, Bill?” demanded Stubbs. “They can’t pay’ee in nothing better nor goold, can ’em?”

“Looks ’nation bad, though, neighbour—tell’ee whoy. It’s arl over with ’em—now, taak moy word furrit. Bank of England won’t troost ’em wi’ no more notes—that’s whoy they pays arl in goold, mun.”

And this version was believed in, and helped to smash Melliship’s.

Then Mr. Sanderson, telling his assistant to be as slow as possible in paying cheques, but to preserve the appearance of alacrity and readiness, began to converse with the crowd—every one of whom he knew personally—who were waiting their turn to be paid. To his dismay, it grew thicker; and those who pressed at the door were more impatient than those who first entered. But as very few of those who got to the front knew the amount of their balance, and as this had in every instance to be ascertained, payment took place slowly.

“What a dreadful thing it is!” said Mr. Sanderson, in a stage whisper. “They say he was affected by the success of his own enterprises.”

People inside heard this, and began to wish they had not been so hasty. But the pressure went on increasing from without.

“Yes; and to look at the crowd here, one would think there was reason to doubt Melliship’s bank. Really, gentlemen at the door, you must have patience. Every one in his turn. We shall attend to your business as soon as we possibly can. Jones, here is old Mrs. Clarke. Ladies first. Now, do not let Mrs. Clarke wait.”

Mrs. Clarke was deaf, extremely stupid, and always disputed the accuracy of every account. She had come to draw out all her money, including the odd halfpence, and was likely to keep the clerk, Jones, occupied for a good quarter of an hour. First, her passbook had to be compared with their ledger. Next, she had to be heard in support of her belief that she had more money than their books showed.

Mr. Sanderson stepped into the manager’s room. Frank was standing before the fire, anxious and dejected.

“Mr. Frank, we can’t go on—we can’t,

indeed, unless help comes from the other bank. In half an hour we shall be at the end of our resources, unless the tide turns. God grant it may!"

"Ghrimes promised to be here as soon as he could. We can do nothing but hope. Send round a boy for him."

But as they spoke Mr. Ghrimes appeared in the bank, having entered from the back. A murmur of relief ran through the expectant crowd as they saw him—for "Mortiboy's Ghrimes" was trusted implicitly in Market Basing. And then people began to look at each other, and to feel as if they were doing a very foolish thing.

"What is all this crowd about?" asked Ghrimes of one of the clerks, running his fingers through his stubby, iron-gray hair, and looking right through the people, as if he had never seen one of them before in his life.

"We want our money, sir," said one of them, less sheepish than the rest.

"Oh, do you?" growled Mortiboy's manager. "Then you had better take it; and don't come to our place with it, if that's the way you intend to inconvenience your bankers at a time of domestic calamity. Pay them all their money as quick as you can, Mr. Jones, and let them go."

The applicants—who, as yet, were chiefly the tradespeople of the place—were moved by this rebuke, and two or three declared their intention of letting the money "be." But these were few, and the rest only pressed on to the counter. Ghrimes might be right; but, after all, money was money, and if that wasn't safe, there was no knowing what would happen next. For the popular notion of banking in the Market Basing mind was that the banker kept all the money in gold, in cellars or strong boxes; that to use it, or to take it out for any purpose save that of returning it to its rightful owner, would be akin to embezzlement. How bankers lived they never inquired.

Mr. Ghrimes pushed into the back room. Frank gave a sigh of relief.

"It is all right, my dear boy," he said. "Go on paying them, Mr. Sanderson. They are putting up the gold at our place for you. As fast as you pay it out, the people bring it over to us; so that it is all right, and you can meet any number of demands."

"But not any number of bills," said Mr. Sanderson.

"Do not let us meet trouble half-way,"

said Mr. Mortiboy's manager. "Our first business is to stop the mouths of those fools outside. Let one of your clerks be ready to receive and weigh when our men come over."

Mr. Sanderson went back to his counter with a lighter heart.

"I've had a terrible time with the old man," said Mr. Ghrimes. "He seems knocked off his head with this dreadful news. I could not get him to consent to anything. At last his son Dick made him give way. He hardly understood, I think."

It was quite true. The shock of Mr. Melliship's death had been almost more than Mr. Mortiboy could bear. He had gone to bed light-hearted and happy. He had got up in the morning still happier: for the day was come at last when his rival—the man he had hated—would be in his power. He desired no more. In his power! The man who had never been as rich as he, but of so much greater weight and influence. The man whom people respected and courted, when he could get no one to do more than fear him.

Remember, he did not seek to ruin Mr. Melliship: it was not his intention to shut up his bank, even if he had the power. But it was his intention to sit alone in that grimy kitchen in the evening, and reflect that the proud man was humble before him. Now the day was come, and the proud man—too proud for humiliation—had escaped by the only gate open to him. So that when Mr. Mortiboy heard the news, his heart felt like lead within him, and a cloud that never lifted again fell upon his brain.

He was sitting pale and speechless when Ghrimes came for authority to stop the run. But he could at first only be got to answer incoherently.

"Eleven thousand five hundred and seventy-five pounds! The bills are due this morning, at twelve o'clock. I knew he could not meet it. I told you so, Ghrimes. You can't say I did not tell you so? Well, then—nobody can blame me. Eleven thousand pounds, Dick. They were lodged with us for safe custody. Eleven thousand pounds! Poor Francis Melliship! We were boys together, Dick; and I married his sister—your mother, poor thing! And Susan always had a kind word for him, though we were not the best of friends. And now it's come to this. He's quite dead, you said, Dick?"

"Dead as a ninepin," said his son.

"Yes. They're all gone—they're all gone."

"Mr. Mortiboy, time presses. There's a run on Melliship's, I tell you. Can't we make him understand, Mr. Richard?"

"Look here, sir," said Dick, shaking him gently by the shoulder, "there's a run upon their bank, and if you don't stop it, the bank will stop; and then there'll be a run upon yours; and if that stops too, there will be the devil to pay, and no mistake. So you had better say 'Yes' to Mr. Ghrimmes. I'm witness enough."

The old man muttered a feeble "Yes," and then went on maundering.

So Ghrimmes went away.

Before, however, any help was actually needed at Melliship's, a singular thing happened. For at first those who drew their money from Melliship's took it across the road—it was only beyond the church on the other side—to Mortiboy's, in order to deposit it there. There were thus two rivulets of people—the larger going to Melliship's, the smaller to Mortiboy's. But presently, Mortiboy's depositors, seeing the double stream, began to imagine that there was a run upon both banks; and a panic set in in both directions.

This was about half-past eleven, when the town was filled with people—for it was the first day of the assizes, and the news of Mr. Melliship's death was spreading in all directions. People in gigs quietly jogging into Market Basing from north, south, east, and west, were overtaken by others driving wildly for dear life.

"Haven't you heard? Melliship's bank has smashed, they say."

The main street was blocked with vehicles. My lord judge, riding with the high sheriff and his chaplain in Sir Newberry Nobottle's grand carriage, was nearly upset; and, for the first time within the memory of living men, the twelve javelin men, walking in martial array by the side of the carriage, were of use. They pointed their antiquated weapons at the crowd, and protected his lordship from the indignity of being jostled by the farmers' chaises.

At the Judge's Lodgings, by the Court House, only three or four ragged urchins were present to hear the imposing fanfare of the liveried trumpeters, and see his lordship get out.

The ceremonious pageant of the Law was neglected. Every man rushed to the bank, whether he had anything there or not.

The consternation was universal. It came home to all. The panic spread like wild-fire. Country people swelled the crowd of residents in the town, surging round the doors of the old bank. The game was every man for himself: *sauve qui peut*. So they pushed and shoved one another like mad people.

Let money be at stake to see human nature with the paint off!

As the clock of St. Giles's struck twelve, there were as many people besieging Mortiboy's, at the new bank, as there were trying to gain an entrance at Melliship's.

It was some little time before Mr. Ghrimmes could clearly understand that the panic was going to affect their house as well as the other: the thing seemed too absurd.

It was so, however; and, with a heavy heart, he stopped the transfer of the gold to Melliship's, and sent a hasty messenger to Dergate, whither Dick Mortiboy had gone, to beg him to bring his father to the bank without a moment's delay.

At five minutes after twelve, Frank received a note from Mr. Ghrimmes. It said—

"We cannot help you: the panic has attacked us. There is a run on us now: we shall want every sovereign we have got."

Frank handed the note over, with a look of despair, to Mr. Sanderson, who read it; then sat down and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped his brow.

"It will be over, Mr. Frank," he said, "in a few minutes."

"You mean that we shall have paid out all our money?"

"Every farthing. We have just cashed some heavy cheques. After that we must put the shutters up, and then we must examine the books, and find out our liabilities, and—and—please God—go on again."

Then a loud voice was heard from the street, which Frank knew well. It was his cousin's, John Heathcote.

"Now, then, let me pass, please—let me pass. I am going to pay my money in."

"It's no good, Mr. Frank," whispered Sanderson. "What he can bring can do nothing for us. We must stop."

"Stay," said Frank, "I must say a word first."

He went out. At the sight of his tall figure, and his pale and suffering face, a stillness fell upon all who saw him.

"My friends," said Frank, "you must go

away. We cannot pay you to-day, because we have no more money in the house; nor can I tell you when you will be paid. But you will be paid, be sure of that."

"You will be paid," echoed Mr. Sander-son.

"I promise you, in the name of my poor dead father, who lies dead upstairs, that rather than one of you shall lose a farthing by us, if the worst comes to the worst, we will strip ourselves of everything in the world. But go quietly now, because we have no money left."

They were awe-stricken by his solemnity. They could not murmur, because his trouble was so great, at their own probable or possible losses. Some of them went out with streaming eyes—all of them without a word. And then the iron shutters were let down, and the door closed—and Melliship's bank had stopped.

A very different scene went on at the other house. The news of the run on his bank acted on the old man like cold water on a fainting woman: He left off maundering to his son, raised his head erect, and looked in sheer wonder, unmitigated astonishment, at the messenger. A run on *his* bank?—on Mortiboy's? The thing was impossible, absurd! As well expect the whole race of sheep to assert their independence, or the infant in arms to demand a separate establishment, as that his customers should dare to distrust him.

He rose and grasped his stick in a menacing manner, as if the appearance of that weapon would alone restore confidence; and placing his hat firmly on his head, he walked out of the house, followed by Dick.

As he marched down the street—his step firm, his bearing confident, his aspect stern—the people fell back right and left, and those who were hurrying to his bank to draw out their deposits slackened their steps, and allowed him to go on first.

The whole street front was blocked with people.

"You had better go round by the back way, sir," suggested a bystander, in a meek whisper.

Old Mortiboy turned upon him like a wild cat, gnashing and gnawing with her teeth.

"Who the devil asked for your advice?" he gasped out, and passed straight on to the front entrance, blocked up as it was. They fell back to make way as his tall, thin figure

passed through their midst, followed by his great son, Dick—like Saul, a head taller than anybody else.

"Now," said Mr. Mortiboy, in a loud, shrill voice, "perhaps you will let me get through to my own bank, gentlemen."

There was some hesitation in the crowd.

"If I cannot get through you," said the old man, "I'll have the shutters up in three minutes."

But Dick the stalwart was in front of him—clearing a path by the free use of his elbows. To get into the bank itself was a more difficult matter; for here, with every goodwill, the people were so jammed and pressed together that they could not possibly make room. As Mr. Mortiboy put his foot upon the steps, a little slip of an old man, whose terror was almost comical, almost fell at his feet, crying—

"Oh! Mr. Mortiboy, Mr. Mortiboy, don't rob me of my money! Oh, sir, I'm a small man—I must draw it out! Oh, sir, let me have it. I'm ruined—I'm ruined!"

"What the devil is the matter with the man?" answered Mr. Mortiboy; and then, standing on the step, and turning to the people, he made the shortest and most effective speech they had ever heard—"YOU FOOLS!" was the whole of it.

Dick caught the little man under the arms and lifted him up high.

"By gad!" he said—"isn't it Pig-faced Barnsby?"

The crowd roared with laughter. The little man, a barber by profession, had enjoyed that appellation from some fancied resemblance between his own and a porker's face, in the memory of all who had been boys in Market Basing in Dick's time.

"Look here, my men," said Dick—"let us give Pig-face his money first. How much is it, old man?"

"Mr. Richard—sir—if you please—twenty-six pounds six and fourpence, sir. I'm only a little man. Oh, this is *serious*—this *is* serious!" he whined.

"All right. Now, make way for my father, please. Come along, Pig-faced Barnsby."

He seized him by his breeches and the collar of his coat, raised him aloft, and carried him tortoise fashion over his head into the bank. Then he deposited him in a corner, and told him to wait patiently till he could be attended to.

Dick Mortiboy was in his father's private

room. He drew back the green curtain of the door, and watched the cashiers paying away the money over the counter.

The pressure from without increased.

Melliship's bank had stopped. Men must make themselves safe. So Mr. Mortiboy's customers laid siege to his bank.

"This can't go on for ever," said Dick, after looking on for a few minutes. "We shall be run out too."

"Eh? eh?" said the old man, feebly.

The momentary excitement had gone by. He was sitting in his arm-chair, low and dejected, brooding over the tragedy of the night.

"I must stop the run," said his son.

He had been thinking over old stories he had heard his father tell before he left home: of bankers who had paid in silver, in a fight against time: of an Irish story of sovereigns heated in a shovel, to appear that moment coined, and served hot and hot to the clamorous creditors.

"You will let me act for you, sir?" he said.

For Dick Mortiboy had hit upon a plan.

"Yes, Dick—yes. I leave all to you—I leave all to you. Do anything you like."

His son rushed off to the stable-yard in Dergate, ran up the granary steps, and carried down a pile of empty sacks on his shoulder.

They were barley sacks from the brewery. He called for assistance, and got the gardener and old Hester to help him put the sacks in two large empty boxes. They nailed down the lids. Then they drove them to the back entrance of the bank. There they emptied the boxes of their contents.

The sacks were carried into the strong-room: the doors faced the counter. It was on the ground-floor of the building, behind the large room where the ordinary business of the bank was transacted. Housekeeper, servants, clerks helped to ransack the house. They stuffed twenty of the sacks with bed linen, pillows, bolsters, curtains, hangings, sawdust, sand, paper, anything that would make them look solid, and that they could at the moment lay their hands on. They rammed the stuffing down hard, and set the sacks in double rank opposite the door that opened into the public room—ten before and ten behind.

Then Dick summoned Mr. Ghymes, and told him what he meant to do. The manager went with him to the money safe, and they took out fifty bags of sovereigns, with £100

in each; and into the mouth of each sack in the front row they poured the golden contents of five bags. The back row of sacks they tied up with strings.

Mr. Richard Mortiboy, the younger, was going to practise on the credulity of Market Basing.

If his sacks had really been full of sovereigns, they must have contained £400,000—for they would have held £20,000 a-piece.

And who could have carried the sacks there?

I can carry 4,000 sovereigns.

Dick Mortiboy could manage, at the outside, 7,000—he was almost a giant in strength.

Hercules himself might walk off with 10,000 on his back.

But the people the spectacle was prepared for did not think of these little things.

The originator of the plan knew he might trust to their simplicity for success.

He was right!

They threw open the door, and showed the glittering metal.

The "Open Sesame" had been said; and there, before their wondering eyes, was more treasure than Ali Baba's fabled cave had held.

Gold!—Gold!—Gold!—Gold!!

Riches beyond the dreams of avarice!

The effect was astounding!!

The sight of the dazzling heaps of specie wrought like a magical charm on the panic-stricken crowd.

They gaped, and were satisfied.

Their money was all there.

Mortiboy's was saved!

Dick had stayed the run!!

ROBERT BROWNING.

STRONG, rugged, independent;—no fashioner of pretty songs modelled upon patterns designed by greater men, no warbler of sweet and soft love ditties, no dealer in unreal and exaggerated passion, no puling complainer of mock sorrow, no dreamy poet of conventional life, is Robert Browning. When, so many years ago, he set himself to make poetry the work of his life, he undertook the task in his own sturdy and independent way. Verse should be his slave, and should express his thoughts as he designed. Now, most poets are the slaves of verse, and can only get their thoughts expressed by a sort of coaxing, and in a round-

about fashion. Then, the life they describe is conventional: Browning's should be real. The motives and springs of action which they describe are simple: those of life are really complex, manifold, various, and overlapping each other. In Browning, we find the psychologist trying to show us, in his analysis, some of the many influences under which the soul acts. With most poets the soul is, as it were, a river. Browning recognizes the fact that it is a mighty ocean. Currents flow backwards and forwards: there are depths and shallows: there are storms on the surface and stillness below, or there are whirlpools below and calm on the surface. The sun shines on it, and the clouds rain upon it: perpetual change is going on, but it remains the same. It has infinite possibilities: it contains infinite treasure. It is ever in unrest, ever flowing and ebbing: ever disturbed, uncertain, and wayward. To describe, to dissect, to observe these currents and moods is the hardest task that poet ever set himself; and it is Browning's self-imposed task. If he has failed, he has failed splendidly. It is a defeat which is a great victory.

All his works, from the earliest, have been in the same direction. The "Dramatic Lyrics" were the natural predecessors of "The Ring and the Book," and "Hohenstiel Schwangau." The dramas themselves, so rugged and uncouth, are necessary studies before the later works could be produced. For Browning is an impersonal poet. Like Homer and Shakspeare, his dramatic power is so great that we lose sight of him altogether. He does not describe: he creates. He does not act before us; but he erects his stage, and presently his puppets perform upon it. His verse is rough and harsh, because he *will* be the master of it. He drags and forces the language to do his bidding. He presses verbs and adjectives to do service which have never before worked for mortal bard. He wants a word, and scorning the customary hack who has worked so long and worked for so many, he looks about to find a better, and having found him, he *makes* him come along and do his work. Thus it is that, even in his best pieces, we are conscious from time to time of a jolt. He is like a driver who drives furiously over rough ground: driving not for pleasure, but because work has to be done. If you want to float lazily on a summer sea, there is Tennyson; if you would glide down

the stream without an effort, there is Byron; if you would drive along a smooth road, and admire the hedges on either hand, there is Pope. But if you are not afraid of hard work, rough work, tough work, go with Browning, and follow him while he clears the jungle of thoughts, aims, motives, and passions, and shows you a human heart as poet never showed before.

Browning is not, of course, popular. Popularity he flung to the winds years ago, when he first began to write. We suppose that he must long since have ceased even to desire that really worthless thing—the admiration of the million. True, he aimed at theatrical success; but though his play of "Strafford" was put on the stage with every possible care, and the principal part taken by Kemble himself, it was a complete failure. His dramas have vigour, clearness of plot, strong accentuation of character, and rapid action. But one feels, on reading one after the other, that they are utterly unsuited for acting. The reason we believe to be their deficiency in tenderness. It is Browning's chief failing. Sympathy he must have, because he sees so deeply; but it is sympathy of a sort all his own. It does not lead him to be tender. It is the sympathy which comes from knowledge, and not that which springs from the feeling of *possible* partnership in misfortune or remorse. It is the pity of a strong man for the weak, mingled with a little contempt. But this is fatal to dramatic success. On the stage, above all, we must be human.

The comparatively few who read Browning regard him with an admiration and intensity of affection almost unequalled in modern times. When, twenty years ago, Tennyson's "In Memoriam" burst into popularity, it gained no such enthusiastic admirers as those who hang upon the lips of Browning. When Byron awoke and found himself famous, his fame was like brass beside gold compared with the reputation of Browning among his admirers. These seem few in number, when we count up those who read Tupper; but they are strong in quality. To begin with, it requires a certain amount—we may say, a high amount—of culture before we can appreciate the poet at all; and no small effort of the intellect is needed to follow him through all the mazy windings and involutions of his thought. The story is well known how Douglas Jerrold, recovering from an illness, took up "Sordello,"

and began to read it. Presently he burst into tears, and threw the book away.

"Good God!" he cried, "I have lost my intellect!"

To him who begins the study of Browning, a profound irritation takes possession of him against the obscurity of his style. He is obscure, he is involved, he is difficult, he is even at times unintelligible;—and this not wilfully, but because there are times when even he is not able to make language adequate. Words are poor, weak things, after all. They are overworked: we expect too much of them. They are too few in number. Doubtless, in a better world, our vocabulary will be more copious, and equal to expressing all our thoughts. And then every man will be a poet. But with the reading of Browning grows one's love for him. *L'appetit vient en mangeant*. And when the taste is once formed, there can be for his admirer but one living poet.

It must be confessed that, in his anxiety to get the full grasp of a subject, he is not only complex, which may be pardoned, but he is also long, which may not be pardoned in any poet. Who, for instance, has read throughout that most extraordinary collection of metaphysical speculations, analytical discussions, and attempts to penetrate and understand the workings of the soul, "The Ring and the Book"? And why, for the sake of his own reputation, was not Browning persuaded to compress all he had to say into the space of one volume?

We do not want to criticize his poems, or to give any complete list of them. Let us only consider him as he appears to the impatient class of readers—those who refuse to read "Hohenstiel Schwangau" and "Sordello," but are capable of delighting in the shorter pieces.

Has he humour? The "Pied Piper" of our cartoon is an answer. Everybody knows it. The Piper—

"His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin."

rides the town of the rats that infest it.

As he pipes, they come out of the houses and follow him down the street.

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,

Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,
Followed the piper for their lives."

He leads them to the river, when all are drowned except one, who describes the effect of the piping:—

"At the first shrill notes of the pipe
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out 'Oh! rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry saltery!'"

Is he pathetic? Read "Count Gismond," where his wife recalls that day when he saved her name at the peril of his life, and slew the foul slanderer. She tells it to herself with love-soft heart: one can see her eyes swollen with the tears of happiness, tears that do not drop while she tells it—

"Our eldest boy has got the clear
Great brow; tho' when his brother's black
Full eye shows scorn, it— Gismond here?
And have you brought my tercel back?
I just was telling Adela
How many birds it struck since May."

Is he dramatic? Read the "Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister," when the monk who has nourished a foolish hatred, born of idleness and seclusion, gives vent to his thoughts, watching his enemy at his gardening:—

"There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of Heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round, and send him flying
Off to hell—a Manichee."

Can he stir the heart? Read the "Good News from Ghent," and the Cavalier songs. Can he stoop to simple love? Read these lines:—

"Nay, but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?
Aught like this tress—see, and this tress—
And this fairest tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall?"

Because, you spend your lives in praising;
To praise, you search the wide world over:
So why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?
Above this tress, and this I touch,
But cannot praise—I love so much."

Is he simple? Read "Pippa Passes." Is he strong, and rough, and sinewy? Read every line which he has written.

We have, besides the usual throng of verse writers common to every age, one or two leading poets besides Browning. But there is not one who has a better chance of that best kind of posthumous fame: not one who will so certainly be remembered as the highest product of his time.

A PERILOUS VOYAGE.

(POEM ON A RECENT EVENT.)

THE one was taken, the other left;
Their path alike on desert shore—
Hot with sun-rays, and wonderful:
Unlike all other paths before.

And with the night more heated air,
From stars that seemed to touch the sand,
Oppressed their breath; and voices near
Spoke what they did not understand—

Which, when they challenged, said no more;
And so they went upon the shore alone—
The prince and peasant on their voyage,
Their perilous voyage—to lands unknown.

One morn they parted on the sand,
And one the other saw no more;
And one awoke to faces seen before,
And one to angel faces evermore.

And royal hands upon this sand,
Where they had parted, wreaths have laid;
And sweet white flowers gently spread,
And the lone shore immortal made.

WINTER AMONG THE BLUE NOSES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CLOSE to the northern borders of the United States dwell a race of men who delight in the peculiar name of Blue Noses. As the Flatheads of the Prairies take their name from a self-imposed deformity of the cranium, it might naturally be supposed that we take ours from a habit of tattooing our nasal organs with the indigo plant. But, no—although we live in a wild and forest-clad land, we are pale-faced "men and brothers;" partially civilized also, to say the least of it—certainly, so far as to be above the use of the tattooing iron. How, then, comes it that our noses are blue? For an answer to this question I must refer my readers to nature, which has so ordained it that the complexion of man varies according to the conditions of climate under which he lives, and has made so many shades of colour, from the red and white of the Saxon

to the black of her interesting children who bask in Afric's sunny climes. We are subject not only to intense cold, but also to heat, and to rapid and extreme changes. The human flesh when frozen, say at a temperature of 20°, turns white; when thawed again, say at a temperature of 40°, it turns first red, and then blue; and after this operation has been repeated sufficiently often, it assumes an uniform azure hue. Now, the only prominent part of the human form which is not well wrapped up is the nose. This is hard lines for the noses. They ought to have nose-caps, but they haven't; so Jack Frost lays hold of them with his icy fingers; and instead of the white, pink, or red noses which ornament the open countenances of the Anglo-Saxon in other climes, in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the probosces of the natives, from exposure to the chilly blasts, wear a bluish hue; and hence the cognomen.

The medical statistics of the British army show that our climate, though severe, is exceedingly healthy; the mortality in the different stations on this continent being less than in any other part of the world where English troops are quartered. Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and that part of New Brunswick which borders on the Bay of Fundy, have a more variable and damper climate than the interior of New Brunswick and Lower Canada. Hence, tourists who do not get beyond the Atlantic seaboard carry away with them an unfavourable idea of our climate. A stranger, having penetrated the fogs of the bay, finds himself, in St. John, a victim to the wind. When it blows from the north or north-west, the weather is dry and cold in winter, dry and warm in summer. East wind brings rain, west wind fog, and south wind both rain and fog. Let him now travel a few miles inland, and he will escape all these vicissitudes. Fredericton, sixty miles from St. John as the crow flies, enjoys as much sunshine as any place I know of—a still, cold winter, and a warm summer, with a bright sun five days out of seven all the year round.

The thermometer in winter has been known to fall as low as 0·35 Fahrenheit, and 0·15 or 0·20 is not by any means an unusual degree of cold; but actual cold, as indicated by the mercury, is scarcely felt. A much less degree of frost, accompanied by a high wind and *poudre* of drifting snow, penetrates the warmest clothing, and chills

the wretched traveller to the marrow. These days are fortunately few and far between in the interior, owing to the friendly shelter of the forest, but of frequent occurrence on the more exposed seaboard, where changes of temperature of 70° or 80° in one twenty-four hours are not unknown. The extremes of cold, as of heat, occur in cycles of three days' duration. I have rarely if ever known more than three very cold nights in succession, and these "cold spells," as we call them, are almost invariably followed by a fall of snow.

In a country where the farming season is short, an open fall—*i.e.*, a late winter—is, of course, desired by every one. Nature always gives timely warning of the approach of winter; and the close observer is rarely mistaken in his prognostications. Savage winter can never lay hands on the migratory birds, nor does he ever find Bruin unprepared with a den, or the beaver without a full store of provisions and a new and frost-proof roof to his house. Come soon or come late, he will find the rabbit disguised in a snow-white suit, and the fur-bearing animals arrayed in warm winter jackets. The best human judges of the seasons are the Indians; they are as much wiser than the white man in this respect as the wild animals are wiser than the domestic ones. When tame geese become restless, and take prolonged and noisy flights, we all know what to expect. When cattle and sheep come into the farmyard for shelter, we know that bad weather is at hand. Butchers pretend to judge of the severity of the approaching winter from a part of the pig's intestines. Indians look inside the slaughtered moose for the same information, and foretell the depth of snow by the wild berries in the woods: when they are plentiful it is a sign that the snow will be deep, and *vice versa*.

For the greater part of two years I led a hunter's life in the backwoods of New Brunswick, and on reverting to my log-book of that period, I see the following entry:—

"5th Nov., 1865.—Winter, to all appearance. Three inches ice on small lakes and ponds; ground white. But animals say that it is a false alarm. Cariboo, hares, and weasels still in summer colours; bears rambling about; geese not flown westward; and beavers not done cutting wood and plastering their houses."

And sure enough the animals were right.

The weather continued wintry for a few days; but then snow and ice vanished, and were succeeded by a short summer of a fortnight's duration. This Indian summer—so-called—cannot be relied upon; but when it does occur it is a great boon to us. Having experienced just a taste of winter, we appreciate it all the more. Still, mild, hazy weather—it seems as if old winter's first attacks had been repulsed and driven back; and, baffled by the latent heat of the earth, he had been compelled to retire for awhile to get fresh wind for a second and final assault.

Another curious and, as seen in the woods, very beautiful phenomenon sometimes follows or precedes the Indian summer; we call it silver frost. This is a fine thick rain (in Scotland called a mist), which freezes the instant it falls. Once, after a frost of this description, I happened to visit a tract of country thickly clothed with a young second growth of timber. For acres and acres the young birch and maple trees, from fifteen to twenty feet in height, were bowed down till their tops kissed the ground; tiny branches, no thicker than a pocket pencil, were swelled to the size of a man's finger, and larger ones in like proportion. Further advance was impossible, so I was constrained to stop and admire. The sun just then peeping out from under a cloud, everything that met the eye seemed to be plated with silver and festooned with diamonds.

The winter nights in Lower Canada and New Brunswick are almost Arctic in character. A still, intensely cold night, at the full of the moon, is one of the things to be seen in the country; and to see it to perfection, one must be in the woods. The moon and stars then appear little higher than the tree tops, and the flashes of the aurora in the north seem like spectres flitting about among the pine trees; the smooth surface of the snow reflects the light, so that it is possible to read small print; and the silence is profound. A dreamy, drowsy feeling creeps over the watcher—that feeling which causes the lost Arctic traveller to lie down quietly, and sleep to death! But, hark! a sharp report close to his ear, which rudely wakes him from his reverie. What is it—a rifle-shot? No; simply a tree cracking with the frost.

The ice commences to make in the rivers about the first week in December. First of all, shore ice forms along the banks, and in the still waters this gets broken off piece

by piece by the current, and for a few days the streams are choked with lumps of floating ice, which reduce the temperature of the water. Simultaneously, in the shallows, a soft, spongy ice grows up from the bottom, encircling the stones, and accumulating in the eddies; then, some fine night, the temperature gets a little colder, and the rivers are bridged over for the season—leaving, however, air-holes (so called) which remain open till a much later period, sometimes all winter. The rivers and lakes in New Brunswick form a perfect network, and in summer the voyager can, with one or two trifling portages of his canoe, traverse the province from one end to the other by four or five different routes; and wherever there is water in summer there is a good road in winter. Sometimes, in the beginning of winter, or after a thaw, the lakes and rivers are coated over with glass ice; then teams, with heavy loads and jingling bells, may be seen trotting along merrily, side by side with skaters and ice-boats.

Perhaps it is not generally known with what ease and speed journeys can be performed on skates. From the mouth of the river St. John upwards to Fredericton is about eighty miles; and skaters frequently accomplish this distance in the day. I skated one hundred and fifty miles in two days—one-half of the distance in rather less than six hours—and that without feeling any fatigue or stiffness in excess of that felt after a long day's shooting. In one or two straight reaches of the St. John River, a good skater, with a breeze in his favour, can cover twenty miles in the hour. Skating at this pace can only be compared to a gallop on a thorough-bred: the peculiarly exhilarating feeling that pace alone can give is here enjoyed to perfection, flavoured with just a spice of excitement when the skater charges a crack or a bit of shell-ice at this headlong speed. The skates used for long journeys differ from the ordinary ones in being much longer and straighter in the iron. The "Acme," and other patent skates, though convenient for the rink, are here useless.

Every Blue Nose can skate, more or less; but there is a marked improvement in the skating since the introduction of rinks. The St. John rink is one of the finest on the continent, and both Halifax and Fredericton can boast of very fair ones. In these enormous wooden tents, well lighted by day and night, and fitted with every convenience for

the skaters, the bands play, and the young people gossip and amuse themselves; and I am credibly informed that even a little flirting can be managed on skates. Happy the possessor of a good foot and ankle, and a neat figure; these, for the time, almost throw the pretty faces into the shade. Though, on the other hand, where does the pretty face look prettier, or the rosy cheeks more rosy, than in the rink? Many of the girls are good and graceful skaters. The boy of the country is addicted to hockey, and is, I am compelled to admit, a nuisance to the non-hockey-playing skating public; happily, he is excluded from the rink. His chief victim on the open is the timid, elderly skater, or the beginner; such a one, on glare ice, surrounded by his tormentors, is indeed a pitiable object. I can see him now. He has, in an unlucky moment, shuffled into the centre of the hockey strife, or, more probably, the strife has, with lightning-like rapidity, closed around him; and there he stands, or rather wobbles, despair depicted on his countenance, beating the air with his hands, his body bent to an angle of forty-five degrees with the ice, with no power in his legs nor bone in his ankles, whilst his tormentors swoop and dart around him like so many martins round a sparrow-hawk.

The river St. John averages about a mile in width, and is thickly settled on both banks. In winter it becomes the great high road of the province. As every settler owns a team, few people are to be seen walking in winter; for when the pedestrian is overtaken by a team, he jumps on, whether invited or not invited by the driver. And this he looks upon as his right; for a sleigh once in motion on the ice, a few pounds or a few hundredweights more or less is but a straw. In the latter part of the winter the ice measures from fourteen inches to eighteen inches in thickness. From three to four inches of good ice is sufficient for a pair of horses and load; and one inch, or one night's frost, will safely bear a man. The skater comes occasionally to patches of clear, black, oily-looking ice, miles in extent, through which he can see every pebble in the bottom of the river. As he skims along, youths dart out from pockets in the bank, accompany him a short way, pirouetting around him, and then fly off again as rapidly as they appeared. Men fishing through holes in the ice, for a hideous but excellent fish called the kusk, are occasionally passed.

I happened to be staying for a few days in the town of Bathurst, on the northern shore of this province, a place well known to anglers, who are attracted there from far and near in the summer-time by that prettiest of salmon rivers, the Nepisiguit. At the time I am speaking of, it was the beginning of winter, and the ice was strong but rough. I wanted to go to the head of the bay, a distance of three or four miles; but was rather nervous about the air-holes. Picking my way cautiously through the rough ice, I came upon a small French boy steering in my direction, and followed him. He was a diminutive youth, with a shock head and fur cap, homespun shirt and trousers—the latter immense, probably an old pair of papa's; they served this little man for coat, waistcoat, and continuations, the ends being tucked inside his boots, and the upper part tied over his shoulders with a bit of tape. At the time, I thought he was the best skater in the world, as he rolled along on the outside edge, one arm plunged into the paternal pocket, the other one employed in carrying a crooked stick as long as himself. He saw I was following him, and a nice dance the urchin led me. On smooth ice I could keep up to him; on rough ice I was nowhere. The young wretch soon perceived this, and took advantage of it. Fancy a river, with a strong stream and strong breeze meeting it, instantaneously frozen over by magic, and it will give you some idea of the places this youth piloted me over. He never fell, nor even made a false step. Now and then, when he happened upon a bit of smooth ice, and I was a long way behind, he would perform some fantastic feats for my edification. Once we passed a lot of boys playing hockey. I cannot do justice to the conduct of my little friend. He scented the battle from afar. The pluck he showed was admirable. Putting the crooked end of his stick to the ice, and bending down till nothing was visible to me but a small pair of skates supporting an enormous pair of pants, with a little shout he plunged into the thickest of the fray. In less time than it takes to relate, he was out again at the other side of the crowd, zigzagging like a snipe, shoving the ball before him, and pursued by twenty enraged youths. They could not touch him; he did just what he liked with the ball. Three or four of his pursuers lay sprawling on the ice; then he paused a second in his headlong

career, struck the ball in one direction and himself darted off in another, giving me a look over his shoulder signifying "Come on." And on I went; but not sure whether I was following a boy, or a merman on skates, or a marine will-o'-the-wisp, or some other unknown species of ice-fiend. But what is that ahead on the ice? A lot of spruce bushes. Ah, now I am sure that my guide is an uncanny thing—he has suddenly disappeared! No doubt he is taking a turn under the ice, by way of a change.

But I must go and see what the bushes are doing on the ice. There were six of them, all in a row, at intervals of about six feet, and they were simply little sheds or camps to shelter from the cutting wind six individuals who were fishing most assiduously through as many holes in the ice. It was plainly a family party—father, mother, three girls, and a boy; and by all that's fishy, the boy is my little friend! Mamma sat on a three-legged stool in the centre of the family group, and the ice around her was covered with frozen tommy-cods. That woman must have been the best tommy-cod fisher in the world.

I can fancy a disagreeable person remarking, "But what art is there in catching fish through a little hole in the ice with a yard of string, a hook baited with fish, and six inches of stick as a handle?"

I should reply, "Disagreeable person, I will bet you a trifle that with similar apparatus and a fair start that woman will catch six tommy-cods to your one;" for so skilled was that female angler that she never drove the hook any harder into a fish's mouth than was just necessary to lift it gently out of the water and deposit it on the ice, where, after a few wriggles, it was frozen stiff. Surely, that lady had a light and sure hand on a tommy-cod! She had a basket full when I came—they all had baskets full—but the ice around the old lady's throne was, as I said before, strewed with fish. The governor sat on a trabogen, brought, no doubt, for the purpose of hauling home the fish. The children sat on lumps of ice. My small friend had, I think, been getting a wiggling for neglecting his business—I imagine so from his behaviour when I took six tommy-cods out of his basket, and gave him in return the large sum of ten cents. He stood up, the easier to deposit the coin in his capacious pocket, and gave a triumphant look at mamma—who had narrowly watched this

little mercantile transaction—as much as to say, “You can catch them, but I am the boy to sell them.”

On my remarking to the governor that the fish seemed pretty plentiful, he replied that they had not commenced to bite well yet, that the water was not cold enough. “Well,” thought I, “fond as I am of ‘casting angles into the brook,’ I don’t think I should care for tommy-cod fishing on a regular good fishing day.”

Bidding adieu to this interesting group, I made my way towards another figure that I observed in the distance, apparently churning; but on approaching closer I found that he, too, was a fisherman. His appliances were an ice chisel and a four-pronged barbed spear, with a twenty-foot handle. With the latter he was diligently prodding the mud through a hole in the ice, now bringing up an eel on the point of his spear, now a stick; and the ice around him for many yards was covered with eels in three different stages of preservation—viz., some alive and wriggling briskly along, some frozen as hard as sticks, and some half-frozen, half-wriggling. I thought it was the most wonderful take of eels I had ever seen; but this fisherman complained bitterly of his luck. Formerly, he said, he could spear 200 or 300 through the same hole; now he had to cut a dozen holes to catch the same number. It seems that some new settlers came to Bathurst, who fished on Sundays, and fought for the best places. Since this unseemly work commenced, the eels had gone somewhere else. I need not say that the discovery of this pious and amiable trait in the character of the eel afforded me, as a naturalist, the greatest satisfaction, and I pursued my way rejoicing.

In some New Brunswick rivers, large quantities of bass are taken in scoop nets through the ice. In the Miramichi alone, I am informed that over one hundred tons of these fish have been taken in a winter. Smelts, a most delicious little fish, are taken in great number at the mouth of every brook. Brook trout take the bait voraciously in the fresh water; and sea trout, sometimes attaining to the weight of 8 lbs., are taken in the mouths of the larger rivers; so that there is no time of the year—winter or summer—in which we are not supplied with fresh fish. Salmon (kelts) are sometimes caught by the trout-fishers; but the most extraordinary feat in fishing that has ever been

heard of by me was performed by a youth, last February, at the foot of the river Restigouche. Fishing for tommy-cods through the ice, he felt a tremendous pull; fortunately his tackle was equal to the occasion; and, hand over hand, the lucky fisherman hauled out a fresh-run twenty-pound salmon. Think of that, ye scientific anglers! What an ignoble end for such a noble fish! But this is an extremely interesting fact for those interested in the natural history of the salmon, as it goes far to prove that a run of fish come into the mouth of the rivers along with the sea trout, and long before the ice breaks up.

In a forest land like this, it is unnecessary to say that lumbering is carried on largely in the winter. Although the trade has depreciated much in the last few years, the people cannot give it up: the farmers have no other employment in winter. So a few words about the lumberer and his doings. He is so naturally associated with the woods, that any attempted description of wood life would be incomplete without him. I have traversed most of the woods and rivers of New Brunswick, and have never yet found a place, however remote, without traces of his industry. Like the tree-chopping animal of the country—the beaver—he leaves his mark behind him. With the first fall of snow he hies into the woods, and remains there till the spring; then he takes his logs down the rivers, and for a brief period the towns are inundated with these sailors of the woods. They go in gangs of from six or eight men up to twenty. They build log camps for themselves and their horses, and make their own roads. Each camp has a main or “portage road,” in which provisions are portaged sometimes from as great a distance as twenty or thirty miles, and this gives full employment to one team when the gang is large. They breakfast in the woods before daybreak, dine about ten or eleven, have a bite at two or three o’clock, supper at six, and a “lunch” before they turn in—not bad living. And at any hour of the day or night that a stranger happens to visit them, on go the kettle and frying-pan, and he is treated to the best they can give him; for their hospitality is unbounded, sometimes embarrassing. Once or twice, travelling in the lumber woods, I have had occasion to call in at eight or ten camps in the course of the day, and at every one of them I have been actually compelled to partake of a

dinner, a luncheon, or a bite. In a camp of twenty men the division of labour is as follows:—The boss; the cook—who has no sinecure; the teamster and the teamster's assistant—the latter functionary is sometimes called the “the teamster's devil,” and their joint work is to tend their team, and haul logs from the stump to the river bank; five broad axemen, who square the logs; the head swamper—*i.e.*, road maker—and five or six assistants; and four or five fallers of trees. Their wages vary from twenty-five to fifteen dollars a month, with food; the cook, teamster, and broad axemen receiving the highest rates. Their wages, when looked into, are not so high as they might appear on paper, for it frequently happens that they only receive a certain portion in cash, the balance being made up in goods, clothes, &c., at high prices, from the stores of their employers. The horses are hard-worked, having often to haul the logs a distance of four or five miles; they are fed mainly on oats, hay being expensive to portage, and they do not last very long in the lumber woods. The woods lumbered are the pine and the spruce; the former is in the greatest request, and the best of it has been picked out. Flour, pork, tea, and molasses form the staple of the lumberman's diet. The amount of flour and pork consumed in the woods is prodigious. Lumberers look down upon moose and cariboo meat, and will not touch beaver or rabbit. I have often thought that a long continuance of pork and flour diet must have a stupefying effect upon the human brain. I would put it to any one who knows the labouring Irishman in his native land and the native Irishman on this continent, if they remember a case in which he had not left his mother wit behind him in the green island with his potatoes and milk. I have seen the Irish at both sides of the Atlantic, and the difference in this respect is most striking. In the lumber country, I blame the pork for it. I am sure that, if the body of a lumberman were dissected, a deposit of pork fat would be discovered somewhere in the region of the liver! The lumberer's Sunday dish is a “Bang-Billy,” by no means an unpalatable morsel let me observe, but the havoc it must make with the digestive organs of ordinary people is terrible to contemplate. Its sole ingredients are flour, fat pork, and molasses. As for tea, no one in the woods ever thinks he has had a “square meal” without it; and

when real tea is not to be got, spruce, raspberry bushes, Labrador plant, tea plant, anything in fact, is used as a substitute; but hot brownish-coloured water is a *sine qua non*.

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCE THE FAMILY.

BORN, bred, and living over forty years at Bow, of course I do not set up for an aristocrat by blood or training. I am not ashamed of my birth or breeding; and if I could be unbred and unborn, and have to come into the world again, I would not choose other parents, not if dukes and duchesses were offered. But I am not such a false-tongued booby as to say I am glad my father was not a duke and my mother a duchess, and that I did not lie in the cradle with a gold spoon in my infant mouth, and a coronet on my infant head. Because the gooseberries I was born to and can get at are sweet, and agree with me, I do not call the grapes that are out of my reach sour.

My father—when I was on the mortal side of my teens the male parent was not a “governor”—was what the true story books call a self-made man. He began by cobbling; and by hook, crook, toil, and pinching rose to a well-stocked boot and shoe shop, besides money in the bank, and two or three freeholds. Not long before he died, he said to me—

“Tom, mine is a case of uppers, soles, stitching, and everything a-giving way afore their time. And why, Tom? It's the consequence of everlasting work and no play. Carefulness is wise; but being for ever and a day piling up the coins, Tom, and no enjoyment, is a fool's trick. It's a stupid bee, Tom, which starves to death because she is too busy to taste the honey.”

I was an only child; and if ever a woman was proud of her son, that woman was my mother. Whatever I said or did was so uncommonly clever. The only care was about my health. Could such a precocious child be reared? The doctor hoped the best, and knew his business better than to tell my mother that her fears were moonshine.

“If that boy lives, he will set the Thames on fire.”

“If Tom is spared, leave him alone for getting to the top of the tree.”

These words were repeated about twice a-day—except on Mondays, when the washing was done, and my mother was too much put about to be hopeful.

But, there, the public does not want a Goldsmith's History or a Pinnock's Catechism of Mr. Thomas Gummer's early life; so I will bolt over the events as fast as a Derby horse can gallop, and come to the fortune.

After a spell at day school, I went as boarder to Tudor House, Epping. According to the prospectus, on which was engraved a flattering representation of the mansion and grounds, everything ever known—including classics, dancing, mathematics, music, book-keeping, the use of the globes, and French by a native—was taught, besides liberal board, the comforts of a home, and high moral training, for thirty guineas a-year, a silver fork and spoon, six towels, and no extras except pew rent. That prospectus was a "do," and Tudor House ought to have been wound up in Chancery. After two years of *hic, hæc, hoc*, genitive *hujus*, I went into the "Delectus," and then to "Cæsar," and then back again to "Delectus." You see, the master could not teach us more than he knew, and even Cæsar floored him without a crib. The French was no better than the Latin, and the globes were of no use whatever. What good is it to teach a youth that the earth turns on a brass rod, and that the people on the other side of the world walk with their heads downwards, like flies on a ceiling? It may be science, but it is not sense.

On leaving school my father wanted me to go into the shop. My mother was furious. Her boy should not corn his fingers with lugging on his inferiors' boots and shoes! Her boy's talents were not going to be thrown away in a holland apron behind a counter! There was a two years' wrangle, during which time I had nothing to do but eat, sleep, and get into mischief. At last I entered the office of Messrs. Purrem and Mangles, solicitors, at a salary of five shillings a-week. My mother was delighted at my being in a genteel profession, and knew I should work my way to be Lord Chancellor. But I never had a chance of getting on. My mother did not understand that the best fish can't swim unless it is in the water; and that, no matter how clever a fish is, it can't put itself in the water. I was not even articled. Not that my mother grudged me money, but she would not pay the stamps.

"No," she exclaimed, "not a farthing shall go to a cheating Government for stamps. We are robbed enough in rates and taxes, and Tom will rise to the Great Seal and a gilt coach in spite of an imposing Government."

So I grubbed on at Purrem and Mangles until I was twenty-five, and my screw was three pounds a-week. I knew more of law than the fellows who pass the final. A solicitor will not help you to articles, particularly if you are worth your salt, because an unarticled clerk cannot set up for himself, and take away the clients. If I had been admitted, Purrem and Mangles would have sacked me. Not being articled, I was their confidential.

A lawyer's clerk, with three pounds a-week and perquisites, is well feathered, sees plenty of pleasure, and can do the swell. My career of mild dissipation was cut short by a visit to a theatre, where I saw Matilda Brace. It was a draft on my heart at sight, and was duly honoured. My courting was short, but fierce; and I never rested until I made Matilda Brace Mrs. Thomas Gummer. Political economy is against marrying and having a family, unless you have a fortune. But such eyes, such hair, such a mouth, such a waist, and such ways as Matilda had, were irresistible. Were you ever in a raffle? Bits of card—a very few marked—are shook up in a bag. Most likely you will draw a blank; but small chance of drawing even a second prize. The tickets seem all alike until you have drawn. That is matrimony. In courting time, one girl is as like another as peas in a pod. So sweet, so neat, so fond. No nagging, and no flustering. A very few turn out mortal angels; others are middling; but the most are the reverse of angels. I drew a first prize; and I defy any one to produce Mrs. Gummer's second—unless it is our girls. A fellow who could get a counterpart of my lease would be uncommonly lucky.

Matilda had a few pounds, and with the help of the old folks we furnished a small house at Bow. We began as we meant to go on. When we were doing our honeymoon—or rather, honey week—at Chigwell, Mrs. Gummer said—

"Tom, my dear, I saw plenty of poverty at home before I went out to earn my living—and it's a caution. We must be a little saving, Tom. If we gobble up our eggs as fast as they are laid, and never think

of hatching fresh layers, some fine day we shall be as hungry as winter wolves, and have no eggs to eat. Keeping out of debt is better than getting into it; but putting by, Tom, is the best game."

Mr. Pitt was called a heaven-born minister. Perhaps he was, though he did load us with debt. But I am sure Matilda is a heaven-born economist. She is such a right-down genius, that I believe she would save a fortune out of nothing a-year, besides keeping her family tiptop.

"Our money, Tom, shan't line a landlord's pocket."

We let our first floor, and joined a building society; so that we were always rent free, and the house our own in fourteen years. Moreover, every week some of my salary, which increased yearly, went to the savings bank.

Mushrooms are slow growers compared to debts or savings. Owe a trifle, and before you know where you are the duns have you, body and soul. Save ever so little, and do it regularly, and you wake up and find yourself a person of property.

Moreover, we had windfalls. Being in the law, I have seen a great many wills; and I notice that when people are making their wills they generally think of one text of Scripture, and give most to those who have most. Mrs. Gummer's aunt, hearing we were not in want, left us £600. When my father's affairs were cleared up, there was over £1,000 to the good. Savings added, we had £4,000 invested; the house our own, and my screw crept up to £4 10s. a-week. That I call being well off, with only two domesticated daughters to keep—Nancy being twenty, and Janet eighteen.

It might be supposed that the Gummerts were a contented family; and so we were, until the time my story begins.

It was Saturday night, and the girls had gone to bed half an hour earlier on account of the usual bath. Mrs. Gummer would think it a sin for young folks to go to bed on Saturday night without being lathered and rubbed from head to foot. I was over my first after-supper pipe and grog. Mrs. Gummer took a little gin and water—that she cared for it, but hot suppers without a digester bring on spasms and nightmare.

"It is so much physic to me, Gummer."

And the good soul sipped the gin and water as if she liked it.

Mrs. Gummer was doing something to one of the girls' dresses. Well, she is a tremendous woman with her needle. When a dress is soiled, it is turned inside out; when the plaits are worn, it is turned upside down, and the bottom trimmed; when the front breadths are shabby, they are taken out and the skirt is gored; and finally, the dress is converted into a petticoat. I have never had an entire new shirt since my marriage. The wristbands fray, and new ones are put on; the front goes, and a new one is put in; the body is worn, and as the wristbands and front are nearly equal to new, they are attached to a new body. Being better off makes no difference. Needling, to women, is what smoking is to men. Fellows who don't smoke are growlers, and women who don't sew are naggers. I cannot conceive domestic bliss with a sewing-machine.

The ghosts of great events always come first. I had a feeling that something was going to happen. For days there had been a mysterious nodding and whispering between mamma and the girls. I had received more than the ordinary attention. There had been potato cakes for tea, and favourite nick-nacks for supper. My grog was a trifle stronger than usual. There was abundance of clean pipes and pipe lights. Mrs. Gummer had not contradicted me for a week. I was in a manner ready for the onslaught, when Matilda put down her work, took a long sip at her anti-spasms physic, and coughed.

"Gummer, there is a dead weight on my mind which I can't keep to myself."

"Indeed, my dear!"

"For, Tom, a secret means mischief when people are the same flesh and bone, which we have been for over twenty years."

"What on earth is the matter?"

"There now, don't flare up; for it is very hard if a poor drudge of a wife is to be tongue-tied, and hollowed at fit to split every drum in her ear if she opens her mouth."

Another anti-spasms sip, and another cough.

"You see, Tom, if we are not Bank of England hot, leastways, we are comfortably warm. There is £200 a-year, equal to £4 a-week, from property, and which no one can touch. There is your four-ten from Purem and Mangles. Moreover, the house is our own to live in or to let."

"To let, Matilda!"

Mrs. Gummer snatched up her work, and began to stitch fiercely. The needle clicked against the thimble with a sharp noise which might have been heard in the street.

"Gummer, I am disgusted with you. Are we trees that we cannot be moved, and must stick at Bow until we are carried out? Not that I dislike my native place, which is also yours and the girls. But it is not likings or dislikings that trouble me. Duty first and fancy second always has been and always will be the motto of Matilda Gummer, so long as she has a breath to draw and the strength to draw it."

Click, click, click.

"Matilda," said I, lighting a pipe, "what is your drift?"

"Say no more, Gummer. I pity the poor girls, and sorry am I that I borned them to be blighted by their own father; and kept down, and trod upon as if they were a paltry pair of paving stones."

"My dear, be a little reasonable. You have not told me what you want."

"Gummer, you are enough to turn a dove into an owl. I want to know if we are landlord's fixtures that must not be moved? And if we are not fixtures, is it or is it not our duty to give the poor dear girls their chance?"

"Matilda, I am not the one to grudge a month at the sea."

"Gummer, you would have driven Job into an asylum. Pray, what is the use of the sea to such girls as ours? For low flirting, and for picking up rogues and rascals, and empty-pursed monkeys, give me sands or piers; but for girls who have looks, education, and prospects, the sea is not worth the snuffings of a halfpenny tallow candle."

"Then where do you want to go for a trip?" said I, expecting to hear of a cheap excursion up the Rhine.

"We are not trippers, Gummer. I say, and I will say, that the girls ought to live in a genteel neighbourhood. The rent will be a pull; but the clothes and living can be pared down to make up for the loss."

"What! leave Bow for good? Leave where I have been born and bred! Matilda, I would rather not; and I don't think you could do it when it came to the going."

"Tom, for the sake of the girls I could go through an ocean of blazing brimstone. Suppose we take a villa in a high neighbourhood, standing in its own grounds, or at least semi-detached? Mark my words, Tom,

in a year or two the girls would marry equal to their merits and what is coming to them. You know, if there were the most beautiful empresses at Bow that ever lived, and every hair of their heads hung with Koh-i-noor diamonds, gentility would no more think of marrying them, than they would think of putting on scarlet jackets and setting off with their gamekeepers to shoot London sparrows."

"I suppose you would like Belgravia?" said I, with a rise of my nose, for I was uncommonly vexed.

"Anywhere that pleases Thomas Gummer, Esquire, will please his poor, put-upon wife, provided, for the sake of the innocent girls, it is not East-end."

TABLE TALK.

AS an additional note to the article on mushrooms which lately appeared in *ONCE A WEEK*, I append a few remarks on those curious freaks of nature commonly called "fairy rings." I dismiss the superstition—so pleasant to the more poetically inclined—which ascribes the formation of these rings to the Terpsichorean gambols of the fairies under the "pale moonlight," simply contenting myself, for the present, with the more matter-of-fact consideration as to how these curious circles are so suddenly and unaccountably formed. Every one who is accustomed to the country knows a "fairy ring" when he sees it. Each ring is only a belt of grass of a much darker green than that surrounding it. In a paper on "The Fairy Rings of Pastures," read by Professor Wray before the British Association, at Southampton, in 1846, it was stated that the grass of which such rings are formed is always the first to vegetate in the spring, and keeps the lead of the ordinary grass of the pastures till the period of cutting. If the grass of these "fairy rings" be examined in the spring and early summer, it will be found to conceal a number of agarics or "toadstools" of various sizes. They are found situated either entirely on the outside of the ring, or on the outer border of the grass which composes it. Decandolle's theory, that the rings increased by the excretions of these funguses being favourable for the growth of grass, but injurious to their own subsequent development on the same spot, was remarked on, and proved to be insufficient to explain the phenomena. A chemical examination was

made of some funguses—the true St. George's agaric of Clusius, *agaricus graveolens*—which grew in the “fairy rings” on the meadow around the College at Cirencester. They contain 87.46 per cent. of water, and 12.54 per cent. of dry matter. The abundance of phosphoric acid and potash found in the ashes of these specimens was most remarkable, showing 20.49 of the former, and 55.10 of the latter. The Professor's view of the formation of these “fairy rings” was as follows:—“A fungus is developed on a single spot of ground, sheds its seed, and dies. On the spot where it grew it leaves a valuable manuring of phosphoric acid and alkalis, some magnesia, and a little sulphate of lime. Another fungus might undoubtedly grow on the same spot again; but, on the death of the first, the ground becomes occupied by a vigorous crop of grass, rising, like a phoenix, from its ashes.” Dr. Wollaston and Sir Humphrey Davy both adopted this elucidation of Professor Wray's as the correct one; and his is the explanation most generally accepted by the best naturalists. The theory has also been very clearly stated in an early volume of the “London Medical and Physical Journal,” thus:—“Every fungus exhausts the ground on which it grows, so that no other can exist on the same spot. It sheds its seed around; and on the second year, instead of a single fungus as a centre, a number arise in an exterior ring around the spot where the individual stood. These exhaust the ground on which they have come to perfection; and in the succeeding year the ring becomes larger, from the same principle of divergency.”

THE MORAL of Mr. Tennyson's poem, “The Holy Grail,” is self-denial. You have in it a picture of brave men going forth from festive boards and mirthful circumstances to encounter, for a religious object, the greatest external hardships. There is an element of romance in this noble conduct which seems to strike an electricity through our veins, and to inspire us with a desire to imitate it; but it is to the principle which lies within it that we have chiefly to look. We need not to go forth in knightly armour, with sword and spear, to enter moonlit caverns rank with the breath of ghosts, and giving back in terrible echoes the thunder of the heavens, to obtain the cup of blessing. We shall find it within ourselves when the demons which lie in the

form of a serpent in our lower nature have been silenced by slow processes of starvation. He is the greatest conqueror who conquers himself.

LIFE, SAID Sydney Smith, is but “a middling affair;” yet surely there are times when it rises some degrees higher than this. Much more depends on our wisdom and self-control than upon the richness of our circumstances. We never enjoy fully what we get easily and what we get often. Variety is a great help, even when we descend to such low levels as eating and drinking. You enjoyed your mutton chop very much to-day, because you had been dining three days before on cold meat: try a veal outlet to-morrow. Don't have the same guests stopping too long at one time in your house. You love them and respect them very much, but a change of society is good for both them and you. After you have been reading the Duke of Argyle's “Reign of Law,” or “Smith's Biblical Dictionary,” or any book of that deep kind, take up one of Trollope's novels, or write a letter to the gentleman or lady you are engaged to, or else go out and see after your flowers in the garden.

TO ENJOY LIFE, you must have an inward capacity for enjoyment as well as external means. A poor man may console himself for the smallness of his means by the possession, gained by nurture and cultivation, of a large capacity. The science of optics shows us that the colour of an object depends much upon the state of the eye which looks at it. It is so with the mind: nothing is beautiful to it, unless it itself is beautiful.

AFTER TEN O'CLOCK, the world should be left to the owls and the bats. Five or six hours' good sleep is enough; but a wise person will always leave himself a margin of two or three hours to fill up, if need be, gaps of wakefulness in the foregoing ones. But if these supplementary hours are not required for sleep, they may well be made a season for meditation, arrangement of thought, and general additions to our stock of wisdom.

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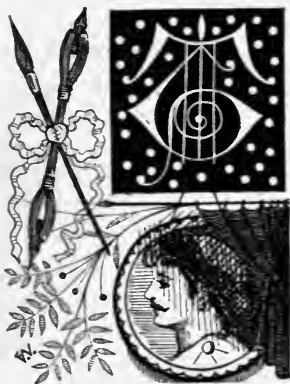
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A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.



THREE weeks have passed since the suicide of Mr. Melliship and the failure of his bank. The town of Market Basing has in some measure recovered its tranquillity, and those who have lost money are begin-

ning to consider that they are lucky in pulling something out of the wreck. Meantime, official assignees have taken possession of the offices, with all their papers. The bereaved and ruined family have stripped themselves of their last farthing, save a poor hundred pounds a-year, the slender portion which Mrs. Melliship brought her husband—the large settlements made upon her at her marriage being absolutely surrendered for the benefit of the creditors. For their advantage, too, the books, pictures, and furniture are to be sold.

It is the last day the Melliships have to spend in their old house. For, obeying the usual instinct of broken people, they have decided on going to London, and hiding their poverty and ruin where no one will be likely to see it. The wounded beast seeks the thickest covert, where it can die undisturbed: the stricken Briton looks for the deepest solitude, which is in the streets of infinite London, where he may brood over his sorrows, and meditate fresh enterprises.

Kate Melliship goes sadly from room to

room, taking her farewell of all that she has known and loved so long. There are the stately bookcases, the portfolios of prints and drawings, the music, the pianos, the very chairs and sofas which have witnessed their happy hours. Dry-eyed, but with a breaking heart, she turns over the leaves of the books, and takes a last look at the pictures in the portfolios. Nothing is to be taken away. They have decided, Frank and she, because their mother is helpless, that nothing but the barest necessaries of clothing is to be retained by them, not even the smallest trinket, not the most precious keepsake, not the most trifling memento. Whatever happens, they will be able to say that, in the wreck of their father's house, they too were wrecked and lost their all. Even the ring upon her finger, with her father's hair, will to-night go into the jewel box, and in a few days be put up to sale with the rest. Alas for this wrenching up of all the tendrils and branching roots with which a girl's affection clings to her home! Agony as was that bitter awaking when the shrieks of the maid roused Kate from her sleep in the early morning, it almost seems as if this is worse, when everything has to be left behind, and of the father who cherished and loved her so tenderly, nothing will be left at all but the memory. Surely, it were something to have a few books of his—to preserve some little token, the sight of which would always bring him back to mind. It is not to be; and poor Kate, too wretched for tears, sits silent and sad in the lonely, fireless room, and feels as if there were no more possibility of life, or light, or joy.

Let me try to depict her.

She is, like her brother, fair-haired; and, like him, tall. Not so fascinating as Grace Heathcote, she has a certain dignity of bearing which makes her more striking in appearance. Grace is a maiden fair—Kate is a queen. Grace is a young man's goddess. For Kate, the Knight Bayard himself

when his locks were touched with gray, and his beard grizzled with forty years, might yet be proud to break a lance. Sweet, good, tender, and true is Grace—strong with a woman's strength, but all womanly. All this Kate is, and more, because she adds resolution, self-reliance, independence, which belong almost to a man. And she has these to a greater degree than her brother Frank.

While she sits with her mother in the cold drawing-room, the door is opened, and Grace Heathcote herself runs in, in her quick and impulsive way, and throws herself upon her neck.

"My Kate—my poor Kate," she cries, with the ready tears of sympathy.

Kate answers coldly—

"We leave to-morrow. I am saying farewell to the old house."

"But you are not going to leave everything behind you?"

"Everything—everything. Until every single debt is paid, Frank says we have no right even to the clothes we wear. All will be sold, Grace, dear. It seems strange. I cannot sometimes understand how a single month can make so great a difference. We were so happy then, and we are so miserable now."

"Kate, dear," whispered Grace, "I have brought something for you, with a message for Frank."

"Who sends us presents now?"

Grace turned very red.

"It—it is from Uncle Mortiboy—your uncle, Kate. Here it is, with his best love and kind wishes."

Grace held in her hand an envelope, unsealed. In it was a Bank of England note for a hundred pounds. In their poverty and distress, a hundred pounds seemed to her a large sum. It was the very first gift of any kind they had ever received from their uncle.

"Did he send it of his own free will, Grace?"

Grace nodded with pertinacity.

"Did no one suggest it to him, Grace?"

Grace shook her head violently, blushing very red.

"Did you suggest it? No? It seems very kind of him—very kind indeed of him," said Kate. "But you must ask Frank if we could accept it."

"Yes," said her mother. "Frank manages for us now. I am hardly consulted about anything; and poor Frank's ideas are so

unworldly and boyish. Oh, my poor, dear husband! Oh, Francis, Francis, to think that you should have had such an end!"

The widowed lady sobbed as if her heart would break, and fell back on the ottoman she was sitting on.

"Go," whispered Kate to Grace. "You will find Frank downstairs."

A little while before, Grace would have romped all over the house after Frank; but since that conversation of theirs in the lane at Hunslope, her feelings were altered very much. Now she was very coy; and her little heart beat fast as she tapped lightly at the door of the room Frank had from boyhood called his own.

His voice said, "Come in."

Grace entered his sanctum blushing, and looking all the more lovely for it.

She gave Frank her hand to shake; with the other, she held the cheque in her pocket.

Now, though it is hard to do it, the truth must be told, that in this business of the cheque Grace Heathcote had been deceiving Kate grossly. Such was the fact.

She went to call upon her uncle with the secret intention of asking him to do something for the Melliships—what, she did not know. She found the old man in a peevish and irritable frame of mind. He was ailing in body, besides; and had had a stormy interview that morning with Ghymes, his manager, who had dared to put in a word for the unfortunate Melliships. Mr. Mortiboy softened a little at sight of his favourite niece; but his face grew hard as the nether millstone when she told him on what errand she had come.

"Who sent you?" he cried, angrily. "Who told you that they had any claim upon me?"

"Nobody, my dear uncle. I came by myself."

He began to walk up and down the room, muttering—

"I had nothing to do with his death—nothing. I could not prevent it. I did not foresee it. I shall lose money as it is through it, I dare say. He has upset everything. No, girl—I cannot do anything for them. I must be just—just before I am generous."

Grace knew Mr. Mortiboy well enough to know that when he talked in this way his resolution was final. She sighed, but tried another tack.

"I suppose, dear uncle"—the little deceiver put her lovely arm round him—"you would not object to helping them indirectly? I mean, if it were at no expense of—of justice."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, uncle, do you remember the kind and generous gift you made me—of a whole hundred pounds—only three weeks ago, when you dined with us? Now, that is mine—is it not? Well, I want to give that to my cousins."

"The girl's mad."

"And for them not to know that it comes from me. So, if you don't mind, dear uncle, giving it me back again, we can manage in this way very well. You shall sign a cheque—a piece of paper—for it, which I will give to them, and tell them it comes from you."

Here was an opportunity of being generous, as Grace had put it, without the infringement of those bulwarks of justice with which Mr. Mortiboy loved to surround a mean and selfish action. The girl, of course, was Quixotic, mad, and romantic; but, then, it was always the way of girls; and, of course, if she insisted on it—if she was quite sure it was the only way, and if she was quite sure that Kate would not suspect—he was ready to give way. He wrote the cheque, gave it to Grace, and saw her depart on her errand of mercy and charity with quite a glow at his own heart, as if he had done it himself.

So he had. He had gained a reputation on the first gift to Grace, which was now going to be doubled, at no greater expense, by the second—the only drawback being that it had really cost him a hundred pounds. Now, Mr. Mortiboy would have preferred a reputation for generosity which should cost him nothing at all.

But all this was a secret from Frank. To conceal anything from him was very painful to Grace, and she felt awkward and embarrassed. She wanted to get the affair of the hundred pounds over at once; but when she tried to approach the subject her heart fluttered so that she dared not venture to begin about it.

So she stood there—rooted, it seemed, to the spot on which she had taken her stand when she had entered the room. Her eyelashes lay in a black fringe on her cheeks—Frank could not see a bit of her eyes—and her manner was restrained, and

not at all like Grace Heathcote's usual demeanour.

"Frank."

"Grace."

And then neither spoke.

The poor boy looked at the carpet, the ceiling, and at his mistress's face, and thought to read his fate there. But Grace stood inscrutable as the Sphinx. They had not met since the day of that walk in the Hunslope lane, when Mr. Frank professed his love. What painful events had happened to both since that afternoon! Yet the memory of it rushed into their hearts at the same moment, and they blushed like children—or like Adam and Eve, when they remembered, the morning after, all about that fatal apple.

They stood for a few moments in silence.

"There have been words between us, Grace," said Frank, "that must be as if they had never been said."

"That cannot be," said Grace, firmly. "We cannot unsay."

"Then we must forget."

"We cannot forget," said the girl. "Tell me, Frank, what you mean, plainly. Tell me all that is in your heart. Do you love me no longer?"

"My love—my darling! I love you better—a thousand times better; but it is because you are so far off from me. Do you know that I am a beggar—that the very clothes I stand in belong properly to our creditors? Grace, I dare not think of love. Yet how hard it is to forget! I have first to pay my father's creditors—how, I do not know. It is my sacred duty. I swore it. I must keep my oath. It will be my life's work. But you, Grace—my dear, dear girl—forget me. Let me go and toil on, without nursing an idle hope. Release me; help me to tear away every illusion, so that I may face the reality. I am a pauper indeed, for I am stripped of more than money—I must give you back your love."

As he spoke this, his voice shook with emotion. With the last word he broke down.

Grace looked up in his eyes, bent upon her with his soft, sad gaze. A tear stood in them.

"What, Frank, is a woman's love such a light thing that it can be taken up and given back at any moment? For shame, sir! Do you think it is not till the wedding service that we take each other for better for worse? For shame, Frank! Do you suppose that I

love you less because you have no more money? You silly boy! Don't you think I love you more because you are unhappy, and because—oh! Frank—Frank—”

And here she dropped her head upon his shoulder. There was nobody by to see her.

It is five minutes later. The interval has been spent in their mingled tears and kisses. Their lips separate, their arms drop from each other's; but by this, their second sacrament of love, the twain are henceforth one.

“I shall tell them myself,” whispered Grace, “and to-night. I shall write to you if I can get permission; but I must not without. And now, Frank—my Frank—we must part. You will trust me, Frank? Kiss me, and tell me again that you love me.”

“I love you, Grace, I love you—I love you! Oh, God! when shall I tell you so again?”

Then Grace told Frank the story of the bank note she had brought in her pocket to give him.

When the name of Mr. Mortiboy was mentioned, Frank flushed with agitation, and refused to soil his fingers with any of the money of his uncle.

“My father's enemies are mine,” he said, looking, it must be confessed, very manly and noble; for Frank Melliship was a fine fellow.

This forced the truth from Grace.

She told him old Ready-money did not give the hundred pounds. It was her money, and he only had charge of it for her; and if she had a hundred thousand million of hundred pound notes, all were Frank's; but this was all she had got. She laid it at his feet, and so on.

Pride at last gave way, and Frank pocketed the note.

“I consent to take it, Grace, on trust, to hold it for Kate and my mother. I will never touch a penny of it, nor shall they, unless we want bread. Some day, Grace”—he was enthusiastic, and his eyes flashed—“when I am rich and famous, I shall give you back this note, and claim your hand.”

He held out his arm, looked at his clenched fist, and shook it, as one who means to move the world.

Grace tried to pull down his arm. All she said was—

“Silly boy!”

But she liked to see him brave, and ready to fight the world—for her.

They were disturbed by the voice of Kate

Melliship. She was calling Grace's name as if she was not sure where she would find her. She had her own womanly instinct to tell her that there was something of a very private nature going on between them.

“Come, Grace, dear,” she said, “here is your father come in to see poor mamma, and he has asked me to find you.”

Grace kissed Kate, called her sister, looked farewell at Frank—who, of course, showed his discomposure much more than the lady did—and sailed out of the room with her arm round sister Kate's neck.

Frank had several visitors that day. One was his cousin, Dick Mortiboy.

“When do you go away, all of you?” he asked.

“To-morrow.”

“Send me your address, Frank, will you? Promise that, for old times. Dick Mortiboy never forgets old friends, my boy—nor old enemies. It is not always possible to pay back old scores to either; but I do my best. There are not many men between this and the Pacific who have done me a mischief that go about comfortable and easy in their minds. Well, let us have the address, for your father's sake. Many is the tip I have had from him, in the days when tips were scarce.”

Frank promised; and Dick, shaking hands with him, strode off.

John Heathcote was another visitor.

“But what are you going to do, my dear boy?” he asked Frank.

“I don't know. I hope something will turn up.”

“Something turn up, indeed! Yes; and you may be a clerk in a bank at a hundred a-year, with permission to marry when you get a hundred and fifty. No, no—we must find something for you, Frank, my boy.”

Mr. Heathcote pressed his hand, and took his leave. Folded in a packet was the farmer's present—the same as his daughter's, a note for a hundred pounds—which he left in Frank's hand like a physician's fee. Frank's heart was full. He had more than half a mind to tell Mr. Heathcote of his relation to his daughter; but he could not. He sat, and buried his face in his hands, in that same chair where his father had sat a month before, with his wild eyes gazing upon the imaginary spectre. Presently, when his thoughts were too oppressive for him to bear, he seized his hat, and went out to

drive away some of his care and sorrow by dint of physical exertion.

He took a walk up the Hunslope-road. A mile out of Market Basing stands Queen's Cross—one of the monuments erected by King Edward to the memory of Eleanor. From the little hill that the cross stands on there is a fine view of the town. Frank stood contemplating the familiar prospect, when he was aware of somebody standing by his side.

It was Grace. He took her hand, and pressed it tenderly in his.

"I came on first," she said. "The carriage will be here directly. Papa was talking a long time at the Angel to Mr. Mortiboy, and I walked on; and I have walked, and walked, till you see I have got as far as this."

As she spoke, the Heathcotes' sociable drove up, and stopped to take up Grace and set down old Mr. Mortiboy, whose foundry was behind the hill, within a quarter of a mile of the Cross.

Frank was to have one more meeting that day.

Old Mr. Mortiboy sat by the side of John Heathcote, with his long, lean, bending figure; and his outstretched arm looked, in the dim twilight, like some bird of prey.

"So," said he, in his creaking voice, "you go to-morrow, young gentleman, I hear—you go to-morrow."

"We do, Mr. Mortiboy."

"Well, I hope that you will prosper, and—and get money, and take care of it—not like your poor father."

"If my father did spend money, he knew how to spend it on good and worthy objects, Mr. Mortiboy," retorted Frank, hotly.

"Ay, ay—we all knew Francis Mellish-p."

"I will have nothing said about my father from you," said Frank. "You were always his enemy. You took a pleasure in going up and down the town saying spiteful things of him. You envied him, Mr. Mortiboy. When he was richest, you had treble his wealth; and though you care more for money than for any other mortal thing, you envied him. You saw how people loved and respected him, and you looked in vain round Market Basing to find a soul that either loved or respected you. Do not dare to speak, sir, of a dead man whom you might have saved. Yes, Mr. Mortiboy, there is a letter lying on the study table now—an un-

finished letter—telling me that you might have saved him. Do not dare, sir, to speak of the man whose death you have compassed."

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Mortiboy. "Upon my word! Now this is pretty peacockery!"

Nevertheless, though the old man's words were brave, his cheeks were white, and his fingers trembling. The blow had struck home more deeply than his nephew thought.

Mr. Heathcote caught Frank by the arm.

"Don't, Frank," he cried. "What's the good?"

Mr. Mortiboy raised himself erect. He was taller than Frank, and it always gives a man a moral advantage to be able to point downwards.

Mr. Mortiboy shook his forefinger, solemnly, two inches in front of Frank's nose.

"Young man," he said, "it ill becomes one of your years and inexperience to speak of things of which you know nothing. Some day you will be sorry for what you have said. Go home now, and see your sister. You will be sorry for what you have said this very evening. I wish you well, sir."

Mr. Mortiboy, it will be seen, alluded to the hundred pound cheque of Grace's. The old man did not know that Frank had been told the truth. It was gracefully done, and conveyed an impression—dim and vague, but vast—of secret generosity, which affected Frank disagreeably. He felt as if he had been speaking too harshly; and, wishing Grace and her father good night, without another word, went home.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

TO London! Cry of the young and ambitious. Let those who will sit at home, grub for money bit by bit, die and be forgotten. To London!—battle-field where glory is to be won, gold-diggings richer than any in California, diamond fields safer than any in Natal;—the place to make fortunes, to repair ruin, to hide disgrace, to realize dreams, to bury shame. No fable is it, invented for the delusion of youth—that of the rich man who came to London with a single sixpence in his pocket. It is a reality which happens every day. Nor does it matter whether the beginning be made with a sixpence or a hundred pounds, for the end is certain to him who has brains, and pluck, and patience.

The widow, with her two children, and such small impedimenta as remained from the general wreck, came to London. They had their modest one hundred pounds a-year—Mrs. Melliship's dowry at her marriage; they had, besides, the present made. A small stock to start with; but Frank and Kate had youth and hope.

"We will paint pictures, Kate," said Frank, "and sell them. I will copy, and you shall make original drawings. We will get you hung in the Royal Academy, and all the world will run to buy."

Kate smiled.

"Find me subjects, Frank, and find me strength and skill."

"You have at least the genius," said her brother.

It was true. Kate Melliship had been taught as carefully as Market Basing professors could teach—though it had not been possible, in a country town, to give her those lessons in painting which are essential for the best colourist. But she had genius, which her brother had not. While Frank's drawings were sometimes stiff and always weak, hers were vigorous and free. If her conceptions were generally too difficult for her powers of execution, they were always artistic and genuine. Art was her passion. To be an artist for bread would bring no sense of shame with it, but rather of pride, as it ought. The only thing was to make bread out of it.

They took lodgings in South Kensington, near the Museum, and began to work. Mrs. Melliship, with the view of doing something to help the family, wrote secretly to a certain first cousin—her nearest relation. The first cousin sent her a ten-pound note: throwing the money to them like a bone to a dog. Kate made her mother promise to write no more begging letters, and said nothing to Frank about it.

This was the dreariest period in Kate Melliship's life. Her mother always in tears, or querulously comparing things present with things of old; Frank alternately in enthusiastic hopes of success and sheer despair; and her own work going on all too slowly for her impatience. They were exiles, too, and not yet settled into acquiescence of their lot.

"Nos dulcia linquimus arva,
Nos patriam fugimus,"

they might have cried had any one of

the three known so much Latin, or found any consolation in applying it. Some women, if anything goes wrong, find a text in the Bible which fits their case, and are immediately comforted and consoled. It does not help them with any advice, it does not show them that they are punished for their own faults, it does not promise anything for the future;—but then it is a text; and the feminine heart, after receiving it, feels soothed and warmed, like a cold man with a glass of brandy and water. Kate was not one of these women. She had the bravery to look things in the face. Her mother was not one of these women, because she never looked anything in the face.

Frank, too, was not good enough to succeed. Kate knew it well. By his moody fits she saw that he, too, knew it well. At night, she would hear him walking to and fro far into the small hours. This was when he was haunted with the thought of failure, knowing that on success depended his hopes of Grace—battling with the temptation to ask of silent Heaven, *why*: that *why* which every innocent victim of sin and folly is tempted to ask, so that the Giver of all good is perpetually assailed with the reproach that He has given evil.

"Is it not hard, Kate?"—he would ask sometimes, when his mother had gone to bed—"Is it not hard?"—selfish in his sorrow. "All was in my grasp. Grace loved me; we were rich; we—"

"Don't look back, Frank dear. Look forward. She loves you still. If she is worth having, she will wait."

"Wait? Look here, Kate?"—he tore the cover from a picture he had just finished. "This is the kind of daub which is to make me famous, is it?"

"Indeed, Frank, it is not bad. Your colouring is always rather hard." She bent over it, trying to find points for praise, but there were none. "At any rate, you can copy."

"And earn about fifty pounds a-year."

"See, dear Frank, here is a little sketch I made this morning."

It was a water-colour: a raft floating alone in the sea. On it, three figures clinging together. In the sky, a rainbow against the clouds, and a ray of sunshine falling on their faces.

Frank put it down without a word. He could not see any ray of sunshine.

He was not always in this hopeless mood.

Sometimes he was ready to laugh over little privations which had become necessary in their diminished means. It was in the time of that celebrated series of letters in the *Daily Telegraph* which showed how a man can marry, bring up ten children in luxury, be the proud proprietor of a pew, and save sixpence per annum to meet contingencies, all for £80 a-year; and he would read out the details, applying them to their own case, till Mrs. Mellish would be astonished by hearing their old laughter almost as loud and bright as before. At twenty-four one can't be always crying, even though things do look hopelessly bad.

"I can't do anything with it, Kate," said Frank, ruefully contemplating his grand classical picture, "The Death of Antigone," which he had begun with such confidence and pride. "I shall never be a painter. What shall I try next? The more I look at that stiff-necked Antigone, the more I hate her. Shall I advertise for a post as light porter? Look at her eyes: she squints. Shall I become a photographer's tout? Aid me, my wise sister, with counsel."

But Kate had none to give.

As the slow, cold spring crept on, Mrs. Mellish's health began to decline. More trouble for poor Kate. She did not dare tell Frank that the London confinement was telling upon their mother. So she waited, hoping and fearing, and working bravely while the weeks crept by. Grace and Lucy Heathcote wrote to her.

Lucy's letters were all about Grace. Grace was becoming more womanly; she thought she was paler than she used to be; she was more thoughtful; she seemed more religious.

Grace wrote about things in general. She did not disguise from Kate the hard battle she always had with her mother. The girls, indeed, had never been greatly influenced by Mrs. Heathcote—inferior as she was to her daughters in point of both education and feeling.

"Tell Frank," she wrote, "that I have promised papa not to write to him. I told him, too, that I was going to send him messages. Tell him, dear Kate, that he is to go on loving me if he can, for I shall always love him. He is not to be worried if he does not succeed at first, because I can wait, and he is not to be impatient.

"My mother and I had a scene yesterday. Poor Lucy only cried. It was about

Cousin Dick. Your know poor mamma's *insane* idea that Dick wants to marry me.

"Pray, how long are you going to encourage Dick's attentions?" she asked me.

"Until I find out he *is* paying me attentions," I replied.

"Then she said things that made me go out of the room, and I refused to go back until papa came home. Dick, indeed!

"Dick is a real good fellow, though, and I like him tremendously. He is as good-natured as a big man always is, and never in the way like little men. Pray, Kate, how is it that little men take up so much more room than big men? He says wonderful things, too; and invents stories, if you ask him for an anecdote, as if he was a Trollope. I hold up my finger and say—'Dick, a Mexican story.' And he begins at once quite gravely, 'When I was in Texas,' and then always something new. He confessed to me the other day that he invents. Mamma says he is a young man of excellent religious principles. If so, my dear, he takes care to keep his light hidden, for he never goes to church, wanted once to play cards on Sunday, smokes cigars all day if he can, and I once heard him swear at Silly Billy till the poor man turned white. But I like Dick. Here he comes, and I am going to be shown the lasso trick—wait till I come back. Oh, Kate, my dear, Cousin Dick is an admirable Crichton. He has been throwing the lasso as they do it in his beloved Texas—Lucy and I looking on. The miserable victim was a colt; its leg is broken. Colts in this country don't understand the lasso, as I told Dick. He swore in Spanish. It sounded very deep and grand, like a church organ in a rage—not like the very ugly and vulgar sounds which issue from the mouth of the rural Briton. Kate, my dear, I'm very miserable, because I can't help being happy sometimes, and I'm afraid you and Frank are not. Forgive me, dear. Mamma refuses to recognize our engagement. Of course, that makes no difference. Poor old uncle Mortiboy looks greatly changed in the last few weeks. His hand shakes, his head shakes, and he shakes all over. Lucy goes to see him oftener than I, because she is a better girl than your wicked Grace—whom you and F. love so much—and does her duty. He sits and shakes, and talks perpetually about what is going to happen when he is gone.

"When I am gawn,' he says, in such a

doleful way that you would think he was going at once. But he is quite happy when Dick is with him. He follows him with his eyes. He cannot bear to spend his evenings without him. Dick, like a good creature, sits and talks with his father every night of his life. . . . I've told you all the gossip I know. Papa wants me to give his love to you, and tells Frank to keep a good heart. The dear old man! I had a walk and a talk with him yesterday all over the ploughed fields, and came back with mud up to my eyes. I told him, what I tell you, that I love Frank, and shall never marry anybody else, even if anybody else should ask me. Cousin Dick, indeed!

"Please give my kind remembrances, and Lucy's, and mamma's, to Mrs. Melliship and to Mr. Frank Melliship, and send me a long and happy letter."

Dick was not without his troubles. The old man bored him almost beyond endurance. To make the evenings livelier, he conceived the brilliant plan of keeping his father's weekly bottle of gin always half full. Then the old man, quite unconsciously, took to drinking double and treble allowance, and would go to bed an hour earlier, staggering up the stairs. In the morning, he was tremulous and nervous. He did not like to be left alone. The death of Mr. Melliship seemed to have suddenly aged him. At night he lay awake—unless he had taken more spirits than was good for him—trembling at imaginary whispers. Ghrimes, at the bank, found that his acumen was gone altogether; and yet he would not give up his functions.

With all this, tighter than ever with the money. Nothing to be got out of him for any of Dick's foreign schemes. And all the more hopeless now, because the old man had only one thought—to keep his son at home.

Second trouble—Polly. Once a week or so, she came to see him. Dick went to the trysting-place with as much joy as a boy goes to keep an appointment with the head master after school. She was always gushing and affectionate; always wanting more money for little Bill; and, which was his only comfort, always afraid of him.

Another trouble—L'affleur. With his usual bad luck, this worthy had got through his share of the thousand, and was wanting more. Before long, his own would be all

gone. And his promise to raise five thousand in three months! More than two of them gone. And how to raise the money?

TO WINTER.

WINTER, Winter, did I murmur
When thy kingdom first began,
And leaves fallen in the pathways
With the murmuring breezes ran?

When the early frost had blighted
All wild flowers in the lane,
And my roses in the garden
In one moonlight had been slain?

Or, when thou hadst driven blackbird,
Thrush, and linnet from their bough,
And when I, at morn and even,
Heard their song no longer flow?

Or, when days fell short and shadowy,
Cold and wet and changeable?
No. My heart to all the Summer
Said resignedly, "Farewell."

Leaves and flowers, roses, song-birds,
None of these I prayed thee spare;
But I asked that hopes just budding
In my heart, have genial air.

WINTER AMONG THE BLUE NOSES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

TRAPPING is not the profitable employment it once was; although in the interior of New Brunswick, near the heads of the rivers, there is a vast tract of rugged wilderness in which the fur-bearing animals still exist, and are pursued by Indians and Frenchmen. In this district beavers are still plentiful; and so are otters, bears, and loup-cervier; while musquash, owing to the low price of the fur, are very numerous. Some day or other, musquash fur, which is really excellent, will become fashionable, and then these little animals will be exterminated. As it is, thousands and thousands of musquash skins are annually exported to Europe; and, when dyed and doctored by the furriers, are bought by the uninitiated under the names of South Sea seal and other valuable furs. The best seasons for fur hunting are in the late fall and spring; in the depth of winter, little can be done by the trapper.

When stern winter lays his hand on this land, the feathered game, with one exception, fly from his icy touch to warmer climes. The bear, hid away in his den, fares sumptuously, it is said, on his paws. The only game left worthy of the sportsman's notice

are the cariboo and the moose. Hunting these animals successfully is not such an easy matter as might be desired. We cannot breakfast comfortably at home and return to dinner to talk of this moose and that cariboo that have fallen to our unerring rifle. Alas, no! We have to seek for them far away in the depths of the howling, snow-covered wilderness; we have to make a regular business of it—tear ourselves away from the bosoms of our families for a fortnight, undergo a certain amount of hardship, devour a certain amount of nastiness; and after all, if fate be unkind, we are liable to return empty-handed, and be chaffed by our friends. But, on the other hand, should our luck be in, our powder straight, and our hunt successful, why the difficulties we have encountered have but added to our enjoyment.

The first step that our sportsmen take—I am presuming that there are two of them—is to secure the services of two of the aborigines. These, unlike the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland, who “could neither be tempted by women nor gold,” gladly accept the latter commodity at the rate of one dollar per diem, and bring their trabogens—of which more anon. The Indians of these provinces belong to two different tribes, or, more correctly, to two different families, both offshoots from the Iroquois, or six nations. The more numerous are the Micmacs, who live in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and on the north shore of New Brunswick. They are never found far from the sea-shore; whereas the Milicetes are inland Indians, and their settlements are confined exclusively to the banks of the St. John River. Their languages are different; although, I dare say, etymologists would have little trouble in tracing them both back to the same parent tongue. In habits and mode of life they are much alike. They are not addicted to scalping, and have never been heard to utter a war cry—when sober. On the contrary, they are a quiet, civil, obliging, rather lazy people, given to basket-making, smoking, and, I regret to add, drinking when they have the means. They have entirely renounced paint and feathers, and dress the men in coats and continuations, the women in petticoats, like white people, with one grand exception—the lady wears the beaver. It is, indeed, a fine sight to see a squaw coming to market, with her baskets and a papoose on her back, a tall hat on her head,

with mocassined feet, and a silver brooch, like a tin plate, on her bosom. Their names are peculiar. I never knew an Indian called Smith, Jones, or Robinson. A dozen of our male Christian names would include the surnames of every man in the tribe; whilst half a dozen female Christian names prefixed would take in all the women. This apparent simplicity of nomenclature is, however, rather puzzling; for in a party of four Indians with their squaws, two of the men will, perhaps, answer to the names of Peter Joe, the other two to Joe Peter, whilst all four ladies will be Nancy Joes and Nancy Peters.

Having secured the services of two of these men—good hunters—guns, blankets, axes, snow shoes, and provisions are packed in a sleigh, and we start for the hunting ground. Should the road be in good order, or, in other words, should some little time have elapsed since the last snow storm, we trot along merrily, and reach our destination—“the last house”—at sundown, and put up there for the night.

“The last house”—*i. e.*, that house in the settlement which is most remote from the civilized world—deserves some little notice; for there are many of them in this country—pardon the bull. It is a little square building, made of logs and bark, containing one small room with an enormous fireplace. The furniture is simple, generally consisting of a bedstead or two, a table, a couple of stools, and a few barrels. But small as is his accommodation, the proprietor of the last house is invariably of a hospitable turn of mind, and does his utmost to entertain his guests; while the good woman cooks the supper, he spins them yarns (which are not always to be relied upon) about the moose and bears he has slain; he handles the guns, down the muzzles of which he squints, discriminating between them, and “guessing” that “she is good for ball,” “she for shot.” We sleep in our own blankets before the good man’s fire, in preference to turning into the beds, which seem pretty full. At first, in my ignorance, I wondered how, in a little crib of this sort, often inhabited by large families of both sexes, to say nothing of casual wayfarers, they managed to undress and go to bed. I soon discovered that in the backwoods people never undress—they turn in all as they stand.

On the following day the journey has to be resumed on foot, the Indians hauling the

baggage on their trabogens. These are long, narrow hand-sleds; the runners are very wide, and turned up in front, and they run lightly on the top of the snow, or in a man's snowshoe track. It is really wonderful to see the loads an Indian can haul through the woods on one of these primitive conveyances: two hundredweight is nothing out of the way for a trabogen load. Four or five miles of a tramp along a lumber road generally brings the sportsmen to their camping ground.

Camping out in the snow, in a climate where the mercury frequently falls ten or twenty degrees below zero, seems, at first sight, to be a terrible matter. But it is not really a very great hardship. It must be borne in mind that into the depths of the forest no wind can penetrate; and it is the cold and chilling nor'-westers, that come sweeping over hundreds of miles of snow and ice, which freeze one to the marrow in the open country. Out of reach of this wind, no matter how low the temperature, a man walking or taking any sort of exercise will never suffer from the cold. The best time to build a camp or wigwam is in the summer. Then the bark peels off the white birch and the spruce in large sheets, four or five feet square, which form a roof capable of resisting any weather. In winter, when the sap is frozen, it is hard to procure bark, and the more tedious operation of splitting cedar into boards is had recourse to. When time presses, canvas, tarpaulin, or blankets form the roof. Often, when the night looks fine, the hunter sleeps under the stars.

I once went hunting with a friend who had never before passed a night in the open. After a hard day's walking on snow shoes, in the course of which he often and often inquired how far we were from camp, we at last arrived, weary and jaded, at our destination, and found nothing but a few bare poles; the bark wigwam had been burnt, and four feet of snow covered the ashes. My friend's face was a picture. He had been looking forward for many weary hours to a snug log hut, which existed solely in his imagination. However, we worked hard to put things to rights; and after supper he passed from one extreme to another, and vowed he had never felt so jolly in his life.

The first step towards making a winter camp is to shovel the snow from a space some fifteen or twenty feet square, using snow shoes for shovels. At two opposite

sides of the square space of ground thus cleared of snow, walls two feet or three feet in height are made of logs, and slanting poles over these are stuck into the snow to support the roof. The fire is made in the centre, and on each side of it a thick coating of young fir boughs is laid down for seats and beds. But the great institution is the fire: when it burns brightly, the camp is warm and comfortable; when it gets low, Jack Frost comes in despite every shelter.

Nature, in this cold country, has given us a plentiful supply of fuel, which we use unsparingly, prodigally. The Indians are woodsmen of the highest order; no trick in woodcraft but they are up to—as well they may be. To see them ply the axe at the close of a cold winter's day, with only half an hour's daylight to cut firewood for the night, is a caution. They use small two and a half pound axes, with straight handles. Dry spruce and pine are chopped for kindling; but our mainstay is the green hardwood. Rock or bird's-eye maple is the best; beech and black birch rank next. Great logs, eight or ten feet in length, and a foot in diameter, redden and glow in the camp fire, which consumes fuel enough in one night to keep an ordinary fireplace going for a month. The kettle, suspended at the end of a pole, is soon boiling, ready for tea; the frying-pan sends forth an odour grateful to the nose of the hungry hunter, and he eats his supper of pork, tea, and bread in the woods with more appetite than he has for the most *recherché* dinner that civilization can give him in his home. Some of the Indians are good cooks; they bake capital bread, either in a tin thing made for the purpose, or in the ashes: the latter method is the best. When the larder is supplied with fresh meat, they make capital soups and stews, with the addition of an onion or two, compressed vegetables, pepper, and salt.

After supper, the hunter wraps his blanket round his head and shoulders, and, stretching his feet to the fire, sleeps as soundly—after a little practice—as he does in his bed, dreaming of the cariboo he will shoot on the morrow.

The cariboo of North America is, to all intents and purposes, identical with the reindeer of Lapland and Greenland. The most southern range of this animal is the State of Maine, and the most northern—for aught we know to the contrary—is the North Pole. There are still a good many of them

in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; but each year we have to go farther from home to find them. In the northern part of New Brunswick, in Gaspé, in Labrador, and in Newfoundland, they still roam almost undisturbed by the hunter. They are not much hunted by the settlers, for two reasons—viz., because the hide is of trifling value, and because few men know how to hunt them. Would it were so also with the moose! But these huge animals cannot travel in deep snow; and at certain periods of the year fall easy victims to the hunter on snow shoes. Cariboo, on the contrary, from their lesser weight and the peculiar formation of their hoofs, which they can spread out or close at will, walk on the top of the snow, and can rarely, if ever, be run down. It requires a good stalker, and favourable conditions of wind and snow, to approach within range. Unlike the moose, they are sociable though wandering animals, and go about in herds. Their favourite resorts are spruce and juniper woods and barren grounds. They feed on mosses, of a pale green and brown colour, which hang in profusion, like tufts of hair, from the stems and branches of the black spruce and juniper trees; also on the lichen, which grows on the mountainous and barren ground. They dig for the latter with their fore feet, through the snow. Their paces are walk, trot, and gallop. When travelling in either of the former ways, they move in file; so that it is impossible from the tracks to judge the number of a herd. When frightened they gallop, clearing twenty or thirty feet at a bound; but this they cannot do in deep snow. The does have one or two calves in the month of May. The rutting season is in October. Although a shy and wary animal, the cariboo is sometimes a very stupid one, and seems so puzzled at the sound of a shot that he frequently gives the sportsman more than one chance. If one of a herd be dropped in his tracks—the shooter being concealed from view—the remainder get quite bewildered, and sometimes the whole herd will fall to his rifle. It is far otherwise if they wind a man; indeed, all the wild animals I have met with seem to imbibe fear through their noses more than through any other organ. The hoofs of the cariboo, which serve as snow shoes also, from their sharp edges, enable them to walk over perfectly smooth ice without falling. In fact, they are at home amid snow and ice, and every attempt

to acclimatize them in warm or even moderate climates has failed hitherto.

The great event for the hunter is finding fresh tracks. These the Indians follow up and trace out with great skill, in favourable circumstances never failing to get within shot. This is not as simple a matter as it might appear to be, particularly when the tracks are choked with fresh or drifted snow. A herd, too, when feeding is perpetually on the move, and makes a vast amount of tracks backward and forward, round and round. They are obliged to do so from the nature of their food, which they obtain in small quantities here and there. The prettiest sport is when they are found on the barrens—great plains, dotted over with spruce and juniper bushes. They can then be seen a long way off, and the stalking is very exciting. Success depends upon the state of the snow. A thaw, succeeded by a sharp frost, forms a crust which the snow-shoe breaks through with so much noise as to render stalking impossible. The only remedy then is to take off the snow shoes, and walk without them in the animal's tracks; but this cannot be done in very deep snow. It is a charming sight for the sportsman to see a large herd of cariboo on the barrens, when he is hid from them, and has their wind. In this case, he can almost make sure of approaching to within a hundred yards' distance, or much less if there is good cover.

In winter, the colour of the cariboo is of a grayish brown, approaching to white about the neck and belly; in summer they are much darker. Both bucks and does have horns. Those of the former are very irregular in shape, but handsome, large, and branchy. The old bucks shed their antlers in November, but the young ones and the does retain theirs much longer. The flesh is good and tender, but rather dry. How can it be otherwise in winter, considering that their sole food is a substance much like tow, and with about as much taste? The does in October and November are delicious eating. Plenty of game gives the Indians hard work; for they have to haul the carcasses on their trabogens to the nearest road or lumber camp, where those good fellows the lumberers are always ready to assist.

I believe naturalists are now agreed that the moose of Northern America and the elk of Northern Europe are one and the same animal. In different localities

they differ in size; but that may be put down to the difference in quantity and quality of their food. In Nova Scotia moose are plentiful. This is partly owing to the protection afforded them in the breeding season by the Legislature of that province; but partly and chiefly owing to the fact that the snow is rarely deep enough for the settlers and Indians to run them down on snow shoes, and butcher them, as they do in New Brunswick. Still, hunting moose is rare good sport, and requires the greatest skill in the hunter; but, as the animals shed their magnificent antlers in the fall, the sport in winter is robbed of half its charms. As I said elsewhere, they are unable to travel fast through the deep snow; and in winter, either singly or in parties of two or three, they choose a hill or tract far back in the forest, where their favourite browse—moose-wood and maple—abounds. In this space of ten or twenty acres, called a moose-yard, they remain all winter, unless disturbed. In New Brunswick and Lower Canada, during the month of March, when the snow is deep and crusted—which serves the double purpose of making the snow-shoeing good and of cutting the moose's shins—hundreds of moose are annually butchered for the sake of the hides, value \$5 each, the more valuable carcasses being left to rot, and poison the woods with their stench. The cows, being heavy in calf at this season, are the more easily slaughtered. This is a shame. Animal life is not so abundant in these woods that it should be thus recklessly destroyed. There is some act for their protection, I believe; but forty acts passed by the assembled wisdom of the provinces in the great city of Ottāwa, each one of them as long as the River St. Lawrence, are of no manner of use unless they are enforced. No attempt is made to check the trade in moose hides. In my opinion, moose are useful for three purposes—three reasons for their protection. First of all, as an article of food; secondly, as affording an exciting and health-giving sport, when hunted at the proper seasons; and thirdly, as a bait to strangers, who spend more or less money in a country where money is much needed, and carry away with them favourable impressions. But surely, even if the moose is of no use as an ornament to the woods of Canada, and a guest whose keep costs nothing, he should not be utterly exterminated by the Canadians.

An old Micmac spun me a quaint yarn anent the moose which I will retail, not making myself responsible for its veracity. "Some sixty years ago," he said, "the Milicetes made a raid upon the moose, as the white men are doing now. The Micmacs sent an ambassador to expostulate, and request them to kill 'em more easy. The only reply the Milicetes made to this polite request was to seize the ambassador, and roast him. When the sad news reached the Micmacs, their sage prophesied that the moose would altogether leave a country where such bad people lived. Accordingly, in the following year, moose did leave New Brunswick: many were tracked to the seaside, and their tracks lost in the ocean. The medicine-man further prophesied that no man then living should ever see a moose again; but that the succeeding generation would be more fortunate. Accordingly, about twenty-five years ago two moose were perceived one fine morning swimming towards the shore. One of them was killed, and nothing but seaweed was found inside it. Sartin, mister," concluded my old informant, "moose not all the same as other beast."

Nothing strikes a person travelling in the woods for the first time in the depth of winter so much as the extreme—I may say solemn—silence which prevails. No sound of any sort strikes the ear, save at intervals the cracking of the trees, caused by the freezing of the sap. Nor does any track or sign indicate to the casual observer the existence of any animal life. This is explained by the fact that in very cold weather no animals but the cariboo and the loup-cervier (*Felis Canadensis*) move about much. Even the few birds that winter in the country remain in sheltered places, in hollow trees, or under the snow. Several quadrupeds that do not hibernate regularly, like the bear, provide themselves with little homes, in hollow trees and elsewhere, and stores of provisions. Among these are the common red squirrel (*Sciurus Hudsonius*), the flying squirrel (*Pteromys sabrinus*), the wood-chuck (*Arctomys monax*), the skunk (*Mephitis Americana*), and two or three sorts of mice. The sable (*Mustela martes*), and the black cat (*M. Canadensis*), in districts where they abound, are rarely seen by the hunter. An old trapper assured me that, in the whole course of his experience, he had seen but one sable alive. The rabbit, or rather the

hare (*Lepus A.*), is rarely seen, thanks to the snow-white jacket given it by nature for its protection in winter. Neither is the ermine weasel (*Mustela erminea*), for the same reason. The ruffed grouse (*T. umbellus*), and the Canadian grouse (*T. Canadensis*), live aloft in the trees, or when they do come down it is merely to take a header into the snow. There is but one exception, the meat-bird, or moose-bird (*Garrulus Canadensis*). No amount of cold keeps this most impudent of birds at home when meat is to be got. So far from being afraid of man, he follows him through the woods, enters his camp through the smoke-hole in the roof, and almost takes the bit out of his mouth. I have killed one, "*pour encourager les autres.*" His comrades stolidly looked on, and by and by picked his bones. They eat anything. Meat, bread, provisions of any kind—nothing comes amiss to the robbers; soap they are very partial to. When the hunter stops for dinner, and lights his fire, no bird is to be seen or heard; hardly, however, is the frying-pan on the fire, when moose-bird makes his appearance, and, chuckling with joy, perches on a bough within five or six feet of the pan. They eat the baits out of the hunter's traps, and the trapped animals. They flock in numbers to districts where moose have been slaughtered, and eat and fight the livelong day. They make several different sounds, each one more discordant than the other. Late in the fall, when trout go to shallow water to spawn, moose-bird takes a wrinkle from the kingfisher, and feasts on small trout. I have seen a dog feeding on one end of a piece of meat, a moose-bird on the other. It is generally supposed that birds cannot smell, but the moose-bird must be an exception, for in thick woods he cannot see; and how then does he find meat so quickly? Whilst on the one hand they have, for their size, such a vast stowage for provisions, on the other hand they can fast for extraordinarily long periods. They fight like tigers. A servant of mine caught three in steel traps, and cruelly put them all together in a cage, where, to use his own expression, they "fit like bull dogs." I told him to kill them at once, as they were all mutilated; one fellow, however, escaped amidst a shower of missiles, hopping away on one leg and one wing. I thought nothing more of the circumstance till about a week afterwards, when I observed another of these birds

staggering under a load of meat. I had the curiosity to follow him, when I observed that he took his load to a stump some thirty yards off, and, contrary to their usual custom, commenced to share his booty with a comrade, whom I recognized as my old friend the cripple. I took charge of the poor fellow, and fed him during his convalescence; and have thought better of the meat-bird ever since. Two or three of them often take possession of a camp, and drive away intruders; when one is killed, a fresh one arriving and taking his place. On a subsequent occasion, I observed the treatment an intruder met with at the hands (bills) of the two friendly meat-birds mentioned above. He came one afternoon, very hungry, for a feed of cariboo. My camp birds, in a state of repletion, were half asleep; but hardly had the interloper dug his bill into the meat, when they both went at him, tooth and nail. I never saw a bird get such a mauling; the old cripple putting in some ugly ones from behind. How the wool did fly! Soon they were out of sight; but the screaming lasted half an hour, and judging by their pleased expressions when they returned, I think they killed him.

Occasionally, even in this Arctic winter, we have a mild day or two, and then the woods present a very different aspect. The squirrels chatter, and the woodpeckers carpenter away at the trees. An occasional partridge, so called, may now be seen, or the track of a porcupine (*Hystrix pilosus*) dragging himself through the snow. The beaver leaves his lodge, and comes out for a bite of fresh bark. Even the bear is sometimes tempted out of his den. The pine grosbeak (*Pinicola Canadensis*) and the crossbill (*Loxia curvirostra*) show themselves round the camp; the chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*) adds his little note in approbation of the change; and even the snow-bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*), that hardiest of the feathered tribe, shows its appreciation of a mild day by leaving the forest and flocking to the farmyard. But the bird of all others that dislikes the cold is the cock of the woods, or great red-headed woodpecker (*Picus pileatus*). He scents the approach of mild weather; and when, on a cold winter's day, you hear him giving tongue—chuckling away lustily on the very summit of a giant rampike—no matter how fine and bright the day, be sure that tomorrow it will rain.

Forest life has so many charms for me, that I am apt to forget that others may not be equally enamoured of it, and so dose my listeners *ad nauseam* with hunting and trapping; but I would not have them for a moment to understand that these are the only winter amusements of the Blue Noses—far from it. In the cities of St. John, Halifax, Charlottetown, and Fredericton, dances, dinners, and the other sociale resources of civilization pleasantly help to while away the leisure hour; and hospitality is at its height in the long nights of winter. Of all the institutions of the country, commend me to a sleighing party. The horses are fast, the roads are good, the bells ring merrily, the air is bracing; and, nestled in warm robes, nowhere do the fair ones look more blooming. In fact, no one who has not tried it can have any idea of the pleasures of a sleigh drive with a Blue Nose girl. Another amusement, "trabogening," must not be forgotten. For this, four items are requisite—viz., a trabogen, a steep hill, a young gentleman, and a young lady. Contrary to etiquette in other matters, the gentleman sits with his back to the lady, in the front or bow of the trabogen, holding on with his hands and steering with his feet. Now, as he cannot hold on to the vehicle and hold his partner too, why she is compelled to hold on to him. The pace is great, and the sensation curious but pleasant; but, like every other pleasure, it has its drawback—in this case literally.

In small towns, isolated, or at least partially isolated, during many months of the year from the outside of the world, where wealth—or perhaps I should say competence—and also education are not very unequally divided, one might suppose that, if there is any place in the world where society exists in a tolerably homogeneous state, it would be here. But, no—we have not found Utopia yet. We have our aristocracy and our democracy, our first families and our shoddy. Every grade and every clique that finds a place in the vast societies of London or at New York has a corresponding one here. In large communities, these cliques, though imposing from their very size and weight, are of little consequence to the individual; in smaller ones, though quite as natural, they become deplorable and ridiculous. If my existence be utterly ignored by "my Lord," what care I? My friends are Smith, and Brown, and Jones, equally well edu-

cated, and equally good fellows with the peer. If my wife has not the honour of being bidden to Mrs. Shoddy's "at homes," what need she care? Mesdames Smith, Brown, and Jones, and fifty other equally refined and equally charming ladies, are in the same boat, and can have their own little amusements. But, on the other hand, in communities which can be counted by tens instead of by hundreds, or even thousands, it does seem a pity that people should not sink their wretched little prejudices, and pull together. It seems a pity that I should not know my next-door neighbour, simply because "our families don't visit." My father was a tailor, a most respectable man, who managed to bring up a large family, and leave them a few hundred dollars each at his death. Smith's father, his contemporary, was a grocer; but Smith junior married a judge's daughter, and got the crest too, somehow or another—a demi-lion rampant.

Smith, good fellow, rather likes me, I believe, than otherwise—anyhow, he slapped me on the back the other night at a fire, and we had a drink together; but then, socially the Smiths are a cut above us. They drive a pony phaeton, with a boy in buttons, and are asked to Government house: we take the air in a buggy, unadorned with heraldic devices. Politics, too, run high, and are a fruitful source of strife. The election of a mayor causes more excitement within our little world than the election of a President or the overthrow of a Ministry without. If I live a hundred years, I never shall forget when young Tomkins was turned out of his office—assistant clerk in the Post-office, at a salary of 150 dollars—by the new Government just come into power, to make room for young Brown, my wife's second cousin. Society was shaken from its very foundation. This happened three years ago; and old Tomkins glares at me to this day. Fortunately, the duello is out of date; and for the rest, I could punch his head, and he knows it.

When the navigation is open, the travelling is very good in the provinces; but hitherto it has not been so good in winter. Now, however, that railways are opening up the country, we shall soon have direct communication between Halifax, St. John, and Quebec, and also a connection with the United States railway lines. I had occasion to travel from St. John, New Brunswick, to Charlottetown, Prince Edward

Island, in the middle of winter. As far as Shediac, the terminus of the New Brunswick and European Railway—for so I believe it is called—was plain sailing, but from thence the journey was the most uncomfortable one I ever performed. First of all, a cold and dreary drive in a one-horse sleigh to Cape Tormentive. From this place, a flat-bottomed skiff, tinned over and mounted on runners, alternately hauled over ice and paddled across patches of open water, carries mails and passengers to the island. From land to land, as a bird would fly, is only eight miles; but the distance traversed by the ice-boat is infinitely greater, as the tide runs strong; and when toiling over fields of rough ice, one is drifted many miles out of the direct course. When storms arise during the passage the consequences are serious; but the ice boatmen are clever navigators, and very cautious, never attempting to cross when the weather appears threatening. I cannot help thinking that, with a little enterprise, the navigation to the island might be kept open all the year round; at most there are but three or four weeks in each year in which properly rigged steamboats could not ply. I was unfortunate enough to find the ice-boat at the other side, and had to put up at the Cape Tormentive Hotel—save the mark! The landlord of this vile den had lost all his toes and a few of his fingers in the ice, and spent his time in dignified repose. Rum and tobacco seemed to be his only sustenance. His mother-in-law happened to be on a visit to him. The dissensions caused by meddling mothers-in-law are proverbial, and this old lady, with the purest intentions, was the cause of a fracas which served to enliven my sojourn at Cape Tormentive. It seems that she had instigated her daughter to lock up the rum; and hence the disturbance. Our worthy landlord naturally resented this interference, and became grossly abusive; whereupon the old lady, assisted by her daughter and the servant girl, very properly proceeded to thrash him. The veteran belaboured the drunken ruffian with the tongs, whilst the younger women skirmished with plates, dishes, and firebrands. Everything breakable in the house was broken. It was late when peace was restored; and, supperless, I retired to rest amid the ruins, wrapped up in my blanket. This served as good training for the next day, when, after eight hours' as hard labour as ever I had—for passengers must work

their way—I got safely across to Cape Traverse.

Politics are now convulsing Prince Edward Island. Every one talks Confederation by the yard: the ice boatmen to their passengers, the shopkeepers in the metropolis to their customers, the policemen to their prisoner: even the small boys assert, with manly oaths, that they are "Antis." A drunken man, engrossed in this all-absorbing topic, wanted to embrace me on the strength of it, and then wanted to fight me. I took a middle course, and liquored. Finally, when wearied of politics, and sick of Confederation, I tried to snatch a few moments' rest on a sofa in the hotel, my landlady stood over me with outstretched arms—like a gladiator about to give the finishing touch to his vanquished opponent—and poured forth Confederation with horrid volubility. Goaded to madness, I dashed out of the house, and sought for peace in the forest primeval; but even there Confederation met me face to face in the form of a noble savage, in a tall, battered-in hat and mocassins. To me the native:—

"What time of day, mister?"

I told him, thinking there could be no danger.

"Thank ye, sir—me Anti! Yes, sir! No Confederate, this Injun. Give me leetle bit baccy?"

Further resistance being useless, I gave in; and, (temporarily) a harmless idiot, returned to the society of the local politicians, talking Confederation as I went with the red-skin, and blessing(?) the spread of civilization.

Judging by what I heard as a stranger, I came to the conclusion that Confederation is an unpopular measure. The islanders wish to remain as they were; but sooner than join the dominion of Canada—with whom they have no ties of interest, or affection, or trade—they would prefer to cast in their lot with the United States, with whom they have a considerable and growing trade. Their land is the most fertile of all the provinces, and their fisheries the richest. Within a few years a mine of wealth has been opened up close to their very doors; for the island is so indented with creeks and arms of the sea, that every settler is within reach of the tideway, and here are accumulated vast quantities of mussel-mud, so-called—an extremely rich and valuable manure, abounding in animal substances and

lime. Such are its fertilizing effects, that the hay crop is said to have been doubled on the island since its discovery—for so I may call it—some three or four years ago. On every side, in winter, dredging machines may be seen at work scooping it up through holes in the ice, and loading it on sleighs.

There is much pleasure and much health in this long winter; but there is also, I must confess, much monotony. So when the first geese are heard flying over their ice-girt shores, there is joy among the Blue Noses. The geese arrive about the 20th of March, and are Nature's first messengers to tell us that spring is at hand—not that we see much sign of it as yet; still everything is clothed in white. Early in April we commence daily to scrutinize the ice in the harbours and rivers, and one fine morning the glad sound goes forth that the "ice has started." But it does not give in without a struggle. For days a fierce battle rages between the frozen and the unfrozen element. Sooner or later the ice must give way; and, with groans, masses of it are piled on the banks. Occasionally, it makes a sturdy stand, and then a "jam" ensues, behind which the water rises to a great height; and then, victorious, bursts forth with fury, carrying the ice along with it, and not unfrequently doing great damage to wharves and buildings. The almanacs say that a new year commences on the first day of January; but, let them say what they will, our year commences on the day the first steamer comes. On that day, and that day alone, the crowd on the wharf—talking, laughing, gesticulating, and hand-shaking—might be taken for a crowd of excitable Celts rather than of stolid Blue Noses. On that auspicious occasion, men turn up that you have not seen for a year before, and will not see again for another year. It is the first day of a new little life; kind words are exchanged, hatchets are buried, cheering drinks are in demand, and—the new year commences.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS.

THE subject of our cartoon, Mr. Wilkie Collins, is one of the most successful novel writers of the day.

He is the eldest son of the late Mr. W. Collins, R.A., an artist of great ability in the delineation of rustic landscapes. Mr. Wilkie Collins was born in London in the year 1824, and received his education at a

private school. He was associated with the late Charles Dickens in the celebrated amateur performances at Tavistock House. In 1859-60, his famous story of "The Woman in White" appeared in "All the Year Round."

Besides "The Woman in White," Mr. Collins is the author of the following works of fiction:—"The Queen of Hearts," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "My Miscellanies," "Mr. Wray's Cash Box; or, the Mask and the Mystery: a Christmas Sketch," "Man and Wife," "Poor Miss Finch," "Miss or Mrs.," "Hide and Seek," "The Dead Secret," "Basil: a Story of Modern Life," "Armada," "Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome," "After Dark;" and he was, jointly with Charles Dickens, the author of two of the Christmas stories published as supplementary numbers of "All the Year Round."

He has written also a life of his father, Mr. W. Collins, R.A., published in 1848, entitled "Memoirs of the Life of William Collins, with Selections from his Journal and Correspondence"; and a book of sketches, called "Rambles beyond Railways; or, Notes in Cornwall taken a-Foot."

As a writer of fiction, Mr. Collins is remarkable for the ingenuity of his plots, and for the air of mystery that he contrives to throw over commonplace events. He—in striking contrast to many writers of much greater eminence and merit—devotes the greatest care to keeping his story "close together." Everything in his books has a bearing on the issue of the plot. Not a window is opened, a door shut, or a nose blown, but, depend upon it, the act will have something to do with the end of the book. Yet no book of Mr. Collins's can compare in this respect with Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," where every chapter is necessary—not one is redundant; where every line contributes to the final and splendidly effective climax. And in this quality alone can Mr. Collins's novels be compared, with advantage to their author, with the greater works of greater men.

His plots are commonly intricate. Often it is too difficult for the reader to hold all the threads for it to be a pleasant task to peruse his books, for he has the trick of ending every chapter with a bang. He is admirably suited to supply the wants of periodicals to whose readers a sensational story is the one attraction—*e.g.*

On the white dress of the child was traced, in letters of blood, the word—

“HELP!”

(To be continued in our next.)

This habit is contrary to every true principle of art, and is dictated, probably, by the wants of periodical literature.

The characters in Mr. Collins's books are some of them very original and striking, being manifestly sketches from real life; but the situations in which these puppets are placed by the wire-puller are often wildly improbable. “Fact is stranger than fiction,” Mr. Collins will reply. Indeed, he threatens us with a production which shall put the plot of “The Woman in White” in the shade, made from materials kindly sent him by various correspondents. These are, of course, narratives of fact.

His English is not drawn from the purest fount, nor is his literary style to be compared with that of several living writers. He is a manufacturer of interesting works of fiction, pure and simple. He has made it his business in life. And, under the circumstances, it is perhaps a little provoking that he should so often ring the changes on such phrases as “my art,” “my purpose in writing the book,” “the object I had in view,” &c., &c., &c., as each of his later novels has probably brought him £4,000.

And he is at present publishing books rather fast.

We should place “Man and Wife” among his best productions; but in literature he will be remembered as the author of “The Woman in White.” That wonderful story made him famous.

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER II.

AT CORCYRA VILLA.

GENTILITY hates the East-end; and perhaps West-end and East-end are natural enemies, for they have always been sharp at spiting each other. The West sent her swell criminals to the Tower in the East; tit for tat, the East sent her worst criminals to be hanged at Tyburn in the West.

For a whole month I stuck to my “No;” and the Iron Duke, with Torres Vedras to back him, could not have been more firm. Nancy moped, Janet was pert, and mamma

groaned, sighed, and nagged. Nancy had a cold, and Janet a headache.

“What can be expected when the poor dear girls are buried alive at Bow, with their blighted hopes blasted in their tender buds? What does their father care? Funerals are performed cheap. A family grave to hold three is only a matter of a few pounds; and the patent crape and the cloth hatband, which makes a shabby hat equal to wearing a new one, won't cost a week's income.”

And this sort of aggravating groaning and moaning from morning till night for a whole month. There was nothing for it but caving in. Woman rules—unless she is a fool or the man is a brute.

“The treadmill may be bad—particularly when the corns are soft and the breath is short—but worse than house-hunting it cannot be. I have had none of it since marriage, Gummer, but a feast of it in singlehood. Poor pa was a regular quarterly mover. The fuss, the flurry, and the sitting on the stones whilst waiting for the van, and the sleeping on the floor, agreed with him. It would have been a little fortune to him to have kept his own van.”

A day in Belgravia convinced Mrs. Gummer that it was above our mark.

“It's no use going anywhere to be only fiddling little mice among live lions, prouder than cart-horses stuffed with corn.”

Mrs. Gummer searched every neighbourhood round London. The houses were so different to the descriptions in the advertisements. Agents give cards to view, and when you arrive you are told that the house was let the quarter before last. When a house seemed suitable the rent was a killer, or else there was a premium and the fixtures to be bought at a valuation.

“Mind you, Gummer, I won't listen to fixtures at a valuation, which are rubbish you can't sell again, as poor pa knew to the cost of his poor fleeced family.”

The girls would not look at a house in a row. The persons in charge of empties were irritating and depressing. Here is a specimen of a conversation between one of those cantankerous creatures and Mrs. Gummer.

Mrs. G.—“Are you sure the house is not damp?”

Person.—“Can't say as how I 'as suffered; though my husband—as is in the Force—is at times that there bad of his limbs as makes regulation boots a 'orrid torture and a hagony.”

Mrs. G.—“Those marks on the walls look like damp.”

Person.—“The agent do say as how a pipe bust; but in course I can't say, as I aint seen it busted.”

Mrs. G.—“How long has this house been to let?”

Person.—“Not so very long now, ma'am; but it were last year. Somehow or other, people is always a-coming and a-going.”

Mrs. G.—“Are the taxes heavy?”

Person.—“Can't say, ma'am; but I have heard that the rates is dreadful.”

Mrs. G.—“Is the landlord willing to do for his tenants what they require?”

Person.—“Of course it arn't for me to say; but of course I don't want to deceive you, ma'am, and I must say as the landlord is looked upon as an uncommon close-fisted 'un.”

Mrs. Gummer has a double set of eye teeth.

“Gummer, if my ears are not long, they ought to be. If you were to tell a fish-hawking body she should have all the fish she did not sell, would she cry ‘Live, oh!’? Is it likely that a person in charge of a comfortable place will be in a hurry to let it, and turn herself out of a rent-free house that suits her? We will have no one in our empty, but leave the key next door.”

When the women were nearly exhausted, and I was secretly chuckling at their failure, they came across Corcya Villa, in the Green Lanes. It stood on its own grounds—about ten yards before, ten behind, and one on either side. There was a big portico, and two bells—one for visitors, and the other for servants. The rent was ninety pounds, which was thirty pounds above our limit; but Mrs. Gummer and the girls were in love with the place, which they said was “made for us.”

“Gummer, we will pinch for the extra rent; and the taxes are light. With good management we can laugh at the expense.”

“Besides, pa,” said Nancy, “with such sweet, lovely air we shall never want to go to the sea, and that will be a saving.”

“And then,” observed Janet, “we can grow our own vegetables.”

After a feeble protest, Corcya Villa was taken on a three years' agreement. Then came the moving, the fitting up, and the extra furnishing. It was like beginning housekeeping all over again. The Bow

blinds were too small. The Bow carpets would only do for bed-rooms. New oil-cloth. New stair-carpet, as far as the drawing-room, which was on the first floor. Our furniture looked nothing in the rooms, and more things were required. Mrs. Gummer went to sales, and to brokers; but the bargains came to a lot of money. Moreover, one servant would not do; for what is the use of going to a genteel villa, and not keeping up appearances? So we hired a tall, thin boy. Mrs. Gummer made him a livery out of my old clothes, and two dozen of large brass buttons. We had an idea of powdering his hair; but Mrs. Gummer objected because it would take no end of grease and flour, and she could not bear to waste food.

“Why, Gummer, keeping that boy's hair artificial old would take the making of three good pie-crusts a-week.”

The wages of our page were strictly economical; but his appetite was tremendous.

“Gummer, growing servants, either boys or girls, would be ruinous dear if they took no wages and paid a trifle for their places. They eat equal to the amount of six grown-up wages. But such an eater as James I never saw before, and hope I never may again, unless at an eating match.”

At the end of the first quarter, we found that our calculations about expenses were wrong. What with the rent, the taxes—which were not light—the boy, the extra price of provisions—for Matilda could not go to market late on Saturday nights to pick food for next to nothing, as she had done at Bow—and a whole string of odds and ends, the tightest pinching could hardly keep the spending at the level of the incoming. At Bow there was no pinching, and money saved. At Corcya Villa, every sixpence was spent before it was received.

“If we will have cream, Gummer, we must pay the price; but give me milk, which is more wholesome, besides being cheaper. Do you think, Gummer, I would stand another quarter of this eating your eggs before they are hatched or thought of, if it were not for the sake of the poor dear girls? For the comfort of it, Gummer, gentility isn't worth the marrow of a pickled blade-bone, and it would gobble up a mine of hundred-carat, hall-marked gold before you could think where you are and where you are going. Get the girls off, Tom, and no

more gentility for me so long as I am in this mortal world."

When our Nancy was at school, and just out of pot-hooks and hangers, she had this sentiment for a text-hand copy—"Everything is of use;" and being an inquisitive child, she was perpetually puzzling us before other people about the use of the queerest things she could think of.

"Pa, what is the use of ugly black-beetles?"

I leaped that difficulty by replying—

"My dear child, ugly black-beetles keep away uglier things."

"Then, pa, what is the use of the uglier things?"

I made no answer. An inquisitive child is sometimes dreadfully aggravating.

Once, when Mrs. Gummer was favoured with a visit from quite a lady, who lived at Stratford, Nancy asked her—

"Ma, what is the use of fleas?"

It quite upset Matilda; but, like the boy in Mangnall's "Greece," who looked serene as a dosing mackerel whilst the stolen fox was eating his inside, she did not show her upset, and replied—

"My dear, fleas are sent to make lazy people wash under the beds every day in summer, and once a-week in winter."

I have met with persons who considered things useless because they did not know their use.

"What is the use of City companies? They do nothing but gorge," says the reformer, who hates anybody to have any enjoyment. Now, I happen to know that City companies are schools of useful knowledge. They educate the palate. A client of ours invited me to the Bowyers' feed, or I should have been as ignorant of the taste of real turtle as a waggon horse. No matter whether my ignorant stomach and my untaught palate shied at the lumps of green fat, or whether the turtle and the iced punch obliged me to physic on Saturday night. What I say is, that if Tyler or Cromwell had put down the City companies, the taste of real turtle would have been a stranger to my palate. Take the case of pine apple. I had bought West Indians, which looked real, and which eat like a mash of apple and pear gone measly, and sweetened with strong molasses. Until I dined with the Bowyers, I had no idea of the flavour of a genuine British hothouse pine. It was not like

what I thought it would be like; but that is life. We very seldom get what we expect, and when we do it is not like what we expected. To avoid being disappointed, never expect anything, and make up your mind that what you get will not be like what you think it will be. This may sound nonsensical, but it is the truth.

It was our experience at Corcyra Villa. Our hopes were disappointed, and gentility was the reverse of our expectations. The girls had no offers. We were cold-shouldered by the whole neighbourhood. At church, where we had a pew in the middle aisle, handsomely fitted up, the cushions and hassocks being the work of Mrs. Gummer, we were glared at with eyes which said—"What you Gummerts are we don't know, and we don't care, for you are not our species!" When James, the thin boy, with his buttons glittering like gold, followed us up the aisle, and handed in the books before he went to a free seat, some of the Green Laners sneered. Perhaps it was the fault of the men who moved us talking in the public where they beered about our being Eastenders, for we were stupid enough to engage a Bow van. We did our best to get into society; but, as Mrs. Gummer said, we might as well have sowed mustard and cress on a sheet of ice, and looked for a small salad. There was a bazaar for the benefit of the schools. The girls went to the rector's wife, offering to contribute and to take counters. The answer was that donations would be thankfully received, but the counters were full. Gentility does not refuse the money, though it scorns the society, of vulgarity. Mrs. Gummer stopped the single curate in the street, and asked him to call at Corcyra Villa. So he did—drank a glass of wine, appeared sweet on the girls, and promised to call again; but he did not. Nancy worked him a pair of slippers, and I suggested they should be made up.

"Your grandfather, who was in the line, used to say that it was no kindness to give worked slippers, because the shoemaker charges more for making up ladies' work than for a whole pair of the finest slippers."

"Really, Gummer, you are provoking. If we were intended to be always looking back, our eyes would be behind and not in front. How can we get on if Bow is for ever to be flung at our heads? A flower need not be ashamed of its roots; but it would be a fool to pull them up and show them."

The only return for the slippers was a polite note. Then Janet worked a pair of braces so beautifully, that it seemed a pity to put coat and waistcoat over them. The braces had no more effect than the slippers. Single curates have plenty of presents from ladies, and think very little of them. As the curate failed, we tried the doctor. The girls persuaded themselves that they were not well. The doctor called often enough, and sent in plenty of physic—for he had a large family—besides a carriage and pair—to keep; but his calls did not lead to any introductions. We were thoroughly baffled and mortified. I believe at that time I would have joined a Red Republican revolution for making everybody equal.

TABLE TALK.

A MOST remarkable book, which cannot fail to have much interest for others besides professed astronomers, has lately been published. It is entitled "Observations on Comets, from B.C. 611 to A.D. 1640," and is by Mr. John Williams, assistant secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society. The portion of the book most interesting to general readers will be the introductory remarks on subjects which have occurred relating to Chinese astronomy. If we may trust the antiquity of the books from which the information is gained—and Mr. Williams sees no reason to consider them less trustworthy than the early histories of any countries—the Chinese possessed considerable astronomical knowledge in very ancient times. It must, however, be borne in mind that the correctness of the account given entirely depends upon the degree of credence to be placed in the "Shoo King"—one of their five classical works—which is considered by the Chinese as their most ancient book, and we know it was revised by Confucius about the sixth century B.C. Its antiquity is not only believed in by the Chinese themselves, but by some of the best European scholars, and is borne out by its archaic style and construction. Mr. Williams mentions several tests by which the accuracy of these accounts may be verified. One of the most interesting is the following:—"In the Chinese annals it is recorded that in the reign of Chuen Kuh, the grandson of Hwang Te, in the spring of the year, on the first day of the first moon, a conjunction of the five planets occurred in the heavens in Ying

Shih. Ying Shih, or as it is more usually denominated Shih, is one of the twenty-eight stellar divisions determined by α , β , and other stars in Pegasus, extending north and south from Cygnus to Piscis Australis, and east and west seventeen degrees, and comprising parts of our signs Capricornus and Aquarius. The Emperor Chuen Kuh is said to have reigned seventy-eight years, from B.C. 2513 to 2436, and to have died in his ninety-fifth year; and from modern computations—I believe by M. Bailly, the French astronomer—it has been ascertained that a conjunction of the five planets actually did take place about the time and within the limits indicated—that is, on the 29th of September, 2449 B.C., being the sixty-fifth year of Chuen Kuh. Should this, on further investigation, prove correct, it will afford a strong presumption of the authenticity of the early Chinese annals, as there is no appearance of their astronomers having been at any time able to compute the places of the planets so far back, and the account is found in works published long before any intercourse with Europeans had taken place."

IS HAS BEEN ASSERTED by Professor Edwards, that guano—which for years has been so extensively imported for certain qualities of land—is not composed of the excreta of birds. The recent researches of Dr. Habel tend to support this view; for when the portions of guano which are insoluble in acids are submitted to chemical and microscopic examination, they are found to consist of skeleton remains of animals of marine origin, and frequently of animals to be found alive in the neighbouring seas. It is stated that ships riding at anchor round the guano-producing islands frequently pull up the guano with their anchors. This is strong evidence against the old-fashioned excreta theory. The new conjectural proposition endeavours to account for the existence of the masses of guano in the Chincha Islands by the action of heat, or chemical action, or both together working the necessary changes for the conversion of the animal remains into the well-known fertilizing substance of commerce.

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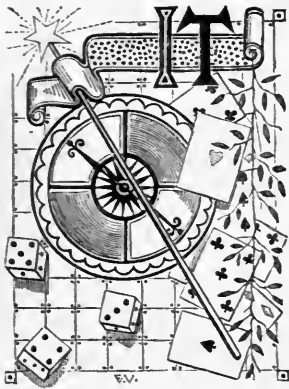
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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.



IT WAS about this time Mr. Mortiboy took to sending for his lawyer three or four times a-week. After each interview he would be more nervous, more shaken than before. He kept the reason of these visits a secret—even from

Ghrimes. But to Lucy Heathcote—with whom he spoke more frankly of himself than to any other human being—the old man told some of his perplexities.

"I am getting old, my dear, and I am getting shaky. I've a deal to trouble and worry me."

"But there is Cousin Dick, uncle."

"Yes, there's Dick. But it is all my property that's on my mind. I always intended to do something for you two, my dear—always."

"Never mind that now, uncle."

"And perhaps I ought for the young Melships as well; though why for them I don't know. And I'm ill, Lucy. Sometimes I think I am going to die. And—and—I try to read—the—Bible at night, my dear; but it's no use—it's no use. All the property is on my mind, and I can think of nothing else."

"Shall I read to you, uncle?"

"No, child!—nonsense!—certainly not," he replied, angrily. "I'm not a Pauper."

Being "read to," whether you liked it or

not, suggested the condition of such helpless impecuniosity, that he turned quite red in the face, and gasped. His breath was getting rather short.

Presently he went on complaining again.

"At night I see coffins, and dream of funerals and suicides. It's a dreadful thing to have a funeral going on all night long. I think, my dear, if I had the property off my mind, I should be better. If it was safe, and in good hands, I should be very much easier: if it was still growing, lighter in my mind. Dick is very good. He sits with me every evening. But he can't be with me when I am asleep, you know, Lucy; and these dreams haunt me."

The old man passed his hand across his brow, and sighed heavily. He could not bear even to think of death; and here was death staring him in the face every night.

"I know I ought to make a will," he went on to his patient listener, Lucy, who did not repeat things—as he very well knew. "I ought to; but I can't, my dear. There's such a lot of money, and so many people; and after one is gone, one will be abused for not doing what was right; and—and—I haven't the heart to divide it, my dear. It's such a shame to cut Property up, and split it into pieces."

"Can't you take advice, uncle?"

"I don't trust to anybody, Lucy. They're all thinking of themselves—all of them." This, as if he had been himself the most disinterested of mankind.

"There's Mr. Ghrimes. You trust him, uncle?"

"Well—yes—I trust him. But then he's well paid for it, you see."

Ghrimes got £200 a-year for work which a London employer would have considered cheap at five times that sum.

"And you trust Cousin Dick?"

"Yes," said the old man, brightening up a little. "I do trust Dick. I trust my boy. He is a great comfort to me—a great com-

fort. But it is not only the division of the Property; Lucy—think of the Awful Probate duty! There's a waste of money—there's a sacrifice: a most iniquitous tax, a tax upon prudence! I'm not so well off as I ought to be, my dear—not so well as my poor father thought I should be; but I've done pretty well. And the probate duty is a terrible thing to think of—it's really appalling. Two per cent. on money left to your son! Thousands will be lost! Dear me! dear me! Thousands!"

These confidences were for Lucy Heathcote alone, with whom the old man felt himself safe. No talk of property to Dick; no confessions to his son; no asking of advice; no offers of money. So far from giving or lending, Mr. Mortiboy received from his son, every Saturday morning, a sovereign in payment for a week's board, and two shillings and threepence for a bottle of gin. While pocketing the money, the parent never failed to remind Dick of the cheapness of his board, and the fact that he was charged nothing at all for bed and lodging. He always added, solemnly, that it gave him great pleasure to entertain his son, even at a loss.

As for their evenings together, they were always alike. A single candle lighted the kitchen where they sat: the father in a Windsor arm-chair, with his bottle of gin at his elbow, and a long pipe in his mouth; the son opposite him, with a short pipe and another bottle. Between them a deal table. As Dick grew tired of telling stories, he used sometimes to beguile the hours by showing his father tricks with the cards. Mr. Mortiboy, senior, did not approve of games of chance. They gave no opening for the prudent employment of capital, and risked Property. Nor did he approve of so-called games of skill, such as whist; because the element of chance entered so largely into them, that, as he argued, not the richest man was safe. But his admiration was excessive when Dick—feigning, for the sake of effect, that his father was a credulous and simple person—showed how thousands might be won by the turning up of a certain card; telling which card had been touched; making cards hide themselves in pockets, and drawers, and so forth. These feats of skill, with the stories which he loved to hear over and over again, like a child, rekindled and inflamed Mr. Mortiboy's imagination, previously as good as dead, so that his fancy

ran riot in dreams of unbounded wealth to be made in distant countries—dreams which Dick could have turned to good use had it not been for the want of nerve which had fallen upon his father after Mr. Melliship's death.

Between eight and nine, the old man, who shows signs of having taken as much gin and water as he can well carry, rises to go to bed. Dick lights his candle, and watches the tall, thin figure of his father—stooping now and bent—climbing the stairs.

He heaves a great sigh of relief, and closes the double doors which connect the kitchen, built out at the back, with the rest of the house.

"What has the old woman got for me?" says Dick, unlocking a cupboard. "Steak again. Well, where's the gridiron?"

The economical principles on which Mr. Mortiboy's household was conducted generally left his son an excessively hungry man at nine o'clock; and, by private arrangement with old Hester, materials for supper were always secretly made for him.

Dick deftly cooks the steak, drinks a pint of stout, and producing a bottle of brandy from the recesses of the cupboard, mixes a glass of grog, and smokes a pipe before going to bed.

"It's infernal hard work," he sighed to himself; "and something ought to come of it—or what the devil shall I do with Lafleur?"

Then came a letter from that gentleman. Bad news, of course: had been to Paris; done capitally with his System for a bit. Turn of luck; not enough capital; was cleaned out. Would his partner send him more money, or would he run up to town, and bring him some?

He afterwards explained that the System was working itself out like a mathematical problem, but that he had been beguiled by the *beaux yeux* of the Countess de Parabère—in whose house was the play—and weakly allowed her to stand behind his chair. Dick quite understood the significance of this folly, and forbore to make any remark. Bad luck, indeed, affected his spirits but slightly, and he was too well acquainted with his partner to blame him for those indiscretions which the wisest and strongest of men may fall into.

Out of the thousand pounds they brought to England, only one hundred remained. Lafleur, in three months, had had eight hun-

dred; Polly nearly a hundred; and a hundred remained in the bank. Dick, in this crisis, drew out fifty, and went up to town with it.

Lafleur was in his lodgings in Jermyn-street, sitting at work on his System—an infallible method of breaking the banks. He had a pack of cards, and a paper covered with calculations. Occasionally he tested his figures, and always, as it appeared, with satisfactory results. At present he was without a shilling—having lost the last in an attempt to win a little money at pool, at which he had met with provokingly bad luck.

"I have brought you something to carry on with for the present," said Dick, "and we must talk about the future."

Lafleur counted the money, and locked it up.

"Permit me to remind my Dick," he said, in his softest accents, "that the three months are nearly up."

"I know," replied Dick, gloomily.

"Let us go and dine. You can sleep here to-night, if you like. There is a spare room. And we can have a little game of cards."

They dined: they came back: they had a little game of cards. At midnight, Lafleur turned his chair to the fire, and lighting a cigarette, looked at his friend with an expression of inquiry.

"Après, my Richard."

Dick stood before the fire in silence for a little.

"Look here, Lafleur. Did I ever break a promise?"

"Never, Dick. Truthful James was a fool to you."

"Very well, then. Now, listen to me."

He told how his father was falling into dotage; how he held tighter than ever to his money; how the old man grew every day more fond of him; and how he must, at all hazards, contrive to hold on:

"The property is worth half a million at least, Lafleur. Think of that, man. Think of five hundred thousand pounds—two and a-half million dollars—twelve and a-half million francs! The old man keeps such a grip upon it that I can touch nothing. Makes me pay him a pound a-week for my grub. But I *must* hold on. It would be madness to cross or anger him now. You must wait, Lafleur."

"I will wait, certainly. Make your three months six, if you like—or nine, or twelve. Only, how are we to live meantime? Get me

some money, Dick—if it is only a few hundreds. Can't you get his signature to a blank cheque? or—or—copy his signature?"

"No—quite impossible. He hardly ever draws a cheque; and Ghrimes would know at once."

"Cannot the respectable Ghrimes be squared? No? Ah! Are there no rents that you can receive?"

"None. Ghrimes has a system, I tell you."

"Is there nothing in the house, Dick?"

Dick started. The man had touched on a secret thought. Something in the house? Yes—there was something. There was the press in his father's bed-room, the keys of which were always in old Ready-money's possession. There were gold cups and silver cups in it; plate of all kinds; jewellery and diamonds; and there was, he knew, at least one bag of gold. Something in the house? He looked fixedly at Lafleur without answering.

Lafleur lighted another cigarette; and, crossing his legs with an easy smile, asked casually—

"Is it money, Dick?"

Dick's face flushed, and his eyebrows contracted. Somehow, he had got out of sympathy with the old kind of life.

"I don't know, for certain. I think there is money. Gold and silver things, diamonds and pearls. No one knows the existence of the bureau but myself. But I will not do it, Lafleur. I cannot do it. The risk is too great."

"Then you shall not do it, my partner. I will do it."

He went to his desk, and took out a little bottle, which he placed in Dick's hands.

"I suppose," he said, "that you do not know the admirable and useful properties of morphia. This delightful fluid—which contains no alcohol, like laudanum—will send your aged parent into so profound a slumber, that his son may safely abstract his keys for an hour or so, and give them to me. I should only borrow the gold, for the rest would be dangerous. The risk of the affair, if properly conducted, would be simply nothing. Or, another method, as the cookery books say. Let us get an impression of the keys in wax. That you can do easily. I know a locksmith—a gentle and amiable German, in Soho—whose only desires are to live blamelessly, and to drink the blood of kings. He will make me a key. You will

then, on a certain night, make all arrangements for my getting into the house."

"Is that stuff harmless?"

"Perfectly. You shall take some to-night, if you like."

"Lafleur, I will have no violence."

"Did you ever see me hurt any one?"

"No, by gad!" cried Dick, with a laugh.

"But you've sometimes stood by, and seen me hurt people."

It had indeed been Dick's lot to get all the fighting, though it was hardly delicate to remind his partner of the fact.

"It is true," he said, with a slight flush.

"There are many gentlemen in the United States and elsewhere who bear about them the marks of your skill. I will not harm your father, Dick. As for the money, it will be all yours some day, you know. And he can't spend it."

"I don't want to hear arguments about taking it," said Dick. "I want it, and you want it, and that's enough. But I will not run any risk, if I can help it. Good heavens, man! think of letting half a million slip through your fingers for want of a little patience."

"My dear Dick, I will manage perfectly for you. Make me a plan of the house. Get me a bed, because I am a commercial traveller. Let me have a map of the roads between the station and the house."

"There are two stations. You can arrive at nine-thirty, despatch your business, and take the night train by the other station to Crewe, at eleven-thirty."

"Better and better. Now for the plan."

With pen and paper, Dick proceeded to construct a plan and sketch of his father's house. The bed-room was one of three rooms on the first floor, the other two being empty. At the back of the house was a window opening on the garden. Old Hester slept in a garret at the top; Dick himself in Aunt Susan's room, on the second floor. Neither was likely to hear any little noise below.

"My father never locks his door, in case of fire," said Dick, completing his plans. "All you will have to do is to walk in, and open the press which stands here, where I mark it in black lines. You must not make a mistake about the door, because the other rooms are locked. And don't take out a single thing except the money. When shall it be?"

"As soon as we can get the key made."

"Good! I'll administer the morphia, and get the key for an impression. To-day is the first: we had better say in about a fortnight."

"Say this day fortnight, unless you write anything to the contrary—the fourteenth."

The pair, sitting at the table, with pencil and paper, arranged their plans quickly enough. In half an hour, Lafleur put the papers in his pocket, and clapped his partner on the back. Dick, however, was gloomy. He was planning to rob his father the second time, and he remembered that the first had not been lucky. Like all gamblers, he was superstitious.

While his son was preparing to rob him, Mr. Mortiboy, senior, was lying sleepless in his bed, with a new determination in his head keeping him awake.

"I'll do it," he said to himself—"I'll do it. Battiscombe and Ghimes may say whatever they like, and Lyddy may think what she likes. Dick is the proper person to have my property. He won't waste and squander. He won't be got over by sharks. He knows how to improve and take care of it. I can trust Dick."

In this world, to be believed is to be successful; and old Mr. Mortiboy believed in Dick.

"What a son," he said, "to be proud of: what a fine son! Thank God for My Son Dick!"

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

NO need of morphia to get at the keys; for, the very next night, Mr. Mortiboy dropped them out of his pocket as he rose to go to bed. They lay on the chair; and his son, after dutifully escorting his sire to the foot of the stairs, went back, and took an impression of them. The operation took him three minutes and a half; and he then mounted to his father's bed-room, and gave back the bunch.

"A very dangerous thing," said Mr. Mortiboy—"a most dangerous thing: a thing I have never done before. A blessed chance, Dick, that it was you who picked them up. A Providence—quite."

A Providence—perhaps; because dispensations of all sorts happen. It is not fair to lay all the good things at the feet of Providence, and none of the bad. Dick put his wax impressions in a cough-lozenge box, and sent them to Lafleur, who briefly acknowledged their receipt.

His spirits began to rise again as the time for the exploit approached. He went about the house, surveying it with a critical eye—estimating the probability of Hester hearing anything—wondering if Lafleur would do it cleverly—making calm and careful preparations. He prized out two rails in the front garden at night; because the gate was always locked, and gentlemen do not like to be seen clambering over rails. He placed the ladder in readiness behind the water-butt, where it could easily be found. He greased the window, to make it open noiselessly. He put oil into the lock of the press, when his father was at the bank. He ascertained that there was no moon on the fourteenth. He found out from a book on medicine what amount of morphia would send a man to sleep.

"And now," he said to himself, "I can't do any more. The old man shall have his draught. Lafleur shall do the trick. I will remove the ladder, and destroy evidence; and next day there will be the devil's own row! Ho! ho! ho!"

Dick shook his sides with silent laughter as he thought of his father's rage and despair at having been robbed.

"What if I rush to the rescue? Suppose I hear a noise, run downstairs with nothing on, but a pistol in my hand, fire at Lafleur just as he gets out of window, and rush to my father's assistance! What a funk Lafleur would be in."

But he abandoned the idea as, though extremely brilliant, too dangerous. His "pal" had a habit of carrying a revolver.

Impossible to tell from his behaviour that anything was in the wind. Careless and jovial by nature, he played his part without any acting. He had little anxiety about the robbery, because things were planned so well. As for misgivings, they had vanished. In place of them, he daily had before his eyes the picture of his father tearing his hair at the discovery; his own activity in the work of detection; and the imaginary searching of the house, including his own room, "by particular desire."

After all his experience of life, Dick was still only a boy, with the absence of moral principle which belongs to that time of life, all a boy's mischief, and all his fun. One of the best fellows in the world if he had his own way—one of the worst if anything came in his way. He was big, handsome, black-bearded. He had a soft and mellow voice.

He had gentle ways. He petted children. When he had the power, he helped people in distress. He laughed all day. He sang when he was not laughing. He fraternized with everybody. Men have been canonized for virtues fewer than these.

"I'll do it," said Mr. Mortiboy at night. He repeated it in the morning as he dressed. He stared very hard at Dick during breakfast. He sent for lawyer Battiscombe after breakfast, and repeated it to him.

"I'll do it at once," said the rich man.

"I have dissuaded you to the utmost of my power," said his lawyer. "It is a most irregular thing, Mr. Mortiboy. Think of King Lear."

"Mr. Battiscombe, do not insult my family," old Ready-money cried, in great wrath. "It is forty years since I saw 'King Lear' at the theatre, but I suppose it isn't much altered now. And may I ask if you mean to compare my son, my son Dick, with those—those—brazen hussies?"

"Well—well—of course not. I say no more. The instrument, sir, will be ready in a day or two, and you shall sign whenever you please."

"The sooner the better, Battiscombe. Let us be ready on the fourteenth: that is Dick's birthday. He will be three and thirty. Three and thirty! What a beautiful age! Ah! Battiscombe, what a man I was at three and thirty!"

He was, indeed, a man who denied himself all but the barest necessities of life, and was already beginning to break his young wife's heart by neglect and meanness.

This was on the fifth of the month. There yet wanted nine days to the completion of Mr. Mortiboy's design. He spent the interval in constant talk with Dick, who could not understand what it all meant.

"Let us walk in the garden, my son," said his father. "I want to talk to you."

The days were warm and sunny, and the garden had a south aspect. The old man, with his arms behind him, stooping and bent, with his eyes on the ground, paced to and fro on the gravel; while Dick, with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, lounged beside him. A strange contrast, not of age only, but of disposition. As the mother, so the son. Dick's light and careless nature, and his love for spending rather than saving, came from poor Emily Melliship.

"I want to tell you, my boy," said the old man—"because I know you are careful and saving, and have just ideas of Property—how my great estate has been built up: how I have got Money."

He told him. A long story—it took many days to tell—a story of hardness, of mean artifice, of grinding the poor man's face, and taking advantage of the credulous man's weakness: a story which made Dick look down upon his father, as he shuffled beside him, with contempt and disgust.

"We're a charming family," he said to Lafleur one day—"a delightful family, my partner. I think, on the whole, that Roaring Dick is the best of the whole crew. Damn it all, Lafleur, I'd rather hang about gambling booths in Mexico; I'd rather loaf round a camp in California, and lay by for horses to steal; I'd rather live cheating those who would cheat you, and shooting those who would else shoot you, than live as my respected father and grandfather have lived. Why, man, there isn't an old woman in Market Basing who does not prophesy a bad end to money got in their way, and wonder why the bad end does not come."

"All very well," said Lafleur. "But I should like to have half a million of money."

"Criminals!" growled Dick, pulling his beard. "They'd call me a criminal, I suppose, if they knew everything. Why don't they make laws for other kinds of criminals?"

"My friend," his partner softly sighed, "do not, I implore you, begin your remembrances. Life is short, and ought not to be troubled with a memory at all."

"Perhaps it's as well as it is. By gad, we should all be in Chokee; and the virtuous ones, if there are any, would have an infernally disagreeable time of it, trying and sentencing. I should plead Insufficiency of income, and an Enormous appetite. What should you say?"

On the morning of the fourteenth of May, Dick received a note from Lafleur, informing him of his intention to execute their little design that evening. He twisted up the note and put it in the fire, with a chuckle of considerable enjoyment, thinking of his father's misery when he should find it out. Mr. Mortiboy was particularly lively that morning. He chattered incessantly, running from one subject to another in a nervous, excited way.

"Be in the house at three to-day, Dick,"

he said, solemnly. "A most important business is to be transacted, in which you are concerned. Mr. Ghrimes is coming."

"Very odd coincidence," thought Dick. "There's an important business coming off to night at ten, in which *you* are concerned." However, he only nodded, and said he would remember.

He spent his morning in completing the arrangements for the evening, so far as anything remained to be done. Then he went to the bank, as was his custom, and talked with the people who called on business. They all knew him by this time; and, when they had fought out their business with Ghrimes, liked to have ten minutes' talk with the great traveller, who dispensed his stories with so liberal a tongue.

At three o'clock, Mr. Ghrimes—punctual and methodical—arrived from the bank, and Mr. Battiscombe, with a blue bag, from his office. Mr. Mortiboy heard them, and led his son by the arm to the state-room—the parlour, which had not been used since the day of the funeral. Once more, as for an occasion of ceremony, wine and biscuits were set out.

Mr. Mortiboy shook hands with all three, and stood on the hearth-rug, as he had stood when last they met together in that place. But this time his hand was on his son's shoulder, and his eyes turned from time to time upon him with a senile fondness.

"I am anxious," said Ghrimes, with a red face, "that you"—here he looked at Dick—"should know that I have done my best to dissuade Mr. Mortiboy from this step. I think it foolish and wrong. And I have told him so."

"You have, George Ghrimes—you have," said the old man.

"There is yet time, Mr. Mortiboy," urged his manager.

"Nonsense, nonsense."

Mr. Mortiboy made a sign to the lawyer, who produced a paper from his bag, and handed it to him.

"George Ghrimes," he began, "when my son Dick was supposed to be dead, John and Lydia Heathcote were my apparent heirs. Between them and their daughters—for, of course, I should not have fooled it away in memorial windows, and hospitals, and peacockery—would have been divided all my Property. I can understand their disappointment. But they must also feel for the joy of a father when he receives back a

long-lost son—a son like Dick, rich, prosperous, careful, and with a proper sense of Money. My son Dick has been home for three months. During that time I have watched him, because I do not trust any man hastily. My son Dick has proved all that I could wish, and more. He has saved me hundreds."

"He saved the bank," interrupted Ghymes.

"He did. He has saved me thousands. He has no vices—none whatever. No careless ways, no prodigality, no desire to destroy what I have been building up. What he is now to me I cannot tell you, my friends—I cannot tell you."

He stopped to hide his emotion. The poor old man was more moved than he had ever been before, even when his wife died. Dick stared at his father in sheer amazement. What on earth was coming next?

"And there is another thing. I am getting old. My nerve is not what it was. If it were not for my son Dick, and—and—yes, I must say that—for Ghymes, I should be robbed right and left by designing sharks, I should lose all chances of getting money. My Property is too great a burden to me. I cannot bear to see it suffer from my fault. I am going to put it into abler hands than mine. My son Dick shall manage it—it shall be called his. Dick, my son"—here he fairly burst into tears—"take all—take all—I freely give it you. Be witness, both of you, that I do this thing in a sound state of mind and body, not moved by any desire to evade the law and save money on that Awful probate duty; but solely out of the unbounded confidence I have in my son Dick." He paused again. "And now, my friends, the work of my life is finished. I hope I shall be spared for some few years to see the prosperity of my boy, to mark the growth of the Property, to congratulate him when he gets Money."

Yes—all was Dick's! Old Ready-money had signed a Deed of Gift, passing away all his vast wealth to his son with a few strokes of his pen. The lawyer explained, while Dick was stupefied by astonishment, that he was the sole owner and holder of all the Mortiboy property. As he explained, Mr. Mortiboy sat back in his easy chair, drumming with his fingers on the arm, with a smile of intense satisfaction. Dick held the paper in his hand, and received the con-

gratulations of the lawyer with a feeling that he was in a dream.

They went away. Mr. Mortiboy, left alone with his son, felt awkward and ill at ease. His effusion spent, and the deed done, he felt a kind of shame—as undemonstrative people always do after they have bared their hearts. He felt cold, too—stripped, as it were.

"It will make no difference, Dick," he said in a hesitating way.

Dick only nodded.

"We shall be exactly the same as before, Dick."

He nodded again.

"I shall go out, father, and recover myself a bit. I feel knocked over by this business."

"Don't lose the papers, Dick—give them to me to keep."

But Dick had stuffed them in his pockets, and was gone.

PRETERITA.

THERE was a glory in those quiet lanes,
 In those spring morns of our unsullied youth,
 When life was but a simple joy to wait
 The fragrant coming of the fresh green spring;
 To loiter idly, in the heats of June,
 By sleepy brooks, and dream the wayward dreams
 That poets oft have loved in Junes before;
 Or in the changing moods of autumn-fall
 With them to change; and with the red sere leaves
 A-rustling at our feet, to weave a tale,
 The old, old tale of death and death's decay.

Yet all was then a joy, and drew our hearts
 For thrilling thoughts, or yet more holy calm,
 To nearer loving of the silent God.
 But this was all a halcyon dream of youth—
 O youth most sweet, most God-like of the days,
 To those who own the tender power of thought.
 The happy days have gone; the cloud has come
 Of that experience men call the world;
 And life is but a wild and feverish race
 Of aims that slumber through a troubled night,
 All anxious for the morrow, till our hearts
 Grow weary of the strife, and yearn again,
 Through all the gray years of our weathered lives,
 To the still evening of a peace that brings
 The golden memory of the morns long gone.

THE HINDOO STORY-TELLER.

THERE are few people fonder of fables
 and stories than the natives of Hindoostan. When the shades of evening have fallen, groups of natives may frequently be seen sitting on the ground round a man who is a professed story-teller. The "hubble-bubble" is passed from mouth to mouth, and with the most intense interest they listen

to the fables and traditions of which he has an almost endless variety. Many of these are taken from the "Arabian Nights," but a great number are either local traditions or else fables that have been handed down from father to son. There is considerable wit and humour in them; and the clever trickery and cheating displayed by many of the characters appeal to the hearts of a people who regard deceit and deception as virtues. I have, therefore, selected some which must prove interesting, as illustrating to some extent the manners and morals of the Hindoo population, and are novel, as they have never, I believe, been translated before into the English tongue.

HOW THE JACKAL OUTWITTED THE TIGER.

Once on a time, a she-jackal said to her husband—

"My husband, it is very necessary that some place of habitation should be provided to shelter me and our expected progeny from the heat and the rain; remaining under a tree, or in the open jungle, would not be at all beneficial to the health."

The husband at first somewhat "pooh-poohed" this idea; but being slightly hen-pecked he gave in, and went off in search of a house. At last he returned, and told his wife that he had discovered a large and roomy abode, but that he regretted to say that there was one drawback, and that was that it was occasionally inhabited by a tiger. Mrs. Jackal, however, being in a very great hurry, and anxious to make everything comfortable, thought little or nothing of this, and immediately started off to the place pointed out by her husband. She found it a very large cavern, the floor of which was strewn with the bones of the tiger's victims. She certainly did not feel so comfortable as she might have done at the sight of these remains; but she soon regained her equanimity, and in a short time she brought into the world two fine little jackals.

One day the husband came running in, with his tail between his legs, and said—

"Oh, my wife, I have just seen the tiger who lives here. He is returning from a hunting expedition, in which he has evidently been unsuccessful, as he is very lean, and has a hungry, ugly look about him that bodes no good to us if he should see us."

On hearing this, the poor lady got very nervous; and summoning her infants to her side, commenced licking them in a very

tender manner. The distracted father sat down on his haunches, and began to think how best he could get out of the scrape he had got into. Most jackals similarly situated would have heaped reproaches and "I told you so's" on their wives; but this did nothing of the kind: he was a model husband. After having scratched his head well with his hind leg, to clear his brain, a brilliant idea struck him, which he immediately communicated to his faithful wife in the following words:—

"As soon, dear wife, as you shall hear the footsteps of the tiger drawing near, seize both of our dear children by their ears, and bite them hard, so that they cry out. It may be painful to your feelings, but it is for their and your good. Immediately I hear their screams, I will call out to you, 'What are the little darlings crying for?' You will answer, 'Because they did not like the tiger they had for dinner yesterday; he was old and tough; and they beg you to get them another.' When the tiger hears this, he will be afraid, and will run away."

Mrs. Jackal consented to this. Soon a low growl and the pattering of footsteps fell on her ear: the tiger was approaching.

The plan was successful in every way. As soon as the tiger heard the explanation of the children's cries, he said to himself—

"What kind of creatures can these be who live here? They must be enormous. Their very children live on tigers' flesh! I shall get out of this instanter, or they will kill me for food."

So he put his tail between his legs, and vanished. As he was running along, a monkey, who was sitting in a banyan tree, called out to him—

"What are you running away for? You look awfully scared."

The tiger replied—

"What business is that of yours? Shut up?"

But, on second thoughts, he told the monkey all he had heard, and with what enormous animals he supposed the cavern to be inhabited. The monkey replied—

"Why, what a coward you are; there are only two jackals and their young there. Come with me, and I will show you that what I say is true."

So the monkey and the tiger went towards the cave. The jackal on seeing the tiger was grievously disappointed, as he had made sure he had frightened him away

completely, and now he had to do his work all over again; besides, he was enraged at the monkey for being so mean as to tell about him. With great presence of mind, he called out to the monkey—

“I am so much obliged to you, dear Mr. Monkey, for bringing that fine tiger to me. How did you manage it? What an artful dodger you must be.”

Upon hearing this, the tiger imagined that the monkey had in this way been luring him on to destruction; so with one blow of his mighty paw he slew the monkey on the spot, and bounded into the jungle. Thus the jackal got rid of the tiger, revenged himself on the monkey, and was enabled to return to the bosom of his family, where he would remain ever afterwards in peace and happiness.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

Many years ago, four men met together. One was the son of a prince, another was the son of a vizier, the third was the son of a magistrate, and the fourth was the son of a sepoy. For a long time they had been bound together by strong ties of friendship. They were in the habit of eating, drinking, and conversing together in a house outside the walls of their native town. On this particular occasion, they determined to go into four different countries in search of four beautiful women as wives for them. At this time, there dwelt in the north of Hindoostan a king who had a very lovely daughter, of a marriageable age. Many suitors had sought her hand, but she had invariably declined them. Her father, who doted on her, told her that her husband should be one of her own choice—he would not force her to marry any one. A plan was therefore concocted by which she might more easily select a husband. Outside the city gates a palace was built, and in front of the palace a large drum was placed. Whoever, then, offered himself as a suitor beat the drum by way of announcement, and was then conducted inside; and the princess could determine whether she liked him or not. Days and weeks passed on: some days as many as two hundred passed in review before her; so numerous were the applicants for her hand. At last, one day, our four friends, in the course of their travels, arrived at the palace. They beat the drum, and were accordingly ushered into the presence of the princess, who immediately fell in love with all four.

Of course she had to communicate the state of her affections to her father, who was placed in an awkward position, as it was impossible she could lead four bridegrooms at once to the hymeneal altar. He therefore had to consult his vizier, who, bowing to the ground, said—

“Oh, protector of the world, your humble slave would advise you to select the wisest.”

“True, oh, vizier,” said the king; “but how shall we find out who the wisest is?”

The vizier replied—

“Oh, king, summon the four men before you, give them some money, and send them away into different countries. Let each purchase some article, according to his choice, with the money you have given him, and let him return and show us what he has bought. We shall then be able to judge who has laid out his money to the greatest advantage, and to him we will give the princess in marriage.”

The king thought this a good plan. So he sent for the men, gave to each a thousand rupees, and dismissed them—telling them to return with their purchases.

The son of the vizier went to Persia; the son of the prince went to the Deccan; the son of the magistrate to Ceylon; and the son of the sepoy to Mysore. At a certain town in Persia, the son of the vizier went into the bazaar, and saw a man with a lotah, or brass pot. On asking him the price, the answer he got was a thousand rupees.

“Why,” said the young man, “I could get one like it in a shop for ten rupees. Why is it so dear?”

“On account of its miraculous powers,” said the dealer. “Should you ever be very hungry, you have only to kindle fire under it, and in a few minutes you will have a dinner ready to satisfy your cravings.”

The son of the vizier, on hearing this, gave the man the thousand rupees, and took the lotah away with him.

The son of the prince arrived at Hyderabad, in the Deccan, and went through the bazaars with his eyes open, so that he might lay out his money in the wisest way. He soon met a man with an ancient book under his arm, who offered to sell it. On asking its price, the son of the prince found that it was valued at a thousand rupees.

“Why on earth,” said he, “can you have the face to ask such a sum for a book that is worth about eight rupees?”

“Because it is the ‘Book of Fate,’” replied

the man. "If you open its pages, you will there see written who is being born, who is ill, and who is dying at that very moment, and everything that is going on in the world."

"In that case, I will buy the book gladly."

So the son of the prince purchased it, and carried it off with him.

The son of the magistrate went through the shops of one of the towns of Ceylon, looking for what he might buy. At last he saw an old man with a small glass phial, containing a dark mixture, in his hand. On inquiring the price, he found that it was a thousand rupees.

"Your medicine is by no means cheap, old fellow: it ought to be very efficacious, I should think," said the son of the magistrate.

"So it is," was the answer. "If you take one drop of this liquid, and pour it into the mouth of a dying man, he will infallibly recover."

So the young man untied the corner of his handkerchief, in which he put his money, and bought the phial.

The son of the sepoy, as was related, went into the country of Mysore. There, on the road, he met a man with a wooden horse, remarkably well carved. He asked the price of it, and was told a thousand rupees. He asked what were the points about it that made it so dear, as he could get one like it made for fifty. He was answered that it was the most wonderful horse in existence, because, if you wanted to be quickly at a place, you had only to put your leg over its back, give it three blows with a stick, and, in the twinkling of an eye, you would be at the place you desired. On hearing this he immediately purchased the horse, and took it away with him.

All four, having now spent the money that was given to them, started for the place they had agreed to meet at, which place was a hundred miles from the princess's palace. It was late one night when they rejoined each other, and they were almost fainting from hunger. They had not touched food for three days, they had no money, and there was no one there who could have sold it to them if they had had it. At last one of them—he with the lotah—said—

"If I kindle a fire under this pot, in a short time an ample supper will be provided for you."

No sooner said than done. Wood was

fetched, and a fire was lighted. In a very few minutes they saw, to their delight, food ready cooked. After they had eaten sufficiently, they sat down, and began to relate their adventures. The one who had bought the book produced it, and opening it, said—

"I can now tell what our princess is doing, if she is alive and in good health."

No sooner had he cast his eye on the pages than he uttered an exclamation of horror, and said—

"I see that our princess is very sick, and at the point of death. What is to be done?"

The man who had the phial of medicine said—

"Could I but be near her in time, her life would be saved."

The man who owned the wooden horse now said—

"That can be easily done. I have a horse here, which if you mount, and strike him three times with a stick, he will transport you in a moment wherever you wish."

They were all delighted to hear this. They immediately mounted, and found themselves at the palace of the princess. She was at her last gasp; but the man with the phial poured a drop of the liquid into her mouth, and she recovered directly.

Now came the difficult question, whom out of these four should she marry? Their purchases had turned out equally useful; but they had each been dependent on the other. If the lotah had not supplied them with food, they would have all died of hunger; if the book had not given them the information, they would never have known of the princess's illness; but for the phial of medicine the princess would have died; and if the horse had not brought them, they would not have been there. It was decided at length in favour of the man who owned the horse, as having a horse he could ride to his wedding—it being the custom in the East for the bridegroom, if he has any pretensions to dignity, to ride to the bride's house.

THE REWARD OF THE BARBER.

A certain man, who was very poor, passed from one country to another, and took up his abode in a small hovel close to the palace of the king of that country. Each day he went to the door of the palace, and waited till the king came out to mount his horse; he then made a salaam to the king. This continued for a whole year—the poor

man not missing a single day making his obeisance. At the end of a year, the king took notice of him, and asked him why he so constantly was there, and if he was in his service, or if he could grant him anything? The poor man replied that he was not in his service, nor did he want employment or money; all he asked was that he might be allowed to come every day to the king's dhurbah, and sit close to his majesty's side, every now and then putting his mouth to the king's ear, but at the same time preserving the most complete silence. The king made no objection to this arrangement, as it would in no way interfere with him if he did not speak; so he consented. When the courtiers saw the man putting his mouth from time to time to the king's ear, they imagined that he had great influence with the king; so that if any one had a suit to prefer, he came to this man and gave him large bribes, so that he might talk the king over to his side. Some gave him a thousand rupees, others two thousand; and soon, in this way, from a poor man he became a very rich one. Now, the vizier of this king, when he saw that a great deal of money, instead of coming into his hands, as he thought was his right, went into those of the stranger, became very jealous, and took counsel with himself how he should get him sent away. It happened one morning that the court barber, who was a very cunning man, went to shave the vizier, and seeing him very unhappy, asked him the cause of his sadness. The vizier said—

"What business is it of yours? Hold your tongue."

But on the barber persisting in asking him the reason, he told him how it was, and how desirous he was to get rid of the obnoxious stranger. The barber said—

"Leave it all to me. I will undertake to get him banished."

So he went to the king, and, as he was shaving him, he said—

"Oh, king, does not a stranger always sit by your side, and whisper to you at your dhurbars?"

The king answered—

"Yes, it is so; and, moreover, each time he is present I give him a draft on my treasury for ten rupees."

"Well," said the barber, "the man sets all sorts of reports about; and among others, he says that when you whisper to him, you have such offensive breath that he is com-

pelled to put his handkerchief to his nose and mouth."

The king, getting very angry, answered—

"I have never noticed him doing so, but next time I will watch, and should I catch him at it, I will punish him severely for his disrespect to my royal person, and I will reward you."

The barber then went to the stranger, and while he was shaving him, said—

"Master, when I was shaving the king just now, he was talking about you, and complaining how disagreeable and ill-mannered you were; for whenever you whisper to him, through your deficiency of teeth, your saliva touches his face. He wishes you would put your handkerchief before your mouth when you speak."

The stranger thanked the barber, and said he would do so.

The next day there was a dhurbah. As usual, the man took his seat at the side of the king; but when the king turned his face towards him, as if speaking, he immediately put his handkerchief to his mouth. On seeing this, the king got very angry, and at the rising of the dhurbah, he said—

"Here is a draft on my treasury. Present it as usual, and you will be paid."

Now, written on the draft were these words—"Whoever presents this, cut off his nose, and give him ten rupees."

Having received this, the man went out, and on his way to the treasury he met the barber, who made his salaam. The stranger said—

"Here is the draft for ten rupees the king always gives me. Take it, and present it at the treasury, and accept the money as a present for the valuable hint you gave me."

The barber took it, and soon found himself seized, his nose cut off, and ten rupees put into his hand. Thus the biter was bit.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

THE subject of our cartoon, the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., one of her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland, was born in 1812. His father, of the same name as himself, was in his time a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland, in which the son now holds such a prominent place.

Dr. Macleod was educated at the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and, after holding various minor preferments in the Established Church of Scotland, was ap-

pointed minister of the Barony Church in Glasgow.

He is well known as the author of many valuable and interesting works; and perhaps the most noticeable, his book entitled "Eastward," based upon his experiences of travels which he made in Palestine and the neighbouring countries some years ago, has added largely to his reputation as an attractive writer. Dr. Macleod also went, in 1867, on a journey of inspection among the principal missionary stations of India—a thousand pounds having been previously voted to him for travelling expenses from the funds devoted to missionary enterprises by the Established Church of Scotland.

Some of the more interesting results of his investigations were given in "Good Words," of which Dr. Macleod has been the editor since the first establishment of that magazine in the year 1860. These notes have since been reprinted in a volume form, under the title of "Peeps at the Far East; or, a Familiar Account of a Visit to India."

Of his other numerous literary works, we may mention the "Home School; or, Hints on Home Education," "Simple Truths spoken to Working Men"—addressed more immediately to the congregation of the working classes of the Barony Mission Chapel—"Deborah," "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," and, perhaps one of the most successful of all his works, "The Earnest Student." Although only a brief sketch, one of the most characteristic examples of his style of thought and expression is a short disquisition on "Social Life in Heaven"—one of the papers in a collection entitled "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," the joint production of the Bishop of Ripon, Dr. Macleod, J. B. Owen, M.A., and three other authors. Dr. Macleod has also written an interesting Scottish story, "The Starling."

ROUGE ET NOIR.

THE palmy days of Homburg and Baden are numbered. Throughout the whole of the new German Empire, the godless reign of *rouge et noir* and the hungry geni of the gambling-table have been condemned in the public interest; and the unhallowed scenes of former days, so long the reproach and disgrace of German watering-places, which drew to their "hells" the folly and reckless passions of the civilized world,

are to be committed to the ready oblivion of the past. This resolution of the Imperial Government is based upon no mere freak of sudden virtue and contrition.

For some years past, the tide of public opinion in Germany has been setting in strongly, with daily increasing force, against the pandemoniums which had gained for the most beautiful natural resorts of that country such an unenviable notoriety.

Their suppression was seen to be a necessity not only of public morality, but of public policy. The question, in a formal shape, first came before the old Federal Diet, and a resolution was voted in that assembly to call upon the Governments of the different States of Germany to state what they were prepared to do in the matter of this desired suppression of open gaming-tables.

The Grand Duchy of Baden responded that it intended closing the Baden establishment even before the time of the contract had expired.

But the Nassau authorities were not quite so complaisant. They maintained that it was impossible to abolish the gaming-banks of Wiesbaden and Ems, inasmuch as the proprietors of those concerns had built the thermal establishments there in 1807 and 1810, and had kept them in repair ever since, at their own expense. They promised, however, when the present leases had expired, to refuse to renew them.

The Government of Mecklenburg-Schwerin offered to suppress the Dobberau gaming-house, if the Governments of the other States would abolish those within their own jurisdiction.

Waldeck refused to suppress its two gaming-houses at Pymont and Wildungen, the concessions for which were in force till 1873 and 1905 respectively, unless public gaming should be prohibited throughout the whole of the Federation simultaneously.

These were the first symptoms of the coming reform, and the natural opposition of vested interests, however vile or however blighting, to the healthy moral instincts of a great people. But now the end is at hand. *Rouge et noir* will soon be an institution of the past—so far, at least, as the Germans are concerned; and the croupier will find no other refuge than that wretched rock of Monaco, "which never sows and never reaps, yet has an invincible objection to starving." But the congratulations of the well-wishers of society have re-

ceived a sudden shock within the last few days, which, if it means anything, bodes ill for the future of the morality of Europe at large, and France in particular.

An ugly report is abroad that some financial genius has discovered a golden secret for paying out the "odious foreigner," in possession of French territory. The same benefactor to his species has unravelled his scheme to M. Thiers—namely, of re-establishing by authority the public gaming-houses, and thus raising a revenue to the Government sufficient not only to pay off the Prussian indemnity in full, but also to raise the vast paper money of the country to par value. M. Thiers is said to have coincided with the idea, and to have determined to ask Parliamentary sanction to the scheme. It is to be hoped that this lamentable scheme for making Paris one mighty Monaco may be nipped in the bud; but the most unpleasant sign is the spirit in which the French public has received the idea.

One simultaneous thought runs through every French mind—and that is, that the Germans must be got out of the country as soon as possible; and what more attractive or quick-witted scheme than this to the excitable Gallic imagination?

Some of the most famous watering-places in France—such as Aix, Vichy, Plombières, and Barèges—offer to pay the whole debt of their respective towns, with a *douceur* of a million to the State, if the Government will only repeal the law of 1836, when, on the proposition of M. Delessert, all the gaming-houses were ordered to be closed from the 1st of January, 1838—thus reducing gambling in France to what it is in this country—stringently forbidden, but carried on in secret.

In view of the sad contingency presented to us, we cannot but think of the state of society in the old palmy days of gambling, not only in France, but in this country; and if this new scheme becomes law, the torrent of lawless speculation thus let loose in every class of French society will have no slight influence for evil on vast numbers in this country.

Let us glance for a moment at some of the leading facts in the history of the gambling-table in France. In Paris, as elsewhere, the acquisition of enormous riches by gaming has ceased to be a fashionable vice; the more reputable way is considered to be by speculating on the Bourse—al-

though some unsophisticated minds fail to see any appreciable difference between the two methods. But formerly, gambling for huge stakes was the order of the day in all good society.

Henry IV., the victim of Ravallac, and one of the greatest of the French monarchs, was also one of its greatest gamblers. It was a passion with himself, and he set the pernicious example to the whole nation. Under him gambling became the rage, and many noble families were utterly ruined by it. The Duc de Biron lost in one year about a quarter of a million in English money.

Bassompierre, in his memoirs, relates that he won more than 500,000 livres—£25,000—in the course of a year, and that a certain friend of his won more than 200,000 crowns—£100,000. The winnings of this courtier, Bassompierre, were enormous. He won at the Duc d'Épergnon's sufficient to pay his debts, to dress superbly, to purchase the most costly jewellery—such as a sword, studded with diamonds; and after all these expenses, had two or three thousand pounds to "kill-time with."

"It was at the Court of Henry IV.," says a writer on the subject, "that was invented the method of speedy ruin by means of written vouchers for loss and gain—which simplified the thing in all subsequent times. It was there also that certain Italian masters of the gaming art displayed their talents, their suppleness and dexterity. One of them, named Pimentello, having, in the presence of the Duke de Sully, appealed to the honour which he enjoyed in having often played with Henry IV., the Duke exclaimed, 'By heavens! so you are the Italian blood-sucker who is every day winning the King's money! You have fallen into the wrong box, for I neither like nor wish to have anything to do with such fellows.' Pimentello got warm. 'Go about your business,' said Sully, giving him a shove. 'Your infernal gibberish will not alter my resolve. Go!'"

It is a pity that humanity at large is not more plentifully endued with some of the great Sully's common sense.

This same Pimentello is said to have bought over all the dice-sellers in Paris to load their dice, in order that he might with the greater certainty carry out his nefarious frauds at the gaming-table.

After the death of Henry IV., and during the next reign, the passion for gaming form-

ing no part of the natural tastes of Louis XIII., whose chief amusement was the royal game of chess, gambling sank a short while into abeyance; but the change was of short duration.

Louis XIV.—“Le Grand Monarque,” as the French love to call him—succeeded to the throne. He was passionately fond of gambling. This is partly attributable to his early training. Cardinal Mazarin, a confirmed gamester, and deeply imbued with the Italian spirit, lost no opportunity of sowing in the mind of the young King the desire for gambling—which, once implanted, can never be eradicated.

He did not scruple, moreover, to profit by his own superior skill, and win large sums from the King; and it was a notorious fact that, ecclesiastic though he was, he would not disdain to use foul means if he found he was losing by fair. On one occasion, the principal personages of the time were the spectators of a performance which might well be termed “diamond cut diamond.” The spectacle was Mazarin and the Count de Grammont playing together at cards, and trying to beat each other by cheating.

The social state of France at this time was, as might be imagined, utterly corrupt; and, at the death of Louis XIV., three-fourths of the nation were under the influence of one pervading idea—viz., gambling. In this reign, it may be noticed that lotteries were established and developed in France, the first being designed to celebrate the restoration of peace and the marriage of the King.

During the minority of Louis XV., an important character in the history of gambling and gamblers made his great *début*. This was the famous Scotsman, John Law. He first gained notoriety by his extravagant play and his wonderful good luck. He was a “plunger,” in the fullest sense of the word; and, what was better still, a successful plunger. Law had the skill to gain millions at play, and to escape being found out and denounced as a cheat. This man became Controller-General of France; started his gigantic project, so well known to all Europe as the Mississippi scheme; turned the whole French nation—clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen and princes, not to mention women—into an army of stock-jobbers and gamblers; and finally, when the bubble burst and the universal ruin suc-

ceeded, was glad to get away, in the best fashion he could, to Brussels.

Some idea of the misery inflicted by this huge and hollow gambling scheme of John Law's may be formed from the fact that six hundred thousand of the best families of the land were almost irretrievably ruined in the final crash.

From this the public morality grew worse and worse. More gaming-houses than ever were opened. Gambling was the rule at all times and on all occasions. A gamester returning from the funeral of his brother, where he had exhibited signs of profound grief, played and won a considerable sum of money.

“How do you feel now?” he was asked.

“A little better,” was the pathetic answer.

“This consoles me.”

Horace Walpole, who visited Paris in 1739, gives his impressions of what he saw there in a letter to Richard West.

“You would not easily guess their notions of honour. I will tell you one. It is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the King's service, as they call it; and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses. There are at least one hundred and fifty of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, *paraoh*, &c.

“The men who keep the hazard table at the Duke de Gesvres' pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses.”

The reign of Louis XVI. saw no improvement. All kinds of licentiousness, and gambling triumphant over all, grew to their height in that mad time, so soon to be followed by the fiercest Revolution on record. The King himself was the reverse of a profligate, and he hated gambling. Marie Antoinette, on the other hand, in this as in many other matters, completely counteracted her husband's good example.

The Revolution came, and things were, if possible, worse. A gaming-house was opened in every street; and, up to the time of the Directory, there were four thousand of these houses in full operation in Paris alone. The notorious Fouché, minister of justice and prince of detectives, derived an income of £128,000 a-year for licensing or privileging gaming-houses. But Fouché had a double

object in his system. The "farmers" of the gaming-houses, besides paying thus heavily for their "privileges," were compelled to hire and pay 120,000 people as croupiers or attendants at the gaming-table. Every one of these was a spy of Fouché. When Bonaparte took the reins of government in hand, his first intention was to crush the evil at once. Policy, however, modified his views; and, abandoning his original project, he determined on licensing them. And this arrangement continued till 1838, when, as we have mentioned, public gaming was prohibited by law.

The last company which farmed the Parisian gaming-houses paid the Government £270,000 for the privilege. There were six houses: Frascati's, the Salons, and four in the Palais Royal. The daily average of players was 3,000, while 1,000 were generally refused admittance. The clear profit made in 1837, the year before the act of abolition, was £76,000 sterling. Of this sum, three-fourths were handed over to the city of Paris, leaving £19,000 for distribution among the members of the company.

With such figures as these before us, we cannot be astonished that a not over-scrupulous minister like M. Thiers—who has, moreover, the difficult task of making a good budget out of nothing—should be inclined to listen somewhat favourably to the new proposal for the restoration of the horrible system.

But while we have been speaking thus severely of the French, we must not forget that the same system of reckless gambling obtained even amongst the most aristocratic circles in our own country. Horace Walpole relates numerous incidents of the reckless and ruinous kind of gaming indulged in in his own day. In 1770, he writes to Sir Horace Mann: "The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our empire or commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not twenty-one, lost £11,000 there last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath—'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions!'"

In a letter to the Hon. S. A. Conway, dated 1781, he tells how his "nephew, Lord Cholmondeley, the banker *à la mode*, has been demolished. He and his associate, Sir Willoughby Ashton, went early the other

night to Brookes's, before Charles Fox and Fitzpatrick, who keep a bank there, were come; but they soon arrived, attacked their rivals, broke their bank, and won above £4,000.

"Thus," said Fox, 'should all usurpers be served.'

"He did still better; for he sent for his tradesmen, and paid them as far as the money would go."

A more extraordinary story by Walpole is the following:—

He informs Lady Ossory, in 1781—"I was diverted last night at Lady Lucan's. The moment I entered, she sat me down to whist with Lady Bute; and who do you think were the other partners? The Archbishopess of Canterbury and Mr. Gibbon."

The Mr. Gibbon alluded to is, of course, the famous author of the "Decline and Fall."

The rage for gambling in this country was at its height towards the close of the eighteenth century. Before the first French Revolution, not more than four or five gaming-tables were in operation; but at a later period upwards of thirty houses were open every night. This was done in defiance of law.

Several members of the aristocracy kept *faro* tables at their own houses. Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Spencer, and Lady Mount Edgcombe were the delectable three Graces of the system. In fact, they went by the name of "Faro's Daughters." Lady Buckinghamshire actually slept with a blunderbuss and a pair of pistols at her side to protect her *faro* bank.

Lord Kenyon, referring to these ladies, said, on the 9th of May, 1796:—"They think they are too great for the law. I wish they could be punished. If any prosecutions of this sort are fairly brought before me, and the parties are justly convicted, whatever be their rank or station in the country, though they should be the first ladies in the land, they shall certainly exhibit themselves in the pillory."

In the next year an opportunity occurred for making true his threats.

At the beginning of March, 1797, the Lady Buckinghamshire, Lady Luttrell, Mrs. Sturt, and other personages of rank, were indicted on an information for keeping *faro* tables in their houses. They were convicted, but were only subjected to heavy fines. The witnesses were recent servants of her lady-

ship, who had been discharged on account of a loss from their mistress's house of £200, which belonged to the faro bank.

These facts in themselves are a sufficient comment on the lax principles of our aristocratic classes in those halcyon days of *rouge et noir*—concerning which we sincerely hope that we may never see their like again, either in this country or among our French neighbours.

GUMMERS' FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER III.

GENTILITY HAS ITS DRAWBACKS.

AT the close of the first year of gentility, affairs were cloudy. Our Bow tenant, after owing two quarters' rent, on the pretence that he could only pay when his half-yearly dividend came round, bolted, and sent us the key by Parcels Delivery.

"Gummer, this won't do, and sha'n't go on. Beyond our income I won't live. Why not have one or two gentlemen to partial board and lodge? That would pretty nigh make the two ends meet. Besides, Tom, partial board in a genteel family often gets girls off."

"We might also have a lady or two."

"No, Gummer—none of your fussy, grumbling marms or minxes come under my roof. Depend upon it, Matilda Gummer will never be the slave of her own prying, tread-you-down sex!"

Next morning at breakfast, Nancy read an advertisement which she and Janet had composed, with the help of their mamma.

"TO GENTLEMEN.—A professional, musical, and cheerful family, residing in a villa standing in its own grounds, in the most beautiful, salubrious, and genteel suburb of the metropolis, and conveniently accessible to the City, having a larger house than they require, and seeking society of refined taste and position, are willing to receive one or two gentlemen to partial board, on nominal terms. The highest references given and required.—Address 'Professional,' at Mutton's Library."

"There, pa, is not that capital?" asked Janet.

"Who are our high references?"

"Lor, pa—that is only a form."

"The nominal terms will be thought to mean next to nothing."

"And, Gummer, what is two pounds a week, with washing extra, to a gentleman who is one, and not a pauper in broadcloth and kid gloves?"

"But, Matilda, we are not a professional family. I am not admitted."

"Oh, Gummer, you are enough to make a dead and dumb saint swear. I do believe you will find fault with your coffin, though you are put into the best that money can buy. Moreover, it is so nice of a father to be for ever pouring buckets of black frost ice-water over all the poor dear girls do. No, my dears. Put in that your father is a costermonger and your mother a charwoman, and your pa will be happy."

"Yes, ma," said Janet; "and let us put in that we are poor, and take in boarders for the sake of their paltry money."

"Pa, you will drive us into service," said Nancy.

"Let the advertisement go as it is. I only spoke by way of argument."

May be I am henpecked. Perhaps men who are lords at home would stop their crowing if they knew what was thought of them before their faces, and done behind their backs. It is better to be henpecked than hated and humbugged; and every married man is one or the other.

I was stirring my last cup of tea. Mrs. Gummer, after dropping a piece of soda in the pot, was filling it up for the servants. Ring, ding, dong, dong, dong. Corcyra Villa has the loudest bell in the county; and postmen are friendly to bellhangers. In a minute, James brought in the letter-bag.

We did what we could to act up to a detached villa. When we were at Bow, we behaved according to the neighbourhood, and the girls rushed to the door to seize the letters. But that conduct would have been a kind of social felony in the Green Lanes. So we waited whilst James read the addresses and put the letters into the bag. The girls had read many fashionable novels, and thus learnt the habits and manners of the aristocracy. In high-life novels, the authors always talk of the letter-bag being brought in at breakfast; and we determined to have a letter-bag. We did not know where to buy one; and unfortunately these important things are not illustrated in high-life novels as they ought to be. But Mrs. Gummer is equal to any difficulty. She bought two yards of stout holland, and made a small-sized clothes bag. The girls worked on it, in red wool, the words "Letter-bag," and it was fastened at the top by a yard of blue blind cord. I merely mention this to show

that, though Green Lanes' gentility snubbed us, we deserved better treatment. The gallery always stamp their feet and warm their hands when Shakspeare says it is better to deserve success than to command it. It is not my experience or philosophy. May be that I am wrong, but this is how I put it. It is not chance, but Providence, that governs affairs; and Providence, I take it, is too fair to favour anybody. What then? Everybody gets his deserts; and he who fails does not deserve success, and he who commands success deserves it. There is a world of misfortune seen in a lawyer's office, and I never met with a client going or gone to the bad who did not think himself unlucky; but when we look into affairs, we find he has been sowing troubles broadcast.

Well, the letter-bag was brought in. But the event is too stupendous to be tacked on to the end of a chapter. I do not profess to be a genuine trained author, but I believe it is the correct business to keep the excited public in suspense. For, as Mrs. Gummer says whenever the dinner is behind, a little waiting whets the appetite.

CHAPTER IV. THE SURPRISE.

THE letter-bag was brought in, and I took out a large-sized blue wove envelope, addressed "Thomas Gummer, Esq., &c., &c., &c."

"Matilda, this is a lawyer's letter. What can be the matter?"

"May be our wicked runaway tenant wants to compromise; but I won't," said Mrs. Gummer.

"Not impossible," I observed, as I was opening the letter.

"Or," remarked Mrs. Gummer, "it is not a mile from a likely guess that some firm is offering you terms equal to your merits, and which you are never likely to get from those slave-grinding grabbers, Purrem & Mangles."

I opened the letter, and read it. Then I stared at it. Then the letter seemed to stare at me. Then I tried to read it again. Then the letters turned different colours, and the lines danced a drunken jig. If I had swallowed a nest-egg I could not have had a more choking lump in my throat.

Mrs. Gummer and the girls were scared.

"Oh, Gummer!—my dear Tom, if the bank has broke, and we are driven to out-

door relief and a back attic, don't take on in that awful way."

"Pa," exclaimed Nancy, "tell us the worst. Oh, do, do, do!"

"Send for Dr. Bungay," cried Janet.

"My cousin in India is dead," I gasped out, as well as the nest-egg would let me.

"Gummer, a sign-board might blush for you. Frightening your poor persecuted family into killing fits, and a doctor's bill to beggar us! And what for? Feelings are feelings; but who is Joseph Gummer to you and to yours? It's fifteen years good and more since he has seen us, when he gave Nancy a silver mug, and a fal-de-ral knife and fork to Janet. And are you to rave worse than a delirium tremens Marched hare because he is dead?"

"My dear," said I, "poor Joseph has—"

But I could not go on, for the nest-egg was bigger than ever.

"Well, Gummer, it's awful to be tomahawked by Indians in paint and feathers; but it does not follow that a respectable father is to kill himself and his family with the horrors because his father's brother happened to be the husband of the murdered victim's mother. As far as affection goes, a cousin is no nearer related to you than Jack the Giant Killer or Aladdin's Lamp. Moreover, people should stop in the land they are born to, and not go poking their noses amongst the Indians."

I swallowed the cup of tea, and then read the letter:—

"Bedford-row, March 2, 18—.

"Thomas Gummer, Esq., &c., &c., &c."

"SIR—It is our pleasure to inform you that by the last Indian mail we were favoured with a letter from Messrs. Leopard & Sons, solicitors, of Calcutta—we being their London agents—in which we are instructed to communicate to you important intelligence. A delay has occurred in consequence of your change of residence. We have to inform you that Mr. Joseph Gummer, merchant, of Calcutta, died on the first day of the year, and that by his will he has left you the whole of his property. It is our further pleasure to inform you that Messrs. Leopard & Sons, who were the professional advisers of your late lamented cousin, estimate the value of the property at £40,000. Perhaps you will favour us with an early call. Whilst condoling with you on the decease of your esteemed relative, we congratulate you on

the excellent and just disposition of his property; and awaiting your instructions—We are, dear sir, your faithful servants,

“SPARKES & Co.”

The letter fluttered to the table, and there was a silence of perhaps a minute, but it seemed an hour. In that minute a whole lifetime—a score of lifetimes—were acted in my mind. I thought of what my mother would have said if she had known that I was coming into such a fortune. I thought of the astonishment of Purrem & Mangles, and the envy of my fellow-clerks, and how they would want to borrow. I thought of buying an estate, and whether I would take to farming. I thought of being a magistrate, and a member of Parliament. I thought of going to the bar, in spite of my years, and dying on the woolsack. I thought of how I should invest my money, and I was bothered between the choice of bad securities or low interest. I thought of how much Mrs. Gummer and the girls would want for dress, and how much I should have to pay in charity. I thought about making my will, and I wished the fortune had come to me when I was younger. I am certain that these things, and more than I can now remember, were thought over in less than a minute.

The spell of silence was broken by Mrs. Gummer and the girls blubbering together. Matilda clung to my throat, and said—

“Oh, Gummer—bless you, dear! Tom, this is the pouring rain I dreamt of, but could not make out; and our girls will be the equals of the highest flyers in the land. Tom, the room is going round so dreadful, and I can’t stand.”

Matilda was very bad. I soused her with vinegar and water, and gave her drops of brandy. When she came to, the girls were worse; and hysterics, which is the most provoking complaint I know of, lasted for nearly half an hour.

I read the letter over again.

“Surely,” said I, “it can’t be a hoax?”

Nancy bellowed, Janet screamed, and Mrs. Gummer started from the sofa in the fiercest rage I have ever seen her in during a quarter of a century of married life, by which husbands will understand it must have been a tearing passion.

“Gummer, don’t make me curse you and hate you! How dare you fly in the face of Providence? How dare you blast the pro-

mise of a fortune put within your very grasp? I do believe, if you had a mine of diamonds, you would never rest until you had turned every diamond into false jewellery not worth a shilling a ton. But you have always been and always will be wringing wet blankets on the rising hopes of your poor defrauded family. But never mind—when you have brought us to our early paupers’ graves, you will be happy.”

“My dear Matilda, I only suggested. I’ll be off to Sparkes & Co. at once.”

“And, Gummer, don’t be fooled and fuddled; and don’t let the poor dear girls be robbed before your wide open eyes. If anything goes wrong with the fortune, mind you, Gummer, I would rather have followed the poor dears to their infant graves before ever they opened their eyes in this blessed world.”

“Go with him, ma,” said Nancy. “Pa is too flurried to be safe.”

“Pray, do,” said Janet; “for if anything happens to the fortune, I couldn’t live.”

“Gummer, I am not equal to it; but a mother can go through anything for her offspring, and I am willing.”

Mrs. Gummer complained that all her body, inside and out, was shaking like aspens with the ague; and so we had a little neat spirit all round. The girls dressed their ma with wonderful quickness. The gloves would not go on—they never will when one is in a hurry—so they were to be coaxed whilst we were walking to a cab, which Janet besought us to take because it was faster than an omnibus.

“Gummer, before we start, let me beg of you not to throw oceans of cold water on the fortune before the lawyers, who would be rogues enough to pretend you were the wrong Gummer, or, may be, not a Gummer. Then the fortune might be swindled into Chancery; and, as you have told me, Chancery is like a cow with a big swallow, but never vomits. And, Gummer, don’t look in the least surprised; but seem as if you knew that poor Joseph was going to be tomahawked, and to leave you his fortune.”

Amidst a confused chorus of blessings and cautions, we left the house. The morning was cloudy, and having forgotten the umbrella I was turning back for it, when the girls set up a shriek that brought me to a sudden stop.

“Oh, pa, pa—pray don’t come back, it’s so horribly unlucky!” And Janet, forgetting

all about the gentility of the Green Lanes, ran into the road with the umbrella.

Since taking up our residence at Corcyrá Villa, we had given over the vulgar habit of walking arm and arm; but that morning Mrs. Gummer came down to Bow manners, and leant on me heavily—for Matilda is not a light weight, and by reason of her size her movement is semi-circular, and rather dragging. This remark does not apply to her tongue, which is remarkably active, and the nearest possible approach to perpetual motion. Yet that morning we walked along silent as funeral mutes pretend to be.

"Gummer, if tongue-tying is a disease that comes to grown-ups, depend upon it I've caught it. My thoughts, Tom, are like a crowd at the theatre pit. Every one rushing and crushing to be first, and the consequence is a jam at the entrance—that is to say, my tongue."

But Mrs. Gummer's wits were not jammed. In the hurry and excitement, no bargain had been made with cabby, and he asked about two hundred per cent. too much. Mrs. Gummer took his number, handed him her name and address and the correct fare, and told him to summons.

Cabby remarked that "the hact didn't mean a ton of tallow at sixpence a mile."

"Take no notice of him, Gummer. I am not ashamed of my size, and I think very meanly of a mother of a family who is a scrag."

Sparkes & Co.'s was on the first floor. We rested a minute on the landing.

"It's no use waiting for breath, Tom, in a draught that would cut through a diamond as if it was butter. Enter the office."

"Is Mr. Sparkes in?"

"Senior or junior?" asked a clerk, rather languidly.

"Old Mr. Sparkes," replied Mrs. Gummer.

The languid clerk stuck a round piece of unrimmed glass in his left eye, and examined Mrs. Gummer curiously. "As if," she said, "I was a new sort of animal just invented by the British Museum."

"What name?"

"Thomas Gummer."

"And Mrs. Thomas Gummer," added my wife.

"Is it anything I can do for you?"

"No, young man, you can't," said Mrs. Gummer. "The only party that can do for us is old Mr. Sparkes."

The unrimmed glass dropped from the

left eye of the languid clerk. He bade the boy tell Mr. Sparkes that persons of the name of Gummer were asking for him. He then stood before the fire, gazed steadily at the ceiling, and hummed a tune.

We were not kept waiting. Mr. Sparkes, an elderly gentleman, cased in black cloth set off with a huge white neckerchief and diamond studs, came out of a door in great haste.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Gummer. Proud to have this opportunity of paying my respects to you, Mrs. Gummer. Mr. Noddle, sir"—this was to the languid clerk—"how dare you allow my friends to stand? The manners of a boor, sir, won't do in these chambers."

All the tune and the stare were taken out of that young man.

If Mr. Sparkes, senior, had been our foster-brother he could not have been more cordial. He drew an easy chair close to the fire, and put Mrs. Gummer in it. He asked me to take a seat near to Matilda, and then sat down opposite to us. It was like a cozy family party after a Sunday's dinner.

"So your good relation has gone to a better world, Mrs. Gummer?"

Throughout the interview Mr. Sparkes addressed himself principally to Mrs. Gummer. Mr. Sparkes might or might not be up in law; but he was thoroughly posted in human nature.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Gummer, "poor dear Joseph has been tomahawked. If the event had not been fully expected, it would have been a shock we could not have got over."

"Tomahawked! Dear me, is it possible? Bless me! I had no idea such deeds were done in British India. You knew of the melancholy event, I presume, before the receipt of our note?"

Mrs. Gummer made a noise that was a cross between a giggle and a cough.

"Well, that is good! Knew of it? Of course we did. Poor Joseph was so regular in his—"

And then Matilda broke down; for it occurred to her that our lamented relation could hardly have announced his own death.

"To be sure, to be sure. Well, I am rejoiced to say that Mr. Joseph has left the whole of his property to Mr. Gummer."

Then Mr. Sparkes read the letter of Leopárd & Sons, stating that Mr. Joseph Gummer had named Mr. Thomas Gummer, of

Bow, his sole heir, he being the only relation who had not borrowed or begged of him.

TABLE TALK.

WHETHER the animal world has diminished in size as it has gone on is an interesting question which has often been discussed. Dr. Hartwig, in a scholarlike work on "The Subterranean World," has partially answered the query. He says that the colossal size of many of the extinct plants and animals seems to favour the belief that organic life has degenerated from its former powers; but a survey of existing creation soon proves the vital principle to be as strong and as flourishing as ever. No fossil tree has yet been found to equal the towering height of the huge *Sequoias* and *Wellingtonianas* of California; and though the horse-tails and club-mosses of the carboniferous ages may well be called colossal when compared with their diminutive representatives of the present day, yet their height by no means exceeded that of the tall bamboo of India. No fossil bivalve is as large as the *Tridacna* of the tropical seas; and though our nautilus is a mere pigmy when compared with many of the ammonites, our naked cuttle fishes are probably as bulky as those of any of the former geological formations. The living crustaceans and fishes are not inferior to their predecessors in size; and though the giant saurians of the past were much larger than our crocodiles, yet they do not completely dwarf them by comparison. The extinct *Dinornis* far surpassed the ostrich in size, but the mammoth and the mastodon find their equal in our elephant; and though the sloths of the present day are mere pigmies when compared with the *Megatherium*, yet no extinct mammal attains the size of the Greenland whale.

HIS REMARKS, too, on earthquake shocks are of interest. He tells us that these are either vertical or undulatory. A vertical shock, which is felt immediately about the seat or focus of the subterranean disturbance, causes a movement up and down. Like an exploding mine, it frequently jerks movable bodies high up into the air. Thus, during the great earthquake of Riobamba, the bodies of many of the inhabitants were thrown upon the hill of La Culla, which rises to the height of several hundred feet at the other side of

the Lican torrent; and, during the earthquake at Chili, in 1837, a large mast planted thirty feet in the ground at Fort San Carlos, and propped with iron bars, was thrown upwards, so that a round hole remained behind.

I HAVE OFTEN heard the question discussed as to what was the etymology of that very unpleasant word "blackguard;" but it was not till the other day that I learned that the first blackguard was really "a coloured gentleman." As to the value of my authority I, of course, offer no opinion. In an old ballad, called "Voyage of R. Baker to Guinie, 1562," mention is made of the objectionable character referred to—

"Our maister's mate his pike eftsoons
Strikes through his targe and throat;
The capteine now past charge
Of this brutish Blackguard
His pike halde backe which in targe,
Alas, were fixed hard.

So that we may conclude from this that the first blackguard hailed from the coast of Guinea.

I OFTEN WISH that my after-breakfast feeling would continue through the day. A cup of tea or coffee seems to have the power of making love in the heart, and producing contentment and an inclination to talk about trifles. It is well, however, that I cannot have my wish, and that in half an hour or so these kind of feelings begin an ebb-tide which brings slowly into consciousness the thought that there is other work to do in life besides talking about trifles. The ladies of the house also help on the growth of this thought by little half-polite signs of ejection: they must order dinner, and they ask you to execute some little commission in the town connected therewith.

IT MAY SEEM hard and unkind to say it, and yet it is true, that it is a most blessed thing that a month is the general limit of a "honeymoon;" and even before this period, *cummi* and a sense of monotonousness set into the heart—especially if it include five or six thorough wet days.

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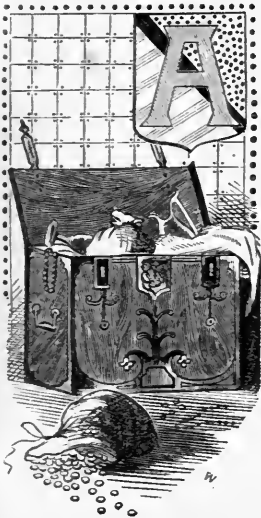
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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.



AFTER paying a tribute to his father's extravagant generosity by washing his throat with a wine-glass of Cognac in the pantry on his way out, Dick Mortiboy strode into the garden. He felt the want of light, and space, and air to appreciate his father's act.

In the close parlour, where old Ready-money had in one great gift begged himself and made his son a millionaire, he could not think.

This rover of the seas went out into the air to realize his position; and then he did not do it in a moment. What a change a few up-and-down strokes of a pen can make! It seemed impossible. An hour before, Dick Mortiboy would have sworn that he had lived too long in a world of surprises to be surprised by anything. But the sudden transformation of Lafleur's partner into the richest man in Market Basing was almost too much even for his adamantine nerves. The sensation of being respectable was too new. He was a little staggered: strode fast along the gravel paths of the old-fashioned garden—now pale, now slightly flushed—and, intense realist as he was, had a dim notion of something unreal in his great stroke of fortune. This feeling floated across his brain once or twice in the first

few seconds only. He felt the stiff parchment crumple in the grasp of his sinewy fingers. This put dreams to flight: here was reality!

He held possession in his hand.

He stood in his father's shoes, he hardly knew how many years before he expected to put them on.

From the moment he had made up his mind to stay with his father, he had played his cards well. But the end of the game had come almost too soon. Life thus lost one fertile source of amusement for Dick Mortiboy. And then the old man had outwitted him after all. Closely as he had watched him, he had never dreamed what was in the wind. He had seen the effect Mr. Melliship's death had had on his father, and had marked with interested eye the signs of his mental decay. But the idea of Ready-money Mortiboy making a transfer of everything to him had never entered his mind.

The man who would have grugged him a coin gave him his hoards. Yet, in his heart, Dick had not one spark of gratitude towards his father.

"I've had a good many facers in my life," said he to himself, "but this is the most wonderful of any. Twelve years' knocking about ought to make a man equal to most accidents, but I don't suppose that any accident ever happened that could hold a candle to this. Fatherly affection must be a very strong sentiment with some people. I don't feel any such yearning after little Bill as the governor must have had for me. Wonder if he repents his ways, and is trying to make atonement? Can't be that. No, he thinks he has saved the probate duty, and made a nominal transfer to his affectionate, his clever, steady, honest son, Richard. Wonder if he thinks I'm going to let him have his own way? Can't be such a fool as that. Wonder if he believes all he says? Must. Most extraordinary old

chap, the governor! What are we to do now? Shall we live in Market Basing, and 'see the property grow?' I don't think we can. Shall we undeceive the old man?"

His face grew dark.

"He treated me like a dog. He gave me the wages of a porter. He starved me and bullied me. He turned me into the streets with a ten pound note. When I come home and pretend that I am rich, he fawns upon me and licks my hand. 'Honour your father.' Now, I ask an enlightened General Board of Worldly Affairs—if there is such a thing—how the devil I can be expected to honour Mr. Mortiboy, Senior? Ready-money Mortiboy, is he? Good. He shall have ready money for the future, and not too much of it. What he gave me, I will give him. I've been a forger, have I? I've been a gambler and an adventurer—I've lived by tricks and cunning for twelve years, have I? I've been a bye-word in towns where men are *not* particular as to their morals, have I? I've done the fighting for Lafleur, and the lying for both of us, have I? I've been Roaring Dick, with my life in my hand, and my pistol in my pocket, sometimes with a fistful of money, sometimes without a dollar, have I? And whose fault?"

He shook his fist at the house.

"And now I'm master of everything. My affectionate father, your affection comes too late. I am what you made me—an unnatural son."

He was gesticulating a little in his anger, like Lafleur did when he was excited. He had picked up the trick from his partner. And he was speaking out in a loud tone of voice, and shaking his fist, at the bottom of the garden, near the old door he had found locked on the Sunday morning when he first met Polly after his return. And the door had a very large keyhole, and there was an eye at it watching him with considerable interest.

Polly was there.

"D-1-c-κ," she whispered through the keyhole.

He heard it, swore, and thought the place was haunted. His back was turned to the door.

"Dick," she called again, in a louder tone.

This time he knew the voice, and soon discovered where it came from.

"Good gad—Polly!"

He did not look pleased.

He put his foot on the pump, and looked over. She was dirty, and her clothes were very untidy.

"Dick, what were you going on like that for? I saw you, when you were up at the other end of the garden, shaking your fist at your father's bed-room window. What's he been doing of, Dick?"

"What do you want at this time of the day?" was the only answer she got to her queries.

She did not dare to repeat them. She was afraid of the man's anger.

"Dick," she said, "I want some money. Little Bill's been took bad, and I've got nothing to send him. Scarlet fever he's got."

"Polly, my girl!"—he was still on his own side of the wall—"you've had fifty pounds out of me in three months. Bill can't cost all that, you know. You'd better not try on any humbug, because I'm not going to stand it."

"Now, who was? And he's had every farden of it—except a pound or two I kep' for clothes myself. But he wants it, Dick."

"Then I'll take it to him."

The woman's expression grew obstinate and stubborn.

"You take me to your father, and say, 'Here's my wife,' and you shall have his address; not before, my fine Dick."

"Then," said Dick, "you may go to the devil!" And marched away.

Polly waited a few minutes, to see if he would come back; and then she too walked off.

The evening was a silent and dismal one. Mr. Mortiboy proposed a bottle of port to drink the occasion. Dick suggested brandy instead; and the old man drank three tumblers of brandy and water. In his excited state, the drink produced no effect upon him; and he went off to bed at half-past nine without the usual symptoms of partial inebriation. Then Dick relapsed into a gloomy meditation by the kitchen fire. He was aroused by the clock striking ten, and leaped to his feet as if he had been shot.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated—"the very time for Lafleur. I had forgotten all about him."

He kicked off his boots, and crept silently along the passage and up the stairs. A light came through the door of Mr. Mortiboy's bed-room, which was left ajar. He heard the sound of money.

"Cunning old fox," thought Dick; "hiding my money, is he?"

Then he crouched down in the dark passage, and waited.

The situation presently struck him as being intensely comic. Here was the old man counting his money in the bed-room, while Lafleur was probably getting up the ladder. Instead of sleeping off a dose of morphia, Mr. Mortiboy was in a lively state of wakefulness. Instead of robbing the father, Lafleur would be robbing him. He chuckled at the thought, leaning against the wall, till the floor shook.

In five minutes or so, he saw a black form against the window.

"There he is," thought Dick.

The real fun was about to begin.

Lafleur opened the window noiselessly, and stepped into the passage. He moved with silent steps, feeling his way till he came to the old man's door. Then he looked in, and stood still, irresolute—for the light was streaming out, and Mr. Mortiboy was not even in bed.

Dick crept along the passage, and laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder. Lafleur started, but he knew the pressure of that hand: it could only be Dick.

They peeped together through the half-opened door. Mr. Mortiboy had opened the doors of his great press, and brought out all the contents. They were scattered on the table. Gold and silver plate, forks, spoons, cups, épergnes—all lay piled in a heap. In the centre a great pile of sovereigns, bright and new-looking. The old man stood over them with outstretched arms, as if to confer his blessing. Then he laid his cheek fondly on the gold. Then he dabbled his hands in it, took it up, and dropped the coins through his fingers. Then he polished a gold cup with his sleeve, and murmured—

"Dick knows nothing of this—Dick knows nothing of this."

And then Dick gently led Lafleur away, and brought him silently to the kitchen, where, with both doors shut, he sat down, and laughed till his sides ached.

"Pardon me," said Lafleur, whose face was white with rage and disappointment, "I don't see the joke. Pray, was this designed as a special amusement for me?"

"I must laugh," cried Dick. "It's the finest thing I ever came across."

And he laughed again till the tears ran down his cheeks.

Lafleur sat down doggedly and waited.

"And now," said Dick at last, "let us talk. It's all right, partner, and you can have your five thousand whenever you like."

"Now?" asked Lafleur.

"Well, not now. In a few days. Hang it, man!—you can't get a big lump like that paid down at a moment's warning."

"Tell me all about it."

Dick told him in as few words as possible.

"It is all yours, Dick?"

"All mine."

"You are rich at last. Good." He was considering how he might get his share of the plunder. "Let me have a few hundreds to-night, Dick. I lost a lot yesterday, and promised to pay to-morrow evening."

"How can I? To-morrow I can give you five hundred from the bank, if you like."

"Too late. If it is all yours, the money upstairs is yours. Let me have some of that."

Dick hesitated. Void of affection as he was to his father, he yet felt a touch of compunction at undeceiving him so soon.

"I meant to have an explanation in a few days. But if you cannot wait—"

"I really cannot, my dearest Richard. It is life and death to me. I must start from this respectable place to-night with money in my pocket."

"Then we must have our row to-night. It seems hard that the old man should not have a single night's rest in his delusion. However, it can't be helped. Give me your duplicate keys."

He put on his boots, took a candle, and went upstairs to his father's room. Mr. Mortiboy was in bed by this time and asleep, for the explanation of things had taken nearly an hour. Dick opened the press, took out a couple of bags, such as those used at the bank, containing a hundred pounds each, and threw them with a crash upon the table. The noise woke his father.

He started up with a shriek.

"Thieves!—murder!—Dick!—Dick!—thieves!—Dick!"

"It is Dick. Don't be alarmed, father. I am helping myself to a little of my own property. That is all."

The old man gasped, but could not speak. He thought it was another of the dreadful dreams which disturbed his night's rest.

Dick sat on the edge of his bed, with the candlestick in his hand, and looked him in

the face, pulling his beard meditatively, as he always did when he was going to say a grave thing.

"It is quite as well, father, that we should understand one another. All your property is now mine. I can do what I like with it—consequently, what I like with you. I shall not be hard on you. What you gave me when I was nineteen, I will give you now that you are getting on towards seventy. An old man does not want so much as a boy, so the bargain is a good one for you. A pound a-week shall be paid to you regularly, with your board and lodging, and as much drink as you like to put away. The pound begins to-morrow."

His father put his hand to his forehead, and looked at him curiously. He still half thought it was a nightmare.

"It is not your fault that your estimate of my character was not quite correct, is it? You see, you never gave yourself any trouble to find out what I was like as a young man. That is an excuse for you, and accounts for your being so easily taken in by my stories. I wanted your money, which was natural enough. I knew very well that if I came snivelling home like a beggar, a beggar I should remain. So I came home like a rich man; flourished the little money I had in your face; bragged about my estates, and my mines, and all the rest of it. Estates and mines were all lies. I've got nothing. I never had anything. I've lived by gambling and my wits. This very night, if it were not for the deed of gift you have made, I should have robbed you, and you would never have found out who did it."

The old man's face was ghastly. Beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. His eyes stared fixedly at his son, but he made no sign.

"You see, my dodge succeeded. Dodges generally do, if one has the pluck and coolness to carry them through. Now I'm worth half a million of money. No more screwing hard-earned coins out of poor people. No more drudging and grinding for the firm of Mortiboy. The property, sir, shall be spent, used, made the most of—for my own enjoyment."

Still his father neither moved nor spoke.

"I've lived, since you kicked me out into the world, as I could—as a gambler lives. You have told me, in the last few days, how you have lived. Father, *my life has not been so bad as yours*. I've held my own among

lawless men, and fought for my own hand, in my own defence. No one curses the name of Roaring Dick—not even the men whose money I have taken from their pockets; for they would only have done as much by me if they could. But you? In every street, in every house in this town, yours will be a memory of hatred. I never robbed a poor man. You have spent your life in robbing poor men. There, I've had my say, and shall never say it again. As for these things"—kicking the door of the press—"they will be all sold. To-night, I only want the money. Go to sleep now; and thank Heaven that you have got a son who will take care of your latter days."

He took his bags, and left the room. His father threw out his arms after him in a gesture of wild despair, and then fell heavily back, without a sigh or a groan.

Lasfleur returned to London by the night train, with the money; and Dick went quietly to bed, where he slept like a child.

In the morning, Mr. Mortiboy did not appear at breakfast. Dick sent Hester up. His door was wide open. The press was open, the gold and silver plate lying about on the floor, as Dick had left it. But the late owner of all was lying motionless on the bed. He was stricken with paralysis. His senses were gone; and save for his breathing, you would have called him dead. Dick, with great thoughtfulness, had him removed downstairs to his old study, where he installed Hester as nurse and attendant, telling her to get another woman for the house. He had all the doctors in the place to attend his father, and expressed, with dry eyes, much sorrow at the hopeless character of the malady. Market Basing was greatly exercised in spirit at the event, which it considered as a "judgment," though no special reason was alleged for the visitation. And all men began to praise Dick's filial piety, and to congratulate Mr. Mortiboy, or rather his memory, on having a son—*tali ingenio præditum*—gifted with such a remarkable sweetness of disposition, and so singular an affection for his father.

THOMAS SUTTON.

THE quiet home of the Carthusian brothers attracts but little notice from the busy outside world. Sequestered almost in the heart of the great, dingy city, the Charterhouse is one of the last faint relics of the

vast old monastic system to which that conscientious monarch, "bluff King Hal," with the aid and counsel of his trusty and obedient advisers, gave the death-blow. Not that the brothers of the Charterhouse of this degenerate nineteenth century are in the remotest degree like the Carthusian monks of the holy days of yore. Eighty "decayed gentlemen," wearing away in undisturbed peace their latter days within the quaint precincts of the old retreat, with its cloisters, quadrangles, and fresh green gardens, only a stone's throw from the life and bustle of Smithfield and the Barbican, are very tame descendants of the twenty-four pious monks who, in the year of grace 1371, first entered into possession of the newly established monastery, and in the following year received within their walls the body of the founder, Sir Walter de Manny, one of the bravest soldiers in the armies of Edward the Third and the Black Prince.

True, our modern Carthusians — good, worthy past citizens though they be—still, when they assemble to dine *en masse* in the great hall every day at three o'clock, wear a long, plain black cloak—the last departing vestige of former monastic distinction.

And here the parallel may be said to end—save, perhaps, the additional fact that the modern Carthusian brothers are, like their predecessors of old, celibates, or at least widowers. Nor does it seem to have been the intention of "good Thomas Sutton," the founder of the Charterhouse, whose life-size portrait looks down benignly upon the daily gathering of the latest heirs of his bounty, that the parallel should be stronger. Thomas Sutton belonged to the new days of Protestant supremacy; and the last of the old Carthusian monks had received a terrible lesson for their obduracy in refusing to renounce the Pope, and acknowledge Henry the Eighth as the head of the English Church.

On the 4th of May, 1535, for instance, Prior Houghton, with two other Carthusian priors, and a monk of Sion House, having been convicted of speaking against the King and his supremacy, were hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn—one of the quarters of Houghton being placed over the gate of the Charterhouse as a warning to all other obstreperous members of the order.

The royal anger not, seemingly, having been satisfied by this summary vengeance, in little more than a month after Humphrey Middlemore, Houghton's companion

in prison, together with William Exmew and Sebastian Nudigate, three of the chief monks of the convent, shared a similar fate, their execution being attended with still more barbarous cruelties. These rough measures were of course only preliminaries to confiscation. This took place on the 10th of June, 1537, its annual revenues at the time amounting to £642 4s. 6d. A few years after, in 1542, we find the old monastery bestowed upon John Brydges and Thomas Hales, grooms of the king's hales and tents, for their joint lives, in consideration of the safe keeping of the King's tents and pavilions.

The Charterhouse passed successively into other hands. The Duke of Northumberland bought it of Sir Edward North, who then held it in possession. But the new owner being beheaded not long after, it again reverted to the Crown, and was restored to its former possessor, now created Lord North.

Queen Elizabeth, on her accession to the throne, was conducted in great state from Hatfield to the Charterhouse. And again, in 1561, her Majesty paid Lord North a visit at the Charterhouse.

In Burleigh's Diary, reference is made to this visit. "The Queen supped at my house in Strand (Savoy) before it was finished, and she came by the fields from Christ Church. Great cheer was made till midnight, when she rode back to the Charterhouse, where she lay that night." The Charterhouse, as may be seen, had become nothing more nor less than a nobleman's mansion; but even now more than one dark page in the history of those troubled times was connected with the famous old pile. The Duke of Norfolk was the next purchaser of the place, and he rebuilt a great portion of it at much expense. His plot for marrying Mary, Queen of Scots, coming to the knowledge of Elizabeth, he was committed to the Tower. There he remained for twelve months; but on the appearance of the plague he was allowed to return to his own residence, under the "gentle confinement" of Sir Henry Nevil. Almost immediately he renewed his intrigues with Mary. A secret correspondence was discovered, and he was again committed to the Tower, in September, 1571. The key to some letters written in cypher was found concealed under the tiles of the Charterhouse roof; and these, having been deciphered by his secretary, Hickford, led to the Duke's conviction upon various charges of treason, and his subsequent execution. Charterhouse

yet remained, however, in the hands of the Howards, the Queen having restored the forfeited estates to the descendants of the Duke. And the last great pageant observed at the Charterhouse, before it once more resumed a new character, was on the accession of James the First. In May, 1603, the King was conducted in grand procession from Stamford-hill by the lord mayor, aldermen, and five hundred of the chief citizens on horseback, wearing gold chains, on a visit of respect to Lord Thomas Howard at the Charterhouse. Here the King kept his Court four days, made upwards of eighty knights, and created his entertainer Earl of Suffolk.

Eight years afterwards, the splendid old mansion, with its gardens and grounds, was purchased by Thomas Sutton, Esq., for £13,000, for the establishment of the hospital and school of Charterhouse; and as such up to the present time it has remained, although there are rumours afloat that a removal of the whole institution to more suburban latitudes is on the *tapis*. The school is already on the move, and the brothers will undoubtedly not be long in leaving the old "House," with which so many ancient memories are vividly associated. But the subject of our present sketch is rather Thomas Sutton himself than the establishment which he so munificently endowed.

A worthy man, in the heartiest sense of the word, was brave Thomas Sutton;—a man, like many other benefactors of his fellow-men, of whom but too little is known, and that little almost forgotten. But what remains of his history is worth repeating. Men like Thomas Sutton, the founder of the Charterhouse; Alleyn, the actor, first master and pensioner, humble as the rest of his own college of God's Gift at Dulwich; and other noble-hearted, God-fearing doers of good for charity's sake of a like sort, were the Peabodys of their own days; and, for the benefit and example of the generations that come after them, deserve to be not altogether forgotten in the memories of individual worth.

Thomas Sutton belonged to a period of our history when the true nerve and character of this nation was developed to an extent never before equalled, and perhaps scarcely since. By sea and by land, in commerce, in letters, in statesmanship—in every field, in fact, in which individual courage and talent could assert themselves—the reign of Eliza-

beth was the great test and crucible of all our best sterling English qualities; and in this epoch Thomas Sutton took his own simple, worthy part.

Of Sutton's early life, nothing very authentic is known. He was born in 1532 at Knaith, in Lincolnshire; received his education at Eton and Cambridge, and afterwards entered himself a student of Lincoln's Inn. But the law was not to his taste, and he went on a tour through Holland, Spain, and Italy.

While he was away on his travels, his father, a respectable gentleman of Lincoln, of large property, died. Sutton, now thirty years of age, well-travelled, and a good linguist, became secretary to the Earl of Warwick, and occasionally to his brother, the Earl of Leicester.

Warwick was then Master-General of the Ordnance, and from him Sutton received the appointment of Master of the Ordnance at Berwick. The rebellion in the North had just been raised by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and in its suppression Sutton performed his own part so well that, in February, 1569, he obtained a patent for the office of Master-General of the Ordnance in the North for life.

Afterwards, in the campaign organized to reduce the fortresses which still held out for Mary, Queen of Scots, Thomas Sutton commanded one of the batteries at the siege and surrender of Edinburgh Castle.

Just about this time, one of those fortunate accidents which sometimes happen in men's lives, and lead them on to fortune, occurred to the young soldier. He managed to obtain, first from the Bishop of Durham and afterwards from the Crown, a lease of the manors of Gateshead and Wickham, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. On these several rich veins of coal were discovered, which Sutton worked with such success, that, on his coming up to London in 1580, he is said to have brought with him "two horse-loads of money, and was reputed worth £50,000." And, according to Herne, in his "Domus Carthusiana," the fame of his wealth was so great that it was reported "his purse was fuller than Queen Elizabeth's exchequer."

But the fortunate Thomas Sutton seems to have been a thoroughly practical speculative man of business; and, in the hands of such a man, riches only pile themselves up all the faster. At the discreet age of fifty,

Sutton married Mrs. Elizabeth Dudley, widow of a Mr. John Dudley, a near relation of the Earl of Warwick. By his marriage he added still more largely to his fortune. He now bought a large house near Broken Wharf, near Queenhithe, and commenced business as a merchant. The extent of his success may be estimated from the fact that, even in those days, he had no less than thirty agents abroad. He became also one of the chief contractors for victualling the navy.

But, though one of the most successful merchant-traders of his time, Thomas Sutton was a staunch patriot; and he lent the influence of his immense wealth freely to aid the Government in preparing against our enemies abroad. We need only note one very important instance of this.

When Walsingham was informed of the vast preparations which were being made by Philip III. to equip the Spanish Armada, he checked the operations of the enemy a whole year by purchasing up, through the aid of our merchants, the bills of the Bank of Genoa, and drawing the money out of it at the very moment when his Spanish Majesty had drawn bills upon the bank, to enable him to obtain the supplies for sending his fleet to sea.

The Spanish bills were in consequence returned unpaid, and Philip was forced to await the arrival of his Plate fleet before he could supply his navy.

This astute manœuvre on the part of Sir Francis Walsingham undoubtedly went far to save England. It gave the Government ample time to prepare, and enabled it to make that determined attack on the invading fleet which was so victoriously followed up. But it must be remembered, also, that without large funds at his disposal wherewith to work—and those, too, from private sources, for the national exchequer was at a very low ebb—the English statesman would have been unable to make such a politic stroke.

Tradition has given the credit of buying up the Bank of Genoa bills to Sir Thomas Gresham; but this is undoubtedly a mistake. Sir Thomas died nine years before the invasion of the Armada. Thomas Sutton, on the other hand, was the richest merchant of his time; and at the Charterhouse, the honour of rendering such an invaluable assistance in the hour of national peril is always attributed to the founder.

Another incident is illustrative of Sutton's interest in national affairs. At the time of the Armada, he was appointed Commissioner of Prizes under Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral, when he completely equipped a ship at his own expense, called it by his own name, and sent it to join the fleet under Drake. But the patriotic investment also turned out profitable: the good barque *Sutton* captured a Spanish vessel, with a cargo of £20,000.

We now come to the change in the life of the great merchant prince. "And now," says one of his old biographers, "advancing in years, being himself without issue, and past all hopes of children by Mrs. Sutton, he grew sick of the great multiplicity of his affairs, and began seriously to reflect that he walked in a vain shadow, and disquieted himself in vain while he heaped up riches, and could not tell who should gather them; and therefore, contracting his great dealings, he brought them into so narrow a compass as permitted him to quit London, and to reside at one or other of his country seats—for he had purchased several good estates."

Thomas Sutton accordingly retired into private life. Here he lived, as he had always done, in the greatest magnificence; but, with his wife, ever engaged in acts of mercy and charity. Here is a letter from Mrs. Sutton to her husband, which is delightful as it is quaint:—

"GOOD MR. SUTTON—I send you here enclosed a letter from John Hutton, which came by the carrier; and all is well at Balsham, I thank God. And here is another letter, which I opened before I looked upon the superscription, which came by another. It toucheth a widow, wherefore I need not write to you in her behalf, for I know you have great care of the poor for God's cause, though she were a mere stranger. I send you here a note for Lenten stores. If you intend to stay here this Lent, you must increase it for *Haberdeen* and *Lyuge*. And so, praying God to bless us both, I commit you to his keeping.—Your loving, obedient wife,
"ELIZ. SUTTON.

"Twenty great eles; four salmons, good and great; a barrel of Lowborne herrings, of the bigger boyle; forty stock-fish, good and ready beaten; a cade of sprats and a cade of red herrings, them that be good; six pounds of figs; and three pounds of Jordan almonds."

At Balsham, the place from which she writes in the above letter, Mrs. Sutton died in 1602, after a happy married life of twenty years with "good Mr. Sutton."

This lady seems to have been of as generous a disposition as her husband; for in her lifetime it was said, "Mr. Sutton's house was an open hospital." The loss of his wife made a great change in Thomas Sutton himself. "Being full of years, he grew quite sick of the world by the loss of his most valuable jewel in it; and lessening his family, and discharging a considerable number of servants, he retired from it and became frugal, that he might be the more magnificent to many."

The disposal of his enormous wealth after his decease was now his one great care. Shameful as it may seem, the disgraceful fact remains that an intrigue was carried on by Sir John Harrington to induce King James to raise Sutton to the peerage, hoping that he might thus be bribed to leave his vast fortune to the Duke of York, afterwards Charles I. But honest Thomas Sutton was not to be so easily inveigled. He wrote a letter to the Earl of Ellesmere, the Lord Chancellor of the day, and to Lord Treasurer Salisbury, denying his own connivance in any such scheme, or consent to it in any way. One extract from this letter will suffice to put Sutton's independence of character in a high light.

"My mynde in my younger days hath ever been free from ambition; and now I am going to my grave, to gape for such a thing were mere dotage in me. That this Knight hath often been tampering with me to that purpose, to enterteyne Honour and to make the noble Duke my heire, is true; to whom I made that answer as, had he either witte or honestie—with reverence to your Lordships be it spoken—he never would have engaged himself in this business so egregiously to delude his Majesty and wrong me."

Thomas Sutton had intended to found in his lifetime the great charity to which he had dedicated his wealth. In 1609, he obtained an act in Parliament empowering him to erect a hospital at Hallingbury Bouchers, Essex.

But this was never carried; for soon afterwards he purchased Havard House — as Charterhouse was then called — of the Earl of Suffolk, for thirteen thousand pounds, and obtained letters patent from King James,

in 1611, to found his hospital at the latter place.

Like Edward Alleyn, his contemporary, the founder of Dulwich College, Sutton wished to be the first master of his own hospital; but an attack of fever warned him that his mortal end was approaching. On the 1st of November, 1611, he executed a deed of gift of his estates to the governors, in trust for the hospital; and in the November following he signed his will—a curiosity in itself, from the number of its bequests to almost every one, rich and poor alike, whom he seems to have had any regard for in his long lifetime.

As a quaint specimen of the wills of some of these worthies of the good old times, a few brief extracts from the last testament of good Thomas Sutton may be interesting. It opens as follows:—

"In the name of God. Amen.

"The second day of November, in the yeare of our Lord God one thousand six hundred and eleven. I, Thomas Sutton, of Camps Castell, in the county of Cambridge, Esquire, being weake in body, and of good perfect mind and memory, thanks be given to Almighty God for the same, do make and declare this my last will and testament in manner and forme following, that is to say:—

"First and principally, I commend my soule into the hands of Almighty God, trusting, through His mercy and by the precious death and passion of my Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to be saved, and to inherit the kingdom of God for ever; and my body I will to be buried when and in what sort it shall seeme meet and convenient to mine executor or executors, and supervisor or supervisors, of this my last will and testament, with the least pomp and charge that may be."

Then follow his numerous bequests to different private individuals, each arranged as a separate item. As, for instance:—

"*Item.*—I give unto each of my serving-men to whom I give wages, with my cooke that shall be alive at my decease, thirteen pound sixe shillings and eightpence over and above their wages then due.

"*Item.*—I give to so many of my maid-servants as I have in my house at the time of my decease, five markes a-peece over and above their wages."

The following item reads oddly in these advanced days of parochial vestries and boards of works:—

Item.—I give towards the mending of the highwaies betweene Islington and Newington, in the county of Middlesex, twenty-six poundes thirteene shillings and fowerpence of lawful money of England, to bee employed and bestowed by the good oversight of mine executor or executors, the custable of Newington and the churchwardens then for the time being, the same highwaies to bee amended, made, and holpen within one yeare after my decease.”

Here is another item of a domestic nature:—

“I give to Amy Popham, if it please God she live to keepe house, three fether beds, and so many paire of Holland sheetes, with the bouldsters to them, and so many hangings of tapestry as furnish her to a bed-chamber. The rest of my householde stuffe I will shalbe sold by myne executors for the speedier payment of my leagacies, and performance of this my last will.”

The phraseology of Sutton's will is manifestly based upon the orthodox legal form of that day; but one clause is worth quoting in conclusion which might be oftener imitated in more modern testaments with practical effect. The stout old testator says:—

Item.—My will and full intent and meaning is that if any person or persons whosoever to whome I have in and by this my last will and testament given and bequeathed any legacy or summe or summes of money, shall any waies gainsay, impugne, or contradict or impeach this my last will and testament, that then all and every one so impugning, contradicting, impeaching, or gainsaying this my last will and testament, and every of their children and kinsfolk to whome I have in and by this my last will and testament given and bequeathed any legacy, shall have no part nor portion of any such guift, legacy, or bequest, but shall utterly loose the same, and bee utterly barred thereof, as if no such legacy, gift, or bequest had been given unto him, her, or them by this my last will and testament (any thing before in these presents mentioned or contained to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding).”

Sutton died a few days after he had made his will, on the 12th of December, at his house at Hackney, at the ripe old age of seventy-nine.

Owing to the bad state of the roads, his funeral was deferred, it being almost impossible at that time for any procession to make its way even from Hackney to the Charterhouse in mid-winter. His bowels were, therefore, deposited in Hackney Church, and his body was embalmed.

The funeral took place on the 28th of May in the ensuing year.

All the governors named in the letters patent met at Sutton's house at Hackney, where the body lay. After a handsome collation, the *cortège* set out—a splendid sight even in its solemnity that fine morning, in early summer, as it wound its slow length along the fresh green lanes of old Hackney and Islington to the Charterhouse.

“The Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir James Altham, Sir John Croke, Sir Francis Popham, and many other knights and gentlemen assembled there. The procession was very solemn, under the direction of Mr. Camden, Clarencieux King-at-Arms. An hundred old men, in black cloaks, preceded the corps. Mr. Simon Baxter—Mr. Sutton's only sister's eldest son—was chief mourner; and then followed the lords and gentlemen, with their attendants, all in mourning.”

To return, in conclusion, to the eighty decayed and desolate gentlemen who spend their last days in comparative comfort under the shadow of good Thomas Sutton's beneficence. We will take a brief glance at the system by which this ancient charity is ruled.

In the original letters patent, the qualifications to the Charterhouse were expressed in general terms. “The institution was entitled a hospital, house, or place of abiding for the finding sustentation and relief of *poor, aged, needy, or impotent* people.” These terms were afterwards considered too general, and not sufficiently discriminative; and it was required that eligible candidates should be “such poor persons as can bring testimony to their good behaviour and soundness in religion, and such as have been servants to the King's Majesty, either decrepid or old captains, either at sea or land; soldiers, maimed or impotent; decayed merchants; men fallen into decay through shipwreck, casualty of fire, or such evil accident;

those that have been captives under the Turks," &c.

This description again was afterwards not considered sufficiently explicit; and, in 1627, it was ordered that candidates should not be admitted *unless they could show that they were gentlemen by descent, and in poverty, soldiers, &c.*

But this restriction was soon modified as being too limited; and it was settled that the pensioners should be "old gentlemen," as the term is generally, though somewhat indefinitely, understood. Hence, the Carthusian brothers are supposed to be decayed merchants, officers in the army or navy, literary or professional men, tradesmen, and others who have occupied stations of respectability in the world.

Such were the modifications made from time to time as to the qualifications for admission as a Carthusian brother. That the original intentions of the founder were observed in these modifications is more than doubtful.

The history of all great benefactions is in this respect pretty nearly the same. The older and wealthier a great charity grows, the farther does the present government of its affairs diverge from what the first founder intended it should be. Taking the Charterhouse, for instance, we imagine that if Thomas Sutton could step forth from his sculptured tomb, and mingle with the modern poor brothers for a brief half-hour, he would hardly feel proud of the fashion in which his wishes have been interpreted through later generations.

From the diary of a late brother of the Charterhouse, we have been able to arrive at some curious facts as to the internal government of the institution within the last few years, which prove only too plainly that some searching reform is needed here as elsewhere.

As we shall probably advert more fully, in a subsequent paper, to the many abuses of this charity that exist, hidden away from the knowledge even of Charity Commissioners, a few preliminary notes on the subject must suffice for the present.

Speaking of the Charity Commissioners reminds us, *en passant*, of an amusing result of their last visit of inspection to the famous old asylum. One of the brothers under examination, on being asked his general opinion of the comforts of the place, responded—with perhaps more enthusiasm than inward

conviction—that it was a perfect Paradise. The unfortunate deponent was known ever after, among his less obsequious brethren, as "The Bird of Paradise."

Returning to the principle of admission to the Charterhouse, there is no doubt that much laxity is allowed on this point alone by the governing body. "Decayed gentlemen" is certainly a comprehensive phrase; but hardly comprehensive enough, we think, to include ex-butlers to archbishops, "gentlemen" who have filled the same responsible office under members of the official staff of the Charterhouse; retired small tradesmen, whom, malicious report whispers, have sufficient private means of their own to enable them to be independent of all charity; or, last but not least, recipients of Government annuities.

Again, according to the original charter, all the members of the society, from the master down to the youngest brother, were to be bachelors—or, at least, widowers; and the only man connected with the institution allowed to be a married man was the lodge-keeper. According to the present order of affairs, the leading officials of the Charterhouse are all family men; the old restriction as regards the "poor brethren" being still religiously kept in force; and this so much so that, not long ago, an old Carthusian, who was discovered to have entered meanwhile into the bonds of connubial felicity, was summarily expelled from the brotherhood. But there is an old and homely adage that "kissing goes by favour;" and if the present brothers speak truly, there is more than one married man among their number even now, their better-halves, at a respectful distance, keeping small shops for the mutual benefit.

These, however, are, after all, only minor grievances. The great question which remains to be asked is as to where the enormously accumulated funds of Thomas Sutton's charity find their outlet. That the poor brothers for whom they were intended receive no additional benefit from the increase of wealth on the foundation—which time has naturally added to—is a scandalous fact.

At the present moment, the annual revenue of the Charterhouse cannot be less than £30,000 or £40,000 a-year. Let us look for a moment at the real condition of the eighty poor brothers themselves.

As the funds increased from time to time, these old gentlemen were supposed, according to the original stipulations, to share in

the advancing prosperity. From the first allowance of money per year, they have been promoted from twenty to twenty-six, and now to thirty-six pounds per annum. But out of this the poor brothers have largely to support themselves—as far, at all events, as all little comforts which men in the decline of life urgently need. They all dine together daily at three o'clock, and this is the only meal supplied by the terms of the charity. Bread and butter, to a certain extent, coals, and candles, and each his own quiet room; and the rest of his creature comforts—in the way of breakfast, tea, and supper—the Carthusian brother must provide for himself.

When we compare these facts with the salaries of the high officials of the place, the contrast is shamefully glaring.

At the time the hospital was founded, the master's salary, for instance, was fifty pounds a-year, and each brother's five pounds—the stipend of the master being tenfold larger than that of the ordinary brothers. Now the salary of the master is presumed—is presumed, we say, for no one knows what his income really is—to be over £800 a-year.

Yet, on the other hand, the medical officer of the hospital, who is supposed to be in constant readiness to attend to the probably sudden wants, at all hours of the day and night, of these solitary old men, is allowed only about twenty-five pounds a-year for the medicine which may be required. The librarian, again, one of the brothers, receives five pounds a-year as his extra allowance for duties which demand his attention at least four or five hours a-day—about the same amount as the gardener's extra fee for ringing the bell.

The "grooms," as they are called, who wait upon the brothers, are so liberally rewarded that they are obliged to find employment at chance moments elsewhere, as waiters at evening parties, and other more remunerative casual occupations.

And thus, in a multitude of other ways equally suggestive, are the rich funds of this grand old hospital misappropriated.

MR. J. L. TOOLE.

THIS week our cartoon is a portrait of the eminent comedian, Mr. John Laurence Toole. He is a native of the city of London, and was born, as he sometimes jokingly says, "of poor but dishonest parents,

you know," in the year 1831. He is the son of the late celebrated toastmaster, who distinguished himself as much by his "Silence, gentlemen, if you please," and by his good and genial qualities, as his son has since done on the boards.

Mr. Toole received his education at the City of London School, and was removed thence at the usual age to become a clerk in a merchant's office. His taste for the drama appears to have developed itself very early in life, for at this time he became a member of the "City Histrionic Club," where he soon became very popular. The appearances of the amateur actor were hailed with applause at several metropolitan literary institutions, where he performed in various characters. His successes at Walworth, Aldersgate-street, Hackney, Crosby Hall, and other places, caused Mr. Toole to lay down his pen and put on the buskin as a professional actor.

His first appearance on the stage of a regular theatre was at Ipswich, on the occasion of a benefit, where—under an assumed name—he played the part of Silvester Daggerwood. This assumption was completely successful. On his return to town, Mr. Toole played as an amateur at the Haymarket, for Mr. F. Webster's benefit, taking the character of Simmons in the "Spitalfields Weaver." After this performance he gave up his commercial pursuits, and took to the stage for good.

His *début* as a professional was made at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, on the 2nd of October, 1852—now nearly twenty years ago. Since that date Mr. Toole's career has been a series of successes. From Dublin, where he was well received, Mr. Toole went to Edinburgh, and thence to Glasgow.

In London, his first engagement was at the St. James's Theatre, then under the management of Mrs. Seymour. Here he played in "My Friend the Major," "Boots at the Swan," "Honours before Titles"—in all of which his rendering of the characters he took was perfectly satisfactory to audiences and critics.

A re-engagement took him to Edinburgh, after which he appeared at the Lyceum, and made a success of the character of Fanfaronade, in "Belphegor."

After a provincial tour, Mr. Toole commenced an engagement at the Adelphi, and played with the greatest success in "Ici on Parle Français," "Willow Copse," "Birth-

place of Podgers," "Good for Nothing," "Bengal Tiger," and other pieces.

At the Adelphi, great successes were made in the adaptation of "The Haunted Man" by his performance of Mr. Tetterby, and of a frightened servant in a miserable piece by Boucicault, called "The Phantom." The character saved the piece. After leaving the Adelphi Theatre, Mr. Toole became a member of Mr. W. H. Liston's company at the New Queen's, and contributed largely to the success of that undertaking by the production of several important original dramas, among which perhaps the most notable was that of Mr. Byron's "Dearer than Life," in which the actor's representation of Michael Garner again presented him to the public as the legitimate successor of the late Mr. Robson. The popularity of this drama has been very great, and it still continues to be a great attraction not only through Mr. Toole's provincial engagements, but also when put forward in London, as it still occasionally is. Another successful production was that of the play of "Not Guilty," in which Mr. Toole had a prominent character. Nor should we forget a most admirable performance of his in the charming little drama called "The Poor Nobleman," which greatly contributed to the success of the piece. Space will not allow of our following Mr. Toole through those many original pieces in which the public have endorsed his qualities as an actor; but we must mention with a special word of praise the performance of Dick Dolland, in "Uncle Dick's Darling;" and of John Lockwood, in the later drama called "Wait and Hope," produced a season or two back at the Gaiety.

Mr. Toole is almost unrivalled in his line at present. In comedy and farce, in humour and pathos, his acting is excellent. He is always amusing, often affecting. There are no parts that show him to greater advantage than such characters as Caleb Plummer in "Dot," or Harry Coke in "Off the Line." Of this impersonation, Mr. Toole makes one of those perfect pictures of everyday life of the lower class in which he has so often proved himself a consummate artist. But in low comedy and broad farce it would be difficult to find an actor of equal merit. He has identified himself of late with the character of Paul Pry, in the late Mr. Poole's celebrated play of that name. As Paul Pry he keeps his audience in a roar whenever he is on the stage; but he

renders the character of the inquisitive gentleman in a quiet and unobtrusive way, quite original in itself. In Mr. Toole's hands, Paul's curiosity is a disease. He does not know of his peculiarity, and his "I hope I don't intrude," and "I just dropped in," fall not as gag phrases, but as the natural remarks of a man who feels the importance of his business must make his company desirable, or at all events tolerable.

Although, perhaps, the character is not naturally so well suited to Mr. Toole as many others of his well-known parts, he has completely made Paul his own. It is a part in which the actor mellows with time. Mr. Toole has played it many times, and his representation of the prying gossip is now admirable. It is one of the most finished and perfect of his efforts: from the beginning to the end of the piece he seems never to miss a single point.

THE ALBATROSS.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "is this the man,
By Him who died on the Cross,
With his cruel bow he laid him low—
The harmless albatross!"—

SINGS Samuel Taylor Coleridge in that sweet, quaint lesson of humanity, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and ever since—even to modern minds—a peculiar interest has attached to the albatross.

But long before Coleridge sang of this strange bird, in his fittingly strange poem, the albatross had been a subject of discussion among the curious in these matters.

The zoologists have chosen to call the albatross *Avis Diomedea*. The origin of the title is romantic, if not altogether reliable. When the great Diomedes, of Homeric celebrity, returned from the Trojan War, he found that Ægiale, the lawful partner of his bosom, hardly welcomed back her long absent spouse with the faithful affection which he expected. With admirable discretion the heart-broken Diomedes retired for the rest of his life to that part of Italy which had been called Magna Græcia; and there, at a ripe old age, he died. His death was so mourned by his companions, that, in the inconsolability of their grief, they were changed into sea birds something resembling swans. These birds took flight into some neighbouring islands of the Adriatic, and became remarkable for the tameness with which they approached the

Greeks, and for the strong objection which they always seemed to evince for the representatives of all other nations. And these, the birds of Diomedes, some learned workers in the remains of antiquity maintain to have been albatrosses. But, unfortunately, the proof is far from being satisfactory; and it is a very great question whether the ancient Greeks and Romans ever saw a real albatross at all.

In Aristotle you may look in vain for mention of an albatross; but Pliny describes a particular kind of birds supposed to bear some resemblance to the mysterious bird of ocean.

"Neither," as the worthy Philemon has it, in his translation of the learned old Roman—"neither will I ever passe the birds called *Diomedes*, which K. Juba nameth *Cataractæ*. Toothed they are, as he saith; and they have eies as red and bright as the fire; otherwise, their feathers be all white."

And after much more, which it is needless to repeat, he says:—

"Found they be in one place of the world, and but in one, namely, in a certaine island, innobled, as we have written before, for the tombe and temple of Diomedes, and it lieth upon the coast of Apulia. These birds are like unto the white sea mewes, with a blacke cop. Their manner is to cry with open mouth incessantly at any strangers that come aland; save only Grecians, upon whom they will seem to faun and make signs of love and amitie in all flattering wise. A wonderfule thing that they should discerne one from another, and give such friendly welcome to them as descended from the race of Diomedes. Their manner is, every day to charge their throats and wings full of water, and to drench therewith the said temple of Diomedes, in token of purification. Whence arose the fable that the companions of Diomedes were turned into these birds."

Taking the general original description and locality into account, these remarks on the Diomedean birds, whatever they really were, apply about as nearly as anything to the common or white pelican, which is strictly confined to the old world, and is found in the Adriatic.

But whatever the true Diomedean bird may have been—and the descriptions of the ancients strongly favour the notion that the companions of the son of Tydeus were changed into pelicans—however clear it

may be that there are not and never were albatrosses at the Diomedean Isles, zoologists have fixed their seal upon the albatross as the *Avis Diomedea*, ever since science has made the wandering albatross the type of the genus *Diomedea*.

It is amusing to notice into what an admirable state of confusion even comparatively modern naturalists have led themselves in trying to describe a real albatross. A common mistake was to confound it with the "man-of-war" bird.

Nehemiah Greco, in his catalogue of "The Natural and Artificial Rarities," describing a certain engraved head and bill referred to by Linnæus, flounders about as follows:—

"The head of the 'man-of-war,' called also the 'albitrosse,' supposed by some to be the head of a dodo. But it seems doubtful. That there is a bird called the 'man-of-war' is commonly known to our seamen; and several of them who have seen the head here preserved do affirm it to be the head of that bird, which they describe to be a very great one, the wings whereof are eight feet over. And Ligon ('Hist. of Barbadoes'), speaking of him, saith that he will commonly fly out to sea to see what ships are coming to land, and so return. Whereas the dodo is hardly a volatile bird, having little or no wings, except such as those of the cassoary and the ostrich. Besides, although the upper beak of this bird doth much resemble that of the dodo, yet the nether is quite of a different shape. So that either this is not the head of a dodo, or else we have nowhere a true figure."

And this is all the exact information the naturalists had about the "albitrosse," as it was called, so late as the year 1694, when Nehemiah—"Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Colledge of Phycitians"—wrote thus in his "*Museum Regalis Societatis*."

George Edwards, in 1743—nearly half a century later—gives a very fair description of the albatross.

"This bird," he says, "is big-bodied and very long-winged. I take it to be one of the largest, if not the very biggest water-bird in the world. By measuring him crossways, from tip to tip of the wings, he measures near ten feet. The first bone of the wing, which joins it to the body, equals the length of the whole body, as appears in the skeleton of one of these birds I have by me."

The confusion made by the old navigators between the albatross and the man-of-war or

frigate bird has doubtless been the cause of even the accepted name albatross being incorrect.

The Spanish and Portuguese mariners called the frigate bird *alcatraz*. The older Portuguese voyagers appear to have applied the terms *alcatras* and *alcatros* not only to the frigate bird, but to noddies, pelicans, and other sea-birds. Albatross is, therefore, most probably a corruption of *alcatraz*, *alcatras*, and *alcatros*. Indeed, the corruptions of the original word seem to have been unlimited among the old voyagers.

In a description of the Isle of Fernando de Lorannah, published in 1624, we read:—"In this island are great store of turtle-doves, *alcatrazes*, and other fowle, which wee killed with our pieces, and found them to be very daintie meate."

But, to leave the regions of uncertainty for those of later and more specific information, there is no doubt that Linnæus himself has helped to propagate a good deal of error in his description of the albatross. He places its *habitat* within the Pelagic tropics—"intra tropicos Pelagi"—and at the Cape of Good Hope, flying very high, and living on flying fish, pursued by the dolphin; with other particulars, drawn certainly not from any actual personal experience of the albatross.

Dr. Latham records four species of this remarkable bird. The wandering albatross, the chocolate albatross, the yellow-nosed albatross, and the sooty albatross; and he states that albatrosses are very frequent in many parts without the tropics, both to the northward as well as the south.

"Indeed," he adds, "they are in great plenty in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope, as all voyagers can testify; and not only these, but other sorts also; and from thence in every temperate southern latitude."

"These birds," he continues, "are often seen in vast flocks in Kamtschatka and the adjacent islands, about the end of June, where they are called great gulls. They are chiefly seen in the Bay of Penschinensi, the whole inner sea of Kamtschatka, the Kurile Isles, and that of Bering; for on the eastern coast of the first they are scarce, a single straggler appearing only now and then. Food appears to be the main cause of their visits to these desolate regions. When they first arrive they are very lean; but they are the sure harbingers of shoals of fish, and

soon grow immensely fat. Their voracity is enormous.

"One albatross will often swallow a salmon of four or five pounds weight; but as it cannot take the whole of the fish into its stomach at once, the tail will often remain out of the mouth. When found in this state of gluttony, the natives knock the too-voracious birds on the head, without difficulty, on the spot. It is not for the flesh that the natives of those parts kill the albatross, but for the intestines, which they blow out like a bladder, and use as buoys for their fishing nets. Of the bones they manufacture tobacco-pipes and needle-cases. Formerly, the New Zealand women used to adorn themselves by wearing pieces of albatross down in the holes of their ears."

About the most interesting details connected with the albatross which we remember to have read are those given in a book entitled "Wanderings in New South Wales," by Mr. Bennett, and published in 1834. Speaking of the favourite latitudes of these birds, he says that albatrosses were not seen until the ship in which he was sailing arrived in latitude 36° south, longitude 5° 18', when several species of the bird were often about the vessel. This traveller seems to have taken an enthusiastic interest in watching the peculiarities of the albatross, and his notes on the subject are consequently valuable. Speaking of their general appearance, he says:—

"When these elegant birds are captured and brought on board, their sleek, delicate, and clean plumage is a subject of much admiration; and the fine snow-white down which remains after the removal of the outer feathers is in requisition among ladies for muffs, tippets, &c."

The spread of wing of the albatross is something enormous. The average, from tip to tip of the extended wings, is from eight to fourteen feet. "I have even heard it asserted," says the traveller to whom we have just referred, "that specimens have been shot of this species, the expanded wings of which measured twenty feet across; but the greatest spread I have seen has been fourteen feet."

According to Professor Owen, the largest albatross in the British Museum Natural History Collection would present a span, from tip to tip, of a hundred and twenty-five inches, if the wings were fully expanded. An albatross, however, in Sir Ashton Lever's

museum is said, according to a similar measurement, to have given thirteen feet.

When seizing an object floating on the water, the albatross will gradually descend, with expanded or upraised wings, or sometimes alight and float like a duck on the water while devouring its food. Then, elevating itself, it skims the surface of the ocean with expanded wings, giving frequent impulses—since the great length of its wings prevents its rising with facility from a level surface—as it runs along for some distance, until it again soars in mid-air, and recommences its erratic flight.

The great difficulty of albatrosses in commencing their flight is to elevate themselves from the water. To effect this object they spread their long pinions to the utmost, giving them repeated impulses as they run along the surface of the water. Having by their exertions raised themselves above the wave, they ascend and descend, and cleave the atmosphere in various directions, without any apparent muscular exertion. The explanation of this facility of flight in the albatross is curious.

The whole surface of the body in this, as well as most if not all the oceanic tribes, is covered by a number of air-cells, capable of a voluntary inflation or diminution by means of a beautiful muscular apparatus. By this power the birds can raise or depress themselves at will, and the tail and great length of the wing enable them to steer in any direction. Indeed, without some provision of this kind to save muscular exertion, it would be impossible for these birds to undergo such long flights without repose as they have been known to do; for the muscles appertaining to the organs of flight are evidently inadequate in power to the long distances they have been known to fly, and the immense length of time they remain on the wing with scarcely a moment's cessation.

The voraciousness of the albatross we have already alluded to, and this very vulgar predilection takes away a good deal of the poetic sentiment which, thanks to the famous author of "Christabel," has been associated in people's minds with the monarch of sea-birds. Another unromantic fact is, that when several species—albatrosses, petrels, and other oceanic birds—are hovering round a ship at the same time, no jealous conflicts ever take place between them; but if one happens to come to an untimely end

by any accident, the surviving members of the company immediately proceed to fall upon and devour their defunct brother.

Turning from albatross voracity to that of the lords of creation, it may be acceptable to know how the albatross eats. When one of these birds is captured and brought on deck, it looks plump and inviting from a cook's point of view; but, unfortunately, feathers predominate over flesh. The quantity of down, the thickness of the integument, and the inflation of the air-cells, make a wonderful deception. Remove them, and your albatross is very poor picking. But even if there was more of him, we doubt if he would ever become fashionable eating. When sailors, in defiance of the supposed superstition against killing the albatross, manage to secure one, they generally skin it, and soak it in salt water till next morning. They then parboil it, throw away the liquor, stew it in fresh water till tender, and then the dish is ready. If at hand, a little savoury sauce is an additional recommendation. Cook, in his first voyage, speaks with great approval of albatross served up in this way, saying—"We ate it very heartily, even when there was fresh pork upon the table."

But, like Mrs. Glasse's hare, you must first catch your albatross before you can cook it. This is generally done by means of a hook and line, and bait of fat pork, thrown out over the ship's stern. Mr. Bennett gives rather an amusing description of the capture of one of these birds. He says:—

"This individual was caught by getting its wing entangled in a line which was out with a bait attached, as it flew under the ship's stern; for though it was too old a bird to take bait, it was not sufficiently wise to escape entanglement in the line. When, in the gentlest manner imaginable, we commenced measuring him, he vehemently exclaimed against it, and was declared by all on board to be a very noisy bird. He was probably an old stager, perfectly well aware of the fate that awaited him. He received the usual share of commiseration from the ladies when they understood he was to be dissected; accompanied by a request for the down."

Like most of the petrel tribe—for, after all, our old friend the albatross is but a gigantic gull, with a dash of the petrel in him—this bird lays only one egg, of a pure white, varying in weight from fifteen to twenty-one ounces. There is only one instance on record where, out of a hundred

nests examined of the wandering albatross, two eggs were found in the same nest.

The most remarkable fact is that, from an egg on an average five inches long and three and a half in diameter, a bird the largest of all sea-fowl in the extraordinary dimensions of its wings, should have such a modest origin.

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

By JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER V.

ANTICIPATIONS.

THE confirmation of the good news was too much for Mrs. Gummer, and she had recourse to her pocket-handkerchief. Mr. Sparkes remarked, with a sigh, that it was in vain to grieve, since one's dearest relatives were but mortal.

We fell to business. Mr. Sparkes would be happy to confer with my solicitor, or he would be happy to act for me. Mrs. Gummer tipped me a wink, which I interpreted to mean that Sparkes was to act for me, and I told him so. In respect to realizing the property, Mr. Sparkes thought that some one should go to Calcutta, and asked if I would undertake the journey.

"Do you think those Leopards will be up to any of their cheating tricks?" exclaimed Mrs. Gummer, in alarm.

"Oh, dear no, my dear madam; but £40,000 is a large amount, and some one ought to be on the spot to protect our interests. From London to Calcutta is only a trip, Mr. Gummer."

"No, Mr. Sparkes," said Mrs. Gummer; "as the father of a family—as the father of a wife and two unprotected daughters—Mr. Gummer shall not set his foot in a tomahawking climate."

"Quite right, Mrs. Gummer; and it occurs to me that my son—a shrewd young man, my dear madam—would be the best person to go out."

Whilst Mr. Sparkes was absent consulting his son, Mrs. Gummer expressed her satisfaction with the firm, and was sure we could not be in safer hands. The son agreed to proceed to Calcutta by the next mail, and to realize the estate—he being paid his expenses and a trifling commission on the amount. After a long chat, we were escorted to the clerks' office by the firm.

"I will send for a cab, Mrs. Gummer."

And as the boy was out, Mr. Noddle had to be the messenger. The unrimmed glass was not stuck in his eye.

"Gummer, let us discharge this cab, and take the 'bus. The fare all the way to the Green Lanes is downright ruin."

I suggested that the girls would be anxious, and therefore the cab was retained.

"But, Tom, before I am jolted another inch, something must moisten my poor throat, which is dry as tinder."

I pulled the check-string, but cab check-strings never communicate with the driver. I tried to lower the front windows, but they were both stuck fast. Then I leaned out of the door; and, with the assistance of a passing costermonger, succeeded in arresting the attention of cabby, who pulled up with a jerk that caused Mrs. Gummer to groan like a road-maker hammering down paving stones. I told him to stop at the first pastrycook's.

"No, Gummer, eat I can't; and if eat I could, tenpenny Dorset pastry, all fluff and puff, at twopence a mouthful, should never load the stomach of Matilda Gummer. And pastrycook's drinks, which are warm and flat, are not my likings. Publics are vulgar—but is that a reason why a poor parched body is not to have a drink of genuine beer, for which she is willing to pay? Cabby, pull up at a respectable public."

Cheered by a vision of something for himself, cabby soon found a public, and the half-and-half was beautiful.

The day of our coming into a fortune was a long one, and we were glad when it was bedtime. We talked a little, and then set to thinking, and were silent for the half-hour together. Mrs. Gummer looked haggard. The girls were pale, with bleared eyes, and noses swollen and reddish. Looking back upon that day, I ask myself which is the worst to bear, good fortune or bad fortune. I remember a lecturer saying that there is a pressure of tons upon the human body, and that but for the pressure of the air we should fly into a thousand pieces. I take it that life is much the same. Very bad fortune breaks a man down. Sudden good fortune takes off the pressure, and makes us ready to burst. It is the mixture we want, and we don't always get it.

To bed, and then to sleep, by fits and starts;—turning and settling the pillows half the night, and a dozen times striking a light to see the time. When at last I fell into a

sound sleep, Mrs. Gummer woke me with a shake to ask if I was asleep.

"Gummer, I have been thinking about going to Court. The girls may, but not me. No, Tom, don't expect it; for to kneel before a live Queen, and to see her with her crown on, and to kiss her hand, is more than my poor nerves is equal to. I have seen the crown and the ball in the Tower, and I recollect my feelings; and, with my bringing up, and at my age, and with my shortness of breath, that is as much as I can go through."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WORRIES OF WEALTH.

DID you ever hear a man wish he was a woman? Not likely! And I suppose Mrs. Gummer is right in saying that men have the best of it. Did you ever know a woman over thirty who did not sometimes wish she was a man? At all events, Mrs. Gummer is not an exception to the rule. Soon after my marriage, I put up for clerk to the Bow Burial Board. The canvass cost me £10 for printing, advertising, beer, and cab hire, besides shoe leather and an influenza. I was beaten easily.

"Ah," said Mrs. Gummer, "I wish I was a man for your sake, Tom, and for my own, and for my offsprings that is and may be, and see if I would be beaten by a hop-and-go thingamy not fit to be my shoe scraper."

Whenever a client who ought to have tipped did not tip—and without tips lawyers' clerks would fare badly—Mrs. Gummer would sigh, and say—

"Ah, Gummer, for the sake of those poor dear girls, I wish I was father and you mother, and catch a mean old gudgeon fattening on my brain, which is the bread of my children, for nothing!"

If Mrs. Gummer had come into this world in male form, she would have been far ahead in the wise sayings business of the economical Greek gentleman who saved rent and rates by living in a tub. Bow people are very industrious in minding other people's business; and we being people with something to back us, and in consequence a little stiff in the neck, were much gossiped about. If the girls came out in new bonnets, it was reported that we were going the pace to bankruptcy. If the girls did not wear new things, and the old ones were a trifle shabby, we were bullied for being skin-flint misers.

"Well," Mrs. Gummer would say, "it's no gain, and a good deal of pain, to care about tattle. The worst wind that ever blew—which is due east, without a puff of west in it—won't harm you if you turn your back on it, with your throat well comfortered."

It may be polished or it may be rough, but human nature is the same in grain. Our coming into a fortune was the talk of the genteel Green Lanes before the news was a day old. Our maid told the milkman—and a milkman is a telegraph and town-crier in one.

On the following Saturday, the *Green Lanes Herald* published the subjoined account in letters big enough for an infant school-child, in its words of one syllable:—

"AN ENORMOUS ACCESSION OF FORTUNE.
—It is our gratifying privilege to announce that our greatly and deservedly esteemed neighbour, Thomas Gummer, Esq., of Corcyra Villa, has been left sole heir to his recently deceased cousin, who was the richest merchant in the capital of our Indian Empire. The lowest estimate of the property thus bequeathed exceeds £100,000. Mr. Gummer has no male heir, and the whole of his immense wealth will be inherited by his two amiable, beautiful, and accomplished daughters. It is our devout aspiration that Mr. Gummer and his excellent lady may long live to enjoy the riches which they know so well how to dispense, and which are the meet reward of their exalted virtues."

This elegant leading article was copied into the town papers, and millions of people knew the name of Gummer. We simpered, pouted, coloured, and declared that it was a shame for the papers to interfere with private affairs, but we really liked it.

"Tom," said Mrs. Gummer, "upstartishness is not my nature, nor contrariwise is my nature cold vealish; and, I must say, it is lovely nice to be a somebody, and get in the papers."

The mistake as to the amount was perplexing, and I proposed to write to the *Herald*, and correct it.

"Gummer, if you are not blind and mad, you ought to be both, and I blush for you. Are you to put your judgment against that of the newspapers? Do you suppose they don't know what they are about? I thought that old Sparkes was too civil to be honest; but the papers have spoilt his cheat-

ing game, and now we know what has been left us by poor dear Joseph."

"But surely, Matilda, you don't suppose it's £100,000?"

"Suppose! Oh, Thomas Gummer, you are aggravating, and enough to make the flesh of an angel creep and crawl. The papers say it's £100,000, and what can't speak can't lie, and that is more than can be said of old Sparkes."

The girls agreed with their mother; I was in due time persuaded; and all of us believed the papers. So did the public. Our letter-bag was not equal to the deliveries. Secretaries of charities wrote for donations. Tradesmen sent circulars. Mining agents offered shares that would yield two hundred per cent. per annum. Promoters of public companies expressed their willingness to place me on their boards of directors. One correspondent offered to procure me a degree, from a foreign university, for the sum of twenty pounds; and another offered me the rank of baron for a trifling consideration. A gentleman connected with the turf would not object to purchase a racing stud for me; and he could guarantee that I should win the Derby, and pot £100,000. We were asked to subscribe for new churches and new schools. People I had never heard of sent their congratulations, and avowed their confidence that an old and needy friend would be remembered in the hour of prosperity. Geniuses wanted a little money to complete grand inventions. An author solicited a few pounds to enable him to finish the most important work of the age, which he proposed to dedicate to me. Unfortunate tradesmen craved a little just to set them up in business, and the loan would be repaid with blessings and interest. We could not read all the letters, much less answer them.

Mrs. Gummer, who had always looked after the grease, rags, and waste paper—for fortune is like a house built of bricks, each one not worth much in itself—said—

"Well, Tom, if these letters and such-like do not make waste enough to pay our month's butter bill, then I am as stupid as a rocking-horse. Where the rags come from to make such mountains of paper puzzles me; and, depend upon it, if things go on in such a manner, rags will be dearer than the best bleached calico."

Others called on us, and the ladies especially were not over-polite if we did not

give them a thank-offering. They sternly reminded us that we were only the stewards of our wealth, and that we could not take our riches out of the world.

It was not much that we gave away or spent at the outset. Now we had so much, we were more afraid of parting with our money than when we had a little.

"Gummer," said Matilda, "money and drink are the same. The more you drink the thirstier you are, and the less drink the less thirst."

We became so nervous about losing our money, that Mrs. Gummer begged of me not to keep any cash at a private banker's, but to put every sixpence in the Bank of England. We had double fastenings on the doors, and the windows barred up prison-fashion, because Mrs. Gummer was sure that all the burglars in London would be upon us. We bought a bull-dog for the garden and a terrier for the house; and we had a board put up, on which was painted, "Beware of the bull-dog and of spring-revolvers." I never saw a spring-revolver, but I thought it would be a first-rate scare-thief. These precautions did not make us easy. Before going to bed we went over the house—I armed with the poker, Mrs. Gummer with the tongs. Four or five times a-week I was roused out of my first sleep by Mrs. Gummer fancying she heard a noise. Then, after putting on my drawers, I had to go downstairs and search, with the poker in one hand and a candle in the other. If I hesitated, Mrs. Gummer would say, "Surely a man who is one, and a father, will not let his poor family be murdered because he is afraid to face thieves." It is all very well to talk of being brave, but a bullet from a pistol or a blow from a bludgeon is as unpleasant for a man as for a woman. However, I stamped heavily, rattled the poker against the bannisters, and went down slowly; so that, if there had been thieves, they would have heard me coming, and have had plenty of time to get off with a fair share of their booty. I am not a coward, but I must confess that I would rather be robbed than murdered.

Mrs. Gummer was far ahead of me in carefulness. When there was a talk of buying, she would remark—

"Gummer, every fool can open his veins, and bleed rivers till he is dead and buried; but it takes something better than a fool to stop the bleeding."

Yet before we had been a month in fortune, we began to spend pretty freely.

One of our first extravagances was arms and crest, and a ream of crested paper, thick and creamy. I called upon a herald who had sent me a circular.

"I want you to find me some arms and a crest."

"Will you favour me with your name and county?"

"Thomas Gummer, Green Lanes."

"Was your father's place in Middlesex?"

"Gubbins-row, Bow."

"Certainly, sir. You would like the arms and crest emblazoned, and dies for paper? Certainly, sir."

The arms and crest which this gentleman found and painted made a remarkable picture. In the middle of a round-cornered square there were three daggers, three card-counter fish, and a foreign-looking tree. On each side of these curiosities was a man, standing bolt upright, and nearly naked. There was also a young bantam perched on a short barber's pole lying longways. The motto was, "Beware of my spurs."

Mrs. Gummer was somewhat disappointed.

"Tom, ugly tittlebats and daggers, a tree not fit for firewood, and men who, if they were real, would be taken up by the police, may be a genteel mixture; but this I will say, Tom, that such a picture would not please the stupidest talking doll that ever squeaked."

Extravagance number two was in this wise. One sunny morning, a spanking brougham pulled up at the gate, and a gentleman—who, like the brougham, seemed newly varnished—got out, and rang the bell. Who it was we could not guess, and we were not much wiser when our page brought a card with the name of Lazarus engraved on it. The gentleman, being shown in, was not slow to tell who he was, and his business. His firm were jewellers, and they had been informed that I was about to select some family ornaments. Before we could get in a word he had brought out half a dozen little cases, and handed us rings, earrings, necklaces, bracelets, brooches, and pins. It was an illumination of jewellery, and we were almost afraid of handling so many precious things. Mr. Lazarus was a pleasant gentleman. I told him we did not think of buying at present, but he said that was of no consequence, and the ladies might like to look at the jewels. He persuaded mamma

and the girls to put on the things—and very splendid they looked. When the prices were mentioned, Mrs. Gummer pulled off the rings as quickly as she could; but there was one ring that would not pass the joint.

"You can remove it at your leisure, and return it to me at any time—or keep it, if you will do us the honour," said the obliging Mr. Lazarus.

In the end, we laid out over a hundred pounds. When I was writing the cheque, Mr. Lazarus told me not to be at the trouble of paying then; and he smiled when I replied that I was a cash man, and always took the discount.

TABLE TALK.

A DISCOVERY has been made of singular interest to students of old beliefs. Dr. H. Fox Talbot has found on one of the well-known Assyrian clay tablets in the British Museum a remarkable prayer, which proves, as clearly as the much older Egyptian "Negative Confession," the Assyrian belief in a future state. Dr. Talbot's translation has been published in the "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archæology." I subjoin a part of it:—"Length of days—long lasting years—a strong sword—a long life—extended years of glory—pre-eminence among kings—grant ye to the King, my Lord, who has given such gifts to his gods! And after the gift of these present days, in the feasts of the land of the silver sky—the refulgent courts—the abode of blessedness; and in the *Light of the Happy Fields, may he dwell a life eternal*—holy—in the presence of the gods who inhabit Assyria." We have here a clear proof that about seven hundred years before Christ—that is, in the time of the later kings of Israel—the Assyrians held clear and distinct ideas of a future world. We know that the Egyptians did so too. Are we to believe, as some would try to persuade us, that the Israelites—whose communications with the two countries were regular and constant—differed from them in holding no such doctrine?

HOW A HORSE was bought and sold a hundred years ago:—(Advertisement.) "Staffordshire.—Wanted, a strong, genteel, active gelding, full master of eighteen stone upon the roade, any colour, not yonger than four nor older than six years the ensuing grass; not higher than fifteen hands nor lower than

fourteen and a half hands; a good mouth; not to go heavy upon the hand; clear, good eye; clear leg'd, good hoof, and handsome foot, to be upheld; gentle, quiet, sound, and stiddy; free from starting, stumbling, or tripping, or the least inclinable to restyness. Whoever has such a horse to dispose on may here of a purchaser by applying to Mr. William Tooth, in Rudgley. Mr. Tooth is always at home on Thursday, that being market day. All letters will have a due regard paid to them. The advertizer is willing to give more than the real value, therefore trial will be expected. The owner may depend his horse will have the best of provender and looking after, and any quantity of corn he pleases to mention, while upon trial. To stand the stable well." This advertisement met with the following response:—"March 5th, 1776. Be it remembered I have this day lodged in the hands of Thomas Webb, of Armitage, a bright bay gelding for trial. If the said T. Webb doth not approve of the said horse, the said horse to be returned on or before the 5th of April nex ensuing the date of this, which I promise to take back without any fee or reward; and it shall be deem'd a good returne if brought to the door of my dwelling-house, or put in the stable or yard, or fastened to any fence, rail, gate, or post, &c., upon or near to the premises, or delivered at any house of call the party shall agree upon. As witness my hand. If the horse is approved on, £40 is the price." (No signature.)

QUEER WARNINGS are sometimes posted up in rural districts to deter the lawlessly disposed from the terrors of evil-doing, especially in the matter of trespass. We have all of us seen that dreadful menace conveyed in the information that "Steel traps and spring guns are kept on these premises." But I am afraid there was often more cry of wolf than stern reality in many of these announcements. I saw, however, the other day, not far from London—in fact, in the neighbourhood of Tottenham—a real, legitimate parish notice, in which, with chapter and section of a certain act of Parliament quoted, the following awful penalties were held out in prospect for such as chose to incur them:—"NOTICE.—Middlesex. Any person willfully injuring any part of this county bridge will be guilty of *felony*, and upon conviction will be liable to transportation for life." If this act were really in

force, we think that Jones, Brown, and Robinson would hardly be so ambitious as they generally are now to scratch their patrician names upon every public property they honour with their visits, whether it be the park seats or the Pyramids of Egypt.

THE TENDENCY of Quakerism is to dry up the natural affections of the heart. It may be promotive of worldly wisdom and shrewdness; but, after all, that is the best wisdom that floats in warm blood, hot enough to soften and mellow it, without changing its characteristic and essential elements. Quakerism is destructive to the poetry of human nature, and it is lowering to the pulse, for man is a circulating as well as a thinking being.

YOU CAN ALMOST tell when people have once despised you, by the great contrast between their present and past behaviour to you. Circumstances have put you in a new light; and their "conscience," eager to do justice, shows itself in extremes of kind manner and attention.

PERSONS OF STRONG muscular development, whose forte is action, are apt to regard thinkers as rather idle people. Thought in itself is an invisible thing, and has a stilling effect upon the nature; but it should be remembered that action is nothing without thought, and that the active worker, after all, is but the subordinate messenger of the thinker. What is the use of fighting with the difficulties of life, if you fight "as one that beateth the air"? You may have energy enough to govern a kingdom, but what if you lack wisdom?

IT WAS SAID that Squeers thrashed his school-boys, deserving or not deserving, twice a-week; and I think, instead of this, it would be well if school-mistresses would make their pupils write out twice a-week, a hundred times over, "Study to be quiet, and mind your own business;" and so, perhaps, by degrees, there would cease to be prying women in the world.

Rejected MSS. will be returned to the authors on application, if stamps for that purpose are sent. The Editor will only be responsible for their being safely re-posted to the addresses given. Every MS. must have the name and address of the author legibly written on the first page.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 220.

March 16, 1872.

Price 2d.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.



Specimen of Restoring.

THE duties of a son being performed, and his father formally placed under the charge of old Hester, Dick put the keys of office in his pocket, and walked over to the bank, where the news of old Ready-money's

paralysis had already been received. Ghymes and the lawyer alone knew of the deed of gift.

"Don't he look solemn?" asked the old women of each other as the afflicted son went down the street.

"Such a son as he was, too! Ah, better than old Ready-money deserved."

Ghymes, in the manager's office, was looking over papers.

"So," said Dick, shaking hands with him, and sitting on the table, "you didn't approve of the deed of gift, eh? Never mind: quite right, and just like you to say so. However, that's all over. You've heard of the old man's stroke, I suppose? Doctor thinks some shock must have accelerated the final break-up. Shock of yesterday, I suppose. He couldn't bear to see the money go."

This was strictly and literally true. Mr. Mortiboy, though from his bed and not from his parlour, could not bear to see the money going.

"However, it's all over now, and things are changed. As for us two, Ghymes, you

have served my father so well that I hope you will go on serving me."

"I desire nothing better."

"Things will be different, I dare say, because I am going to manage matters after another fashion; but we shall pull together, never fear that. I pull with everybody."

"I've been in the bank, man and boy, for sixteen years. It would be a heavy blow to leave it now," said Ghymes, half to himself.

"Of course you will not leave it. You will go on managing. I'm not going to sit with my hands in my pockets, but I am not a meddler."

"And your estates in Mexico? How shall you manage about them?" asked Ghymes, in perfect good faith.

"My partner has gone out," replied Dick, with unmoved face, "to superintend them. I shall not trouble about them."

"Indeed, you need not," said his manager, "for there is work enough here for ten men. Here, for instance, is a case—one of those cases which your poor father would always decide for himself."

"Well, then, for once I will decide for myself. What is it?"

And here Dick began that course of social reform which has made him immortal in Market Basing.

"It's the case of Tweedy, the builder. What are we to do with him? Your father always declared that he would advance him no more money. His bill is due to-day. He can't meet it, I know."

"Tell me all about him in a few words."

"Furniture dealer—cabinet-maker. Took to building. As fast as he built, got into difficulties. Mr. Mortiboy advanced him money: got his houses. Always in difficulties: will smash if we don't prevent it: pays his workmen by discounting small bills at the bank: is getting deeper every day."

"What have we made out of him?"

"About a dozen houses. That villa the

other side of the river at Dergate, among others. All profit, of course."

"That beats California. Send for him, and let us see him."

The man came: a man with a craze for designing and building; born to be an architect, but without an education; might have designed a cathedral, but expended his energies on Gothic villas, which he persuaded himself would make his fortune. Old Mortiboy had been getting money out of him for years.

"So you're Tweedy, are you?" said Dick, looking down at the nervous little man from six feet one to five feet three. "I remember you when you had your shop. Where is it now?"

"I wish I had it now, sir," said the man.

"You *would* try to make your fortune, you know. And you were conceited enough to think you could. And what are you worth now?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing—and a bill of a hundred pounds to meet, with the interest! Now, Tweedy, suppose you go back to the furniture shop. Don't look scared, man. I'll give you a lift. That house that you put up behind Dergate—a good house, is it? very well—I'm going to live in it. Go up to town, and furnish it for me. Furnish it well—well, mind. Pay trade price, and charge yourself a fair profit. Get me good things: no gimcracks. Have everything ready in three days. The bill may stand over. If you don't like this, say so."

The man began a flood of gratitude, which Dick stopped by pushing him out of the door.

"He deserves something for building me a dozen houses for nothing," he said, coolly; "and I must get the place furnished. I made up my mind to live there this morning."

"One of your clerks, I am sorry to say, has embezzled some money. I found it out last night—though he does not know it yet."

"How much is it?"

"Five pounds."

Dick winced. It was the exact amount of his own forgery.

"What is his name, and what is his salary?"

"Sullivan: he draws sixty pounds a-year."

Dick put his head out of the door, and shouted to the office generally—

"Send Sullivan here."

A pale-faced lad of twenty-two, with a

weak and nervous mouth, and a hesitating manner, came in, and shut the door, trembling.

"Well, Mr. Sullivan, and how about this five pounds?"

Mr. Sullivan burst into tears.

"The last clerk who embezzled money in this bank," said Mr. Ghymes, solemnly, "was tried for the offence, and underwent a sentence of imprisonment for it."

"There, you see," said Dick.

Mr. Sullivan sobbed louder.

"You draw sixty pounds a-year: a princely salary," continued his new master. "Do you drink, or play billiards, or what, to get rid of so much money?"

"Nothing, sir."

"My young friend, you had better make a clean breast of it to Mr. Ghymes and me, or it will certainly be a case of the man in blue and chokee. Now, think for a few minutes, and then answer."

The boy—he seemed little more—sat down, and laid his head in his hands.

"I cannot tell," he moaned. "I cannot tell you both."

Dick's face grew soft. The man who had not hesitated to tell his father the bitter truth, who had planned to rob him, who was devoid of scruples, or of restraint, or of fear, had yet a heart that could be touched. He could not bear the sight of misery.

"Leave us for two minutes, Ghymes. Now, my boy, what did you do it for?"

"I had to find five pounds for her; and I borrowed the money."

"Who is *her*? And why did she want five pounds?"

Then the story came out: how he wanted to marry a girl, the daughter of a small tradesman; how he was forbidden to speak to her; how they took secret walks together; how the old, old tale was repeated; how they had planned to run away together, and he had taken the money to help them to go. And then more sobs, and more softening of Dick's heart.

"Go away now," said Dick, "and go on with your work. I am not going to prosecute you. Bring her with you this evening, at nine o'clock, to Dergate."

The delinquent despatched, Dick proceeded to ask for the pay-sheet. The cheapness with which banking is conducted, as evidenced by the salaries of the clerks, struck him as very remarkable. Mr. Ghymes, who managed a business worth many thousands

a-year, received the magnificent stipend of £200. The other *employés* ranged from £120 to £30.

"Banking," said Dick, "seems about the easiest and cheapest way of getting money ever hit upon."

"When you've got your connection, it is," said his manager.

"Would you mind calling in the clerks? Gentlemen, I have no doubt," he said, addressing them in a body, in his best book English, "that my father's intention was to do just exactly what I am about to do. It must often have occurred to him that to ensure zeal, punctuality, and diligence, as well as honesty"—here Sullivan trembled exceedingly—"it is necessary to pay those gentlemen whose services you secure as highly as is compatible with your own interests." Here the clerks nudged each other. "I am now acting as his representative. You used to call him 'Ready-money' Mortiboy. He will still more deserve the title when I inform you that all your salaries are doubled from this moment." They all stared at one another. "But if you get into money difficulties, and don't tell me, you'll find yourselves in the wrong box. Now, don't make a row, but go back to your work"—for the clerks were preparing to make a demonstration of gratitude.

"And Sullivan," said Mr. Ghrimes, "don't let us have any more of that unpunctuality which I reproved you for just now"—for the clerk's eyes were still wet with tears, and his fellows had been questioning him.

"Kindly said, Ghrimes," said Dick. "Now for yourself."

That night Mr. Ghrimes went to bed with his salary trebled, and a cheque for a thousand pounds.

The clerk Sullivan appeared as the clock struck nine at the house in Dergate, accompanied by a young woman. The pair looked very young and very forlorn. Dick opened the door himself, and led them to his own room—that which had been the parlour, where a few alterations had been hastily made to suit his own tastes, previous to his removal.

He made them sit down, and stood with his back to the fire looking at one and the other.

"You are a pretty pair of fools," he said.

The girl began to cry. Her lover had spirit enough to answer for her.

"She is not to blame. I am the only one."

"Do you want to marry him?" asked Dick bluntly of the girl.

She only cried the more.

"Well, then, do *you* want to marry her?"

"I do—of course I do."

"Which would you rather do, my dear—run away with him and be married in London, or be married here and go up to London afterwards on my business?"

"Oh, here—here, Mr. Mortiboy. But they won't let us."

"They will when I have seen your father. And I will see him to-night. Now, have a glass of wine. What is your name, child?"

"Alice."

"Then, Alice, here's a glass of port for you. Sullivan, if you ill-treat your wife, look out for yourself. You will hear from me to-morrow morning. Good-bye, Alice, my dear. Give me a kiss."

He went to the young lady's parent, and had an interview with him; the result of his arguments being that a wedding took place the following week.

Dick improved the occasion with his manager, pointing out to him the folly of putting young fellows in positions of trust without a salary sufficient to keep them from temptation; and he talked with so much wisdom that Ghrimes began to regard him as the foremost of living philosophers. Certain reflections, in the course of his life, Dick had certainly made. And he now began to act upon them.

In two or three days the furniture arrived, and the house beyond the river was rendered habitable, under the superintendence of Mrs. Heathcote. It was a small place, but big enough for a bachelor. And then, as Mrs. Heathcote observed, it was always easy to move, and of course he was not going to remain a bachelor always. Dick permitted the observation, in the presence of Polly—who had been brought by Mrs. Heathcote to help to arrange and set to rights—to pass unanswered.

At first he announced his intention of having no servants in the house at all; but gave way at the remonstrances of Mrs. Heathcote, who felt here the family respectability was in danger.

"I will send you a nice old woman that I know, Dick," she said—"one that I can recommend."

The nice old woman—who was not nice to look at—came. She had a very bad time indeed, so long as she remained. Dick had given special orders that she was not on any account to cross the threshold of his smoking-room, an apartment which he intended to keep sacred. He did not lock the door; and on the very first day the old woman, urged on by the fury of feminine curiosity, opened the door. The astute Richard had affixed a cord craftily, one end being attached to the top of the sideboard, and the other to the door. All the glasses and decanters on his sideboard were pulled off and broken. There went three months' wages.

Dick disliked locking things up. The old woman loved strong drinks. On the second day, she drank out of a brandy bottle in which her master had mixed a certain medicine. That night she was very ill.

On the third day she was in his bed-room, where Dick had slung a hammock, as being more comfortable than a regular bed. An open letter lay on the table. She put on her spectacles and began to read it, holding it out, as old people do, between her hands. Dick, who was coming up the stairs—the big man moved noiselessly when he pleased—drew his pistol and fired at her, she declared. The bullet passed straight through the letter, within an inch of her two thumbs. She dropped the paper, and fell backwards with a terrific shriek. Spectacles broken this time, too.

After that she resigned, and spread awful reports about the house.

Then Dick was left servantless, and for a day or two used to cook his steaks for dinner himself.

Mrs. Heathcote again came to his assistance.

"I don't know what you've done, Dick, but no woman in the place will come here. If you fire pistols at people, and poison your brandy, and tie ropes round your glasses, how can you expect it?"

"I didn't fire at her. I only frightened her."

"Well, would you like Mary? She wants to leave me—I don't know why. Says she must live nearer her mother. Perhaps she'd come. She's not so old as you might wish; but she's a well-conducted, handy woman, and I really think would make you comfortable."

He hesitated. But the plan offered a

good many advantages, not the least being that he would not have Polly coming secretly to see him, which was dangerous.

Dick had made a step in civilization. He began to respect people's opinions.

So Polly was installed as housekeeper to Mr. Richard Mortiboy. There were no other servants, nor would there be till the stables were finished.

Of course, Market Basing could think of nothing but this fearful and wonderful man. What he had done last—what he was likely to do—whom he would visit—was the chief subject of their conversation at this period. They used to go to Dergate, and walk along the towing-path in hopes of seeing him in the Californian dress which he affected in warm weather. He was to be seen smoking a cigar after breakfast or dinner, in long boots, leather breeches, with a crimson silk *cummerbund*, an embroidered shirt, a richly braided jacket, and a Panama hat.

If he met any of the girls, he would converse with them without the ceremony of introduction: notably in the case of Lawyer Battiscombe's daughters, who, Mrs. Heathcote said, threw themselves at his feet. If he fell in with a man who pleased him, he would take him into the villa, and there compound him some strange drink which would make the world for a brief space appear a very Paradise—until presently the magic of the dose departed, and the drinker would be left with hot coppers.

He never went to church, and refused to subscribe to the chapel. To the rector he was polite—offering him, when he called, a glass of a certain curious restorative; and when the worthy clergyman turned the conversation on things ecclesiastical, Dick listened with the apparent reverence of a catechumen.

"What I like in the Church," said Dick, "is the complete equality that reigns in the building. All alike, eh? No difference between rich and poor in the matter of cushions and pews."

The rector felt that he was on delicate ground.

"And as to preaching, now. I suppose you find the people getting a great deal better every year?"

"Well—well—we do our best."

"They used to get drunk on Saturday nights. Do they still?"

The rector was obliged to own that they did.

"Now, rector, let us have a bargain. You shall preach on any given thing you like for a whole year; and if, after that time, you find the town better, and the—the special sin removed, come down on me for your schools, or anything you like."

The rector hesitated.

"The grocer puts sand in his sugar and mixes his tea; the publican salts his beer; the doctor humbugs us with his pills; the tobacconist waters the bird's-eye; the labourer drinks half his wages; the women are uncleanly and bad-tempered. Come, rector, there's a splendid field for you."

The rector was silent.

"I don't like unpractical things," continued Dick. "There was a township in California where they thought they ought to have a church. So they built one, and subscribed their dollars, and got a bran-new preacher in black togs from New York. Down he came; and the first Sunday they thought, out of common politeness, they'd give him a turn. He had a regular benefit: house full—not even standing room. Next Sunday nobody went: stalls, boxes, and pit all empty. So the minister went to the principal bar to ask the reason why. The chief man there—judge he was afterwards—took him up sharp enough.

"You've got a fine new church, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And a hahnsome salary?"

"Yes."

"And didn't we all come to give you a start?"

"Yes."

"Then what on airth do you want more?"

"That's it, you see, rector. You get your innings every Sunday, and the people go to hear you just out of politeness and habit, and go away again. And if there's anything on airth you want more, you'd better try and work it another way."

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

THE very top attic of a very high house, in a street near the Haymarket. The sun shining brightly in at the windows, and baking the slates overhead. The windows shut close, nevertheless. A queer room: the roof ill-shapen, and the windows odd. The only furniture a bench or table of rough deal, running across the place just under the win-

dows. The floor stained of a thousand hues: every inch of its surface is saturated with paints and varnishes upset over it. The walls plastered with the scrapings of thousands of palettes, dried on in parti-coloured patches, and decorated with half a dozen soiled and smoke-begrimed cardboard scrolls, on which are written, like so many texts—"The eleventh commandment: Mind your own business," "From witchcraft, priestcraft, and kingcraft, good Lord, deliver us," and such-like legends, the work of a former prisoner there. On the floor is a great stack of pictures, which have been taken out of their frames in order to undergo the process of cleaning; gallon cans of copal and mastic varnish stand by them, in readiness for the varnishing. At the bench stands a young man in his shirt sleeves, rubbing away as hard as he can at the resinous surface of an oil painting, rapidly getting the old varnish off with his finger ends, and working down to the artist's colours again. He works with a will, singing at his work in the finest tenor voice you ever heard outside the walls of the Covent Garden Opera House.

It is Frank Melliship. How he came here I will briefly explain.

When ruin comes upon a young gentleman of expensive tastes, who has received the very best, and consequently the least useful, education that his country has to boast of, it generally finds him in a helpless and very defenceless condition. This was, as we have seen, Frank Melliship's lot. He had no longer any money to spend, and he had not been taught how to get any. Poverty would not have frightened him much, because he was young, and did not know what it meant: what grinding years of self-sacrifice and denial, what bitterness of struggle, and what humiliations. But there were his mother and sister. To knock about for a year or two—no young man thinks he is going to be poor after five-and-twenty or so—would have had the charm of novelty. But for these two—the delicately reared gentlewomen—the change from the house at Market Basing to the miserable lodgings in Fitzroy-street, off the Fulham-road, was indeed a plunge. And though Kate did her best bravely to meet the inevitable, their mother, a weak and watery creature, never attempted to conceal the misery of her new position, and to lament the glories, which she naturally exaggerated, of the past.

"What have we done," she would say at

each fresh reminder of the social fall—"what did *we* do to merit all this?"

Frank and Kate, with the sanguine enthusiasm which belonged to their father's blood as well as to their time of life, tried to cheer her with pictures of the grand successes which were to come; but in vain. The good lady would only relapse into another of her weeping fits, and be taken to her room, crying, "Oh! Francis—oh! my poor husband!" till the enthusiasm was damped, and the present brought back to the brother and sister in all its nakedness.

Every day they took counsel together. Frank's bed-room, metamorphosed by Kate's clever hands till it looked no more like a bedroom than Mr. Swiveller's one apartment, served as their studio. An inverted case—which once, in what lodging-house keepers call their "happier days," had contained Clicquot or gooseberry—served as a platform, on which Frank stood for a model to his sister. They called it their throne.

"Do—my dear, good boy—do hold out your arm as I placed it," says Mistress Kate, sketching in rapidly, while Frank stands as motionless as he can before her in the best suit he has left. "I have wasted I don't know how much time to-day in getting up to put you right."

"My dear girl, can I stand—I put it to you—can I stand like a semaphore for an hour at a time? Even a semaphore's arms go up and down, you know."

"Yes, I know, Frank, it's dreadfully tiresome, as I found when I sat for your Antigone. But see how patient I was."

The advantage was certainly on Frank's side, because Kate would stand in the same position for half an hour at a time—twice as long as a professional model.

"How far have you got, Kate?"

"Don't move now—a moment more—only five minutes, and I shall have finished the outline."

She is sketching on a boxwood block. It was the first order they had received: it was to illustrate a poem in a magazine, and the price was three guineas.

"If you go on at this rate," said Frank, "it will pay a great deal better than oils. Why, you can do a block a-day—easily—working up your backgrounds by candle-light."

"Yes—if we can get the orders; but you must not forget the trouble we had in getting the first."

"*C'est le commencement,*" said Frank. "*Et gai, gai—*" he began to sing.

"Do *not* move just now. Please don't."

"Bergeronnette,
Douce baisselet,
Donnez le moi votre chapelet,"

sang her model, with one of his happy laughs. "Don't you remember, Katie, when I sang that jolly old French song last at Parkside, when Grace played the accompaniment? Dear little Grace! When shall I see her again?"

"Let us talk seriously," said Kate. "I am sure mamma *must* go away into the country somewhere. We could live cheaper there than we can in London, and I know she would get back her health at some quiet seaside place; and I could fill my sketch book with pretty bits, and work them up into landscapes, like those you sold—"

"For fifteen shillings each," Frank laughed.

His experience of picture selling had been rather disheartening. But still he hoped; nor was it unnatural that he should do so. He had a strong taste for art. He could do what few young men can do—draw nicely. He had been famous for his pen and ink sketches at Cambridge; but Kate was much more proficient with her pencil than he was.

Kate guided their course. She chose the lodgings near the Museum. She was bursar for the family, and did the marketing, often at night, in the Fulham-road: for her mother would speedily have outrun the constable by a distance.

As it was, John Heathcote's gift was reduced to small dimensions.

Grace's hundred pounds Frank held sacred, proposing to use it for his mother.

Kate took the necessary steps to their painting at the public galleries. They went at first on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays to the Museum. Then Frank went on Thursdays and Fridays to the National Gallery, leaving Kate to go to the South Kensington Museum by herself. They wanted to learn Art. Now, Art is learned, they had been told, by copying. So they set to work to copy. Kate spent three days a-week for four months at Dyckmans' "Blind Beggar." It is a pretty picture, but copying it teaches nothing. She found that out before it was half done; but she made a splendid copy of it on panel, like the original. Frank copied Sir Joshua's "Heads of An-

gels" at the National. In this work there was something to be learnt. The softness, the delicacy, the angelic expression of those little cherubs' heads, all painted from one tiny mortal face, showed the student of art what it is in the hands of a master. And Reynolds is a master for a very unartistic nation to be proud of. Frank had finished this picture when Kate's "Blind Beggar" was half done. The copy he made was very good. At the Gallery the old women praised it; and as they had often copied it themselves, they were judges. A dealer who came in one students' day called it "clever." He was a burly man, with a tremendously red nose that told its own tale of knock-outs. This professional opinion encouraged Frank. He had hoped to sell it to some of those connoisseurs of art who loiter round the students' easels on closed days; but there had been no bid.

He had it framed: it happened to be at the shop of the red-nosed man, whose name was Burls. He paid two pounds ten shillings for an appropriate Reynolds frame for it.

Then he put his picture into a cab, and tried the dealers all over the West-end with it.

"What! buy a copy of a picture in the National Gallery? Not unless we knew where we could place it!"

It was a knock-down blow for our innocent artist-hero; but it was the answer he got everywhere, from rough dealers and smooth, Hebrew and Gentile. So at last, in despair, he left it at an auction room in Bond-street, where, a fortnight afterwards, Kate and he attended, and bought it in at two pounds seven and sixpence—half a crown less than the frame that was on it had cost him; and he had five per cent. commission to pay, and the cost of taking it home. This opened his eyes to the trade value of copies of pictures that are known.

A young lady at the Museum made friends with Kate—they all make friends with one another—and exhorted her to try at working on wood. So with Frank and her mother for models, and a background out of her sketch book, she made a pretty picture, and despatched Frank to lay siege to the editors.

He took a few water-colour sketches of his own with him, to show at one or two picture shops where he had seen similar sketches displayed in the window.

He tried two shops—one was near Piccadilly—in his walk towards the publishers' offices. He was not afraid of talking to the

shopkeepers, but he did feel a little nervous at the prospect of bearding an editor in his den.

So he showed his sketches, with some success. The answer at both the shops was—

"Do me some with shorter petticoats, and I'll give you forty-two shillings a dozen for them."

The shops were kept by brothers, and Frank's sketches were pretty young ladies. He profited by this experience.

He spent that afternoon, and the next, and the next after that in calling at different places with the inquiry, "Is the editor of the So-and-so in?"

With one result. The editor never was in—to a young man who did not know his illustrious name. At night, after the third of these excursions, he felt embittered towards these gentlemen, and told Kate he thought they might as well put their block in the fire, it would warm them, so.

The weather was as warm as Frank's temper. Kate reproved him, and gave him her royal commands to try again.

"And now, Frank," she said after their mother had gone to bed, "I have made up my mind to go away from London, and take mamma with me—to Wales, I think. Living is cheap there, and the scenery is beautiful. She *must* be taken out of London."

Frank felt rather glad at this. He thought his mother and sister would be better in the country for a few months. When they came back to him, he meant to have a home for them.

"And I'll tell you why, Frank. I shall finish my picture; but it is not easy to do that. There are four people at it now—such a vulgar man; and oh! two such vulgar women—and they race on a Wednesday morning to get up the stairs before me, and secure their seats for the week close to the picture. The man elbows roughly by me, and I can hardly get a look at the picture myself."

Frank began to fume—his fingers tingled.

"The authorities should make some proper rules, I think, for I began my copy before any of them. Of course, I can't race up the stairs with them, and tear through the rooms to be first at the picture; and, then, Frank—you'll promise me to do as I tell you?"

"I don't know, Kate. I think I shall be at the top of the stairs before that fellow some day soon—"

"There, now, I have done if you do not give me your word."

"Well—there, then—go on."

"Well, Frank, an old man—nobleman, they say he is—has been very attentive."

Her brother gave an angry snort, and his eyes looked very mischievous.

"Don't be angry—he is too ridiculous—the funniest old object, with teeth, and a wig, and stays, and a gold-headed cane. He wants to buy the 'Blind Beggar,' and has given me advice I don't want about painting it; and to-day, Frank—"

"To-day, Kate?"

"He brought me a bouquet, which of course I declined to accept. But I thought it best to put away my picture, and leave the gallery."

"I shall be there to-morrow."

He was, and nearly every day after till Kate had finished her picture.

But the Earl of—— only paid one more visit to the Museum during his stay in town that season.

In the afternoon of the day on which Frank had given his card to his sister's admirer, he determined to try his luck again with the block and the portfolio of sketches. At the first place he called at, the man he saw took his name up to the editor of the magazine, and, to his great surprise, he was asked to walk upstairs.

He found himself in a dingy room, in the presence of a fatherly young man, with a grave but kind face.

Frank told him how surprised he was at having the opportunity of showing his specimens, and asking for work.

The editor of the "Universal Magazine" was a scholar and a gentleman. He drew the young man out, looked at his sketches, and gave him a few words of judicious praise.

"But I don't use any blocks. The 'Universal' is not an illustrated magazine."

Frank was disappointed.

"I really had not thought of that," he stammered out.

"But I am always ready to help anybody I can. Wait a minute, Mr. Melliship. Your sister's drawings are really clever, and the sort of thing that is wanted. I will give you a note to a friend of mine who uses a great many illustrations." He handed Frank the letter, adding, "I shall be glad to hear of your success some day when you are passing this way. Stay, I will give you something else."

He wrote rapidly for five or six minutes, and then handed Frank a list of all the illustrated magazines of standing and respectability, with the names of their editors.

"I have put a star to those where you may just mention my name."

Frank thanked his new friend very sincerely, and bowed himself out—to get an order for a block fifteen minutes after.

The editor of the "Universal" blew down a pipe at his desk. Whistle.

"Sir?"

"Look in the contributor's book, vol. xxvii. Who wrote the article on 'Commercial Morality?'"

After an interval of ten minutes, a whistle in the editor's room.

"Well?"

"Mr. Francis Melliship, banker, Market Basing, Holmshire."

"Ah, I thought I knew the name. If I am not mistaken, I shall be able to pay this young man what his father refused to receive, the honorarium for several articles he did for us."

He entered Frank's name in his note-book.

But Frank was not the sort of gentleman to be helped. He would not ask anybody for assistance. Dick Mortiboy would have helped him; John Heathcote would have helped him; and in London, a dozen men who had known his father would have taken him by the hand. But Frank was too proud. He would make his own way—to Grace. It was always Grace, this goal he was hastening to. He devoured her letters to Kate. He inspired Kate's epistles in reply.

"Burn the boy's nonsense," honest John Heathcote had said a dozen times. "If we could only get at him, we might do something for him. Painter! I would as soon see a boy of mine a fiddler."

But Mrs. Heathcote was rather pleased than not.

"What in the world can he do without any money?" she said. "If his father had brought him up to something, he would have stood the same chance as other people."

As the summer advanced, Mrs. Melliship's health became worse, and it was decided that Kate and she should go away into Wales. Kate had sold her "Blind Beggar" for twenty pounds, and with this money they paid their few debts, and Frank saw them off.

The world was before him. He took a

lodging in Islington, and went on with his painting. He still meant to be famous. One fine morning he had no money left except a five pound note he had resolved never to break into. This brought him down from the clouds. He had not been successful in getting any work for the magazines, so he determined, at whatever sacrifice, to turn his angels' heads into money.

He took it first to Mr. Burls's shop, and told the picture dealer he had tried hard to sell it before, but had been unable to dispose of it.

"It isn't in our way, sir."

"Is it in anybody's way?" asked Frank.

"I should think not. Copies aren't no good at all."

"Would you give me anything for it?" asked the young man.

"Well, you may leave it if you like. I've got a customer I don't mind showing it to."

Frank called again a few days after.

"I'll give you six pounds for it, and then I dare say I shall lose by it," said Mr. Burls.

He had sold it for eighteen guineas to a customer who collected Sir Joshuas, and bought copies when the originals were not likely to come into the market. But Frank did not know this. He accepted the six pounds eagerly.

"I'm a ready-money man, my lad—there's your coin."

"Thank you," said Frank, pocketing six sovereigns. "You have a great many pictures, Mr. Burls."

And he might have added, "very great rubbish they are."

"There's seventeen hundred pictures in this house, from cellar to garrets, lad," said the dealer.

They stood in stacks, eight or ten thick, round the cellar, down the open trap of which Frank could see. They were piled everywhere. One canvas, thirteen feet by eight, was screwed up to the ceiling. They were numberless pictures of every age and school, Titians and Tenierses, Snyderes and Watteaus: all the kings of England, from the Conqueror down to William IV.; ancestors ready for hanging in the pseudo-baronial halls of the *nouveaux riches*;—in a word, furniture pictures by the gross.

"If there was seventeen hundred before, yours makes the seventeen hundred and oneth, don't it?"

The dealer was pleased to joke. His

shopman laughed, and Frank did too. He had put his pride in his pocket, for Mr. Burls amused him.

"Now, this here Sir Joshua ought to be wet; and not to ask you to stand, suppose we torse."

Frank assented, lost, and paid for three glasses.

"Where's Critchett?—I haven't seen him to-day?" Mr. Burls asked of his man.

"He has not turned up. The old complaint, I expect."

"Well, you can tell him from me, when he does turn up, he's got to the end of his tether," said Mr. Burls, very angrily. "Be dashed if I employ such a vagabond any longer. There's this picture of Mr. Thingamy's for him to restore, and I promised it this week faithfully."

"He's often served you so before," said the man.

But this remark did not soothe the dealer. It made him only the more angry.

Now, Mr. Frank Melliship had got to the end of his tether, too, for he had only the six pounds he had just received, and no immediate prospect of being able to earn more.

Opportunity comes once in a way to every man. It had come to Frank, and he determined to make the most of it.

"Could I restore the picture for you, sir?"

It was a great ugly daub—a copy, a hundred years old probably, of some picture in a Dutch gallery—and stood on the floor by Frank. Doubtless, it had a value in the eyes of its owner, who thought it worthy of restoration; but a viler, blacker tatterdemalion of a canvas you never saw.

At Frank's question, Mr. Burls opened his eyes very wide.

"Show us your hands," he said. "That's what they say to beggars as say they're innocent at the station. Ah, I thought so—you aint done any hard work. Now, perhaps you're what I call a gingerbread gentleman. Are you?"

The colour mounted to Frank's cheeks.

"I want employment, sir. I'm a poor man."

"He aint no use to us—is he, Jack?"

Jack, Mr. Burls's man, shook his head.

"I could repaint that picture where it wants it," said Frank.

"Did you ever restore a picture before? Restoring's an art: it's a thing as isn't learnt in a moment, I can tell you. 'Pictures cleaned, lined, and restored by a method of

our own invention, without injury, and at a moderate charge," said Mr. Burls, quoting an inscription in gilt letters over Frank's head. "Now, did you ever clean a picture?"

"No," said Frank.

"Do you think you could do the painting part if I taught you how to clean and restore on the system I invented myself?"

"I think I could," said Frank.

"But if I teach you the secrets of the trade, what are you going to give me?"

"I'm afraid I can't afford to give you anything," said Frank, "except labour."

"It's worth fifty pounds to anybody to know. Critchett might have made a fortune at it. Look at me. I began as an errand boy. I'm not ashamed of it. A good restorer can always keep himself employed."

"Indeed, sir," said Frank—who contemplated with admiration a man who had been the founder of his own fortune—"I should very much like to learn the art of restoring, as I have not been successful in getting a living as an artist."

"Well," said the dealer, "I'll see first what you're up to, and whether you can paint well enough for me if I was to teach you the restoring. You may come upstairs. Bring that picture up on your shoulder."

Frank hoisted the canvas aloft, and followed Mr. Burls up the stairs.

OUR SEXTON.

By E. G. CHARLESWORTH.

OLD Jonathan, as wafer thin,
Yet waterproof as paletôt,
Had dug the graves of sire and son,
These twenty years and more, I know.

His jaws, the size of ass's bone
That slew the thousand Philistine,
Worked in his skin as archer's bow
Full strung, with arrow in its line.

And loud he talked, above the noise
Of spade and axe, with spirit brave,
And tossed the juicy clay on bank,
And deepened fast the narrow grave.

And every bone he threw aside,
He named the owner of the wreck—
Or tooth, or hair, he knew their mark,
As banker his upon a cheque.

How well he loved those steeple bells
He rang on Sunday through the year,
The good old vicar, burial fees,
His pickaxe, shovel, all were dear.

For all were living things to him;
With mind, and heart, and strength, and soul,
He gave them words when they had none,
At marriage times, or funeral knoll.

Good wishes, pedigrees, last hours,
Their courtship, prospects—all, in short;
Some lost, some saved—but most were saved:
He answered for them as they ought.

The kernel of all creeds to him
Was "God is Love," no less, no more;
The gray old man disliked to damn,
However small the fees in store.

Text, sermon, vicar's kindly face,
Old chalice cup, baptismal dove,
Churching of women, marriage banns,
Meant, more or less, that God was Love.

His ancient soul shone through his eyes
As slumb'ring fire within the bar,
Or flickered as a taper light
To window draught or door ajar.

Sometimes in fuller moon it rose,
And drew a spring-tide through each vein,
When ale or porter struck the nerves
That rise from stomach to the brain.

And then what stories filled the air
With ghosts, and owls, and funeral sign,
Death dances, warnings, black pit shades,
That made the lingering bumpkins whine,

And dread the murmurs of the wind;
And loosened shutters' rusty chime
Were half a message from the fiend,
To call a soul before its time.

And sprang the wish that they were safe
'Tween sheet and blanket in their bed
(Their angered spouses sunk in peace),
And barricaded from the dead;

And moved them, arm and voice, to ask
And stand the cost of extra glass,
To see them through the steeping yard,
And swollen gutter safely pass.

His long-known master how he loved—
A few grades less than fees to earn—
Who went along the village lane
With eyes to earth, as mourners turn

Their last light on the new-born grave,
Yet heart large-sized to hold full dear:
The sick, the aged, the young and strong
He called "his children" all the year.

One thorn he had that pierced his flesh—
The navvies and their sinful lives,
Who worried cats with terriers vile,
And fought their brothers and their wives;

And cut their railway through his glebe,
And drank and swore till midnight hours,
And never came to church at all,
But poached the game and cursed the powers.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THE subject of our cartoon this week, Mr. George Augustus Sala, was born in London about the year 1826. He is the son of a Portuguese gentleman, who married an English lady. Having adopted literature as his profession, Mr. Sala became a writer

in "Household Words," which was edited by the late Charles Dickens. He also contributed to the *Illustrated London News*, "Cornhill Magazine," and other papers and periodicals, until, in 1863, he went out to the United States as Special Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*. On his return, he published his observations under the title of "America in the midst of War."

He also wrote a series of very graphic letters for the *Daily Telegraph* from Algeria, during the Emperor's visit to that colony.

The following is a list of Mr. Sala's best-known works: "How I tamed Mrs. Cruiser," 1858; "Twice Round the Clock," 1859; "A Journey due North: a Residence in Russia," 1856; "Accepted Addresses," 1862; "After Breakfast;" "The Baddington Peerage," 1860; "Breakfast in Bed," 1863; "Dutch Pictures," 1861; "From Waterloo to the Peninsula," 1866; "Gaslight and Daylight," 1859; "Lady Chesterfield's Letters to her Daughter," 1860; "The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous," 1869; "A Trip to Barbary by a Roundabout Route," 1866; "The Two Prima Donnas," 1869; "William Hogarth," 1860; "Looking at Life," 1860; "Make your Game; or, the Adventures of a Stout Gentleman," 1860; "My Diary in America in the Midst of War," 1865; "Quite Alone" (finished by another writer), 1864; "The Perfidy of Captain Slyboots," 1863; "Robson:" a Sketch, 1864; "Rome and Venice," 1869; "Seven Sons of Mammon," 1864.

Tinsley Brothers have just published a cheap edition—at 2s. in boards, and 2s. 6d. in handsome cloth covers—of some of Mr. Sala's most celebrated sketches.

"Gaslight and Daylight" is composed of short papers of very great humour and merit. "Papers Humorous and Pathetic" contains "The Key of the Street," "Colonel Quagg's Conversion," and other sketches, arranged by the author in a form suitable for public reading. Better papers for platform reading it would be difficult to find; and both the volumes are very neatly got up, and deserve a large sale, for they are full of very amusing matter. Mr. Sala has been for years the life of the daily paper which he has filled with columns of his correspondence from all quarters of the globe. He is quite in his element when in commission as "Our Special Correspondent," and excels in his power of gushing on any touch-and-go topic

of the day, in a manner very grateful to the feelings of the readers of the paper to which he is attached.

His literary style, though it possesses very great vigour and dash, is anything but good. His short essays and sketches, particularly the earlier ones, have much interest and originality. His novels were never very successful; and he seems to have hit his mark as the special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

THE TWO CIBBERS.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON once wrote a book, which most of us have read, entitled "Representative Men," and very graphic were the illustrations given, in his fine Roman hand, of the characters whom the world has chosen to reckon as leading spirits among the nations. But being no blind hero-worshippers, after the faith of Mr. Carlyle, we have often thought that there are many men—well known by name, at least, in the varied histories of their times—to whom a certain popular prejudice has attached without much accurate knowledge of the real causes of their often undeserved unpopularity, whom a more candid and impartial study would put in a better light than they hitherto seem to have enjoyed. On this principle, following by a certain apt verbal similarity of title, might not a curious book have been written before this on "Misrepresented Men"?

Fame, to a certain extent, even when allied to genuine merit, is often a matter of chance. And in the past, much more than at the present time, the predominance of party friendships in the scale of the State had much more to do with the popular recognition of a man of power than we are well able to understand at the present day.

It would be a Quixotic task indeed to take up the cudgels in defence of every reputation which has been handed down to us with more or less of a sneer attached to it. But there is a familiar old saying, that even a certain personage is not of so sable a hue as he is generally depicted. Give a dog a bad name, and the rest follows as a matter of course—at least, as far as the world at large is concerned. To come to the immediate subject of our paper, there is no character of what we may call the Popeian period who has come down to posterity with more

unmerited scorn and ridicule than Colley Cibber.

Cibber was no poet, as the world knows—or, at least, one in the humblest degree. Pope, unfortunately for “the Laureate,” flourished at the same time; and condescended, through political spite, to launch the arrows of his virulence against a man whom he might at least have passed by with the calm air of dignified superiority. Cibber’s great fault was setting himself up as a poet. That he was not, his warmest apologist will admit. But while Cibber has been passed down to posterity as, perhaps, the most unworthy holder of the Laureateship ever promoted to the post, successive generations have forgotten—or, what is the same thing, have not cared to allow him—the credit that was really due to him.

Colley Cibber’s real claim to notice lies in his twofold capacity as an actor and a dramatist. As either he was not great. As an actor he was not a Betterton, as a dramatist he was not a Congreve; and both these men were his contemporaries.

But all men are not born geniuses, though they may be very clever men for all immediate purposes. They may fill a certain position in public estimation for the natural term of their career, and, unless worried into notoriety by some chance conflict with the lion of the day, retire to the enjoyment of their humble laurels, well satisfied with themselves, and leaving posthumous fame to take care of itself.

This, after all, was really Cibber’s case. But for Pope and the “Dunciad,” he would never have been mentioned after his own time; or, if at all, as a respectable writer of plays which had a good run in their own day, and as a by no means unworthy actor on the stage.

That the man was vain and pretentious is only to say that he lived in an age when vanity and pretensions were, as they often are now, and, we suppose, always will be, an important part of a man’s stock-in-trade towards ephemeral reputation. But that he had merit of a certain sort cannot be denied by any calm student of Cibber’s personal history.

His “Apology for his Life,” written by himself, though full of the vanity of which we have spoken, is one of the most pleasantly reading autobiographies in the English language; and, subject to certain modifications from other sources, gives us a better idea of the

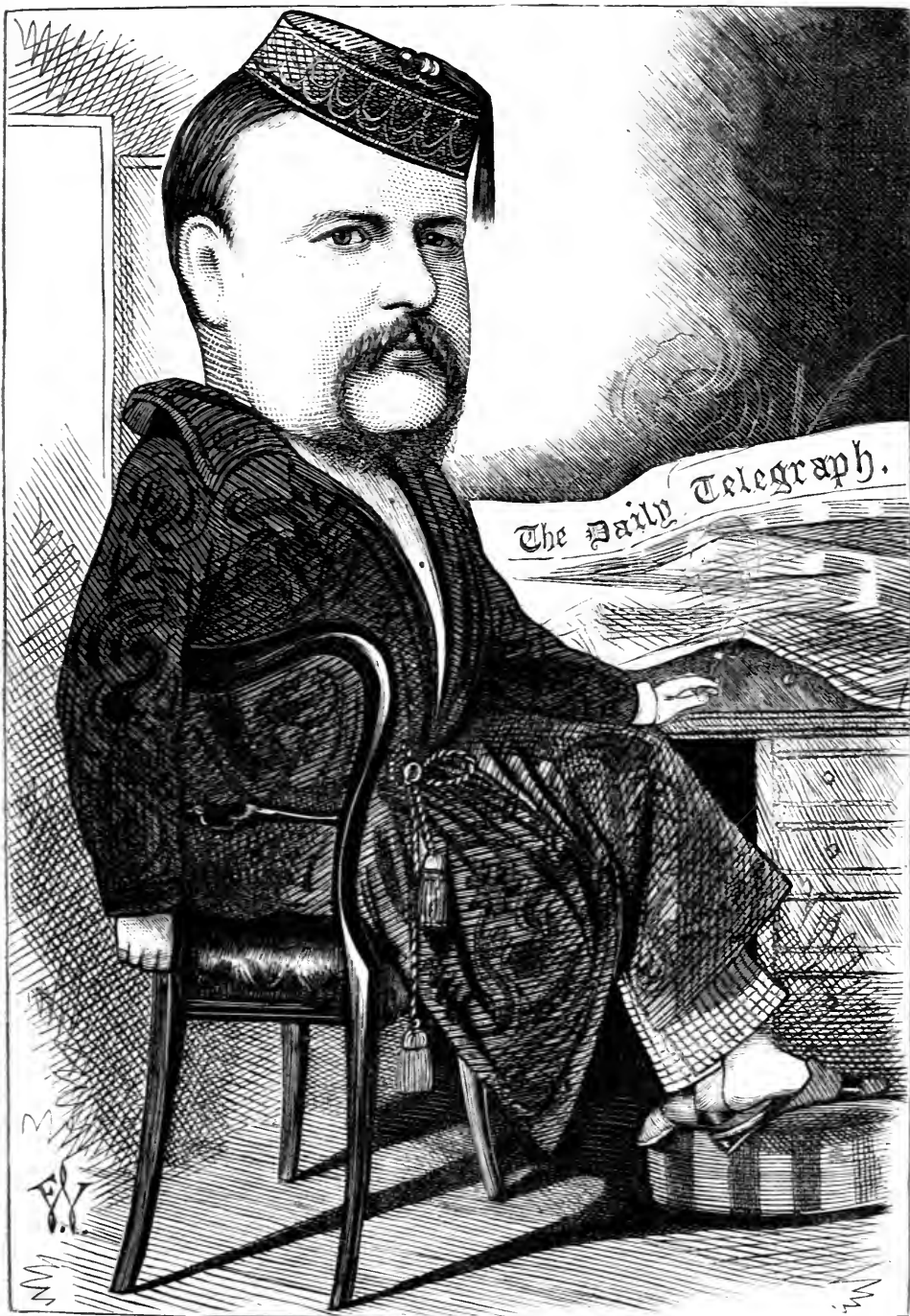
real Colley Cibber in the flesh than any haphazard prejudices of mere traditional bias. With this view, without entering into any professed biography of the despised Laureate, we will glance in a cursory manner at the leading facts of Cibber’s career.

Though born in London himself, in Southampton-street, Westminster, in the November of 1671, he was of foreign extraction. His father, Caius Gabriel Cibber, was a native of Holstein, and came into England some time before the Restoration, to follow his profession, that of a statuary. The two figures of the lunatics—the raving and the melancholy—formerly over the gates of Bethlehem Hospital, were the work of the elder Cibber. It is to them that Pope, in the “Dunciad,” refers in those two bitter lines—

“Where o’er the gates, by his fam’d father’s hand,
Great Cibber’s brazen, brainless brothers stand.”

Caius Gabriel took good care to give his son a decent education. At ten years of age Colley was sent to the free school at Grantham, “where,” says Cibber himself, “I stayed till I got through it—from the lowest form to the uppermost.” Adding, with a modesty for which he got little credit in his lifetime, “and such learning as that school could give is the most I pretend to, which, though I have not utterly forgotten, I cannot say I have much improved by study; but even there I remember I was the same inconsistent creature I have been ever since—always in full spirits in some small capacity to do right, but in a more frequent alacrity to do wrong; and consequently often under a worse character than I wholly deserved.”

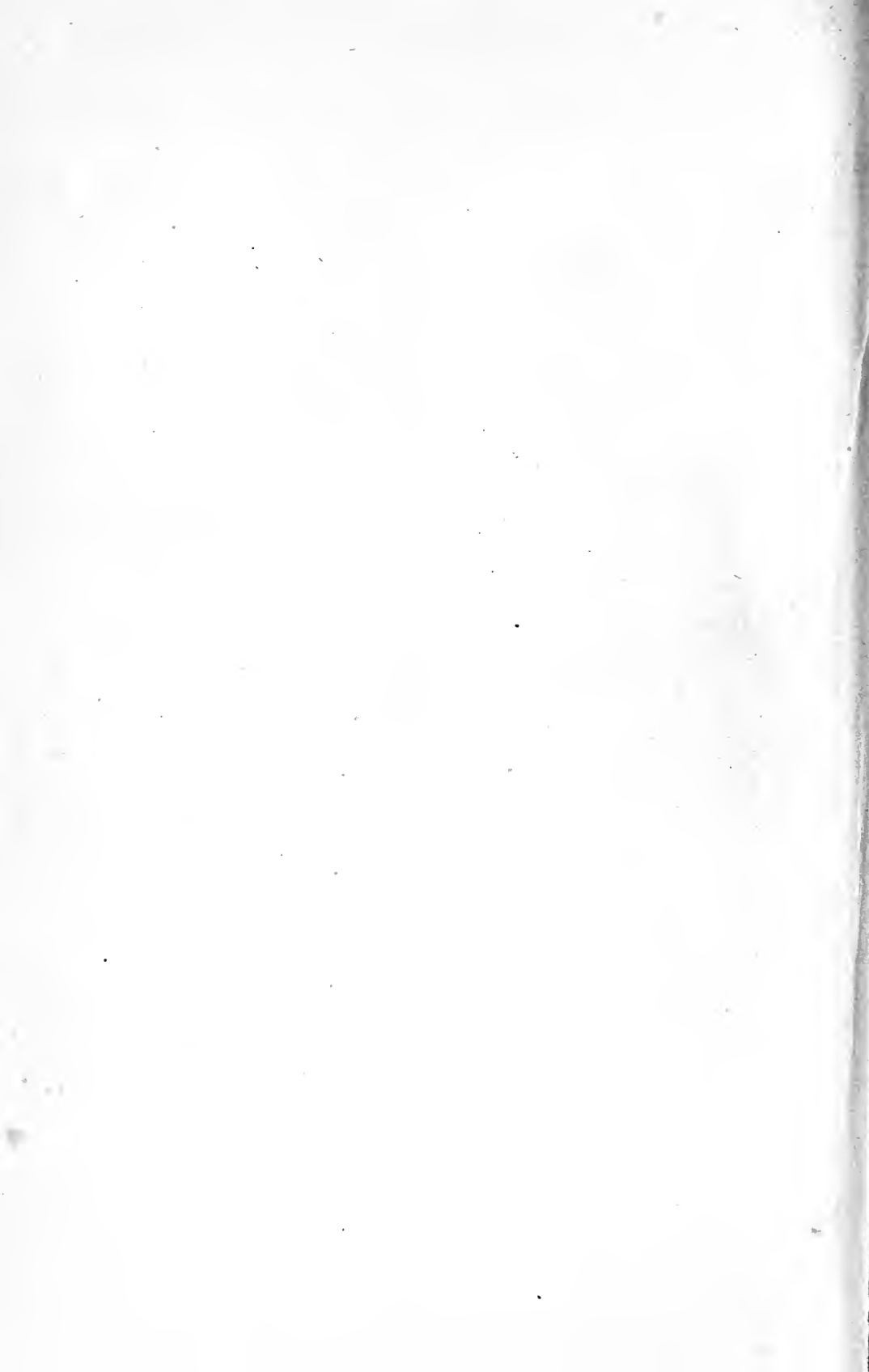
That the young Cibber, with all his vanity and carelessness, had talents of a superior order was proved even in these his school-days. On the death of Charles the Second, the boys of his class were required to compose a funeral oration on that monarch; but none were equal to the task save Cibber, who was subsequently placed at their head. Again, when James the Second was crowned, his schoolfellows petitioned for a holiday, which the master consented to grant on the condition that one of them should write an ode upon the occasion. The ode was produced by the laureate of the school within half an hour; but, unfortunately for the poor bard who had thus won the school a holiday, his companions, annoyed by his vain-boasting of the performance, declined his com-



Once a Week.]

[March 16, 1872.

“A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.”



pany on an excursion which they had previously organized.

At sixteen, he left school. According to his own account, he was a descendant of William of Wykeham, by his mother's side. His father—thinking, in his ignorance, that this was quite sufficient to obtain for his son an immediate *entrée* into the famous school of Winchester—sent him down to the town “without the least favourable recommendation or interest, save that of my naked merit and a pompous pedigree in my pocket. Had he tacked a direction to my back, and sent me by the carrier to the mayor of the town to be chosen member of Parliament, I might have had just as much chance of succeeding in the one as in the other.”

As might have been expected, however, a candidate with such weak credentials was rejected.

In a fit of disgust, Cibber now entered the army, serving under the Duke of Devonshire in the revolution which placed the Prince of Orange on the throne. From this point must be reckoned the first exhibition of his political proclivities, which afterwards made him the object of virulent abuse from literary men of the opposite party.

But Cibber's military career soon came to an end—luckily perhaps for himself, for his personal bravery was not of the highest order. On the contrary, his natural temperament was one of notorious timidity. It is said that, in his subsequent dramatic career, the actors under him were often accustomed to work upon this weakness of their superior, in order to maintain what they considered their just rights. The following story will suffice as a good example:—

Bickerstaff, a comedian whose benefit play *Sir Richard Steele*, in No. 3 of the “*Tatler*,” good-naturedly recommended to the public as his relation, had acquired an income of four pounds per week. Cibber, in an economical moment, retrenched one-half of his salary, and was immediately waited upon by the impoverished actor, who knew from what quarter this diminution had arisen. He represented the largeness of his family, and concluded by flatly informing the cowardly manager that, as he could not subsist upon the narrow allowance to which he had reduced him, he must call the author of his distress to account, for that he would rather perish by the sword than die from starvation. The affrighted Cibber referred him to the next Saturday for answer, when he

found his usual stipend was restored to its plenary amount.

To Cibber's passive valour Lord Chesterfield ironically alludes in a weekly paper called *Common Sense*:—

“Of all the comedians who have appeared on the stage in my memory, no one has taken a kicking with such humour as our excellent Laureate.”

And it is said that Gay gave Cibber some *striking* proofs of the resentment he felt against him for the manner in which, when acting *Bays*, he alluded to his comedy of “*Three Hours after Marriage*.”

It is curious to notice in how low an estimation the profession of an actor was held in that day among the better classes, compared with the more liberal opinions of the present time.

Cibber was sent to London under promise of the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire; but he had not been long in the metropolis before new views burst upon his mind, and he thus apologizes for the course which he chose for himself:—

“To London I came, when I entered into my first state of attendance and dependence for about five months, till the February following. But, alas! in my intervals of leisure, by frequently seeing plays, my wise head was turned to higher views. I saw no joy in any other life than that of an actor. ‘Twas on the stage alone I had formed a happiness preferable to all that camps or courts could offer me; and there I was determined, let father and mother take it as they pleased, to fix my *non ultra*; so that if my life did not then take a more laudable tune, I have no one but myself to reproach for it.”

But the stage-struck youth's prospects were hardly, in the beginning, cheering to his ambition. But he was content to be patient; and we dare say not a few more famous actors of later times could tell very much the same story of their early struggles on the boards.

“I waited,” he says, “full three-quarters of a year before I was taken into a salary of ten shillings a-week, which, with the assistance of food and raiment at my father's house, I then thought a most plentiful accession, and myself the happiest of mortals.”

Cibber does not tell the immediate incidents of this incipient good luck; but in the “*Dramatic Miscellanies*” the story of Colley

Cibber's first establishment as a hired actor at Drury-lane Theatre runs thus:—

He was known only for some years by the name of "Master Colley." After waiting impatiently a long time for the prompter's notice, by good fortune he obtained the honour of carrying a message on the stage, in some play, to Betterton. Whatever was the cause, Master Colley was so terrified that the scene was disconcerted by him. Betterton asked, in some anger, who the young fellow was who committed the blunder.

"Master Colley," was the reply.

"Master Colley! Then, forfeit him."

"Why, sir," said the prompter, "he has no salary."

"No?" said the old man. "Why, then, put him down ten shillings a-week, and forfeit him five."

But better times were at hand for poor Master Colley.

Congreve's play of "The Double Dealer" was to be acted by command before Queen Mary, when one of the actors was prevented by illness from performing his part of Lord Touchwood. In this emergency, Congreve suggested that the part should be given to Cibber. His performance pleased the great author, and, we suppose, the audience into the bargain; for next pay day Mr. Cibber found his salary advanced from fifteen to twenty shillings a-week.

Want of confidence in his own powers was not one of Cibber's weaknesses; so when, shortly after, "The Old Bachelor" of Congreve was put into rehearsal, there being some difficulty in filling up the several parts, Colley volunteered for the character of Alderman Fondlewife in that play. Some of the other members of the company were not quite so sanguine as Cibber himself as to his fitness for the part, one quietly remarking—

"If the fool has a mind to blow himself up at once, let us even give him a clear stage for it."

But Cibber had no such intention; on the contrary, he made an unequivocal success. Cibber, in his "Apology," gives us a very good insight into the small jealousies which stood in the way of a young actor in his day; and we are sure—such is human nature—that the same little weaknesses are occasionally developed behind the scenes even in these latter days.

The following is worth repeating:—

"But whatever value I might set upon

myself from this unexpected success, I found that was no rule to other people's judgment of me. There were few or no parts of the same kind to be had; nor could they conceive, from what I had done in this, what other characters I could be fit for. If I solicited for anything in a different manner, I was answered, 'that was not in my way;' and what was in my way, it seems, was not as yet resolved upon. And though I replied 'that anything naturally written ought to be in every one's way that pretended to be an actor,' this was looked upon as a vain, impracticable conceit of my own."

Colley Cibber was no great poet, but we must give him the credit of being able to write good practical sense in prose.

In 1696, his first dramatic effort, entitled "Love's Last Shift," was placed upon the stage. He represented the principal character himself, and after its performance Lord Dorset said to him "that it was the best first play that any author in his memory had produced." His next piece was "Love in a Riddle." It was not a success, and Cibber attributes its failure to the prejudice existing at that time to the author of the "Beggars' Opera"—his own play being of an exactly opposite character. His dramatic celebrity, however, is based chiefly upon "The Careless Husband," which even his sworn foe, Pope, felt compelled to praise. There is not much in the piece, certainly: there is no novelty in the characters, and but little invention in the plot; but it is a good picture of the manners and follies of the time. His comedy, "The Non-Juror"—since acted under the title of "The Hypocrite"—appeared in 1717.

The play is an adaptation of "The Tartuffe" of Molière, adapted to English manners, and was directed against the Jacobites. It had a great run, and procured him a pension from Court. But, as may be easily understood from the feverish state of political parties at that time, it earned for its author scores of enemies, who left no stone unturned to depreciate the merits of the Whig dramatist. But its popularity may be judged of from the fact that Lintot gave a hundred guineas for the copyright of "The Non-Juror," although Rowe's tragedies of "Jane Shore," and "Lady Jane Grey"—only a few years previous to this purchase—had jointly produced but one hundred and twenty-two pounds. The price that Cibber received for his most successful play does not, perhaps,

appear so extraordinary when judged by the standard which regulates the receipts of successful play-writers and novelists in the present golden times of men of literary merit. But it was a large sum for that day. The average price given for the copyright of a piece which had secured a fair run may be estimated by what Cibber received for some of his other successful dramas. "Perolla and Isidera" fetched thirty-six pounds; "The Double Gallant," sixteen pounds; and "The Lady's Last Gallant," thirty-two pounds.

In 1730, Colley Cibber was foolish enough to accept the Poet Laureateship. If Cibber had been content to confine himself to his own proper province, namely, light comedy—for his attempts at tragedy were about as creditable as his poetic effusions—he would most likely have escaped much of the storm of public ridicule which even yet clings to his name with a too indiscriminating injustice. From this time Cibber ceased to be a public character, save as the object of a continuous torrent of attack. He had the good nature, however, to join in the laugh against himself. But he soon after sold out his share of the patent in Drury-lane Theatre; and, having saved a goodly competence, retired into private life. He reappeared on the stage, on rare occasions, subsequently—once at the age of seventy-four, when he played Pandulph in "Papal Tyranny," a tragedy of his own composition.

He wrote some other plays previous to his death, which occurred on the 12th of December, 1737, when he was found dead in his bed.

To sum up the merits of Colley Cibber in brief. He was a good actor, and in every branch of the art seems to have been at different times successful. As an author, he was by no means the unsuccessful hanger-on to the skirts of genius which literary and political virulence have tried to make him; and even in his conflict with Pope he showed himself by no means an insignificant opponent.

Cibber left a son, Theophilus, of whom a few words remain to be said. The younger Cibber was born in 1703, and, on the strength of his father's great influence on the stage, followed his footsteps as an actor by profession; but he never gained any great success with the public. His person was far from pleasing, and his countenance was rather repulsive than otherwise. His voice was

shrill and discordant, and altogether he seemed to be wanting in all the main qualifications necessary for a man to become a popular favourite on the stage. He was fond of extravagant dress; and a story is told that his father, meeting him one day in some very *outré* costume, observed with contempt, as he took a pinch of snuff—

"Indeed, The., I pity you."

To which the would-be exquisite replied—
"Don't pity me, sir—pity my tailor."

A work entitled the "Biography of English and Irish Poets" was published under the name of Cibber as the author; but it was really from the pen of Robert Shiels, a Scotchman, who purchased for ten guineas the right of prefixing to the book the name of Cibber, then in prison for debt.

Theophilus Cibber's wife, Susanna Maria, born in 1716, was one of the best actresses on the English stage. She was the sister of the celebrated Dr. Arne, the composer, who taught her music, and introduced her in one of his operas at the Haymarket Theatre. She was Cibber's second wife, and the alliance was far from satisfactory in its results.

Theophilus himself came to an untimely fate. He was engaged by Sheridan, in 1758, to go over to Dublin; but the vessel in which he sailed was lost off the Scottish coast, with all hands on board.

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

By JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. GUMMER TAKES THE CHAIR:

NO sooner was the news of our good fortune spread about, than everybody was anxious to give us credit. The girls bought dresses, and they were sent home without the bill. Our butcher, who had stipulated for weekly payments, asked the favour of quarterly or half-yearly accounts.

Well, this is an odd world. Let any one want credit, and he can't get it. Let any one have a large fortune, and not want credit, and people will hardly take his ready money.

"Tom," said Mrs. Gummer, "when salmon is cheap, and not like eating money, we have it, and also shrimp sauce; but when our fish is plaice, we have no ticer, and the melted butter is plain. Yet, Tom, salmon is by itself rich enough for any palate; whilst plaice is sloppy, and tastes only of the water,

and wants the sauce that salmon does not want. The long and the short of it is this, Tom—salmon is worth the sauce it don't want, and gets it; and plaice is not worth the sauce it wants, and don't get."

The Green Lanes gentility—which, as Mrs. Gummer said, had lepered us—became our devoted admirers. The pew-opener, who had hitherto allowed us to wander up the aisle and open our own door, now left anybody to wait on us. The single curate, who had been so ungrateful about the slippers and braces, became a constant caller, and would give us no rest until he had our photographs. The rector and the rector's wife asked us to dinner. Dr. Bungay called without being sent for; thought the girls were poorly, that physic would do them no good, and insisted upon their taking drives with Mrs. Bungay. The Colonel of the Green Lanes Volunteers urged me to join the corps, and assured me that the Lord Lieutenant would be delighted to give me a commission. This I declined reluctantly, but positively. Officers are expected to ride, and I had not been upon an animal's back since the donkey rides of my childhood.

I was asked to take the chair at a lecture at the school-rooms, and I had a grand reception: shouts of applause when I appeared, more shouting when I was moved into the chair, and a roar of applause when I called on the rev. lecturer to begin. The chairman at a lecture may be useful, and he may be ornamental, but his position is not enjoyable. If he faces the lecturer, he is too near for effect. He sees the nervous twitchings of the lecturer. If the chairman is behind, he has to watch the movements of the lecturer's coat-tails, and can count how often the pocket-handkerchief is taken out. There is a circumstance about my first appearance in public that is perhaps worth mention. I am not first chop at oratory, and that night I was particularly nervous. Every syllable I stammered out was—"I beg to call on the Rev. Mr. Blinkem to begin." And when the vote of thanks was moved to me for my conduct in the chair, I said:—"I beg to thank you for—for for the way in which you have been good enough to propose it; and you, ladies and gentlemen, for the way in which you have responded to the toast—that is—I mean, for my conduct this night."

And down I sat, growing hot and cold, amidst loud applause.

The following report appeared in the *Green Lanes Herald*:—

"Mr. Gummer, who was loudly cheered, said that it afforded him infinite pleasure to take the chair that night, as he felt the deepest interest in the great cause of popular education, and especially in the schools of his own neighbourhood. He would not intervene between the lecturer and the audience, but would at once call upon the rev. gentleman to proceed. . . .

"The vote of thanks having been carried by acclamation, the worthy chairman—whose rising was the signal for a renewed outburst of such cheers as can only issue from the lungs of Britons—said: 'It affords me the greatest delight to meet my friends and neighbours; and whatever I can do for you at any time I shall do with pleasure, and I pray you to command my services. I hope that the eloquent lecture we have just listened to will result in a goodly subscription to the Green Lanes Labourers' Institute. Depend upon it, ladies and gentlemen, that whatever we do to make the refulgent sun of knowledge dispel the mists of midnight ignorance, we do a noble service to our day and generation, and to days and generations that as yet are lurking in the silent womb of Time.' This magnificent peroration was cheered to the echo."

"Matilda, I never said and never thought anything of the sort."

"Stuff, Gummer. How in the fluster and flurry, which made my heart go a million to a minute, could you or any other man know what he thought or said, except those whose business it is to know? What is the use of saying you never said it, when there it is staring you in the face in black and white?"

A more trying job than the lecture was being appointed one of the judges of the Green Lanes Flower Show. In our Bow garden we grew roses, London-pride, sweet William, and heart's-ease, and that is all I knew about flowers. At Tudor House I did not learn the Latin names of flowers, and in my opinion they ought to be abolished. It is no shame for a man—leave alone for women—not to know Latin; and learned folks ought to be familiar with their mother-tongue. Calling flowers by their English names would be a convenience to the million, and it would not be any loss to those who talk Latin. Dead languages ought to be buried, and not kept above ground to

annoy respectable people. I went to the flower show, and this is how I managed. I told Colonel De Crespin, the president, that I was not quite well, and he replied, I need not bother myself. He pointed out certain groups of flowers, and remarked that they were the best or the second-best. I dittoed and dittoed his observations. The wonderful *Green Lanes Herald* announced that—

“Mr. Gummer was very particular in his examination, and evinced the finest horticultural taste and irreproachable judgment in selecting the prizes. His awards gave unlimited satisfaction to the competitors, and to all concerned.”

I learnt that day, if a man has a fortune of £100,000 he can do anything. Money perhaps counts for knowledge.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE POLITICAL ARENA.

“WELL, pa, you are sly,” said Nancy.

“Just like you, Gummer—never confiding in the bosom of your family, and making the poor dear girls look like fools.”

“I am sure,” said Janet, “that Mrs. Bungay thought we were fibbing, and just pretending we knew nothing about it.”

“What is the matter?” I asked.

“Matter, Gummer! What is the harm of a man—who would be a lord if his family had their deservings—going into Parliament, where of course you ought to be? But, Tom, why should you keep it from your own flesh and blood, and be confidential to strangers?”

“Going into Parliament! What do you mean?”

“Why, pa, Mrs. Bungay told us all about it, and gave us the paper with it in.”

Nancy handed me the *Elector's Spur*, and pointed to the following:—

“At the next general election, it is intended to return Mr. Thomas Gummer, the gentleman who lately succeeded to the largest fortune ever made in India, to the House of Commons as one of our metropolitan members. Mr. Gummer is not only a millionaire, but also a liberal politician, an eloquent speaker, and a munificent philanthropist. We understand that he has intimated his willingness to serve the people in Parliament.”

This was the first time I had heard about

my going into Parliament, and it puzzled me.

“Gummer, you may look innocent as a lamp-post on a moonlight night, but it don't take in Matilda Gummer. The *Elector's Spur* may be uncommon clever, but cleverer than Solomon it can't be; and he could not have guessed that you had said you would go into Parliament, if you had not said it. But it is only an exact match of what your poor snubbed family have had to put up with from their pa ever since he was born.”

Mrs. Gummer and the girls were persuaded that I had deceived them. The *Elector's Spur* kept me awake for half the night, trying to unravel the mystery.

It was pretty well explained the next day, when a gentleman, very stout, very red in the face, hair thin and shiny, who wore a thick gold Albert chain, and town-made black kid French gloves, and whose name is Busted, called upon me. Mr. Busted is not a Green Lanes man, but comes from another quarter of the metropolis. Mr. Busted is a purveyor, which is the genteel word for butcher. Mr. Busted is a vestryman, and also chairman of the Voters' Protection Association.

I knew no more of Mr. Busted than I did of the King of the Cannibal Islands; yet he was as much at home as if he had been a twin-brother, and he the elder twin. He pulled off his glove, and shook me by the hand for at least two minutes.

“Glad to see you, Mr. Gummer; and, sir, I am sure that you, as a public man, with a stake in the country, will return the feelings which warm the heart of Nathaniel Busted!”

Mr. Busted flopped down on a fancy chair, which creaked beneath his weight; deposited his hat on the ground, pulled off his other glove, took out a silk pocket handkerchief, wiped his forehead, dried the palms of his hands, and then asked after the health of “my good lady” and the young ladies.

If I am not a lamb in temper, I certainly cannot be called peppery; but that Busted enraged me, and it was all the worse because I could not have my passion out. If Busted had intended to be rude, I should have laughed at him; but he meant to be civil. I answered him rather tartly.

“I have not the honour of your acquaintance, Mr. Nathaniel Busted. May I ask what business has procured me the honour of this visit?”

Mr. Busted rose from the fancy chair, put one hand in his waistcoat, and with the other struck the table.

"The humble individual before you, sir, may not be known to you, sir, and there aint a handle or a tail to his name, sir; but, sir, he is known in the vast arena of politics; and permit me to inform you, sir, that Cabinet Councils have shook in their shoes at the name of Busted. By trade, sir, I am a purveyor, and by profession a Reformer. Nathaniel Busted, sir, is a vestryman, and the chairman, sir, of the Voters' Protection Association: an institution, sir, that is the bulwark of the glory of the empire on which the noonday sun has never, and will never, sit."

Mr. Busted again flopped down on the fancy chair, brought out the silk handkerchief, mopped his face and head, dried his hands, and glared at me defiantly.

I muttered that I was much obliged to Mr. Busted for visiting me.

"Sir, there is no obligation. I am here, sir, in my capacity as the chairman of the Voters' Protection Association. And now to come to business, as my honourable friend the Home Secretary has more than once observed. Sir, it has been moved, seconded, and unanimously carried that you should be asked to stand for our borough at the next election."

I bowed, became very hot, and told Mr. Busted that I could only thank him for the unexpected honour.

Being asked to go into Parliament takes the coolness out of a fellow.

"And, Mr. Gummer, you can rely upon my word, which is and always will be my bond, that your return is as safe as quarter-day, at next to no cost. What have our present members done for us? Nothing, sir. What have they done for the country? Nothing, sir. What have they done for the borough? Nothing, sir. What gratitude do they show to their supporters? None, sir. Call at their houses, and they are not at home. Call at their clubs, and they are in a dreadful hurry to get down to the House. Call at the House, and they are in the very midst of a debate. Our politics are Liberal, Mr. Gummer; and what we want is a member who has the means, and is able and willing, to support the borough and his supporters. Go in for the publican interest and the working class interest. I will return you for less than £1,000. The pledging is rather stiff, but that is of no consequence.

If a member sticks to the borough and his supporters, he is never bored about pledges."

I liked the idea of being a member of Parliament, and told Mr. Busted I would think of it. But I did not like Mr. Busted's style. What he said was passable, but his manner was bumptious. If Mr. Busted had been a belted earl, tracing back to Adam or beyond that, instead of being a purveying butcher, his swagger could not have been more choking. He treated me as if I were 'body and soul his property, as if I were a calf he had bought in the Cattle Market. If every M.P. was obliged to have his Busted, things would soon be upside down; and instead of bribing voters, it would come to voters bribing gentlemen to become candidates. Mr. Busted rolled my sherry about in his huge cheeks before gulping it down, and was good enough to say that the wine was light and clean; though for his own drinking he preferred a sherry with a little more body, and he would put me on to some first-rate stuff.

"Sherry, Mr. Gummer, that a bishop would smack his lips over; and yet the figure for it is by no means alarming for an uncommon article."

Mr. Busted praised Corcyra Villa, which he described as cozy and compact; but regretted I did not live in his borough.

"Though I'm not sure, Mr. Gummer, as I am that beef is beef, whether it is best or worst to be a resident member. It gets votes the first election, because every tradesman reckons on the custom; and canvassers who know their way about make the most of the idea—which is not bribery, though it is equal to it in its consequences. But if a member has a purse ever so deep, he can't have a thousand tradesmen; and therefore there is a feeling of being done, and a loss of votes at the next election. On the whole, living just out of bounds is best, provided it is flowered over with liberal subscriptions to local institutions, plenty of chair-taking, and upright and downright old English hospitality and friendship to leading supporters. A glass of wine, Mr. Gummer"—here he bolted a bumper of the light and clean sherry—"give and took, in a 'ail good fellow spirit, is the glue that sticks supporter to member."

A week afterwards Mr. Busted wrote to say that a deputation from the Voters' Protection Association would have an in-

interview with me, and settle the little matter confidentially talked over. How to receive a deputation I knew not. I remembered reading of a great statesman receiving a deputation on his staircase; but the stairs of Corcyra Villa are narrow and winding. I thought of the dining-room; but Mrs. Gummer insisted that the drawing-room was the proper place, for if the deputation were genteel quality they would have a right to the best room, and if they were not quality they would feel it more. Was I to sit or stand? Reference was made to a book of etiquette bought by Janet, but there was not a word about deputations. Mrs. Gummer thought it would be more consequential to sit. Janet had read a novel by Lady De Fludze, called "Julia Dashwood; or, the Duchess of Golconda," in which there is a grand account of being presented at Court, which tells how the Sovereign has to stand, and eats a bushel of native oysters, and drinks an imperial gallon of double stout to put in the requisite strength. Janet argued that what a monarch did, I might do without loss of dignity.

Mrs. Gummer thought that the deputation should be shown in first, and that I should keep them waiting a few minutes, just to let them think that visitors did not flurry me, and that I was otherwise engaged. The girls thought it would be more taking if I were in the drawing-room, reclining on the couch, reading a book, and to start up suddenly, as though surprised at the visit. If I kept them waiting they might think I was taking an early dinner, or doing some other horribly vulgar thing. Then, were the deputation to sit or stand? Finally, we agreed they were to do as they liked, and that I was to follow their example.

TABLE TALK.

ARISTOCRACY is deserving of respect when it is accompanied by talent and high character. The most perfect reader of human nature told us that "a tree was known by its fruits," and so is noble blood known by noble thoughts and noble actions. No doubt, lately, the enmity of Radicals against aristocracy has been much increased by the spectacle of bankrupt peers; but it should be remembered that two or three black sheep are to be found in almost every fold.

THE SHOW of hands at an election is nearly always decisive as to which candi-

date has the heart of the people, and we ought not too seriously to blame the working man who holds up his hand on the nomination day one way, and votes on the morrow the other. After the speeches on the nomination day the blood begins to cool down, and the poor elector thinks of his wife and children, and looks at the cupboard, which he feels may soon be in need of a replenishment that an imprudent vote may make difficult to accomplish; and so it comes to pass that, for a time, bread and butter is more powerful than conscience.

SOMETIMES TEARS are very beautiful things. For instance, when they come singly and at intervals, reminding one of the tolling of a minute bell. Their time of coming is generally evening—between twilight and dark. You must not ask for any explanation of these tears when you see them, even if they are in the eyes of your dearest friend. You may answer them with a gentle kiss and a corresponding tear, but no more. This kind of tears generally have reference to some event that has long passed, and left behind it a lasting and tender memory. I should think that when the minstrel wrote the song of "The Old Arm Chair," some of these rainbow drops fell on the manuscript.

GREAT TALKERS are never great thinkers, and this is why you so often find women so full of words. It seems at times as if people talked merely to give vent to the exuberance of their muscular fibres. Their manner and words remind one very much of the blowing of soap bubbles through a pipe. Properly, every word we speak ought to contain a thought, or some portion of one; but empty words are better than those charged with malice and slander.

IT IS SAID, by those who have seen the worst of men and women, that there always is some spark of good left in the most fallen ones; and this testimony teaches us that we should be ever on the look-out for the good in our fellow-creatures rather than the bad, so that we may be able to fan this lingering spark into a strength and proportion that shall consume the evil.

NO WILD BEAST of the forest is so dangerous an animal as an uneducated man, and recent legislations have made some re-

cognition of this truth. Once in England there was such a dread of wolves, that a premium was offered for the destruction of them; and it makes one think of the number of children growing up as savage and cunning as these animals.

THERE IS SOME hope for persons, however ignorant, when they are willing to learn; but what hope can there be for those who think their position in the universe to be that of permanent teachers, and draw out of their lap advice and authoritative opinions upon every subject under the sun? They remind one of the labels upon the boxes containing "Parr's Life Pills" and Dr. Rooke's "Cordial Balsam," which declare them to be a cure for every ill that flesh is heir to.

EVEN YOUR WIFE gets tired of you if you hang about the house too long; but how bright are her smiles of welcome after you have been absent three or four hours, especially if the time has been spent profitably! Your work has made you feel "home" new again. The only sure refuge against morbid fancies, hypochondria, foolish ideas about the end of the world, and Calvinism, are head and brain work of one kind or another; and the money which this work brings in is not worth as much as the satisfied feelings, the good conscience, and the quickened sense of life, which it also earns.

I HAVE SEEN the figure of a cross worked in red wool upon white surplices, and I have seen it hanging to a chain of jet on the necks of silly young ladies—candidates for matrimony; but I have also seen the cowardice and confusion of some of the wearers of these when a very little breath of keen wind comes upon them. This emblem is made by some to cover up habitual selfishness, and by others to display ridiculous and false sentiment.

I RECOLLECT some years ago being surprised to find, in one of Mr. Kingsley's sermons, that he believed in "the possession of devils"—not in a figurative, but a literal sense. It was because I had always been accustomed to associate "a horn and tail" with the outer shape of these evil beings; but, getting rid of this vulgar error, I was enabled to perceive how nerves and brain fibre, inflamed by excessive drinking, or

other sins, could become devils, having a distinct individuality, leaping within a man, and tearing him, and crying out in him, as we read of them doing in the old time.

BEWARE OF LONG "engagements." Even a first love will lose much of its rosy colour in twelve months. It will hold out for three or even seven years; but it is then only fit for the spiritual world, and marriage seems almost a weakness.

THE PROFESSION of a soldier, as a distinct and exclusive one, must cease to be, before we can hope for any permanent peace. If you educate men to fight, you must provide them with an enemy. Sham fights and reviews are not a sufficient vent for the heat of military blood; and, perhaps, are more of the nature of a stimulant than of a moderator. It is easy to understand how, under the present military system, a soldier may come to regard the peace of his country as a personal deprivation and calamity.

I HAVE KNOWN both headache and biliousness cured by an hour's companionship with a cheerful, sympathetic friend; and it is probable that many of those wonderful cures of disease which we read of in the old time were brought about by what we should call the simplest causes and the simplest powers. There are persons whose society always makes me feel the weak places in my constitution, and there are others from whom I rarely if ever part without feeling strengthened both in body and mind.

IT IS MUCH better to be a postman than a collector of taxes, for one is always received with smiles, and the other with frowns. The first seems to go about with a quick, light step; whilst the second moves heavily and slow, as if he had a murder on his conscience. There is something petrifying about continual frowns; but the postman never meets with these. He is always welcomed at the door, though often the messenger of woe.

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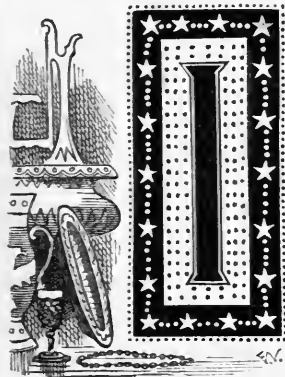
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A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.



IT was not very easy for Frank to get the picture round the turns of the narrow iron staircase, circular in form, which led from Mr. Burls's shop to the room above, which he called the gallery. In this room, Frank saw that there were a number of pictures hanging round the walls, and on several tall screens. They were of a better class than those in the shop. Mr. Burls led the way through the gallery to a narrow flight of stairs at the end. Mounting these, with the canvas on his shoulder, Frank found more rooms full of pictures, framed and unframed, in stacks that reached up to his chin.

On the floor above, a number of men were employed in gilding and repairing frames. Up one more flight of stairs, and they were on the attic floor, apparently the sanctum of Mr. Critchett, the restorer—for in a little back room were his easels and palettes, and his battered tubes of paint, and several short and very black clay pipes.

"I find the materials," said Mr. Burls. "I've paid for all the paints and brushes, so I suppose they're mine."

"Certainly," said Frank.

"Now you can set to work on that Cuypp as you've carried upstairs; and then I shall see what you're up to, and whether you'll

suit me. If you aint got all the paints you want, come to me."

With this remark, Mr. Burls left Frank; and, pulling off his coat, set to work himself in the front room, a short description of which I gave at the beginning of my last chapter.

Left to himself, Frank looked about him. There was a good light, to the north; but when he stood upright anywhere in the room, his head nearly touched the ceiling.

The prospect from his window was limited almost entirely to tiles and chimney pots.

Pasted to the walls were a number of prints of the most celebrated characters of English history, which—as Frank rightly guessed—were used in the production of the genuine antique portraits which were founded upon them. Mr. Critchett had left a Queen Elizabeth, in a great starched ruff and jewelled stomacher, in an unfinished state on his easel.

The furniture of his *atelier* was by no means luxurious. It consisted of a cane-seated chair, with three orthodox legs, and an old mahl stick for a fourth. A high rush hassock, tied on this chair, led Frank to suppose that his predecessor had been a short man. There were, besides, three easels, a fireplace with a black kettle on the hob, and several canvases—some new, some old—in the corners; and this was all.

Having made this short tour of inspection, Frank settled down at once to his work.

He found it easy;—little patches of paint gone here and there all over the portrait; and he supplied these, carrying out, as well as he could interpret it, the design of the original painter.

Mr. Burls was constantly walking in and out of the room, and looking over his shoulder, and volunteering unnecessary pieces of advice.

At four o'clock he left off "chafing" his pictures, and looked in at Frank, smearing

his coarse hands with spirits, to get off the dirt with which they were ditched.

"There," said he, "I've done for to-day. I've chafed fifteen pictures: that's fifteen pound earned. I shall charge them a quid a-piece for doing 'em. I don't work for nothing, and I don't know anybody in the picture trade that does."

At six, he came up to Frank again, and looked at his work.

"That'll do, my lad—that'll do," and went away again.

This cheered Frank, and he worked as long as it was light, and walked home to his lodgings at Islington a happy man.

Next day he finished the job, and Mr. Burls passed judgment on his work. It was favourable to him; and he was duly installed in the place of Critchett, kicked out.

Frank wrote and told his sister and mother, staying at Llan-y-Fyddloes, that he had got regular employment that suited him very well, and that his prospects were brightening.

He did this to cheer them, and to some extent he believed what he said.

"I," he wrote to Kate, "I can only earn enough to keep myself, and send something every week to you, by the work I am at, and still leave myself time for study and improvement, I am satisfied. Depend upon it, you shall see me in the catalogue at the Academy before long, No. 00001, 'Interior of a Studio,' by—" And here he drew a very fair likeness of himself by way of signature to his letter. He was clever at these pen-and-ink sketches.

He had said nothing to Kate about the amount of money he could earn at his new work, nor had he told her what it was exactly. His reason for the first was that he wrote his letter before he had settled terms with Mr. Burls; for the second, because he knew his mother would become hysterical at the bare idea of her son working for a living in any but the most gentlemanlike manner, such as society permits. Now, for his part, Frank saw nothing degrading in any honest labour, and was quite content to put up for a while with such humble occupation.

"Hang it," he said, "I'd rather do it than sponge on somebody else."

But Kate guessed it was something rather beneath his dignity to do, he was so reserved.

His arrangement with the picture dealer was in these terms:—

Burls: "I'm fair and straight, I am. I

should not have got on if I'd done as many chaps do."

Frank: "To be sure. I think I am tolerably straightforward, too, Mr. Burls. I hope so, at least."

Burls: "I don't know nothing about you, do I?"

Frank (reddening): "No."

Burls: "Well, I don't want to ask no questions, my lad."

The man's familiarity was disgusting. It was a fine lesson in self-command for Frank to make himself stomach it.

"You want work, and I'll give you some. You can work for me instead of old Critchett. I'm fair and straight with you. Some chaps would want you to work six months for nothing."

Frank: "I could not do that"

Burls, continuing: "I don't ask you. You shall have what Critchett had—that's a shillin' an hour; and handsome pay, too, I call it. I like to pay my chaps well. Regular work, too. You may work eight hours a-day if you like, and then you'll take eight and forty shillin' a week, you know."

Mr. Burls appealed to his shopman to support his statement that Frank's predecessor often "took eight and forty a-week."

The terms seemed fair; though the remuneration for restoring, which required artistic skill, seemed to Frank to bear no just proportion to the money to be got by cleaning—for Mr. Burls earned fifteen pounds before dinner at that, Frank recollected.

However, he could hardly expect to get more than Critchett had received before him; so he agreed to take a shilling an hour, and work regularly for Mr. Burls.

Burls: "Done, then, and settled. We don't want any character, do we, Jack? Pictures aint easy things to carry out of the shop, are they?"

Frank (very angry): "Sir!"

Burls: "No offence. Don't get angry. It was only a hint that we should not trouble you for references to your last employment. Rec'lect what I said about those hands. You've been brought up a gentleman, I dare say, but you're right not to starve your belly to feed your pride. Don't be angry with me. I'm straight and fair, I am. You'll find me that."

I have now explained how Frank came to be in the top attic of Mr. Burls's house of business. He remained in his situation

about three months. While there, he learned a great deal. Mr. Burls took a fancy to him, and soon came to stand a little in awe of him—for he was educated and honest, and, in addition, plainly a gentleman. The dealer was very ignorant, and, from any point of view but that of his own class of traders, very dishonest—that is, he looked upon the public, his customers, as fair game; and would tell any lie, and any sequence of lies, to sell a spurious picture for and at the price of a genuine picture. The morals of commerce, in the hands of the Burls, find their lowest ebb.

But, to some extent, their customers make them what they are. If a man who has money to spend on his house will have pictures for his walls, why not prefer a new picture to an old one? Why not an honest print before a dishonest canvas?

But it is always the reverse. He has a hundred pounds to lay out, and he wants ten pictures for the money—bargains—speculative pictures, with famous names to them, which he can comment on and enlarge upon, and point out the beauties of to his friends, until he actually comes to believe the daub he gave ten guineas for is a Turner; and the dealers can find him hundreds.

Why, the old masters must have painted pictures faster than they could nowadays print them, if a quarter of the things that are sold in their names were their true works. There are probably more pictures ascribed to any one famous old master now for sale in the various capitals of Europe, than he could have produced had he painted a complete work every day, from the day he was born till the day he died—and lived to be seventy, too.

Burls could find his customers anything they asked for. No painter so rare, so sought after, or so obscure, but there were some works of his, a bargain, in the dealer's stock.

He told Frank his history:—

"My father wore a uniform: he was a park-keeper in Kensington-gardens. I went to school till I was thirteen, then I went out as an errand boy. My master was a dealer, in St. James's-street. I got to learn the gilding and cleaning; and when I was six-and-twenty, I earned two pounds a-week. Well, my father had an old friend, and he had had some money left him. He gave his son two hundred pound, and we went into business. His son died before we'd been

partners a year. I bought his share, and here I am. I shall die worth a hundred thousand pounds, Shipley"—(this was Frank's name at Mr. Burls's)—"and this business thrown in—mark my words."

This was his story, and it was true. Like all men who have risen from nothing, Mr. Burls was inordinately pleased with himself. He attributed to his great ability what really ought to have been put down to his great luck.

He would be a fine specimen for the "Self-Help" collection in Samuel Smiles's silly book.

"Mind you," he often said to Frank, "there aint a man in ten thousand that could have done what I've done."

Now, Burls's life, as I read it and as Frank read it, was simply an example of the power of luck. Serving under a kind master, who lets him learn his trade. Luck. Finding a man who wants to put his son into business, and is willing to trust him. Luck. Getting all to himself. Luck. His shop pulled down by the Board of Works, in order to widen a street. Compensation paid just when he wants money, at the end of his second year's trade. Luck. And so on. Look into every adventure he has made, luck crowned it with success. And how we all worship success that brings wealth! Why, weak Mrs. Melliship would rather have seen Frank succeed in making himself as rich as Dick Mortiboy, than that his name should have been handed down to endless centuries as the writer of a greater epic than Milton, or the painter of a greater picture than the greatest of Raphael's cartoons. Frank, on the other hand, never told all his story to his employer, but he was constrained to explain why he was in a position so different to that he had been brought up in. And he did it in a few words, and without any expression of complaint. Burls only knew that his father had lost money by rash speculation, and had died, leaving Frank without resources. He did not inquire further, but remarked—

"What aint in my business is in the Three per cent. Consols. Your father's ought to have been there."

Soon there came a very busy time at cleaning pictures, and Burls asked Frank to help him.

He found it a mighty simple matter, though it rubbed the skin off his fingers at first.

"Lay the canvas down," said Burls, "and rub it. If the varnish comes off after a few rubs of your fingers, it's mastic, and 'll all rub off clean down to the paint. If it won't chafe, it's copal, and you must get it off with spirits, and be careful not to take the paint away with it. I've seen that done often."

So Frank and Burls spent much of their time together, chafing the dirty varnish off old pictures. When they had rubbed it off, and got down to the paint, one or the other dipped a wide brush in mastic varnish, dabbed it on like whitewash on a ceiling, and then laid the canvas flat on the floor of the next room.

"It all dries down smooth enough," Burls said. "That's the beauty of it."

And this, gentle British public, is the art of cleaning old oil paintings on a system invented by ourselves, without the slightest injury or damage, advertised by Bartholomew Burls and Co., Trafalgar-street, Haymarket. Country orders carefully attended to. And you are charged for it entirely according to Mr. Burls's belief in your capacity to pay—sometimes ten shillings, sometimes ten pounds; but the process is always the same, and it takes a very slightly skilled labourer any time from fifteen minutes to sixty to complete the operation.

Sometimes the pictures wanted repainting in places: then Frank took them into his own room, and did what was required, before they were varnished off.

"Mind you, cleaning's an art, and I've taught it you," Mr. Burls would say.

For painting and painters he had a proper contempt. He bought their works so cheap, and they—at least, the specimens he saw—were always such poor devils. But gilding frames, cleaning and restoring pictures—these were profitable arts, and he respected them.

He told Frank many queer anecdotes of the trade, of his customers, and how he had imposed upon their credulity. And how credulous customers are, only such men as Mr. Burls know.

He told him tales of the sales and knock-outs; and one day took him to one at a public-house in Pall-mall, where Frank formed an acquaintance with the habits, customs, and language of the trade, and saw all the lots they had bought at Christie's put up again, and resold among themselves at a good profit.

"Look at that," said Mr. Burls one day to Frank—"that's a seller, aint it? I lay you a new hat I don't have that here a fortnight, and I shall ask sixty guineas for it."

"Is it not the one that has been in the shop some time?" Frank asked.

"No, it aint; but it's the own brother to it, and here's two more of the family—only they aint done up yet," said the dealer, pulling down two other canvases from a rack.

Frank opened his eyes—wide.

The pictures were landscapes in the style of Claude. The first was cracked all over, respectably dirty, and looked certainly a hundred years old. The paint of the other two was scarcely dry.

"It would have deceived me, I believe," said Frank.

"Deceive anybody," said Mr. Burls. "Now, you wouldn't look at that picture and think it's only a month old, would you? That's all it is. It was like these here two a month ago. I've sold four or five of 'em."

"It would not do to sell them to intimate friends, would it?" said Frank.

"Trust me for that. I send 'em about the country. I've bought everything lately at an old maiden lady's at Bexley Heath, and described the place to the customers; but I think I've used it up about. Give us a good name, now, of a place for stuff to come from."

Frank thought a moment, and suggested Compton Green.

"Where's Compton Green?" asked Mr. Burls.

"It's five miles from Market Basing, in Holmshire," said Frank.

"Well, I'll try Compton Green. I've got a customer coming to look at some pictures to-day. I hope it'll be as lucky as Bexley Heath has been. Jack and me's sold some hundreds now, I think, from there; so it's time we had a change."

"Do," said Frank. "It has one advantage, at all events, nobody will know it."

"Now I'm going to show my customer this Claude. I wish I'd got a dozen as good. It cost me fifteen pounds; and it wasn't painted half a mile from where we stand. I want some different subjects. Couldn't you paint me some?"

Frank tried; and, after some time, succeeded, to Mr. Burls's entire satisfaction, in imitating Old Crome.

"That's right enough," said the dealer.

"I'll give you ten pound a-piece for a dozen as good as that."

Frank was delighted. Here was fortune come at last.

"I'm fair and straight, I am," said the dealer. "There aint much in painting 'em when you've been showed what's wanted. It's the doing 'em up. That's a secret as only a few of us have got. It cost me something to learn it, I can tell you. I paid for it, and it's paid me. This picture, when I've done with it, 'll be worth sixty, if it's worth a sovereign. But there's art, I can tell you, in doing what I do to 'em."

There always was, according to Mr. Burls's version of the case, art in doing anything to a picture but painting it.

Frank watched the processes his picture went through with interest.

It went to be lined, and stretched on an old strainer. As it was to be an old picture, the supposed old canvas it was painted on must be concealed by a lining.

Then it received several coats of mastic varnish, in which red and yellow lake and other colours were mixed to tone it down, laid on with Burls's liberal hand. As the first coat dried, a second, and so on.

Then it was brushed over one night with a substance which we have all eaten times without number. In the morning, Frank's Old Crome was cracked all over.

He was astonished, and well he might be. The surface, hard and dry, was a network of very thin cracks. It was put into a real old frame of the period, the door mat shaken over canvas and frame several days in succession, and the business was complete.

The picture looked old and mellow; the cracks bore witness to its genuineness; it had been lined to keep the rotting canvas from dropping to pieces as it stood; but the frame was the one it had always hung in, in the old manor house at Compton Green.

"It's a simple thing when you know how to do it, aint it?" asked Mr. Burls of Frank.

"It is, indeed," said the artist, astonished at his own work in its altered guise. "It is simple."

But what that simple thing is I must not tell, or I shall have some of my younger readers trying the experiment of cracking their fathers' pictures; and it wants some practice to ensure success in making the cracks natural in appearance, and not having too many of them.

Frank set to work to make more of these

pictures. They brought him ten pounds each; but they lost him his employment. In this way.

One day, as he was going out to his tea, when he got as far as the iron staircase that connected the gallery with the shop, he observed Burls showing some pictures to two customers: one of them was his Old Crome.

"Compton Green, I assure you, they all came from," Burls was saying.

"Near Market Basing?" asked a clerical old gentleman, who was one of his two customers.

"That's the place, sir. I fetched 'em all away myself, I assure you."

"But there is nobody there who ever had any pictures. I live near the village myself."

Here was a facer for the dealer.

He saw Frank, and called him. Frank had given him the name. Frank must get him out of the scrape.

"Here, Shipley"—he winked hard—"you went down with me to fetch these pictures. Tell this gentleman the house we got 'em from. It's a genuine Crome as ever I sold, sir"—Frank was coming up the shop, and the old gentleman's back was turned towards him—"and it's a cheap picture at sixty guineas. I would not take pounds for it."

By this time Frank was close to him.

"Tell this gentleman where we got these pictures from, every one of them. You went with me."

Frank turned crimson. He knew the customer.

The old gentleman turned round, and saw him before he could escape. He fell back a step or two, shaded his eyes with his hand, looked very hard at Frank, then exclaimed, cordially holding out his hand—

"God bless me! Young Mr. Melliship!"

"Dr. Perkins!" stammered Frank.

"My dear young gentleman, who-ever-would-have thought of seeing you here?"

Frank was interrupted in a rambling apology by Mr. Burls.

"Very clever young man—valuable to me. He'll tell you"—here he winked again at Frank—"all about the place we fetched them from."

"Well, I shall have some other things to talk about with him of more importance; but perhaps he will excuse me if, to settle this, I ask where possibly at Compton Green there could be pictures without me knowing it?"

"Ah!" said Burls, "he can tell you. I go into so many houses, I forget where they are almost."

"Nowhere," said Frank, looking Dr. Perkins—whom he knew as an old friend of his father's—full in the face. "I painted it myself."

And he was gone out of the shop. It was in vain the old clergyman and his son-in-law tried to overtake him. They soon lost sight of him in the crowded street.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

"I MUST tell you," wrote Grace to Kate, "of the great day we had at Derngate. You know all the dreadful news, because Lucy has told you how Uncle Mortiboy, after he had given all his money to Dick, had a paralytic stroke, and is quite helpless now. He seems to know people, though he cannot speak. He gives a sort of a grunt for 'yes,' and frowns when he means 'no.' Though we all feel sure he will never recover his faculties again, poor old man, he is not at all a pitiable object to look at. He has completely lost the use of one side, and partially that of the other. His face is drawn curiously out of shape, and it gives him a happy and pleasant look he never used to have. He actually looks as if he were smiling all the while—a thing, as you know, he did not often do. They have taken him downstairs, and old Hester looks after him. Dick has moved into that little villa which stands across the river, the only house there. He has a boat to go across in. It seems a prosaic way of getting over a river for a man who knows all about California and Texas, doesn't it? I told him that we all expected him to strike out a new idea.

"But the moving was the great thing. He asked us all there to come down while he ransacked the old house. So down we went. We went in to see poor old Mr. Mortiboy, and he seemed to know us, and to want to speak; but it was no use. Then our voyage of discovery began. We had Mr. Tweedy, the builder, who went about with the house-steps and a hammer. He went first. Dick came next. We followed, pretending not to be at all curious; and old Hester brought up the rear.

"First, Aunt Susan's room. Then we opened all her drawers, boxes, and cupboards. There was nothing in one of them except old letters and things of no interest or value. 'The old man,' Dick said, 'has

been here before us.' I don't think that it's nice of him to speak of his father in that way; though mamma declares that his voice always shakes as he does it. All poor aunt's dresses were hanging up just as she had left them. Dick gave every one to mamma, with her lace—you know what beautiful lace Aunt Susan had. There is not much, after all; for she never dressed very well, as you know. And mamma, in her brusque way, transferred the gowns to old Hester on the spot.

"Then we went downstairs to the first floor—Mr. Mortiboy's own floor. Here we had a surprise. In the room was a long press, which Dick opened. My dear Kate, it was full of gold and silver cups, and plate of all kinds.

"Dick tossed them all on the table with his usual careless manner.

"'Now, cousin,' he said, 'if you can find anything here with the Heathcote crest on it, take it.'

"I found an old cup, which must have been my great-grandfather's, which I took home to papa.

"'I am going to pick out the Mortiboy plate,' said Dick, 'and sell all the rest.'

"Oh, Kate! among the rest was a great deal of yours, which Uncle Mortiboy had bought up from the sale. I waited till mamma was not looking, and I begged him not to sell that. He did not know that it was yours, and promised. So that is all safe for the present. And then he produced Aunt Susan's jewels and trinkets, and divided them between Lucy and me. I shall have such splendours to show you when we meet again. It is old-fashioned, of course, but very good.

"Then he put all the things back again.

"'We're going to look for money,' he said. 'Hester says he used to hide it away.'

"Then we saw the use of the steps and the hammer. Mr. Tweedy went about hammering everywhere, to see if things were solid or hollow. In a window-seat which he forced open—it had been screwed down—we found a bag full of guineas. I have one of them now. Behind a panel of the wainscoting, which had a secret spring—I did not know there were any houses in Market Basing with secret springs and panels—we found another bag, with thirty old spade guineas in it. Wherever a hiding place could be made, Uncle Mortiboy had hidden

away some money. There was quite a handsome sum in an old and well-darned stocking foot, and ever so many guineas under his bed. He seems to have had a great penchant for saving guineas. Hester says he thought they brought luck.

"How much is left to find, of course we cannot tell. It seems now that he was never quite easy in his mind about the things in his house. You know their queer, narrow, old staircase? Well, he used always to take his after-dinner nap on the stairs, where nothing could pass him without awaking him; and he used to pay the policeman extra money for giving a special look at the house. How it was he was not robbed, I can't think.

"After all this, we went home, loaded with spoil. Mamma began again about Dick's 'intentions;' but that only annoys me a very little now.

"Dick has got old Mrs. Lumley, whom you know, for his housekeeper. He fired pistols at his first woman, and she ran away. But Mrs. Lumley is not afraid, and I haven't heard of any pistols being fired at her.

"When are you going to give me fresh news of Frank? Kate, dear, give him my love—my real and only love—and tell him not to forget me, and to keep up his courage. If he would only be helped, all would be well. I am sure papa liked him better than anybody that came to Parkside. And, after all, papa—is papa."

It was a fine time this, for Polly. She had plenty of Dick's society. He was at home nearly every evening, and generally alone. Then she would sit with him while he drank, smoked, told her queer stories, and sang her jovial sea songs. As for her, she always behaved as a lady, put on a silk dress every evening, and had her bottle of port before her, carrying her adherence to the usages of polite society so far as generally to make a large hole in it.

Occasional wayfarers along the towing-path would hear sounds of merriment and singing. It was whispered that Dick Mortiboy even entertained the Evil One himself, and regaled him with cigars and brandy.

Sometimes they played cards, games that Dick taught her. Sometimes they used to quarrel, but not often; because once, when she threatened her husband, he took her by the shoulders, and turned her out of doors.

She had left Parkside, and now lived with

her mother, and only came to see Dick when old Mrs. Lumley was out or gone to bed.

Her venerable parent was a bedridden old lady, of prepossessing ugliness, who resided in a cottage, neither picturesque nor clean, in the outskirts of Market Basing. By the assistance of her daughter, she was able to rub along and get her small comforts. She was not a nice old lady to look at, nor was she eminently moral; being one of those who hold that lies cost nothing, and very often bring in a good deal.

"Get money out of him, Polly," she said. "Get as much as you can—it won't last, you know."

"And why shouldn't it last? What's to prevent it lasting, you old croaker?"

"The other will turn up some day, Polly. I know it—I'm certain of it. Make him give you money. Tell him it's for Bill."

"Mother, Dick's no fool. I've had fifty pounds out of him for little Bill in the last four months. I told him, only a fortnight ago, that Bill had got the scarlet fever; and he told me to go to the devil. He's deep, too. He doesn't say anything, but he's down on you all of a sudden. Mother, I lie awake at night and tremble sometimes. I'm afraid of him, he is so masterful."

"But try, Polly, my dear—try. Tell him I want things at my time of life."

"I might do that. But it's no use pretending anything about Bill for awhile. The other night he said Bill was played out. He wants to know where the boy is, too."

"Where is he, Polly? Tell your old mother, deary."

"Sha'n't," said Polly.

She made a long story about her mother that very night, and coaxed ten pounds out of Dick for her. The old woman clutched the gold, and put it away under her pillow, where she kept all the money that Polly got out of Dick.

It was odd that he could endure the woman at all. She was rough-handed, rough-tongued, coarse-minded, intriguing, and crafty—and he knew it. Her tastes were of the lowest kinds. She liked to eat and drink, and do little work. They had no topics in common. He was lazy, and liked to "let things slide." She had all the faults that a woman can have; but she had a sort of cleverness which was not displeasing to him. Sometimes he would hate her. This was generally after he had been spending

an evening at Parkside—almost the only house he visited.

Here, under the influence of the two girls and their father, he became subdued and sobered. The subtle influence of the pure and sweet domestic life was strong enough to touch him: to move him, but not to bring him back.

The sins of youth are never forgiven or forgotten. Now, when all else went well with Dick, when things had turned out beyond his wildest hopes, this woman—whom he had married in a fit of calf love—stood in his way, and seemed to drag him down again when he would fain have risen above his own level. Other things had passed away and been forgotten. There was no fear that the old Palmiste business would be revived. Facts and reports, ugly enough, were safe across the Atlantic. Of the twelve years of Bohemian existence no one knew: they were lost to history as completely as the forty years' wandering of the Israelites. Only Lafleur, who was sure to keep silent for his own sake, knew. And this woman alone stood in the way, warning him back from the paths of respectability—an Apollyon whom it was impossible to pass.

But one evening, Polly, who had come in to see him, cried in a maudlin way over the love she had for the boy; and pulling her handkerchief out of her pocket to dry her eyes, dragged with it a letter, which Dick, who was sitting opposite her and not too far off, instantly covered with his foot. Ignorant of her loss, she went on crying till the fit passed; and then, finishing off the port, marched off to bed in rather a corkscrew fashion. Dick, lifting his foot, picked up the letter and read it.

It was a very odd epistle, and was dated from some suburb of London of which he knew nothing, called "Paragon-place, Gray's Inn-road."

The orthography was that of a person imperfectly educated, and Dick deciphered it with some difficulty.

"MY DEER POLY"—it went—"escuse Me trubbbing you butt im hard up, haveing six of themm Cussed babies to look after and methoosalem and Little bill do cat ther Heds of and what with methoosalem as wont wurk and bill as Wont Prig im most crasy with them you Owe me for six Munths which six Pound ten and hope as youll send me the munney sharp as Else

bill he cuts his Lucky so as hes your own Son and not mine i dont see wy should kepe him any longer for Nuthink and remain dear poly your affeckshunit

"ANNE MARIAR KNEEBONE.

"P.s.—[This in another hand]—i see the old woman a ritin her letter wich it toke her hall day and the babies a starvin, so i had a P.s. to say as she is very hard up and so am i and so his bill. "METHOOSALEM."

Dick read this precious epistle with a look of extreme bewilderment. Then he read it over again. Gradually arriving at a sense of its meaning, he looked again at the address and the name, so as not to forget them—he never forgot anything—and then he twisted it up and burned it in the candle. After that he went to bed, putting off meditation till the following morning. Dick was not going to spoil his night's rest because Polly had told him lies.

Little Bill—that was Polly's child; presumably, therefore, his as well. Therefore, little William Mortiboy—the heir-apparent to his father's fortunes.

"William Mortiboy's position," said Dick to himself, next morning after breakfast, "appears unsatisfactory. He lives with a lady named Kneebone, who has a lodging-house for babies. Wonder if the babies like the lodgings? William Mortiboy associates, apparently, with a gentleman called Methoosalem, who refuses to work. Is he one of the babies? Wonder if he is! William Mortiboy is expected to prig. That's a devilish bad beginning for William. William Mortiboy's companions are not, apparently, the heirs to anything—not even what the man in the play calls a stainless name. Polly, I'm afraid you're a bad lot! Anyhow, you might have paid the five bob a-week out of all the money you've had in the last four months. But we'll be even with you. Only wait a bit, my young lady."

VIDOCQ AND FRENCH DETECTIVES.

DETECTIVES and the detective system—whether in this country or elsewhere—are not, perhaps, the pleasantest subjects in the world to touch upon. But as criminals will continue to disturb society, and crime must be discovered and brought home to the guilty if possible, the detective is, to a

certain extent, an ungracious necessity of social order. Modern detectives, especially in this country, only too often fail to follow up a great crime as the interests of the common safety demand; but that the detective system has become, as it were, a science in its way is a fact pregnant with many suggestions. The French police have long been famous for their skill in hunting down real or supposed offenders against the law, and to our Continental neighbours must be accorded the ambiguous distinction of having inaugurated as a professed art the work of the detective. The organization of the system may be said to date from the year 1810, and is due mainly to Vidocq, a galley slave, who offered to act as a spy upon his comrades, gain their confidence, and then betray them to the authorities.

Some robbers having been arrested by his means, he was set at liberty on condition that he should act as denouncer, and supply the Prefecture with a settled minimum of criminals, under penalty of being sent back to the galleys; and as he had a salary of four pounds a-month, and a premium for each arrest, it may be imagined that he took care that the number should not fall short.

One of his first victims was a leather-dresser. The poor tradesman had once given him shelter. As a return for his kindness and hospitality, Vidocq laid an information against him, and charged him as a coiner. Upon the evidence which Vidocq, in however villainous a manner, managed to bring together against his old friend, the leather-seller, together with one of his friends, a surgeon, was condemned and executed.

This French Jonathan Wild has given, in an autobiography of himself, which enjoys in its own line an almost European reputation, a lengthened and minute account of the endless shifts and stratagems resorted to by himself in the work of detection, for which he was so peculiarly fitted.

His favourite scheme was to mix himself up with thieves and criminals as one of themselves. Vidocq was anxious to arrest a well-known chief of the thieving order, named Gueuvive. This man had for his trusty coadjutor a certain Joubert, into whose good graces Vidocq managed to work himself.

"We conversed together for some time," says the famous detective in his autobiography, "and before we fell asleep, Joubert

overwhelmed me with questions. His object was to sift out my present mode of existence, what papers I had about me, &c. His curiosity appeared insatiable; and in order to satisfy it, I contrived, either by a positive falsehood or an equivocation, to lead him to suppose me a brother thief. At last, as if he had guessed my meaning, he exclaimed—

"Come, do not beat about the bush any longer. I see how it is. I know you are a prig."

"I feigned not to understand the words; he repeated them; and I, affecting to take offence, assured him that he was greatly mistaken, and that if he indulged in similar jokes I should be compelled to withdraw from his company. Joubert was silenced, and nothing further was said till the next day at ten o'clock, when Gueuvive came to awaken us.

"It was agreed that we should go and dine at La Glacière. On the road, Gueuvive took me aside, and said—

"Hark ye! I see you are a good fellow, and I am willing to do you a good service if I can. Do not be so reserved, then, but tell me who and what you are."

"Some hint I had purposely thrown out having induced him to believe that I had escaped from the Bagne at Toulon, he recommended me to observe a cautious prudence with my companions.

"For though they are the best creatures living," said he, "yet they are fond of chattering."

"Oh," replied I, "I shall keep a sharp look-out, I promise you; besides, Paris will never do for me. I must be off. There are too many sneaking informers about for me to be safe in it."

This last sentence is exceedingly rich, but the continuation is equally suggestive.

"That's true," added he; "but if you can keep Vidocq from guessing at your business, you are safe enough with me, who can smell those beggars as easily as a crow scents powder."

"Well," said I, "I cannot boast of so much penetration; yet I think, too, that from the frequent description I have heard of this Vidocq, his features are so well engraved in my recollection, that I should pretty soon recognize him if I came unexpectedly in his way."

"God bless you!" cried he, "it is easy to perceive you are a stranger to the vagabond."

Just imagine, now, that he is never to be seen twice in the same dress; that he is in the morning, perhaps, just such another looking person; well, the next hour so altered that his own brother could not recognize him; and by the evening, I defy any man to remember ever having seen him before."

And, proceeds the poor thief, with charming confidence—

"Only yesterday, I met him disguised in a manner that would have deceived any eye but mine; but he must be a deep hand if he gets over me. I know these sneaks at the first glance, and if my friends were as knowing as myself, his business would have been done long ago."

"Nonsense," cried I, "everybody says the same thing of him; and yet, you see, there is no getting rid of him."

"You are right," replied he; "but to prove that I can act as well as talk, if you will lend me a helping hand, this very evening we will waylay him at his door, and I warrant we'll settle the job so as to keep him from giving any of us further uneasiness."

The helping hand was lent; but of course no Vidocq issued from the house. As a salve to his disappointment, Gueuvive next invited his new ally to join in a projected plan.

"I agreed to join the party," says Vidocq, "but declared that I neither could nor would venture out in the night without first going home for the necessary papers which would save me in case of our scheme failing, and our getting into the hands of the police."

The rest may be easily imagined. The robbery takes place. The burglars are at home seated round a lamp to examine and divide their booty, when suddenly a loud knocking is heard at the door.

"Constantin then, by a sign commanding silence, said—

"'Tis the police, I am sure of it."

"Amidst the confusion occasioned by these words, and the increased knocking at the gate, I contrived unobserved to crawl under a bed, where I had scarcely concealed myself when the door was burst open, and a swarm of inspectors and other officers of the police entered the room."

Stories such as these, with which the autobiography of Vidocq abounds, prove him to have had all the cunning and duplicity necessary for success as a first-class detective; but, while we cannot sympathize with

crime, we are not forced to admire the dubious qualities of head and heart almost indispensable as the attributes of the informer.

Yet even Vidocq, the father of the detective system, has had his apologists.

Eugene François Vidocq—as his biographers love to call him—was a native of Arras, and was born in July, 1775, in a house adjoining that in which Robespierre was born. His father kept a baker's shop in the lowest street in the town, and in this continental St. Giles's the youthful Vidocq had full play for all the bad qualities which seem to have been inherent—or, at least, very readily implanted—in him.

We find him, as a mere child, robbing first the till at a neighbouring fencing-room, and next his father's—his elder brother having been previously sent about his business for similar weaknesses. Antecedents such as these could only lead to one sort of career. He fled the paternal roof, and joined a band of the most reckless vagabonds to be found in any civilized country. He was everything by turns, and nothing long. In prison and out again, with the most certain regularity; until, being treated to a longer spell of "durance vile" than was to his taste, he assumed the rôle of the penitent. He was disgusted with crime and criminals, and henceforth his life should be devoted to the noble mission of benefiting society by unearthing the vermin that preyed upon its good things. Under the weight of these convictions, he offered his services to the police as an agent—or, as we should say in England, common informer; and we have seen how admirably he went to work in his new vocation.

But the remarkable part is the refreshing air of injured self-innocence with which he relates his own exploits.

His success was so great that he was made, in 1810, chief of the Police de Sureté, under Delavau and Franchet. He had under him a dozen agents of his own stamp, the number being afterwards increased to twenty-one. Vidocq had, moreover, secret funds at his disposal, for which he was not required to account.

In 1827, he retired with a fortune; but his active mind still wanted some employment. He built, therefore, a paper manufactory at St. Mandé, about two leagues from Paris; and here, it is said, he employed as his workpeople a number of ex-convicts—on the pious but economical principle of giving work to people who might find their

old reputations somewhat a bar to progress with more fastidious employers.

In 1832, however, he resumed his old office. In a book published a few years ago, entitled "Autobiography of a French Detective, from 1815 to 1858, by M. Canler, Ancien Chef du Service de Sureté," the result of Vidocq's return to his former functions is thus stated in the words of the English translator; and with this we leave M. Vidocq to later historians:—

"From the moment that Vidocq resumed his duties, the judges were continually annoyed by the objections of the prisoners to the evidence of the detectives, and such recriminations produced the worst effects upon the spectators. In fact, the depositions of the agents called as witnesses were constantly interrupted by the prisoners, who accused them of being their old comrades at the hulks, or even accomplices in the robbery to which they bore witness. In spite of these recriminations and this scandal, however, matters went on the same way, until extraneous circumstances put an end to this police system, which was universally disapproved. The revolution of 1830 produced freedom of the press, and the newspapers freely made use of it by inserting caricatures in which Vidocq was represented side by side with an august personage. Insulted by these odious comparisons, for which the official position of the ex-convict furnished a pretext, the Minister of the Interior ordered the Prefect of Police to dissolve the detective brigade, and re-compose it, on an entirely new basis, of men bearing an irreproachable character.

"This took place on November 15, 1832, and the head-quarters of the new force were established at No. 5, Rue de Jerusalem.

"The new detective brigade consisted of one chief, one principal inspector, four sergeants, twenty inspectors, and five clerks; forming a total of thirty-one members. M. Allard was appointed head of the department, and myself principal inspector; and I was ordered to pick up agents among the sergens de ville, and other persons unconnected with the service. This measure was healthy; but at the same time an evil result might be apprehended. Vidocq's agents, suddenly deprived of their means of livelihood, might return to their first mode of life—namely, robbery; and these half-converted men must be prevented at any price from relapsing into crime. It was, therefore,

decided that they should be retained as indicators"—(in plain English, police spies)—"have a room in town at which to meet, and receive—in addition to a salary of fifty francs a month—a reward for every arrest effected through their exertions. Only fourteen accepted this offer."

As a rider to this brief sketch of Vidocq's exploits as a detective, we append the following from M. Canler's book, to show the manner in which the detective system, thus so skilfully organized by Vidocq, was afterwards turned to later purposes.

M. Canler joined the force shortly after the assassination of the Duc de Berry, when political agitation was at its height—the society called the "Congregation" employing every effort to induce Louis XVIII. to revoke the Charter, and re-establish an absolute Government. This society worked, it seems, by means of that branch of the police called "provocative agents," whose office it was to lead the unwary to commit themselves to words and acts which might be construed into treason. Nor did their zeal end there. They fabricated evidence without scruple, when convenient, as the following instance, cited by M. Canler, shows. He remarks that such a system could only excite the evil passions of certain agents, for there was but one way of attracting the notice of the superior officers—discovering a conspiracy or a plot; or if, after any lengthened search, nothing were discovered, cleverly forming some infamous machination, inculpating in some pretended plot an honest father of a family, who had never dreamed of conspiring, and denouncing him to the police. It was on this latter method that one B——, a peace-officer attached to M. Delavau, decided. This man was endowed with remarkable energy. As cunning as he was enterprising, he managed to profit by everything; and as he was devoured by an inordinate ambition, he sought every opportunity to prove his value. One morning he sent for an agent of the name of D——, a tailor by trade, and ex-Garde Royal, who wore the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

"My good fellow," he said to him, so soon as they were alone, "they say at the Prefecture that we are doing nothing. It is true that for some time past no important operation has been effected, and so it is indispensable that we should restore ourselves in the opinion of the authorities, by proving

what we are capable of. I thought of you, for I knew your skill and intelligence; and I am persuaded that if I entrust the affair to you, you will bring it to a successful end."

Here D—— grinned, and made a polite bow.

"To-morrow morning," the head officer continued, "you will go to some wholesale dealer in the Rue St. Denis—being careful to select one well known for his liberal opinions—and order several dozen pairs of tricolour braces. This can easily be passed off as a charming little conspiracy, for instead of receiving the braces, we will simply have them seized."

Provided with these instructions, D—— strolled about the Rue St. Denis with his hands in his pockets, seeking, among all the names above the shop fronts, the one which he had better select. The next morning he called upon M. Burth, a manufacturer of braces, who, as he was informed, was a Liberal.

"I am, sir," he said to him, "shipping agent to several American republics, which all require, just at present, tricolour braces."

"I sincerely regret," the tradesman replied, "that I cannot supply you. I do not sell tricolour braces, and cannot and dare not take any such order. I have braces here of all sorts and sizes; if they suit you, I shall be happy to make a bargain with you."

D—— declined, and went with hang-dog look to inform his superior officer of his ill-success.

"My good fellow," the latter said, impatiently, "I really feel sorry for you; for I entrusted you with a superb affair, and you have spoiled it. Well, you must get out of the scrape as best you can; for I spoke about the matter this very morning, and it must succeed, no matter how."

D—— promised to carry the splendid affair out, and for this purpose returned to Burth.

"I have reflected, sir," he said to him; "and as it is impossible for you to execute my order, I shall probably find the same difficulties elsewhere. I have therefore made up my mind to do the best I can with the braces which you have to sell."

Then he selected and bought several dozen pairs of perfectly white braces, which all bore the manufacturer's trade mark. After which he went home, and spent the rest of the night in edging these braces with

blue and red ribbon, and they thus became tricolour.

The next morning he went to M. B——'s office with the braces. A warrant was issued, and M. Burth's shop and house were searched. This search, of course, led to no discovery; but for all that the tradesman was arrested, and released a few days afterwards for want of evidence. Some time later, M. Burth went to the Théâtre Français, where, to his surprise, he saw the braces purchaser talking with one of the officials; and D——, on seeing him, in his turn disappeared. The tradesman, who had a secret grudge against the man who had tricked him, and nearly got him into an awkward scrape, inquired who he was, and ascertained that he was D——, the police agent. The next day he sent in a complaint, and the public prosecutor commenced an inquiry, which led to no result, as it could not be expected that a police agent would be convicted. In order to satisfy public opinion, which was aroused by this trick, the infamy of which the papers described in the fullest manner, D—— was officially discharged, but a short time later restored; and M. Burth was again cheated, for while he was congratulating himself on having punished the scoundrelly provoker, the ex-tailor did not even lose a single day's pay.

Such unpleasant revelations as these, with which M. Canler's book abounded, were naturally distasteful to the late Emperor's Government, and the "Autobiography" was soon suppressed; but the proofs remain that the detective system is as dangerous to the common safety when used by an arbitrary Government as a mere political engine, as it is valuable when restricted, as in this country, to its proper purpose—namely, that of detecting offenders against the obvious laws of all civilized society.

Before leaving M. Canler's book, we may remark that his revelations are often as discreditable to Republican government as to more despotic Imperialism. There are some curious statements, for instance, with regard to the Revolution of 1848. The following will show the *modus operandi* pursued in buying a democrat:—

"Ledru Rollin, the Minister of the Interior, who trembled at Blanqui, expressed to M. Carlier, at that time head of the police to the Ministry of the Interior, his regret that Caussidière had not effected his arrest.

"If you are anxious about it," said M.

Carlier, "I will have him arrested for you; but it will cost money."

"I do not care for that," the Minister replied.

"Three days after, Blanqui was arrested in this way. M. Carlier sent for an excessively demagogic but poor chief of a club, and said to him, without further preface—

"Ah, it is you, sir? Be good enough to sit down, and allow me to enter into matters at once. I have always thought that the only reason why you were so exalted in the opinions you profess was because you had not a penny piece to call your own."

"Really, sir—"

"Pray allow me to speak without interruption, and you can answer me afterwards. We desire to arrest Blanqui. Here are six thousand-franc notes, which are yours if you agree to tell us at what spot and at what hour this arrest can be effected, as you know where he goes and what he does. You need only speak one word to earn this sum."

And the word was spoken.

SPRING CHANSON.

SING your rich warblings from the topmost tree,
O dower'd prophets of the times to be—
Sing! for the heaven above you is all free:
Sometime the fruit will come upon the tree.

Sing in the bold, high passion of your song,
The god-like truths all waxing ever strong,
With good increase for waiting ages long:
To you, the prophets, all our hopes belong.

Yet we, the lovers of the glad, sweet spring,
Who choose by happy fits and starts to sing
Our own light carols on the random wing,
May lend a tribute worth the welcoming.

The hearts of men are happy for all time
Who love the music of the natural prime;
And while they sadden to the far sublime,
Scorn not withal the lighter-hearted chime

Of those who chant, as birds ere yet they rest,
A happy vesper to the quiet west,
And leave one sweet consoling in the breast,
With present troubles all too strong opprest.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MR. SWINBURNE, who was born at Holmwood, in Surrey, in 1843, received his education at Eton and Oxford. He left the university without taking a degree, and in 1861 published his first poems—"The Queen Mother," and "Rosamond."

These first efforts were not received with much favour either by the critics or by the

general public; but, four years afterwards, the publication of "Atalanta in Calydon" at once placed the young and ardent poet in the first rank among our living bards.

He was enabled to dispute the laurels with Browning and Tennyson. The feeling and inspiration of the "Atalanta" are thoroughly Greek, and it is written in rich yet simple English, artfully elaborated into most liquid verse.

There is no poet whose verses are more beautifully liquid and flowing than Mr. Swinburne's, and this quality is quite distinctive of him. His power of rhyming is wonderful. "Sestina," the poem published in this magazine lately, bears witness to this, as there are only two rhymes all through it.

Subsequently to the publication of "Atalanta in Calydon," Mr. Swinburne produced (in 1865) "Poems and Ballads." However beautiful many of the poems in this volume were, their charm was destroyed by others which were neither wholesome nor good.

Of late, Mr. Swinburne has turned over a new leaf, and all his recently published verses are as unobjectionable in matter as they are poetic in inspiration and finished in execution. Whatever else may be urged against Mr. Swinburne's writings, it can never be denied that they are the productions of a true poet.

THE CITY OF YORK.

IT is said that York is an aristocratic city, and her royal descent and geographical position give her a right to be so. She owes her beginning to Etraucus, a Roman prince; and is situated in one of the richest and pleasanter valleys in England. It may occasion a slight shock to nerves that are not strong to learn that the word "Ebor" means "wild boar;" but truth is above everything, and there was in the neighbourhood of the city much to suggest the name. Within an hour's walk from its walls, stretching out to the north-west, began an immense forest, which was a harbour for this rude and fierce animal; and you may see now, over the north door of the west end of the cathedral, a sign of those times in the figures of a wild boar pursued by huntsmen and hounds.

It seems, at this time, that if there were wild boars outside the city, there were good and wise men within it. About a mile's distance from the north-west angle of its walls, there still remain three monumental

hills, raised in memory of the courage and virtues of Severus, a prince and governor of the city.

This prince is spoken of, by an historian of the time, as having "an excellent and piercing judgment, diligent in the study of the liberal arts, and eloquent and persuasive in counsel and speech. His last words to his sons contained a judicious mixture of Christian and military principles. 'Do everything,' he said, 'that conduces to each other's good. Cherish the soldiery, and then you may despise the rest of mankind.'"

The century after his death was a time of great peace in Britain, during which most of those excellent roads were made of which traces have continually been found in the neighbourhood of York, which seems to have been a central station, and standing in the same relation to them as the heart does to the human body. By these roads, the city was placed in direct communication with the chief ports on the coast; but they were constructed more for military than trading purposes. The main channel for trade was the river Ouse, which was helped to bear and give rest to its burdens by a huge basin of water that came close up to the castle walls—then used as a storehouse for corn—and which has long descended in the scale of uses, and now bears the ominous name of "the Foss."

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEPUTATION.

AT the appointed time, Mr. Busted and his friends—a dozen of them—arrived in a private omnibus. They all had clean shirts with prodigious collars, new shiny hats, and black kid gloves on the left hand only—the right being bare, for the purpose of shaking. When the deputies were shown in, they coughed in chorus, piled their hats upon the piano, and wiped their foreheads with silk handkerchiefs of gorgeous patterns. I repeat that if Busted had been my Siamese twin brother, only cut loose a week before, he could not have been more affectionate. He seized my hand, nearly dislocated my shoulder, and the bantam cock of my signet ring was engraved on the flesh of my second finger. The deputation followed the example of their leader,

and I noticed that their hands were warm and moist.

"Gentlemen," said Busted, "fellow-electors, I am proud to introduce you to my esteemed and intimate friend, Mr. Thomas Gummer."

I bowed to the deputies, and the deputies cried "Hear, hear."

"Gentlemen," said Busted, "we will proceed to business. When you have a point, fix on it at once."

Cries of "Hear, hear," and stamping on the floor.

Busted, whose height was not in proportion to his circumference, mounted upon a footstool, blew his nose, wiped his forehead, coughed as if he had a herring bone in his throat, put his arms akimbo as well as his stoutness would allow, and stared fiercely at the chandelier.

Cries of "Hear, hear," and more stamping on our brand-new best Brussels.

"Mr. Gummer, sir—We, the chairman and committee of the Voters' Protection Association, have the honour to wait on you as a deputation for the purpose of laying before you resolutions proposed at our last meeting, and the which our worthy secretary, Mr. Boocock, will read." (Applause.)

Mr. Boocock, a bilious-looking chemist and druggist, in a white choker, read the resolutions with impressive solemnity. Mrs. Gummer and the girls, who were listening outside, declared that no parson could have been more imposing.

"Resolved, that, in the opinion of the Voters' Protection Association, Mr. Thomas Gummer, from his long-trying and consistent Liberalism, from his devotion to the interests of the great middle class, the backbone of the country, from his high character and his noble benevolence, is a fit and proper person to represent our important borough in the House of Commons.

"Resolved, that our honourable chairman and our committee be requested to wait on Mr. Thomas Gummer, and to ask him to allow himself to be put in nomination at the next election.

"Resolved, that if Mr. Thomas Gummer consents to contest the borough, we pledge ourselves to secure his return by every means in our power.

"Signed on behalf of the meeting by

Nathaniel Busted, Chairman, and counter-signed by Horatio Washington Boocock, Secretary."

Busted remounted the footstool, and made a long speech. He praised the public spirit and patriotism of the association. He declared that he gloried in the name of Briton. He wound up by saying Mr. Boocock had drawn up a list of questions, which he pledged his public reputation to that deputation, to the association, and to the country, that I would answer satisfactorily.

Mr. Horatio Washington Boocock then read the questions:—

"Are you prepared to defend and advance to their culminating glory those eternal principles of British liberty which are the envy and admiration of the world?"

"Will you support a measure for limiting the shooting season to two months: a measure which would benefit the farmer, and also the mighty heart of the British empire, by lengthening the London season?"

"Will you vote for the exemption of men of business from the odious and inquisitorial income tax?"

"Will you vote for less taxes and more efficiency?"

"Will you vote for the local parliaments called vestries having the full control of the local taxes?"

"Will you support a measure for compelling the newspapers to report the debates of the local parliaments as fully as they do the debates of the Parliament at Westminster?"

The deputation brought a reporter; and according to the report in the *Elector's Spur*, copied into the *Green Lanes Herald*, I find that I gave an unqualified assent to all these propositions, that I addressed the deputation with spirit and eloquence, that I consented to stand at the next election, and that my speech was loudly cheered.

After the talk came the sherry. Again Mr. Busted rolled the wine from cheek to cheek, and pronounced it light and clean.

"None of your South African ofal, gentlemen," he remarked to the deputation. "None of your headache poison at three bob a bottle. Our honourable friend, gentlemen, has a palate that can't be took in, and a purse equal to his taste. A light and clean sherry, Mr. Gummer, is not come across everywhere."

Yes, Busted treated me as if I belonged to him, body, soul, and estate. He told the deputation that Corcyra Villa was a long leasehold, and that Mr. Gummer knew better what to do with his "ready" than to sink it in bricks and mortar. He had not seen Mrs. Gummer or the girls, but he spoke of them in a fatty, fatherly sort of way. He called me on one side, and whispered that a subscription of £50 to the funds of the association would be a good investment; and, before I could answer, he favoured me with an expressive wink, mounted the stool, and said—

"I am very happy to inform you, gentlemen, that my honourable friend and our future member has given a first subscription of £50 to the funds of our association." (Immense applause.)

Busted then proposed a glass of sherry all round to my health, ditto to my family, ditto to the association, and ditto to the borough.

The repeated glasses did not in the least affect Busted or his friends—and I am told that local politicians are used to sherry—but they were telling on me. I was reflecting on the possible consequences of the deputies seeing their future member somewhat shaky on his legs, and obfuscated, when Busted said—

"Gentlemen, we must not keep the conveyance any longer. Drivers is human, and horseflesh is money."

After shaking hands—my signet ring lacerating the flesh of my finger—the deputation got out of the house, into the omnibus, and went off—not, however, before Busted had pointed out to the deputies the garden and the elevation of Corcyra Villa.

I am not a revengeful man—at least, I think not—but to kick that bumptious Busted, or to see him kicked, would be a real and most heartfelt pleasure.

"Gummer," said my wise wife, "we don't make our own ladders; and we must put up with what come to us, or remain on the ground. And when one is up, it is easy to kick down the ladder; but it's foolish to do so whilst one is mounting. And what, Gummer, can you expect from a Busted that is a tradesman, and lives by trade, and is ashamed of the trade that feeds and clothes and houses him, and calls himself by a grand name? A man who thinks himself above himself is beneath your notice."

CHAPTER X.

OLD BLOOD AND NEW MONEY.

THE genuine aristocracy of the Green Lanes are the De Crespins. Their place, Grammont Lodge, is not extensive, but well walled-in. The family are not heavy in their dress; and their roomy brougham, with one fat horse, is not a staring turn-out. Colonel De Crespin has a limited income for the support of his family, which consists of himself, wife, two daughters, and a son. Poor they are, but they are born aristocrats. All the De Crespins are presented at Court. Every year the papers announce that Colonel De Crespin attended the Levée. The De Crespins are highly connected. One first cousin is a live baronet, and another first cousin is married to a live lord. The De Crespins do not mix up with the Green Lanes gentility. They are benevolently civil to the rector, and politely civil to the doctor. They are short-spoken to their tradespeople, and gracious to the working classes. But between the De Crespins and the Green Lanes gentility there is a wall of ice.

"I hate those Crespins," said Mrs. Gummer. "They go marching about, like undertakers out of mourning, with their heads turned up, and with eyes for nothing except their own noses, which are big enough and crooked enough."

But when we came into our fortune the De Crespins became friendly, as if the Gummers had emigrated with Julius Cæsar, and had lived in a castle for thousands of years. Colonel De Crespin called and asked me to attend the flower show. Mrs. De Crespin and the Misses De Crespin left cards. The De Crespins shook hands with us in the church porch, and the Green Lanes gentility were as much amazed as if the sun and earth had come together.

"Gummer," said my wife, "we were out about the Crespins, for they are nice and homely folk as ever wore stockings. There is none of your fal-de-ral-hee-haw stuff about them. Instead of asking how the young ladies are, as Mrs. Bungay does, Mrs. De Crespin asks after the girls. Tom, she's a mother and a woman."

A few days after the deputation, the Colonel came to see me.

"Well, Mr. Gummer, you are a Liberal and I am a Tory, as the De Crespins always have been and always will be. Not that it matters the dust of a fig-leaf which side a man takes.

In this happy country, politics is a sham fight for the amusement of the million, who pay for the game. The Liberals give as little as they can, and the Tories give no more than they are obliged. But allow me to say, Mr. Gummer, that a metropolitan seat will not be worth the money and trouble it will cost you. A snug borough will suit you best; and I can find you one. I presume you do not care for politics. Why should you? You don't want a Garter, and you could not get it if you did. You don't want a title, because you have not a son. My dear Mr. Gummer, a man who bores himself about politics without a motive is a fool; and a fool is sure to fail. You are right to go into the House. It is not a bad club—bar the cooking; and it is useful from a social point of view."

Before the Colonel left, he invited us to dine at Grammont Lodge.

"Nothing formal, and dinner at sharp seven."

Mrs. Gummer and the girls were delighted.

"Gummer, depend upon it, my judgment is not far off the bull's-eye. That young Mr. Max De Crespin is like a fish on a hook with Janet, and the family know it. Gummer, what have I said times and times out of memory? Those girls would marry at the tip-top of the tree, and be a credit to our bringing-up."

The invitation caused us much trouble and worry. As it was a family party, ought we to go in full dress? On the advice of a West-end milliner, full dress was determined on. Mrs. Gummer was persuaded to leave off her cap, and to wear a low body.

"Not, Tom, that I fancy such Guy Fawkes business at my time; but if I look middling juvenile it makes the girls more so, and the younger girls are the more tender they are in the eyes of men."

For a whole week we thought and talked of nothing but the dinner party. We learnt the "Etiquette of the Dinner Table" by heart; but that book is of very little use, for the host and hostess did nothing it said they would do. On the grand day we dined early—that is to say, we lunched at one o'clock; and at four o'clock the labour of dressing began. A hairdresser from Bond-street, specially retained, arrived in a cab, and commenced operations on the head of Mrs. Gummer; and, certainly, the effect was surprising. What with the head design of the hairdresser, and the powder and rouge

work of the person who was sent to put on the dresses, Matilda looked blooming as a thirty-year-old matron, and aristocratic as an empress.

"Tom," said Mrs. Gummer, looking in the glass, "it is a wonder; and if I were put on my oath, I should not like to swear I am not somebody else. A bird may be old, but if it is fresh feathered it looks equal to new-fledged. Depend upon it, Tom, these West-end people could turn, twist, and twiddle a woman of ninety into a long-clothes baby."

On our way to Grammont Lodge, we agreed to do as the others did. I was to follow the example of the Colonel, Mrs. Gummer was to imitate Mrs. De Crespin, and the girls were to take copy of the Misses De Crespin. Though we did not say so, we all of us wished that the party was over.

At first we were as uncomfortable as I suppose fish would be in warm water. Although Mrs. Gummer was a long way off, I could see that the soup was a trial to her. I defy any one to take soup elegantly; and, to a nervous person, it is torture. But the Colonel and his wife were so jolly that, after drinking a little wine, we were much more at our ease; and before the dinner was over, Matilda was talking freely. Mrs. De Crespin told me that Mrs. Gummer was a dear, good creature, that Nancy was a noble girl, and that Janet was a sweet pet. So the dreaded dinner party went off as well as we could desire; and we were home before twelve o'clock, quite content with our behaviour. We did not go to bed, but sat down to talk over the party.

Nancy thought the Misses De Crespin were too free and easy in their manner. Janet told Nancy that she was a fool to suppose that real bred and born ladies would behave as if they were crabby old cats at a cup of tea party. Nancy said that a lady was not obliged to talk in a way that was not proper. Janet went off like ginger-beer in July, and observed that some people were always thinking evil of others, and perhaps they had better look at home. A quarrel—which was common since we had come into a fortune—was at hand; and, by way of a stopper, I asked what they thought of young Mr. De Crespin, and the reply was—

"What do you think of him?"

"Not to be compared to the Colonel. If his conceit and brains were put into scales to

be weighed one against the other, the conceit scale would go down with a bang."

Janet pouted and sneered, and remarked that commoners could not understand aristocracy. Nancy admitted he was proud, but pleaded that pride was the fault of his education. Mrs. Gummer said it was stupid to suppose that as fine a blood horse as was ever shod would not show his breed and his feed; and that if the Emperor of Russia, with his crown on his head, was to pay attention to the poor dear girls, their pa would take a pleasure in grinding them down into dust and ashes.

Evidently a storm was brewing; and so Nancy, who is a peacemaker, took Janet to bed. Janet was indignant, and instead of kissing me offered me her cheek.

"Perhaps, Gummer, if the poor dear girls were dissected before your eyes you might believe they had hearts in their bosoms, and not beating stones. What will be will be, and it is not for a man and a father to be sowing domestic jars, which will grow fast enough before they are wanted."

"Really, Matilda, if opening my mouth leads to this bother, I will keep it shut."

"Tom, your temper is getting that bad that it will bring me to my grave; and when I am gone, Gummer, your fortune and your sorrowing won't bring me back again."

Mrs. Gummer mixed my grog, but not any anti-spasms medicine for herself.

"Take a little, Matilda. It will settle the wine."

"Not to-night, Gummer; for if you were to guess for a month of Sundays, you would never hit upon what happened in Mrs. De Crespin's dressing-room."

I took a long whiff at my pipe, and shook my head.

"Gummer, what we know is wonderful, but what we don't know is double wonderful. Before I could put on my hood and cloak, Mrs. De Crespin asked me whether I patronized night-caps.

"Yes, mum, for it is untidy to have one's hair tangled like a hundred skeins of silk used without winding, and nets don't keep the grease from the pillow-case."

"With that Mrs. C. laughed at me as if I was a pantomime.

"My dear, forgive the laugh, but I did not refer to night-caps for the head, but for the stomach. I meant, if you take a little something before going out into the air?"

"In walked her maid with a tiny kettle

of boiling water, and set it on the stove, two tumblers, spoons, lemon, and sugar on the table, and a bottle from the cupboard—a downright public-house bottle of Old Tom.

“If you prefer any other night-cap say so, and Fanny will fetch it.”

“Well, Tom, I took a little, and Mrs. C. mixed for herself. Not an inch of emptiness in her tumbler, and it was fair half and half. It went down with no sipping and no gasping. Now, Gummer, who would have thought that a genuine lady—an aristocrat of high breed—would let her lips come within an inch of gin and water?”

“Well, my dear, there is no harm in it.”

“I did not insinuate it, Gummer. But there is no harm in Margate oysters, or black puddings, or liver and bacon; but it is not aristocratic food, any more than champagne is drink for common people—which, between ourselves, I admit is no better than ginger beer without the ginger.”

MR. DILLY'S TABLE TALK.

THE late James Dilly was one of the old-fashioned school—stiff, short, and angular, with a face like some of the walnut-featured comedians of Garrick's day. This, in their case as in his, was no arbitrary gift of nature: the lines and sinuosities of these delved and dented countenances being produced by a deep purpose and intensity of expression—an earnestness within, which scores this deep impression on the face. Hence these gnarled, sagacious, twinkling old faces—such as any one may find who visits the Haymarket, and sees the admirable Chippendale, whom our friend really resembled. He wanted the old, high-collared coat and neckcloth, but made his garments correspond to those models as boldly as fashion would allow. He actually wore a wig;—not one of our modern deceptions, that simulate the natural hair, partings, &c., but a flat, scrubby article, of a bay colour, which at its extremities curled up, and seemed to long to display itself in “pipes.” His voice was sharp, and had the sarcastic, incisive emphasis of those old comedians; indeed, from him I got a clear idea of that lost art of making a tolerable, indifferent sentence *tell*. This is, in fact, the secret of true acting—genuine character making a colourless sentence reflect the humour and nature of the speaker; whereas nowadays, sharp sentences are devised as substitutes

for character, and fail of effect. I often fancied him hung against a dining-room wall, a portrait in a blue, wooden-cut coat. He would have been in perfect harmony. This was but half a dozen years ago; yet he must have been past seventy.

I liked him, enjoyed his company with a surprising zest, and grieved when he passed away. There was a solidity, a roundness in the natures of men of his type which the juniors of our time have not, and never will have: a weight and impressiveness in every little thought or sentence, which gave the idea that each had been thought over, or had been cast in little private moulds which were kept in stock. So with his little stories and traits, which were piquant, and had a racy flavour. There was, of course, an old-fashioned twang about them; but this only made them more acceptable. There was an individuality in his dress, his clothes seeming always to be the same garments; though they were carefully renewed—being, as it were, rebuilt on the same lines and patterns: the hat rather limp, and without the defiant curl and flourish of old military men; the very short, light waistcoat; the rather ill-cut pantaloons, skimpy, but of the tone known as *tendre et uni*; the brown snuff-coloured coat with the velvet collar; and the walking-stick with the small gold top. In this dress he might have come out in a light comedy—say, fifty years ago—and scolded his disobedient son, who would not marry the heiress. With him lived his sister Bridget; and the name will recall the Elias, brother and sister, who together made up a quaint and curious *ménage*.

Bridget Dilly was matronly, and had all the air of having daughters; and she comes back on me now in an antique bonnet, open at the chin, the strings hanging down limp. Her dress was always costly, but each garment seemed to be a failure; and the ordering of a velvet mantle was a great occasion, undertaken with consultation among females, and their personal assistance at the purchase. It was next to choosing a house or a carriage. James was her treasure; no mother could have more prized and cherished her only darling. In these female councils, of which she was so fond, “James” was the grand precedent: his deeds, sayings—symptoms even—were the eternal theme. To her eyes he was more radiant Apollo, with youth and health and strength glowing on his shoulders, instead

of the slipped pantaloons which, comparatively speaking, he was. Not but that they had their little jars and outpost skirmishing, frequently before the guests and visitors: she impassive, yet aggravating; he very tart and aggressive. But she had the calmest and sweetest of tempers.

They lived together in a suburb, in a handsome house; and were what is called "well off." He had musical tastes of a really high order, and could perform on "the instrument" in the old classical manner. The established and rather hackneyed "chief works" of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, were all familiar to his fingers; and he executed these masterpieces in a steady, firm, and accurate style which spoke of good training. He was modest about these gifts, and "pooh - poohed" himself as *rococo*, or such as the lights of the present day would not care to listen to. Yet it was impossible not to admire his steady march through the forty or so pages of some great work—a little "fumbling" in some parts, it is true; but, on the whole, a "sound" rendering of the piece. But he more favoured such professors as Cramer, whose pupil he had been; John Field, who wrote some fine symphony music; Kalkbrenner, or Dussek, with his piece, entitled "Ne Plus Ultra." It was impossible not to feel an interest and sympathy for this veteran, as he sat at his piano, his silver spectacles on, his head nodding time, as he laboured hard over the "broken stones" of the piece. Sometimes he would adventure a duet with some fair musician some fifty years behind his own age: he taking charge of the bass, and never sacrificing reproof or duty to the charms of beauty. He insisted imperiously on "the piece being played as written," to the consternation and even rebellion of his companion; who, after completing an arduous movement—the *andante maestoso*, or *allegro con brio*—was mercilessly obliged to recommence in obedience to the composer's written directions for the repeat. He could thrum off scraps of old operas, odds and ends of airs, in profusion.

It had been his favourite fashion for years to repair with his sister to Tunbridge Wells, where, always looking out for the best people, our friends had cemented alliances with various old ladies—Lady This and Lady Olivia That. They gave dinners occasionally, and years ago had kept a good house at Paris, where they had known many of the wander-

ing English. This tradition, with the good dinners, and their own efforts—not obtrusive—secured them the acquaintance of the distinguished. James Dilly dearly loved twanging off on his tongue a "Lady Mary," or a "Lord John;" and at these occasional banquets we were certain to meet some lean, elderly dame of high degree, with, more rarely, an ancient peer and his lady. On these occasions, the meat, wines, and cookery were of great merit. Our friend appeared in a grand *tenue*, modelled on that of the days of the Reform Bill, suggesting the portraits of Mr. Canning and other politicians, in their full dress—high collars, gold eyeglass, with a broad, black riband, &c. I believe our host diligently prepared—furbishing up a stock of piquant stories, which he introduced, not laboriously by the "question detached," but by the more physical ambuscade of some especial dish, wine, or other material object. These anecdotes were of a personal kind, and were really interesting. And, indeed, this sketch is conceived in no jesting spirit, but with a wish to recall a most agreeable figure, whose kindly gifts are sadly wanted nowadays to temper the unalloyed selfishness of our time. I see him at the top of the table: his eyes twinkling, his old comedy face, like Farren's, with the half compliment, dry as his own champagne, before utterance. I can hear his quaint story which has lurked behind the *vol-au-vent*—or has, rather, been carried in with the dish itself; for, as it is presented to the Lady Mary or Lady Olivia of the feast, he brings it out in the most natural way imaginable.

With such a face, and gifts which have been duly *whetted* against the grindstones of society, there was nothing wonderful in his having dramatic powers of no inconsiderable order. On a rare occasion, and after some such dinner, he would consent to oblige Lady Mary, who was *dying* to see him, by arraying himself as Mr. Hardcastle or Lord Ogleby; and, with the assistance of a junior friend—the present writer often being called on to make up hastily for Young Marlow, or some such character—would make his entry unexpectedly, in scratch wig, cocked hat, and worsted stockings, and play off two or three scenes with a breadth, vigour, and point that would have shamed our modern actors. No scenery was required. Both stood up—the party grouped round. It was *à la Thespis*, wanting the cart. He was the character

itself—the old Hardcastle, or Ogleby, or Croaker, among these ladies and gentlemen. Pleasant nights, indeed, these were!

For many years this agreeable intimacy went on. It became almost a regular Sunday's diversion for me to go down, and have a walk and dinner. During this walk and dinner it was that he gave out the lively stories and recollections which I now propose laying before the reader. In this place they appear under a disadvantage, as they will lack his dry, incisive manner, which imparted a sort of "olive" flavour, as well as that excellent air of *apropos* which made each take its place as an illustration. Here they are disjointed, in a certain sense. It may be that some have made a previous appearance:—

As a great treat, he was brought to a party one night in Paris, to meet Cherubini. It was hoped that the great *maestro* would manifest his musical tastes, and due preparations had been made to entertain him. His first words were—

"Now, place me where I sha'n't hear a note of music the whole evening."

And so, accordingly, he was placed; and he played cards the whole night. He was a queer, strange-looking old man.

Braham told me of his being at a party where Catalani was, when the Bishop of — expressed his wish to be introduced to her. This was being done with extraordinary solemnity, the bishop advancing graciously, when suddenly Catalani ran forward, and, with a scream of laughter, seized the bishop's apron, exclaiming—

"Oh, my God! vat is dis leetle black ting?"

She was a delightful creature, full of spirits.

Shiel told me that he knew Maturin very well. A nobleman of influence, who was over in Dublin, went to hear him preach, and was so pleased that he called to offer him a living in England. After knocking some time, the door was opened by the clergyman himself, who was ready dressed for the character of Douglas! The nobleman retired without mentioning his business.

He was a strange being, this Maturin, and devoted to amusement. Captain D——, who lived a great deal in boarding-houses

—which were highly fashionable some forty or fifty years ago — was living with him at one near Dublin. Quadrilles were then all the rage, and had been lately introduced. Maturin would get up parties for practice during the day, closing the window shutters, and having the rooms lit up; Captain D——, who was a tolerable musician and lame, being put to fiddle. The clergyman also organized theatricals. But these pleasant pastimes were broken up by a strange freak of his—for one day he presented himself in the drawing-room in a sort of circus dress—light web fleshings: a spectacle that sent the ladies screaming from the room.

He saw the execution of the men concerned in the well-known "burning of Wildgoose Lodge." He described the procession to two great hills—some sixteen or seventeen criminals, sitting in carts, a priest and two black coffins with each prisoner. Vast crowds of dragoons and police. On the hills, a row of gibbets; and the bodies were left swinging in canvas bags for a year, with a guard of soldiers. This part of the spectacle left a deep impression, and is still talked of among the peasantry.

Many years ago, the well-known figure of King William III., in College-green, Dublin, was blown from his horse. The effect of the riderless steed was very droll. But the anger and consternation in the high Tory was so great, you would have imagined the constitution and "pious and immortal" memory had been blown away with it. Early in the morning, a wag sent an express to Crampton, the well-known surgeon, bidding him to come with all speed, as a person of rank had been thrown from his horse in College-green. I believe he went. This reminds me of a piece of wit, when the shape of a monument to Sir Henry Marsh, another Dublin physician, was discussed. It was to be put up in the public burying ground. Some one then suggested the inscription over Wren, "*Si monumentum queris, circumspice.*" This is worthy of Sydney Smith.

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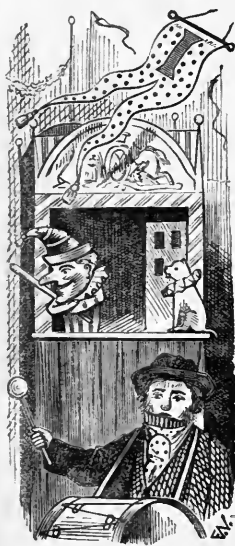
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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.



It was a godly and an ancient custom in Market Basing, that, on a certain Sunday afternoon in the year, the children should have a "church parade" all to themselves, followed by a bun. Of late years, an addition had been made to this festival by setting apart a weekday in the summer for a school feast and treat. It was generally a dreary affair enough. The boys and girls were marshalled, and marched to some

field not far off, where they were turned loose previous to the tea, and told to play. As the Market Basing boys saw no novelty in a field—unlike the Londoner, to whom a bird's nest is a new discovery, and a field-mouse the most remarkable of wild animals—these feasts, although preceded by cake and followed by tea, had no great charms. Perhaps they were overweighted by hymns.

Now, Dick, pursuing that career of social usefulness already hinted at, had succeeded, in a very few weeks, in alienating the affections of all the spiritual leaders of the town. The way was this. First, he refused to belong to the chapel any more, and declined to pay for a pew in the church, on the reasonable ground that he did not intend to go to either. They came to him—Market Basing was regularly whipped and driven to re-

ligion, if not to godliness—to give money to their pet society, which, they said, called alike for the support of church and chapel, for providing Humble Breakfasts and flannel in winter for the Deserving Poor. This was explained to mean, not the industrious poor, nor the provident poor, nor the sober poor, but the poor who attended some place of worship. Dick said that going to church did not of itself prove a man to be religious, artfully instancing himself as a case in point; and refused to give.

Then the secretaries of London societies, finding out that there was another man who had money to give, and was shown already to be of liberal disposition, sent him begging letters through the curates. They all got much the same answer. The missionary societies were dismissed because, as Dick told them, he had seen missionaries with his own eyes. That noble institution in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which exists for the double purpose of maintaining a large staff and converting the Jews, was refused on the ground of no results commensurable with the expense. He offered, indeed, a large sum for a successful mission among the professions—especially the bar—in England. And he rashly proposed a very handsome prize—no less than a thousand pounds—to anybody who would succeed in converting *him*. Rev. Potiphar Demas, a needy vessel, volunteered; but Dick declined to hear him, because he didn't want to know what Mr. Demas had to say. Now, this seemed discourteous to the reverend gentleman.

All which might have been counterbalanced by his many virtues. For it was notorious that he had given a pension to old Sanderson, the ruined cashier of Melliship's bank; also that he had withdrawn the Mortiboy claims on the Melliship estate: this was almost as if the Americans were to withdraw their Alabama claims, because there was no knowing how they might end. Besides which, it made an immediate difference

of four shillings in the pound. Further, sundry aged persons who had spent a long life in cursing the name of Mortiboy, took to praising it altogether, because Dick was helping them all. And the liberality towards his clerks with which he inaugurated his reign was almost enough of itself to make him popular.

But then came that really dreadful business about the old women. This, although he was gaining a golden name by making restitution for his father's ill deeds—like Solomon repairing the breaches which his father David had made—was enough to make all religious and right-minded people tremble in their shoes. Everybody knows that humility in the aged poor is the main virtue which they are expected to display. In the church at Market Basing was a broad middle aisle, down which was ranged a row of wooden benches, backless, cushionless, hard and unpromising. On them sat, Sunday after Sunday, at these services, constant, never-flagging, all the old women in the parish. It was a gruesome assemblage: toothless, rheumatic, afflicted with divers pains and infirmities, they yet struggled, Sunday after Sunday, to the "free seats," so called by a bitter mockery, because those who sat in them had no other choice but to go.

On their regular attendance depended not so much their daily bread, which the workhouse might have given them, but their daily comforts; their tea and sugar; their wine if they were ill—and they always were ill; their blankets and their coals. Now, will it be believed that Dick, instigated by Ghymes, who held the revolutionary maxim that religion, if it is to be real, ought not to be made a condition of charity, actually found out the names of these old trots, and made a weekly dole among them, without any conditions whatever? It was so. He really did it. After two or three Sundays the free seats were empty, all the old women having gone to different conventicles, where they got their religion, hot and hot, as they liked it; where they sat in comfortable pews, like the rest of the folk; and where they were treated as if, in the house of God, all men are alike and equal. When the curates called, they were cheeky; when they threatened, the misguided old ladies laughed; when they blustered, these backsliders, relying on their Dick, cracked their aged fingers in the young men's faces.

"He is a very dreadful man," said the rector. "What shall we do with him?"

He called. He explained the danger which befel these ignorant though elderly persons in frequenting an uncovenanted place of worship; but he spoke to deaf ears. Dick understood him not.

It was the time of the annual school feast. Dick was sitting in that exasperating Californian dress in the little bank parlour, consecrated to black cloth and respectability. His legs were on the window sill, his mouth had a cigar in it, his face was beaming with jollity, his heart was as light as a child's. All this was very bad.

Foiled in his first attempt, the rector made a second.

"There is another matter, Mr. Mortiboy, on which I would speak with you."

"Speak, Mr. Lightwood," said Dick. "Don't ask me for any money for the missionaries."

"I will not," said good old Mr. Lightwood, mournfully. "I fear it would be of little use."

Dick pulled his beard and grinned. Why this universal tendency of mankind to laugh when, from a position of strength, they are about to do something disagreeable?

"It is not about any of our societies, Mr. Mortiboy. But I would fain hope that you will not refuse a trifle to our children's school feast. We give them games, races, and so forth. With tea and cake. We are very short of funds."

"Do you?" cried Dick. "Look here, sir. What would you say if I offered to stand the whole thing—pay for the burst myself—grub, liquids, and prizes?"

The rector was dumbfounded. It had hitherto been one of his annual difficulties to raise the money for his little *fête*, for St. Giles's parish was very large, and the parishioners generally poor. And here was a man offering to pay for everything!

Then Dick, who could never be a wholly submissive son of the Church, must needs put in a condition which spoiled it.

"All the children, mind. None of your Church children only."

"It has always been confined to our own children, Mr. Mortiboy. The Dissenters have their—ahem!—their—their—treat at another time."

"Very well, then. Here is my offer. I will pay for the supper, or dinner, or whatever you call it, to as many Market Basing children as like to come. I don't care

whether they are Jews or Christians. That is their look-out, not mine. Take my offer, Mr. Lightwood. If you refuse, by Jove, I'll have a day of my own, and choose your day. We'll see who gets most youngsters. If you accept, you shall say grace, and do all the pious part yourself. Come, let us oblige each other. I am really sorry to refuse you so often; and here is a chance."

What was to be done with this dreadful man? If you crossed him, he was capable of ruining everything; and to yield to him was to give up half your dignity. But concession meant happiness to the children; and the good old clergyman, who could not possibly understand the attitude of mind of his new parishioner—seeing only perversity, where half was experience and half ignorance—yielded at once and gracefully.

Dick immediately assumed the whole conduct of the affair. Without making any reference to church or chapel, he issued handbills stating that sports, to which all the children in the place were invited, would be held on the following Wednesday, in his own paddock at Derngate. Then followed a goodly list of prizes to be run for, jumped for, wrestled for, and in other ways offered to public competition. And it became known that preparations were making on the most liberal scale. There was to be a dinner at one, a tea at five, and a supper at eight. There were to be fireworks. Above all, the races and the prizes.

Dick had no notion of doing a thing by halves. He got an itinerant circus from a neighbouring fair, a wild beast show, a Punch and Judy, swing-boats, a round-about, and a performing monkey. Then he hired a magic lantern, and erected a tent where it was to be seen all day. Then he hired donkeys for races, got hundreds of coloured lamps from town, built an enormous marquee where any number of children might sit down to dinner, and sent out messengers to ascertain how many children might be expected.

This was the happiest period in Dick's life. The possessor of a princely income, the owner of an enormous fortune, he had but to lift his hand, and misery seemed to vanish. Justice, the propagation of prudential motives, religion, natural retribution for broken laws, all these are advanced ideas, of which Dick had but small conception.

Grace Heathcote described the day in one of her letters to Kate—those letters which

were almost the only pleasure the poor girl had at this time:—

"As for the day, my dear, it was wonderful. I felt inclined to defend the climate of England at the point of the sword—I mean the needle. Dick, of course, threw California in my teeth. As we drove down the road in the waggonette, the grand old trees in the park were rustling in their lovely July foliage like a great lady in her court dress. The simile was suggested to me by mamma, who wore her green silk. Lucy and I were dressed alike—in white muslin. I had pink ribbons, and she wore blue; and round my neck was the locket with F.'s portrait in it, which you sent me—you good, kind, thoughtful Kate! Mamma does not like to see it; but you know my rebellious disposition. And papa took it in his fingers, and then pinched my cheek, as much as to say that he highly approved of my conduct. Oh! I know the dear old man's heart. I talk to him out in the fields, and find out all his little secrets. Men, my dear Kate, even if they are your own father, are all as simple as—what shall I say?—as Frank and papa.

"We got into Market Basing at twelve. The town was just exactly like market day, only without the smell of vegetables. It felt like Christmas Day in the summer. You know the paddock? It is not very big, but it was big enough. The front lawn of Derngate—poor old Uncle Mortiboy inside, not knowing what was going on!—was covered with a great marquee. The paddock had a racecourse marked round it, and a platform, and posts between, which were festooned with coloured lamps. All the children, in their Sunday best, were gathering about the place, waiting to be admitted.

"As we drove up, Dick came out, with a cigar between his teeth, of course, and the crowd gave a great cheer. Mamma said it seemed as if it was meant for us; and so we all got out of the waggonette, trying to look like princesses; and Dick helped us, and they all cheered again. Really, I felt *almost* like Royalty; which, my dear Kate, must be a state of life demanding a great strain upon the nerves, and a constant worry to know whether your bonnet is all right.

"'Are we looking our best, Dick?' I asked, anxious to know.

"'Your very best,' he said. 'I take it as a compliment to my boys and girls.'

"I wish that woman Mary, our old servant, had not been standing close by. She gave me a look—such a look as I never saw her have before—as if I was doing her some mortal injury; and then turned away, and I saw her no more all day. I declare there's always something. If ever I felt happy in my life—except one day when Frank told me he loved me—it was last Wednesday; and that woman really spoiled at least an hour of the day for me, because she made me feel so uncomfortable. I wish she would go away.

"As one o'clock struck, the band—did I tell you there was a band? A real band, Kate, the militia band from the Stores—struck up, and Dick in five minutes had all the boys and girls in to dinner.

"The rector, and his curates, and the Dissenting ministers—in what the paper called 'a select company,' which means ourselves chiefly—were present. We all sat down: I next to Dick on his left hand, mamma on his right. The rector said grace. Dick whispered that we could not have too much Grace—his Californian way of expressing satisfaction at my personal appearance—and we began to eat and drink. Spare me the details.

"One p.m. to two p.m.: legs of mutton, and rounds of beef, and huge plum puddings.

"Two p.m. to three p.m.: the cherubs are all gorged, and lying about in lazy contentment, too happy to tease each other, and too lazy to do any mischief. Old Hester crying.

"What for, Hester?"

"Oh! miss, to think that Miss Susan never lived to see him come home again. And she so fond of him. And he so good and so kind."

"Poor old Hester! She follows her boy, as she calls him, about with her eyes. I have even seen her stroke the tails of his coat when he wasn't looking. Do men ever know how fond women are of them? And Dick is kind and good. He really is, Kate.

"At three, the games. And here a most wonderful surprise. Who should drive up to the paddock but Lord Hunslope himself, and the countess—who always gives me a cold shiver—and Lord Launton? The earl marched straight up to us, and shook hands with papa.

"Pray, Mr. Heathcote," he said, in his lordliest way, 'introduce Mr. Mortiboy to me.'

"The Heathcotes had Parkside and Hunslope too before ever the Launtons had left their counters in the city; but of course we didn't insist on our superior rank at such a moment.

"Dick took off his hat with that curious pride of equality which comes, I suppose, of having estates in Mexico, and being able to throw the lasso. The countess shook hands with everybody; and Lord Launton, blushing horribly, dropped his stick, and shook hands too, after he had picked it up. I am quite sure that if Lord Launton, when he becomes a peer, could only have the gas turned off before he begins to speak, he would be made Prime Minister in a week. As it is, poor young man——

"We all—I mean the aristocracy—stayed together the whole afternoon, bowing affably to our friends of a lower rank in life—the Battiscombe girls, and the Kerbys, and the rector's wife. I really do not know how I am to descend again. The earl made some most valuable remarks, which ought to be committed to writing for posterity. They may be found, though, scattered here and there about the pages of English literature. The curious may look for them. You see, 'Les esprits forts se rencontrent.'

"After the games, the earl gave away the prizes. I send you the local paper, giving an account of the proceedings. Little Stebbing, Mr. Battiscombe's clerk, was acting as reporter, and making an immense parade at a small table, which he brought himself. I never saw any one look so important. I spoke to him once.

"Pray, miss," he said, 'do not interrupt me. I represent the Press. The Fourth Estate, miss. I'm afraid I sha'n't have enough flimsy.'

"Those were his very words, Kate. By flimsy, I learn that he meant writing paper. Do our great poets—does my adored Tennyson write on 'flimsy'? Then the Earlly party went away, and I made a pun, which you may guess; then we had tea; then we had dancing to the band on the platform—Dick waltzes like a German angel—and then we had supper. And then, O my dear Kate—alas! alas! such a disastrous termination to the evening—for Dick put his foot into all the proprieties. It was when they proposed his health. He hadn't fired pistols at anybody, or taken the name of the missionaries in vain, or worn a Panama hat, or done anything disgraceful at all. And now

it was to come. My poor cousin Dick! How will he get over it?

"They proposed his health after supper. The children were simply intoxicated—not with beer, for they had none: only lemonade and sweet things—but with fun, fireworks, and fruit tart. They cheered till their dear little throats were hoarse. Even the ugliest, reddest-faced, turnedest-up nosed girl looked pretty when papa called on them to drink the health of the giver of the feast. My own heart swelled, and Lucy cried outright.

"Then Dick got up. My dear, he looked grand in the flicker of the gas jets stirred about by the wind. He stood up, tall and strong, high up above us all, and passed his left hand down his long black beard. His brown eyes are so soft sometimes, too. They were soft now; and his under-lip has a way of trembling when he is moved. He was moved now. I can't remember all his speech. He began by telling the children that he was more happy to have them about him than they to come. Then he began good advice. No one knows how wise Dick is. He told them that what they wanted was fresh air, plenty of grub—his word, Kate, not mine—and not too many books. Here they all screamed, and the clergymen shook their precious heads. I said, 'Hear, hear,' and mamma touched me on my arm. It is wrong, of course, in a young lady to have any opinions at all which the male sex do not first instil into her tender mind. Then he called their attention to the fact that they were not always going to be children; and that, if they wanted plenty to eat, they would have to work hard for it. And then he said, impressively shaking an enormous great fist at them—

"And now, my boys and girls, remember this. Don't you believe people who tell you to be contented with what you've got. That's all nonsense. *You've got to be discontented.* The world is full of good things for those who have the courage to get up and seize them. Look round in your houses, and see what you have: then look round in rich men's houses—say mine and the rector's—and see what We've got. Then be discontented with your own position till you're all rich too."

"Here the rector rose, with a very red face.

"I cannot listen to this, Mr. Mortiboy—I must not listen to it. You are undoing the Church's teaching."

"I've got nothing to do with the Church."

"You are attacking the Church's Catechism."

"Does the Catechism teach boys to be contented?"

"It does, in explicit terms."

"Then the Catechism is a most immoral book."

"Dick wagged his head solemnly.

"Boys and girls, chuck the Catechism into the fire, and be discontented."

"Here the rector solemnly left the tent, and everybody looked serious. Dick took no notice, and went on.

"I'll tell you a story. In an English town that I know, there were two boys and two girls. They were all four poor, like most of you. They grew up in their native place till they were eighteen and twenty, and the boys fell in love with the girls. One was a contented fellow. His father had been a farm labourer, like some of your fathers. He would go on being a farm labourer. The other read that the world was full of ground that only waited for a man to dig it up; and he went away. I saw him last year. He had been out for four years. He had a farm, my boys, stocked with cattle and horses, all his own. Think of that! And he had a wife, my girls: his old sweetheart, come out to marry him. Think of that! Then I came home. I saw the other boy, a farm labourer still! He was bent with rheumatism already, because he was a slave. He had no money: no home: no prospects. And the girl he was to have married—well, my girls, if your teachers are worth their salt, they'll tell you what became of that girl. Go out into the world, boys. Don't stick here, crowding out the place, and trying to be called gentlemen. What the devil do you want a black coat for till you have earned it? Go out into the beautiful places in the world, and learn what a man is really worth. And now I hope you've all enjoyed yourselves. And so, good night."

"Oh! Kate, Kate!—here was a firebrand in our very midst. And people are going about, saying that Dick is an infidel. But they can't shake his popularity, for the town loves his very name."

Grace's letter was all true. Dick actually said it. It was his solitary public oration. It had a profound effect. In the half-lighted marquee, as the big-bearded man stood towering over the children, with his right

arm waving them out into the world—where? No matter where: somewhere away: somewhere into the good places of the world—not a boy's heart but was stirred within him; and the brave old English blood rose in them as he spoke, in his deep bass tones, of the worth of a single man in those far-off lands;—an oration destined to bear fruit in after-days, when the lads, who talk yet with bated breath of the speech and the speaker, shall grow to man's estate.

"Dangerous, Dick," said Farmer John. "What should I do without my labourers?"

"Don't be afraid," said Dick. "There are not ten per cent. have the pluck to go. Let us help them, and you shall keep the rest."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

WHEN Frank left Mr. Burls's shop, he felt that he had left it for good. It was Monday evening at five o'clock. He had received the money due to him for painting and restoring on Saturday evening as usual; therefore, all that the dealer owed him for was one day's work. This sum he determined to make Mr. Burls a present of. It was better they should not meet—at least, for the present, Frank thought. For the sake of earning money, he had borne for three months the coarse vulgarity and purse-proud insolence of Burls. He had felt that he should not be able to bear it much longer. The time had come. He had spoken the truth. The penalty was dismissal in anything but polite terms. He had seen Burls kick a man out of his shop for an offence which, compared to what he had done, was a trifle light as air. He felt he could work for such a knave, but he could not condescend to fight with him. So he prudently resolved to keep away, and accordingly dismissed himself there and then.

It was not very likely that worthy old Dr. Perkins would be able to overtake Frank; for he was a stout gentleman of sixty, more accustomed to jog behind his cob along the white Holmslhire roads than to run full pelt down a London street. Nor was his son-in-law of much assistance in the matter; for losing sight of his impulsive relative after the first few strides, and not catching a glimpse of Frank, he prudently devoted himself to the task of finding out where Dr. Perkins had disappeared to, and three or four minutes after found him making the most profuse apologies to a buxom lady he

had nearly upset in turning the corner of the street. They did not return to Mr. Burls's shop; but, calling a four-wheeler, drove to their hotel.

"I shall communicate at once with that young man's friends," said this excellent old clergyman, as soon as he had recovered his breath. "I am shocked and grieved to see him wandering about like a child of Ishmael in this wilderness of houses. It would kill me. Only think of a young fellow brought up as he was being reduced to such a pass! Nobody blames his unfortunate father now. There are plenty to help him and his poor dear mother and sister, and he shall be put in a way of doing something for himself without a day's delay."

And he ate his dinner with all the better appetite for this charitable resolve.

It was not to be surprised at that Frank was not overtaken by the friends who pursued him, for he had turned up a court—entered by a low archway, with shops on each side of it—while they had shot past it, keeping on their way straight down the street. In this court, at a comfortable eating-house, Frank was in the habit of taking his meals. He had his pot of tea, bread and butter, and watercresses, read the evening paper as usual, and started to walk home to his lodgings at Islington, just as the two gentlemen, who would have given almost anything to know where he was, were sitting down to their dinner at the Tavistock in Covent-garden.

"It must have come to this very soon," he thought, as he walked homewards; but he felt rather down at being again a man without an employment. "I couldn't have stood his company much longer. But I am such an unlucky beggar: if it had happened a fortnight ago, or a week or two hence, I should not have owed that confounded landlady anything."

The truth was, ever since Frank had been in Mr. Burls's employment, he had sent as much money as he could possibly scrape together by post-office order to his mother and sister, living in a farmhouse in the romantic village of Llan-y-Fyddloes. Their little income of two pounds a-week was quite enough for their modest wants there, Kate often told him, in her weekly letter—a chronicle of small beer Frank looked forward to on a Monday morning with a feverish longing; for did it not always contain a letter from Grace, his love, to her dear friend Kate,

which Mistress Kate enclosed for him to read, but which he never, on one single occasion, sent back in his next, as Kate invariably desired him to do? But Frank knew, though the money would not be spent, it would cheer his mother—and, for the matter of that, Kate too. They would have the strongest possible proof that he was getting on in the world. He had more than he wanted for himself, and could contribute to their support; and he wrote very flourishing accounts of how he was selling his works, and Kate would perceive how necessary it was for him to see Hampstead, and Highgate, and Richmond, and other of those charming suburbs of London, to fill his sketch-book with pretty bits; so she was to consider him a gipsy student of art, now camping here, now there, not tied to any spot above a week or so, roaming at his royal pleasure in search of the Picturesque. And so letters to him, to avoid delays, had better be addressed to a certain central post-office, for Francis Melliship, Esquire, till called for; and as he was in London very often, he would always call when he expected a letter from her or from his mother, and they were the only people he wrote to now.

Not one word of the drudgery in Buris's manufactory of the sham antique; not one word of the dingy lodging in the back street; not one word of the groans of the lover's heart at the hopeless distance that still lay between Frank Melliship and Grace Heathcote.

In his letters, all was rose-coloured.

"Do you know, I really think Frank will do well, Kate," Mrs. Melliship said. "It is plain he is getting on with his pictures. I wish he had not so much boyish pride."

"Mamma, Frank is independent. He relies on himself, as a man should. I admire him for it."

"Well, my dear, I never heard of an artist that was what I call well off who wasn't an R.A. Who was that R.A. your father used to invite to stay with us?—the man that used to stop the carriage while he sketched things—dear me, I know it quite well! And when Frank could be an R.A., if he could get on as fast as possible, I don't really quite know—though it must be some years, of course. But he is certainly doing well, for he has sent us ten pounds twice within a month. No, I am wrong—five weeks. He is a dear, good boy; and I feel our misfortune more for him, Kate,

than for you and me. Oh, dear! they all know it wasn't your poor father's fault at all; and I'm sure John Heathcote, besides many others I could mention, would do anything in the world for Frank. I suppose, poor boy, he has set his heart on Grace?"

"Yes," said Kate, demurely.

"Well, I always loved Grace and Lucy very much, and I could treat her as a daughter, and I should like to see Frank married and happy. I've heard your poor father say very often that John Heathcote could settle a handsome sum on his daughters when they married; and Kate, my dear, I think we ought to know Frank's address in London, and give it to friends who want to help him, and are always writing to me about it. A letter left at a post-office always reminds me so of Florence, where I was so miserable, because my dear mother died there; and we did not always get the letters that we had no reasonable doubt were posted to us—long before I married your poor father, Kate."

"Yes, mamma," Kate said, mechanically.

Her mother would run on for an hour, from subject to subject; and Kate often was thinking of something else, and only spoke when her mother came to a stop. Mrs. Melliship proceeded—

"I certainly like this village, though the name, and, for the matter of that, the people are very outlandish; and I should not care to go back to Market Basing, Kate, unless I could have my carriage. We used to visit people such a distance in the country, and we could not well do it without a carriage."

"Oh, don't let us go back to Market Basing, mamma. I like Wales so much."

"Well, my dear, I shall live wherever you wish me to, for I may say I live now entirely for you and Frank."

Here the simple lady took out her handkerchief, and shed a few tears—a termination to her speeches more common than not.

Then the two women kissed and comforted each other; and Kate found a book to amuse her mother.

Frank was in the habit of working an hour or two by gaslight of an evening, with pencil or crayons; but he was rather disgusted with art that night, and looked round his little sitting-room in a gloomy mood.

"Ah!" he said, "if people who must have pictures for their houses would only buy an

honest new picture instead of a spurious old one, artists might live. After all, the worst of our works are better than what they do buy: they are what they appear. Why not go to the exhibitions, and buy some of the unsold pictures there? Or come to a fellow's place? We're poor enough to be modest in our charges. But they will have real Old Masters at ten pounds a-piece; and there the dealers beat us. Art! There is no feeling for art in England—no desire to encourage artists of any kind. They're only a lowish sort of fellows. And then the beggars must go to dealers to buy their ancestors!"

He laughed savagely, and stuck the end of his brush through a half-finished sketch on paper.

"I wonder who'll paint Burls's genuine old pictures now; and dodge up the rubbish from the sales, and clean, and tone, and line, and varnish, and crack? What humbug it all is!"

There was a knock at his door, and his landlady's grubby little daughter gave him a note written on a sheet of paper, and enclosed in an envelope she had ten minutes before sent the young lady out to purchase for a halfpenny at the shop round the corner.

The corner bore the family impress—a dirty finger and thumb they put on everything they touched.

Frank laughed. He never could be surly with a child in his life.

"Tell your mother I'll see her before I go out in the morning."

He owed two pounds four and sixpence for rent and commodities supplied, and he had only sixteen and sixpence to pay it with; which, under all the circumstances of the case, was awkward.

What wonders a good night's rest will effect!

In the morning, Frank paid his landlady ten shillings on account, listened to her impertinence without a reply, and quietly told her to let his lodgings, and keep his port-manteau for security till he paid her. He should not come back again, except to fetch away his things.

He had dressed himself in a new suit of clothes he had ordered on the strength of his successful manufacture of Old Cromes and other masters. Nothing could make Frank look other than a gentleman; but to-day he looked quite like his old self of six months ago. He was not at all miserable;

on the contrary, he felt quite happy and cheerful.

To be sure, it was a bright day—not too warm—when merely to breathe is a pleasure, even if you are a convict in Portland. Besides, he was free from a drudgery at which his soul had always revolted.

"But what next?" he asked himself. "Anyhow, I've done with painting. No more oils for me."

Passing a pawnbroker's as he spoke, he went in, for the first time in his life, and asked how much the man would advance on his watch and chain. He thanked the man for his information, and left the shop with his watch in his pocket.

"By Jove!" he said, "here's a new source of wealth. I can pawn everything by degrees."

Then he strolled westwards.

The omnibuses had blue and white posters on them—"To Lord's Cricket Ground."

"Why, it's the Oxford and Cambridge match to-day."

Without stopping to think twice, he jumped on an omnibus.

"Why shouldn't I go? I can stick myself somewhere out of sight. I wonder how many of our Eleven I know."

He counted them on his fingers. He wanted to see and yet not be seen.

Just as he was getting off the seat he had occupied by the driver's side, a carriage passed by. Lord Launton was in it, with the countess and two other ladies.

Frank saw the danger he should run of seeing a number of old and inquisitive acquaintances.

He hesitated a moment in the dusty road.

"No—it's nothing to me. I've no interest in it now. I won't go in. Besides, it's half-a-crown, I think."

He took the footway, and set his face towards Regent's Park.

He had not walked a dozen steps when an immense hand and arm were linked in his. He felt a friendly pull towards some great figure; and, looking up, was astonished beyond measure to see himself arm-in-arm with his cousin, Dick Mortiboy.

"Frank, old man!" cried Dick, crushing Frank's hand in his cordial grasp, "I would have given fifty pounds to find you, and here you are. I saw you getting off the 'bus."

Frank was surprised, and a little annoyed.

"After all, I've got no quarrel with Dick," he thought; and his face cleared, and he returned his cousin's salute.

Dick Mortiboy was accompanied by a thin, pale-faced man, slight and foreign looking.

"Lafleur—my cousin Frank," said Dick, introducing him.

"Fool of an Englishman," thought Lafleur, staring at Frank's bright, handsome face. "I leave you with your cousin. The cricket is not a game I care to waste time over," said he, softly. "We shall meet to-morrow, Dick. You will let me go now."

"To-morrow, at eleven. My old partner, Frank. Many is the jovial day we have had together."

"I don't like his looks."

"Insular prejudice, my cousin. Why have you never sent me your address, as you promised? Do you not know what has happened? The governor has got a stroke, and I've got all the money. We've all been trying to find you out. And here you are. I sha'n't let you go again in a hurry, I promise you."

He looked Frank up and down.

"You're quite a swell. Come on in."

Dick paid for two at the gate, and they were on the ground.

Dick watched the match with great earnestness. He was a splendid hand at games of skill himself. He knew nobody, nobody knew him. But his height, his splendid beard and brown face, and a dress a compromise between English fashion and Californian ease, attracted observation. He only wanted people to bet with on the match to make him happy.

Frank saw lots of old friends.

They asked him his address.

"Only in town for a few days," he said, with an airy laugh.

At length Dick got tired of it.

"Come on, old man. I've had enough, if you have. Let's go."

At the gates, as they went out, stood a man who had been Frank's greatest friend at college. They had rowed together, driven to Newmarket together, got plucked together, written to each other until the smash came.

"Frank, by gad!" cried the man, running down the steps. "Shake hands, old fellow. And how are you? And what are you doing? Tell me you've got over your troubles. I heard all about it."

It was like a burst of sunshine, after the wretched time of the last few months, to find men who were glad to shake hands with him.

Frank tried to laugh; but his mirth was rather a hollow thing.

"I'm well, you see, Evelyn. That is, I'm not starving yet. But there's no money, and I'm still in a parenthetical stage of life."

"You know my address, Frank—give me yours. Let me help you, for old times' sake."

"Thank you, my dear Evelyn. It's like you to make the offer. Good-bye. I'll give you an address—when I've got one."

He left him, and walked quickly away on Dick's arm. He could not bear to let anybody help him with money. And yet Evelyn was longing to give his old friend help.

What is there in this word money, that I may neither give it nor take it? Why should I be degraded if a man slips a sovereign in my hand? Sovereigns are not plentiful. I should like the money. I am not degraded if a man leaves me a legacy of many sovereigns.

"Come," said Dick Mortiboy to Frank, when they had got out of their Hansom in Piccadilly, "you are not engaged to-night. Come and dine with me. After dinner we will talk. I hate talking before. Let us have a game at billiards first."

He led the way to a public room near Jermyn-street. There were two or three men idly knocking the balls about. Dick took up a cue and made a stroke, missing it.

"Will you play fifty or a hundred up, Frank?"

"I play very badly. I am quite out of practice."

"Well, let it be fifty then," said Dick.

The room was one of bad repute. It was frequented by sharpers. There were three in the room—of course, perfect strangers to one another.

Dick Mortiboy didn't know the character of the room he was in, and didn't care. He could give an account of himself anywhere. For his part, Frank had not played a game at billiards since he left Market Basing.

He was not amusement for Dick, for he played like a man wholly out of practice.

The gentlemen in the room became interested in the first fifty up between Dick and Frank, and one bet another a wager of half-a-crown on the result.

Dick won, and the loser offered to bet

again, if the tall gentleman gave the other points. Dick did give points. The man—whom the marker called “Captain”—then offered to bet Dick Mortiboy half-a-crown his friend beat him. Dick took the bet, won it, and pocketed the half-crown. He was going to play another game with Frank, but was stopped by the marker.

“This is a public table, sir. Two fifty games, or one hundred, between the same players; then another gentleman has the table, if he likes to take it.”

Dick was a little annoyed, but gave way.

“Should you like to play a game, sir?” said the marker to the man he had called Captain.

The fellow was a seedy swell, in clothes that had been fast twelve months ago, but now were well worn. His hat and boots showed signs of poverty.

“I should; but I don’t wish to prevent these gentlemen from playing, I’m sure. I’ll give way; but, really, I can’t stay many minutes.”

“Well, perhaps the gentleman that won will play a game with you — if you don’t mind playing the winner?” the marker said.

“All right,” said Dick, and pulled off his coat.

The Captain played badly: so did Dick.

Both were playing dark.

“Twenty all” was called.

“Shall we have a crown on, sir, to liven the game?” said the stranger.

“I’ll back myself for a sovereign,” said Dick.

“I don’t often play for a sovereign a game,” said the Captain; “but I don’t mind doing it for once.”

When Spot (the stranger) was forty, Plain (Dick) was only thirty-five.

“Make it a hundred up, sir, and have another sov on,” said Spot.

“Done,” said Plain.

Dick had bets, too, with the other two strangers and the marker.

At the end of the game, he had four pounds five shillings to pay.

Frank spoke his suspicions, in a low tone, before this game was finished.

Dick said he had seen they were common sharpers from the moment he entered the room.

“I’ll let them have it,” he said.

They played another game—Frank watching Dick’s play. Up to the time the marker cried “sixty—seventy-two,” Dick was behind

generally about a dozen. His bets amounted to nearly twenty pounds with the three men.

Up to sixty he had played in a slovenly manner. At that point he took up his cue, and scored out in two breaks.

His play was superb. He was within a few points in a hundred of the best professional form. One of the men was going to leave the room. Dick called him back, and promised to finish the game in three minutes, and did it.

He asked the Captain if he would like another game?

“Not with a professional sharp. Though who you are, I don’t know.”

“You’ll pay up then, gentlemen?” asked Dick.

One of the other men whispered the Captain.

“My friend suggests that it would be well if you were to give your name, sir. It is not usual to see men play in your fashion. You have sharpened us, sir—sharpened us. Give us your name and address—we are not going to part.”

“Now, Captain,” said Dick, “you’ve been licked, and licked easy. You may take it fighting, or you may take it quiet. Which shall it be?”

“Come on, Tom, don’t let him bustle us out of it,” said the Captain. “I’ll take it fighting.”

There were four altogether, with the marker. They made a rush on Dick. Frank, not unmindful of Eton days, took them in flank, while Dick received them in front.

They had not the ghost of a chance. It was a mere affair of fists—a sort of light skirmish, which warmed up Dick’s blood, and made him rejoice once more, like a Berserker, in the battle. And, after three minutes, the four fell back, and the cousins stood, with their backs against the wall, laughing.

“And now,” said Dick, “open the door, Frank.”

He stepped forward, seized the marker, who was foremost, by the coat-collar, and bore him swiftly to the door—the others not interfering. There was a great crash of breaking bannisters. The marker had been thrown down the stairs.

“Don’t let us fight with servants,” said Dick. “Let us have it out like gentlemen. Now then, Captain, we’re all ready again.”

“Let us go,” said the Captain, with a pale face, handing Dick the money. “You have

sharped and bustled us, and you want to bully us."

"You shall go when you have apologized to me, Captain, not before. You other two, get out."

He looked so fierce, and was undoubtedly so heavy about the fist, that the other two, taking their hats, departed swiftly, with such dignity as their wounds allowed.

"Now, Captain, let us two have a little explanation. I like rooking the rooks. I go about doing it. Beg my pardon, sir, or I'll spoil your play; too, for a month of Sundays."

He seized the poor billiard player by the collar, and shook him as if he had been a child.

"You may do what you like," said the man. "You have got every farthing I have in the world, and my little child's ill; but I'm —— if I beg your pardon."

"Dick, Dick," said Frank, "give him back his money."

But at the sight of the man's misery, Dick's wrath had suddenly vanished.

"Poor devil!" he said. "I've had some bad times myself, mate, out in the States. Look here—here's your money, and something for the little one. And I say, Captain, if you see me drawing the rooks anywhere else, don't blow on me. Good-bye. Come, Frank, let us go and dine. What a good thing a scrimmage is to give one an appetite. I do like a regular British row," said Dick, with a sigh. "And one so seldom gets one. Now, over the water, somebody always lets fly a Deringer, or pulls out a bowie, and then the fun's spoiled. You've got a clean style, Frank—very clean and finished. I thought we were in for it when I saw the place. So I went on. I was determined you should enjoy yourself thoroughly, old boy."

They had dinner, and talked. Dick's talk was all the same thing. It said—

"Take my money. Let me help you. Let me give. I am rich. I like to give."

And Frank, with a proud air, put him off, and made him talk of anything but him and his affairs.

FEMALE MAN.

IN the middle ages, the work of women was clearly defined and unmistakable. If they were of the lower class, they made the clothes, spun the linen, kept the house. If of the higher, they received the guests,

they embroidered, they presided at tournaments, and they were the family doctors. They knew the virtues of those simple herbs which they gathered in the garden and the fields; from these they concocted plasters and poultices for bruises and hurts, which must have been common enough in those days. Nicolette—in the old French novel—handles Aucassin's shoulder till she gets the joint into its proper place again, when she applies a poultice of soothing herbs. For medical purposes—perhaps also for a secret means of warming their hearts when they grew old—they brewed strong waters out of many a flower and fruit. All the winter long—when there was little fighting, and therefore few disorders, save those due to too much or too little feeding—they stayed in the castle and studied the art of healing. With the spring came dances, hawking, garland making, sitting in the sunshine and under the shade, while the minstrels sang them ditties, and the knights made love, and preparations were made for the next tournament.

Here, it seems, was a fair and equitable distribution of labour. Both man and woman had to work. Why not? Man fought, tilled, traded. Woman spun, kept house, and healed. Surgical operations, if any were required, were conducted in the handiest and simplest method possible—with the axe; as when Leopold of Austria had his leg amputated at a single blow, and died from loss of blood.

There came a time when the art of healing passed into men's hands. Then women had one occupation the less. They made up for this at first by becoming scholars. Everybody knows about the scholarship of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth. The ladies of the sixteenth century read everything and knew everything. Then, too, under the auspices of Madame de Rambouillet, was born modern society. Learning went out of fashion as social amusements developed. Then women substituted play for work, and made amusement their occupation. The arts of housewifery vanished with that of healing. The occupations of embroidery and spinning disappeared with that of study. In the eighteenth century, woman was either a fine lady or a household servant. If the former, she gambled, dressed, received, and went out. If the latter, she cooked and washed, and tended the children.

Of course, the women of the last century accepted, patiently enough, the rôle thrust

upon them by circumstances. They were submissive to their lords, were thankful for their kindnesses, and forgave them their many sins. And it was not till early in the present century that the blue stocking appeared, to become a subject of ridicule. This was unfortunate, because the blue stockings, in a desultory, hesitating way, only tried to recover a portion of woman's lost ground. For a long time women who studied were looked upon with disfavour and suspicion. Why could not they make samplers and puddings, and play on the harpsichord? Some of them—poor things!—were obliged to learn in order to become governesses. But, really, what more ridiculous than that a woman should learn the same things as a man? Above all, why seek to change things?

Social prejudices are almost as hard to eradicate as those of religion. It was not till quite lately that the feeling against woman's rights as regards education was successfully combated; and even now there are hundreds of respectable parents who would far rather send their daughters to a fashionable boarding-school at Brighton, where they are sure to learn nothing, than to a place like the Hitchin College, where they will be taught with the same accuracy and thoroughness as Cambridge Honour men.

We go up and down, like a see-saw. After two hundred years our women are going to become students again; and after three hundred years they are going to become physicians again. Foremost among lady-doctors is Mrs. Anderson. In the profession which she has taken up, particularly in those branches to which she is understood to have chiefly devoted her attention—the diseases of women and children—we wish her all the success that her courage and ability deserve. More: we hope that she is the forerunner of many other ladies who will take up the art of healing. Women can become at once nurses and doctors; their gentleness, not greater than that of some men, in spite of what is said, is more uniform: they have more patience; they are ready to devote more time. Only the conditions of things are changed. It is no longer necessary to know the properties of simples: it is necessary also to study the anatomy and framework of the body, to gain experience in the symptoms of disease, to go through a great deal that is repulsive and hard. It is no light thing to become a physician. We do not think that there will ever be a large

proportion of women who will have the courage to face the difficulties and brave the labour. Many may, however, learn enough to make themselves invaluable nurses.

So will be restored the mediæval condition. Women will occupy themselves in household work, in study and literature, in looking after and educating children, in social amusements, in dances, music, and love-making. Man—poor, dear, patient animal!—goes on always the same: working for those he loves, striving to keep the nest warm, and caring little enough for aught else.

As for the rest, things are in a transition state, and consequently uncomfortable and disagreeable. Women, finding that their sphere is enlarged, want, naturally enough, to get as much as they can. Nor have they yet learned how to limit their aims to their strength. If they are prepared to give up love and marriage, or to subordinate these—with, of course, the welfare of their children—to other things; if, further, they are willing to give up those social amenities to which they are accustomed—the concession of small things by men, the deference and respectful bearing of gentlemen towards them—then, by all means, let women go upon platforms, and fight in the arena, side by side with their brothers. Life is a great battle, in which, from time immemorial, women have been spared. If they want to enter it, let them come. But the battle is for existence: they will be struck down ruthlessly; and they will enter it, however well prepared and armed—with whatever ability of brain—*with a feeble and delicate frame.*

Meantime, it is all windbags and nonsense. A few women have got up a cry—partly from a wish to get notoriety, partly from a perfectly intelligible, if unreasonable, revolt against their own position, partly against one or two real grievances. They are the shrieking sisterhood. Their voices alone are heard. Their ranks are not increasing; but they make such a confounded clatter, that we quiet men believe the numbers to be tenfold what they really are.

The way to meet them is to argue as little as possible—to take away as much as possible all power to do mischief (by interfering in subjects in which, rightly or wrongly, they can know little, they have done a good deal of mischief already); to help all women, in every station, to honest work; to secure for women proper pay for work; to concede all that we can. Let us acknowledge at

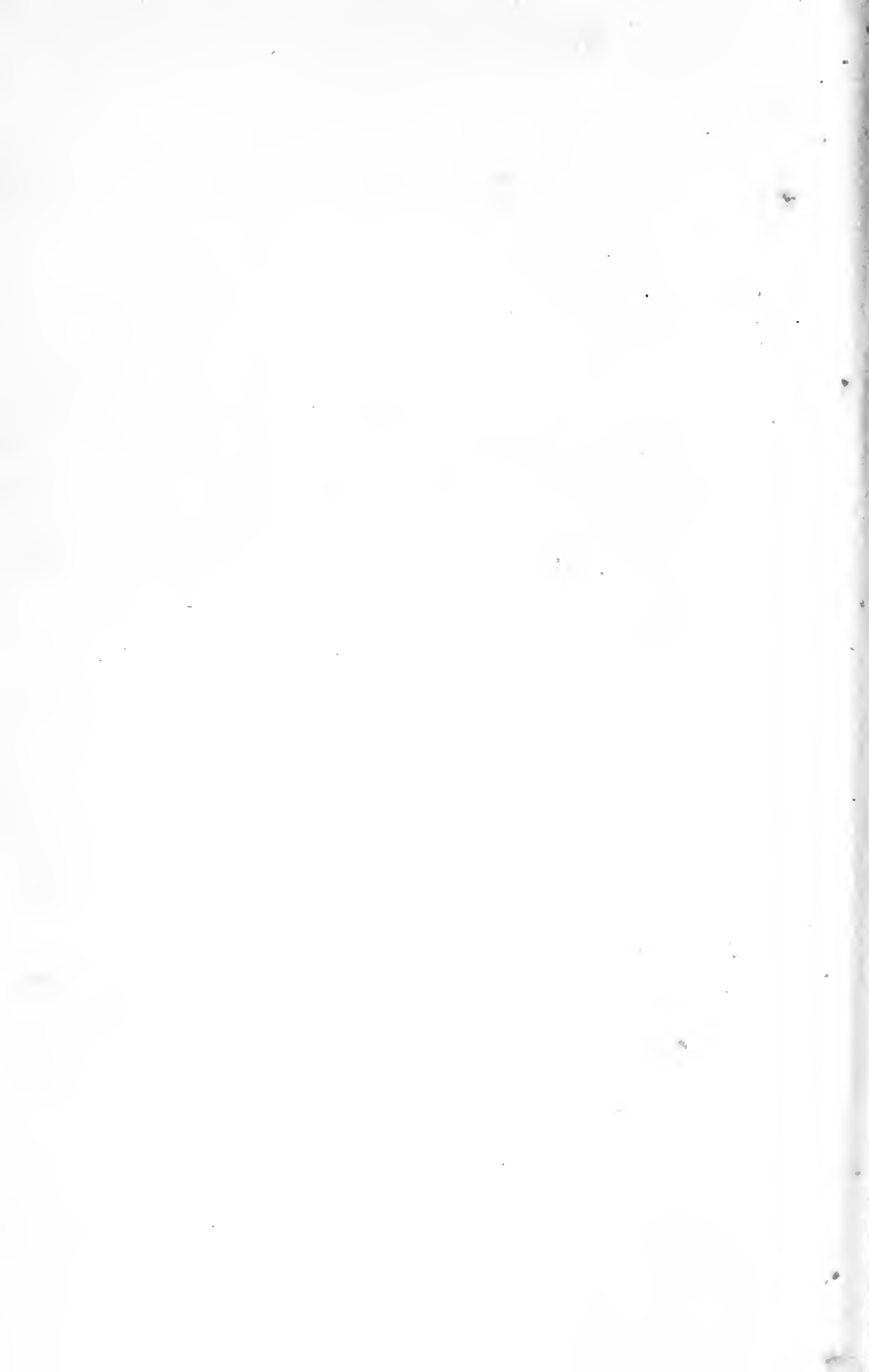
LONDON SCHOOL
BOARD



Once a Week.]

“M.D.”

[March 30, 1872.



once that women *can* do everything; we may then invite them to illustrate their position. For it remains with them to establish the theory that they can do everything. Meantime, let us remember, and whisper among ourselves, that they have not yet produced—in the first rank, be it remembered—a single musician, painter, poet, metaphysician, scholar, mathematician, chemist, physicist, physician, mechanic, or historian. One great, very great, novelist is a woman—George Sand. Second and third-rate people, of course, are common as blackberries.

The best thing that can happen to a woman is to attract the love of a man: the best thing for a man is to love a woman. All the female men in the world cannot alter the laws of nature.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Anderson, who did not shine when she left her own line and went to the School Board, has, we hope, a successful and honourable career before her in her most noble and womanly work.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

I RECOLLECT, in former days,
I loved a maiden with blue eyes;
Her style was gentle, and her hand
Exactly formed the proper size.

Her voice in cadence had the sound
An eddy makes in mossy nook,
And when she spoke to me, I thought,
With slightly extra interest shook.

Thus dawning of sweet love began—
Delightful tremblings in my chest
Foretold the bliss to come at noon,
When all the truth had been confessed.

One charming day when larks were high,
And we were on the walk alone,
I thought that Providence had marked
The hour especially our own.

I told her in few words my love—
She answered with accepting tear;
And just before the sealing kiss,
Sighed, "What's your income, dear?"

RHYMED LAW.

LAW and the muses are not, as a rule, supposed to work harmoniously together; but as some curious instances have occurred, from time to time, of a happy compromise between them, the subject gives room for some amusement, if not instruction.

It is but at very rare intervals that the two discordant elements of legal technicality and rhythmical expression find a poet

bold enough to attempt a reconciliation of the two. The latest example, perhaps, is given by Mr. James Hurnard, the Colchester Quaker, in his recent curious poem entitled "The Setting Sun."

We are not about to inflict upon our readers the more than three pages of a lawyer's bill done with rhythm in this very original book. A slight specimen will suffice. After having duly informed us that—

" . . . least of all would I be bred a lawyer,
Because I have a humble hope of heaven,"

he proceeds to give a bill of costs in full, after the following poetical model:—

"For instance, if you simply buy a house,
He will take note of every interview,
And charge you for receiving your instructions;
Charge you likewise for drawing up the same—
Eight folio pages with a world of margin;
Charge you likewise for copying the same;
Charge you likewise for reading you the same,
And sending of it to the other party;
Charge you likewise for reading long reply
From Finden, lawyer, with a draft agreement;
Charge you likewise perusing of said draft;
Charge you likewise transmitting draft agreement."

And so on "charge you likewise" for another eighty or ninety lines, till we are glad when we come to the end of the bill.

There is not much humour in all this; but in a late number of the "Law Journal"—about the last periodical in the world an ordinary layman would think of taking up for half an hour's light reading—some rather interesting correspondence has been going on concerning some of the more humorous versions of law in rhyme which are extant.

Every one remembers Cowper's famous "Report of an Adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books," commencing—

"Between nose and eyes a strange contest arose,"

but the poet's humorous plea for the liberty taken in combining law with poetry has not, we think, been so often quoted. He says:—

"Poetical reports of law cases are not very common; yet it appears to me desirable that they should be so. Many advantages would accrue from such a measure. They would, in the first place, be more commonly deposited in the memory; just as linen, grocery, and other matters, when neatly packed, are known to occupy less room, and to lie more conveniently in any trunk, chest, or box to which they may be committed. In the next place, being divested of that infinite circumlocution and the endless embarrassment in which they are involved by it,

they would become surprisingly intelligible in comparison with their present obscurity. And lastly, they would by that means be rendered susceptible of musical embellishment; and instead of being quoted in the country with that dull monotony which is so wearisome to bystanders, and frequently lulls even the judges themselves to sleep, might be rehearsed in recitation, which would have an admirable effect in keeping the attention fixed and lively, and could not fail to disperse that heavy atmosphere of sadness and gravity which hangs over the jurisprudence of our country. I remember, many years ago, being informed of a relation of mine, who in his youth had applied himself to the study of the law, that one of his fellow-students, a gentleman of sprightly parts and very respectable talents of the poetical kind, did actually engage in the prosecution of such a design, for reasons, I suppose, somewhat similar to, if not the same, with those I have now suggested.

"He began with 'Coke's Institutes'—a book so rugged in its style that an attempt to polish it seemed an herculean labour, and not less arduous and difficult than it would be to give the smoothness of a rabbit's fur to the prickly back of a hedgehog. But he succeeded to admiration, as you will perceive by the following specimen, which is all that my said relation could recollect of the performance:—

"Tenant in fee,
Simple is he,
And need neither quake nor quiver,
Who hath his lands
Free from demands
To him and his heirs for ever."

To which pleasing little disquisition of the bard of Olney, we may add that Sir Edward Coke's Reports have actually been rendered into verse by an anonymous author. The name and the principal point of every case are contained in two lines. The following are examples:—

"*Archer*. If he for life enfeoff in fee,
It bars remainders in contingency.
Snag. If a person says he killed my wife,
No action lies if she be yet alive.
Foster. Justice of peace may warrant send
To bring before him such as do offend."

Wills are not very safe things to trifle with, but the following solemn will and testament was actually proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury:—

"The fifth day of May
Being airy and gay,

And to hip not inclin'd,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave
To some one or other—
And I think to my brother.
Because I foresaw
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for their share,
Which I no wise intended
Till their manners are mended—
And of that—God knows!—there's no sign.
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
That nought I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot.
But I give and devise
As much as in me lies
To the son of my mother—
My own dear brother,
And to have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As th' affectionate pledges
Of his brother, John Hedges."

Another will, proved in the same place, is too long to give in full. It began, however, as follows:—

"What I am going to bequeath
When this frail part submits to death—
But still I hope the spark divine,
With its congenial stars shall shine—
My good executors fulfil;
And pay ye fairly my last will,
With first and second codicil.
And first, I give," &c.

The poetic will ends thus:—

"In seventeen hundred and sixty-nine,
This, with my hand, I write and sign,
The sixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but sound and sober;
Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
With spirits gay, and conscience clear;
Joyous and frolicsome, though old,
And like this day, serene, but cold.

To foes well wishing, and to friends most kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.

For what remains I must desire,
To use the words of Matthew Prior—
Let this—my will—be well obeyed,
And farewell all, I'm not afraid.
For what avails a struggling sigh,
When, soon or later, all must die?"

Here, again, is a copy of the will of one Joshua West—who went by the name, in his time, of the Poet of the Six Clerks Vice. It is dated the thirteenth of December, 1804, and attested by three gentlemen well known in that office:—

"Perhaps I die not worth a groat;
But should I die worth something more,
Then I give that and my best coat,
And all my manuscripts in store,

To those who will the goodness have
To cause my poor remains to rest
Within a decent shell and grave.
This is the will of Joshua West."

A judgment given by the late Sir John Pratt, on a disputed matter of a married woman's settlement returning to her after the death of her husband, was comprehensively put by a wit of the day as follows:—

A LEGAL GLEE.

"A woman having a settlement,
Married a man with none;
The question was, he being dead,
If that she had was gone?
Quoth Sir John Pratt—'Her settlement
Suspended did remain
Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again.'

Chorus of Puisne Judges—

'Living the husband—but him dead,
It doth revive again.'"

The advice given to purchasers of estates of inheritance, in the "Purchaser's Patten," published in 1654, is by Henry Philipps, and is none the less valuable for being in verse:—

"First see the land which thou intend'st to buy,
Within the seller's title clear doth lie;
And that no woman to it doth lay claim
By dowry, jointure, or some other name,
That it may cumber. Know if bond or free
The tenure stand, and that from each feoffee
It be released; that the seller be so old
That he may lawful sell, then lawful hold.
Have special care that it not mortgaged be,
Nor be entailed on posterity."

And after several other warnings of a like nature, he concludes:—

"These things foreknown and done, you may prevent
Those things rash buyers many times repent;
And yet whereas you have done all you can,
If you'll be sure deal with an honest man."

The following specimen of legal poetry went the round of the bar at the time of the famous Gorham appeal to the Privy Council, and is generally attributed to the witty Sir George Rose:—

Argument for.

"Baptiz'd a baby—
Fit sine labe—
As the act makes him,
So the church takes him.

Argument against.

"Unless he be fit,
We very much doubt it,
And devil a bit
Is it valid without it.

Judgment.

"Bishop and vicar,
Why do you bicker

Each with his brother?
Since both are right,
Or one is quite
As wrong as the other.

Adjudication.

"Bishop non-suited,
Priest unrefuted,
To be instituted.
Costs deliberative.
Pondering well,
Each take a shell,
The lawyers the *Native!*"

In a book styled the "Pleader's Guide," published about the year 1815, under the pseudonym of Surrebutter—the author's real name being John Anstey—the art and mystery of special pleading is duly undertaken to be taught in poetic numbers; but although the book abounds with exuberant wit, we are afraid that the student, after reading it, will know as much about special pleading as he did before.

The description of the trial for assault, with which the work concludes, is very laughable, and we wonder that it has not been oftener quoted.

The opening of the speech of the counsel for the plaintiff will give an idea of the style of the poem:—

"I rise with pleasure, I assure ye,
With trausport to accost a jury
Of your known conscientious feeling,
Candour, and honourable dealing:
From Middlesex discreetly chosen,
A worthy and an upright dozen.
This action, gentlemen, is brought
By John-a-Gudgeon for a *tort*.
The pleadings state that John-a-Gull,
With envy, wrath, and malice full,
With swords, knives, sticks, staves, fist, and
bludgeon,
Beat, bruiz'd, and wounded John-a-Gudgeon.
First count's for that, with divers jugs,
To wit, twelve pots, twelve cups, twelve mugs
Of certain vulgar drink called toddy,
Said Gull did sluice said Gudgeon's body."

The evidence, as given by one of the witnesses for the prosecution—to wit, the medical man—is a parody on the style of doctors' depositions generally in courts of law, and with it we will conclude our little article:—

"*Counsel.* Good Doctor Tench,
Pray tell the jury and the bench
All that you heard and saw that day.

Tench. Sir, I know nothing of the fray.
I was called in at the conclusion
T' inspect a vertical contusion;
Gudgeon was then without his shirt,
His body much besmeared with dirt.
There was an ugly, awkward cut
Ran quite athwart the occiput.
He'd have been comatose, I'm sure,
And far beyond my skill to cure,

Had I been call'd ten minutes later.
 I trembled for the *Dura Mater*.
 The cuticle, or outward skin,
 Portended something wrong within;
 The *fauces* in a sad condition,
 Betwixt the *Nares* no partition;
 But both so forc'd into conjunction
 Th'olfactory declin'd their function.
 Some teeth were broke and some were lost,
 The *incisores* suffered most;
 Much mischief done to the *molars*;
 And, what a very strange affair is,
 Not the least symptom could I see
 Of *Dentes Sapientie*."

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OFFER.

RETURNING next day from the City, I found my wife waiting for me where the omnibus stops.

"There is nothing the matter, Gummer—that is, nothing bad; but never say I can't look into the middle of next week."

"What is it?"

"Well, Tom," said Mrs. Gummer, taking my arm, "this morning I gave the girls a shuffle of the cards, and wonderful cards Janet cut. There was money. There was a club man, which is between dark and fair, with his present thoughts at the house. And there were wedding cards. And, Gummer, who do you think came to the house this afternoon?"

"Our curate?"

"Our fiddle. No, Gummer, young Mr. Max De Crespin. And it is no use beating about the bush, and never coming to the bird in hand; and I won't keep you in the dark. He offered to Janet, and he is at the villa waiting to see you."

"Like his impudence," I exclaimed.

"Gummer, don't make me faint dead away on the hard flags. Being a father, don't fling away the chance and happiness of the poor dear girl. If young Mr. De Crespin is not your taste, it is not you who will have to live with him morning, noon, and night, and Sundays into the bargain."

Much more was said by Mrs. Gummer, but I was too upset to heed her or to reply. Nancy met me at the gate, and warned me to be cautious.

When I entered the drawing-room, there were Janet and Max De Crespin sitting on the couch. Janet blushed scarlet, and left the room.

Young De Crespin was as cool as if I were a horse-dealer, and he had come to buy a horse; and his coolness nettled me.

"I venture to hope, Mr. Gummer, that you have long observed my affection for your dear and amiable daughter. I have presumed to offer her my hand, with the full approval of the Colonel; and I am happy to say that, with your consent, my offer will be accepted."

Not a quiver in his voice, and I was almost choking. We had talked of offers, and sought for offers; and now, when an offer came, it made me writhe with pain. Suddenly I was conscious that the years were gone, and that I was old. There sat the man who was to begin the pulling down of my home. He was to take my girl from me. She was to love him, to love that stranger, more than she loved me. A father watches over his child, and labours for her in the years she cannot be grateful for his care. At length she grows to honour him, and to love him, and to be a blessing to him. And when she is most dear, most loving, and most needful, the stranger comes, takes her away when she is the sunshine of the home and the joy that makes joyful the years of old age, and the father is left desolate. This is selfish, but all love is selfish; and, save the love of son and mother, what love is so pure, so deep, so strong as the love of a father for his girl?

And I looked at that young De Crespin playing with his watch chain, and staring vacantly at the pattern of the carpet, and I was angry that Janet could think of giving up her home and her father for such a man. Not that there was anything unpleasant in his appearance, though he was hateful in my sight.

I told him, as politely as I could, that he had taken me by surprise, that I would speak to Janet, and send him an answer. He thanked me, shook hands, and departed.

I was awfully dull and evil-tempered over tea; and after tea I took up a book, and pretended to read. Janet was silent; and Mrs. Gummer and Nancy talked in whispers, perhaps about the wedding. By and by, Janet came to me, and sat upon my knee, and put her arms about my neck. As she pressed closely to me, I felt the beating of her heart; and when her cheek touched mine, it was burning hot and wet. And she whispered—

"Pa, darling, if it hurts you ever so little I will give him up, and not care about it."

And she kissed me, and a tear fell on my face. I bent my head over her, and held her to me as if she were again a baby, and I was lulling her to sleep. I whispered—

"Darling, if he loves you and you love him it will not hurt me, but make me glad."

I spoke the truth, for I felt how cruelly selfish I had been. Mrs. Gummer and Nancy left us, and I continued to nurse Janet as if she were a little child. Then we talked a little, and I was comforted. Janet might go from me, but the love of father and daughter is an everlasting love.

When supper was over, we were almost cheerful. Mrs. Gummer and Nancy referred now and then to the event; and when they did so, Janet looked fondly on me; and her look was a pledge of a love that could never die or even grow less.

A note from the Colonel asked me to waive ceremony, and to call on him. He was in his snug library. Easy chairs that fit every crease of the body, as if the sitters had been measured for them. Drinks on the table, a little oak cabinet of cigars, a tobacco jar, and fancy pipes for those who prefer cool smoke.

"It is a flagrant breach of social order for me not to have called on you; but I thought we should be quiet here, and I know you are not a fanatical worshipper of that senseless and exacting idol, Etiquette."

The Colonel filled a pipe for me, and lighted a cigar.

"So, Gummer, the young people want to connect you and me as fathers-in-law."

My pipe was out, and the Colonel lighted a spill of scented wood, and handed it to me. Smoking is convenient when you are bothered.

"Well, Gummer, I cannot object to Miss Janet, who is a most charming lassie; and, from what I hear, she does not object to Max. What is your view?"

I replied that Janet was a dear, good girl, that I only desired her happiness, and that if they loved each other, they had my free consent to the marriage.

"We may take the love for granted; and that being so, it is urgent for us to come to business. Love, my dear sir, is an ingredient in marriage, but there are other matters to be considered. With or without ante-nuptial love, most well-arranged marriages are happy. No matter how strong the ante-nuptial love, an ill-arranged marriage is sure to turn out badly."

I said I did not believe in happiness without affection.

"Certainly not; and in order that there may be continued affection, there must be adequate arrangements. Now, Gummer, we have to resolve ourselves into a committee of ways and means, and I shall be frank, but I trust not offensive."

The Colonel replenished the glasses, and I refilled my pipe. I was not over-comfortable. I felt that I was in the power of the Colonel. I am a man of business, but that sort of look-down-upon-you coolness put me out of court.

"Now, Gummer, Max has no fortune. When I die, he will come into £500 a-year. Whilst I live, I can allow him £200 a-year for cigars and toothpicks. As all the world knows, I am poor. How can the younger branch of the oldest family in England be rich? The elder branch has the land, and we have the name only. What can we do? A De Crespin can't go into business, for he has no capital for great commerce or the *haute finance*, and shopkeeping is unfortunately impossible. Our sole property is our blood. Mind you, Gummer, we don't marry for money, but we can't marry without it. The question is, are you willing to take Max without a fortune? And, if so, what will you do for Miss Janet?"

I replied that I had not thought of the details, but that Janet and her sister would divide all I was worth.

"My dear Gummer, in business there is nothing like precision and promptitude. It won't do for these young people to get attached if marriage is impossible. Will you permit me to state my views of what I think is right and necessary?"

I begged the Colonel to proceed.

"Shortly, then, my idea is: £25,000 settled on Miss Janet, with a life-interest to Max if he survives his wife, the principal to the children—if there are children; if there are no children, £15,000 to Max, and the balance to be at the disposal by will of Miss Janet. Besides the settlement, £5,000 as a wedding gift. Sum total—£30,000. It may appear to you, Gummer, that £30,000 is an extravagant price for a skinful of De Crespin blood. So it is; but old blood, like a large diamond, is a fancy article, and there is no proportion between the utility value and the market value. However, the point is, that Max cannot marry a less fortune, and it is for you to say yea or nay.

If you nay me, I shall not be offended. I want Max to settle. I am charmed with your daughter. But, as a gentleman, I must not allow the young people to make an improvident marriage."

I can't write the exact words spoken by the Colonel; and, if I could, the written words would not explain his manner. The Colonel was so easy and so familiar, that I could hardly ask for a day to consider.

"Not a day, Gummer, but a week. These affairs are not to be decided off-hand. Drop me a line when you have duly weighed the *pros* and *cons*, and meantime it will be better for the young people not to meet."

CHAPTER XVII.

COURTING.

MRS. GUMMER was in favour of the Colonel's proposal.

"It is a big fortune, to be sure, but then we don't want the money. And what is the sense of parents keeping all to themselves till they are dead, when they cannot see their children's enjoyment?"

Janet vowed she would not take so much money from me, and was sure that Max did not care for money. Her opposition pleased me, but it also reconciled me to the De Crespins terms. A short note from Max—vowing he was in utter misery because the Colonel had forbidden him to visit Corcyra Villa until Mr. Gummer had resolved whether he (Max) was to be happy or wretched for life—gave Janet a dreadful headache. I knew the cause, and remedy. I did not wait a week, or even two days; and Max and Janet were formally affianced.

Farewell to domestic bliss when the daughter is engaged, and the young man comes a-courting. Love-making is mighty pleasant to lovers, but a sour nuisance to other people. It is bad enough in public. You can always tell an engaged couple. The damsel looks so mightily self-contented, and with a simper and a sneer seems to say—

"My irresistible charms have triumphed. My lover, who is the best match on earth, loves me better than ever woman was loved since the world began. He trembles with delight when he touches my hand, and would not sell a glove that my hand had touched for all the riches of earth. Keep your distance, good people. We have nothing to do with you, and you have nothing to do with us but to admire and be respectful."

The young man puts on the strut of a

great conqueror. He does not reflect that to woo and win is the too common fate of fallen man, but thinks himself a superior being because a young woman has whispered "Yes" in reply to his sweet and profane perjuries. I would rather travel in a cattle truck with sheared sheep than in a royal saloon with an engaged couple. But courting at home, especially to the father, is a cruel tormenting blister on the temper.

I am not jealous, but I was galled at the way in which the women raved about Max. He is not ugly or particularly good-looking, yet there was no end of exclamations about his beauty. His large, crooked nose was "so handsome and so aristocratic." His legs were "so long and so aristocratic." His feet and hands were "so small and so aristocratic." His whitey-green eyes were "such a celestial blue, and so expressive." His teeth, his nails, his hair, and his eyebrows were befooled in like manner. His dress displayed such exquisite taste, and his manners were perfection—"so polished and so aristocratic." Then Max was so clever. If I disagreed with him, Mrs. Gummer and the girls talked at me, and jeered at me; and I had to give in, though I was right and Max was wrong.

As the marriage was to take place as soon as the arrangements could be completed, the young people met every evening.

"It was not strict etiquette," said the Colonel.

But he did not care for etiquette. Perhaps not, when £30,000 was to be landed by special licence.

Two evenings a-week, Janet went to Grammont Lodge; and then, at ten o'clock—wet or fine, cold or genial—I had to turn out and fetch her home. Five evenings a-week, Max was at Corcyra Villa, and those evenings were dreadful.

We dined at six o'clock;—not that we liked dining so late, but because it is vulgar to dine earlier. Max arrived at half-past seven. All the while we were dining, Janet was fidgeting to get to her room, so that she might have time to put on extra finish before Max came. The conversation at dinner was about the De Crespins: about what they had said, what they had done, and what they were going to do. If I spoke of the news of the day, no one answered me. I believe if I had told them that the Emperor of Russia had been smuggled through the Custom House in a cask of tallow, and that he had blown up the Parliament and

hanged the Lord Mayor, they would not have made a remark, but have gone on talking about the colour of the ribbon on Miss De Crespin's bonnet. I was not allowed to smoke after dinner, because it is so vulgar to come into the drawing-room smelling of tobacco. Clay pipes were forbidden, and I had to take to meerschaums, which are not fit to smoke until they want cleaning, and I cannot clean pipes.

Sitting in the drawing-room was like being at school, with governesses and ushers who had been weaned upon starch, and fed with glue and French cement. Plain sewing was as vulgar as clay pipes, and Mrs. Gummer had to take to fancy work; and though she tried her best, she could never get on with it. In order to conceal her failure, the girls bought her some Berlin wool work nearly finished; and, therefore, when Max looked over the frame, he admired Mrs. Gummer's taste and skill. To see Matilda sitting behind that frame, so stout that she could hardly reach over it, counting the stitches, striving to distinguish the shades, and knowing that what she did at night would have to be taken out in the morning, nettled me. When Max left, I was sure to be reproved for bad behaviour. I usually took up a book—not that I wanted to read, but Janet and Max were not agreeable society. Sometimes they sat on a sofa, talking in a low tone, Max holding Janet's hand as if he were a policeman and she his prisoner. At other times they would play chess. When Janet made a move, Max put his hand on hers to help her, as if the chessmen were too heavy to be moved without assistance. Did I want to look at the love-making? But Matilda and the girls said it was rude to be always reading. Next night I did not read.

"Gummer," said Matilda, "the way you have been staring at those poor young things, as if you were a detective watching a murder, brought all the blood of my body into my face. Taking them unawares, instead of coughing before you look round. How would you like to have been took unawares when you were a-courting? But trust you for making the poor dear girl's cup of pleasure tart as stale beer after a thunder-storm."

When Max was not at Corcyra Villa, we were kept to company manners; because we were never certain that he would not look in, or that the Colonel, or Mrs. De Crespin, or Max's sisters would not call. Then, the

De Crespin servant was two or three times a-day at the villa, with notes for Janet.

I shall never forget putting on a shirt which had no button on one of the wristbands. Such a trouble had not befallen me since my marriage. I did not lose my temper; but when I came into the breakfast-room, I said—

"Mamma, will you sew a button on my wristband?"

Our footboy happened to be in the room. When his back was turned, Janet pouted; Nancy exclaimed, "Oh, pa, how can you?" and Mrs. Gummer was gasping with indignation.

"What is all this about?" I asked.

"About! Oh, Gummer, if you want to kill that poor dear girl, why don't you do it like a man, and put her out of her misery at once? A pretty thing to be gossiped to the Crespin servants. Sew a button on, indeed! Never mind, Janet. Your pa always has sat bang down upon the prospects of his offsprings ever since the hour of his birth, and he will do so until you are dead, buried, and forgotten."

"You can't wonder at ma being angry," said Nancy. "It seems as if you had only one shirt to put on."

"And as if ma was an eighteenpenny a-day plain sewer," added Janet.

When I was in my prime, my whiskers were big and bushy; but when they began to whiten I reduced them by shaving, until it became a choice between thin, half-gray tufts on the cheek bones, or not even the pretence of whiskers. Mrs. Gummer, who had an eye for everything about her, noticed my predicament.

"Gummer," she said, "it is aggravating that one can't grow old unbeknown to oneself and to others; but I maintain that teeth are far more aggravating than gray hair. Teeth are as useful as noses, and even much more useful. But our noses are born with us, and never bother us, whilst teeth are a world of pain and convulsions in the cutting; and when we have got through that, there comes the worry of the second set; and before one has a thought of being a little on in life, there is decay, racking toothache, and a fortune to spend over false teeth. Why everybody should be put to this suffering, and money out of pocket, instead of our teeth, like our noses, being born with us ready for use and lasting till they are not wanted, just for the sake of keeping a whole tribe of dentists, is

a riddle which I defy any mortal tongue to guess."

There are some disagreeables in life of which one can see the benefit. Courting is one of them. When Janet and Max were first engaged, I could not bear the thought of the wedding, and the loss of my girl. I said that the marriage ought to be put off for a year. After a month of the courting, I agreed that the young couple should be married as soon as the return of Mr. Sparkes from India enabled me to complete the settlement.

TABLE TALK.

MOST of us have visited the now famous marine aquarium at the Crystal Palace, and we have all been pleased with the success of the experiment. But, according to a scientific contemporary, Dr. Anton Dohrn, in a letter to Professor Agassiz, writes that he has matured a plan which has for many years been in the minds of many zoologists—namely, that of establishing a large laboratory for marine zoology in the Mediterranean. He has obtained permission of the authorities of the city of Naples to construct a large building, at his own expense, in the Villa Reale at Naples, close to the sea, containing a large aquarium for the public, and extensive rooms for naturalists of every country. Dr. Dohrn, with two or three other German zoologists, will settle there, and conduct the administration of both the aquarium and the laboratories. He wishes information regarding this proposed laboratory to be widely extended, and earnestly invites all who may visit Naples to visit the aquarium. An annual report of the work done and progress made at the zoological station will be published. A committee has already been formed to give further dignity and importance to this project, consisting of Messrs. Helmholtz, Dubois-Reymond, Huxley, Darwin, Van Beneden, &c.; and, in America, Professor Agassiz.

SOME MODERN actors, especially one luminary of the stage who bears a Teutonic name, have been accused of taking occasional liberties with the Queen's English, as it is conventionally pronounced. But who would have ever dreamt that the immortal David Garrick could have been guilty of such heresy? Yet such was the case, if we may believe the statements con-

tained in a pamphlet published in the year 1759. It was entitled, "To David Garrick, Esq., the Petition of I, on Behalf of Herself and her Sisters. 6d." Garrick is here charged with mispronouncing some words, including the letter I—as "furm" for firm, "vurtue" for virtue; and others with respect to the letter E, a sister vowel, as "Hurcules" for Hercules; or E A, as "urth" for earth. The following epigram was occasioned by its publication:—"To Dr. H——, upon his petition of the letter I to D—— G——, Esq.

"If 'tis true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and I hope for the better.

May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen:
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for U."

A CORRESPONDENT: Having passed most of a long life in courts of law, and felt their great inconvenience, I naturally take considerable interest in the question of their reconstruction. In my opinion, a court of justice should be circular; and valuable hints could be obtained from the building of theatres in reference to the internal arrangements, the stage to be appropriated to the judge, with retiring-rooms at the back, and a side entrance, like the stage door, for the judge; the pit for the attorneys and barristers, witnesses with a separate entrance, and a gallery over the entrance for the mere spectators. Will Mr. Street consider the propriety of constructing his courts on this principle?

IT IS CURIOUS to notice how toothache gradually abates as you get nearer and nearer to the dentist's door. It seems almost as if your tooth was an intelligent being which turned coward when threatened, as bullies generally do. And, indeed, it would not be far from the mark to say, that in such a case the tooth had been made to understand that it was menaced, and had been frightened by a process of telegraphy between the mental and physical nerve.

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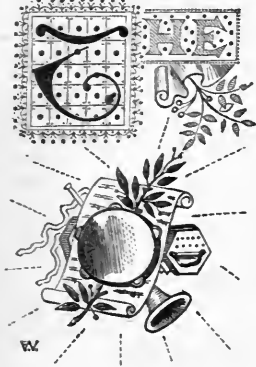
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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.



STREET, as Frank stepped into it from Dick's hotel, was alive with people, for the night was warm and fine. He had bidden his rich cousin good night, in his easy and pleasant way. He had never hinted at the sore straits to which he was reduced. Dick

was rather inclined to believe, from what little information he was able to elicit from Frank, that Art paid;—that Frank got a living at it, at all events, and was too proud to be helped when he saw the chance of doing well without help. Now, Dick rather admired this phase of Frank's character—as who would not? Yet he resolved that, when he saw him the next day, he would compel him to disclose the state of his finances and his prospects. While one cousin thought this, the other hesitated a moment in front of the hotel, remembering suddenly that he had no bed to go to. It was a curious sensation, the most novel he had ever experienced. No bed. Nowhere to go to. No money, or next to none, in his pocket. Nothing at all resembling a home. Even a portable tent, or a Rob Roy canoe, would have been something. He shook himself all over, like a dog. Then he laughed, for he had had a capital day, and a good dinner; and he was only five and twenty.

"Hang it," he said, "a night in the open won't kill one, I suppose. Dick Mortiboy

must have slept out often in his travelling days."

Then he lit a cigar. Dick had forced a dozen upon him—which, with that curious feeling that permits a man to take anything except money from another, Frank accepted with real gratitude. With his hands in his pockets, and his hat well back on his head, as all old Eton boys wear it, he strolled westward, turning things over in his mind in that resignedly amused frame of mind which comes upon the most unhappy wight after a bottle and a-half of claret. Our ancestors, in their kindly brutality, permitted condemned criminals to have a long drink on the way to Tyburn. The punch-bowl was brought out somewhere near the site of the Marble Arch; and the *condamné*, fortified and brightened up by the drink, ascended the ladder with a jaunty air, and kicked off his shoes before an admiring populace;—just as well, it seems to me, as keeping the poor man low, and making him feel all his misery up to the very last. Frank, having had his bowl of punch, was about to embark upon that wild and hopeless voyage of despair, which consists in sailing from port to port, looking for employment. There are certain ships to be met with in the different havens of the world, which are from time to time to be found putting in, "seeking." They never find. From Valparaiso they go to Rio; from Pernambuco to Port Louis; from Calcutta to Kingston; from Havana to Shanghai. They are always roving about the ocean, always "seeking," and always in ballast. Who are their owners; how the grizzled old skipper keeps his crew together; how they pay for the pickled pork and rum, in which they delight; how they have credit for repairs to rigging and sails; how the ship is docked, and scraped, and kept afloat—all these things are a profound mystery. After a time, as I have reason for believing, they disappear; but this must be when there is no longer any credit possible, and all the

ports in the world are closed to them. Then the skipper calls together his men, makes the weather-beaten tars a speech, tells them that their long and happy voyages must now terminate, because there is no more pickled pork and no more rum, and discloses to them his long-hidden secret. They cheer feebly, set the sails once more, turn her head due North, and steer away to that warm, windless, iceless ocean at the North Pole, where all vagrom ships betake themselves at last, and live together in peace and harmony far from the storms of the world.

Which things are an allegory. Ships are but as men. The North Pole ocean is as that hidden deep where dwell the men who have "gone under." They "go under" every day, falling off at each reverse more and more from the paths of honesty. One of them called on me a week ago. I had met him once at Oxford, years since. He shook hands with me as with his oldest and best friend; he sat down; he drank my sherry; he called me old fellow; and presently, when he thought my heart was open to the soft influence of pity, he told me his tale, and—borrowed thirty shillings. He went away. Of course, I found that his tale was all false. He is welcome to his thirty shillings, with which I have earned the right of shutting my door in the face of a man who has gone under.

Was Frank thinking of all this as he walked through the squares that clear, bright night, among the houses lit up for balls, and the carriages bearing their precious treasures of dainty women? I know not. The thoughts of a man who has but six and sixpence in his pocket, and no bed to go to, are like a child's. They are long, long thoughts. If it is cold and rainy, if he is hungry or ill, he despairs and blasphemes. If it is bright and warm, if he is well-fed and young, he laughs and sings, with a secret, half-felt sinking of the heart, and looking forward to evil times close at hand.

Along the squares, outside the great houses—where the rich, and therefore happy, were dancing and feasting, thinking little enough (why should they?) about the poor, and therefore miserable, outside—beggars came up to Frank. One old man, who looked as if he had been a gentleman, stood in front of him suddenly.

"Give me something," he said, bringing his clenched fists down at his sides in a

gesture of despair. "Give me something. I am desperately poor."

Frank put sixpence into his hand, and passed on.

"Only six bob now," he thought.

Women—those dreadful women, all alike, who belong to certain districts of London, and appear only late at night—begged of him. These women must form a class peculiar to themselves. They are neither old nor young. They carry a baby. They are dressed in rusty black. They bear in one hand three boxes of cigar lights. They address you as "good gentleman," and claim to have six starving babies at home, and nothing to put in their mouths. Then the boys with cigar lights ran after him; and then more sturdy beggars, more women, and more boys.

He walked on. It struck ten. Frank's cigar was finished. Just then he passed—it was in one of those dingy, characterless streets, near the great squares—a low-browed, retiring-looking public house. From its doors issued the refrain of a song, the clinking of glasses, and stamping of feet. Frank stopped.

"I've got exactly six shillings," he said. "I may surely have a glass of beer out of that."

He went in, and drank his glass. As he drank it, another song, horribly sung, began in the room behind the bar.

"Like to go in, sir?" asked the barmaid. "It's quite full. We hold it every Monday evening."

Frank thought he might as well sit down, and see what was going on—particularly as there appeared to be no charge for admission.

It was a long, low room at the back, filled with about thirty men, chiefly petty tradesmen of the neighbourhood. Every man was smoking a long clay pipe, and had a tumbler before him. Every man was perfectly sober, and wore an air of solemnity exceedingly comic. One of the men—the most solemn and the most comic—occupied the chair. By his right stood a piano, where a pale-faced boy of eighteen or so was playing accompaniments to the songs. A gentleman with a red face and white hair was sitting well back in his chair, holding his pipe straight out before him, chanting with tremendous emphasis and some difficulty—because he was short of breath. This, and not an imperfect education, caused him to ac-

centuate his aspirates more strongly than was actually required:—

"Ho! the ma-haids of me-herry Hengle-land,
How be-hew-ti-ful hare they!"

Somewhat apart from the rest, not at the table—as if he did not belong to them—sat a man of entirely different appearance. He was gorgeously attired in a brown velvet coat and white waistcoat, with a great profusion of gold chain and studs. He was about five and forty years of age. His features were highly Jewish, with the full lips and large nose of that Semitic race. His hair, full and black, lay in massive rolls on an enormous great head—the biggest head, Frank thought, that he had ever seen. In his hand, big in proportion, was a tumbler of iced soda and brandy. He was smoking a cigar, and beating time impatiently on the arm of his chair.

Frank sat modestly beside him, and ordered another glass of beer.

"Know this place, sir?" asked the man with the big head, turning to him.

"Never saw it before," said Frank.

"No more did I. Queer crib, isn't it? I turned in by accident, because I was thirsty. They'll ask you to sing directly. Do, if you can."

The "Maids of Merry England" died away in the last bars which those who were behind time added to the original melody; and the chairman, taking up his tumbler, bowed to the singer, and said solemnly—

"Mr. Pipkin, sir, your health and song."

The company all did the same. Mr. Pipkin wiped his brow, and took a long pull at his gin and water.

"Now," said the chairman, persuasively, "who is going to oblige the company with the next song?"

Dead silence.

"Perhaps one of the visitors"—here he looked at Frank—"will oblige us?"

"If you can sing, do," growled Bighead.

"Really," said Frank, "I am afraid I hardly know any song that would please; but, if you like, I will sing a little thing—I made myself once, words and music too."

"Hear, hear!" said the chair. "Silence, if you please, gentlemen, for the gentleman's song. Gentlemen, he's written it himself."

Frank took the place of the pale-cheeked musician, and played his prelude. He was going to sing a song which he made at

Cambridge, and used to sing at wines and suppers.

"It's only a very little thing," he said, addressing the audience generally. "If you don't like it, pray stop me at the first verse. It never had a name."

"There was Kate, with an eye like a hawk;
There was Blanche, with an eye like a fawn;
There was Lotty, as fresh as the rose on its stalk;
And Lucy, as bright as the dawn.
There were Polly, and Dolly, and Jessie, and Rose,
They were fair, they were dark, they were short,
they were tall;
I changed like a weathercock when the wind blows,
For I loved them all—and I loved them all.

"Like the showers and sunshine of spring,
The quarrels and kisses I had;
Like a forest-bird fledgeling trying its wing,
Is the flight of the heart of a lad.
Oh! Rosie and Lotty, and Jessie and Kate,
How love vows perish, and promises fall!
You were all pledged to me, and I wasn't your
fate;
But I loved you all—and I loved you all.

"'Twas Jessie I kissed in the wood,
And Lotty kissed me in the lane;
But Rosie held out, as a young maiden should,
Till she found I'd not ask her again.
Now they're married, and mothers, and all,
And 'tis Lucy clings close to my breast;
And we never tell her, what we never recall—
For I love my wife—how I loved the rest."

"Bravo!" growled the man with the big head. "Bravo! young fellow. Devilish well sung."

"Sir," said the chairman, "your health and song."

"Don't get up," said Bighead; "sing another. Look here, sing that. Mr. Chairman, the gentleman's going to sing another song."

It was "Adelaïde," that supreme tenor song—the song of songs—that the man handed to Frank. He took it from a portfolio which was standing beside him.

"Yes," he said, nodding, "I'm a sort of professional, and I know a good voice when I hear it. Can you play the accompaniment? If not, I will."

Frank yielded him the seat, and took the music. Yes, he could sing "Adelaïde." But how long since he sang it last! And—ah me!—in what altered circumstances!

But he sang. With all the sweetness and power of his voice he filled the room—laden with the air of so many pipes and reeking tumblers—with the yearnings of passion, which have never found such utterance as in that great song. The honest folk behind their pipes sat in amazement, half compre-

hending—but only half. The barmaid crept from behind the counter to the door, and listened: when the song was finished, she went back with tears in her eyes, and a throbbing heart. She was not too old to feel the yearning after love. The pale-faced young musician listened till his cheeks glowed and his eyes brightened: the poor boy had dreams beyond his miserable surroundings. The player—the big-headed man—as he played, wagged his head, and shook his curls, and let the tears roll down his great big nose, and drop upon the keys. For Frank, forgetting where he was, and remembering his love, and how he sang that song last to her, poured out his heart into the notes, and sang as one inspired.

“Come with me,” said Bighead, seizing him by the arm as soon as he had finished. “Come away. Let us talk, you and I—let us talk.”

He dragged him into the street. The clocks were striking twelve.

“Which is your way?”

“Which is yours?” said Frank.

The man moved his fat forefinger slowly round his head in a complete circle.

“All ways,” he said. “Let me walk part of your way.”

Frank turned to the left. It mattered nothing.

“Are you rich?—you are a gentleman, I see—but are you rich, happy, satisfied, contented, money in your pocket, money in the bank, therefore virtuous and respected?”

“No—I am none of these things.”

“Then make yourself all these. Sing for money. Go on the stage. Good God, man!—Giuglini himself had not so sweet a voice. Give me your name and address.” Frank hesitated. “Well, then, take mine.” He gave him a card. “Will you come and see me? That can do you no harm, you know. Come.”

“Candidly,” said Frank, “I am looking for employment. But I would rather not sing for money.”

“Rubbish! *I’ve* done it. *I’ve* sung second basso at the Italian Opera. Not sing for money! Why not? You’d write for money, I suppose? You’d paint for money? Why not sing? Now, come and pay me a visit, and talk it over.”

“I must look about first. Are you really serious?”

“Quite. I don’t care how it is you’ve

got into a hole—whether it’s money or what it is. On the boards, nobody cares much.”

“You are quite welcome to know everything, so far as I am concerned,” said Frank, proudly.

“So much the better. Then no offence. When will you come?”

“I will look for occupation to-morrow and next day. If I don’t get it, I will call on you on the evening of that day.”

“Wednesday evening. Good. Of course you won’t get anything to do. How should you? Nobody ever gets anything to do. Good night, my dear sir. For heaven’s sake, take care of your throat. Do wrap it up. Let me lend you a wrapper.”

He took a clean red silk handkerchief out of his pocket, unfolded it, and wrapped it round Frank’s throat, tenderly and softly. In the eyes of the big-headed man, Frank’s voice was a fortune.

“Good heavens! if anything were to happen to an organ like that from exposure! Are you going to smoke again? Then take one of my cigars—they must be better than yours.”

“Mine are good enough, I think,” said Frank, laughing, offering him one.

“Let me look—let me look. Yes, they’re very fair. Don’t smoke too much. And—and—” here he held out his hand—“Good-bye—good-bye. Mind you come on Wednesday. For heaven’s sake, take care.”

He strode away, leaving his red silk handkerchief round Frank’s neck; and presently Frank heard him hail a Hansom in stentorian tones, and drive off. Then he was left alone, and began to feel a little cold, as if the weather had suddenly changed.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

HALF-PAST twelve. The air of the streets is close and stifling. The Mall, St. James’s Park, is still crowded. No wonder; for the air of the park is fresh, and the moonlight lies soft and bright on the trees. Frank slowly descends the steps at the Duke of York’s column, and proceeds to search for a resting-place. All the seats appear to be full, some of them occupied by men stretched at full length, others by women sitting two and three together. All the way to Buckingham Palace there is not a single chance even of sitting room.

“Very odd,” said Frank, returning, “that the same idea should strike all these people as well as myself. What is to be done next?”

The problem solved itself as he came to the next seat, where a man was lying at full length. He suddenly rolled round, and came with a heavy thud on the gravel. Picking himself up, he staggered to where Frank was standing.

"I shay, old f'r—don't take that place, be-be-cause it's going round."

Then he disappeared.

Frank sat down, and, stretching his legs on the wood, pulled his hat over his eyes, and tried to go to sleep.

It was no use. Just as he was dropping off a cab would come by. People talked as they walked past. A breath of the night air touched his cheek, and reminded him that he was not in bed. Besides, the bench was as hard as a third-class railway carriage. Even to an old campaigner, wood makes a poor substitute for a spring mattress.

"Hang these knots," said Frank, as the clock struck one. "I had no idea that knots were so much harder than common wood."

He shifted his position, and tried to persuade himself that he was getting sleepy.

"Adversity," he murmured, "makes one acquainted with strange beds. The advantage of the situation is, that one is not afraid of fleas."

A caterpillar fell upon his nose.

He sat up in disgust.

"Alternative. We may have caterpillars if we lie under a tree, or we may be watered by the fresh dew from Heaven if we take a bench outside a tree. Which shall we do? Let us consider."

He lay back, and fell asleep.

Five minutes after he lost consciousness, he was awakened by something touching his feet. He started up from a dream of soft couches.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said a soft voice. "I thought there was room for two."

The speaker, as the half light of a summer night, not to speak of the gas, showed him, was a tall and rather handsome man of thirty or so, dressed in a frock coat. Frank noticed at once that the heels of his boots, as the lamp shone on them, were worn to the stumps. Further investigation showed that there were no signs of collar or shirt, and that his hat, as he took it off with a polite wave, was limp at the brim. By daylight, what appeared now as glossiness would have shown as grease; but this it was impossible to tell.

"I dare say there's room for two," said Frank, "if we economize legs."

The stranger gravely took his place, and they divided the space so as to admit of four legs, all rather longer than the average.

"Do you a—often—use this place?" inquired the stranger.

"No," said Frank, with a laugh, half in bitterness. "This is the first time that I have tried the hotel. Perhaps it will not be the last. I find it draughty—exposed, perhaps, in situation. No doubt, extremely healthy."

"Ah!" said the other, with a ready sympathy. "You have, however, the very best seat, for a warm night, in the whole park. Are you sleepy, sir?"

"Not very. Who the devil can sleep here?"

"When you are used to it, it is really not bad for two or three months in the year. If I only had some tobacco, I should be quite comfortable."

"Take a cigar. I've got a few left."

He pulled out his case, and handed it to his newly made acquaintance.

"A thousand thanks. When I was in the 4th Buffs—you've heard of that regiment?—I used to buy my cigars at Hudson's. I've got to smoke shag now, and can't always get that. A capital cigar. I'm *very* much obliged to you, sir—*very*—much—obliged—indeed. A very good cigar. If you were to keep them for a year in tea, you would find them ripen better, perhaps. But a very good cigar. I suppose you are—hard up?"

"Yes. Most of the visitors at this caravanserai are, I presume."

"In the service?"

"No."

"Ah! Excuse my impertinence. Well, I had my fling, and here I am. What does it matter to a philosopher?"

A slouching figure came by, apparently clad in the cast-off rags of some field scarecrow. He stopped before Frank's new friend.

"Night, Major."

"Good night to you, Jacob," said the other, with a patronizing air. "Things been going pretty well to-day?"

"No, — bad. Here's your sixpence, Major."

He handed over the amount in coppers, lay down on the gravel, with his head on his arm, and in a moment was sound asleep, and snoring heavily.

"A humble retainer of mine," said the Major. "Poor, as you see, but faithful. He does odd jobs for me, and I keep him going. Not a gentleman, you observe."

Frank laughed silently.

"It's a glorious thing, a good fling," said the Major. "Though it's ten years since I had mine, and it only lasted two years, I remember every day of it. You remember Kitty Nelaton, of the Adelphi?"

"No. Never had the pleasure of her acquaintance."

"A splendid woman. That, of course, was allowed. I took her, sir, from the Duke of Brentwood. His Grace nearly went mad with rage. Ah, I think I see myself now, tooling the loveliest pair of grays down to Richmond, I suppose, that ever were seen. But she was so devilish expensive. And I had a good year, too: got on the right thing for the Derby, landed at Ascot and Goodwood, and didn't do badly at Newmarket. Shall I tell you the story of my misfortunes?"

"Do," said Frank—"if it will not bore you."

"Not at all. It's a pleasure to talk to a gentleman; and besides, this is a capital cigar. It's ten years ago. Some of the other men have gone under, too; so that I'm not without companions. We meet sometimes, and have a talk over old times. Odd thing life is. If I could put all my experiences in a book, sir, by gad you'd be astonished. The revelations I could make about paper, for instance; the little transactions in horse-flesh—eh? and other kinds of—"

"I beg your pardon," said Frank, who had dropped off to sleep, and was awakened by his head nearly nodding him off the bench. "You were saying—"

"Let me begin at the beginning," said the Major, sucking his cigar, and beginning his story with the relish that "unfortunate" men always manifest in relating their misadventures. "I was the second son of a Norfolk baronet. Of course, as the second son, I had not much to look for from the family estate. However, I entered the army, and at once became—I may say, deservedly—the most popular man in the regiment. This was owing partly, perhaps, to my personal good looks, partly to a certain superiority of breeding which my family was ever remarkable for. Then, I was the best actor, the best billiard player, the best cricketer, the smartest officer in the whole

garrison. This naturally led to certain successes which it would be sham modesty, at this lapse of time, to ignore. Do not you think so?"

"Humph — gr — umph," was Frank's reply.

He was sound asleep, and the rest of the Major's revelations were consequently not wanted. From the thrilling interest of the commencement, it may be conjectured that no greater misfortune could happen to the British public than Frank's collapse. But he was a very unlucky man at this juncture of his fortunes.

He slept two or three hours. He was awakened by a pressure at the chest.

He started up, and just had time to grip the wrist of the respectable Mr. Jacob as that worthy was abstracting his watch and chain. Frank was strong as well as young. Jacob was neither young nor strong. Consequently, in less time than it takes to write this line, the watch and chain were back in their owner's pocket, and the luckless Jacob was despatched with many kicks and a little strong language.

The Major was gone.

Frank rubbed his eyes, and sat down again. It was past four, broad daylight, and the sun had risen, as the gilded clock-tower plainly showed.

"Where's the Major?" thought Frank. "Did I dream? Was there a Major, or was it a nightmare? He began to tell me a story about somebody—Kitty something. I wonder if the six shillings are safe. Yes—here they are. What the deuce am I to do now?"

A lovely morning: a sweet, delicious air. London fresh and bright, as if night had cleaned it and swept it.

He got up, refreshed by his light sleep, and strolled down the silent avenue. On his right lay the sleepers upon the benches: poor bundles of rags, mostly; here and there, a woman with a baby; sometimes a girl, pale-faced and emaciated—perhaps a poor shirtmaker, starving in spite of virtue, because virtue, though it brings its own reward, does not always suffer that reward to take the form of a negotiable currency; sometimes a poor creature with cheeks that had once been fair, and had lately been painted—because vice, though it sometimes brings sacks full of money with it, has a trick of running away with all of it in a surprising and unexpected way.

Frank stopped, and looked at one of them.

She half opened her eyes. He listened. She murmured, "I sha'n't move on," and then went to sleep again. A few poor remains of finery were on her; a few tags of ribbon; a displaced chignon; a bonnet that had once been flaunting; little brodequins that had once been neat and pretty; a silk dress that had once not been discoloured, and bespattered with street mud. Frank was touched with pity. He stooped over her, and spoke to her. She awoke, started up, and smiled—a horrid, ghastly smile, the memory of which haunted him afterwards.

"Why do you sleep here?" he asked—a foolish question, because there could be only one reason.

"Because I've got no money."

"What do you do in the day?"

"I hide. I come out at night, like the bats." She laughed discordantly. "Give me something, if you have anything."

"I've got six shillings. There are two for you."

"You're a good sort."

She pulled herself together, and got off the seat, yawning.

"You had better finish your sleep."

"I have finished. I'm too hungry to sleep any longer. Now I shall go and buy something to eat. I must wake up my sister first, though."

She went and shook a figure in black stuff, without a chignon, who lay on the next bench. A woman about thirty—pale, thin, uncomely, long-suffering.

"Yes," said the first woman, "you see us both. Tilly was the good one. I'm the bad one. Good or bad, it makes no difference. We've got to starve all the same."

Frank shuddered. Is there nothing, then, in virtue? Can nothing ward off the evils of fate? Is there no power in self-denial, in bitter privation, to change remorseless circumstance, to stave off the miseries allotted by ἀνάγκη?

"Good or bad," she repeated, "it's all the same. Just as I told her ten years ago, when I was Kitty Nelaton, and she—"

"Good heavens! Am I dreaming?" said Frank, putting his hand to his head.

"Yes, Kitty Nelaton, of the Adelphi; and she was Tilly Jones, the shirtmaker. And here we are, you see. Come, Tilly, my dear."

"Stop," said Frank. "I've got four shillings more. Take two of them. I've got a watch and chain that I shall pawn by and

by. Don't say there's no difference between good and bad. Don't, for God's sake, Kitty!"

The tears stood in his eyes.

"I told you so," said the other woman, in a dull, apathetic way. "I always told you so."

The enthusiasm of virtue had long since been crushed out of her by dire penury; but now that nothing else was possible, the habit of preaching virtue remained; and, like many preachers who have small faith or none in their own creeds, she went on in the same old strain, repeating dead words to lifeless ears.

But they took the money, and went away. Frank noticed how they crawled like a pair of old women. But the elder to appearance, the younger in reality by five or six years, was the poor worn-out shirtmaker.

"Let me get out of this place," said Frank. "I shall go mad if I come here another night."

It was in the time when the Embankment was building, but not quite finished. Frank went down to the grand old river, which was at high tide, and saw—in the clear, bright air of early dawn, when the black pall of smoke over London lifts and is driven away, only to come back again when men rise from their beds—the towers and spires of the mighty city standing out against the blue sky of the morning.

He communed with himself. In that bright air, it was impossible to feel unhappy. At the age of five and twenty, it is impossible not to see hope in everything. Besides, there was literally nothing that he could reproach himself with. His life had been blameless. If we are to go by sins, Frank had none;—I speak as a layman. If we are to go by aims and hopes, Frank's were pure and lofty;—I speak as a layman. If to desire only what is good and right be in itself good and right, then was Frank, at this moment, one of the best of God's creatures. Perhaps I speak as a fool, but indeed I think he was. To few is it given to be so single-hearted and so pure. One sorrow he had, and one hope. That his father's name should be tarnished, was his sorrow. To wipe out the stain, and at the same time to win his love, was his hope.

But how?

He thought of the man with the big head who wanted to employ him. This was clearly not the way to get large sums of money or a

great name. But yet—but yet. Two shillings in money—now that Kitty and Tilly were provided with the means of getting through the day—was all that he had in his pocket. Besides this, a silver watch and a chain, which might together fetch five pounds at a pawnbroker's.

It struck six.

"I'm hungry," said Frank, "and I'm dirty. Both are disagreeable things."

He left the Embankment, went up into the Strand, and had a cup of coffee and a piece of bread—giving twopence to the waiter, like a good Samaritan. The waiter had never had so much money presented to him, in the way of his calling, in all his life before. But instead of showing gratitude, he ran away to an inner apartment, for fear it might be a mistake.

Then he went to the old Roman bath, where he had a plunge in the coldest water in the world, south of the Arctic pole, and came out glowing and strong.

It was only half-past six, so he went back to the Embankment, and smoked a cigar, thinking what he should do next.

"Time goes very slowly for poor people," he reflected. "That, I suppose, is a compensation to them, because it flies so swiftly for the rich."

THE DRAMA.—PART I.

BY SIR CHARLES L. YOUNG.

[This article is abridged from a paper read before the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart., on Thursday, March 7th, 1872.]

IT is impossible not to recognize the fact that we live in an age of overwhelming criticism, and that some of us do not find the science quite so gay as a late editor of ONCE A WEEK would have us believe it to be.

Let me say then, at once, that I in no way pretend to come forward as a dramatic critic. I have no deep acquaintance with the great writers of English comedy. My study of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Otway, and other writers has, I fear, been very superficial; and the histrionic giants of the stage flourished long before my time. I can only speak of the drama from the point of view of a constant playgoer for the last ten or twelve years, who knows but little of the arcana of the green-room, and who has almost invariably paid for his place. My remarks, then, must necessarily be confined to the theatre as it is,

and be made from my modern post of vantage in the stalls.

The very mention of the word "stalls" compels me to make one preliminary observation; and it is not so much upon the drama as upon the spectators. There exists a certain class of persons whom we may fairly believe to be sent upon earth for the sole purpose of trying the tempers of their neighbours. At no time and in no place is their peculiar vocation more discernible than when they make the stalls of a theatre their places for gossip, and when they persist in talking and laughing in a manner that entirely prevents the audience in their vicinity from enjoying what is going on upon the stage. Members of the gilded youth of London—heroes of the toothpick school—would make the theatre their after-dinner lounge, and appear to regard drama or comedy merely as an inevitable prelude to that which alone can stir their small souls to enthusiasm—viz., the glittering burlesque. Of all the nuisances, the mar-pleasures of this world, the chattering dandy in the stalls is one of the most insufferable. He would not be tolerated for an instant by the plain and practical people in the pit or gallery; and I think it is high time he should be ejected—or, at all events, taught manners—by the frequenters of the more aristocratic seats. I mention this by way of parenthesis; for it is, after its kind, an obstacle to the value of the theatre which ought to be swept away.

I do not think I can introduce the more serious consideration of the drama better than by referring you to the words of Schlegel, in answering the question, What is Dramatic Art? He says—

"Action is the true enjoyment of life—nay, life itself. Mere passive enjoyments may lull us into a state of listless complacency; but even then, if possessed of the least internal activity, we cannot avoid being soon wearied. The great bulk of mankind, merely from their situation in life, or from their incapacity for extraordinary exertions, are confined within a narrow circle of insignificant operations. Their days flow on in succession, under the sleepy rule of custom; their life advances by an insensible progress; and the bursting torrent of the first passions of youth soon settles into a stagnant marsh. From the discontent which this occasions, they are compelled to have recourse to all sorts of diversions, which uniformly consist in a species of occupation that may be renounced at pleasure; and though a struggle

with difficulties, yet with difficulties that are easily surmounted. But of all diversions, the theatre is undoubtedly the most entertaining. Here we may see others act, even when we cannot act to any great purpose ourselves. The highest object of human activity is man; and in the drama we see men measuring their powers with each other, as intellectual and moral beings, either as friends or foes, influencing each other by their opinions, sentiments, and passions, and decisively determining their reciprocal relations and circumstances. The art of the poet accordingly consists in separating from the fable whatever does not essentially belong to it; whatever in the daily necessities of real life, and the petty occupations to which they give rise, interrupts the progress of important actions; and concentrating within a narrow space a number of events calculated to attract the minds of the hearers, and to fill them with attention and expectation. In this manner, he gives us a renovated picture of life—a compendium of whatever is moving and progressive in human existence.”

Now, if we agree with Schlegel in thus regarding the objects of the art of the dramatic poet, we must concede that the drama affords something more than a mere passing amusement; for it presents an intellectual feast, providing healthy nourishment and gentle stimulants to the mind; and therefore we hold that all thinking men ought to take more than a mere passing interest in the dramatic literature of the day. And no doubt they do; but, unfortunately, their interest is generally found to shape itself either in a sneer at the stage altogether, or in a wail over what they call its decadence, or a complaint that it can never be amongst us anything more than a mere commercial speculation.

Now, to sneer at the stage altogether is simply a very narrow-minded way of regarding it; and it is a mark rather of supercilious and superficial observation than of recondite reflection. The stage is at once the oldest and youngest of traditions. A nation that could not enjoy some sort of drama would be a nation of Gradgrinds and M'Choakumchilds. So long as there is anything of a poet upon earth, there must of necessity be a drama. For the business of a poet is to reproduce, in refined language, and amid romantic scenes, the actions of man, and to discover his character, his motives, his aspi-

rations. And in order to impress his work more thoroughly upon the minds of his fellow-men, he throws his poem into the form of dialogue, which may be recited by living personages, who are clothed, as the characters of the poem should be, according to period and place, who perform in mimic show the action of the plot, and are surrounded with suggestive scenery. All great poets have tried the dramatic form of poetry, seeming to regard that form as unquestionably the most effective for portraying the romance of life; though we are compelled to add that it is not invariably by their dramatic productions that they have won their fame.

The influences of religious feeling, too, which in all ages of the world have been of such great importance, have been brought to bear upon the drama, and have been called in to vilify or to exalt the stage. We all know that many very excellent persons consider the theatre as a synonym for a place I will not name, and hold as an integral part of their belief that an actor is necessarily a lost and abandoned creature; whilst, on the other hand, the vast majority of spectators who witnessed the most marvellous drama of history, as enacted at Ober-Ammergau, have confessed to the almost overpowering influence of the theatrical representation of the origin of Christianity. And the great rite and mystery of Catholic Christendom was and is essentially histrionic, as emphatically the representation, under symbolical forms, of the murder of the founder of the Church. The Greeks and Romans used the theatre for the purpose of exhibiting the power of the poet in delineating the course and effects of human passions, for satirizing the weaknesses and follies of mankind, and for exalting patriotism. The dramatic principle permeates the written history of mankind.

It is true that we have heard a great deal about the decadence of the drama lately—rather too much to be pleasant, perhaps, for the self-esteem of the existing dramatic authors. Every elderly individual who may happen to remember John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, and Edmund Kean, is perpetually informing us that there are no actors nowadays, and that that does not much matter, for there is nothing for them to act. A certain school of critics love to remind us of the wit and epigram of the older comedies; and these are, indeed, occasionally re-

vided, after having been subjected to a considerable amount of Bowdlerization—if I may use such a word—only to show that in rare instances they can hope to attain any lasting favour on the English stage. And many *blasé* playgoers denounce the slightest approach to the dramatic exhibition of human passion as “rubbish” on the part of the author, and “rant” upon the part of the actor. Then, too, we have the fact that many of the popular authors of the day do not even pretend to any great degree of literary excellence; and their plays, which are successful enough when produced upon the stage with all the accessories of stage effect, and the advantages of excellent acting, are found to be commonplace and devoid of literary merit when read at home. We are also bound to admit that too large a proportion of our actors and actresses are persons of only a moderate degree of education, and their otherwise able performances are too often rendered ludicrous by a total ignorance of the manners and customs of the ladies and gentlemen whom it is their duty to represent upon the stage. The same fault is to be found with some of our modern dramatists. In the late Mr. Robertson’s play, “Society,” we are positively expected to believe that it is the habit of the aristocracy, after a late dinner, to stroll about the garden of a London square, some persons being in evening costume, and others not. I could multiply instances of such incongruities and mistakes; and such faults ought not to occur when the drama is presented to us as an illustration of the times in which we live.

Then, too, a further proof of the decadence of the drama is adduced by the prevailing demand and supply of burlesques, in which pretty faces, shapely limbs, arch manners, and a tolerable voice are the recommendations of the female performers; and a talent for nigger dancing and pantomimic comic business is the great quality to be sought for in the male. Permit the author—or perhaps I should say the compiler—to run wild among nursery tales and rhymes, or standard novels, wherever his imagination—or want of imagination—may lead him, torturing the English language, as he goes, for the purpose of making word-jingles that pass for puns; fit the whole indescribable construction into a pretty framework provided by the scene-painter and carpenter, and you have the principal at-

traction of the modern theatre. What hope for the drama, it is asked in despair, when a West-end theatre, that started with fair promises of good comedy, and pieces written with considerable literary ability, finds that its well-meant attempt does not pay, and falls back upon an absurd travestie of one of the Waverley Novels, illustrated with what are called “topical” songs?

What hope indeed! The question is hard to answer, no doubt; for it seems at times as if the public deliberately set its face against everything but the ephemeral productions of the burlesque writers, and resolutely determined not to encourage those authors who had hoped for better things, and who had conscientiously and energetically set themselves to the task of writing plays of a more ambitious kind than is achieved by the translation of a French melodrama, or the dramatic adaptation of a childish fairy tale. Perhaps, however, our surprise will cease when we have regarded the actual position of the drama at the present day in connection with the existing managerial systems, and when we read such advertisements as these:—

TO MANAGERS.—New and Original DRAMA, in Three Acts; energetic dialogue and sensational acting, but no nonsense, &c.

DRAMAS, COMEDIES, BURLESQUES, Entertainments, Farces, and Songs written to order by a Dramatic Author of recognised talent. For terms, Press Opinions, &c.

Why is it that so few dramas are produced which are likely to make any mark among the literary successes of the present age; and why is it that those dramatists are very few, and very far between, who can hope that their writings will outlive the generation?

I believe the reason to be that those who ought to be foremost in the dramatic field—those whose genius and culture mark them out for standard authors—will not devote their energies to writing for the stage, because they will not be trammelled by existing systems, and they decline to write *down* to the present level of the stage.

It is not from such a writer that the manager expects the article which is to satisfy the public, and replenish the treasury. He avoids experiments, and gives his order to an experienced manufacturer. The professional dramatic author has to write with a view to a particular theatre, and for certain actors. There was a time when the actor was fitted to the part, but now the part must be fitted to the actor—and not for one, but

for all the principal members of a company. At once the author's imagination is fettered, and his pen arrested. Instead of his ideal characters before his eyes, he has perpetual visions of Miss Petowke, Miss Snellicci, Mr. Folair, and the other members of Mr. Crummles's company; and by their powers, and the peculiar line of each, he must measure the creatures of his brain. Besides which, an author nowadays must be an actor too—that is, it is not by any means sufficient that he should aim at producing a play in which the finest subtleties of human character and passion are developed, or in which psychological phenomena are cleverly portrayed. All this, indispensable to a certain extent as it may be, is not enough. For it is imperatively necessary for the success of a modern drama that the author should have practical acquaintance with the stage; should thoroughly understand the meaning of the word "situation;" and, at the cost of no matter how great the literary sacrifice, he must bring down his curtain well. Moreover, he must know what to avoid. He must subdue his minor characters, however necessary they may be to the plot; keep them as much as possible in the shade, and be very careful as to the work he gives them to do, as he knows that, in all probability, they will be played by minor actors whose prominence would be simply fatal to the piece, and whose ignorance and incompetence might reflect upon the author more, perhaps, than on themselves. The author, in short, has to bear in mind that he must carefully write up two of the characters, or three at the most, and leave all the rest to take care of themselves.

And this point brings me at once to what I have no doubt is in your minds, and has long been one of the worst diseases with which the stage is infected—I mean the Star system. What author does not shudder at the anticipation of his best pieces being played at a theatre where there are to be found, perhaps, two persons who, by means of a reputation awarded to them by a certain class of critics, and who have been successful in gaining some sort of position in public estimation, have received tolerably lucrative engagements in the provinces to perform certain parts which they have played at first-class London theatres? So long as they draw a full house, and get their meed of applause and complimentary notices in the local journals, it appears to be a matter of

indifference to them how the author's intentions are carried out, or how the other characters are cast. Who is there that has not felt ready at times to weep at the spectacle of some star playing Hamlet or Macbeth, supported by a crowd of incompetent actors and actresses who do not understand a word of what they are saying, and who are totally incapable of appreciating the genius they are so offensively familiar with?

When will they learn that, whatever Hamlet may be to the student in the closet, he is next to nothing on the stage if the qualifications of the actor are limited to a well-toned voice, a careful study of traditional representation, and a pointed elocution? Hamlet is a thinking soul, not a gentleman who gives readings; and when he is represented on the stage we cannot forget that he is in company with his father, Ophelia, Horatio, his mother, his uncle; and if these characters are to be played anyhow, so long as the star can exhibit his notion of what Hamlet ought to be, it would be better if Hamlet were omitted altogether. It is, however, a welcome fact that comedy companies appear to be eclipsing the stars; and if such errant troops are well managed, and will only consent to work heartily together, I think there is every reason to believe that they will prove of the greatest benefit to the drama-loving public.

For it is undoubtedly of the greatest importance that actors should be accustomed to each other; and I cannot help stating my opinion that one of the worst features of modern stage management is the perpetually shifting nature of the company at any given theatre—with one or two notable exceptions. It is the custom now, on the production of a new play, to inform the public that for the two leading parts Mr. Blank and Miss Dash have been specially engaged. The piece is brought out, runs its destined course, and a new play is advertised as being in rehearsal, but Mr. Blank and Miss Dash are conspicuous by their absence from the cast. We search the columns of the theatrical journals, and discover that that particular lady and gentleman, having been engaged for the run of that particular piece, will be at liberty as soon as it is withdrawn from the bills. One does not require a very intimate acquaintance with the theatre to feel convinced that such a system must be thoroughly bad. It is urged, I am aware, that a particular engagement is insisted on by the author. No doubt this is so; but whatever the author

may gain by the arrangement in one case, I cannot help suspecting that he will lose by it in another. Nothing is pleasanter to witness than a performance by a company well used to support each other; and few things detract more from the enjoyment of a good play than seeing that the actors evidently do not understand each other.

But, besides all such difficulties as these, the dramatic author meets with a very great obstacle at starting. How is he to get a manager to read his play? The ordinary British manager has a wholesome horror of the untried author. It is not his business to wade through MSS., nor is criticism always his strong point. Time is precious to him, and his object is to make his theatre pay; and he shrinks from even thinking of going to the expense of preparing for stage representation and offering to the public the efforts of an inexperienced genius, and risking his own and his theatre's reputation. Besides, he does not consider himself the guardian angel of English dramatic literature: he cares little what becomes of that, so long as there are plenty of assets in the treasury on a Saturday night. Art is nothing to him unless it appears in the material shape of large receipts and a hundred nights' run. What he looks for is not so much real dramatic excellence, but something that will draw. So, unless a new play is introduced to his notice by some theatrical veteran on whose judgment he may rely with tolerable confidence, or by the leading actor of his company whom he is anxious to retain, the manager thrusts the MS. into a drawer, and thinks no more of it. Why should he? If he wants a novelty, he goes to some hack writer, and says—"Write me a piece. You know the sort of thing that suits my theatre. You know my company. Let me have something that will do, as soon as you can." The order for manufacture is given, accepted, and in due course the article is sent in. No one can complain of such proceedings as far as manager and author are concerned. We live in essentially commercial times, and the relations between supply and demand must be maintained.

The chief sufferers from this state of things are the habitual and critical playgoers. They know perfectly well that there is of necessity a limit to the invention and fertility of the most prolific of playwrights. They know that if a man is perpetually writing he can have very little time for reading; and man's

intellect—if it is to retain its originality, its critical qualities, its powers of reproduction—must have proper nourishment, just as his body requires food. A constant interchange of thought is necessary in carrying out the great schemes of life; and as the business of a dramatic author is to survey society, to exhibit its ever-varying scenes in the mimic life of the stage, it is unquestionably of the first importance that he should have time for study, reflection, and composition. How is it possible for a writer to have this if he has two or three engagements which must be fulfilled within a limited period? Is it likely that such productions can hope to do more than give a passing satisfaction, or achieve more than a temporary success? Is there no danger of even the cleverest writer among us writing himself altogether out? One is tempted to ask sometimes whether our authors have any real regard for their own reputations, and whether they are indeed willing to run the risk of finding themselves eventually neglected and forgotten, when they ought to be resting upon laurels to which they might in their age be adding, now and again, an evergreen leaf.

THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

IT is not our intention in this article to attempt any review of Mr. Disraeli's political career. As our cartoons are chiefly portraits of men of letters, it is of the literary achievements of the leader of the Conservative party that we propose to speak. The ex-Premier is the author of a number of clever novels, with which our readers doubtless are perfectly familiar. The first of this series of works of fiction was "Vivian Grey," published when the author was quite a boy. It has been followed by "The Young Duke," "Contarini Fleming," "Henrietta Temple," "Venetia," "Tancred," "Alroy," "Ixion," "Sybil," "Coningsby," and "Lothair."

"Vivian Grey" at once seized the attention of the town, and its successors maintained, if they did not increase, the reputation of the author. They have all been very popular, have been many times reprinted, and sold at all prices, from the conventional guinea and a half form down to the popular "Companion Library" edition, at a shilling a novel.

Mr. Disraeli comes of an old Jewish family; and the pedigrees of such families are

of a length compared with which those of the princes of the blood of any of our European reigning families become insignificant.

His grandfather, Benjamin Disraeli, settled in England in 1748. He was an Italian descendant from one of those Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish Peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century. His ancestors, who were of the Sephardim, "had dropped their Gothic surname" on their settlement in Italy; "and, grateful to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials and guarded them through unheard-of perils, they assumed the name of DISRAELI—a name never borne before or since by any other family—in order that their race might for ever be recognized." For two centuries they were merchants at Venice; but England offering many advantages, in the middle of the eighteenth century the present Mr. Disraeli's great-grandfather determined on sending his younger son, Benjamin, to settle in this country of political quiet, and civil and religious freedom. This first of the English Disraelis is described by his distinguished grandson as a man "of ardent character; sanguine, courageous, speculative, and fortunate; with a temper which no disappointment could disturb, and a brain amid reverses full of resource." No wonder, then, that at middle age he had made a fortune, and settled in a country house at Enfield, where he entertained Sir Horace Mann and many celebrities of the day. He died in 1817, at the ripe age of ninety, and left one son, who had "disappointed all his plans, and who, to the last hour of his life, was an enigma to him." This was Isaac Disraeli, the father of the future Prime Minister, and the famous author of "The Curiosities of Literature" and kindred works—books that will live long after his son's works of fiction have lost their ephemeral glory.

Isaac was of course designed by his father for a merchant; but having written a poem, he was consigned to his father's correspondent at Amsterdam, like a bale of goods, to be placed at a college there. On his return to England, at the age of eighteen, his genius broke the bonds of parental control. He wrote a long poem against Commerce, which—strange sentiment in the mouth of his race as we know them—he called the corrupter of man. He packed his effusion in an envelope, and took it to the Emperor of the

world of letters, Dr. Johnson. Young Isaac Disraeli left it himself in the hands of the Doctor's negro, at the door of the house in Bolt-court, Fleet-street; but the Doctor was then too ill to read anything, and it was returned to the author a week after.

From this time, Isaac Disraeli began to lead the life of a student. He was fortunate in making the acquaintance of amiable and cultivated men, who introduced him to congenial society.

His marriage did not alter his recluse habits of life: he continued to live almost entirely in his own library. This gentleman, having had some difference with his synagogue, failed to teach Judaism to the future Prime Minister; and Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, finding the boy, at six years old, without any religious instruction, took him to Hackney Church. From that time Mr. Disraeli has been a member of the Church of England. Though born of Jewish parents, he has never held the Jewish faith, but has been all his life a member of the Christian Church. Indeed, his father, Isaac Disraeli, was buried in the chancel of the village church, near his own seat in Buckinghamshire; so it would appear that, if he had made no formal profession of any change of religion, he died a Christian.

Mr. Disraeli, in his youth, was articled to a firm of attorneys, who carried on business in Old Jewry, in the city of London; but he did not remain to complete the term for which he was articled. His genius pointed to greater things; and until he himself contradicted the report, when Mr. Grant's "History of the Newspaper Press" appeared, it had always been supposed that he had devoted some considerable time at this period of his life to writing for the newspapers. This, however, was, it appears, a mistake. Mr. Disraeli must be allowed to know best; and it appears that his first literary effort was "Vivian Grey." Though the style is turgid, there are strong outbursts of imagination in the novel. "Books," says the author, "written by boys, which pretend to give a picture of manners, and to deal in knowledge of human nature, can be at the best but the results of imagination, acting upon knowledge not acquired by experience." This sentence precisely describes the character of his first novel. Yet, read by the light of events which have come to pass since he wrote it, "Vivian Grey" is very full of interest. The hero is so like the

author, that it is not easy to separate them. "Mankind, then," says Vivian Grey, "is my game. At this moment, how many a powerful noble only wants wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence." And, in due time, the creator of "Vivian" became a Minister; for in February, 1852, Lord Derby made Mr. Disraeli his Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office he held a second time when Lord Derby was made Premier in 1858-9; and a third time he served the office under his veteran friend and leader in 1866. As everybody knows, in 1868, in the month of February, Lord Derby's health compelled him to resign, and her Majesty was pleased to send for Mr. Disraeli, who thus had conferred upon him the crowning distinction of his life, the greatest post the Sovereign has it in her power to bestow.

But Mr. Disraeli did not find his way into the House he was afterwards to lead without a fight for his seat. In 1829, after the very rapid production of his earlier novels, the brilliant young litterateur left England, spent the winter in Constantinople, and visited Syria, Egypt, and Nubia, before his return in 1831. He came back with new views of life and politics. He had penetrated the Asian Mystery, and was something between a Tory and a Whig. Recommended by Hume and O'Connell, he tried Wycombe three times for a seat in Parliament, and was unsuccessful. Then he turned up at Taunton, and discovered himself, what he is now, a Conservative, and in the ardour of his electioneering eloquence attacked the Irish demagogue.

Politics ran higher then than now, and O'Connell replied:—"Mr. Disraeli calls me traitor: my answer to that is that he is a liar. He is a liar in action and in words. His life is a living lie." This was not quite strong enough. He went on:—"When I speak of Mr. Disraeli as a Jew, I mean not to taunt him on that account. Better ladies and gentlemen than amongst the Jews I have never met with. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants among them, however; and it must certainly have been from one of those that Disraeli descended. He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the Cross, whose name must have been Disraeli. For aught I know, the present Disraeli is descended from him; and, with the impres-

sion that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief that died upon the Cross."

O'Connell's coarse wit stopped at nothing; but he had a foeman worthy of his steel in the younger Disraeli, as he was called then. O'Connell was bound by a vow not to fight a duel; and Disraeli called upon his son to assume "his vicarious duties of yielding satisfaction for the insults which his father lavished with impunity on his political opponents."

Morgan O'Connell did not accept the challenge; and Disraeli wrote Daniel O'Connell a letter, in which he said:—

"Although you have long placed yourself out of the pale of civilization, still I am one that will not be insulted even by a Yahoo without chastising it. . . . I called upon your son to assume his vicarious office of yielding satisfaction for his shrinking sire. I admire your scurrilous allusions to my origin. . . . You say that I was once a Radical and am now a Tory. My conscience acquits me of ever having deserted a political friend, or of ever having changed a political opinion. I have nothing to appeal to but the good sense of the people. A death's head and cross bones were not blazoned on my banners."

He called the great demagogue a "big beggarman," who gathered "rint" from the wretched Irish peasantry by promising to procure a "repale" for them, which he knew he should never get.

Altogether, Mr. Disraeli had much the best of the correspondence. Few men could write a better letter of accusation or of vindication; and he has been charged with the authorship of the "Runnymede" letters, which appeared in the *Times*. They are inferior to the letters of "Junius," but they display great powers of invective; and, on internal evidence only, most people would say they were written by Disraeli.

Mr. Disraeli first sat in Parliament, for Maidstone, in 1832; and his speeches are, perhaps, the best efforts of his genius. He is a splendid Parliamentary debater, and a perfect master of epigrammatic phrases that stick wherever they are applied. When he wrote "Tancred," it was his opinion that "we sadly lack a new stock of public images. The current similes, if not absolutely counterfeited, are quite worn out. They have no intrinsic value, and serve only as counters to represent the absence of ideas. The critics

should really call them in." No man has done more to replace the old images with new ones than the author of "Tancred." Perhaps "Tancred" is the best book of imagination, and "Coningsby" of political life, that their author has produced. The style of all is sparkling and clever sometimes, at others turgid and over-daubed with colour.

It is curious that the best specimen of Disraeli's style that can be given in a few lines is not Disraeli's at all, but Thackeray's. In his "Novels by Eminent Hands," he has "Codlingsby: by the Right Hon. B. Shrewsbury"—a wonderfully good imitation in caricature of Disraeli's style.

"They entered a moderate-sized apartment—in-deed, Holywell-street is not above a hundred yards long, and this chamber was not more than half that length—and fitted up with *the simple taste* of its owner.

"The carpet was of white velvet—(laid over several webs of Aubusson, Ispahan, and Axminster, so that your foot gave no more sound as it trod upon the yielding plain than the shadow which followed you)—of white velvet painted with flowers, arabesques, and classic figures by Sir William Ross, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., Mrs. Mee, and Paul Delaroché. The edges were wrought with seed pearl, Valenciennes lace and bullion. The walls were hung with cloth of silver, embroidered with gold figures, over which were worked pomegranates, polyanthuses, and passion-flowers, in ruby, amethyst, and smaragd. The drops of dew which the artificers had sprinkled on the flowers, were of diamonds. The hangings were overhung with pictures yet more costly. Giorgione the gorgeous, Titian the golden, Rubens the ruddy and pulpy (the Pan of Painting), some of Murillo's beatified shepherdesses, who smile on you out of darkness like a star; a few score of first-class Leonardos, and fifty of the masterpieces of the patron of Julius and Leo, the imperial genius of Urbino, covered the walls of the little chamber. *Divans of carved amber*, covered with ermine, went round the room, and in the midst was a fountain pattering and babbling into jets of double-distilled otto of roses.

"'Pipes, Goliath!' Rafael said gaily, to a little negro with a silver collar (he spoke to him in his native tongue of Dongola); 'and welcome to our snuggery, my Codlingsby.'"

* * * * *

"Her hair had that deep glowing tinge in which has been the delight of all painters, and which, therefore, the vulgar sneer at. It was of burning auburn, meandering over her fairest shoulders in twenty thousand minute ringlets; it hung to her waist, and below it. A light-blue velvet fillet, clasped with a diamond aigrette (valued at two hundred thousand tomans, and bought from Lieutenant Vicovich, who had received it from Dost Mahomed), with a simple bird of Paradise, formed her head-gear. A sea green cymar, with short sleeves, displayed her exquisitely-moulded arms to perfection, and was fastened by a girdle of emeralds over a yellow satin frock. Pink gauze trousers, spangled with silver, and slippers of the same colour as the

band which clasped her ringlets (but so covered with pearls, that the original hue of the charming papoose disappeared entirely), completed her costume. She had three necklaces on, each of which would have dowered a princess; her fingers glittered with rings to their rosy tips; and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand-piano on which it leaned."

Compare Thackeray's admirable caricature with Disraeli's own serious production:—

"A fountain rose in the centre of the quadrangle which was surrounded by arcades. Ranged round this fountain, in a circle, were twenty saddled steeds of the highest race, each held by a groom, and each attended by a man-at-arms. All pressed their hands to their hearts as the Emir entered, but with a gravity of countenance which was never for a moment disturbed. Whether their presence were habitual, or only for the occasion, it was unquestionably impressive. Here the travellers dismounted, and Fakredeen ushered Tancred through a variety of saloons, of which the furniture, though simple, as becomes the East, was luxurious, and, of its kind, superb; floors of mosaic marbles, bright carpets, arabesque ceilings, walls of carved cedar, and broad divans of the richest stuffs of Damascus.

"'And this divan is for you,' said Fakredeen, showing Tancred into a chamber, which opened upon a flower-garden, shaded by lemon trees. 'I am proud of my mirror,' he added, with some exultation, as he called Tancred's attention to a large French looking-glass, the only one in Lebanon. 'And this,' added Fakredeen, leading Tancred through a suite of marble chambers, 'this is your bath.'

"In the centre of one chamber, fed by a perpetual fountain, was a large alabaster basin, the edges of which were strewn with flowers just culled. The chamber was entirely of porcelain; a golden flower on a ground of delicate green.

"'I will send your people to you,' said Fakredeen, 'but, in the meantime, there are attendants here who are, perhaps, more used to the duty;' and so saying, he clapped his hands, and several servants appeared bearing baskets of curious linen, whiter than the snow of Lebanon, and a variety of robes."

And this passage is equalled by hundreds of others profusely strewn through all his works.

You feel, all the while you are reading his books, that the author is laughing at you. There is an air of insincerity about them all; there is not a passage in one of the romances that ever moved the passions of a boarding-school miss. They are very unreal, and very clever; but with all the splendour and wealth of his Eastern imagination, Mr. Disraeli has a fine sense of genuine English humour.

What is finer in this way than the talk of the two servants, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Trueman, that Tancred takes with him to Palestine? They are so inimitably true as

portraits of the English upper servant. Their master, sitting in his room in an inn, near one of the most sacred spots of the cradle of our faith, is lost in poetic reverie. There is a knock at the door. Enter the servants. He thinks they have come to ask him to "improve the occasion," as ministers would say. No—they have come to say they can't drink their coffee without sugar!

Again, when Tancred's life is in danger in an Arab encampment where he is wounded and a prisoner, they come in a great state to explain that they don't know how his boots are to be blacked, for in the night these savages have drunk up all the blacking! On another occasion they go to stay at a "superb Saracenic castle."

It strikes Freeman and Trueman thus:—

"This is the first gentleman's seat I've seen since we left England," said Freeman.

"There must have been a fine coming of age here," rejoined Trueman.

"As for that," replied Freeman, 'comings of age depend in a manner upon meat and drink. They aint in noways to be carried out with coffee and pipes. Without oxen roasted whole, and broached hogsheds, they aint in a manner legal.'"

The servants' Paradise is meat and drink in England or in Palestine, and Tancred's gentlemen were sorely tried with the coffee and pipes.

They are at a great feast at the castle, when the following conversation occurs:—

"And the most curious thing," said Freeman to Trueman, as they established themselves under a pine tree, with an ample portion of roast meat, and armed with their travelling knives and forks—"and the most curious thing is, that they say these people are Christians! Who ever heard of Christians wearing turbans?"

"Or eating without knives and forks?" added Trueman.

"It would astonish their weak minds in the steward's room at Bellamont, if they could see all this, John," said Mr. Freeman, pensively. "A man who travels has very great advantages."

"And very great hardships too," said Trueman. "I don't care for work, but I do like to have my meals regular."

"This is not bad picking, though," said Mr. Freeman; "they call it gazelle, which I suppose is the foreign for venison."

"If you called this venison at Bellamont," said Trueman, "they would look very queer in the steward's room."

"Bellamont is Bellamont, and this place is this place, John," said Mr. Freeman. "The Hameer is a noble gentleman, every inch of him, and I am very glad my lord has got a companion of his own kidney. It is much better than monks and hermits, and low people of that sort, who are not by no means fit company for somebody I could mention, and might turn him into a Papist into the bargain."

"That would be a bad business," said Trueman; "my lady could never abide that. It would be better that he should turn Turk."

"I am not sure it wouldn't," said Mr. Freeman. "It would be in a manner more constitutional. The Sultan of Turkey may send an Ambassador to our Queen, but the Pope of Rome may not."

"I should not like to turn Turk," said Trueman, very thoughtfully.

"I know what you are thinking of, John," said Mr. Freeman, in a serious tone. "You are thinking if anything were to happen to either of us in this heathen land, where we should get Christian burial."

"Lord love you, Mr. Freeman, no I wasn't. I was thinking of a glass of ale."

"Ah!" sighed Freeman, "it softens the heart to think of such things away from home, as we are. Do you know, John, there are times when I feel very queer—there are indeed. I caught myself a singing 'Sweet Home' one night, among those savages in the wilderness. One wants consolation, John, sometimes—one does, indeed; and, for my part, I do miss the family prayers and the home-brewed."

No author has ever done better in portraying the characteristic feeling of the servants' hall; and at the other social extreme, Mr. Disraeli has had more practice than any other novelist. He has put more dukes, duchesses, lords, and ladies, more gold and jewels, more splendour and wealth into his books than anybody else has attempted to do. They are full of them. They are full, too, of his peculiar opinions about the race from which he has sprung. "Race," he tells us, "is the only truth." "The Jews are the aristocracy of nature—the purest race, the chosen people."

Whatever fate his fame as a statesman and a novelist may meet with at the hands of the future, there is, then, one thing at least he can never lose—his connection with the aristocracy of nature.

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

By JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEARNED AND FINANCIAL.

FOR less than a hundred pounds, I could have had a score of alphabets after my name. For a ten pound note I could have been B.A., or M.A., or LL.D. So far as the average public is concerned, what is the odds whether you get a degree from Oxford or Cambridge, or from "an ancient and famous seat of learning" across the water? I met with a fellow who lives and thrives upon his M.D., though he is as ignorant of medicine as a petrified toad; and, manslaughter being punishable by law, he is not such a

fool as to practise medicine. He is a literary and philanthropic M.D. He has, so says the Colonel, put together two or three books by cribbing out of old books at the British Museum library, and therefore he is an author. He is the projector and honorary secretary of The National Institution for the Diffusion of Fine Art and the Amelioration of the Industrial Classes, and he is, therefore, a philanthropist. Upon the strength of his authorship, his philanthropy, and his M.D., he gets into debt—and to scamps who do not mean paying, debts are income—and borrows money. After I had subscribed five guineas to his institution, my name was advertised as a vice-president. The Colonel then informed me that the fellow is an impudent impostor, and that his M.D. was a degree conferred upon him by a mesmeric college in New York.

How many learned societies there are in England, I know not; but there are enough and to spare. Some, I dare say, are what they seem to be; but others are shams, of which any one may become a fellow if he can beg, borrow, or steal a guinea or two for entrance fee and subscription. These sham societies are supported by cads, who think it grand to have some letters after their names; by sharpers, who know that letters after their names will help them to blind and plunder small tradesmen; and by the dupes of the energetic secretaries, who have a commission on the income.

I was persuaded to become a Fellow of the Antediluvian Society of Great Britain. The professed object of the society is to discover the condition of the human race before the Flood. I attended one of the meetings, at which Dr. Festus Codem, a thin young man, with a cracked tin trumpet voice, read a paper "On some Human Bones discovered in a Cave on the Coast of New Guinea."

Dr. Codem told us that the bones were not like any other bones, and that they were part of a skeleton of an infant giant. That is all I could make out of the paper, for every other word was a word of at least ten syllables.

Dr. Codem offered to write a paper for me, and to have it printed in the "Transactions," for three guineas; so that I might have become a scientific author on easy terms. I declined the tempting bargain; but I lent Dr. Codem five pounds, which he forgot to return. When I mentioned it

to him, he expressed surprise and indignation that a gentleman should be troubled about such a trifle. My F.A.S.G.B. cost me ten pounds five shillings.

My financial adventure was rather more expensive. Mr. Floater is one of the most stylish individuals in town. He is a half-century bachelor, with chambers in St. James's-street, and a beautiful house, which he calls "my box," at Edgware. He drives splendid horses, has the best cook that money can hire, gives charming dinners, and always has an opera box at the disposal of the wives and daughters of his friends. Mr. Floater was admitted as a solicitor, but he never practised. He did a little on the turf, had a run of luck, made a few thousands, and gave up betting. He then went into the benevolent line. If a young gentleman got into difficulties, Mr. Floater was ever ready to help him with excellent advice and ready money. The advice was gratis, but the money had to be paid for by interest a little over the Bank of England minimum. But this business does not pay so well as the public supposes. The swell money-lender sometimes catches a Tartar; for there are borrowing sharks as well as lending sharks. Of late years, Mr. Floater has devoted his talents to promoting. He gets up limited liability companies, though his native modesty prevents his name appearing in any of the transactions. For his share of the work he takes money when he can get it, and when there is no cash he accepts paid-up shares. Prudent man is Mr. Floater. All his shares are entered in the name of an old servant, who, owing to delicate health, is obliged to reside on the Continent. Mr. Floater became a favourite with Mrs. Gummer. He was so kind and attentive. He sent bouquets to the girls, and presented Mrs. Gummer with an elegant cameo brooch. I was startled when Matilda asked me to take a thousand shares in The Manitoulin Diamond Fields and Gold Quartz Crushing Company (Limited).

"Only ten shillings a share to pay down, and no calls beyond another ten shillings; and in a year's time the five pound shares will be worth fifty pound."

I had seen too much of limited liability to be nobbled in that style. Matilda was very angry at my point-blank refusal.

"Where is your spirit, Gummer, and where is your duty to your poor dear family? Here is Mr. Floater, who has nothing to

gain by it, offers to well-nigh double our fortune for a paltry ten shillings a share, and you fly in the face of Providence and kick fifty thousand pounds into somebody's lap who has the feelings that a father of a family ought to have, if he is one."

I was so pestered about The Manitoulin Company (Limited), that I spoke to Mr. Floater. I told him that I would not incur any liability, but I would take fifty fully paid-up shares if there were any to be had. Mr. Floater accommodated me. Samuel Wilkins, Esq.—who, I afterwards learnt, was Mr. Floater's late servant—sold me fifty shares at par. Six months afterwards I wanted to sell, but could not find a purchaser; and in nine months The Manitoulin Diamond Fields and Gold Quartz Crushing Company (Limited) was wound up in Chancery, and the shareholders who could pay had to meet a call of three pounds per share. I lost two hundred and fifty pounds, and many families were beggars. If I were in Parliament, I would propose to alter the preamble of the Limited Liability Act, and to describe it as an act to assist rascally schemers in deceiving and plundering the public. Mrs. Gummer was very vexed about our loss, and I told her how much worse it might have been.

"Really, Gummer, my temper can't stand your aggravation. Do I deny that if you were a stone-blind idiot, that unhung thief Floater might have brought us down to a back garret? But if a man has broken his leg, and is suffering tortures, what comfort is it to tell him that he might have broken his neck?"

CHAPTER XIV.

ARRIVAL OF MR. SPARKES.

"GUMMER, if there is anything that makes every inch of one's body feel in eider-down and beautiful, this is it."

It was the first ride in our own carriage, built by a crack builder, on the recommendation of Colonel De Crespin. The figure in the bill was heavy, but the vehicle was not dear; for, as Mrs. Gummer remarked, "the painting is far finer than any of the pictures at Hampton Court, the linings are fit for a palace, and the springs would go over the moon itself without a jolt." The harness was silver-plated. The cattle—swells always call carriage horses cattle—were contracted—that is, hired—by the advice of Colonel De Crespin, who thought

it a safer plan than buying. The coachman, selected by Colonel De Crespin, and our James were in new and handsome liveries, which Mrs. Gummer warned them to take care of, and never to wear indoors.

The first drive in one's carriage is a real pleasure. Keeping a carriage puts one above the millions who don't, and is a certificate of social importance. It is also a genuine comfort. You can go where you like, when you like, and stop out as long as you like, with nothing extra to pay. The only drawback to our perfect enjoyment was the fierce way in which the cattle were pulled up, and the awkwardness of James. He climbed up and down as if he had never done it before—as he had not.

"That boy will tear his new livery, and be under the horses' feet; and we shall have to pension his mother."

Mrs. Gummer jerked the check-string, and told James to mind what he was about, and to practise getting up and down when the horses were out of the carriage.

Fortunately for the horses—I mean the cattle—we had a family dinner party at seven, or our first drive might have lasted till midnight. The De Crespins were to dine with us, and the dinner was to be sent in from the pastrycook's. It went off without a hitch. Mrs. Gummer and I were in spirits far above proof. Hitherto, in spite of their cordiality, we had been rather stiff and fidgety with the De Crespins. Perhaps it was the ride in our own splendid carriage that caused us to feel at least their equals. If the De Crespin blood had been new as wine in the wood, instead of old as a guinea a bottle port, we could not have been more free and social.

The Colonel was unusually jolly. He had seen a place that would suit the young people, the lease of which was to be bought for £500. The term was short, but in a few years Max might want a larger place. This remark was the signal for a little laugh all round, and a blush for Janet.

The ladies were talking about dress, and Janet being presented. The Colonel told me the presentation was a plot to reduce my banker's balance. Mrs. De Crespin said the Colonel was to be the victim, as she had determined he was to pay for the presentation dress. There was a loud laugh, in which the Colonel joined, and Max said that it was a beautiful sell for the governor.

I was sipping a glass of claret, when Jones

came in, and whispered to Mrs. Gummer. Up she jumped, and exclaimed—

"Gummer, young lawyer Sparkes is back, and is in the drawing-room."

I was startled, and went hot and cold in a second.

"Shall we ask him in, my dear?"

"Certainly not, Gummer," said the Colonel.

"Leave us with your wine, and you go and look after the lawyer."

"Gummer, its mints and banks of money, and perhaps the Colonel will help us in the counting."

Mrs. Gummer supposed that Sparkes had brought the fortune in sovereigns.

The Colonel smiled, and said—

"I don't think I shall be wanted; but we are a united family, and I am at your service in case of need."

"Come with us, Colonel," I replied. "We have no secrets from you."

The Colonel finished his glass of claret, and offered his arm to Mrs. Gummer. I followed them into the drawing-room.

MR. DILLY'S TABLE TALK.

THIS week I introduce a few more of the quaint sayings of my good old friend, Mr. James Dilly. The reader will trace the vein of quiet fun running through many of these interesting recollections of a past generation:—

Mr. Dilly's account of Grattan's easy flowing talk quite accorded with Rogers' notes.

"So, you live in the town of Drogheda," said Grattan to him one day. "A good meat market there?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a good fish market?"

"Excellent."

"Then I presume you have a considerable number of *clergy of the Established Church resident there?*"

Grattan explained Flood's failure by the subject—the India Bill—with which the House was familiar. "Then, too, he rose suddenly, when many of the men had gone out to eat; and they all came crowding in a body, which frightened him."

I once dined in company with Warren Hastings, Warren Angelo, and "Farquhar the Miser," as he was called. Hastings was an old man, broad and full-faced, with long

white hair, curling up at the back. Farquhar bought Fonthill Abbey.

Old Luke White told me he had property in every one of the Irish counties but two.

I knew Sir William Gell in Rome—a dreadful talker. We went round the Roman sights one day with Sir Walter Scott, who was inclined to be most entertaining, but Gell would not let him say a word the whole day.

There are two titles in Ireland which were "made" by smuggling.

I was once presented to George IV. at the Dublin Levée, and heard him swearing as I bowed—

"It was d—d stupid—d—d stupid of him."

The chamberlain had omitted something.

I often heard Mrs. Siddons read. The effect was rather grotesque: the holding a large pair of spectacles in one hand—which she put on and off occasionally—and her book in the other.

I knew Lady Morgan very well. She told me once of a ridiculously affected excuse sent by Grattan for not dining with her—"He had just heard of Benjamin Constant's being arrested!"

I once saw the eccentric Lord Coleraine—who, when he was bowed to, used to take off the hat of the person next him.

Ries, Beethoven's only pupil, was my master. He told me that he once went to Monzani and Hill's, the well-known music-sellers of the day, to get some of Beethoven's music for Beethoven himself. He was obliged to pay for it. They said—

"We charge Mr. Beethoven just as we do any one else."

Yet these people had made a fortune out of Beethoven's works. Ries insisted on a receipt to show. He said he did all he could to prevent Beethoven's coming to England, for he knew he never would get on with the people here.

Tamburini often spoke to me of the excellent musical taste of the Queen: of her going over to the piano to ask why he and

Lablache had transposed such a duet—this without seeing the music.

Tommy Moore told me he knew the Godwins very well. They were queer, strange people: would give parties when they were not on speaking terms—never addressing each other the whole night. Godwin had a list of the company hung up at the mantelpiece; and, as each guest entered, he went over and struck the name out.

I was once at a party given by a wealthy Jewish lady, well known for her charities. Cardinal Wiseman was there; and the hostess asked Mrs. W——, wife of a Conservative Minister, would she like to be presented to the Cardinal. The lady refused almost with horror, and went off into a violent tirade against Popery.

"Well," said the hostess, "we are only Jews, you know; so you must forgive us if we don't understand how Christians feel about these matters."

A fine rebuke.

My friend Dilly excelled in little sketches almost too frail to bear transferring to print: as his little outline of the late Bishop of L—— at Ella's morning concert, who slept profoundly all through, but at the end woke up, and was heard blandly assuring the leading players that "it was the finest music he had ever heard."

The Irish nobleman with the strong brogue, which he wished to refine:—

"Let me send you a little *bacon* with your *vale*."

Apropos of this dish comes the story of Lady N——, a *parvenue*, who affected to be surprised and delighted when it was set before her, as though she had seen it for the first time.

"Oh, I so like it! Do, my lord, let us have a *bacon* for dinner to-morrow."

I was at the Opera one night when Queen Caroline went in state. The Prince was there also, but at the opposite side of the house. Whitbread came in ostentatiously to pay his homage—a fine, portly-looking man, so stately; also Brougham. There was prodigious shaking of hands and welcome.

I once brought an introduction to Cramp-

ton, the Surgeon-General, from a rather talkative lady, who was given to laying down the law. He spoke of her kindly.

"She considers you," I said, "the second best physician in Ireland."

He looked rather taken back.

"For," I added, "she looks on herself as the first."

I have seen old Louis XVIII. eating. It was disgusting. He was limited at breakfast to twelve chops!

At Rome I once gave a dinner party, at which were the ex-Queen of Denmark and Mezzofanti, the linguist. There are many stories of his wonderful powers, and no doubt much exaggeration; but this I can vouch for. She was quoting some lines from a Danish poet, when Mezzofanti said—

"Are you sure it runs so?"

He then gave the correct version.

I knew the late Lord Guillamore, the facetious Chief Baron O'Grady. Some of his sayings were excellent: as when he heard that some spendthrift barristers, friends of his, were appointed to be Commissioners of Insolvent Debtors—

"At all events, th' insolvents can't complain of not being tried by their peers!"

Also his sarcastic judgment when two of his brethren differed from each other—

"I agree with my brother J——, for the reasons given by my brother M——."

In the same court, I once heard a Registrar administer the oath to a witness with the following variation—

"The truth, the whole truth, and *nothing at all* but the truth."

I knew the Edgeworths—Maria, her brother, and father—very well. Richard Edgeworth, when a good story was told, would call out—

"Stop—stop—wait till Maria comes down."

Maria kept a sort of repository, in which she "booked" such things.

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A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.



PAVING-STONES become hard after walking about on them for twenty-four hours or so, no doubt," Frank said to himself as he strolled along the Embankment, and looked in vain for a seat. A policeman passed him. "Now, who would be a bobby?" he thought. "What an awful time of it they must have. Yet I might put on the blue. I suppose I could procure a nomination. I might come down to that,

and yet be — No; a gentleman drives a Hansom, or he enlists as a soldier, but nobody ever heard of a gentleman in the police force. Officers, it is true; but even a metropolitan magistrate has never yet complimented them on their gentlemanlike demeanour in the box. Prejudices are queer things. I confess—though I haven't many left—I have an objection to the force. Francis Melliship, you must aim higher than —" He sent a bit of flint skimming over the river wall.

He pulled out his watch. It had stopped at half-past six. The key was at Islington. He looked up at the clock tower. It was a quarter to nine.

"A quarter to nine. I am getting hungry again. Remarkable thing. I do not remember being hungry before nine a.m. since

I left school. My appetite is becoming serious and embarrassing. 'The wind,' as Mr. Sterne very prettily said, though King David generally gets the credit of it, 'is tempered to the shorn lamb.' My experience is, that his appetite does not suit itself to his circumstances. Hang it, I must have some breakfast, and as well now as in an hour's time."

He walked through the Temple into Fleet-street. In the window of a modest-looking coffee-house, an impracticable china tea-pot, surrounded by freshly cut chops and rashers of ham, gave notice to hungry men that breakfast was to be had within.

Frank took a seat in a box near the door, and ordered his meal; ate it with the greatest relish, and wondered if Dick Mortiboy was up, and whether he would be surprised if his cousin failed to keep his appointment with him.

Then he took up that wonderful chronicle, the advertisement sheet of the *Times*. Order in disorder, if you happen to know where to look for things. Frank did not; so he looked at every page but the right before his eye caught the columns of Wanted and Want Places. He read the list—the contents of which everybody knows perfectly well, because it never alters—with the curiosity of one interested. He was struck, of course, with that coincidence of people advertising for a place in terms that exactly suit the apparent requirements of people advertising for a person. Everybody has noticed this peculiarity, and the novelists have made an especially good thing out of it.

"Why don't they read this paper, apply for the vacant places, and save their money?" was his reflection.

Any number of cooks and clerks were wanted by advertisers; any number of "gentlemen," possessed of every possible qualification, advertised for employment for time, capital, or both.

There was not in the list one advertisement which seemed to fit his case. Stay,

there was one—a secretary was wanted for an established public company. “A knowledge of the Fine Arts absolutely requisite. Preference will be given to a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge.” Frank wrote down the address in his pocket-book. It was an Agency; and Frank Melliship had neither heard, nor read, nor learned from experience, that of all the humbugs in a city full of them, Agencies of all sorts are the greatest humbugs. And the very cream of these swindles are Agencies that rob those poor wretches who, having tried every other method of getting employment, as a last resource enter one of these spiders’ dens. I will give an example of their common method of procedure, which is representative. I will take a Servants’ Agency to serve my purpose.

Here is a copy of an advertisement from the *Times*. You may see one similarly catching any day and every day:—

GENERAL SERVANT. Is a good PLAIN COOK. Has no objection to undertake washing. Fond of children. Age 24. From the country. Clean, active, willing, and obliging. Waits well at table. $3\frac{1}{2}$ years’ excellent character. Wages £9.—“Mary,” Mrs. —, — street.

This advertisement appears in the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, and the *Standard* on the same day. The advertisements cost—say four-teen shillings altogether.

Now, how many poor innocent ladies do you think apply to Mrs. — for that domestic treasure?—poor women who have large families and little means; who can only afford to keep one servant; and perhaps, ever since they were first married, have been wanting that clean, willing country girl who will cook the dinner, and nurse the children, and all well for nine pounds a-year, and have never found her. How many? I should not like to say.

Do you think there ever was such a “Mary”?

Never.

Apply to the advertiser. You may write to her, or go and see her. If the latter, she will smile affably, and tell you—what she will tell you in a letter if you write to her—that it is most unfortunate, because somebody has just engaged that particular “Mary.” On payment, however, of a fee of half a crown, your name will be placed on the books of the Agency, and you will, doubtless—say in a week or two—be rewarded by having such another phoenix of domestic servants transferred to your own kitchen.

Transparent traps to catch half-crowns. The sun shines through a ruse so clumsy. Very likely. But people won’t see it. A proportion of the applicants—large enough to made the game at least remunerative—pay their half-crowns in the certain assurance of getting a Mary exactly like the one who was so unfortunately ravished from their grasp. Of course, they never get her. Then the fool-trap is baited afresh.

Now, multiply Mrs. —’s humble half-crown by eight. That makes a sovereign. The fee is one sovereign. Divide the number of applicants by any numeral you think will give you the truth as the result of this sum in simple division, and you will know how much Mr. —, who flies at higher game, gets by his profession of not finding places for secretaries, clerks, ushers, and the rest, who want employment in this great city;—always remembering that his most frequent quarry is the broken man who knows neither trade nor profession, but must have a gentlemanlike occupation: men who, like young Frank Melliship, are ruined; but who, unlike him, have no friend. Hundreds of these men have given a sovereign out of their last two or three — to the Agent, and received in return—**0**.

To find these men who want work and can’t get it, who deserve well—yet, asking bread, receive stones: here is a field for charity!

Now let us return to Frank Melliship.

I have not called him the hero of my story, because he has done nothing heroic—because he seems to stand in the way of his own success; and, with that noble object he has in view, to be wasting precious time only to earn an indifferent living.

Why does he not apply to John Heathcote? Why will he not be helped by his superlatively rich cousin, Dick Mortiboy?

I will tell you why, for I must paint him as he was. He was on his mettle: it was a point of pride: determined to show his independence of all those who, as he thought, ought to have saved his father from ruin, madness, and death.

“I will do without them. The world is wide. Energy overcomes all difficulties. Labor omnia vincit.”

Boys’ copybook rubbish. It does not. RES OMNIA VINCIT. It is capital that conquers all things, from a kingdom up to a woman.

“To London and to Art.” He had

come something of an enthusiast. Where Art left him, we have seen. Was this the fault of Art? No.

He wanted long education and years of patient toil to paint even moderately well. This he did not know, and nobody but Kate had ever told him so.

Let us do him justice. He never thought himself a genius; but he believed in his energy, in his determination to succeed, and thought some way would be found by himself. He did not want to be shown the way, or to be helped by any friend of his prosperous days. His desire to be independent, and work his own way, was a sort of vanity; but it is not uncommon. I know a rich man who would rather *earn* a single guinea than that the goddess of Good Luck should shower a hundred into his pocket from the clouds. This was Frank's state of mind too.

He had made an entry of the address of the Agency in his pocket-book, and called the waiter to him; when the thought flashed across his mind that he had forgotten, when he ordered his breakfast, that his pockets were empty. He explained his predicament to the waiter, and offered to leave his watch with the proprietor. It was, he said, the only thing of value he had about him, except the guard.

The man saw he was a gentleman, and begged not to trouble about the matter, but pay him any day when he was passing.

"It is the easiest thing in the world," thought Frank, "for a man who always has had money in his pocket, to walk into a shop, and quite forget he has none."

He came to a pawnbroker's, and he thought he had better pawn his watch and chain at once. He must have some money.

There was a shop window full of plate and jewellery: in a side street was an open doorway, revealing a row of little doors. Frank guessed what these cabinets were, but he was some few minutes before he could make up his mind to go in. He looked at the costly things in the window—he walked past the doorway; at last, looking cautiously up the street and down the street, as if he were about to commit a burglary, and was afraid of the policeman who might be round the corner, he plunged into one of the little boxes, falling on an old woman who was haggling with the shopman for sixpence more than she had got last time on a pair of sheets.

Frank flushed in his confusion, apologized,

and tried the next cabinet. This was empty; and here, trying to look as if he had often done it before, he put down his watch and chain on the counter with the grace of a *roué*, and waited his turn.

The man examined his watch, asked if it was in going order, weighed his chain, and smiled as he leered at him through his spectacles.

Frank, despite his efforts, looked so completely innocent.

"How much?"

Frank hesitated before he answered.

"How much will you lend me?"

"Tell me how much you want?"

"Well, a fiver."

"All right. These aint been in before, young gentleman."

"How do you know?" asked Frank, blushing.

He felt very much ashamed of the meanness of the transaction he was engaged in.

"We've got a private mark in the trade we put on everything that comes in," said the man; and Frank believed him.

He began to write out the ticket.

"What name?"

"Must I give it?"

"Not unless you like. Any name 'll do. Mr. Smith, of Piccadilly, it generally is. Will that do?"

Frank nodded.

"Got fourpence? For the ticket, you know."

The poor boy blushed scarlet.

"All right, my lad: there you are. Four"—he dashed down the sovereigns—"nineteen, eight."

Frank put the money and the ticket in his pocket, and went back to pay for his breakfast.

Then he made his way to the Agency.

The proprietor had not come, but his clerk told Frank he had a very good list of appointments "suitable for any gentleman to take."

Frank was glad to hear this, and asked for some particulars about the secretaryship advertised.

"Our fee for entering a name is a sovereign—over a hundred and fifty a-year—half a sovereign under it. This secretaryship is three hundred. Fine Arts Company (Limited). The governor's in it, and it'll soon be got up."

To the credit of Frank Mellish's common sense, I record the fact that he did not

pay the sovereign, but asked the fellow what they meant by their advertisement. He had a copy of it in his book, and he read it out.

The clerk was evidently of an irritable temperament. Perhaps they often had a row in the office. He was rude to Frank. He turned on his heel and left the counter, with the words—

"P'raps you know gentlemen as hasn't got a sovereign. Coming here wasting our time and kicking up a row!"

The being was too contemptible to thrash, but his remark opened Frank's eyes to the position of things. That such a little cad dared insult him!

He turned into a bye-street, and looked for a quiet corner where he could sit and curse fate. But there was none. So he cursed fate as he walked along.

After walking for half an hour or so, he began to pull himself together.

"Swearing will not help, at any rate. Something must be done, and that soon. I believe I am getting hungry again. What a misfortune to have such a twist. Poverty may be invigorating, but it's unpleasant. I don't think I'm strong enough to take the medicine. As for taking money from Dick, that, of course, is out of the question."

He was walking along a West-end street, and saw at a door a brass plate, with "University and Scholastic Agency" upon it.

"Let us try the schools. Perhaps they won't ask for a sovereign," he said, and went in.

They did not. The agent, a man of extremely affable and polished manners, invited Frank to sit down, and asked him what he could do.

"Tell me candidly. I've got plenty of places."

"I've taken a poll degree at Cambridge. I know very little Latin or Greek, and no mathematics."

"Bad," said the agent. "Any French?"

"Oh, French of course. And—and I can paint and draw."

"A good cricketer? Anything of an oar?"

"Yes—rowed five in the first college boat."

"My dear sir, a public school will be delighted to have you. They don't care, you see, about their junior masters being great scholars, because they have found out that any one can teach the boys their Delectus. But they do want athletics. You'd be worth your weight in gold to a head master. Sit

down at that table, and put down all you can do. First-class poll, I think you said."

"No—last. I just scraped through."

"Well, never mind. Sit down and write."

"So"—he read over Frank's modest list of accomplishments—"I will find—it is now July the 10th—before the vacations are over, a really good opening for you."

"But I've had no experience in teaching."

"What does that matter? Look at your experience in the field and on the river. Give me your address."

"I must find one first. I am—I am looking for lodgings; but I will send it you as soon as possible."

He came out of the office with a lightened heart. Something would be got: something unpleasant, naturally—because the order of things allots all unpleasant things to poor men—but still, the means of life. In a few minutes he was perfectly happy in his new prospects—just as a drowning man is happy to find a plank even if he is in mid-ocean, with no ship in sight.

Then, a sudden reflection dashed his pleasure. He was to have his new post when the summer vacation was over. How was he to live till then? If on his wardrobe, there would be no possibility of presenting a respectable exterior; and his watch and chain would not go very far.

He put his hand into his empty pocket, and pulled out the card which he had taken from the Jewish gentleman the night before.

"By Jove! it's Bighead's card. I'll go and see him."

It bore the name of Mr. Emanuel Leweson, and an address in Brunswick-square.

Thither Frank bent his steps, tired and fagged with the long walking about he had had. A cab, of course, was not to be thought of.

He sent in his card—Mr. Leweson was at home—and in a few minutes found himself again in the presence of his acquaintance of the evening before.

Mr. Leweson looked more big-headed than ever, sitting over a late breakfast—it was half-past twelve—in a light dressing-gown. He had been breakfasting luxuriously. The table was covered with fruit and flowers. He was drinking Rhine wine from a long flask.

"Come in, Mr. Melliship—since that is your name. I am glad to see you—very glad. Take a glass of wine, and sit down. And now," he said, finishing his breakfast,

and lighting a cigar, "let us talk business. Tell me as much as you like about yourself, Mr. Melliship. The more the better."

Frank told him as much as he thought advisable.

"So—no money; expensive tastes; habits of a gentleman; no special knowledge; art and music. Now, Mr. Melliship, do you know what I am?"

"No; something theatrical, I should say."

"That is because I wear a velvet coat, and breakfast off fruit and Rhine wine, I suppose? No. You are not far wrong, however. I am a musical composer by nature; the owner and manager of a London music hall by will of a malignant fate. Yes, young man—in me you see the proprietor of the North London Palace of Amusements."

He waved his hand as he spoke, as if deprecating the other's contempt.

"I know, I know. They sing 'Rollicking Rams' and 'Champagne Charlie'—not a bad air, that last—and we are altogether a degraded and degrading place. But we must pay, dear sir, we must pay. I do more than the rest of them, because I always try to get something good. For instance, I've got you."

"I don't know that you have," said Frank, laughing. The big-headed man amused him tremendously.

"You will come and sing two songs every evening—allowing yourself to be encored for one only, because time is precious. You will thus gain confidence, as well as three guineas a-week. I intend to push you, and we shall have you on the boards of the Royal Italian before many years. Then you will remember with gratitude that I brought you out."

"Do I understand you to offer me—"

"Do you want pen, ink, and paper? Have I not said it? Ask the people at the music hall if Leweson's word is not as good as any other man's bond. Will you accept?"

"Don't ask me to sing under my own name."

"Sing in any name you like—only sing for me."

"Very well, then."

Mr. Leweson held out his hand, and shook Frank's by way of ratifying the bargain.

"And now come with me," he said, "and we will pay a visit to the Palace. A poor place, after all; but the people go there—the idiotic, stupid people. Would you believe

that I brought out the music of my opera there, and they hissed it? Then I engaged the Inexpressible Jones, placarded all London, gave them 'Rollicking Rams' and the rest of it, and the people all came back again. Dolts, asses, idiots!"

He banged his head with his fist at every epithet, and then put on his hat—an enormous brigand's hat—with a scowl of revenge and hatred. Then he burst out laughing, and led the way out.

They took a Hansom from the stand.

"How I wish you could do trapeze business," said Mr. Leweson. "I suppose you can't, by any chance?"

"No—I'm afraid not."

"You could act so well with Giulia. The poor girl has only got her father and little Joe to fall back on. It would tell immensely if we could put you in. The talented Silvani family. Signor Pietro Silvani, Signor Francesco, and the Divine Giulia. A brilliant idea just occurred to me—a combination of them. The Signor at the bottom, with rings instead of a bar; you on his shoulders; Giulia on yours. Giulia is left at the first trapeze; you at the second; the undaunted head of the family goes on to the last. Bless you, Giulia wouldn't be afraid! She's afraid of nothing, that girl. But then, if you can't do it, you can't, of course. After all, it might spoil your career as a tenor. Don't let us think of it. Where do you live?"

Frank turned red.

"I'm looking for lodgings now."

"Oh! Well, then, the best thing you can do is to go to Mrs. Skimp's. She's cheap, and tolerably good. Here we are, sir, at the Palace, where every evening the British public may receive, at the ridiculous price of one shilling, the highest form of amusement compatible with their stage of civilization. Here's the stage door. That is your door. I am busy to-day, and cannot give you any more time. Take my card, and show it to Mrs. Skimp. That will do for an introduction; and for the present, at least, you can stay there. And come round here to-morrow at one. Good-bye. Take care of your throat."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

MRS. SKIMP'S. Her establishment is in Granville-square, Islington—one of those pleasant places where fashion and aristocracy have never penetrated to corrupt the simplicity of the natives. Mrs. Skimp's

is two houses converted into one by knocking a door through the partition wall on each floor. Everybody in the neighbourhood knows it, for Mrs. Skimp has been there a good many years. Frank asked the way to Granville-square at a baker's shop: it happened to be Mrs. Skimp's baker.

"This little b'y's just going there, sir," the woman behind the counter said, very curtly. "He will show you the way. What number might you want, sir?"

"Thirty-three."

"Thirty-three and thirty-four. Mrs. Skimp's, sir," said the woman, her face brightening up at the prospect of three extra loaves a-week being wanted. "That's the house the little b'y's going to."

Frank followed the boy with his load of bread.

In three minutes they were in the square. It was an oblong really, and not so wide as Regent's Quadrant; but it had a badly kept strip of garden in the middle. The houses were plastered over; and, with two or three exceptions, wanted a coat of paint as badly as houses could. Mrs. Skimp's was an exception. It was a house of three storeys, and attics in the roof. Over the doors were lamps slightly projecting from the pane of glass that let light into the hall; and on these, in huge gilt figures, 33 and 34 blazed in the sun. They were repeated again on the door.

The boy pulled the area bell, and pointed to the knocker and then to Frank, when a dirty servant came out at the basement door to take in the bread.

Frank's knock remained a minute unanswered; but he saw the lace curtains of the window move, and caught sight of a face—apparently a young lady's—peeping at him over the blind.

Then the servant came and showed him into a room, evidently the dining-room.

Here he had to wait while Mrs. Skimp and her daughter "put themselves to rights."

Presently they came in together. Mrs. Skimp was tall, and of rather pleasing appearance. Her daughter was short and stout, and decidedly uninteresting.

"She takes after my lamented husband, the late Mr. Skimp," her mother often said. "She is quite unlike my family."

They both bowed very cordially to Frank. He bowed in return.

"I desire to—to—"

"Board and reside with a private family

of good position. I quite understand, sir. Our circle is small and select. Terms from twenty-two and six, according to the room. Was it the *Telegraph* or the *Times*, sir?" asked this voluble personage.

"Neither, madam," said Frank. "Mr. Leweson recommended me to see you on the subject."

"Very kind, indeed, of Mr. Leweson. We know him quite well, my dear—do we not? A very agreeable gentleman, and quite the *artiste*. Such ears!"

Frank looked at her in surprise. He thought she alluded to the size of them; but no, it was a tribute to his musical genius.

Mrs. Skimp, as the reader has already discovered, kept a cheap boarding-house. Like all of her profession, she persisted in calling it "a private family and a select circle."

She read Frank's name on Mr. Leweson's card, and showed him the bed-rooms then at her disposal, expatiating in glowing terms on the advantages of living in such a neighbourhood as Granville-square—and particularly with such a family as Mrs. Skimp's.

"We have the key of the square, for the use of the boarders, sir," she said.

Frank could not help contrasting, in his own mind, the key of the square offered by Mrs. Skimp with the key of the street so lately in his possession.

There certainly is some difference between the two.

His interview with Mrs. Skimp was short and satisfactory. Anybody who came with Mr. Leweson's recommendation was received by her with great pleasure. She was about forty-five years of age, a widow with one daughter, Clara. She was born to become fat and comfortable; but nature's intentions were so far frustrated by the hard conditions of life that she had become fat, but by no means looked comfortable, having an air of anxiety which came from an eternal effort to bring her bills within the compass of her income. She was short-winded, because the stairs, up and down which she ran all day long, had made her so. She held her hand upon her heart, not because she suffered from any palpitation, but from a habit she had contracted after her husband's death. It indicated resignation and sorrow. Her hair was already streaked with gray. Her eyes were sharp; but her mouth was soft. That meant that she would have been kind-hearted, had it not been her lot to contend

with people who seemed all bent upon cheating her.

She kept a cheap boarding-house. It was a place where you received your dinner, breakfast, and bed-room for the modest sum of twenty-five shillings a-week—with the usual extras, Mrs. Skimp would say, explaining that the gentlemen paid for their own liquor, of which she always kept the very best that could be got for money. They also paid extra for washing. She took Frank over the house.

"This," she said, "is the dining-room."

It was a room with two pieces of furniture in it, a table and a sideboard. The latter, a veneered piece of workmanship, in an advanced state of decay, was covered with tumblers, glasses, and bottles. Each bottle had a card tied round it, with somebody's name on it. Round the red earthenware water bottle was tied a huge placard, on which was written, in characters an inch long, "Mr. Eddrup." Mrs. Skimp took it off with an air of annoyance, and tore it up. A dozen chairs were ranged round the walls of the apartment. There was very little besides: no pictures; dirty muslin curtains; no carpet. It was the front room, and looked out into the square, where half a dozen brown trees were making a miserable pretence of summer, and the children were tumbling over each other on the pavement outside the rails.

"Yes, sir," said Mrs. Skimp, "it is a privilege of the boarders to go into the garden, if they like, and smoke their pipes there. And very beautiful it is, on a fine evening, when the flowers are out, I do assure you. Now, let me show you the billiard-room, sir."

At the back of the dining-room was a billiard table. Old it was, certainly; the baize torn and patched, and torn again; the cushions dull and lumpy; the balls untrue from their long battering; the cues mostly without their tops;—but still a billiard table: undeniably, a billiard table.

"It is an extra, of course," said Mrs. Skimp, with pride. "We charge a shilling a-week for the privilege of coming into this room. Some of the gentlemen"—this with a deprecatory simper—"spend their Sunday mornings here instead of at church. But perhaps, sir, you've been better brought up."

She led the way to the drawing-room, ornamented with a round table in the middle, curtains, and two or three battered easy-

chairs. In them were seated two men, smoking pipes. They looked up as Frank came in, but did not offer to remove their pipes from their mouths.

"This is the drawing-room, where the boarders sit after dinner, and play cards if they like, or amuse themselves," she whispered. "That is Cap'en Bowker, him with the red beard; and the other is Cap'en Hamilton, him with the moustache—both boarders, sir."

Frank gave half a look at them, and followed his guide to the bed-room. He got a small room—two of them had been made out of a big room by putting up a partition, and taking half the window—arranged to bring his portmanteau round at once, and went away.

"We dine at half-past five, Mr. Melliship—punctual. I do hope you won't keep us waiting, because the gentlemen use such dreadful language if the meat is overdone."

"I'll be punctual, Mrs. Skimp," said Frank, as he trudged off to his old lodgings, and brought away his luggage.

Then he strolled about the delightful neighbourhood of Islington—new to him—making acquaintance with the most remarkable monuments of the place; and then he found it was five o'clock, and he turned homewards to be in time for dinner.

"Not expected to dress at Skimp's, I suppose," he said.

The bell rang as he opened the dining-room door. The room was filled by about a dozen men of all ages. They greeted Frank with the stare of rude inquiry by which men of a certain class welcome a new-comer.

"Swell down on his luck," murmured Captain Hamilton to the lad—a King's College medical student—who stood by him, leaning half out of window.

At the moment, a red-cheeked and bare-armed servant-maid brought in the dinner. She was followed by Mrs. Skimp, who had brushed her hair, and put on a clean cap for dinner, and now assumed the head of the table, rapping with the handle of her carving knife to summon her boarders.

They took their seats.

"You must take the bottom seat, Mr. Melliship," said the hostess, gracefully pointing with a fork. "No, not the end—that's Mr. Eddrup's. That's right: next to Cap'en Bowker. Jane, take the cover off."

Just then there glided into the room an

old gentleman, dressed in black coat and gray trousers. He took his place at the end of the table. Nobody took the least notice of him—except Captain Bowker, who asked him, in a whisper, if he was better. Mr. Eddrup shook his head, and poured out a glass of water. This was a sort of signal; for there is no better opportunity of displaying wit than when you are waiting to be served, and no safer a method than that of chaffing an old man.

The medical student began. How delightful is the flow of spirits, unchecked by the ordinary restrictions of politeness, which distinguishes a certain class of medical student!

He burst into a horse laugh, and pointed at Mr. Eddrup.

“Ha, ha! — Ho, ho! There he goes again. Must cool his coppers.”

“Where did you get tight last night, Mr. Eddrup?” cried Captain Hamilton, whom Frank set down at once as a leg of the most unmitigated description. He was one of those shady, suburban-race men who hang about at small meetings, living heaven knows how. At present, he was three weeks in debt at Skimp’s, and was meditating flight, with the partial sacrifice of his wardrobe.

“I think I saw him at the Alhambra about eleven,” said another, a City clerk. “He was winking at the ballet girls.”

“Oh, Mr. Eddrup!—Oh, bad man!” was groaned all round the table; and then everybody laughed.

Mr. Eddrup took not the smallest notice of anybody, calmly sitting with his eyes fixed before him. The immobility of his features was very remarkable. He took no notice at all, either by look or gesture. He was a small, thin man, with a broad, high brow. His hair, which had not fallen off, and was still thick, lay in long, white masses—much longer than young men wear it—and gave him a singular, out-of-the-way appearance, not easily forgotten. But his face attracted Frank at once. It had a quite inexpressible charm of sweetness. The cheeks were pinched in; round the eyes were crows’-feet; the lips were thin; but in the sad smile that lived upon his mouth you could read the presence of some spirit of content which made the foolish gibes of the rest fall upon him unregarded. Who was he? Why did he live at Skimp’s? Frank caught himself looking at him during the dinner with ever-in-

creasing wonder. It must be poverty;—perhaps it was avarice. His clothes were worn and threadbare. He drank nothing but water with his dinner.

The dinner consisted of an enormous leg of mutton—the biggest ever seen, probably, and, Frank thought, perhaps the stringiest. He found that you could have beer, or even wine—only that luxury was hardly known at Mrs. Skimp’s dinner table—by ordering it of the red-armed attendant. During the intervals of feeding, a running horseplay of wit went on at Mr. Eddrup’s expense. His appetite was commented on—his personal appearance and habits. Stories, not the most delicately chosen, were told about his antecedents. To all this Mr. Eddrup was entirely callous. Captain Hamilton greatly distinguished himself in this feast of reason by a persistent disregard of a woman’s presence, and a steady accumulation of insinuations against the morals of the old gentleman, which did him infinite credit.

“Does this sort of thing go on every evening?” asked Frank of his neighbour, Captain Bowker, the only one who took no part in the conversation.

“Every morning and every evening. Breakfast and dinner. At two bells and the dog watch,” replied Captain Bowker.

Frank hardly understood the last allusion, but let it pass.

Dinner concluded without the ceremony of grace, and the guests rose one by one, and strolled into the billiard-room.

Captain Hamilton and the three at the end of the table alone remained. He advanced to Frank with an easy grace, and tendered him his card.

“Let us know each other,” he said, “as we are for the moment in this hole.”

Frank took the card: “Captain Hamilton.” No regiment upon it.

“Ceylon Rifles,” said the gallant officer.

“My name is Melliship,” said Frank. He would not have another *alias*.

“Come and join our pool, Mr. Melliship.”

“No, thank you. I never play billiards, except—that is, I never do play.”

“Come and look on. You can bet on the game, and smoke.”

“I never bet, thank you,” said Frank, coldly.

“Well, what do you do, then?” asked the Captain, rudely.

“What the devil, sir, is that to you?”

The blood rushed through Frank’s veins

again. He was getting combative against this thinly disguised rook.

Captain Hamilton turned on his heel, and went away. A minute or two afterwards the click of the balls was heard, and an approving laugh at some anecdote of the gallant officer's—probably an account, from his own point of view, of his late interview with Frank.

Mr. Eddrup still sat at the end of the table—Captain Bowker beside him. They rose together as soon as the room was cleared.

"Young man," said Captain Bowker, "I am glad to hear that you don't bet—likewise that you don't play billiards. Come upstairs, and have a pipe in the drawing-room with me and Mr. Eddrup. We use this room pretty much to ourselves," said Captain Bowker, taking an easy-chair. "The others prefer the billiard-room. They go out, too, a good deal in the evenings. That's a great thing at Skimp's. A man *is* left alone if he likes."

The speaker was a man of about fifty-five or so—weather-beaten, rugged. He had fair hair and blue eyes, and had a habit of looking straight ahead at nothing, which comes of a dreamy nature. He was an old "ship captain"—*i.e.*, a merchant service skipper.

It is a singular thing about skippers, that ashore they are all uniformly the most gentle, tractable creatures that walk about. They drink sometimes, which is their only vice. You may do what you like with them. A child can lead them with a thread. Afloat! Phew! Defend us from serving under the flag of a merchantman—British or Yankee. Language which belongs only to the merchant service; hard blows which belong peculiarly to the galleys; rough treatment, such as a Moorish prisoner used to look for—all these you may expect from the merchant captain.

But Captain Bowker was ashore now, and it was only from occasional hints in conversation that you got any gleams of light as to the other side of him.

Mr. Eddrup did not smoke. He sat at the window, and leaned his head on his hand.

"They're a wild set downstairs," said Captain Bowker. "They want a little discipline."

"They are all young," said Mr. Eddrup—"all young. We pardon everything to the young." He turned to Frank, smiling.

"I don't know," said Frank. "I should not be inclined to pardon everything to the young. I like men of my own age—I suppose I am young—to behave with some approach to good manners, as well as to be men of honour."

"Honourable. Yes—yes. The young must be always honourable. We can pardon anything but dishonesty. But good manners. Surely, sir, it is a very small matter."

"Well, yes—but a sufficiently important small matter, Mr. Eddrup. May I light a cigar?"

He lit and smoked one of Dick's Havanas—Captain Bowker all the while puffing vigorously at a pipe with a long cherry stick, which held about an ounce or so of cut-up ship tobacco. No one came near them except Mrs. Skimp, who brought up tea. She gave Frank his cup, whispering in his ear as she did so—

"It's a shilling a-week extra. Only Mr. Eddrup and Cap'n Bowker has it."

Presently Mr. Eddrup got up, and stole out of the room. Frank saw him cross the square, and disappear in one of the streets on the other side.

"He always goes out at eight, every night, and comes home at eleven," said Captain Bowker.

"What is he?"

Captain Bowker evaded the question.

"He's great company for me. If it warn't for him, Skimp's would be as dull as my old cabin in the *Doldrums*. I should go to live at Poplar, where I've got chums. You never went a long sea voyage, I suppose?"

"No longer than from Newhaven to Dieppe."

"Ah! then you've got to find out what solitude means. Be a skipper, sir, and you'll know. They look up to us, sir, and envy our position." He spoke as if he was an admiral at least. "But it isn't all sailing with the sou'-west trade wind aft. Some of us drink. That's bad. Now, beyond my four or five goes of grog of a night, a panikin or so of a morning, another about noon, and one or two after dinner, I never did drink. I'm not one of your everlasting nippers. And what's the consequence, sir? Here I am, sound in limb at fifty-five. Pensioned off by my noble firm after forty years' service, and happy for the rest of my days."

He paused, and rang the bell.

"Bring the usual, Mary, and two tumblers. You shall have a glass of my rum to-

night, Mr. Melliship. What was I a-saying?"

"You were saying that you were going to be happy for the rest of your days. So I suppose you are going to take a wife, Captain Bowker."

"A wife! The Lord forbid! No, sir, I did that once—fifteen years ago—once too often. Ah! well—she's dead; at least, I suppose so." He had turned quite pale, and drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. "Well, let that pass. What kept me from drink was, that I had a resource which is given to few men. Do you compose, sir?"

"Compose? Music?"

"No—music—nonsense! Anybody can make music. Verses, sir—immortal verses. That's what I used to spend my time in doing when I was below in the cabin. Now here"—he pulled a folded and frayed piece of paper out of his pocket—"here is a copy I made in my last voyage home. Read it, and tell me candidly what you think of it."

Frank opened it. It began—

"Tis fearful, when the running gear is taut,
And creaking davits yield a frail support."

"Hem! Rhyme rather halts here, doesn't it? Shall I read the rest at my leisure, Captain Bowker?"

"No, no—no time like the present. Give me hold, young man. Now, then—stand by—here's the rum. So, sit steady, and listen."

He read his composition. Frank listened as one in a dream. What next? To sing in a music hall, to live at Skimp's, to sit at the same table with Captain Hamilton, to hear Captain Bowker read his verses: this was not encouraging. He would have to go to the Palace in the morning to rehearse. After all, it is necessary to live. At least, one would be able to pay one's way on three guineas a-week.

"So, like the *Doldrums'* calm, his onward way
Is checked who dares thy laws to disobey."

It was the termination of Captain Bowker's poem.

Frank woke up.

"Very good indeed, Captain Bowker. The last lines especially—very good. They remind me of Pope.

"So, like the *Doldrums'* onward way, his calm
Is checked who dares to—"

"Not quite right," said the divine bard, with a smile. "But you are not a sailor. Shall I read it again?"

"No, don't—pray don't."

"I won't. Let us talk."

That meant, "Let me talk."

Frank lay back in his easy chair, and dreamed of Grace and the pleasant countryside. How was he to win her;—how to pay off those debts? It was not a hopeful reverie. There are times when the veil of illusion falls off. It is at best but a fog, most common in the morning of life, and extremely pretty when the sun shines upon it. It was fallen now. Frank measured the distance between himself and Grace, and saw that it was widening every day.

Captain Bowker recalled him. He was maudering on:—

"—when I commanded the *Merry Moonshine*, in the Chinese coolie trade, running to Trinidad. It was an anxious time, because we had four hundred of them aboard, and not too much rice. They used to murder each other—ten, a dozen or so—every night. That lessened the numbers."

"What did they do that for?"

"What do men always fight about? Then we had bad weather—terrible bad weather: got on the edge of a cyclone. We had the coolies battened down 'tween decks; and what with the noise of the storm, and the cries of them wild cats, and the mainmast going by the board, I do assure you it was as much as I could do to get that poem finished. As it was, it wasn't really finished till I got home—for there was a lot more unpleasantness. We put in at Allegoey Bay; and directly the coolies caught sight of land, I'm blest if forty or fifty didn't chuck themselves out of the ports and overboard, to swim ashore. I do not remember," he said, stroking his nose—"I do not remember hearing that any of them got there. There are sharks off that coast, you see. But think of the loss it was to me!"

THE POET LAUREATE.

IT is nearly forty-two years since Mr. Tennyson issued his first volumes of poems. The young poet attracted little attention at the time, save from the critics, who could not understand "this young man from Lincolnshire," and so did the next best thing—namely, abused his verses. In 1833, Tennyson, nothing daunted, made his second appearance, only to be abused again, but this time in a quarter where virulent condemnation was—in that day, at least—

generally accepted by a new author as the best testimonial to his true merit. The "Quarterly," having killed Keats—or, at all events, having gained the reputation for doing it—was ready, like the ogres of the old fables, to annihilate any new victim. Mr. Tennyson, in his earlier poems more evidently than in his more mature efforts, had drawn much of his turn of thought and imagination from the author of "Endymion." With a charming expression, therefore, of contrition for its former bad treatment of "the harbinger of the milky way of poetry"—as, even in its Jesuitical apology, the "Quarterly" still chose to designate Keats—it pointed its quill for the demolition of the later aspirant to poetic fame;—with what ultimate success, the strong hold which Tennyson's writings have since taken on the affections of the reading portion of his countrymen is sufficiently palpable. But it is useful sometimes, if only for the benefit of poets yet unfledged, to point back to the rough handling which men who have now made their names encountered at the outset of their careers. And we do not know whether these very men, now reposing in the calm Hesperides of their success, are not inwardly thankful for the rough lessons which they received in the earlier days of their pilgrimage to fame. Faults and flaws have been pointed out, which the man of true genius has acknowledged to himself as the ordinary results of inexperience, and has accordingly rectified to the best of his power.

In Tennyson's earlier poems, for instance, there was an air of affectation which, though pretty enough in its way, and a novel characteristic to a certain extent, yet betrayed a latent weakness. The same quality attaches to the Laureate's productions even now, to a limited extent. In fact, we doubt whether Tennyson could altogether get rid of the old trick; but his youthful effusions were overlaid to a degree with these affectations.

The critic of the "Quarterly" took good care to seize the weak points of the young Lincolnshire poet, and went mercilessly to work.

If only as amusing pictures of the old style of criticism, which in this more polite age has rarely been seen—except a few years ago in the coarse but vigorous criticisms of the *Saturday Review*, when that journal possessed a power in the world of letters it

has since lost by the death or secession of the men who made it famous—we may be excused for giving a few specimens of the reviewer's manner.

The poet has sung—

"Then let wise Nature work her will,
And on my clay her darnels grow;
Come only when the days are still,
And at my headstone whisper low,
And tell me——"

"Now, what," says the critic of the "Quarterly," "would an ordinary bard wish to be told under such circumstances? Why, perhaps how his sweetheart was, or his child, or his family, or how the Reform Bill worked, or whether the last edition of the poems had been sold;—*papa!* our genuine poet's first wish is—

'And tell me if the woodbines blow.'

When, indeed, he shall have been thus satisfied as to the woodbines—of the blowing of which, in their due season, he may, we think, feel pretty secure—he turns a passing thought to his friend, and another to his mother.

'If thou art blest—my mother's smile
Undimmed—'

"But such inquiries, short as they are, seem too commonplace; and he immediately glides back into his curiosity as to the state of the forwardness of the spring.

'If thou art blest—my mother's smile
Undimmed—if bees are on the wing.'

No, we believe the whole circle of poetry does not furnish such another instance of enthusiasm for the sights and sounds of the vernal season! The sorrows of a bereaved mother rank after the blossoms of the woodbine, and just before the hummings of the bee; and this is all he has any curiosity about, for he proceeds—

'Then cease, my friend, a little while,
That I may ——'

'send my love to my mother,' or 'give you some hints about bees, which I have picked up from Aristæus in the Elysian Fields,' or 'tell you how I am situated as to my own personal comforts in the world below'? Oh, no!

'That I may hear the throstle sing
His bridal song—the boast of spring.'"

This is tolerably severe. The following lines, however, gave too palpable an op-

portunity for even the most obtuse critic to let slip:—

“ Sweet as the noise in parched plains
Of bubbling wells that fret the stones
(If any sense in me remains)
Thy words will be, thy cheerful tones
As welcome to—my crumbling bones.”

And this is the commentary—

“‘If any sense in me remains!’

“This doubt is inconsistent with the opening stanza of the piece—and, in fact, too modest. We take upon ourselves to reassure Mr. Tennyson, that, even after he shall be dead and buried, as much ‘sense’ will still remain as he has now the good fortune to possess.”

Take the following, again:—

“The accumulation of tender images in the following lines appears not less wonderful:—

‘ Remember you that pleasant day
When, after roving in the woods—
‘T was April then—I came and lay
Beneath those gummy chesnut buds?
A water-rat from off the bank
Plunged in the stream. With idle care,
Down looking through the sedges rank,
I saw your troubled image there.
If you remember, you had set
Upon the narrow casement-edge
A long green box of mignonette,
And you were leaning on the ledge.’

“The poet’s truth to nature in his ‘gummy chesnut buds,’ and to art in the ‘long green box’ of mignonette, and that masterly touch of likening the first intrusion of love into the virgin bosom of the miller’s daughter to the plunging of a water-rat into the mill-dam—these are beauties which, we do not fear to say, equal anything even in Keats.”

The most ardent admirers of Tennyson’s earlier poems must confess that, in instances such as these, the poet laid himself open to the ridicule of an ill-natured reviewer.

One more example of this, and we have done with the Laureate’s more youthful efforts. In the “Dream of Fair Women,” we all know the exquisite description of Iphigenia, and have most of us noted that flaw in the closing lines—

“ The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat;
The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly, and nothing more.”

The critic’s chance here is, of course, inevitable.

“What touching simplicity! What pathetic

resignation! ‘He cut my throat—*nothing more!*’ One might ask, ‘What more she would have?’”

The line has been altered in the later editions of the poet’s works; but we have merely recalled some of these earlier defects of the Laureate’s muse to show that even great poets—though born, not made—must always owe much to long and elaborate culture, and must pass through the crucible in repeated refinings before their works are fit to remain the last polished evidences to posterity of their innate genius.

Upon this principle, Tennyson is undoubtedly the most polished poet of modern times; but it is a question whether, in his extreme cultivation, he has not sacrificed much of that manly vigour which some of his contemporaries—Browning and Swinburne, for instance—have displayed in their works, either with an unpopular abruptness, or, in the case of the latter poet at times, with a still more unpopular licence. Yet Tennyson, with all his weaknesses, is Laureate of the day, as much by a pretty generally recognized right of sovereignty as by title. He has written much that is deliciously sweet—much that is grandly chivalrous. His ear for the music of our fine old Saxon language is perfect. He is almost always intelligible; and, above all, he has never written a word to raise a blush even on the most modest cheek. He is a worthy successor of Wordsworth in the Laureateship; and although we have had greater poets even in this nineteenth century, and may yet see greater than those at present in the field before its close, Alfred Tennyson may well claim the first place among living bards.

Indiscriminate praise, which popularity for the time being naturally induces, is always damaging to an author’s permanent reputation. For this reason, at the risk of not being seconded in our opinions by the more enthusiastic admirers of the Laureate, let us consider briefly the salient characteristics of Tennyson’s writings.

In the first place, except at occasional intervals, his poetry has been essentially objective rather than subjective. A lover of external things of beauty, a student of nature rather than of men, a dreamer rather than a man of action, he—like his own “Lotus Eaters”—yields rather to the seductive influence of sensuous attractions than to the impulse of more restless minds, who would fain set forth, and, taking the living world

for their theme, suggest with prophetic voice the lessons which depend upon the present for the benefit of the unborn future. With rare instances has he touched upon the crying needs of the day—upon the problems which our growing civilization all over the world is ever presenting. Calm, pensive, retrospective, he is most at his ease when drawing for the fountains of his inspiration from the mellow fancies of the old classical mythology or Arthurian legends.

It may be objected that such poems as "Locksley Hall" and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" are contradictions to this theory; but it must be remembered that these, after all, are but random wanderings from the main path which the Laureate first marked out for himself, and has, in the main, persistently trodden since.

In his earlier poems, we find him revelling in the old Homeric traditions, around which he has thrown the magic of a charm peculiarly his own. In these poems we hear, in that exquisite fragment, "Morte d'Arthur," the first tentative notes of the song which was later on to burst into the wondrous and sustained melody of his masterpiece, the "Idylls of the King." And on this poem, above all others, we think Tennyson's reputation must rest with later generations. Almost Homeric in its breadth and simplicity, it combines the homely pathos, the picturesque variety, and the teeming allegory of our elder minstrels, with the polished grace which springs from a complete command of the highest resources of modern art. The exquisite blank verse—of which, perhaps, no greater master than Tennyson can be named—flows on with an utter disguise of all elaboration and effort. Art has concealed the traces of art. There is no perceptible straining after effect, no struggling to elaborate startling points. The narrative is told with exquisite grace and beauty; and some of the charming lyrics which form the interludes have a delicious cadence which haunts the memory like a melody of Mendelssohn's.

In the "Idylls of the King," we see Tennyson's characteristic merits at their highest. In it he has taken a field for himself, in which all imitators—and they have been many, no less a poet than Lord Lytton among the number—have signally failed; and here at least, in his capacity of throwing a radiance of new life and beauty about the mouldering legends of antiquity, the Lau-

reate has proved himself unrivalled by living bards.

To compare him with, or to gauge him by, the standard of any of his famous predecessors, as has been sometimes done, would be idle. Like all great artists, he has learnt and adapted from the finest models before him. Beyond this, he is a poet *per se*, and this is his greatest praise.

Mr. Tennyson was born in 1810, at the parsonage of Somerby, a quiet hamlet in the neighbourhood of Spilsby, in Lincolnshire. Somerby and Enderby form a rectory once held by the poet's father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, D.D., the eldest brother of Mr. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who was for some years member of Parliament for one of the metropolitan boroughs. As a boy, the future Poet Laureate was sent to the grammar school of Louth, and afterwards proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge—Thackeray being at the University at the same time. In 1829 he gained the Chancellor's medal for the best English poem, the subject for the year being "Timbuctoo."

After leaving Cambridge, he spent much of his time in travelling about from place to place, from London to Hastings, Hastings to Cheltenham, to Eastbourne, to Twickenham—everywhere, in fact, where he might find food for that love of the beautiful in nature so characteristic of his poems. His first productions, as we have already said, attracted little public notice; but when people became awake to the nervous passion of "Locksley Hall," the indignant satire of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the tender beauty of "The May Queen," and the sensuous elegance of such poems as "A Dream of Fair Women," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Palace of Art," his claim as a poet of a high order was universally admitted.

How emphatically he has strengthened and enlarged his reputation by those later and more ambitious works with which we are all familiar needs no remark.

On the death of Wordsworth, Mr. Tennyson was, it is generally understood at the express desire of the Queen, in 1851, appointed Poet Laureate; and he received at the same time, from Sir Robert Peel, the grant of a pension of £200 per annum.

From this time, he began to produce those works with which his fame is more eminently associated. For twenty years he has been Laureate; and during that period we have

had, at intervals—for Tennyson is by no means a prolific author—"Maud," which appeared in 1855; the "Idylls of the King," in 1858; "Enoch Arden," in 1864; and "The Holy Grail," in 1869. Besides these, he has contributed occasional poems to the magazines, the most notable among these being "Tithonus," which first appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine;" and the fine philo-sophic study entitled "Lucretius," in "Macmillan."

THE DRAMA.—PART II.

BY SIR CHARLES L. YOUNG.

[This article is abridged from a paper read before the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts, by Sir Charles L. Young, Bart., on Thursday, March 7th, 1872.]

WHAT has become of our historical drama? is a question that is often asked in sorrow or surprise. The greatest plays in the English language are associated with the dramatic incidents of history, and there still remains a vast store of events and romance; but not even the shadow of a Shakspeare arises to invest them with life, and earn the gratitude of an age by resolving them into plays which may delight and satisfy. One or two writers there are who have ventured into the fields of history; but their efforts have been tentative—nay, almost apologetic—and they almost seem to have hurried back from them in positive alarm, as if the visions that opened on their gaze would be of necessity too brilliant and too grand for these days of milk-and-water comedies and real pumps and tubs. Still, these are the writers who should be encouraged to persevere; and others will soon follow their example. Their efforts will arouse the high dramatic genius which must exist somewhere amid the abundant literary talent that we possess in England. Such genius has been allowed to slumber too long, and we must wake it. All those who really love the drama should do something towards calling out the dormant energies that seem now to be unprovoked, and give their aid towards assisting a restoration of the stage. Will they not echo the words of the great poet, who, in satirising the dramas of his time, called for a writer to come forth and—

"Give as a last memorial to his age,
One classic drama, and reform the stage"?

The difficulties that meet us are unquestionably great; but they are not insurmountable. Let me say another word or two of

our modern actors. If a Shakspeare arose in these days, is there any existing company in London to which he would commit his plays? If he were tolerably well acquainted with our present resources, would he not almost prefer that his productions should be known only to the man of letters and the student, than that his characters should be travestied upon the stage, to receive the applause of an indiscriminating audience; and his plot be sacrificed in detail to suit the requirements of the management; and the whole made subservient to great scenic displays and gorgeous spectacles? I shall not, I hope, be thought to unduly depreciate the actors and actresses of the present day, or be supposed to deny that we are able to count among them many individuals of considerable education, unwon'ted talent, and high social position, if I urge that, on the whole, we decidedly want a more cultivated class of persons as representatives of dramatic characters upon the stage. I can see no valid reason whatever in these days why acting should not be classed among the liberal professions. There was a time when many branches of commercial enterprise were closed to the more gently born—when it was thought derogatory to a gentleman to go "into trade," as it was termed, and mix in every kind of business with what were called the "middle classes." We have, happily, lived to see such absurd and merely conventional barriers utterly swept away. Why, then, should we hesitate any longer to admit that the profession which is adorned by the names of Kemble, Siddons, Garrick, Young, and Kean, provides a path to fame which none need be ashamed to tread? If the theatre is to be something more than a mere idle amusement—dull if it be not indecent, stupid if it be not sensational—we must declare that its honours are not beneath the highest and most educated in the social scale who are endowed with the histrionic talent. If no disgrace attaches to the author as author, no slur should be cast upon the actor as actor. Society demands the theatre—let it supply the actor; and if it refuses to remove the conventionality that forbids the lady or gentleman who may be endowed with dramatic powers to adopt the stage as a profession and means of honest and honourable livelihood, let its critics cease to deplore the decadence of the drama—nay, in simple consistency, let it never enter the doors of the

theatre at all, and reluctantly vote the drama an impossibility altogether.

Such a final catastrophe is, however, hardly likely to occur. Let the dramatic profession, then, be open to all alike. Let there be no longer any hard and fast line drawn between audiences and actors. Let it be freely acknowledged that, in these days of constant competition, and when no honest means of acquiring wealth and well-defined position can be ignored, the profession of the actor ought to be regarded with all the respect that is due to energy and talent. Let us hear no more of those cruel aspersions upon character which are so unjustly scattered by ignorant and thoughtless people upon the members of a profession who have quite enough burdens to bear—for the actor's life is by no means passed in luxury and repose. And let us learn to repudiate with indignation the notion that a gentleman who goes upon the stage necessarily loses caste. That there are moral dangers in breathing the air behind the curtain, no one will deny. But what profession is free from its temptations? And we may, at least, fairly say that the morality of the actor's life is not below that of the audience who come to witness his performance. Let it be conceded, then, that the higher grade of the actor's profession confers a corresponding position among the social ranks. Let it be practically shown that a man of taste and cultivation, so far from doing himself any injury by adopting the stage as his profession, deserves our warmest gratitude, for he unquestionably confers a benefit upon the public; let existing notions and customs be modified in accordance with modern liberal thought; and you will soon get a more generally cultivated class of actors—you will encourage literary genius to turn its attention to the theatre, and you will purify the stage.

But to this the objection will immediately be started: You can never hope to permanently raise the drama till you have got rid of the present systems of the managers—that is to say, cultivation and taste are as requisite in the manager as in the author and the actor. This is most true; and it is, perhaps, the hardest practical difficulty of all.

What we want is a theatre where art is the first consideration. How is it, one asks in astonishment, in these days, when art is so much talked about, when public money is lavished upon the advancement of architecture and painting; when schools of art are

zealously instituted, and halls of arts and sciences built; when the adornment of our large towns is verging upon magnificence, if occasionally barbaric in its splendour; when the principles of beauty are—theoretically, at all events—called into play in the erection of our public buildings; when the poetry and symbolism of religion are revived; when luxury has reached a point which alarms the moralist and economist, and refinement is itself refined—how is it that dramatic art alone is left to take care of itself? Why should it be thought so wholly unworthy of the fostering care of Government?

The suggestion has been often made, but it has been generally dropped as impracticable. Any scheme for assistance from public moneys has been abandoned as soon as thought of, as utterly hopeless. But I own I do not myself consider the objections to subsidizing a national theatre to be as insurmountable as is commonly supposed. Doubtless it would require a brave man even to hint at such a thing in the House of Commons; still I do not despair of a sufficiently courageous member being found; and as to eventual success, why there is nothing like the persevering efforts of a steady minority to pull the most hopeless of measures through at last. The subsidy asked for need not reach any alarming amount. A theatre might be made independent of its weekly receipts by a comparatively trifling grant from Government; and, if properly handled, it might prove to be a school of art which would benefit the entire kingdom. Such a grant would not be merely money spent upon a metropolitan theatre—for I believe that its effects would soon be felt far and wide. A theatre so supported would go far to form an example for the rest of the country. I do not think that other theatres would suffer in a pecuniary way, or that managers would have any reason to raise a cry of fair competition against unjust favouritism; for, of course, I do not dream of suggesting that a subsidized theatre should admit the public at lower prices than are usually charged. The great object of a guaranteed theatre would be the permanent engagement of a large and thoroughly efficient company, the frequent production of new pieces, and a constant variation in the bills. This last point should be particularly insisted on. I question very much whether a true actor is benefited by playing a part for a couple of hundred nights in London

in succession—as not unfrequently happens—and then playing the same part in the country at various theatres for many more nights, and returning to London the following season to begin again, perhaps, with the same character for another long run. I dare say this is a very excellent thing for the pockets of those immediately concerned; but I maintain that it is bad for art—and it is for dramatic art that I am pleading; and we want to find how that may be nourished and perfected. I think this may be done in a subsidized theatre, and no one need suffer by the arrangement.

But supposing all this is satisfactorily arranged—suppose the substantial encouragement of dramatic art has been demonstrated to be a true economy, and a Chancellor of the Exchequer has been found brave enough to propose a grant of a few thousands a-year for a national theatre among his estimates, will you be any nearer the consummation devoutly to be wished for, unless you can secure the services of a manager such as is seldom met with now? Assuredly not. It is something more than guarantee against pecuniary loss that is required to make a national theatre at once a success and an example. Everything will depend upon the guiding genius. Committees of management or boards of direction must not be suffered to interpose their meddling fingers. The management must be entrusted to a single despot, who combines high culture, literary and critical abilities, dramatic experience, with excellent business capabilities. It may, indeed, be difficult to find such a paragon, and harder still to enlist his services; but I am confident that, given the opportunities, the man will be forthcoming. I cannot, at this point, forbear quoting a few lines from a recent article in the "Quarterly Review," and making the writer's words my own:—

"Such a manager as we aim at will follow no impracticable course. He will proportion his ends to his means, and never commit the absurdity of producing the plays of Shakspeare, or of any other first-class dramatist, until he is sure of artists equal to the task, or, at least, in thorough sympathy with it. Below this line a whole world of excellent dramas exists, or may be created, for which the necessary gifts in actor or actress either exist or may be very readily cultivated. Higher work will come in time, if the conditions for its development can only be esta-

blished and permanently maintained. The dramatic instinct will not die out of man as long as the race survives. The dignity of the actor's art was never more sure of a recognition from the public than it is at this moment. Make it in its practical exercise—and this is now merely a question of the internal arrangement of theatres, and of theatrical management—a vocation which men and women of education and pure habits can pursue without forfeiture of self-respect, and the ranks of the profession will speedily be recruited by persons of ability and character, who would in time drive into their fitting obscurity the incapacity and unseemly impudence which disgrace so many of our stages. But there is, we are assured, only one way of doing this, and it is by giving our artists a fit arena for the exercise of their art, in a theatre where the artistic spirit reigns, and where intelligence and high principle are at the head of affairs. Let such a theatre be firmly established, and there need be no fear that England will yet be as famous for her acted as she is for her written drama."

With the drama, as with all things that are worthy of man's intelligent attention, the first question to ask is, Are we satisfied with the existing state of things? And if that question be answered in the negative, the next is, What can we do towards improvement? Let our dramatists, our actors, and all who admire the theatre, take this question to heart, and forbear, if possible, to ask merely, What is most profitable to us in our several capacities? That question will resolve itself; for superiority and excellence cannot fail to command their value in the market of the world. And we have not altogether, I could fain believe, fallen so far below our ancestors, or reverence so lightly the name and fame that authors and players have bequeathed to us, that we cannot look beyond ephemeral success. True dramatic art leaves a mark upon the sands which the waves of time can never reach. The great writer sways his influence over unborn generations, and his name is for ever associated with the master talents that from time to time rise up to illustrate and adorn the efforts of his genius.

Let me briefly sum up the importance of the subject of this paper in the eloquent words of Schlegel:—

"The theatre, where many arts are combined to produce a magical effect; where

the most lofty and profound poetry has for its interpreter the most finished action, which is at once eloquence and an animated picture; while architecture contributes her splendid decorations, and painting her perspective illusions, and the aid of music is called to attune the mind, or to heighten by its strains the emotions which already agitate it—the theatre, in short, where the whole of the social and artistic enlightenment which a nation possesses, the fruit of many centuries of continued erection, are brought into play within the representation of a few short hours, has an extraordinary charm for every age, sex, and rank, and has ever been the favourite amusement of every cultivated people. Here princes, statesmen, and generals behold the great events of past times—similar to those in which they themselves are called upon to act—laid open in their inmost springs and motives; here, too, the philosopher finds subjects for profoundest reflection on the nature and constitution of man. With curious eye the artist follows the groups which pass rapidly before him, and from them impresses on his fancy the germ of many a future picture. The susceptible youth opens his heart to every elevated feeling; age becomes young again in recollection; even childhood sits with anxious expectation before the gaudy curtain. All alike are diverted, all exhilarated, and all feel themselves for a time raised above the daily cares, the troubles, and the sorrows of life."

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

MR. SPARKES shook hands with me and Mrs. Gummer, and was introduced to the Colonel.

"Excuse a late visit, Mr. Gummer. I only reached London this morning."

"The hour is of no consequence whatever," said Mrs. Gummer, "where money is in the wind."

Mr. Sparkes bowed, and Mrs. Gummer looked round the room for the money bags.

"Have you brought the fortune with you?"

"No, madam, I remitted it through the bank, and the advices have arrived with me."

"But you ought to have brought the

money with you to this very house," said Mrs. Gummer, "and not trust other people's money to an outlandish bank."

"My dear Mrs. Gummer," observed the Colonel, "permit me to remark that Mr. Sparkes has pursued the usual and the safer course."

"Can I have a word with you in private, Mr. Gummer?" asked Mr. Sparkes.

Mrs. Gummer was almost choking with indignation.

"No, you can't and you sha'n't, Mr. Sparkes, junior. Not half of half a word, sir. Mr. Gummer does not keep things from me, his lawful wife, sir, nor from Colonel De Crespino, who is to be the lawful father of my own born daughter Janet."

The drive, the dinner, the arrival of Mr. Sparkes, and the non-arrival of the money, had excited Mrs. Gummer. The Colonel tipped me a bland smile, and suggested that business might be left till to-morrow.

"As Mr. Gummer likes, sir."

"I need not ask you," said I, "if the will and property were in order."

"Ask!" exclaimed Mrs. Gummer. "As if poor, dear, tomahawked Joseph would cheat his own flesh and blood! The bare idea is enough to make him turn in his grave, and alter his will."

"Yes," said Mr. Sparkes, "the will was in order, and the property in available securities, which I realized according to your instructions."

"Capital!" said the Colonel. "And now, Gummer, I think we have heard enough for to-night."

There was something about Sparkes's manner that was alarming and provoking. He was biting his lip, pulling his moustache, and doing a toe-breakdown on the carpet.

"It is my duty, Mr. Gummer"—Sparkes's voice was anything but firm—"to notify you that there was a serious and curious error in our Calcutta correspondents' letter of advice respecting the amount of your deceased relative's fortune."

"We happen to know all about it," said Mrs. Gummer, with a triumphant sneer; "for you see, Mr. Sparkes, junior, that the papers put in about the mistake, and the amount, sir; and we have it in black and white, and that can't lie."

"I rejoice to hear it, madam — though how it could be known in this country is to me a mystery."

"You know, Colonel," said Mrs. Gummer, "for a reason it don't want a fortune-teller to find out, old Mr. Sparkes told us the fortune was a paltry £40,000. But the papers let out that the total was over £100,000, and the thieving conspiracy was uprooted in its very bud."

Mr. Sparkes went red and pale. Thinks I, Mrs. Gummer is too much for you. The Colonel looked hard at him.

"Mr. Gummer," he said, in almost a whisper, "this is a most unheard-of and painful delusion."

"Ah! ah!" chuckled Mrs. Gummer, "awfully, horribly painful to be caught. But you see, young Mr. Sparkes, the papers will be tell-tales, and lawyers can't burke their tongues."

Mr. Sparkes, leaning his hand upon the table, said—

"Mr. Gummer, I never had a more unpleasant duty to perform; but I must undeceive you. By a clerical error, our Calcutta correspondents put pounds for rupees; and instead of your late cousin's property being worth £40,000, it has realized rather less than £4,000."

A pelting storm of blazing thunderbolts would not have been more crushing. The Colonel muttered something, and threw himself on the sofa. Mrs. Gummer glared upon Mr. Sparkes with her mouth open and her hands clenched. I could neither move nor speak. There was a dead pause, and we heard the girls laughing in the dining-room. That merry laughter made me shudder. Mrs. Gummer was the first to recover the use of her tongue.

"Oh, you villain! Gummer, will you stand by, and see us robbed and murdered by that Sparkes? Police!—police! Send for the police! Colonel, send for the police!"

"Colonel De Crespin," said Mr. Sparkes, "as you are a friend and connection of the family, I shall be happy to answer any questions you may think fit to ask."

"I should like to know, sir, if Mr. Gummer was aware that the reputed fortune was £40,000, and not £100,000?"

"Assuredly. Mr. and Mrs. Gummer read our correspondents' letter."

"Is that so?" asked the Colonel.

I assented.

"Don't notice the murdering robber, Colonel, but send for the police—the police!"

Mrs. Gummer screamed and shouted.

The girls, and the De Crespins, and the servants rushed into the room.

I am not equal to narrating what followed. Everybody was asking everybody else what was the matter. Mrs. Gummer screamed "Stop thief!" "Murder!" "Police!" and "Rupees!" Mr. Sparkes spoke to the Colonel, and left the room. The Colonel spoke to Mrs. De Crespin, and his daughters, and his son, and they left the room; and I noticed that Max was very white. The Colonel came so close to me that I felt his hot breath on my face.

"Mr. Gummer, I am not sure that for such villainy as yours there is legal punishment. When a gentleman insults a De Crespin, there is revenge; but you are a mean scoundrel, and you are safe. The acting of your wife is overdone, but yours is excellent. Good night to you."

And the Colonel left us.

CHAPTER XVI.

SETTLEMENT.

WE heard the street door banged, and the garden gate clanked after the De Crespins; and then the girls asked what had happened, and how we had offended the Colonel.

"It's rupees, my dears," moaned Mrs. Gummer. "The fortune has been robbed by the murdering Sparkes, and he is off. Oh, Tom, Tom, do send for the police. Do—do—do!"

The girls looked at me for an explanation.

"It appears that Joseph left rupees."

Mrs. Gummer stopped me with a scream.

"Don't, Tom. Oh, please, pray don't. Don't let me hear the horrid word again."

"It comes to this," said I. "Joseph has left about £4,000 instead of £40,000."

Nancy came to the rescue, and broke our fall.

"Do you believe it, pa?"

Mrs. Gummer jumped off the couch as if she had just swallowed an electric eel.

"No, Nancy; no, Janet; no, Tom—it is not true. Oh! Gummer, say it is a story, and go for the police."

We talked the matter over. Was it likely that a clerk would be so stupid as to mistake rupees for pounds? Absurd. Was it likely that the English papers would publish a statement that was not true? Impossible. Was it not likely that Sparkes and the Leopards would try to rob us? Nothing more likely. Could we suppose that Joseph, who

was one of the richest merchants in the capital of our Indian empire—these were the words of the *Green Lanes Herald*—would die worth no more than a paltry £4,000? Ridiculous.

So we agreed that Sparkes was trying to rob us. In our hearts we did not believe this, and we feared the worst. But it was a comfort to be able to say to each other that the bad news could not be true.

What was to be done? Mrs. Gummer advised giving the Sparkeses into custody, and having them locked up in Newgate. I proposed to call on Sparkes, but Mrs. Gummer would not hear of me "walking into a den with my eyes open, and putting my family's prospects down the lion's throat." I suggested calling on my old employers, Purrem & Mangles, telling them the case, and asking them to act for me. This plan was immediately approved.

"And sorry am I, Gummer, that, as the mother of my own born children, I was not equal to my duty, and have given the job to Purrem & Mangles, and stood by the bridge which has been the bread of our offspring. If we had been in the hands of Purrem & Mangles, Tom, we should not have been knocked up with a fright that will make us feel low for months to come."

It was the first time in twenty-five years that Mrs. Gummer had ever said a good word for the firm.

Although we did not believe the statement of Sparkes, yet, without discussing it, we had given up the £100,000 fortune, and clung to the original £40,000. I suppose we never had any real solid belief in the *Green Lanes Herald* story.

Nancy remarked that the Colonel would be vexed at our fortune being only £40,000.

"Then the snap-dragoned old bear may just get unvexed," said Mrs. Gummer. "He is not going to marry Janet, and Max would not care if Janet had not so much as an old shoe to her name."

But though Mrs. Gummer spoke so confidently, she was anxious, and so was Nancy. But Janet had no doubt, or thought of doubt. She had a pure, loving faith in the love of her lover.

Then we went to bed; but sleep was out of the question. When we met in the morning, Mrs. Gummer and the girls looked haggard as ghosts who had not been to bed for a month.

We were at breakfast, eating nothing and

sipping tea, when the letter bag was brought in. There was a letter from the De Crespian lawyer, asking me to whom he should send the draft of the marriage settlements. There was a letter from Busted informing me that there would immediately be a vacancy, and asking me to see him next day. There was a note from the Court milliner to Mrs. Gummer, stating that she had the pattern and designs for the wedding *trousseau*.

The coachman, who slept out of the house, sent to ask when we should want the carriage. A shudder all round.

"Not to-day, James."

TABLE TALK.

HOME is a very sacred place. However far away you are from it, it comes up in your heart as bright as the evening star comes up the sky. By the measurement of the square yard, it may be only very small: but the heart does not measure it that way. It is the quality more than the quantity of a thing which makes it valuable. You and I will work hard, and think hard, and watch well to keep this sacred spot our own, and clear of all invasion of the rights that belong to it. We shall "cut our coat according to our cloth," and then the parish beadle will touch his hat, and wish us nothing worse than "A Happy New Year" and a "Merry Christmas." No one can blame us for being a little jealous about the "boundary lines," the spot is so sacred, and the very air seems privileged.

SCARBOROUGH, AT THIS time of year, reminds one of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village." You begin to feel the shadows of desolation in the train from York, long before you come in sight of the sea. You have the carriage all to yourself, and before you have time to draw a long breath at the intermediate stations, the guard has whistled to the engine-driver to put on steam again. The bookstalls at the terminus have an Iceland look about them, and the *Leeds Mercury* seems to be going a-begging. No girls on the "Spa," and my only companion is a lonely sea-gull—seemingly troubled with a slow circulation, he flies in front so measuredly. One afternoon I had all "the Bay" to myself, and realized "Robinson Crusoe." I console myself by attending daily prayers at the church, and by hearing some penitential sermons. There seem to be

a good many old maiden ladies at church, who are hoping for better things in the world to come. You may say what you like, there's something in religion—it soothes the feelings; and there is a grain or two of truth in the oddest opinions. What a treat it would be to see a bathing machine drawn out on the sands for use! There are some men fishing on the pier; but they catch nothing, and probably come more for the pleasures of reflection than fish. The old Castle looks specially grim. I see an officer from the barracks come out to change “the guard,” and the cold sentinel seems to be making a confession to him. What a bon-fire all these lodging-house boards, hanging out in hopeless expectancy, would make. The people, however—I don't mean the lodging-house keepers—seem to live pretty well, judging from the delicacies for sale in the huge market-place. They say “swallows” have been seen already, but it is very likely a creation of the wishes.

A CORRESPONDENT: The author of “Ready-money Mortiboy,” in the thirteenth chapter of the novel, describes with great force the run on the two banks at Market Basing, and at the end of the scene gives some curious information—quite new to me—about the weight of a great number of sovereigns, and the number a man can carry. I can add to his facts about gold coins, something about the weight of bank notes which is both old and curious. I was reading the other day a book which belonged to my great-grandfather, dated 1780, from which I make this extract:—“As two gentlemen, the other day, were settling an account at a coffee-house, one of them drew out of his pocket-book a great number of bank notes, which induced a gentleman in the same box to exclaim that he wished he had as many as he could carry of them; adding, ‘I think I could carry more than the Bank of England could supply me with; for I think I could carry in ten-pound notes as much as the National Debt amounts to.’ Upon which the other gentleman offered to lay him a wager of fifty guineas that he and nine more of the strongest men he could select could not carry the amount of the National Debt in ten-pound notes for the distance of one mile without pitching. The wager was immediately accepted, and a calculation took place; when it was found that 512 bank notes weighed exactly one pound, and 242 millions—which is com-

puted to be the National Debt—weighs 47,265 pounds. Divided amongst a hundred people, each man would have to carry 417 pounds 6 ounces.” The natural conclusion was, of course, that “the gentleman who had accepted the wager immediately paid the money without having recourse to any trial.”

TO THIS RECORD of the year 1780 about the weight of the National Debt in ten-pound notes, I will add an account of a novel method of calculating the value of a heap of copper coins in 1872. There are, in the small town near which I live, several respectable inns. Last market day I observed the landlady of one of them putting a heap of coppers into a pewter quart pot. I thought she meant to leave the coppers in it until she had time to count them, and I was surprised to see her empty the measure into her till. I knew the demand for coppers on that day was great, as the workmen at the iron foundries all ask for change at the public-house they deal at, both for their gold and silver coins. The coppers had been sent from the toll-bar to oblige the landlady—a weekly custom, I found, of the civil pikeman's. “Don't you count them?” I asked. “Lord bless 'ee, no, sir,” replied the honest woman; “I aint got no time of a Saturday to waste counting coppers.” “But how do you know how many there are?” “I just measure 'em, sir. A quart pot holds thirty-five shillings' worth of pence and halfpence—two or three pence over, two or three pence under, I take my chance. I've taken the coppers from the toll-bar like that any time these ten years. It saves counting 'em. Time's money, they say, don't they? It is to me of a Saturday; and the pikeman counts them before he sends them in.” I made my fingers very dirty in the bar in testing the matter. There were thirty-five shillings and three-halfpence in the measure when I tried the experiment of counting the coppers.

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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.



AFTER walking through a number of narrow and dark passages, Frank found himself at last in the North London Palace of Amusement and Aristocratic Lounge.

Dingy and dirty by daylight it appeared.

Plenty of light—to show the tawdry, gas and smoke-tarnished state of the decorations—came in through a lantern in the great domed roof; for the place had once been a daylight exhibition—a sort of superior Polytechnic, started at the same time as the mechanics' institutes, whither it was thought the people would eagerly flock to improve their minds. Mr. Leweson's company could therefore rehearse comfortably without the gas—except on very dark and foggy days.

The features of the building struck Frank as something familiar. His father and the flavour of Bath buns flashed upon him; for memory mixes incongruous elements as old recollections pour upon us. He had once been taken there as a little boy, when what was now a music hall had been the Lyceum. The place had now, however, tumbled down from its high estate, and in its fall had ruined half a dozen speculators before the genius of a Leweson made it pay.

Frank looked round. It was the same

place—he was sure of that; though how changed was all about him!

He remembered the great, bare hall, with half a dozen dreary electric machines; the galleries, round which geological specimens were arranged; its side wings, where were displayed such objects as ancient British pottery, specimens of early type, botanical collections, and other dry and improving things. He remembered how he had been led round, wearily yawning, with a party of girls who began by yawning too, and ended by snapping at each other. All the time there had been the buzz of a lecturer's voice, as he addressed an audience consisting of an uncle and two miserable nephews on the more recent improvements in machinery employed in the manufacture of cotton fabrics. And he remembered how his heart lightened up when they came to a refreshment stall, and everybody had a cake.

He rubbed his eyes, and looked round. Yes—it was the same place; but where the electric machines had stood was now a stage, where the geological collection had formerly been was now a row of private boxes. The apparatus had all disappeared: only the refreshment-room remained, and this was vastly increased and improved.

"Here we are," said Mr. Leweson. "This is where the loonatics come every night to stare, and listen, and drink. Amuse yourself by looking on for half an hour or so."

"I have been here before," Frank began.

"Everybody comes here—it's one of the sights of London," said Mr. Leweson, interrupting him; "and the loonatics——"

It was Frank's turn to interrupt.

"I mean years ago, when it used to be called the Lyceum. I was a boy then."

"Phyoo!" the proprietor whistled. "Ah! quite another thing. It was a Limited Li Company. It would have smashed 'em all up instead of being smashed itself, if it hadn't been. It has been lots of things since then. Nobody made it pay till I took it in
-gē,

hand. Mark me," continued Mr. Leweson, with great gravity, and in his deepest voice—

"Well, sir."

"That'll be the end of that round place they're building at Kensington."

"What, the Albert Hall?" cried Frank.

"Yes, certain to come to it—only a question of time. Be a place just like this, and with the Horticultural Gardens at the back to walk out into and dance in in the summer—Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Cremorne thrown into one would be nothing to it. I'd give—I'd give—there, I don't know what I wouldn't give a-year for that place, with the gardens thrown in; and pay the biggest dividend that ever was paid by anything in this world before."

"But, my dear sir," Frank began, shaking his head.

"Ah, you may laugh; and I may not, and I dare say I shall not, live to see it, but that is the future of those two places, as sure as eggs are eggs—take my word for it. But, there, I must leave you and attend to my business—they want me. Go anywhere you like, only not on the stage just yet—you'd be in the way. The new ballet is just coming on."

Mr. Leweson left Frank in front of the stage, and disappeared himself down a trap-door in the orchestra.

Frank took a seat in a box near the stage, and looked about him.

The scene was new, and in novelty there is always interest.

The curtain was up. It revealed an immense stage, crowded with children, girls, and men. The wings and drops were representations of the foliage of a forest of palms. In the background was a vast gold fan, which at night unfolded and displayed Titania, Queen of the Fairies, reclining among her attendant sprites and fays.

In front, close to the wire fencing of the footlights, stood a little, mean table, covered with slips of manuscript. At the table sat the chief of the orchestra, making annotations on his score with a red chalk pencil, sometimes from the manuscripts, sometimes without reference to them. By the conductor's side stood an iron music stand, three empty rush-bottomed chairs, and a fiddle in a case.

The rehearsal had not yet begun, and the girls were collected in little knots, always breaking up and re-forming; chattering together like so many grasshoppers, and laugh-

ing perpetually at nothing at all, and all out of the irrepressible gaiety of their hearts. At the sides of the proscenium were two sheets of looking-glass. These were a great source of attraction, and never idle for a second. Constantly, one or two of the girls would leave the rest, and, going in front of the glass, execute a few choregic gyrations quite gravely, no one taking the least notice of them, nor they of any one else. It was quaint to see them staidly pirouetting, gyrating, and posturing before these great glasses, each one totally regardless of the rest. The private practice and self-examination by a woman's most faithful confessor accomplished, the young ladies would retire to their friends, and join in the never-ending chatter. Directly they left the mirrors, their places were seized by a lot of tiny children—girls—who, in ragged dresses, mere little children of the gutter, solemnly ambled up and down in front of the glass, put out their chubby little legs, and waved their little red arms. They never tired of looking at themselves. When their elder sisters came and turned them out, they fled like wasps from a honey pot. The moment the coast was clear, back they all came, tumbling over each other in their eagerness to be in the front, and began once more the children's imitation of their elders' vanities.

Frank looked on at this lively scene with great interest. He had never seen a rehearsal before. From what he had heard of the young ladies of the ballet, he had been accustomed to regard them as melancholy victims of mistaken art—persons who were compelled by want to sacrifice their self-respect, and go through a nightly course of public posturing for the admiration of a foolish crowd. Now he met them in flesh and blood, he found all his original ideas knocked on the head. So far from having no self-respect, they appeared to be full of it; so far from having any sense of humiliation, they evidently delighted in their calling. Of course, it will be seen that Frank was exceedingly inexperienced. At the same time, had he been the most hardened old *roué* that ever walked behind the scenes, he could not but be struck with the natural gaiety and light-heartedness of the girls. It was all real: no affectation or false semblance. They were all happy, all laughing, all chattering, all dancing, running, and capering about the stage.

The men and boys kept at the back.

They were an exceedingly shady-looking lot. As it afterwards appeared, their business in the ballet was to come in and make gestures, to pick up fruit, to stand in attitudes, and perform other easy and elementary parts which belong to dramatic representation.

The girls had nothing to say to them; they never spoke to the girls, but kept to themselves under Titania's great fan.

A little commotion among the crowd. It opened, and made a way for Mr. Leweson, the master of the ballet, and his two assistants. The three professors of the art of dancing were French—that was patent at half a glance. The same sallow, shaven cheeks, the same cropped black moustache, the same height, belonged to all. As Mrs. Partington would say, they might all three have been twins. And this natural resemblance was heightened by their all appearing in bluish pilot jackets, rather tight-fitting black trousers, and cloth boots.

Mr. Leweson signed to a pale man to open the fiddle case, and begin.

"We've got lots of work to get through, Mr. Sauerhäring"—the master of the ballet was an Alsatian by birth—"so let us get on. I want to see that ballet of butterflies perfect this afternoon."

"M'sieur, you shall see it."

"It's a very stiff job."

"Bah!—pooh!" dissented Sauerhäring.

"It—is—noth—thing."

"Glad to hear it."

"Psha! You shall see it pairfect, while you say one, two." He looked at the fiddler.

"Go on," he said.

His assistants vanished among the girls, when they were seen at intervals among the crowds of coryphées, setting good example. The fiddler struck up, and the ballet commenced. The girls were dressed in all kinds of costumes. Some had their plain walking dresses of stuff or black silk, only with their bonnets and jackets off; some had the "bodies" of the dress—the skirts being removed—leaving them in soiled muslins; some wore a kind of short petticoat; one or two were in what theatrical critics call page dress, but what the girls call "shapes," such as they would appear in at night. They all wore silk stockings, some of them having on a kind of red gaiters, which Frank took to be elastic, and intended to strengthen the limb. He had noticed, previous to the rehearsal, one or two more conscientious artists

than the rest engaged in diligently rubbing their ankles and the circumjacent regions. At first he could not make out the reason of this manœuvre, but was at length reminded of Lillie Bridge and professional runners. Then he knew what it was meant for.

"Go an," said the ballet master, pronouncing the word as if he were an Irishman—"go an, lad-ees."

They went "an" in that vast hall, with one spectator—Frank—and to the scraping of the solitary fiddle. It marked time; but, for anything else, a battalion of Guards might as well have marched to the sounds of one penny whistle, or a cathedral choir have been accompanied by a Jew's harp. They were learning the figures of the butterflies' ballet, and began the first with great vigour and energy.

But they were not right about it.

M. Sauerhäring threw out his arms, and trilled a prolonged guttural "Ah——h! Bah!—pooh!—phit!—tush!—psha!" he cried in a string, and then gave a "klick," like a whole cab rank starting in pursuit of a double fare.

The music stopped. The ladies laughed. The professor said—

"Stupeed! this is the step."

Then he capered solemnly in front of them.

"One, two; one, two—lal-lal-la, lal-lal-la; one, two; three, four."

Behind him, a long file of coryphées imitated his movements. To Frank, Sauerhäring's limbs seemed to be of india-rubber as he shook them from side to side.

"One, two—one, two. Now, again."

The odd thing being that they never once stopped chattering to each other and laughing.

They were admirably drilled. Not one but kept her eye fixed upon the master—that is, one eye, the other being given up to seeing how the other girls were getting on. It was wonderful to see them catching the combinations, and patiently working them out. As for patience, it was difficult to say whether the girls were more patient or the master more painstaking.

Presently the chief of the orchestra crossed the stage to M. Sauerhäring. Directly the master turned to speak to him, the girls began to romp about, one after the other darting from the ranks, and executing a pirouette on her own account in the centre of the stage,

making believe to be for once a première danseuse. Then the master turned round, and order was re-established.

Presently came the children's turn. A ragged regiment they were by daylight; at night, butterflies and moths—all spangles and gauze. Now, with muddy stockings and shoes full of holes, giving M. Sauerhäring and his *aides de camp* a vast deal more trouble to teach them one figure than their elder sisters would do in learning a dozen. Their drilling lasted half an hour at least; and at least once in two minutes the indefatigable and, as it appeared, ubiquitous Sauerhäring stopped fiddle and children with his guttural, tremulant "Ah—h—h!" and reeled off the five expressions of discontent he had learned from a phrase book of the English tongue in the paternal orchard in his own Alsace—

"Bah!—pooh!—phit!—tush!—psha!"

To him they were a word in five syllables, and he ejaculated them to a sort of tune, as an angry vocalist might sound his "Do, re, mi, fa, sol."

Among the children, one little mite of about six years attracted Frank's attention. She had been the most assiduous while she was on the stage in ambling up and down before the mirrors. Now she led off the train of children with a precision and solemnity that were most edifying, executing her simple steps most carefully and conscientiously. The moment she was free again, she ran off to the looking-glass, and practised them over again, with many curtsies and salutes, wonderful to see. That child will rise and be heard of in her profession, unless some unlucky accident cuts her off.

While this branch of the corps de ballet were practising figures and groupings, there came upon the scene one of the principal dancers, dressed as if for the evening, but without any flowers or jewels, just as Mr. Waddy has sketched her in the initial letter to this chapter. She walked across the front of the stage, regarding the lower members of the profession with that stare that sees nothing, common enough among the gentle daughters of England's aristocracy. A mere ballet girl, a troupe of ballet girls, what could they possibly be in the eyes of Mdlle. Goldoni, from the opera house of Milan? In her hand she bore a small watering-pot, with which she sprinkled the boards in front of the looking-glass on the left, took possession of it, and

proceeded to practise by herself. First, she turned round on the left toe, with the right leg a foot and a half above her head; then she performed the same manœuvre with her right toe and left leg; then she placed her foot as high up on the gilded pillar of the proscenium as she could, and kept it there; then she began arching her feet before the glass; then she went over the whole performance again—never disturbed by the others, who took no manner of notice of her, and never herself taking the least notice of the rest;—all the while looking in the glass with a sort of curiosity, as if the legs belonged to somebody else. One or two other people, including a lady of immense proportions, in black velvet, came in, and sat on chairs in front of the stage. The little children romped round the house, and vaulted about over the backs of the seats. The unhappy-looking youths, in felt hats and greasy coats, at the back went through the semblance of what they were about to perform at night in spangles and hodden suits. The assistant ballet master capered and danced all over the stage. The girls went through their drill again and again. No one got tired. The melancholy fiddler, whose strains produced a profoundly saddening effect on Frank, played on with the pertinacity and monotony of an organ grinder. The conductor of the orchestra made his notes on the music; the big lady in black velvet gazed on unweariedly; the manager, Mr. Leweson, came and went, bringing his big head upon the stage and taking it off again at intervals.

At last he came round to Frank's box with a portfolio in his hand.

"Always a lot to do with the production of a new ballet. Now let us talk while they finish the rehearsal. You see, Mr. Melliship, the loonatics who come here like a ballet: not that they care, bless you, what it's like, or what it means, so long as there's plenty of short skirts on the stage. But it must be a Spectacle! Another thing the loonatics that frequent this miserable Palace of Humbug like is the sight of somebody running the risk of breaking their bones. So we've got a trapeze rigged up, as you see. But they must needs have a woman, so we've got the Divine Giulia—Giulia Silvani—to perform with her father. I dare say they'll be round presently. Comic songs of course they must have. We've got the Inexpressible Jones, and the Incomparable and Aristocratic Arthur De Vere. They only come

at night, of course. Beautiful specimens of the aristocracy, both of them—but they go down with the loonatics.”

He stopped, and began to look about in his portfolio.

He produced a manuscript.

“Now, with a singer like yourself, there are only two lines open. You must give up altogether the notion that the British loonatic wants music. He doesn't. He wants sentiment to make him cry, and patriotism to warm up his puny little heart. I'm ashamed of them, Mr. Melliship—I am, indeed. But what can I do? Here I am, after advertising you yesterday in all the papers, and sending sandwiches up and down the streets to-day—”

“Advertising me!”

“Yes. Look here: wonder you didn't see it as you came along.”

He called one of the children, and sent her for a bill. She presently returned with a flaming poster.

NORTH LONDON PALACE OF AMUSEMENT AND ARISTOCRATIC LOUNGE.

IN ADDITION TO THE GALAXY OF TALENT

Already engaged, the Manager has great pleasure in announcing that he has secured, for a short time only, the services of the

NEW AND GREAT ANGLO-ITALIAN TENOR,

SIGNOR CIPRIANO.

The Signor, who has never Sung before in England, but who is well known to possess the Finest Tenor Voice in the World, will Sing

TO-NIGHT,

AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE,

THREE BALLADS

EVERY EVENING,

At Half-past Eight and Half-past Nine.

Across this announcement was a coloured strip, with “To-night” upon it.

Frank read it with a mixed feeling of annoyance and amusement. After all, it didn't matter. His new grand name was better, at any rate, than his own—if he must appear before a British audience.

“I suppose it's all right,” he said, doubtfully, handing it back.

“Of course it is; but the thing is, what you're to sing. Now, I asked my man”—he meant a musical understrapper who com-

posed songs for him, words and music, at a pound a-piece—“to knock me off a little thing in imitation of the Christy's songs of domestic pathos—you know—like ‘Bang the door gently, for mother's asleep,’ ‘Touch the place softly, my pretty Louise,’ ‘Father, come home, for mother is tight’;—charming songs, you know, with a chorus soft and whispered at the end, so as to bring the tears in the people's eyes. Now, what do you think he brought me this morning? Read that.”

He looked at Frank curiously, while the latter read it and laughed.

It was a song based on one of the humblest and most ordinary topics of “domestic pathos,” and ran thus:—

“Let me spank him for his mother,
For the widow's heart is low,
And beneath the weeping willows
Still her wayward child will go.
O'er the river course the shadows—
He has spoiled his boots and hat—
While the sunset lights the meadows,
For his mother spank the brat.”

“‘Vulgar and coarse’? I knew you'd say so,” said the Bighead. “It's a pity, too. My man told me it was written in direct imitation of the great original—with whispered chorus, and all. See what a capital effect it would have. You in the centre, head held down in attitude of listening—so; voices behind—unseen, you know—‘for his mother’—‘for his mother’—‘for his mother’—dying away, with a harp obligato to follow.”

“I'll sing it if you like,” said Frank. “What does it matter, if the people like it?”

“Ah, we must follow the loonatics, not lead 'em, as I should wish,” said Mr. Leweson, sighing. “Well, well—we'll have it; though it's a shame—it's a shame to ask a man with your voice to sing such a song. Now for the second—‘The Bay of Biscay.’ It will suit you well. They'll *encore* that; or you may sing ‘The Death of Nelson.’ And now to try the room.”

He led the way to the stage, had a piano wheeled in, sat down, and directed Frank where to stand—giving him, at the same time, a few hints on the art of bowing to an assemblage of British loonatics.

The acoustic properties of the place were splendid. Frank felt as if he had never sung in his life before, as he heard his own voice filling the great building, and echoing in the roof.

"What do you think of that?" whispered Mr. Leweson to the conductor.

"How long have you got him for?"

"Two months' agreement first. I'm going to make him sign directly."

"How much?"

"Three guineas."

"Make it six months. You won't keep him a day beyond the term."

Frank finished.

"How was that, Mr. Leweson?"

"Very good—very good. A little softer at the finish: don't be afraid they won't hear you. I'll have the chorus all right for you by the time you come this evening. Now for 'The Death of Nelson.' You may make the glasses ring, if you like. Come in, Patty, my dear. Where's your father?"

This was to a new-comer—a singularly pretty, modest-looking girl. He did not wait for an answer to his question, but began at once.

Frank finished the song, and Mr. Leweson clapped his hands in applause.

"That'll bring the house down, if anything will. Bravo, Mr.—I mean, Signor Cipriano, you know. Now, look here—I'm not going to have you encored, and spoiling your voice, to please a lot of loonatics, so they needn't think it. To-night, you may do it. I shall go on myself, and make a speech after it. You'll hear me. Patty, this is our new singer—a very different sort to the rest, as you'll find. Signor, this is the Divine Giulia Silvani—only at home we call her Patty Silver; and she's worth her weight in gold, I can tell you. Here's her father."

Frank took off his hat, and shook hands with the girl. Her hands were rough and hard, her fingers thick—he noticed that as she stood gloveless on the stage. But her face was wonderfully soft and delicate in expression: one of those faces—the features not too good, and perhaps commonplace in character—which one meets from time to time in the London streets;—not the face of a lady at all, but, at the same time, a lovable and good face. She was different to the ballet girls, somehow—had none of their restlessness, did not laugh, did not jump about before the glass: stood quietly beside the piano, and just listened and waited. She was the female trapezist, and with her father performed the Miraculous Flying Leap for Life every night. Her little brother completed the talented Silvani Family; and,

though yet of tender years, was admitted to a trifling performance on a small trapeze of his own, from which he could not fall more than twenty or thirty feet or so—a mere trifle to a child of ten.

The family were special favourites of the manager, for some reason or other. His big head had a big heart connected with it, as more than one in the place had found out.

After singing his songs, and receiving the suggestions of his employer, Frank went with him to his private room. A paper was lying on the table.

"That's your agreement, Mr. Melliship. You pledge yourself to sing for me, and only me, for two months, at a fixed salary of three guineas a-week, at least three ballads or songs every night. I introduce you to the public, and have my profit out of the small salary you will get. You see, Mr. Melliship, I'm a plain man. I like your voice. I like your appearance. I am making terms advantageous to myself, but not bad for you. And if you were to go to anybody in London, you wouldn't get better for a first engagement. My conductor advised me to nail you down for six months, but I keep to my original terms. Treat me well, Mr. Melliship, and I'll treat you well. So there we are; and, if you'll sign, a pint of champagne and a dry biscuit will help us along."

Frank drank the champagne, signed his name, and went away, free until eight.

He dined at Mrs. Skimp's, where old Mr. Eddrup was, as usual, made the butt of "Captain" Hamilton's wit. After dinner, he smoked a pipe in the garden of the square; and then, as the time was fast approaching, he dressed himself with considerable care, and walked to the Palace.

The place was crowded. Nearly every man had a glass before him, and a pipe or a cigar in his mouth. There were constant cries of "Waiter," constant popping of corks. The smell of tobacco was overpowering. The heat and the gas made the place almost intolerable. Frank stood at the side wings while a ballet went on—not that which he had seen rehearsed, but a simpler one, intended to open the evening.

"After this, the Inexpressible Jones. After him, you," said Mr. Leweson. "That's to take him down a few pegs. He thinks he's got a tenor. With a voice like a cow."

The Inexpressible sang. He was encored.

He sang again. They wanted to encore him again. It was a charming pastoral, relating how he, the I. J., had been walking one evening in the fields with an umbrella, and had there met a young lady belonging to the same exalted rank among the aristocracy as himself; how he had held a conversation with her under his umbrella; how she had promised to meet him the next evening, provided he came with his umbrella; how he had kept his appointment, with his umbrella, and how she had not. It was a comic song, acted with an umbrella, so true to life that the loonatics shrieked with laughter.

When the laughter had quite subsided, it was Frank's turn to go on.

Mr. Leweson was below among the audience, contemplating his patrons with an air of undisguised contempt. He was the first person Frank saw in the mass of heads beneath and in front of him.

For a moment, he trembled and lost his nerve. Only for a moment. As the piano struck up, he managed to see the words that were swimming before him, and plunged at once into his ballad of the domestic affections.

The chorus was more than admirable—it was superb: an invisible chorus, in soft voices, murmuring the refrain like an echo—

“For his mother—for his mother—for his mother;”

and the people cried at the pathos.

“The loonatics,” he heard the manager growling to himself.

The applause was tremendous. He retired amid a general yell of “core—core!” and reappeared a moment after with flushed cheeks—for even the approbation of “loonatics” is something—to sing “The Death of Nelson.”

Frank went home that night satisfied, if not happy. He was a success at last—if only a success at three guineas a-week. He prayed fervently that no old friends would come to detect him. If only he could preserve his incognito, all would be well.

He reckoned only on old friends. He had forgotten new acquaintances.

The very next day, at dinner, after a general whispering at the upper end of the table, which Mr. Eddrup interpreted to mean an organized attack upon himself, Captain Hamilton turned to him, and openly congratulated him on his success the preced-

ing evening at the North London Palace of Amusement.

“Of course,” said the gallant officer, “it was an unexpected pleasure to see, in the person of Signor Cipriano, a gentleman who does us the favour to dine at our humble table.”

Frank reddened, and could find nothing to say.

Mr. Eddrup answered for him. It was the first time the old man had ever been known to speak.

“I congratulate you,” he said to Frank, “on the possession of a talent which enables you to take honest work. Believe me, sir, all work is honest.”

“Bravo, old Eddrup,” shouted the medical student. “We’ve made him speak at last. I always knew he was one of the most eloquent orators going.”

Frank turned with flushing cheeks.

“At all events,” he said, “it is better to sing at a public place than to—to—”

“To what, sir?” said the student.

“Monkey!” escaped the Captain’s lips, in tones very clearly audible.

Frank half rose from his seat, and turned towards the Captain.

“Better than loafing about in billiard-rooms, and on-suburban racecourses, Captain Hamilton.”

There was a dead silence.

“After dinner, sir,” said Captain Hamilton, after a pause, “we must have a word together.”

“And me too,” said the medical student, with disregard for grammar.

“Stick to ’em,” whispered Captain Bowker. “Stick to ’em. They’re only curs. I’ll see fair play.”

After dinner, Captain Hamilton, none of the rest leaving the room, came up to Frank as he stood in the window.

“Sir, you have insulted me.”

“Probably.”

It was said calmly, but Frank’s lips were trembling.

“Sir, you must give me satisfaction.”

“Take it, then,” shouted the young man, striking out with his left arm.

The Captain fell—and did not get up again.

“Oh! gentlemen—gentlemen,” cried Mrs. Skimp, running before Frank—“don’t fight—oh! pray don’t fight! He owes me for six weeks.”

“I said he was a loafer—a welsher. I

know he is. I have seen him ducked in a horsepond before to-day," said Frank, who was recovering his calmness.

The others all burst out laughing, except the medical student, who thought that perhaps his turn was coming next.

The Captain rose slowly, but with dignity.

"This," he said, "will not end here. You will hear from me to-morrow."

He was leaving the room, the medical student going with him.

"Stop," said Frank. "There is something else to be said. Both yesterday and to-day—and, I believe, always—there has been made a series of attacks, personal, insulting, and cadish, on an old gentleman of perfectly inoffensive habits—Mr. Eddrup. The two principal offenders are you two—Captain Hamilton and you—whatever your name is"—he pointed to the medical student. "Now, as I, for one, decline to belong to those who wilfully insult an old man, I intend to take his quarrel upon myself. Whoever insults Mr. Eddrup, henceforth insults me. Now, Captain Hamilton, and you other, you may go to the devil."

They went out.

Mrs. Skimp was the only one who regretted the incident.

"Six weeks due from the Captain," she moaned, "and four from the other."

"Sir," said Captain Bowker, wringing Frank's hand, "I'm proud of you. You're a good fellow, sir—a good fellow. I wish I could do something for you."

Frank laughed.

"You can," he said. "You can come and hear me sing 'The Death of Nelson,' if you like."

"By the Lord, I will," said the Captain. "I haven't been to a place of amusement for ten years. I'll go to-night."

Mr. Eddrup said nothing. In his usual quiet and methodical manner, he stepped out of the room, and went upstairs.

In many cheap boarding-houses there is a Père Goriot, young or old. In very few is there a man to be found with courage to stand up and protect a butt from the assaults of his enemies.

That night, Captain Hamilton went out, and came back no more. His effects, when examined, were found to consist of one trunk, locked—filled with stones wrapped in newspapers.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

THE morning after his "first appearance," Frank awoke with strangely mingled feelings of disgust and pride. Mr. Leweson's loonatics had cheered him to the skies: that was something. On the other hand, to have been cheered by loonatics was not in itself, after the first surprise, an exhilarating memory. He got up, cursing his fate. He went down to the Palace, after breakfast, in the gloomiest frame of mind. He found the same ballet rehearsal going on, only the second time it was not by any means so refreshing, having lost its novelty. Ballet girls, he was able to remark, romantic as the profession appears to outsiders, possess much of the commonplace nature of the untutored feminine animal. He speculated on their probable ambition, on the subjects which occupied their minds, and exercised their intellects. Subsequent investigation, followed by discovery, taught him in time that they never do think at all, except about the means of getting dress, and have no intellects to exercise. Mr. Leweson was in his office, but too busy to see him, only sending out a note that the performance of last night might be repeated if he wished; if not, he only had to select his own songs.

Frank felt quite indifferent as to what songs he sung, and so was turning away to leave the place, when he saw the pretty girl to whom he had been introduced the day before—the Divine Giulia. She was with her father, superintending the arrangement of certain trapeze ropes for a new feat they were to perform that evening. Her dress was changed. She had on the singular costume which was invented, I suppose, when female gymnasts first came into fashion—something like the "page" dress of the stage. The Divine Giulia was attired in Turkish trousers—which disappeared at night—a crimson scarf, and what I have reason to believe is called a chemisette. Her hair—brown, full, and wavy—was gathered up at the back of her head in such rich masses that no chignon was necessary. Her father was also dressed in the uniform of his profession, but without the spangles which covered him in the evening. With them was a little boy, the youthful Joey, also attired in the family costume. Frank stayed to look.

"May I look on while you practise?" he

asked, shaking hands with the acrobat and his daughter.

"Of course you may, Mr.—Signor."

"Signor Cipriano, father," said Patty.

"My name is Melliship," said Frank, red-denying.

"You may help us, too," said the girl.

"Set this mattress straight. So. Now lay this one along the tables. That is right. Ready, father?"

One of the men regularly employed stood at the bar, to set it swinging. They were to fly, one after the other—the girl first—across the house, swinging from one trapeze to the next, and landing on a little platform at the end: a common feat enough, complicated by what the playbills called a summersault in "mid-air" by the father.

Silvani, *père*, was a stout, strong-built man, about forty years of age, or a little over. The muscles showed through his tight fleshings like rope bands.

"Fancy having to assist your governor in turning summersaults," thought Frank.

It was a question whether the ropes should not be lengthened by a foot or so, which would naturally increase the distance to be traversed, but lessen the danger. Mr. Silver gave it against the longer length.

"But you may kill yourself," said Frank, "for want of that extra foot."

"I don't think so. After all, a man can only die once. Patty, my dear, you're not afraid?"

She shook her head merrily, and mounted the ladder. Frank trembled as she stood at the top—slight, graceful, slender—poising herself like a bird on the wing. Her father mounted after her, and took another pair of ropes, standing behind her.

She gave a sign: the man set the trapeze swinging, and Patty let herself go. The instant she touched the first bar, her father followed, catching it as it swung back when she left it. In a moment, they were standing side by side on a platform in front of the first circle.

"Not quite steady enough. We must do it again."

"No, don't," cried Frank—"don't. Surely once is enough."

The girl laughed, and climbed again. Frank was standing on the mattress at the far end of the house, nearly under the landing-place—that is to say, close under the dress circle. The feat looked a great deal more dangerous in an empty theatre, by

daylight, than when the gas was lit, and the place crammed with spectators.

Now, whether his nervousness communicated itself to Patty, I know not; but when she left the two rings, and should have caught the first bar, she missed it. Frank rushed forward, and caught her by the shoulders, just as she would have fallen heavily on the mattresses.

The weight of a girl of eighteen, though she be a trapezist in full training, is no small matter—particularly when the velocity of her flight is taken into consideration. The momentum of a body in motion is represented, in applied mathematics, as a quantity composed of the mass multiplied by the velocity—which is, to the outer world, much as if one were to say pigs multiplied by candles. Frank fell back, with Patty upon him. She was up in an instant, unhurt.

Her father, seeing the accident as he flew through the air, kept tight hold of his rings, and swung backwards and forwards until he could safely alight.

"Why, Patty," he cried, "I've never known you do such a thing before."

The girl was up in a moment—shaken, but not hurt. Frank was not so fortunate. Her head butting full upon his nose, caused that member to bleed: a prosaic ending to a deed of some heroism and skill—for he caught her like a cricket ball, only with the softest and most delicate handling possible, just as if he had always been practising the art of catching trapeze girls so as not to hurt them.

Mr. Leweson, too, came running up. He was just in time to witness the accident.

"Are you hurt, Patty—are you hurt?"

"Not a bit—not a bit:" her lip was trembling in the effort to suppress an hysterical sob. "I should have been if it had not been for Mr. Melliship, though. We ought to ask him if he is hurt."

Frank was holding his handkerchief to his nose, and only shook his head, to intimate that the damage done was such as could easily be repaired.

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Leweson; "and you might have flown straight against the woodwork. Mr. Melliship, it was splendid—splendidly done, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Silver, "as nobody's hurt, and we've got to do it to-night, I suppose we'd better try it again, Patty."

"No—no," began Frank.

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Silver,

"please don't interfere with our professional work."

"You are not too much shaken, Patty?" interposed the manager.

"Not shaken a bit. Now, father, we'll do it this time."

She ran up the ladder lightly with her rings, flew through the air from bar to bar, and arrived at the landing-stage with the precision of a bird, followed by her sire.

"Now, there," said Mr. Leweson, "is a splendid creature for you. Now you see why I wanted you to go on the trapeze with Giulia. Think of the Triple Act that I had in my mind—Signor Silvani holding the rings; three bars, each two feet lower than the other; on the Signor's shoulders you would stand, Giulia on yours. The flight through the air: the first bar for Giulia, the second for you, the third for the father of the family. The most magnificent idea in acrobatism ever conceived. But there, if it can't be, it can't, of course. Now, then, Patty, hoist up the boy, and get your practice done."

He walked aside, with his hand in Frank's arm, while the child went through his performances.

"Mr. Melliship," he said, abruptly, "you are a gentleman, that is clear. I dare say an army man, now."

"No—I told you—I am a Cambridge man."

"Ah!—well. But there are different sorts of gentlemen, you see. Now, I think more goes to make a gentleman than knowing how to eat, and talk, and dress, and behave. I know the breed is rare; but there is a sort of gentleman in this country who does not run after every pretty face he meets, fancying that every pretty girl is his natural prey. I say there is that sort of gentleman in the world, and I should be very glad to think you belong to the kind, Mr. Melliship. That's a long preamble; but what I mean is this—excuse my plain speaking—but I don't want my little Patty humbugged, and I won't have it, sir, I say—I won't have it, by any one. There—there—I'm a fool."

"You can trust me," said Frank. "I am not likely either to fall in love with her, or she with me."

"Humph!" growled the man with the big head, looking curiously at him. "I don't know that. Well—well—I've said what I wanted to, and you are not angry; so it is all right. Come and have some fizz, Patty,

my girl. After your shake, it will do you good."

They all went to the manager's room, when he produced a bottle of champagne, which they discussed together. If Mr. Leweson had a weakness, it was for champagne. Patty Silver shared it. Champagne was the one thing connected with the department of the interior which Patty cared for.

"Very odd," thought Frank. "Here's the manager giving champagne to a family of acrobats. Wonder if they always do it at music halls."

I believe, as a rule, that acrobats are not so well treated by managers.

In this particular case, there were reasons why Mr. Leweson was especially kind to his talented Silvani Family. It is a story which hardly belongs to us. In the years gone by, there had been a forlorn little Israelite boy, whose father and mother died in a far-off land, leaving him alone to the care of strangers. None of his own people were in that American town. Then a Christian man, a blacksmith by trade, took him in, and housed him. The Christian man was Signor Silvani's father; the little Jew was Mr. Benjamin Leweson. Years went on. The Jew became a musician, a singer, a composer; the Christians went down in the world; and the whirligig of time brought them all together again—Harry Silver an acrobat—Benjamin Leweson the manager and part proprietor—principal shareholder—of the great North London Palace of Amusement.

All this is irrelevant, save that it explains why the manager produced his champagne, and why he gave his warnings to Frank in language so emphatic.

The family resumed the ordinary attire of humble British citizens, and Frank walked away with them. They lived in a small house, in one of those streets of gloomy small houses which abound in Islington. Patty nodded good-bye to him, and ran up the steps with her brother, opening the door with a latch key.

"Sir," said her father when she had gone in, "you saved my daughter's life. What shall I say to thank you?"

"Nothing. Why do you let her do it?"

"We must live. There is nothing dishonest in it. There is not half the risk that you think about it. As for me, I feel almost as safe on the trapeze as you do on the

pavement—and so does Patty, for that matter.”

“But—but—” Frank hesitated.

“Immodest, you think it is. I don't know, sir—I don't know. There isn't a better girl than my girl in all London, and I defy you to find one. No, I had a great exercise of my conscience before I let her go—only her gifts were too strong. It was a-lying in the face of Providence not to let her take a way which was opened, so to speak, unto her. I laid the matter before my friend, Mr. Eddrup—”

“Eddrup! He that lives at Mrs. Skimp's, in Granville-square?”

“There is only one Mr. Eddrup, young man. The Lord can't spare more than one at a time like him. Do you know him?”

“I live in the same house. Tell me about him.”

“Ah, I think you had better find out about him. Well, I laid the matter before him, and he decided that if the girl liked, and I was always there to look after her, there would be no harm done. If you live in the same house as Mr. Eddrup, young gentleman, you try to talk to him. It was he that showed me the Light.”

Frank stared.

“Before I knew Mr. Eddrup, I was clean gone astray, and out of the way altogether. Now, I'm a different man. So is Patty. Do you mean that Mr. Eddrup has never said a word in season to you?”

“Not yet. I've only been in the house two days.”

“Then wait; or—if you are not one of those who go about scoffing and sneering at good men—come with me on Sunday evening. But you're a gentleman, Mr. Melliship. You go to the Establishment, I suppose.”

Frank was too much astonished to find religion in an acrobat to answer.

“There is spiritual food of different kinds,” Mr. Silver went on. “I can't get my nourishment in the Church of England. Mind you, I'm not saying a word against it. But I like freedom. I like to have my say if I've got anything to say, and when my heart is full.”

“What denomination do you belong to?” asked Frank.

“To none, sir, at present. Why should I? Every man is a priest in his own house. I am of the religion of Abraham. First I was a Plymouth Brethren; then I was a Primitive Methodists; then I was a Particular

Baptists. I've tried the Huntingdon connection, and the Independents, and the Wesleyans; but I don't like them. I don't like any of them. So I stay at home, and read the Book; or else I go and hear Mr. Eddrup on Sunday nights.”

“Let me come and talk to you,” said Frank. “You shall tell me more about yourself, if you will. I promise, at least, not to scoff and sneer at good things.”

“I'm an illiterate man, sir, and you are a gentleman, with education and all that, I dare say. But come when you like.”

“Let me come next Sunday evening. You shall give me some tea,” said Frank, in his lordly way, as if he were inviting himself to a man's rooms at college.

Mr. Silver looked after him with a puzzled expression, and went up the steps to dinner.

“A gentleman,” he said to Patty, “who doesn't swear and use bad language; who doesn't look as if he got drunk; who doesn't go about with a big pipe in his mouth; who doesn't seem to mind talking about religious things. We don't get many such gentlemen at the Palace of Amusement, do us?”

“But, father,” said Patty, laying the things out for dinner, “how does a gentleman come to be singing at the Palace? Gentlemen don't sing, do they, in public places for money?”

“I never heard of it. I will ask Mr. Eddrup. Here's dinner. Joey, say grace.”

In these early days, Frank thought it best to go every morning to the Palace. This pleased Mr. Leweson, who had conceived an immense admiration for his new tenor. He showed this by solemnly presenting him with a tenor song of his own composing, which Frank sung, after the fourth night, in place of that song of the domestic affections already quoted. It was not so popular; but that, as Mr. Leweson remarked, was clear proof of its real worth. Had the loonatics applauded, he said he should have felt it his duty, as a musician, to put the song in the fire.

Sunday came, and Frank bethought him of his invitation to take tea with his new friends. Skimp's dined at four o'clock on Sundays. After dinner, Mrs. Skimp went to church, and her boarders chiefly amused themselves by playing billiards. To the younger portion, the students, there was something particularly attractive in playing a forbidden game on Sunday; to the older

ones, the chance of picking up a few stray sixpences at pool was quite enough of itself to make them prefer knocking the balls about to smoking pipes all the evening. Besides, they could unite the two amusements. Captain Bowker went to church, to smoothe out his ideas, he said—though no one understood in the least what he meant. I think he liked the quiet of church, where he could abstract his mind from all affairs—spiritual as well as worldly—and compose his verses. Mr. Eddrup, as usual, appeared at dinner, ate in silence what was set before him, and disappeared noiselessly.

Frank found his friends waiting for him—Patty with an extra ribbon. Her father was sitting with a Bible before him—his one book, which he read at all times. On Sundays, when he had a clear day before him, he used to read the Prophecies, applying them to modern times, and working out all problems of the present by their light. He had no books to help him, unless Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell" be considered a help. Reading day after day, as he did, the words had come to have to him, as they have done to some theologians, a sort of threefold sense—the historic, the prophetic, and the hidden or inner sense. The pursuit of the last occupied all his thoughts.

The room was poorly furnished, for the family income was but small. Three or four chairs, a table, and a sideboard constituted the whole of it. No servant was apparent, and Patty and Joe were up and down the stairs, bringing up the tea things, laughing and chattering.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Melliship," said his host. "Now, I call this friendly. Patty, my dear, make haste up with the tea, because it's getting late."

"It's quite ready, father. We were only waiting for Mr. Melliship."

Watercresses, and bread and butter. Patty pouring out the tea. Her father, with his finger on the Bible, enunciating things prophetic.

"I was reading what Ezekiel says about the world in our time, Mr. Melliship."

"Did Ezekiel write about our time?" asked Frank, thinking what a pity Patty's hands should be so spoiled by her acrobatic work.

"All time—every time. I can read, sir, the events of to-day and to-morrow in his pages, as plain as I can in a newspaper. I can tell you, if you like to listen, what is

going to happen in the world before you die."

"Tell me," said Frank.

Mr. Silver held up his finger, and began. As he went on, in short, jerky sentences, his eyes wandered from Frank's, and fixed themselves in space—the gaze becoming deeper, and the expression as of one who reads things far off.

"A day of judgment and lamentation, when even the righteous shall be sifted. Afterwards the good time. A day of gathering of the nations upon the earth. The Great Battle—the Final Battle—shall be fought, after which there shall be no more wars. The Lord's battle will be fought on the Lord's battle-field, the Plain of Esdraelon: the battle of the people against the priests, and all their power. After it, the priests shall clothe themselves with trembling, as with a garment. Know," he continued after a pause, stretching his hand across the table, and still with his eyes fixed in vacancy—"know that, from time long gone by, even from the days of the Chaldean who first invented the accursed thing, the arm of the Lord has been against the priesthood. There is one nation the enemy of the human race—the nation of the priests. Whether they call themselves Catholic, or Anglican, or Dissenting, or Heathen, the spirit is alike. It is the spirit of darkness and tyranny."

"Mr. Melliship, is your tea to your liking?" whispered Patty.

"It is the spirit of pride and falsehood. Every dogma that blindfolds men's eyes is the invention of a priest; every accursed form of domination is the invention of the priests; every evil government has been maintained by the priests. They have made the world what it is; they have substituted fear for love; they keep the people ignorant; they darken counsel, and shut out light."

"Joey, run up, and fetch my bonnet," said Patty.

"Then you want to abolish all priests?" said Frank, looking with wonder at the religious enthusiast.

"I am on the Lord's side," he replied, simply. "I would that I might live to fight in the Great Battle when it comes, and to fight against the priests. Priests! I am a priest. We are all priests;—every man in his own house, as the Patriarchs were before us. Remember, young man, that this is no light matter. It will be your place to take a side—and that before long. Russia is ad-



Once a Week.]

"TONY LUMPKIN."

[April 20, 1872.

vancing south, as Ezekiel prophesied. Turkey is falling to pieces, and will soon be even as she who was once decked with ornaments—with bracelets on her hands and a chain upon her neck—who went astray and was confounded, as Ezekiel prophesied. All things came from Palestine: all things go back to Palestine. They are going to make a railway down the valley of the Euphrates: then they will rebuild the city of Babylon. In the time to come, that shall be the city of wealth and trade—when London will be deserted. The city of the Lord shall then be rebuilt, too: even the city of David, with a Temple which shall have no priests. It shall be the reign of peace. All nations shall come into the Church, and the millennium shall be begun. Even so, O Lord: Thy will be done!"

He folded his hands, as he concluded his speech, in a silent prayer.

"Drink your tea, father," said Patty. "It's getting cold—and it's late, besides."

"Where are we going, Miss Silver?" asked Frank.

"Miss Silver!" . Patty laughed merrily. "I never was called Miss Silver in my life before. Call me Patty, Mr. Melliship."

"I will, if you will call me Frank."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind. You are a gentleman, and don't belong to our rank of life. Hush!—don't move. Don't disturb father. He's often so, after talking about the Bible."

The enthusiast was bent forward, with his eyes fixed, gazing out of the window. He neither heard nor saw—he was in a trance. Frank looked at him anxiously. Then, moved by the impulse of his artistic nature, he took a book from the table—it was Patty's Bible—and on the fly-leaf began to sketch her father with his pencil. Patty looked over his shoulder in speechless admiration. In three minutes it was done—a rude, rough sketch, slightly idealized, so as to bring out the noble ruggedness of the man's brow, the wild depth of his eyes, the setting of his lips.

"Oh! it's wonderful," Patty whispered.

"Shall I draw you?" asked Frank, in a whisper. "Sit down, and I will try."

She sat down, blushing; but the next minute sprang up again, whispering—

"Not to-day—not while father is like that. Don't speak."

She took the Bible from him, and looked at the portrait with devouring eyes. Some subtle beauty the artist had put into the

lines which she had never noticed before in her father's face, and saw it now for the first time.

They sat for two or three minutes more in silence, and then Mr. Silver threw his head back with a sigh, and looked round the room.

"It is late," he said. "Let us go."

"But where are we going?" asked Frank again.

"Why, to Mr. Eddrup's church, of course."

He followed in astonishment. Who and what was this Mr. Eddrup, that these people should so look up to him?

Patty and he walked together.

"I shall show the picture to father," she said—"but not to-night: not till the fit is off him. I suppose you were surprised to find us in such a nice house? We couldn't afford to rent it, you know; but it's Mr. Leweson's, and he gives it to us for nothing. He wants us to let lodgings, only I don't know—it would be such a trouble."

"You had better," said Frank. "I will be your lodger."

"Ah! I don't know. I should like it, you know," she replied, simply; "but father's particular. You might turn out bad, after all. And then see where we should be!"

"Well—I haven't turned out very good, so far," said Frank, with a sigh.

"Here we are at the church," said Patty, stopping at a door.

MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

MR. LIONEL BROUGH, the popular low comedian—the subject of our cartoon this week—is the son of the late Mr. Barnabas Brough, once well known as a dramatic author, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Barnard de Burgh."

Mr. Lionel Brough is a native of the Principality, having been born at Pontypool, in Monmouthshire, on March 10th, 1836. He is the brother of the late Robert and William Brough, known to all playgoers as the "Brothers" Brough, and also of Mr. John C. Brough, author of works on scientific subjects, and the librarian to the London Institution.

Mr. Lionel Brough has taken to the stage; for, like many leading actors, he was not bred to the profession, but began life as clerk to Mr. John Timbs, editor of the *Illustrated London News*, in the time when Douglas Jerrold, Albert Smith, John Leech,

Charles Dickens, and W. M. Thackeray were in their prime; he was afterwards assistant publisher of the *Daily Telegraph* for the first seven months of its existence.

He made his first appearance on the London stage at the Lyceum, under the celebrated management of Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews. The piece was an extravaganza, entitled "Prince Prettytypet," produced in December, 1854. Madame Vestris died, and Mr. Mathews retired from the management of the Lyceum.

In 1858, Mr. Brough was again at the Lyceum under Mr. E. Falconer's management. He then deserted the stage, and was for five years on the *Morning Star*. He next gave entertainments—"Cinderella," "Der Freischutz," &c.—at the Polytechnic, afterwards travelling in the provinces with a "Ghost" performance, which he produced "by command" at Windsor. Mr. Brough played before the Queen and the late Prince Consort, with the members of the Savage Club, for the Lancashire Relief Fund, and also visited Liverpool and Manchester for the same object.

He next joined Mr. Henderson at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, afterwards becoming a member of Mr. Cope-land's company at the Amphitheatre there; and next was associated with Mr. Saker at the Alexandra Theatre there.

Mr. Brough came to London in October, 1867, and has been playing at the Queen's and St. James's theatres, and now is engaged at the Holborn. In August next, Mr. Boucicault will open Covent Garden—at the close of the opera season—with Mr. Brough as his stage manager.

At Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and the chief provincial towns, Mr. Brough has often performed, and is a great favourite with his audiences. He has all the requisite qualities as an actor for the parts he plays; and to his great natural humour and fun he adds a conscientious and careful study of the characters he undertakes.

Tony Lumpkin, in "She Stoops to Conquer," he played for a long time, with the greatest success, at the St. James's Theatre; and he is the best Tony on the stage. Uncle Ben in "Dearer than Life," Spotty in "The Lancashire Lass," Sampson Burr in "The Porter's Knot," Mark Meddle in "London Assurance," Robin Wildbriar in "Extremes," are among the best of Mr. Brough's assumptions. He plays them with marked intel-

ligence and appreciation, and a display of genuine humorous power and versatility not too frequently met with on the stage.

Mr. Brough likewise enjoys considerable celebrity as an actor of burlesque parts, when he never fails to put his audiences in a good temper with themselves and with their entertainer.

MIDNIGHT.

SAIL on, O silvern moon, through placid plains
Of cold blue ether, for the world is low—
Still, as Old Time, thy glory comes and wanes,
And bears the secrets of the long ago.

The white tombs glisten on the churchyard rise,
The dim woods sleep in shadows at thy feet;
A silent world beneath thy watch-light lies,
Ere yet the stillness and the morning meet.

Sail on, O stately, silvern moon, until
A reckless world forgets the tranquil night;
And newer sins, and joys, and sorrows fill
A later story for thy morrow's light.

WHITEBAIT DINNERS.

THE Ministerial fish dinner at Greenwich will, I am afraid, like many other good old-fashioned customs, pass out of date before long; but as the circumstances connected with these official "feeds" are not well known, a few notes on the subject may possess some passing interest for our readers.

In the early part of the last century, an extraordinarily high tide in the Thames broke down a part of the sea wall that protected the Essex marshes, near the village of Dagenham. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to repair the inroad thus made by the troubled waters, but for years without success. About the year 1721, however, an engineer, Captain Perry by name, succeeded in mending the wall. This Captain Perry was well known in his own time for his great practical skill in difficult engineering works of this kind; and he had, in fact, been employed twenty years before by the great Czar Peter in embanking various rivers in Russia, but principally in building the quays, arsenals, and dockyards of St. Petersburg. The work of stopping "Dagenham Breach," as it was then called, was considered of such importance that an act of Parliament was passed appointing a body of commissioners to superintend the operations. These commissioners—most of whom, by the way, were City gentlemen—were in the habit of holding

their board meetings on the spot; and, in true English fashion, usually crowned their deliberations with a well-appointed dinner each board-day.

As the inland water could not be altogether drained away, and the water remaining—afterwards dignified with the name of Dagenham Lake or Reach—was found to afford a plentiful supply of fresh-water fish, the “dinner” received an additional attraction; and at each meeting of the commissioners a dish of fresh fish was served up in the board-room—the latter being situated in a building, erected for the accommodation of the superintendents, close to the flood gates, and usually known on the river as the Breach House. This annual fish dinner afterwards came to be an institution. Luckily for its permanent establishment, under the old commissioners the dinner was held just about the time when Parliament broke up in the autumn. One year Mr. Pitt, who was always a great favourite with the City men, was invited by the commissioners to partake of their annual fish dinner.

The dinner, under such odd circumstances, was a pleasing novelty to the great ministers; and, as it was annually repeated, Mr. Pitt brought his political colleagues and private friends with him. The commissioners—several of whom, like Sir Robert Preston, Sir William Curtis, Sir Robert Wigram, Captain Cotton, and others, had their own country houses close at hand—used to contribute wines from their cellars, and fruit from their gardens to the dessert; and in time, as the occasion grew more luxurious, turtle and venison were added to the original service of fish.

Thus, before long, this so-called fish dinner became a kind of ministerial banquet, whither a dozen or a dozen and a half of the officials of Downing-street and Whitehall were accustomed to proceed in the Royal and Admiralty barges.

Another account, differing from that we have just given, connects the history of ministerial fish dinners more intimately with Sir Robert Preston, one of the commissioners before mentioned. The other story is this:—

Sir Robert, who was a merchant prince, a baronet of Scotland and Nova Scotia, and sometime member of Parliament for Dover, had a cottage on the banks of Dagenham Lake. He called it his fishing cottage; and often in the spring went thither with a pri-

vate friend or two, to escape for awhile, in this rural retreat, the cares of Parliamentary and mercantile duties. His most frequent guest was, as he was familiarly called, “Old George Rose,” secretary to the Treasury, and an elder brother of the Trinity House. Sir Robert also was an active member of that fraternity. Many was the joyous day these two worthies passed at Dagenham Reach, undisturbed by the storms that then raged in the political atmosphere of Whitehall and St. Stephen’s Chapel. Mr. Rose once intimated to Sir Robert that Mr. Pitt, of whose friendship they were both justly proud, would no doubt much delight in the comfort of such a retreat. Sir Robert cordially accepted the suggestion. A day was named, and the Premier was accordingly invited, and received with great cordiality at the “fishing cottage.” He was so well pleased with his visit, and the hospitality of the baronet—they were all considered two if not three bottle men—that, on taking leave, Mr. Pitt readily accepted an invitation for the following year, Sir Robert engaging to remind him at the proper time. For a few years, Mr. Pitt, accompanied by “Old George Rose,” were regular annual visitors at Dagenham Reach. But the distance was great for those days. Railways had not yet started into existence, and the going and coming was considered somewhat inconvenient.

But Sir Robert—hearty Briton as he was—was equal to the occasion. Why not dine nearer London? Greenwich was suggested as the new meeting-place for the three ancients of the Trinity House—for Pitt was also a distinguished member of that august fraternity.

The party was now changed from a trio to a quartette, Mr. Pitt having requested to be allowed to bring Lord Camden. The ice thus broken, a fifth guest was soon added to the number—namely, Mr. Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough. All still were the guests of Sir Robert Preston; but, one by one, other men of position—all the Tory school—were invited; until at last Lord Camden reasonably remarked that, as they were all dining at a tavern, it was only fair that Sir Robert should be released from the expense. It was then arranged that the dinner should be given as usual by Sir Robert Preston—that is to say, at his invitation—and he insisted on still contributing a buck and champagne; but the rest of the charges of mine host were thenceforward defrayed by the

several guests; and on this arrangement the dinners continued to be held annually till the death of Mr. Pitt. Sir Robert Preston was requested, in the following year, to summon the several guests, the list of whom by this time included most of the Cabinet Ministers. The time for meeting was usually after Trinity Monday, a short period before the end of the session. By degrees, a meeting which was originally for private conviviality seems, owing to the long tenure of office by the Tories, to have partaken of a political—or at least, semi-political—character.

Sir Robert Preston, the founder of the whole affair, died; but the “fish dinner,” thoroughly established by long custom, survived. Mr. Long, now Lord Farnborough, undertook to supply Sir Robert’s place, and to annually summon the several guests to the “Ministerial fish dinner;” the private secretary of the late Sir Robert Preston furnishing to the private secretary of Lord Farnborough the names of the noblemen and gentlemen who had been usually invited. Up to the decease of the baronet, the invitations had been sent privately; and the party was certainly limited, for some time after, to the members of the Cabinet.

GUMMER’S FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XVII.

LOVE.

I WENT to the old office to consult Purrem. Mrs. Gummer was to have accompanied me; but at the last moment she said she was not well enough. She told me afterwards that she felt sure we should lose the fortune, and she was afraid to hear the bad news. Purrem assured me that Sparkes & Son were too rich and too highly connected to commit a fraud. We called on Sparkes, and saw the father and son. They gave Purrem the papers, and he knew at a glance that Joseph’s fortune was only £4,000. Sparkes senior behaved kindly. He said his son excused Mrs. Gummer’s violent language, as the great disappointment was partly the fault of his Calcutta correspondent.

When I returned to Corcyra Villa, I had no need to speak. My face told the tale. Mrs. Gummer and Nancy cried. Janet was thinking of her lover, and not of the loss of fortune.

She had been dressed by nine, for she was

sure Max would come early. It was past noon, and he came not. Janet admired his delicacy. He would not call till after the usual hour, for fear we should think he was anxious about the fortune. At three o’clock, Janet became uneasy. She was sure that he was ill, and feared to alarm her. James was sent with a note. The note was returned, with a message that Mr. Max De Crespin was out, and would not return to Grammont Lodge that day.

Brave Janet! She could almost hate us for having a bad thought of Max! He was obliged to go out with the Colonel, or the Colonel was keeping him a prisoner. She knew how her poor Max was suffering.

Janet went to her room. We agreed that the Colonel would try and stop the marriage, and Nancy was certain it would kill Janet.

“But, pa, we have money.”

“Yes, Nancy, but not £30,000. With what we have of our own, and what will come from Joseph’s property, we may have £8,000.”

“Go to Colonel De Crespin, pa, and tell him Janet shall have all we possess. Tell him she loves Max; but don’t let Janet know of it.”

There was a sob, and Janet came in. She had not gone to her room, but had been listening to our conversation. She kissed Nancy again and again.

“Oh, dear Nancy, it’s hard for you to give me all; but I shall die, and Max will die, if we are parted. But, no—I cannot take all from you.”

Mrs. Gummer beckoned me from the room.

“Go, Tom, and quickly, and do what Nancy says. And bring Max back with you. Do it very quickly, for the sake of our child.”

The Colonel saw me in the library. He did not shake hands with me, or offer me a seat. I told him we would give all we had to Max, that Janet was a noble girl, and that she loved his son.

“Not badly played, but it won’t do, Mr. Gummer. The mistake about the pounds and rupees was barely possible, though I am convinced you were aware that your cousin was not worth £40,000. We may waive that point, but we cannot waive the lie about the £100,000. Mr. Thomas Gummer, since you have the audacity to come here, I tell you, coolly and deliberately, you are a trickster.”

I could hardly bear with that; but I thought of Janet, and did not resent the insult. And I saw, too, that it would be impossible to convince any one that I was innocent. I was mad with myself for so easily crediting the story of the £100,000.

"How you expected to succeed passes comprehension. Perhaps you thought the marriage might take place before the completion of the settlement. Possibly, you think your acting and the acting of your daughter, and the paltry £7,000 or £8,000, will bribe us. You are a fool as well as a rogue. And now go, and beware how you or any of your family dare again to address a De Crespin."

As the Colonel concluded, he rang the bell, and passed out of the side door.

For a long, long hour I walked about. I dared not go home. What could I say to Janet? There was no hope, none whatever. If Janet died, it was the fault of her father. I had brought all this misery on my child by not contradicting the false report in the papers.

Janet, as soon as she saw me, said—

"You need not tell me, pa. I know the worst. Read that."

It was a note from Max:—

"After the discovery of the infamous attempt to trick me and my family, I need hardly tell you that our acquaintance will entirely cease. It is not likely that I shall meet you; but if so, you will be pleased to take notice that I shall regard you as a stranger."

Janet kept up wonderfully that evening. No crying, no hysterics, no complaining.

When bidding her good night, Mrs. Gummer said—

"My dear Janet, do not fret about the heartless villain."

"Ma, never say that again. Whoever speaks ill of him I must hate."

Janet was about the next day, and for days. Still no crying, no hysterics, and no complaining; but she did not eat, and Nancy told us she did not sleep. We had to call in Dr. Bungay. The doctor was kind to us, and sorry for our misfortune. He urged an immediate change of scene.

"Tom," said Mrs. Gummer, "the doctor is right, and the sooner we take his prescription the better for the poor dear girl, who can never forget the wretch whilst she is in these hateful Green Lanes. Moreover, Tom,

it will be better for all of us. Our life here has been like a dreadful dream after going to bed on a hot supper. This sort of gentility may be good, but not for us, Tom. If an eel had been taken out of the Thames, and laid on a bed of hothouse flowers in the Garden of Eden, that fish would have been unhappy and dying to be back in his native mud and water. It's the same with men as with fish, Tom, who never do so well as when they are breathing the air they were born to."

CHAPTER XVIII.

UNDER A CLOUD.

SOLOMON had many wives, and most likely more than one clever woman amongst them. Depend upon it, some of the wisest proverbs were the inventions of his better halves. The pretty words about the virtuous wife, and the ugly words about possible rivals, are just what a wife would say. If Mrs. Gummer had lived in Solomon's days, and had been a Mrs. Solomon, she would have ruled in that establishment, and written a Book of Proverbs every day.

When any annoyances—and there were plenty of them—made me snappish, Mrs. Gummer would preach about the folly of being vexed.

"Some men, Gummer, never cut their wisdom teeth in this world. When you were up, you were lickspittled; and now you are down, the lickspitters spit at you. The lickspittling does harm you, if you care for it; and the other won't harm you if you don't care for it."

Our disappointment was the talk of the town, as if it had been placarded by a bill-sticker across the sky. The *Green Lanes Herald*, in large letters and lines wide apart, regretted "to have to confirm the painful and astounding report as to an imposition respecting an amazing fortune, and to state that many persons would be heavy sufferers." Why, it was this *Herald* that set afloat the story of the £100,000; and yet it turned round, and charged us with fraud!

The milkman opened the game. His master had told him to ask for our little bill, as two of his cows had gone out of milk, and he had to buy fresh stock. The milkman was so astonished at the prompt payment of his account, that it was several minutes before he could screech "Yoh!"

The butcher, who had insisted upon a quarterly account, wrote to me on one of

his billheads with a split skewer—and, like all butchers, with blue ink—to say that meat was such a price in the market, that he was drove to look for money from where it was his due. The baker was urgent for a settlement by reason of an unexpected call from his millers. The person from whom I hired the horses was panic-stricken. He arrived at Corcyra Villa at ten o'clock at night. He had no wish to kick up a dust, but he wasn't shoed yesterday, and hire for a season must be in advance, and there must be some sort of a security for valuable cattle. After a volley of abuse, he said he did not want to be hard upon me, but he would take his cattle and a month's hiring. I closed with the bargain. Our coachman demanded three months' wages; and when he put the coin into his pocket remarked—

"It is the oddest five-wheel turn-out, and the most staggering pull-up on the haunches, I ever heard on."

James was fetched home by his mother.

"Poor she might be, and poor she were; but no one could say of her, as said the truth, that she set up for being what she did not pretend to. Keeping her hands from picking and stealing was what she had done and would do so long as there was breath in her body. There was people who made a meal of shame, and drank after it; but thankful she was to be very different. A loss of wages, what was no more than the due of her boy James, was what they could not afford; but that was better than his being in a service that would be a blight upon his character."

This excellent creature, who smelt strongly of Jamaica rum, paused to rub her eyes with the corner of her apron. I gave her the wages due, and a month's money in lieu of notice. Like the milkman, she was astonished, and it took her a full minute to tie up the cash in a pocket handkerchief.

"Mr. Gummer," she said, putting her face unpleasantly near to mine, "if you want a help in need, you will find it in me. I've known what it is to have everything took, and if you are wise, Mr. Gummer, you will put away what is valuable and can be moved; and that can be done at nights, under my shawl, without a soul suspecting what is going on."

I told her I did not understand what she meant.

"Well, surely, Mr. Gummer, it isn't just towards your family for your creditors to be

let put in upon every stick and stiver you have got. Your plate, and what can be moved by hand, ought to be pawned for trifles, and the tickets hid out of sight; and when you are through the Court, you will have something to fall back upon for next to nothing."

This very honest person was disgusted when I ordered her to go about her business.

Mr. Lazarus, who had pointedly refused to let me have a bill for some bracelets presented to the Misses De Crespin, sent a man with a broken nose and bullet head, with orders to wait for the money or the goods. The husband of Madame, our milliner, came for her account.

"Sir, if it should be one Queen, Madame would say, 'Votre Majestie, what you our terms call is *toujours argent content*,' and from this maison me go not without des monies of Madame *ma femme*."

Long afterwards, looking over the banker's book, I noticed that all the cheques I drew at this time were cashed immediately.

The churchwarden, a tea-dealer, wrote to say that he was informed we were about to leave the neighbourhood, and as there were numerous applications for pews, he should be pleased to have ours at his disposal, and would remit the balance of rent paid in advance.

Mrs. Gummer remarked—

"Miserable sinners who are not well off are not liked in the middle aisle pews of a genteel church; but, to my thinking, Gummer, many of your middle aisle pews on earth will be glad of a back gallery free seat in Heaven, and won't get even standing room."

"Matilda, if it were not for Janet, I would stick to Corcyra Villa, keep the pew, and defy the Green Lanes gentility."

"And I wouldn't. For, Gummer, aggravating hornets don't hurt the hornets so much as the aggravator. Crush a hornet, or fight shy of him; and if you are in a nest, get away how you can, and as quick as you can."

Is it worth while to mention that the single curate visited us no more? When he met Nancy, he was so busy studying the clouds that he did not see her. Poor fellow! He had his bread to get, and he would have lost his curacy if he had been civil to people under a cloud.

That wretched, hateful purveyor-butcher, Busted, called on me, and bullied me.

"How dare you make a fool of a public man? It is treason and blasphemy, sir. When I rises in the vestry, there is cries of 'Gummer.' The walls is covered with squibs about Busted's Gummer, *alias* Walker. The Voters' Protection Association is done for, and no better than a heap of smouldering ruins. Jeremiah Busted's public career is crushed—the Constitution that's braved the battle and the breeze is poleaxed—and you shall pay for the damage, Mr. Gummer."

I told him he had swindled me out of fifty pounds, and threatened him with the poker. He went off at a famous pace.

I wonder that novels are written and read, seeing how easily people invent stories for their own amusement.

The most curious tales were told about us, which the milkman repeated to the cook, and the cook to Mrs. Gummer.

It appears that I had often been bankrupt, and that I had been very nearly convicted of felony. I had also forged my cousin's will; and when the evidence came over from India, I was to be tried at the Old Bailey. Mrs. Gummer never went to bed sober, and I was in the habit of beating her with my umbrella until her cries alarmed the neighbours. The girls were extravagant in their dress, and addicted to flirting. They came down to breakfast in silk stockings and white kid gloves, and it was hard work for the post-man to deliver their love letters.

Being under a cloud when you have enough to be comfortable is in some respects pleasant. Perhaps kings who go into exile are the happier for the change. A retired king has all the luxuries of life. He has lost nothing but the cares of government and the risk of being shot. To be down and without money is awful. It is like falling in a crowd, and you are pretty sure to be crushed. I was independent, and being cut did not hurt me.

To the snubbing there was one exception. Dr. Bungay was kinder than ever. He censured me for not contradicting the foolish report in the *Green Lanes Herald*, but he did not excuse the De Crespins. He urged me to bring an action against Max; but I could not make my girl's wasting sorrow a matter of law and money.

"Then, Mr. Gummer, horsewhip the young scamp; and, depend upon it, I won't plaster his back."

"Gummer, the doctor means well; but we must not hurt the man our Janet loves, and

may be is dying for. No, Gummer—not if we were innocent as unborn lambs, which we are not. And mind you, Tom, if anything happens, it's most my fault for believing that paper, and forcing you to do likewise."

"I can't think how Janet can still love that man."

"Gummer, scores of times you have said that our little garden at Bow was the worst ground that spade could be put into. Yet flowers grew in it. And, Tom, if a flower grows in the worst of earth, don't it find the good that is in it, and won't it die if it is torn away from the earth it's attached to, though it is the worst?"

Our other troubles were nothing compared to the illness of Janet. Dr. Bungay said physic was useless, and the only chance for her was change of scene. Janet begged to be let alone; but when I told her how ill her mother was, and that Nancy was ailing, she agreed to go to the seaside.

TABLE TALK.

FEW of us know much of truffles, save as a rather expensive delicacy. But a writer on the subject has given some very curious facts concerning these esculents, which may not be out of place in "Table Talk." Truffles, it seems, generally grow in a sort of semi-circle, something in the same way as champignons. The best places wherein to hunt for them are young oak plantations, where your truffles are found just under the surface of the earth. In some parts of France, they grow in abundance at the foot of fir trees, and not unfrequently even in common gardens. As the annual gathering season comes round, the truffle hunters, who lease of the proprietors of the woods the right to dig for these delicacies, commence their operations. To discover the whereabouts of the truffles, small dogs, trained for the purpose, are used. The education of the dogs consists in hiding under the soil a wooden shoe filled with earth, and containing a piece of a truffle and a piece of bacon. The smell of the latter attracts them, and causes them to scratch up the shoe to get at the morsel of food. By degrees they confound the two scents, and cannot perceive that of a truffle without thinking of the bacon, and digging up the earth. A hundred francs is about the price of a good truffle dog. Dogs of the sporting

breed are never trained for the purpose, as they would be liable to hunt game instead of truffles if the former happened to fall in their way. When the trained dog comes on the scent, the truffle hunter proceeds to hoe up the ground pointed out by the animal as the bed of the truffles. In the South of France, a certain species of lank, lean pigs are trained and employed in the same manner as the dogs in more northern districts.

I REMEMBER WELL my old schoolmaster and his green spectacles. He always had his eyes on the ground when he walked; and when a friend saluted him, he looked up at him as if the voice had come from another world. It is probable that, when he took off his glasses, it gave him a feeling as if he had passed from one world into another. He was a man of few words; but there was a steady warmth in his heart rarely crossed by an inward shadow. He was the vicar of the parish, and was unmarried; and the parsonage was managed by his aged mother, who believed so literally in the resurrection of the body, that she put all her teeth that she lost carefully in the churchyard, and read the burial service over them. There were only five pupils; and one, much taller and stronger than the rest, was a petty tyrant, and made the others act as his "valet," run all manner of errands for him, and occasionally clean his boots. We all rebelled in the course of time; and, forming an alliance, gave him a sound thrashing, much to his surprise and our future comfort. We had current accounts at a spice shop in the village, which were generally overdrawn at the end of the half-year. There was a railway in course of making through the parish, and the navvies amused themselves in the evening by fighting one another, and worrying cats in a room at the public-house. Our good vicar thought these navvies were sent here as a punishment for his sins. The old hall in the village was let for a young ladies' school; and I recollect, though only twelve years of age, exchanging signs of love with one of the girls in church. She was decidedly my senior; but love at the age of twelve generally looks above itself. All my fellow-pupils are dead. The tall pupil ran up an immense bill at the spice shop, and did not return the following half-year to settle it; so, by way of gentlemanly revenge for past services, we subscribed the amount amongst

ourselves. Billy Clegg was the vicar's gardener and sexton, and was well acquainted with the owner of every stray bone he turned up in digging a grave. I never saw so thin a man: he looked like a skeleton. My dear old schoolmaster is still alive, and has written a book.

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS in former times were sometimes suggestive to a degree that we very seldom find in this more reticent age. Here is an example:—"Nov. 3, 1750. Hannah Snell (famous for having served as a marine in the late war, and receiving several wounds at the siege of Pondicherry) to a carpenter, at Newbury, in Berks." A little book containing an account of this lady's life and exploits was published after her death, and it was mentioned therein incidentally that her husband was a "peaceable man," and very "humble and meek in his dealings at home." There seems to me a sly touch of humour in this. How could the poor man be otherwise with such an old soldier for his wife?

THE MORE SOLEMN announcements of departure from this life were often equally curious. Here are two worth reproducing:—"Aug. 28, 1751. Mr. James Blow, printer, at Belfast, in Ireland, aged 83. He was the first who printed the Bible in that kingdom." "Sept. 31, 1751. Mrs. Anne Marling, of Cheshire, aged 84. Her fortune, computed at £6,000, devolves to her granddaughter, a poor woman who has carried a basket for several years in the Fleet and other publick markets in London."

ONLY THOSE WHO have passed along the thorny path of "curacy" can know what adversaries are upon it. If a curate is an attractive preacher, he is almost sure to rouse the jealousy of his incumbent, or his incumbent's wife, who cannot bear to see her husband at all put into the shade. If, under these circumstances, he can outlive his two years in the place, and get his "priest's orders," he is about as lucky as a smelt that gets down to the sea and back again to the river a salmon.

READY-MONEY MORTBOY.—This Novel was commenced in No. 210, and can be obtained through all booksellers, or by post, from the Office direct on receipt of stamps.

The authors of the articles in ONCE A WEEK reserve to themselves the right of translation.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 226.

April 27, 1872.

Price 2d.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.



STAIRCASE, steep as a ladder, led to a long, low room, filled with people. It might have held about eighty, because audiences of all kinds, whether for religion or amusement, pack closely. The windows were open, be-

cause the night was close. The room was lighted by two or three gas-jets, and fitted up with benches for the body of the room, and a foot-high platform for the end. This was garnished with a rough hand-rail, not for any separation of the minister from the people, but for a leaning-place on which he might rest his hands. Two or three chairs were on the platform. One of these was empty. Mr. Silver, leaving Frank in the hands of his daughter, went to the end, and took the vacant seat with a slight but noticeable air of pride. The only arm-chair was occupied by Mr. Eddrup, who was leaning his head on his hands, motionless.

The people were the common people of the neighbourhood: rough, coarse men, and rough, coarse women. They all knew each other, and occasionally telegraphed salutes with friendly grins. A few carried babies; but there were very few children present, and those only so small as not to be able to take care of themselves. They whispered a good deal to each other, but in a hushed,

serious way. Laughter and levity there were none.

The worshippers in this humble Ebenezer were called, as Frank afterwards discovered, the Primitive Blueskins, by the scoffers in the neighbourhood. The reason, as told to him, was a queer story, which may or may not be true. It told how, forty years ago, before Mr. Eddrup went to the place, there had been an attempt—a very little one—to promote in the court some form of Christian worship. This room, the same in which they always met, had been fixed upon as the only room available. It was old and shaky, and it was built over a dyeing establishment. One cold winter night, soon after they had formed themselves into a congregation, the reverend gentleman who conducted their exercises, whether driven by religious zeal or impelled by the severity of the weather, enforced his arguments by an unwonted physical activity, stamping, gesticulating, and even jumping. He calculated, nimium credulus, on the strength of the floor. Alas! it gave way. The boards broke beneath the unaccustomed strain. The table, on which were two candles, was upset; and, amid the darkness, the little flock could hear only the groans of their pastor and the splashing of liquid. The last flash of the overturning lights had shown him vanishing through the flooring. They turned and fled. It was some time before they ventured to return. Alas! they found their minister blue. He was dyed: he had fallen into the vat prepared for an indigo day. Besides this, he was half frozen. After this the congregation dispersed. Nor was it till Mr. Eddrup came that they re-assembled; and when they did, the nickname stuck to them still.

Patty pulled Frank by the arm, and they humbly took the lowest places of all, the very last, with their backs against the wall.

"It's going to begin directly," whispered

the girl. "You must look over my hymn book. There's Mr. Eddrup."

As she spoke, the old man rose and advanced to the front of the platform, grasping the rail.

"If any have aught to say"—he spoke a kind of formula—"let him or her now say it."

A labouring man rose up, and incoherently delivered himself of a few short and unconnected sentences. Then he sat down, perspiring. He had an idea which he wanted to set forth, but language was too strong for him, and he had failed.

Mr. Eddrup looked round again. No one else spoke. Then he took a hymn book, and gave out a number. They took their hymns, like their tea, sitting; but sang with none the less fervour.

Then their leader—for such Mr. Eddrup was—rose to address them, with his hands on the rail, his head held down, and his white hair falling forward in a long mass that almost hid his face.

"Into what queer world have I dropped?" thought Frank. "A religious trapeze family; a man who lives at Skimp's, and preaches to people; I myself, who sing at a music hall, and come here on Sundays. It all seems very irregular."

Mr. Eddrup, still looking on the ground, with his long, white hair hanging about him, began his discourse in a slow, hesitating way, as if he was feeling, not for ideas, but for fitting words to put them in. Presently he warmed a little with his subject, and lifting his head, spoke in clearer and fuller tones. His audience went with him, devouring every word he said. They were wise words. He spoke of the everyday life of a religious man, of the temptations that beset the poor, of the strength which comes of resistance. He had that native eloquence which comes of earnestness. He wished to say the right thing in the most forcible way. So, when he had found the right thing, he took the simplest words that lay to his hand, and the readiest illustration. Socrates did the same. A higher than Socrates did the same. He talked to them for two hours. During all that time, not a soul stirred. All eyes were fixed upon the speaker. There was no interruption, save now and again when a woman sobbed. It was not that he told them the hackneyed things that preachers love to dwell upon—the general phrases, the emotional doctrines; all these Mr. Eddrup

passed by. He told them unpalatable things: little things: things which are a perpetual hindrance to the progress of the soul, which yet seem to have nothing to do with the soul. He laid down directions for them which showed that he knew exactly all their circumstances. He showed them how religion is a flower that grows upon all soils alike, nourished by the same sun which shines upon rich and poor. And, lastly—in a peroration which made the ears of those that heard to tingle—he proclaimed the infinite love of the Creator. He stopped suddenly, sat down, and was silent.

They sang a hymn, and the people went away.

"Tell me the meaning of it," asked Frank of Patty. "Who and what is Mr. Eddrup?"

"Come away, and I will tell you. Father likes to have a chat with him of a Sunday night. Come, Joey. He came here," said Patty, "forty years ago and more. He was a young man, I've been told, and strong; but he was always very sad and silent. He began by searching out—always in this court—the poor children, and getting them to school in the morning. He taught it himself, and gave them bread and tea for breakfast. People liked that, you know, and the children liked it. Then he got to having the men to evening school at eight o'clock. A few of them went. The court was the most awful place, I've been told, in all London. Mr. Eddrup was robbed a dozen times going away at night—beaten, too, and ill-treated. But he always came again next day, just as if nothing had happened. They do say that nothing would make him prosecute a thief. So when the boys found there was no danger and no fun in stealing his handkerchief or knocking him down, of course they left off. Well, so it went on, you see. Gradually, the court got better. Mr. Eddrup got the houses into his own hands by degrees—because he's a very well-to-do man, you know—and made them clean. They were pigsties before. He never turned anybody out; never sold up their sticks for rent; always waited and waited—and, they say, he always gets paid."

"Has he turned the people into angels, then?"

"No. I don't say that. But they're better than the run of people. He has made them a religious lot which was the most dreadful lot in all London. Parsons come here now, and want the people to go to church. Not

they. So long as Mr. Eddrup preaches in the little chapel, there they go."

"All this must cost him money as well as time."

"He spends all he's got, whatever that may be, Mr. Melliship, on the poor. I've been told that he never takes anything stronger than water, and has only one room to himself, all to have more for the poor people."

"Some of that is true, I know," said Frank.

"Oh! those flowers," cried Patty as they passed a flower girl. "How sweet they smell!"

"Let me give you some," said Frank.

Now, Patty had never had any flowers given her before. It was a new sensation that a man—or anybody, indeed—should pay her attentions. She went home with her present, and put the flowers in water. If Frank had been able to see how carefully those poor flowers were watered, and how long they lasted! It will be understood at once that Patty's stage career had been very different to that of most young ladies of her profession. Always with her father, taken by him to the theatre, brought home by him, she was as domestic a little bird as any in all this great wilderness of houses.

"Poor Patty!" thought Frank as he walked home. "A dreary life for her to risk her life every night for so many shillings or pounds a-week; to have no lovers, like other girls; no pleasure but to go and hear Mr. Eddrup preach."

Mr. Eddrup had returned when he reached home, and was sitting, silent as usual, in the drawing-room with Captain Bowker—who had his long pipe alight, and his glass of rum and water before him.

"You were there to-night," said the old preacher. "The Silvers brought you."

"They did," said Frank. "Thank you very much."

Captain Bowker smoked on. He was in a meditative mood.

"I went once," he said, "myself. Should have gone again, but I saw one of my last old crew there. Couldn't go and sit on the same bench with him, you know. Stations must be observed. Mr. Melliship, it's just as well to say that Mr. Eddrup here doesn't care to have his Sunday evening's occupation known."

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame," said Frank.

"No, Mr. Melliship—no," replied the old man, sadly. "There has never been a time when I have not been beset by temptation to be proud of a trifling piece of work like mine. I should like to be famous, if only in the smallest way. But I pray against it. I formed the resolution very long ago, that there was only one course for me in life—to go through it as noiselessly as I could, to do as little mischief as possible, to resent no injury."

"But why?" asked Frank. "Why?"

"Some day I will tell you, perhaps. Not now. I am glad you came to hear me talk to my people, Mr. Melliship. It is a long time since we have had a—anybody but my own people. It does them good to see strangers. Let me look at your face, sir."

Frank held his face, smiling, to the light, while the old man walked feebly—Frank noticed how very feeble he was after his exertions in the chapel—to the chair where he sat, and looked at him steadily.

"There is the seal of innocence, and the seal of guilt. This is the seal of innocence. Keep it, young man. Look at mine. Do you see nothing?"

"Nothing," said Frank.

Mr. Eddrup sighed, and sat down again. A few minutes afterwards he stole out of the room, and slipped upstairs to bed.

"He's often like that," said Captain Bowker. "Something on his mind. I had a cook aboard the *Merry Moonshine* once, used to sit all day long, and never speak to a soul. Took a fancy to a Lascar, and would sometimes talk to him. No one else, mind. One day he up with the chopper, and buried it three inches in the Lascar's head. Then, before you could say Jack Robinson, over he went—ship going ten knots. Lascar dead in a minute. *Mr. Eddrup's took a fancy to you!*"

"That's a cheerful sort of story to tell. Do you think Mr. Eddrup may be tempted to do something rash with the carving knife?"

"I can't say," said the Captain, solemnly. "No one can say what another man will do, or what terrible thing may happen to him. I've been married myself."

"Then you may be married again."

"Lord forbid! There's ghosts again. I suppose you never saw a ghost?"

"Never."

"No more did I. But I've *felt* one, young man. I've been beat black and blue by a ghost. Rum thing, that was."

"Tell it me."

"There it is, you see. You get making me sit up spinning my yarns when I ought to be in my berth. Sunday night, too. Well, I'll tell you this one. It was forty years ago. I was a midshipman aboard an East Indiaman. We'd had bad weather, and put into Port Louis to refit;—for the matter of that, we always put in there in the good old days. I was ashore with two or three more, drinking, as boys will, in the verandah of an hotel there. There was a chap, an Englishman, with a solemn face and a long nose, got talking to us. I remember his hatchet jaws now. Presently he whispers across the little table—

"I want two or three plucky fellows. Will you come?"

"What for?" we asked him.

"Money," says he. "Treasure."

"Do you know where it is?" I said.

"I do," says he.

"Then why don't you get it yourself?" says I.

"That seemed to fix him a bit. Then he says—

"Because I can't do it alone, and I won't trust anybody but English sailors. It's money buried by the pirates up in the hillside over there. I know the exact spot. There is a story going about that the place is haunted; but we aint afraid of ghosts, I *should* hope."

"We agreed for next night, if we could get leave, and went aboard again. All that day and the next we were talking it over. The mate heard us. He came up to me laughing—

"So you're not afraid of ghosts, are you?"

"However, we got our leave, and went ashore. The mate went too.

"It's dark in those latitudes between six and seven, and at that time we met our long-nosed friend. He had got pickaxes and a lantern, and led the way. There were four of us altogether. We had to pick our way, when we left the path, over stones and through bushes; and, what was very odd, I kept on thinking I heard steps behind us. Being only a slip of a boy, I began to get nervous. Presently our guide stopped.

"'Here we are,' he says; and, pointing to a place under a tree, he hangs up the lantern, and takes off his coat and begins to dig. 'Now, boys,' he says, 'as quick as you can."

"We fell to with a will. It was a precious hot night, and the ground was hard; but we made a hole in it after a bit, and then at it tooth and nail. Five minutes after we began, I looked up to straighten my back, and found the lantern gone.

"'Who's unshipped the light?' I says.

"We all looked round. There was a young moon to give us a little light, but no lantern. I, for one, felt queer. However, we all went on again without saying a word. We got a hole two foot deep, and were all in it. Then one of my mates wants to know how long the job's going to last.

"'Perhaps,' he says, 'the ghosts have sunk it fifty fathoms deep.'

"'Ghosts be d—d,' said lantern jaws. 'Dig away, boys.'

"Then we heard a laugh close by us.

"Ho!—ho!—ho!"

"It was a curious place for echoes among the rocks, and the laugh went ringing round and round till you thought it was never going to stop. We all stopped for a bit.

"'Go on,' says our leader. 'They can't do more than laugh.'

"With that another laugh, louder than the first. However, we went on. Then I heard steps; and, looking up, I saw three or four figures over the hole.

"'Lord!' I cried. 'Here's the ghosts.'

"Well, I hadn't hardly time to sing out, when whack, whack came half a dozen sticks on our heads and backs, and we all tumbled together. I suppose the sticks went at us for five minutes in all. When they stopped, I got up the first, grabbed my jacket, hanging on the tree, and legged it, tumbling over the rocks, and scratching myself in the bushes, as fast as ever mortal man ran in his life. The rest all came after me. What became of mealy face, I don't know. P'raps the ghosts finished him off.

"Half an hour after we got to the port, the mate came up with three friends. They were all laughing at some joke of theirs.

"'Well, my lads,' says he, 'did you see any ghosts?'

"No one answered, and they all laughed louder.

"The oddest thing of all, Mr. Melliship," concluded Captain Bowker, laying his pipe-stem impressively on Frank's hand, "was that next morning my cap, which I had left behind in the hole, was found in the boat. Now, *how did that get there?*"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

A WORD about Parkside, where Grace Heathcote sat waiting and hoping. It is the way of things. A man works and hopes, and is sure to be disappointed. A woman waits and hopes, generally getting disappointed too.

Dull enough it was, and quiet, unless when Cousin Dick was with them. The Heathcote girls were—by right of education, not of position—something better than the commonplace young ladies of the quiet market town. They saw little of them, and made few friends. Moreover, they were five miles away from Market Basing, so that they were practically thrown upon their own resources. That meant that they talked, and made each other unhappy. This, I believe, is not uncommon in English households—that sweet domesticity on which we pride ourselves—covering an infinite amount of petty miseries, tiny bullyings, prickings with tongues as sharp as needles, and naggings. Sister against sister—mother against daughter. They love each other fondly, of course, because they are always supposed to love each other: domestic affection being as necessary in modern life as a shirt to one's back. Unfortunately, the love which reigns in the dear home life does not always bring with it that tenderness for each other's sensitive points which keeps out of the house ill-humours and sour tempers. The lower classes of England—I do not mean the very lowest—are much superior to the middle classes in this respect. I have found out the reason why. They don't sit at home so much. In London, they are always going to the theatre, which is almost the only amusement for the class who frequent the pit, and are not above the gallery. In the country, they go out and about as much as they can.

Now, Grace Heathcote had a large share not only of fidelity, but of obstinacy, which she inherited from her father. A woman's fidelity is very often like one of those plants which flourish best covered up and hidden. Grace's flourished best openly—in the sunshine—and was able to grow and flourish even against the east winds of her mother's opposition. To her, Frank was a hero. It seemed noble in him to go away into a sort of hiding—working, as she imagined, to pay off his father's liabilities, and hoping to come back after many months to claim her pro-

mised hand. This she thought and this she said when, as happened not infrequently, her mother turned the talk upon Frank.

To Lydia Heathcote, Frank seemed as a fool. And she said so. For she was determined on one thing: her daughter should marry Dick Mortiboy. She saw that Grace attracted him. She was sure—for she meant well for her daughter—that he would make a good husband. She wanted to secure all that money of his for her own children. She was wise as well as determined. She knew that as the constant dropping of water wears away the hardest rock, so the constant insinuations of distrust and suspicion wear away the fondest woman's trust. Therefore, she talked a good deal about Frank; repeated and reiterated her grief that he was doing so badly, as she assumed; pointed out how foolish it was to go away from his friends, and those who would help him to a decent position; hinted that it would be so much better if he were to emigrate, and follow the example of his cousin Dick; never failed to shed tears over the enumeration of dear Dick's many virtues, as contrasted with the failings and weaknesses of Frank; and always ended by reproachfully sighing over her daughter, as over one who trifles with a good man's love.

"But, mamma, Frank will get on, I'm sure. Kate said in her letter she knew he was doing well. He is very clever. He can paint beautifully; and it was only the other evening, at the rectory, that Mr. Nelson said artists were just as well off as any other professional men, and as well thought of. If he likes painting better than anything else, and sees his way to get on, why should he not be an artist?"

"Nonsense, child," was her mother's answer to Grace's special pleading. And then Mrs. Heathcote explained, for the hundredth time, the reasons why Frank could never, by any possibility, be in a position to marry. "Besides, if Kate knows he is doing very well in London, it is a strange thing they don't know where he lives. You know, your father would write to him if he knew where to find him. But we couldn't even give Dick his address before he went to town. Such a want of respectability about having no address! It's no use, Grace; I know perfectly well that the boy is doing no good for himself, else why not let his friends know his address?"

"I am not going to listen," said Grace,

indignantly, "to things like that. You have no right to say such things of Frank."

"There—there, Grace, do be reasonable. It is all for your own good that I speak. If your own mother does not know the world, who should? Why, before I married your father, there were two or three people I fancied. Young Spriggs, the brewer, who failed for thirty thousand pounds, and cut his throat—I might have had him. Mr. Potterton, of Wyncote—he's got an asthma now: you can hear him a mile off, poor man. And old Mr. Humbledum, who died of drink last week—why, people used to talk about us. That was before I met your father. And look at Dick—poor Dick!—head over ears in love with you."

"To begin with, he is nothing of the sort. And if he were, it would be nothing to me."

"I can see it, girl," said Mrs. Heathcote, wisely nodding her head. "I've seen it for months now. I think it is—I suppose it doesn't matter what I think—cruel of you never to give him the slightest civility. Poor fellow, you might be even polite to him when he comes."

Grace beat a tattoo on the carpet with her foot, but said nothing.

"I only hope he does not notice it so much as I do. I've no patience with your father: he's as easy as an old shoe about things. If he'd told you to give Frank up when they left—"

"Lydia," cried Mr. Heathcote, coming into the room, "what have you been saying to Grace? Never mind, my child—never mind."

"Really, John, you and Grace together are enough to wear out the patience of Job."

And so on. Scenes that happened not once, but often. And with each one, Grace became more obstinate, and her mother more irritating. Lucy was made unhappy. The farmer was made unhappy: that was nothing. Civil war raged in Parkside Farm, and the contest was maintained on terms of perfect equality, in which Grace, shielded by a stubborn resolution, received all her mother's blows, and only occasionally retaliated with words which had more of sharpness than of filial piety. Dick brought peace for the time, and there was renewed war when he was gone.

A truce was held on a tacit understanding, while Mrs. Heathcote tried to play off Lucy on Dick. This was, however, quite hopeless. First, Dick did not like women

to be gentle and soft. He liked a girl with a fine high temper of her own, and a will, like Grace; and, secondly, Lucy did not like Dick so much as Grace did. From her constant visits to old Ready-money, she found out, by the old man's frowns when Dick came to see him, that there was something he had done. Of course, she knew nothing positive; but she had strong suspicions that all was not quite right between the father and the son. Her frequent absences in Derngate made matters even worse for Grace.

As for moving Farmer John out of his jog-trot ways, nothing could do that. He was quite ready to help Frank with money or counsel—for the Heathcotes were very well to do; but he was not going to put himself out of the way, and hunt him up. Let Frank go to him. Frank did not go to him: made no sign: and Grace's heart began to fail her.

Village affairs lost their interest. The rheumatics of the old women found her callous: their complaints fell on cold ears. She went through the daily routine of her small duties without interest. When her mother, the day's business finished, about ten or eleven—they breakfasted at eight—took her seat for the day, she tried to escape to her own room, or to the garden. She could sometimes—when Silly Billy could be spared to blow the organ—take refuge in the church. Her mother disliked music in the morning, so she could not play. Her pony was lame, and she could not ride. Mrs. Heathcote never drove out, except to town: like most country ladies, thinking very little of the lovely foliage and umbrageous lanes of her own shire.

Sometimes one of the Battscombe girls stayed with them—then they played croquet in the afternoon; Lord Launton very often finding something to say to Mr. Heathcote, which made it quite natural for him to stop and play with them till the dressing-bell rang at the Towers. It was curious that he found business which brought him to Parkside three or four times a-week. He came in on any pretext, always about the same time—croquet time; stayed as long as he could, and almost forgot his shyness. Dick Mortiboy at first made him shrink into his shell; but he managed to creep out again gradually, and came to like him. Dick took a fancy to the shy young fellow; talked to him; told him stories—Dick always had the readiest perception of what kind of story

would suit his listener: this was one great secret of his popularity—and pleased the viscount by not deferring to him in the slightest degree because he was a lord.

So life went on;—Grace sad and unhappy; her mother angry and disappointed; all playing at cross-purposes—as we always do; all acting a part to the world—as we always do; all putting a good face on things—as of course we must. And do not quarrel with Grace when you read her letters to Kate, because they seem bright and happy. I knew a man once who wrote the brightest, gayest, happiest letter—full of mirth, and fun, and good spirits—a quarter of an hour before he blew out his brains. Letters mean nothing, except that they are sometimes a natural relief to the heart, and the effort of pleasing a friend gives you good spirits in spite of yourself.

PEAT CHARCOAL

AS A FILTERING AND DEODORIZING AGENT.

GREAT attention has been paid of late years to sanitary economy in most of the large towns of the kingdom.

It may be broadly stated that all the measures for the prevention of epidemic disease by the application of simple scientific principles to the conditions of everyday life date from a period not earlier than the beginning of the present century. Before that, things were allowed in most places to take their own course. In large towns, the practice has been for years a general one of carrying off the sewage through drains into the nearest large watercourse. This was an advance upon former practices, and was thought by the sanitary reformers of the time to be a panacea; but it has become a great source of mischief. This pet founding of modern sanitary boards has grown up to be a dirty, vicious brat, fouling all the rivers, and carrying disease and death with it through the country. At A——, a town on the banks of a river, the water is polluted by the outpouring of the sewers; and at B——, a village four miles lower down, this very water is the drink of the inhabitants.

This is no uncommon state of things. It is not to be wondered at, then, that there has been a general outcry for the purification of rivers, or that many eminent men of science have applied themselves to the resolution of the problem, "What is to be done with the sewage of large towns?"

Mr. F. H. Danchell, C.E., has just issued a very valuable pamphlet, in which he discusses and answers this question. He calls attention to the power of charcoal as a disinfectant, and to the illimitable supply of peat, from which the charcoal necessary for sanitary purposes can be manufactured in vast quantities at a very moderate expense, at the same time cleansing the land, and rendering it fit for agricultural purposes. He says the question will be asked, "Where in the world do you propose to find the charcoal? You speak of charcoal as if it were to be had as easily as earth or coal, forgetting that wood charcoal is in this country an expensive commodity, and would rise in price immediately with the least extra demand."

The question is very important; but it is easily disposed of. The charcoal is to be obtained from the peat-bogs of Great Britain and Ireland; and by the employment of the peat a material is utilized which is at present an encumbrance in the country. It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that there are no less than 6,000,000 of acres of these peat-bogs in Great Britain and Ireland; and, consequently, this vast acreage of land is almost entirely unproductive of any commodity useful in the sustentation of human life. At the lowest computation, it is estimated that each acre of these peat-bogs will yield 1,000 tons of charcoal, and every ton of charcoal is capable of completely deodorizing and absorbing at least two tons of noxious solid matter. At this rate, the peat-bogs will supply 18,000,000,000 tons of charcoal; or, in other words, they will furnish an inexhaustible supply.

And, at the same time, every acre from which the peat is removed is an acre redeemed from sterility, and set free for the occupation of the plough and the spade.

The power of charcoal as a deodorizing agent is really wonderful. On this point we quote the words of Mr. Danchell's pamphlet:—

"Charcoal, a chemist knows, possesses all the merits of earth divested of several of its disadvantages. It is associated—unlike the most suitable earth—with no ingredients that are superfluous for the end intended. It is a simple and definite substance,—so that what 1 lb. effects anywhere, 1 lb. may be trusted to effect everywhere. If, therefore, charcoal be substituted for earth, with 3

ounces, or one-eighth, we may uniformly accomplish what is done with 24 ounces of the other—a most important consideration.

“The power of charcoal as an absorbent of gases and moisture is so marvellous that, unless verified by experiment, one might be tempted to pronounce it incredible. For instance, one cubic inch of charcoal is capable of absorbing—

Oxygen	18	cubic inches.
Carbonic Acid Gas	68	”
Sulphuretted Hydrogen	100	”
Ammonia Gas	170	”

“Dr. Stenhouse relates that he placed the bodies of a full-grown cat and of two rats in open pans, and covered them with two inches of powdered wood-charcoal. These pans stood for about a year in his laboratory, during which not the slightest smell was perceptible by those who frequented it. Dr. Odling, at the Royal Institution, exhibited a partridge in a state of putrefaction at the bottom of a jar, over the mouth of which was wirework strewn with charcoal. The curious among the audience were invited to try to smell the partridge through the charcoal, but not the slightest odour could be detected; whilst on removing the cover the stench was insufferable.

“The mistake is sometimes made that charcoal arrests decomposition; but such is not the case. When Dr. Odling exhibited the putrefying partridge, the charcoal in the cover of the jar did not retard the process of decay; it merely served to convert the effluvia into inoffensiveness. Charcoal is an extremely porous substance, presenting through its mass an immense amount of surface; and the gases evolved from organic decomposition—such as sulphuretted hydrogen and ammonia—are in charcoal not only retained, but brought into intimate contact with oxygen, with which they combine, or, as we may say, are burnt. The process that would be slowly effected by dispersion in the atmosphere is quickly effected in the pores of charcoal.”

These properties of charcoal cannot be too widely known. As an inexpensive deodorizing agent it is of the highest importance, and in the most constant requisition in the domestic economy of all large towns.

The difference between a domestic filter to hold and filtrate a gallon of water, and a filter to filtrate and purify hundreds of thousands of gallons of fluid for a whole city, is

simply a question of engineering. What is possible with a pint of impure water in an ordinary filter is possible with the sewage of London.

Mr. Danchell asks, “Can charcoal sufficient for the purpose, and cheap enough, be had?” And he replies, “Yes, it can. In the bogs of the United Kingdom there is peat for charcoal to last till Doomsday.”

And he states that—

“In Lancashire, charcoal from peat and peat in combination with other materials is actually produced at a practicable price; and what is done in one part of the country can be done in another.

“Further, the charcoal used will not be wasted, but, on the contrary, increased in value. In it will be found arrested all the fertilizing properties of the sewage: a manure inoffensive and portable will be created, and an advantage thereby conferred upon our national agriculture which it would be difficult to estimate without the appearance of exaggeration.”

Perhaps, however, the application of charcoal to the deodorization of sewage is not so important to the health of the community as its use for the perfect filtration of our drinking water. And, in connection with this subject, we wish to acknowledge the value of the additions to our knowledge made by the researches of Mr. J. Prestwich, F.R.S., President of the Geological Society of London, who chose “Our Springs and Water Supply” as the subject of the annual address to that society, delivered on the 16th of February last.

So imperative is the necessity that good drinking water should be obtainable in sufficient quantities, that as towns have grown they have followed the direction of the springs.

The site on which London stands is rich in springs. On the north side of the river, the metropolis stands on a bed of gravel, varying from ten to twenty feet in thickness. The gravel lies on strata of tenacious clay, from one hundred to two hundred feet thick. The rain falling on the gravel filters through it, and is retained by the clay, where it accumulates, and supplies all the shallow wells, of which thousands exist.

As London grew, it followed the course of this bed of gravel. To the east, houses spread towards Whitechapel and Bow; to the north-east, towards Hackney and Newington; to the west, towards Kensington

and Chelsea. So late, indeed, as the year 1817, there were very few houses north of a line drawn from Clerkenwell to Bayswater, for the very good reason that this bed of gravel stopped there, and water was not to be got with certainty north of this line. At the present time, the necessity for wells has been obviated by the water supply from the companies' pipes. But this supply is even now insufficient to the wants of the population, and in a few years will be quite inadequate. It is, therefore, a question of no inconsiderable moment to determine whence the supply of water for the metropolis is in future to be drawn.

Mr. Prestwich advocates the use of Artesian wells, some of which have been bored with success in London, and afford a large supply of water. On this head, in the address above mentioned, Mr. Prestwich said:—

“Numerous and useful as the London Artesian wells are, they sink into insignificance when compared with the application of the same system in Paris. Our deepest wells range from about 400 to 500 feet, and the water comes from the chalk hills at a nearest distance of from 15 to 25 miles from London; whereas in Paris the well of Grenelle is 1,798 feet deep, and derives its supplies from the rain-water falling in the Lower Greensands of Champagne, and travelling above 100 miles underground before reaching Paris. The well of Passy, sunk also through the chalk into the Lower Greensands, at a depth of 1,923 feet, derives its supplies from the same source. The water-delivery is large and well maintained. These results were considered so encouraging, that in 1865 the Municipality of Paris decided on sinking two Artesian wells of unexampled magnitude. Hitherto the bore-holes of such wells have been measured by inches, varying from 14 to 4 inches, that of Passy alone having been 4 feet at the surface and 2 feet 4 inches at bottom; but it was resolved to exceed even the larger dimensions of this well.

“One of these experimental wells is in the north of Paris, at La Chapelle, St. Denis, 157 feet above the sea-level. A shaft, with a diameter of 6½ feet, was first sunk through Tertiary strata to a depth of 113 feet. At this point the boring was commenced with a diameter of 5½ feet, and carried through difficult Tertiary strata to a depth of 450 feet, when the chalk was reached. A fresh bore-hole was here commenced in August, 1867, which in September, 1870, had reached the depth of 1,954 feet. The works were stopped on account of the war until June, 1871, when they were resumed, and the bore-hole has now reached the great depth of 2,034 feet, with a diameter still of 4 feet 4½ inches. It is now in the Grey Chalk, and it is calculated that the Lower Greensands will be reached at a depth of about 2,300 feet.

“The other Artesian well is at the Buttes-aux-Cailles, on the south-east of Paris, at an elevation of 203 feet above the sea. The Tertiary strata are there only 205 feet thick. This well is not quite on

so large a scale as the other, and is still, at the depth of 1,640 feet, in the White Chalk.

“The discharge from these great wells will probably be equal to that of a small river. At Passy, notwithstanding some defective tubage, and the circumstance that the surface of the ground is there 86 feet above the Seine, the discharge at the surface is equal to 3½ millions of gallons daily; and it has been above 5 millions, or enough for the supply of a town of 150,000 inhabitants.

“The question may arise, and has arisen, why, with a like geological structure, should not like results be obtained at London as at Paris.”

And, of course, water obtained from Artesian wells is not subject to the contamination of imperfect drainage to which the water of shallow wells is always exposed. It is, however, rather country villages and small towns whose inhabitants suffer from the effects of the filtration of sewage water into their wells than Londoners, who draw their supply from the pipes. Probably, the water in all country wells is more or less impure, from the ill-effects arising from an easy method of getting rid of superfluous and impure fluid—namely, the sinking of a hole about half the depth of the neighbouring well.

Mr. Prestwich says:—

“But with the art of well-digging it soon became apparent that, let the well be carried down but halfway to the level of ground-springs, it would remain dry, and that then, so far from holding water, any water now poured into it would pass through the porous strata down to the water-level beneath, keeping the shallower well or pit constantly drained. So convenient and ready a means of getting rid of all refuse liquids was not neglected. Whilst on one side of the house a well was sunk to the ground-springs, at a depth say of twenty feet, on the other side a dry well was sunk to a depth of ten feet, and this was made the receptacle of house-refuse and sewage. The sand or gravel acting as a filter, the minor solid matter remained in the dry well, while the major liquid portion passed through the permeable stratum, and went to feed the underlying springs. What was done in one house was done in the many; and what was done by our rude ancestors centuries back has continued to be the practice of their more cultivated descendants to the present day, with a persistency in the method only to be attributed to the ignorance of the existence of such a state of things among the masses, and to the ignorance of the real conditions and actual results of perpetuating such an evil—an evil common alike to the cottages of the poor and, with few exceptions, to the mansions of the rich.”

And further, he adds:—

“Instances occur from time to time to point out isolated consequences of this pernicious practice; but I believe no one who has not gone into the geological question can realize its magnitude. It is not confined to one district, or to a few towns or villages. It is the rule; and only within the last few years have

there been any exceptions. The organized supply of water now furnished by companies in all large towns has, to a great extent, done away with the evil in those situations—though the root of the mischief has too often been left unextracted; but in villages and detached houses, great or small, it remains untouched and unchecked. Not a county, not a district, not a valley, not the smallest tract of permeable strata, is free from this plague-spot. It haunts the land, and is the more dangerous from its unseen, hidden, and too often unsuspected existence. Bright as the water often is, without objectionable taste or smell, it passes without suspicion until corrupted beyond the possibility of concealment by its evil companionship.

“Damage—slight in extent, or unimportant possibly for short use, but accumulative by constant use—may and does, I believe, pass unnoticed and unregarded for years. Nevertheless, the draught, under some conditions, is as certain in its effects—however slow in its operation—as would be a dose of hemlock. Go where we may, we never know when the poisoned chalice may be presented to our lips. The evil is self-generating; for the geological conditions supplying our necessities lend themselves to its maintenance and extension. The knowledge necessary to remedy it is of very slow growth; and the too frequent want of that knowledge, or disregard of the subject, even amongst able architects and builders, is such that, without legislative enactment, I do not see how the evil is to be eradicated for many a long term of years.

“This, also, is only one form of the evil: it is that where the water-bearing strata are thin, and the wells do not exceed a depth of thirty feet. It was the one which prevailed in London, and in towns similarly situated, up to a very few years back. It even still lingers on in some private wells, and is, moreover, fostered among us by the bright-looking and cool water of too many of our public pumps; for not only does the ground still suffer from the effects of the original contamination, but also from much almost inevitable obnoxious surface-drainage, much gas escape, much rainfall on old open churchyards, which find their way to the one level of water supplying in common all these shallow wells. The evil still exists, also—although to a less extent—in towns where the wells have to be carried to much greater depths; its effects varying according as the depth and as the volume of the springs is to the sewage-escape; it is, however, only a question of degree.”

From so eminent an authority as the President of the Geological Society, opinions so strongly and clearly expressed deserve the attention of those persons to whom the health and welfare of our towns are committed.

The value of good water, free from impurities, everybody admits; but how few take any steps to ascertain whether they are not every day “carrying a poisoned chalice to their lips”! And this is particularly the case with the poorer and artizan classes, to whom it is of greater consequence than to any other classes that the water they drink should be pure; for they drink water, as

a beverage, much more than the richer classes.

As long as we depend chiefly on a river supply, we must receive impure water; but at some future time the water supply of London will be largely derived from the great underground reservoirs of the Chalk and Lower Greensand formations of Surrey and Hertfordshire. The question is one rather of expense than of engineering.

But in such a matter, expense is not the only question to be considered.

As it is, however, London, as compared with many country villages, is well supplied with water that is soft and in a tolerable state of purity; but it is in the power of the companies supplying the water to deliver it in a much purer state, at no very great expense, by the adoption of proper measures to secure efficient filtration.

All filtration of large volumes of water should be upwards, as in the excellent cistern filters invented by Mr. Lipscombe, of Temple Bar.

The fault of the filtration of the London water by the companies is that the water runs too rapidly through the filtering substances for it to leave any but the grosser impurities behind.

Upward filtration, on Mr. Lipscombe's system, is necessarily slow; and the water passes first through porous stone, where the greater impurity is left, and then through a bed of powdered charcoal, from which it issues in a pure state, thoroughly freed from all impurities.

The application of a system of filtration somewhat similar to this might be made to the water stored in the companies' several reservoirs, after its first filtration through a bed of gravel. It would then be delivered in a condition much more fit for drinking than it is at present.

Filtration is necessary with all river-supplied water, though the water contained in the great underground reservoirs of the Chalk and Lower Greensand formations of Surrey and Hertfordshire is already efficiently filtered by its passage through the various strata.

At the present time, the supply of pure water, the utilization of sewage, and the purification of the rivers, are three problems under consideration by the sanitary authorities in most large towns. They will do well to make some experiments on a large scale with the peat charcoal, but they must

be carried on for a considerable length of time before they can be finally pronounced successful or unsuccessful.

MIDDLESBOROUGH.

FEW places are so illustrative of the changes time brings about as Middlesborough. Less than thirty years back, the only buildings upon land which is now the site of 15,000 houses, and a score and more of huge iron factories, were a farmhouse and a dilapidated church. In the winter time, it was a picture of loneliness and desolation. The cold, heavy river Tees flowed three fields below the churchyard towards the North Sea, whose angry billows could be distinctly heard in an east wind. There was no parsonage, but there seemed to be plenty of tombstones; and one could not help thinking, in passing, that the bodies underneath must have come a long way, and probably been subject to the additional expense of double burial fees. The internal comforts of that solitary farmstead ought to have been great to compensate for the bleakness and dampness of its surroundings. Let us hope that a generous landlord allowed the tenant the freedom of a little snipe-shooting, and that there was always a modest share of good old whisky in his cupboard, to give him a little warmth before going to bed on stormy nights.

It almost takes one's breath to think of the sum that any one with the gift of prophecy in him might have made by quietly buying this farm at the time I have described. It would have been a certain method of making ten thousand pounds into a million and a half. No one then dreamt that in those dim, mysterious-looking hills north-eastward was iron that would sell for what would pay off the National Debt. The old squire of Acklam Hall rarely drew blank with his harriers the field where the Middlesborough railway station now is; and even the present owner, his nephew, has shot partridges on the ground where one of the largest iron foundries in the neighbourhood now stands.

Forsaken as the old Middlesborough farmhouse and church seemed to be by all but the dead, there was plenty of hospitality and genialness at the grand old mansion of Acklam Hall, two miles off—which, in the time of Charles II., had the honour of his Majesty's presence for a night.

Things might have gone on in this quiet sort of way until now if there had been no Quakers in the world. The eyes of ordinary men would, probably, not have been swift to discern that the gold of that land was good; but the eye of Quakerism is like that of the eagle in its capacity for far-seeing. The process of reasoning which has produced such great results seems simple and easy enough now that they are achieved; but we must not overlook the rare energy, the self-reliance, and the perseverance it required to set it in action. The giant oak was once an acorn, but it is not in its maturity a less noble tree for that.

The science of geology was beginning to be trusted; and though Quakerism is not quick to have faith in anything, it holds firm and fast to its object when once it believes in it.

There was, as Bishop Butler would say, a number of probabilities, amounting to moral certainty, that the long range of the Hambleton hills was full of ironstone from beginning to end, and from top to bottom. Railways were at that time beginning to be trusted, and from these sources the double idea was struck out that a railway would make the ironstone valuable, and the ironstone in turn the railway. This was the cradle in which the Stockton and Darlington Railway was rocked in its infancy, and rocked to some purpose, as the original shareholders well know. The value of the land in the neighbourhood of the new mines began to rise, and especially in that where the farmhouse and church spoken of were situated; and soon navvies in shoals were seen daily at work not far off, and bricklayers and stonemasons busy with a building nearly as long as a field.

For a sum of money considered large at the time by the public, but pleasantly small as seen in secret through the Quaker telescope, this farm passed into the hands of three or four sagacious gentlemen who wore queer hats and collars, and to whom the title of "the Middlesborough owners" has long been given; and who, at their decease, will undoubtedly add largely to the probate duties received by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The soil of this memorable farm was found as favourable to all these projects as its geographical position was; and it was soon discovered that builders would not have to go far for their bricks, for at the west end of

it there was found in the subsoil a long, deep vein of excellent clay. Surely nature, by her combinations, intended the place to be great. The town hall now stands where the respectable farmer, in his best parlour, used to smoke his Sunday evening pipe, and where the itinerant clergyman from Acklam used to join him in a cup of tea on wet and snowy afternoons after the service.

A new parish church, plain but symmetrical, has now risen in the place of the old one, and has given birth to two daughter-churches, St. John's and St. Paul's, which are a credit to both their parent and grandparent—the ancient rectory of Acklam, now reduced by ecclesiastical arrangements, peculiar but not uncommon, to the lesser title of "vicarage," and to the reception of small tithes only.

Looking out from this direction on a dark winter's night, there is seen at short intervals, for miles, the lurid glare of furnace fires seven times heated, more suggestive of scenes in Milton's "Paradise Lost" than "Paradise Regained;" but these flames, if horrible to look at, are earning for those enterprising gentlemen—who, in spacious mansions just out of reach of their smoke, are eating, at their seven o'clock dinner, every luxury that sea, earth, and air can yield—incomes much larger than any of those royal ones which Messrs. Odger and Bradlaugh have of late so rudely and unjustly complained of.

MR. ANDREW HALLIDAY.

THE subject of our cartoon this week, Mr. Andrew Halliday Duff—so well known in connection with literature and the drama as Mr. Andrew Halliday—is the son of the Rev. William Duff, of Grange, Banffshire, whose family is derived from Macduff, thane of Fife. He was born in 1830, and was educated at the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, where he applied himself to the study of the classics, under Professor John Stuart Blackie.

Mr. Halliday began his literary career in London as a contributor to the *Morning Chronicle*, and afterwards joined the *Leader*, also contributing largely to various newspapers in London and the provinces. He next turned his attention to the stage; and in 1858, in conjunction with Mr. Lawrence, wrote the burlesque of "Kenilworth," which achieved a remarkable success at the Strand Theatre, and has held the stage ever since,

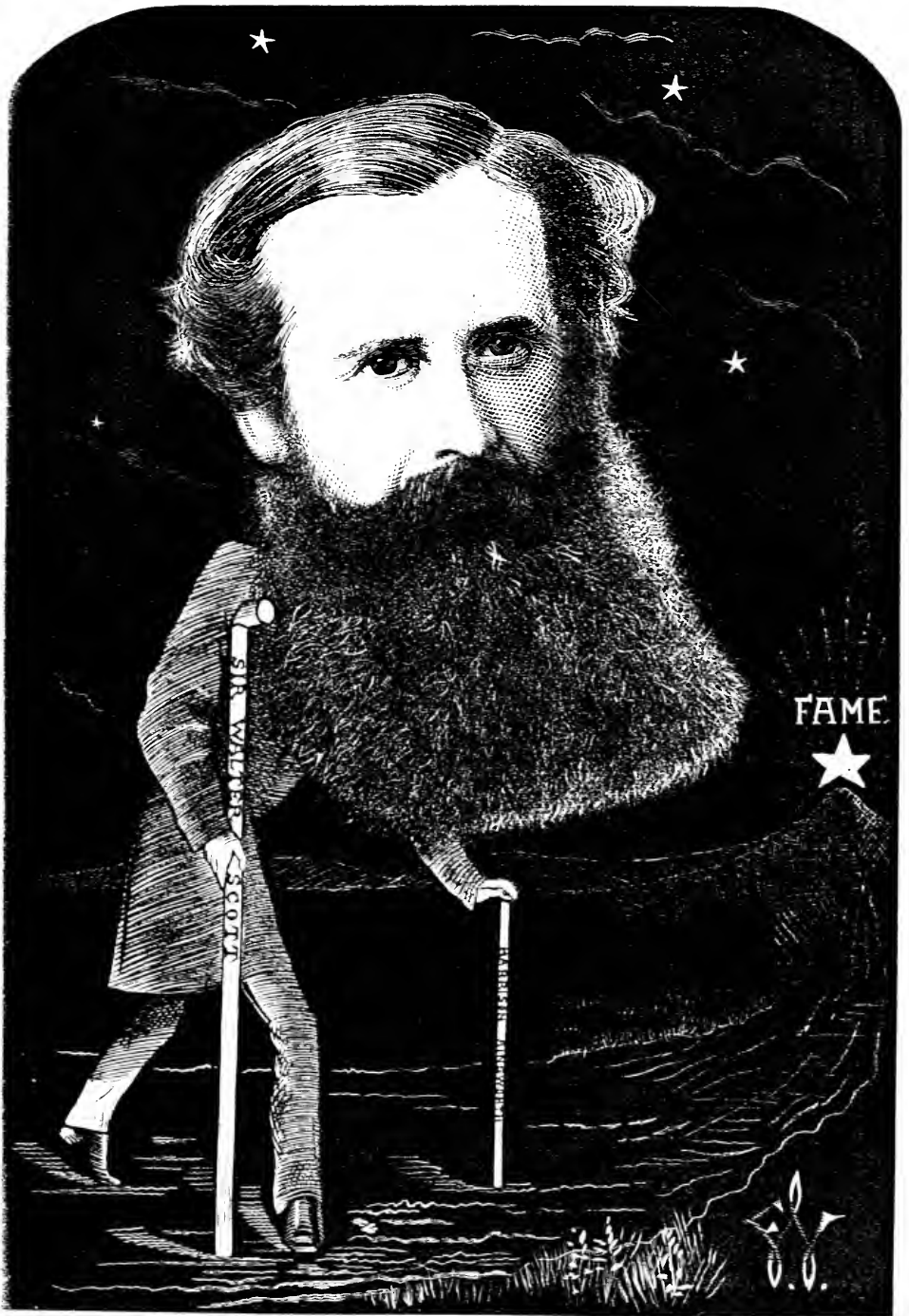
having been constantly revived in London and the provinces. Mr. Halliday produced two other burlesques, one founded on "Romeo and Juliet," brought out at the Strand, the other on the subject of "The Lady of the Lake," and entitled "Mountain Dhu," at the Adelphi. In conjunction with the late Mr. William Brough, he wrote a great number of original farces, which were produced at the Adelphi, Drury-lane, the Lyceum, and other theatres. The principal of these were "The Census," "The Pretty Horsebreaker," "A Valentine," "A Shilling Day at the Exhibition," "The Area Belle," "Doing Banting," "The Actor's Retreat," "My Heart's in the Highlands," "An April Fool," "Going to the Dogs," "The Mudborough Election," "The Colleen Bawn Married and Settled," and a petite drama, entitled "The Wooden Spoon Maker."

In 1861, Mr. Halliday joined Charles Dickens's staff on "All the Year Round," and contributed regularly to that periodical until Mr. Dickens's death. He wrote at the same time for the "Cornhill" and other magazines. Mr. Halliday's collected essays were published by Messrs. Tinsley in three separate volumes, respectively entitled "Everyday Papers," "Sunnyside Papers," and "Town and Country." The "Everyday Papers" went through several editions, and enjoyed a remarkable success. The *Examiner*, criticising these essays, said—

"Mr. Halliday has a lively wit, with a soul to it in his quick wholesome feeling. He writes with a light touch, but without frivolity; his gaiety is intellectual, his English accurate. His papers, light and refreshing, supply already to our current literature some of the best of the reading that seeks chiefly to amuse. We are convinced that they are the earnest of better things to come."

A criticism by no means too favourable.

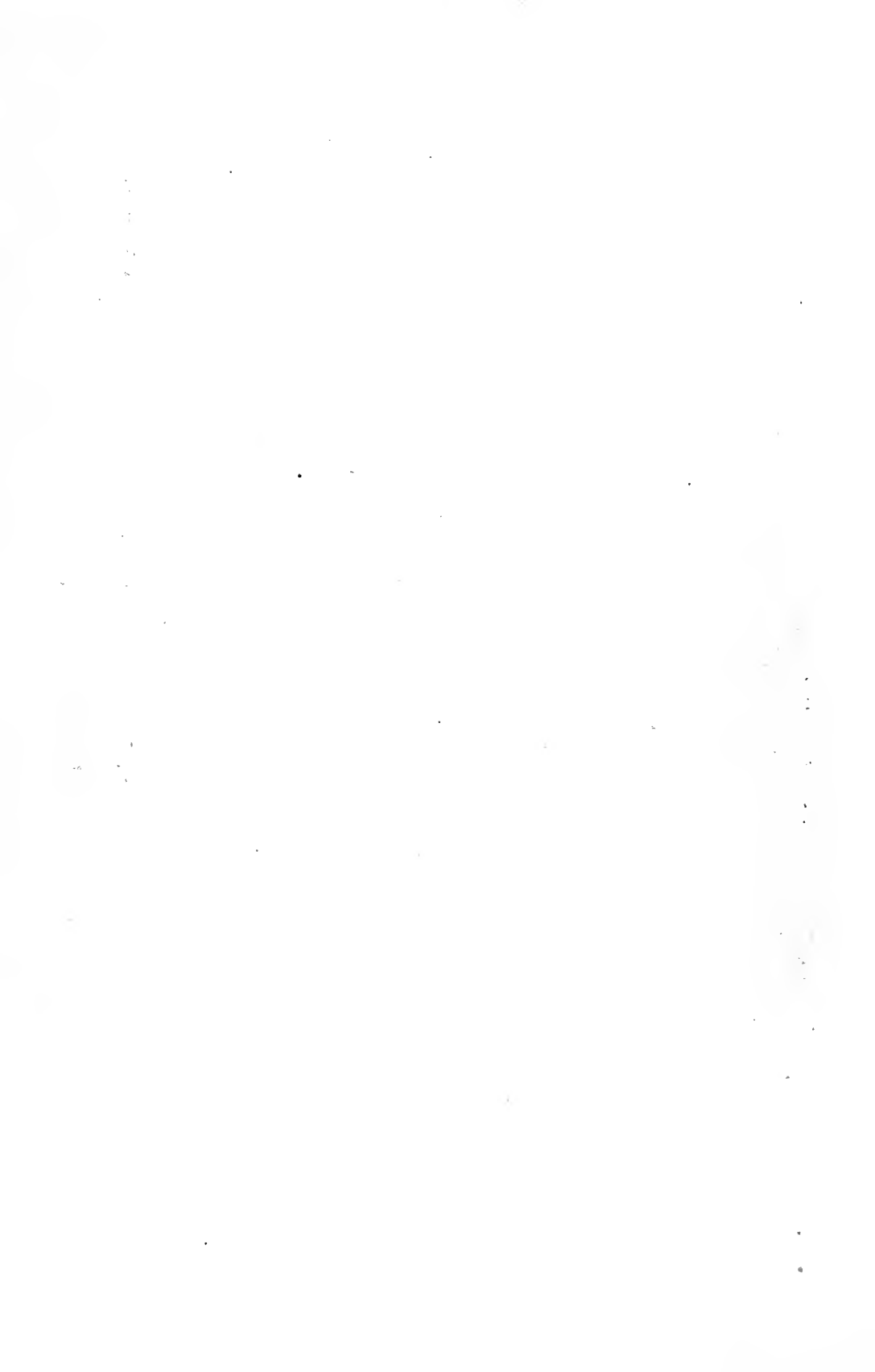
In 1857, Mr. Halliday produced his first important dramatic work, "The Great City," at Drury-lane. It was brought out on Easter Monday. The piece had—at Drury-lane—the unprecedented run of a hundred nights. "King O'Scots," "Amy Robsart," and "Rebecca" followed, each piece carrying the manager triumphantly through the entire season, without the necessity for change. In 1859, he produced "Little Em'ly," an adaptation of "David Copperfield"—with the sanction of Mr. Dickens—which ran two hundred nights. "Nell," an adaptation



Once a Week.]

[April 27, 1872.

"A SUCCESSFUL DRAMATIST."



of "The Old Curiosity Shop," followed at the same house. "Notre Dame" was produced at the Adelphi on Easter Monday, 1871. The piece had a run of two hundred and fifty-six nights. The author's latest production is "Hilda, the Miser's Daughter," now successfully running at the Adelphi.

Mr. Halliday was the editor of the "Savage Club Papers," very popular among a large class of readers.

As our portraits all are in the *caricatura* style, we have, in reference to his adaptations of the novels of Scott and Ainsworth, represented Mr. Halliday as leaning on them for support; but it is almost unnecessary to add, in the case of so successful a writer, that he can walk very well without anything but his own talent to help him along. The task of an adapter is a very difficult one, and Mr. Halliday's success is complete.

Mr. Chatterton said, at Drury-lane, "Byron spelt bankruptcy and Shakspeare ruin" for him as a manager. With Mr. Halliday's assistance, he has had some of the greatest successes ever known at Drury-lane.

Still, in our opinion, Mr. Halliday's original productions are of very much more lasting value in literature than such pieces as "Kenilworth," "Rebecca," and "Hilda," eminently well as those plays have hit the public taste, and supplied the wants of two popular theatres.

PETER MACJOY'S APRIL FOOL.

PETER MACJOY, the hero of my story, was in no way remarkable. Mentally and physically, his attributes were much of the ordinary average. Scotch by birth and parentage, and a lieutenant—quartered on the south coast of England—in a foot regiment, with barely sufficient means to keep off the constable, it is not to be wondered at that he looked with no very favourable eyes upon every contemplated festivity projected by his regiment, which had but lately returned from India.

Peter had grilled out the supernumerary steps up to his present position at the top of the lieutenants, and the momentous question with him now was, could he manage to hold on, or should he be compelled to exchange to a regiment in India, and commence mounting the ladder again from its last rung of lieutenants?

Peter was sorrowful. Changes were tak-

ing place in the regiment: home soldiers replacing old friends, and the regiment going through that phase of existence incidental to a return home from Indian service, when the discrepancy of Indian and home pay has been fully realized.

Wealthy men, who kept horses, and could ride, and also who could not ride, joined the regiment, and, with all the unimpaired vitality of home blood, were bent upon getting as much amusement out of soldiering as it would possibly admit of—trusting, by the time the regiment is ordered again upon foreign service, to be able to settle comfortably down upon the family estates with the cheaply earned title of Captain.

Of Peter Macjoy's belongings very little was known in the regiment. True it is that, under the genial influence of evening toddy, he had been heard to hint at certain paternal acres in the far North, with many retainers—where lairds, it seemed, had it pretty much their own way, and kept recalcitrant tenants in a wholesome state of subjection; but as none of the paternal rent-roll seemed to make its way over the border into Peter's pocket, we must charitably presume that the retainers were too numerous to allow of any such display of parental solicitude.

As we said before, Peter was sorrowful. There gradually was borne in upon his mind the fact that his regimentals ought to be renewed; that they did not contrast favourably in the mazy dance; that not even a display of medals and clasps can entirely upset the correlation of man and his outside coverings. But there were still more bitter dregs in his cup. There were rumours of his being speedily purchased over—not a pleasant anticipation at any time, but more than usually galling in the present instance; for the next man down for purchase was Fitz-Sinester. Now, Macjoy did not love Sinester, and Sinester superciliously hated Macjoy; and during the temporary absence of officers, fate had placed them in the same company, Peter commanding, with Fitz as sub. This wide-awake youth—the Admirable Crichton of the younger subalterns—had been gazetted to a lieutenancy some time since; but, from no very clear cause, had joined only upon the return of the regiment to home service. Fitz-Sinester knew his way about—at least, he thought he did, which must be equally comforting. His vicarious interest at the Horse Guards was a favourite theme; his knowledge of life, something

to listen to and profit by. He had seen the world; and many of his brother officers had not seen much of it lately, except from an Eastern aspect. But then Sinester could explain that all that kind of thing was a mere waste of time and health, utterly profitless in any point of view—a thing rather to be silently deplored, and talked of as little as possible. As for paltry medals, and clasps, and ribbons, and all such like trumpery, were they not evidences of the very impecunious social condition which must have driven their possessors out to a barbarous land as food for powder? Indeed, if concentrated worldliness and impudence could get a man on in this life, Sinester ought to have commanded success; whilst his egotism was something sublime. This was the man who, in his dreams, Peter saw himself associated with as subaltern, on guard, on court-martials, and even humbly capping as he came on to morning parade, whilst he—Peter—reported the company ready for his—Sinester's—gracious inspection. And Peter felt the bitter pill must go nigh to choke him.

Now, the next festivity contemplated was to be a grand ball, given in honour of the inspection of the regiment in the month of April by a Royal Duke; and it is upon this occasion that we wish personally to present our hero, as he, with his not over-brilliant epaulettes, is making a rather shady wallflower of his person in close propinquity to the doorway. Sinester is there, of course. He is on the committee, and an M.C., and in particularly fine feather. It is now well understood that not a great many days will elapse before he is gazetted to a company; and he has consequently mounted a very tall horse indeed, whilst his supercilious patronage of his admirers is something to be remembered. Let us, however, do him the justice to say that he is really a very presentable youth—tall and gentlemanlike, with good eyes, and particularly fine teeth; and one who has an abundant stock of agreeable small talk. And then his dancing! Who could think of tendering his clumsy efforts when Fitz-Sinester evinced any intention of putting in his claim for the hand of a fair partner? Fitz would sail down upon the prize, scattering all bashful indecision, like a large trout amid a swarm of minnows.

There are some men whose personality must be ever cropping to the front, or they are miserable. Such a one is Fitz-Sinester.

His weakness has this month assumed the form of "April Fooling." Most of his brother subs have been made victims—all except grave and self-contained Peter Macjoy; and that this should not have been encompassed is a matter of secret chagrin to Fitz. Now, however—instigated he must have been by the Nemesis of past victims—he saunters down to where Peter is silently vegetating, and exclaims, with his most provoking air of superiority—

"Ah! Macjoy, you don't go the pace, I see. Want a partner, eh? Now, shall I introduce you to a lovely girl—regular high stepper—just can go the pace, and no mistake?"

More, perhaps, with a view of speedily dis-embarrassing himself from these hateful attentions, Peter accompanies his treacherous sub down the room. Once or twice Sinester makes a feint of stopping to fulfil his promise to the letter; but it is only a feint. However, he does introduce Macjoy to a partner, whispering as he leaves him—

"April Fool, old boy!"

The net proceeds of this silly and apparently trivial proceeding are that Peter finds himself standing up in the next quadrille with a buxom lady of a "certain age," all smiles and amiability, whose black eyes beam sentimental admiration, not unmixed with matronly pride, for the decorated young soldier at her side. Here, at least, was a Desdemona totally indifferent to the brilliancy of bullion or the texture of broad-cloth.

Assuming the privilege of her sex and seniority, yet with considerable tact and breeding, she induced him to talk of himself, of India, of his services, and even of those mysterious family acres. Probably, she had an intuitive sense that her partner was not floating quite down the mid-stream of prosperity; for, with gentle and appropriate speech, she touched upon what she was pleased to term the "hateful system of purchase," that made merit so subservient to money, and flooded the country with military titled *jeunessees dorées*.

And our hero—how fell these kindly sympathetic sentences upon him?—this man, so lonely, yet with such need of sympathy—just now in the very winter of his discontent. We cannot answer, but henceforth assume only the privilege of chronicling certain events as they occur.

Peter danced again and again with the

same partner; was altogether *aux petits soins* during the evening; took her in to supper; and finally, having cloaked and hooded, saw her into her carriage.

Peter danced not again that night. He was more than usually absorbed and thoughtful, and was heard muttering over and over again the name of a well-known British perfume.

The next day, after luncheon, Peter was seen making his way through the most fashionable neighbourhood of the suburbs; where he was observed to enter an abode bearing the sweet title of Lavender Lodge.

Some time in the evening, he was seen roving by the "sad sea wave," in company with his partner of the night before; and for the whole of the next week he must have been pleasantly occupied, for he looked so supremely happy. At this date Peter sat up late with MacNab, the surgeon of the regiment, an elderly married man. Their conversation was of a strictly confidential nature; all that was ever heard of it was its concluding sentence, as Macjoy took his departure—

"I tell ye, mon, gin she hae the siller, and gin she lo'es ye, she'll do it."

The next day, at visiting time, Lieutenant Peter Macjoy and Dr. MacNab were announced at Lavender Lodge. Peter was on duty, was subaltern of the day—at least, he said he was—and was compelled, after a short stay, to leave MacNab to entertain his fair friend. But here, again, the door is shut against us; for of what they conversed there is no record.

The next morning, by an early train, the doctor and a lady started for London. There was very considerable driving about the city, from one spot to another, terminating in a visit to Craig's-court, and an interview with the well-known army agents. The doctor and his *protégée* got home about six o'clock p.m., and Macjoy met them at the station.

The day following this event, Macjoy had an interview with the Colonel, who subsequently addressed a communication to the Horse Guards.

Two days after this, Peter Macjoy made application for two months' leave of absence, to commence from the 1st of May.

Now was observed in the letter-rack a large missive bearing the seal of the firm at Craig's-court, and addressed to Lieutenant Fitz-Sinester. But where was Fitz-Sinester,

that he let his correspondence lie unclaimed? No one exactly knew. The truth was that Fitz, with his usual *savoir faire*, had obtained a few days' leave of absence to visit a neighbouring squire, the possessor of streams more than usually well stocked with trout. He has been absent ten days; and we re-introduce him on the last day of the month of April, which this year happens to fall upon a Friday. It is evening, and the mess nearly half over, as, after a hurried toilet, he enters, and takes his seat at the table.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Fitz-Sinester," says the Major—the senior officer. "Have you got your letters yet?"

"Not had time yet, Major, I am obliged to you; but dare say they'll keep a bit. *Gazette* in yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. Fitz-Sinester; but we are looking out for it every minute. Had you not better take a glass of wine?"

"Thank you, Major; but we fancy we shall be sufficiently master of the occasion, and—"

"Able to subdue all demonstrations of 'glassy essence.' Well, I hope so; but remember few steps are certain in this world—except the last and great promotion, which, I fancy, must be entirely without purchase."

Fitz is hungry, and applies himself for the next twenty minutes, with considerable zeal, to the demolition of eatables. Then, an evening paper is silently put into the hands of the Major by a mess-servant.

"Mr. President, with your permission?"

A bow from the President; and, amidst profound stillness, the paper is opened.

"Let me see," says the Major. "Ah! here it is. Listen, gentlemen:—"

"*War Office, April 30th, 18—*

"*Lieutenant Peter Macjoy to be captain by purchase, vice Invalide, who retires. Ensign X—to be lieutenant, vice Macjoy promoted.*"

Silence continues long after the Major ceases reading.

But, alas, poor Sinester! What a crushing blow! What a mortal disappointment! What a complete and unlooked-for checkmate! Large beads of perspiration stand out upon his clammy countenance as he sits in silence, all shrunk and limp, with parched tongue that refuses to utter a word. At length he manages to blurt out—

"Must be some mistake, Major."

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Sinester. You see,

Captain Macjoy has only—though rather late in the day—claimed his privilege of seniority of purchase.”

“And,” commenced Captain Peter Macjoy, from the other end of the table, “you see, it is still the month of Ap—”

But, no; the man was down—“consideration like an angel came”—and Peter held his peace. He could afford to be generous. Nay, more, he even sent Fitz-Sinester an invitation for a breakfast appointed to take place the next morning, after a certain ceremony at the parish church, which was duly chronicled as follows:—

“On the 1st of May, at the parish church, —, Captain Peter Macjoy, of the — Regiment, to Selina, relict of the late Elijah Plethora, Esq., of the Stock Exchange.”

GUMMER'S FORTUNE.

BY JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GREAT TRIAL AND THE END THEREOF.

IT was a bright, gladsome July morning when we left Corcyra Villa. Janet had been worse for two or three days, and she could only be moved from her bed to the sofa. She had no pain. Her head did not ache. She was only so tired and so weary. What she wanted was to rest—ever to rest. She did as we wished without complaining. When we gave her physic, she took it; and when we urged her to take food, she ate and drank what she could. But neither the physic nor the food did her any good. Day after day she became thinner. Her arm seemed scarce bigger than the arm of a wax doll. Her face, too, was thin, but very beautiful. Her eyes had grown larger, and shone with a light like the light of stars. She was very pale, but her cheeks were flushed, always flushed, and most so when she slept. Still I did not know how ill she was until I found she could not walk to the fly. I carried her out of the house, and laid her on the seat of the carriage. It was like carrying a baby, and the nest-egg came into my throat, almost choking me. Dr. Bungay had told us to be cheerful, and we tried to look cheerful whilst we were with her. As we drove from Corcyra Villa, we thought of what might be passing in her mind; but she was calm, and, leaning on me, appeared to doze.

Dr. Bungay met us at the station. He

had promised to see us off. He had engaged an invalid carriage for us; and to our surprise and our joy, he said that he should go with us to the seaside, and see us settled. His kindness—his loving kindness—nearly overcame us. We could not thank him; but I know we blessed him, and that whilst we live we shall love him for his love to us in our affliction.

When a dear one is very sick, and may be sick unto death, the doctor is an angel of hope and comfort to those who fear and mourn.

It was a long journey. All the way, Janet had her hand in mine. Twice she was faint, and we thought the end was come; but the good doctor—God bless him!—never lost his courage. He gave her some stimulant, and she recovered. Her hand that she laid in mine was cold as marble, and I could not warm it; and the cold of it struck to my heart.

It was pitiable to look at Matilda. She did not talk; and whenever she had a chance she wiped her eyes. She was always a good mother, but never so gentle as now. Oh, it was very pitiable to see her staring in the face of the doctor, trying to find out what he thought about her child.

The rooms that Dr. Bungay had hired for us were near the sea; and when the window of Janet's room was opened, we could feel the fresh breeze and hear the rolling of the waves, and the voices of the children playing on the beach. Next day the doctor returned to London. Other patients needed his care, and he told us that the physician could do nothing for our child—that we must be prepared for the worst, whilst we still hoped and prayed. When Dr. Bungay left us, we felt alone and helpless.

For more than a month my darling child was lying on her bed, and no change for the better. Still no pain whatever, only weariness, only the craving to rest, and to rest for ever. No crying, no complaining, and weaker every hour. When I think of that time, the nest-egg comes into my throat.

Nearly the whole day long I sat by her, holding her hand. Not a tear, not a murmur. She was still and patient as a dying flower.

One afternoon she was sleeping. The sea breeze that came in the open window played with her hair that hung loose over the pillow, and her face was never more beautiful. She had become so like an angel: the

skin transparent, and the flush upon her cheeks. No sign of suffering; but her face placid as the face of a sleeping child. As I looked at her, I felt sure that she could not last much longer, and that from one of her short, calm sleeps she would wake in Heaven. I could not pray for her life, but I wished that I could die with her; and the sorrow that I had kept in for weeks broke forth, and as I cried she awoke.

Near to her she drew me, and clasped my neck tightly.

"Pa, darling, I am very wicked to give you all such sorrow; but I can't help it, dear."

I told her it was not her fault, but ours; and that it was our deception that caused her suffering. And she pressed me nearer still, and whispered—

"Oh, my dear, do not say that."

But I told her it was true, and that our hearts were breaking.

No word was spoken for minutes, and I was in terror lest the excitement had killed her.

"Pa, I have been very wicked; but may be it is not too late. Darling, I will try to get well again. I have prayed to die, and now I will pray to live."

For the first time since her great sorrow she wept, and the bursting of the heavy cloud of grief saved her.

For from that hour she began to mend—at first, so slowly that we sometimes doubted if the blessed change had come in time to save her from death; but after a fortnight our doubts were over. In the latter days of September she could go on to the sands, and hour by hour the strength of her youth was renewed. The October evenings were cold, and the day was fixed for our return to London.

We were sitting round a blazing fire. The wind was rattling against the windows, and the sea was roaring; but the storm did not disturb us.

"Now, Janet, for the secret. Now, Janet, to tell you why I have been so often to town, and what I have been doing."

"Janet will never guess," said Mrs. Gummer. "Girls are not half the guessers they were when I was young, and when, instead of fal-de-ral dancing, there were games of riddles."

"We are not going to the Green Lanes, Janet," said I.

Janet smiled, and coloured slightly.

"I could have gone even there without sorrow, but I like Bow better."

"But we are not going to Bow. Our new home is at Stratford. A pretty house, and a fine garden. I know it will please you."

Janet said it was a nice surprise, and she was glad that ma and Nancy had kept the secret.

"More good news. Janet. I return to Purrem & Mangles at a better salary; and therefore we are rich—really rich."

It was a glad journey to town. We thought of the journey to the sea; and our happiness was a deep, deep, silent happiness. The first night at our new home was more joyous than the first ride in our new carriage. The girls declared they were not tired; but Mrs. Gummer insisted upon their going to bed early—especially as it was Saturday and bath night. Mrs. Gummer was mending, whilst I smoked, as in the old days at Bow.

"With the tatters, the trimmings, and the buttons off, and one thing and the other, I have a year's mending. Not that I grumble, Gummer—for without work I am a lost creature. Moreover, Tom, the best of us live by mending. What would become of the doctors, and the lawyers, and the parsons, if there was no mending? It is a world of mending, and we are sent into it to mend."

Loud laughter from the girls' room.

"Pa and ma, what do you think?"

"You will catch such a cold out there on the landing!"

"But what do you think? Such fun! Some one has hung up our stupid letter-bag in the clothes cupboard."

"It will do for a rag-bag, my dears."

And Mrs. Gummer's voice was drowned in a merry peal of laughter.

"Gummer, did you see those boys on stilts, staring at us and our luggage getting out of the cab?"

"Yes, and what of that, Matilda?"

"They set me thinking, Tom. Why do they wear stilts? The breathing at six feet is no better than the breathing at three feet. It's play to boys, but what is stilted to grown-up people? It is stilted to go into spheres into which we were not born or grown into naturally; and those who go on stilts are only laughed at by the tall ones, and tripped up by the short ones. Falls are sure, and lucky if they do not break their necks. We are none the worse for our tumble, Tom;

but no thanks to ourselves, and no more stiling for Matilda Gummer."

After that little speech we drank to sweet-hearts and wives, which we had never missed doing on Saturday nights at Bow.

Then to bed—but not soon to sleep. When I thought over the past two years, and of my present happiness, the nest-egg that had almost choked me when my girl was nearly dying came again into my throat; and I heard Matilda sobbing.

"Why are you crying, my dear?"

"Oh, Tom, what a wicked, bad woman I have been—only thinking all the days of my life of getting more and more, and never thankful for having everything I wanted, and to spare. I am not a crier, Tom; but I can't help it, my dear, when I think the child I don't deserve is not dead, and my fault if she were. I can't make prayers, but my heart is so full of them. Never mind the crying, Tom, for I am happier than tongue can tell."

It was very late in the night when we old people fell asleep; and we slept on until we were awakened by the voices of our girls, and the ringing of the Sunday morning bells.

THE END.

MR. DILLY'S TABLE TALK.

THIS week I come to the end of my little budget of recollections of my old friend, James Dilly.

Talking of Sir Walter Scott, he said—

No one can conceive the delight and excitement produced by the appearance of the *Waverley Novels*, especially among barristers, young men, &c. They were devoured, the fortunate possessor of a copy having to read it out to a large party. When Scott confessed the authorship, Lady Charlotte said to one of the Edgeworths, happily enough—

"There is as much reason for *disbelieving* him now, as there was for believing him before."

Sir William Hamilton, the Irish astronomer, told me that, when the same subject was started before Coleridge, the latter said—

"Sir, I like an honest lie."

Maria's brother told me that there was a

letter of Sir Walter's to her, in which he denied the authorship plainly.

I knew "Counsellor" Phillips, the flowery and flourishing orator. He was not indifferent to flattery.

"I believe, sir," I heard a barrister say to him, "your 'Queen's case' ran to 17,000 copies."

Phillips—in a melancholy, would-be indifferent tone—

"Ah, did it now? Something of the kind. No, I believe it went beyond 27,000. Yes, 27,000."

I once played the whole of Beethoven's waltzes at a party, where they caused a sensation; and an artist—now a composer, and considered the first conductor of the day—came up and asked me—"Who they were by?"

The old house taxes were very oppressive, but were ingeniously evaded. A carriage was assessed at about £14. We had one which was kept for years under a haycock.

I was encouraged to eat by a butler in a country house—

"Lane on it, sir, lane on it" (lean on it).

The same whispered to me at a great party, when all resources were heavily taxed, "Hould yer knife and fork, sir"—*i.e.*, don't let them be taken away.

I was greatly amused once at a hurried "coaching" dinner, when a precise Englishman was addressed in a common phrase by his neighbour—

"I'll take the mustard from you, sir."

This produced a stare of surprise, and a repetition of the demand—

"The mustard, sir. I'll take the *mustard* from you."

"No, sir, you shall not take it from me. I shall hand it to you."

I remember a servant at a party, to whom his master was calling impatiently—

"Fetch this, fetch that."

"Sir, everything ye have in the wurrald is on the table."

In our district, there was an old pauper who justified his refusal to go into the work-house—saying, piteously—

"Shure, wasn't I there? And shure they washed me, and murdhered me!"

The late Archbishop Murray told me he was present at Grattan's *débit* in the English House of Commons. He thought it was all over with him—he was so fumbling with his papers, looking for places, and hesitating dreadfully. But he soon rallied.

The late Marchioness of —— was taken round one of the national schools of our district, and the little girls were examined. One question was—

"Now, what is a marchioness?"

First little girl.—"Plaise, your ladyship, a great, large baiste."

Second little girl.—"A big fish, your ladyship."

Third little girl.—"Ah, don't yer know, it's a *she markis!*"

I heard Doherty, the late Chief Justice of Ireland, tell a good story of his posting days. He was going circuit in a postchaise, and at a dangerous part, where the road skirted a descent, one of the horses, who had been behaving wildly all the way, began kicking furiously. Much alarmed, Doherty called out—

"This is outrageous. I don't think that horse has ever been in harness before."

"Bedad, your lordship's right. He was only took out of the field this morning."

"And do you mean to tell me that you have put an unbroken horse in my carriage?"

"Sorra a sight of the leather he has ever seen till to-day. And if he brings your lordship safe to the fut of the hill, *the master says he'll buy him.*"

Doherty was a fellow of infinite humour, and told this sort of stories capitably. I think it was Doherty that said to me of Maturin's preaching, when speaking of his topping—

"I like him better in bottle than in the wood."

Richard Edgeworth kept a school, which he conducted on very eccentric principles. Two relations of mine were put with him, their mother requesting they would be treated differently from the poorer boys. He instantly bade one of the poor boys and one of the new-arrivals take off their clothes.

"Strip, sirs," he said. "Now tell me if there is any difference between you?"

I once heard a barrister, when the judge was making an objection that there were no affidavits, say, in an insinuating way—

"I'll undertake to procure from the solicitor any affidavits that your lordship may think necessary."

I recollect a dinner at Lord M——'s, a good hunting man, and Conservative official, and who had lately taken up poultry with ardour. During the dinner a letter arrived about a favourite hen, which seemed to give him a great deal of pleasure, and which he read out:—

"Your lordship will be glad to hear the hen at last has laid, but will not hatch; *so, your lordship being absent in town, I put it under the goose.*"

Only the wit of the company perceived the joke, and he made his lordship read it over again.

There used to be a set of local poets who lived by describing country seats, &c. I saw a dedication of one of these fellows, in which he spoke of "*your beautifully interspersed demesne, overlooking that noble Danube, the Blackwater.*"

I once heard Lord Castlereagh sing a popular Irish melody.

Captain D—— told me that, when he was hunting in the county Roscommon, foxes became very scarce; but there was a particular fox whom they all came to know, and who used to go out and give the hounds a capital run, then make his way back, and run in under the door of a particular stable. This handsome behaviour was duly appreciated, and his person was always held sacred.

I knew a clergyman named R——, who was invited by Lord Y—— to meet the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline). At every course, a pair of white kid gloves was placed beside each guest.

Apropos of dinners, Tommy Moore told me that he had assisted at one at Prince Esterhazy's, where all the meats were represented in carved wood, beautifully painted. The guest pointed to the dish he wished for,

and servants brought it to him in its real shape.

The late Lord D— was one of the proudest men of his day. In the grand corridors of his castle he had "lie by" places constructed, into which every servant was obliged to retire when his august master was passing.

When I was at Rome, I saw and heard a good deal of the Buonaparte family. Lucien could not stand the smell of wine, and had to leave the room when it was opened or spilled. He was able to tell by the taste of the milk the particular cow from which it came.

E—, a pompous man of money, entertained his constituents, and stupidly set before them champagne, claret, &c. At the end he made a purse-proud speech, and said he hoped they were satisfied. The spokesman, with some hesitation, said they were; but he thought the "claret"—it had been passed round solemnly and at intervals, as at a gentleman's party—"a little taydious."

Old A—, an eccentric, with money to leave, was asked after his cough.

"Which cough?" he answered. "There's one I've had these twenty years—that's much the same. If you mean the one I caught last week, that's a little better."

I saw Liston come on the stage hopelessly drunk, and his clothes very disordered. Abbott, the manager, told me that both he and Mathews would be always bewailing and maundering over the failure of any joke with the audience.

The meanness of the great Italian princesses is inconceivable. A lady I knew had been asked by one to her parties, and, grateful for the civility, asked if she could send her over any little *cadeau* from England. She was thinking of some English cutlery, work-box, &c.

The princess promptly replied—

"Tell me what sum you are going to lay out—how many Napoleons?"

The lady, quite "taken back," said, scarcely knowing what she said—

"I suppose about eight or nine."

To her the princess—

"Then you would have no objection to

give them to me now? I want money dreadfully."

And she received it. So much for impudence.

Old Lady T— was a delightful person for her good common sense and plain-spoken style. She told me she was travelling in Switzerland, when she arrived at midnight at some small town. All the inns were full; but, with some hesitation, she was shown into a great barrack-room, where there was one bed, but where five gentlemen were asleep.

"If the lady had no objection—"

"I had none in the world," she said; "and never slept better—never met five quieter men in my life."

Some one telling of Coleridge travelling with an aristocratic friend through Yorkshire, and meeting a nobleman—

"I'll get up behind," said S. T. C., graciously, "and he'll take me for your servant."

"By no means," said the other; "that would be worse again. I am quite content to have you as a friend; but you'd disgrace me as my servant."

One of the Singers in Ireland, a lawyer, had the fantastic *Christian* name of Paulus *Æmilius*.

Plunkett said—

"Paulus *Æmilius*!—why, that's the consul."

"No," said the late Chief Justice Lefroy, "it's the *Prætor*" (*prater*).

Poor A— used to say, after his quaint fashion, that the vaunted "dry sherry" always reminded him of "the flap of a lady's side saddle." Why the "flap," or why "lady's," or why "side," is not clear; yet the illustration had force.

The late Emperor of Austria, when Listz had played before him, went up to compliment him:—

"I have heard Heitz, and Thalberg, and Chopin," he said, gravely; "but I have never seen any one *perspire* like you."

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CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.



I MUST send you a piece of news, dearest Kate," wrote Grace, "before coming to what I have really to say;—that is, my letter is to be a woman's letter, with all the important part at the end. The news is, that Dick met Frank last week in London.

The account of him is pretty good—for Dick, that is, who is a better story-teller than historian. That sounds like nonsense; but what I mean is, that he tells capital stories so long as he is allowed to draw upon the boundless fields of his own imagination, and keep to Texas; but when one wants exact descriptions of what really took place, one finds him sometimes a careless observer. This is a fault, perhaps, common with your great geniuses. For my own part, I never invented anything in all my life—and how people can write novels, goodness only knows!—but I can always manage to tell exactly what I saw. The feminine eye, my dear, has a remarkable power of taking in everything at a glance. I am sure you will own that no man ever yet was born—not even Robert Houdin—who could pass a woman in the street and be able to tell afterwards everything she had on, from top to toe, and what it cost. You and I can do it, easily. That was just what I wanted to know about Frank. 'Tell me,' I said, 'what he looked like, and how he was dressed.' Well, you know, Dick was with him for eight long hours, and he can't tell me. He doesn't even know whether he wore gloves.

He met Frank somewhere, and they went together to the University cricket match. After that they went and dined together, of course—one cannot imagine men meeting without dining together. I begin to think that there must be some secret religious worship, a kind of stomachic Freemasonry, connected with dinners; or else that eating, with men, has a poetry about it which it fails to have for us. To-day, for instance, we had roast veal for dinner; but I am as prosaic after it as if it had been cold mutton. They dined together, Kate, and then they talked and smoked all the evening. Finally, Frank went away, half promising to call on Dick in the morning. *He never came.* All these details, I dare say, you know from Frank himself. What I wanted to learn exactly was how he looked, and if he was dressed properly; because I've often read in books that dress is a good rough test of prosperity, and if a man is doing well he always has a good pair of boots and a good coat. Don't be deceived by a bad hat, because the richest men sometimes have a bad hat. Poor Uncle Richard's hat was always really beyond everything. When a man begins to go downhill, it shows itself first in the heels of his boots, and next in his coat. You would hardly believe that Dick—the man I believed so clever—never noticed Frank's boots at all. I made Lucy ask him the question, because I had asked after all the rest of his apparel, and Dick might have thought me inquisitive.

"'Boots?' asked Dick. 'I never looked at his boots.'

"And yet he calls himself an observant man!

"My dear Kate, I am so happy to have seen some one who has actually seen Frank, that I write all manner of nonsense. He was looking very well indeed, Dick declares. He was happy—had a pleasant day. Dick did hint at some sort of fight; but that must be an allegorical way of describing a pleasant

day. Just like the Americans, when they go to see a great sight, say they are going to see the elephant, so my cousin, our cousin, Dick Mortiboy, when he wishes to convey the idea of perfect happiness, says he has had a fight. That is my theory, because I cannot believe that men can possibly feel any pleasure in banging each other about. Frank gave a happy and cheerful account of himself. Dick thinks that he is making money by art; or, at all events—because we hardly expect him to make money—that he is gradually getting work, and making a success for himself. The career of a man! Is it possible to be too ambitious? Lucy thinks that ambition means selfishness. She says that a man ought to follow what she calls the straight line of duty—look neither to right nor left, and be careless whether people praise him or not. I try to persuade her that all men are not clergymen. I like to have my clergyman really pious and disinterested—I suppose, because one never gets that kind of clergyman—just as I should like to have all sorts of impossible things in sealskin. A man—fancy, a Man!—came down here last winter with a long sealskin coat—real sealskin, mind—worth at least two hundred pounds. Now, that I call a wasting of good things. But about ambition. What I should like would be to see my husband distinguished: first in everything; people looking after him; pictures of him in the shop windows; a portrait of him in the *Illustrated*; biographies of him; cartoons, and even caricatures, of him. That is my ambition for myself. I should be plain Mrs. —; it's bad luck to write your married name before you are married—look after his house, see that his dinner was always exactly what he liked, and endeavour to find out what it is that men admire so much in different kinds of wine. Tell me you agree with me, Kate. But for a man not to be ambitious! If I had a husband not ambitious of doing something—of being first in his own circle, even—I would stick pins in him till he was. Would not you? But Lucy, the dear child, has no ideas that are not founded on what poor Aunt Susan used to tell her. Aunt Susan! What would she have thought of her nephew Dick? She was always talking to Lucy about him—always saying that she knew he was not dead—always praying for him—always telling of his good heart. How proud she would have been of him!

“Yes, Kate—Frank is well and happy. Of course he tells you he is; but it is really true—because Dick, who is unobservant about boots, would not be deceived in this. He laughs; he eats and drinks; he is well dressed; he is too proud to take any assistance; he is getting on in his profession; and, without telling Dick anything, he asked after me ten times. Ten times, Kate! Always my own Frank—with the same bright face, and the same cheery voice. And now I know this, I've got an answer always ready, in case of little domestic storms, which you may guess.

“And now for the real thing in my letter. Kate, you are very wicked! You dare to make great successes, and to say nothing. You presume on our country ignorance. You knew that I should not go to town this season at all. You were afraid, perhaps, in your pride, that Dick would buy your picture: you were even too proud to have it exhibited in your own name. My dear, I am proud of you. Frank told Dick, who didn't think much about it—such is his Californian ignorance!—and casually told papa, who didn't think much about it, because his lines have not been cast much among picture galleries. He casually told me. I jumped—I did, indeed. A picture in the Royal Academy! Actually accepted, and hung in a good place, and sold! Oh, Kate! how proud you ought to be! And never to have told me a word about it. Working away in your little Welsh village in silence, without a soul to speak to: sending up your picture in a name that prevented the committee from knowing whether it was a man or a woman! Of course, if they had known your sex, they would have rejected you with ignominy, in pursuance of their grand plan of keeping Us down. My dear Kate, it was sublime. Now the Academy is all over and done, and we have not even seen the picture. If we had known, of course we should have all gone to town—mamma, and Lucy, and myself, and Cousin Dick—to see it. Dear Kate, I am so glad, so very glad! It must be the best consolation you have had since your troubles. Write and tell me you are happy about it; and, please, don't keep secrets from me. I will guard your secrets so faithfully that not a soul shall know there is a secret. Tell me all your plans.

“Parkside is the same as ever. Somehow, we see more of Lord Launton than we

used to. I wish he would not come in so often; for though he is very pleasant and all that, it is rather embarrassing if people come and find him there. We are partly his father's tenants, of course; but that is not a reason why he should come and play croquet with us. Then, we are not in a position to be invited to the Towers; and though he does not mean to be condescending, it is in some respects desirable, as mamma says, that he should not come. The worst of it is that we treat him, Lucy and I, as such an old friend, that we really do not take any notice of him, and quite ignore the fact that he is a real viscount. The other day, the Battiscombe girls were here. We had croquet, Cousin Dick, music, and a little dance. Lord Launton came in by chance, and stayed with us. They—I mean the girls—were immensely jealous of us; and, I have not the least doubt, hate us both for being intimate with him. I am reminded of our gardener—you know him? I saw him one day last autumn, standing for two hours together admiring his chrysanthemums. Then I went out to him, because I thought he might catch cold. He waved an admiring hand at the flowers.

“Bless you, miss,” he said in the grandest way, as if that was nothing to what he could do if he brought his mind to bear on it, ‘I take no manner of pride in them.’

“That is what I say to Lucy about Lord Launton. Is it not rather humiliating to us that the earl allows him to come here so often? You see, he thinks that we are good, worthy people; and that papa, in whom he has the good sense to believe, is a most excellent person; and that we are all so deeply flattered by a visit from his son, that it is kindness to let him come as often as ever he likes. For my own part, I am going to take an early opportunity of speaking to Lord Launton seriously.

“I think Dick is recovering the ground he lost by his dreadful speech at the children's feast. The rector, good man, looks on him with eyes of suspicion, and so do the curates; but the people have taken his advice very much to heart; and, I believe, several *pères de famille* are seriously contemplating the desirability of sending their sons away. They go down, and consult Mr. Mortiboy at the bank. Dick gets a lot of maps, and points out where they can emigrate to, and what it will cost. He never fails to lecture them on the folly of trying to

make their sons ‘gentlemen,’ as they call it—that is, to put them into banks and lawyers' offices, so that they may wear a black coat. He still continues his unrighteous practice of giving weekly doles to old women. I think Mr. Ghymes instigates him to this. He tells us that he has dissolved partnership with his old friend, who has got all his Mexican estates. Those estates abroad do not seem to have weighed very much on his mind; and he confessed to me once that they were only valuable when a man of energy—meaning himself—was on the spot to superintend them. He showed me on the map where they were: put his thumb down—you know he has got an enormous thumb—and it covered a quarter of Mexico, about a hundred thousand square miles.

“‘There,’ he said—‘my estates are exactly there.’

“‘Thank you, Dick,’ I said. ‘I am very much wiser than I was before.’

“Then he laughed, and began to talk about something else.

“Whenever I write to you, I tell about Dick. I do not know how it is, except that he really does occupy our minds and our talk a good deal. What he did last, what he is going to do next, if he has committed any outrage on the church or conventionalities in general—this is chiefly what we talk about. I like him better every day. I think he is getting softened, and more companionable. He has left off the use of strange expressions in unknown languages. He has begun to dress more like an ordinary Christian. He falls in with our ways and habits of thought. In time, I hope we shall make him a steady, respectable member of society. What I try to teach him is, that we may be altogether wrong, but that we are all wrong together—only the division of a word, you see—and it is very disagreeable not to be like other people. We had a talk the other day about things.

“‘You go to church because it is respectable,’ he said.

“‘Well, and what if we do? Going to church is good for people. If the well-to-do people did not go, the poor would not. And without church, they would have no weekly lesson in good manners, to say nothing of higher things.’

“‘You subscribe a million a-year to convert the niggers. You send out people you call missionaries, who live in comfortable

houses, and bully and bribe the natives. I've seen them.'

"Of course, if you've seen them bullying and bribing the natives, I can say nothing. There you have an advantage over us.'

"All the time, you've got all your paupers at home starving, and going from bad to worse.'

"What are we to do, Dick? People give because they think it is right. The missionaries may be bad men, but the object is good. The societies may be badly managed, but their aim is a good one.'

"Your charities make the people paupers: your Church helps to make them hypocrites: your poor laws make them slaves: your trading interests grind them into the dust.'

"My dear cousin,' I said, 'don't say *your* in such a personal way. I really should be very glad if things were better. Tell me what I am to do. As for you—you have wealth; you, at least, can do something.'

"I intend to,' he said. 'I am going to look about for awhile, and then I shall start something.'

"Oh, Kate, that 'something!' When Dick appears in his character of social reformer, introducing his 'something,' I tremble for all our notions. His ideas of society are primitive and radical. Only, as he tells papa, he can't do any harm, because not five per cent. have got the pluck to think for themselves.

"I run on when I write to you, till I hardly know when to stop. I tell you everything. Don't you think people exchange their ideas and show their hearts better on paper than in words? I sit in my own room alone, after dinner, and write like this, till I have exhausted everything that was in my head. I wonder if you really like to read my letters. Then I sit back and read it all over again, and try to ascertain, by a calm, critical perusal, whether it is worth reading. Sometimes I say—'Kate will laugh at this;' 'This is well put, young woman;' and so on—a like a friendly critic, just to encourage myself.

* * * * *

"I have just read the whole letter through again. Kate, it is much too full of Cousin Dick. That is not my fault: it is the fault of his being always here. It is also much too full of myself. It is I, I, I—all I's, like the prophet's creature, that he saw in his vision. I must correct this fault in my next, and make it all U, U, U, in compensation,

like a churchyard orchard. You know, Kate, I should like to make it all F, F, F—ective. Ah, me! if it were not for hope I should die. Suppose we go on for years and years and years. How would it be, do you think, when we are both past sixty, to fulfil our troth and marry? Dreadful thought! Love belongs to youth. If Frank cannot marry me when I am young, and when he can kiss me and fondle me for the sake of *mes beaux yeux*, let him not marry me at all. I would rather remain single for *his sake*. Would not you, Kate? Oh! to wait, and wait—his plighted word holding true—till my cheeks are withered and my beauty all gone, and there is nothing to remind him of the Grace he used to love; and then to feel that all the passion was dead, and nothing left but the smouldering ashes of duty! Let me marry my Frank when I am young and fair, or let me never marry at all. Farewell, dear Kate. Tell him from me—oh! what message can I send him? You are the kindest sister-in-law that ever poor girl was going to have. Tell him, in any guarded way that you like—not in so many words, because it is immodest and unwomanly, only it is true—that I love him—I love him—I love him; and that there can never be more than one man in all the world to me.—Your own "GRACE."

The foregoing very silly and young-ladyish effusion—over which I do hope my readers will not linger till they become critical—may be read by the light of the preceding chapter.

Those who are too captious about girls' letters will remark that there is no postscript at all in it.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

IN the twenty-fourth chapter of this story, I gave an account of the meeting of Dick Mortiboy and Frank Melliship in London. As that event took place ten chapters ago, I will remind my readers that after dinner, before he bade his cousin good night, Frank promised to breakfast with him the next day.

The morning came. Breakfast was on the table, Dick was waiting; but no Frank arrived. So as young Ready-money—as the Market Basing people began to call him—never in his life had stood on much ceremony of any kind, he ate a very substantial breakfast without his guest; felt a little

vexed that the cutlets were cold; wondered where Frank was, and why he did not come; and, finally, strolled into the smoking-room, and lighted his cigar.

He had scarcely drawn a dozen whiffs of smoke, when the waiter brought up a card on a silver tray.

"By Jove! here he is; but breakfast's done with." And without looking at the card, "Show the gentleman up, and order some more breakfast."

But the card was not Frank's. It bore the name of Alcide Lafleur.

Let me say a word about Dick Mortiboy's partner.

All this time, what has Alcide Lafleur been doing? What of the System, the infallible method of breaking banks, to follow up which was the primary object of the partners' return to the old country? Dick, not unmindful of his pledge, very shortly after his accession to fortune, made over to Lafleur the five thousand he had promised him. He did not consider himself so bound by the terms of that old oath of his, which we have recorded, as to make an immediate division of his property into two halves, and to give Lafleur one; but he did consider himself bound, in a general way, to abide by him till their partnership was dissolved by mutual consent. Meantime, Lafleur seemed in no hurry to test his System: he stayed in London, drawing on Dick occasionally for small sums, and keeping the five thousand intact for the Hombourg expedition. Certain small dabbings he made at *écarté*, hazard, loo, and such games of chance as were to be found in London circles, just to keep his hand in; but his main business was to pore over his calculations, day after day, in order to reduce his method to a mathematical certainty. Lafleur, a cool, clear-headed man, studied, as soon as he found it likely to help him, the Science of Probabilities. It helped him to the extent of furnishing him with an inexhaustible supply of figures and calculations; and it strengthened, so far as he could see, the chances of the System he had invented.

His System was to him what his model is to an inventor. It had grown up with years of steady play and unsteady fortunes. The idea of it came into his head when Dick and he were engaged in blockade running, and used to while away their leisure hours in a little game on the after-deck,

while the crew were having their little games in the fore-castle. It took root and grew slowly, taking form as it grew, till, to the inventor's eyes, it seemed absolutely perfect and consistent. No run of luck, he thought, would stand against it. With a capital of £5,000, so as to meet the very worst contingencies, it was so certain to win that he could defy fortune. He had made one or two little ventures with it in America, before they came over, with perfect success; and then, having that kind of love for it which makes a man shrink from using his invention till the day of experiment comes, he postponed considerable operations till he could use it at the Hombourg tables. He was like an *aéronaut* with a new machine. He looked at it, examined it, perfected it, ornamented it, boasted of it; but put off the day of its trial, which would be either his death or his glory. Dick provided him with money for his personal expenditure, so that the five thousand remained intact. For himself, Lafleur wanted comparatively little. He was not a man of expensive tastes. He drank, but apparently without great enjoyment, and never so as to produce any effect on his head. He smoked, but in great moderation, and only light cigarettes. He loved to dress well—but this was necessary for a gentleman in his line of life. And he liked to have the reputation of doing certain things well—with which object, he might have been seen practising with a pistol in a gallery, or fencing with a professional: this also with a view to certain contingencies.

He was so perfectly confident of his System—so thoroughly reliant on its power of breaking any bank ever started, however rich—that he did not, at this time, regard his old partner's altered position with either envy or distrust. Dick had kept his word by him honestly, as he always did—Dick's word being quite as good as any other man's oath. The money which he wanted for the System, on the possession of which he based all his calculations, was in his hands. So far, all was well. With this capital, he asked no more. Lafleur, at this time, was no vulgar and greedy adventurer, eager to get money anyhow. From this he was saved by belief in his System. All he wanted was the means of applying it. To get the means he was, of course, prepared—as we have already seen—to do anything, everything. Having the means, he desired only to bring his calculations to practical uses, and, after fleeing

the bankers in a perfectly legitimate way, to settle down somewhere or other—say in Paris. He had not the delight in roving and wild scenes that his partner had. No coward, he shrank from that kind of life where personal conflicts are common. This dislike to rough-and-tumble fights—common enough among Frenchmen—was atoned for by his perfect readiness to fight with pistols or sword. Dick was ready, on the other hand, with either fist or weapon. The partnership between them had been at all times true, but at no time cordial—at least, on Lafleur's part. He admired the man who feared nothing and braved everything. He respected his pluck, his determination, his wilfulness, the way in which he forced his own way on people. What he disliked was a certain *brutalité* in his partner—a coarseness, he thought, of fibre—a want of delicacy in taste. He liked to dress carefully. Dick dressed anyhow—with a certain splendour when in funds. Lafleur liked to live fastidiously. Dick cared little what he ate and drank, provided the meat was in plenty, and the liquor strong, and in plenty too. A great beefsteak, and a pot of foaming stout—these represented to Lafleur his partner's tastes, to which he was himself so immensely superior. Dick, on the other hand, could not but feel some pity—a little mingled with contempt—for a man so slightly built, so singularly useless in a row. At the same time, he admired his dexterity at all games of chance, and the calm way in which he met the strokes of fortune.

A well-matched pair, so far as each supplemented certain deficiencies in the other: an ill-matched pair, because they had no kind of sympathy with each other: a partnership of a brace of penniless adventurers, determined to live on the world as best they might: a society which held together by the bonds of habit, of long use, and the fact that each entirely trusted in the honesty of his companion—Dick because he was loyal, Lafleur because he was sagacious.

But now there was a feeling growing up in both men's minds that the partnership was to come to an end, and each be free to go his own way. How the separation was to take place, which of the two was to introduce the subject, neither knew. Dick, for his part—resolved Lafleur should no longer be associated with him in the new life he was to lead—was prepared to make almost any sacrifice to break off the connection.

Lafleur, on the other hand, was equally ready to go, on no conditions whatever. He had the System, and the capital to start with.

They met, therefore, when Dick went up to town, on a new footing. Men have been divided into rooks and pigeons—borrowers and lenders—sharks, and prey for sharks. But there is a third and a very important class: the class of those who defend their own. As strong as the beasts and birds of prey, they are braver, because they are backed up by law and public opinion. It was to this class that Dick Mortiboy belonged now: Lafleur still to the camp which he had deserted. It is true that Dick half regretted the old days of excitement and peril, when they talked only to contrive new dodges, and went about to execute them. What he really missed, and would have recalled, was the wild freedom of the old life, not its antagonism to society. Conventionality, not mankind, was his enemy. This he hated, and it weighed upon him like a thick blanket on a summer's night.

Lafleur came into the room. Dick held out his hand.

His partner sat down. With the cold smile that always played about his pale face, he asked—

“When are we going to Hombourg?”

“I don't know. I don't think I shall go at all.”

“You were half engaged to go with me,” said Lafleur, reproachfully. “But, of course, if you cannot come— Is your cousin with you still?”

“No. I am waiting for him. You have been trying the System again?”

“Dick, it is perfect.” His face had a pallid enthusiasm when he spoke of his invention. “I have studied it so long that I know every combination the chances can take. I must win. I cannot help it. I am almost sorry I had so much money from you, because I really shall not want it all. My capital is too big.”

“Still—still— You know, luck may go so as no mortal capital ever held can stand against it. Remember that night when we were cleaned out at St. Louis.”

“It may—of course it may. But it never does. At whist, you *may* hold thirteen trumps, if you are dealing. But who ever does? No man in his senses ever contemplates a hand like that. The night at St. Louis was a bad one, I admit. It was before

my System was completed, though, or else we should— No—no, we had no capital then. But I've counted every reasonable combination, Dick, everything I ever *saw* happen—and you'll admit that I've seen a good deal—I've played countless games on paper, and I've always won. Come over with me, and see me break the banks, one after the other. By heaven, Dick, I shall be far richer than you!"

"I should like to go. But, no—I think I had better not leave my own place just now. But there, you don't understand the position of things."

"I understand," said Lafleur, "that the position of Mr. Dick Mortiboy is considerably altered for the better. I suppose— But, Dick, really I did not think you would have been so quick in throwing over old friends."

"I have thrown over no old friends. Did I not honestly redeem my word, and hand you the capital you asked for?"

"You did. That is not quite all, though. Did we not discuss the System all the way across the Atlantic? Were you not as keen as I about it? Who but you thought of coming over to England? Why did we come? To get out of your father this very sum—not to hand over to me, Dick, but to enable us to go away together, and break the banks in our old partnership. And now, when all is gained, you care nothing about it. Is it what I expected from you, Dick? I counted on your seeing my victories as much as on making them."

This was true. He wanted Dick's admiration and praise. He wanted to feel a man's envy.

"Because, you see," answered his partner, "a good deal more is gained than we bargained for. I no longer care to gamble. What does it mean if you care nothing about winning or losing? Upon my word, Lafleur, I would almost as soon, if it were not for the habit of the thing, dance a waltz without any music as play at cards without caring to win. Life when you're rich is quite a different sort of thing to what we experienced in the old days. It's slower, to begin with. You find that everybody is your friend, in the second place. Then you discover that, instead of looking about to do good to yourself, you've got to fuss and worry about doing good to other people."

"Fancy Dick Mortiboy doing good to anybody!"

"Queer, isn't it? But true. They tell me I'm doing good, so I suppose I am. Then, after all, you can't eat and drink more than a certain amount. You don't want to have more than a dogcart and a riding-horse. You can't be always giving dinners and things. What are you to do with your money? You've always got the missionaries left, to be sure; but you're an ass if you give them anything."

"By Jove—I should think so, indeed!" said Lafleur.

"Then what are you to do with yourself and your money? I make a few bets, but I don't care much about it. I play a game of billiards, but it doesn't matter whether I win or lose. Life's lost its excitements, Lafleur. The old days are gone."

"In England, you can always go on the turf. There is plenty of money to be lost there."

"I never cared much about horse-races, unless I was riding in them myself. I dare say I shall go on the turf, though, for a little excitement. I don't know what I shall do, Lafleur. When life becomes insupportable, I shall go across the water again, I think, and stay till I am tired of that, and want a change. But as for cards—why, what excitement is equal to that of playing for your very dinner, as we have done before now? How can one get up any pleasure in a game when it does not really signify how it ends?"

"You always think of the end. But think of the play, Dick. Think of working out your own plan, and going down with it, and fleecing everybody—eh? Is there no excitement there?"

"There would be if I wanted the money. Not now. I never cared to win from those who couldn't afford to lose, Lafleur."

"I know. You were always soft-hearted, Dick. Now, if a man plays with me, I play to win. It is his look-out whether he can afford to pay or not. I play to win. I've got no more feeling, Dick, over cards than the green table itself."

The candour of this admission of Lafleur's was equalled by its truth.

Dick sighed, and leaned his head upon his hand.

"By Jove, they were good times, some of them. Do you remember that very day, after the St. Louis cleaning out, how we woke up in the morning without a cent between us?"

Lafleur nodded. Some reminiscences of

Dick's were unpleasant. But he seemed warming back to his old tone, and Lafleur wanted to take him over to Hombourg with him.

"You went to the billiard-rooms. I went to the Monty Saloon. And when we met again in the evening we had got six hundred dollars. That was the day when I fought the Peruvian. It was a near thing. I'll never fight a duel blindfolded again. I thought I heard his steps, and I let fly. He had it in the right arm—broke the bone. Then he fired with the left hand—being a blood-thirsty rascal—and hit Cæsar, the black waiter, in the calf. I remember how we laughed. Then we went on to Cairo. Upon my word, Lafleur, when I think of those days, my blood boils. All fair play, too. Every man trying to cheat his neighbour. Good, honest gambling, with a bowie knife ready at your neck."

"All fair play," echoed Lafleur, with the faintest smile on his lips.

"It was better than the blockade running, after all; though there were some very pretty days in that. It was better than—I say, after all, don't you think the best moment of our lives was when we stood on board the little schooner, dripping wet, after our swim from the reef of Palmiste?"

At another time, Lafleur would have re-sented this recollection of an extremely disagreeable episode in his life. Now he laughed.

"Yes," he said, "perhaps it was a moment of relief, after a *mauvais quart d'heure*. It was then that we swore our partnership."

"It was," said Dick. "We've kept to our terms ever since. Lafleur, the time has come for our separation. I can no longer lead the old life. All that is done with. We are adventurers no more. I have my fortune; you possess your capital and—your System."

"I shall soon be as rich as you with it," said Lafleur, confidently.

"We are partners no longer, then? It is dissolved, Lafleur. I've got the best of it; but don't say Dick Mortiboy ever turned his back upon a friend. If you have not money enough, let me know. Take more."

"I have plenty. I cannot fail. It is impossible. But I want you to come to Hombourg with me. See me succeed, Dick—see me triumph with my System. That is all I ask."

"I will see," said Dick. "I will not promise to go with you. Twelve years, Lafleur, we have fought our battles side by side. I remember the words of my oath to you as well as if I spoke them yesterday:—'If I can help you, I will help you. If I have any luck, you shall have half. If I ever have any money, you shall have half.' Was it not so? Yet you have only had five thousand pounds of all my money. It is because my father's money is not mine, really. I only hold it. I have it for certain purposes—I hardly know what yet. I could not keep my word in its literal sense."

"Dick, I don't ask you," said Lafleur. "I have told you I am satisfied."

"Then you give me back my word?" said Dick.

"I solemnly give it back, Dick," was the reply.

He held out his hand, which Dick grasped. He heaved a great sigh. Their partnership was dissolved. His oath had been heavy upon him, for Dick's word was sacred—the only sacred thing he knew. The vast fortune into which he had so unexpectedly fallen, with all its duties and responsibilities, which Dick was already beginning to realize, was so complicated an affair, that, in the most perfect honesty, he could not literally fulfil his promise. He did the next best thing. He gave Lafleur all he asked for. He was prepared to give him as much again—three times as much, if necessary. But he was glad to get back his word—returned to him like a paid cheque, or a duly honoured bill.

Is it not clear that Dick is progressing in civilization? He has recognized the voice of public opinion. He has remarked that the force of circumstances compels him, whether he will or no, to lead an outwardly decorous life. He has recognized, dimly as yet, that this vast property cannot be made ducks and drakes of, flung away, spent recklessly, as he fondly promised himself when he undecieved his father. He sees that it is like the root-work of some great trees, spreading out branches in all directions, small and great branches: to tear up and destroy them would be to change the fortunes of thousands, to ruin, to revolutionize, to devastate.

Things must be as they are. He is now free: he has got back his word, and is clear of Lafleur.

This is a great gain.

There is still, however, one link which holds him with the past.
It is——POLLY!

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

IN a recent paper on Thomas Sutton, and the noble charity which he left behind him, we promised to advert more fully, in a subsequent issue, to the manner in which the government of the fine old hospital of the Charterhouse is managed at the present time.

In pursuance of our purpose, therefore, we now propose to lay before our readers a few of the more prominent facts connected with the internal economy of the institution, which we think deserving of more public attention than they seem lately at least to have received.

Before proceeding to the matter in hand, it may be as well, perhaps, to briefly recapitulate the terms of the founder's original intention in establishing the Charterhouse, which were carried out as nearly as possible after Sutton's death by the early governors of the charity.

At the third meeting of the governors, held on the 10th of December, 1613, it was decided that the decayed old men, or "poor brothers," as they were henceforth to be entitled, should be eighty in number.

Following out the wishes of the brave old merchant prince as closely as circumstances would permit, it was also resolved that candidates, to be eligible as "poor brothers," should be "ancient gentlemen, having the same tender breeding with their elder brothers, but only the slender fortunes of a younger brother;—gentlemen too generous to beg, and not made for work—whose ingenuous natures might be most sensible of want, and least able to relieve it—and who would be cast away and brought to misery, or want of a comfortable subsistence, in their old age."

And to still further avoid the idea that Sutton's bequest was intended for any mere ordinary paupers, it was further and more particularly defined that "these ancient gentlemen were to comprise such as had been servants to the King's Majesty, either decrepid or old captains, either at sea or land; soldiers, maimed or impotent; decayed merchants; men fallen into decay through shipwreck, casualty of fire, or such evil accident."

It has been suggested, and we think with good reason, that these more exact definitions of the required antecedents of a Carthusian brother were based mainly upon a passage in one of Lord Bacon's letters to the King, in which he says, "The next consideration may be, whether this intended hospital, as it hath a greater endowment than other hospitals have, should not likewise work upon a better subject than other poor, as that it should be converted to the relief of maimed soldiers, decayed merchants, householders aged and desolate, churchmen, and the like, whose condition being of a better sort than loose people and beggars, deserveth both a more liberal stipend and allowances, and some proper place of relief not intermingled or coupled with the baser sort of the poor."

The broad and sympathetic mind of the great philosopher plainly perceived the new and noble purpose to which good Thomas Sutton had intended that the wealth he left behind him should be dedicated, and his trustees accepted the interpretation in all conscientiousness and good faith.

Thomas Sutton himself, when applying for the letters patent for his hospital, stated plainly that the Charterhouse was intended to gather beneath its roof poor, aged, maimed, or impotent people, who had broken down on the respectable paths of life, and give them a dignified asylum. It was also designed to include a free school for the maintenance and education of the poor children of reputable parents; and the founder expressly declared his hope and will that the funds of the endowment should never be diverted from the use of the needy. All increases of revenue, he ordained, should be devoted *either to augment the number of brethren, or to increase the amount of their allowances.*

How these very plain and simple intentions—especially as expressed in the last sentence—have been carried out since, we shall presently discuss.

In the fresh, honest youth of this now ancient charity, the fourscore brothers seem to have been well and carefully looked after; treated with a respect due to old men of irreproachable character, who, to use a homely expression, had seen better days; treated with tender and delicate care by the officials, appointed and well paid for the purpose; and, in the terms of the act of Parliament obtained 1628-9 to secure the privileges of the

foundation, "provided in a very ample manner with all things."

Here, within the walls of the once famous monastery, whether under the quaint old cloisters, or beneath the shade of the ancestral elms in the green, fresh gardens, the four-score patriarchs could while away the decaying sunsets of their days, chatting of old times, and cheerful in the thought that the few years they had yet to see would find them an honourable and undisturbed peace from the good fight they had now ceased to wage with the outside world.

Worthy old Samuel Herne, in his "Domus Carthusiana," sings of the old Charterhouse days—

"Plenty here has chose her seat,
Here all things needful and convenient meet;
Every week are hither sent
Inhabitants o' th' wat'ry element.
When I met creatures in a throng,
And found they hither came,
Seeing so vast a number crowd along,
Methought they went to Eden for a name."

A poetical way, by the bye, of saying that the "ancient gentlemen," as he calls them, of that time, unlike their present representatives, had a fish dinner once a week.

Then, continues the hearty old poet—

"Thy very wilderness is fruitful too;
Every walk and every grove
Bears the fresh characters of love.
Here's nothing wild—all things increase and thrive,
In just obedience to you;
That which was barren now has learnt to give.
O bounteous Heaven! at thy command,
Four-score patriarchs here
Wander many a year,
Until they move unto the promised Land."

The four-score patriarchs here wander still; but some of them, we think, have their doubts whether good old Samuel Herne would have written so enthusiastically of the Carthusian paradise if he had lived in the latter part of the nineteenth century instead of two hundred years ago.

Certain rebellious "ancient gentlemen," at present on the foundation, loudly deny that

"Plenty here has chose her seat,"

or that—

"Here all things needful and convenient meet"—

for the poor brothers, at least, whatever be the happier lot of certain over-paid and under-worked officials in the famous hospital.

Let us glance for a moment at the real condition of a "poor brother" of the Charterhouse in this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two.

In the first place, he is, in accordance with the rules of the charity, supposed to be a decayed gentleman. Consequently, by the same rules, he is supposed to be supplied, as we have already said, in a very ample manner, with all things necessary. Unfortunately—as we hinted in our recent notes upon Thomas Sutton—the present Carthusian brothers, although decayed, are not now, and never have been, gentlemen, even as the word in these liberal days is often broadly interpreted.

Domestic servants, pushed in by the influence of their masters, who happen to have a certain command over the elections of candidates, and other worthies of perhaps equally useful but hardly "gentle" antecedents, were not the kind of people intended by the founder to enjoy the benefit of his bequest. On the compensating principle, we suppose, the necessary previous status of the eligible candidates having been lowered, the manner in which their comforts are attended to has been duly modified.

Consequently, it is in the following luxurious fashion that the "ancient gentleman" of to-day enjoys his declining years:—He finds that he has a small room, carpetless and cheerless, furnished from the unlimited funds of the charity with the simplest of beds and bedding, a painted deal table, a common iron fender, the most primitive of fire-irons, an arm-chair, and a pair of bellows. Any other little adornments or articles of utility which his taste or wants may suggest he must find for himself—if he can.

His rations are on the following scale:—In the morning, he has left daily at his door a loaf containing twelve ounces of bread, and two ounces of butter. These he must, according to his discretion, spread over breakfast, lunch, tea, and supper. That is his supply of provisions for the day, dinner excepted. The dinner, of the plainest sort, is eaten by the poor brothers in company in the common hall, punctually at three. If a minute behind the fixed time, the dilatory ancient must forfeit his dinner for that day.

The only other public reunions of the brothers for the day are at chapel. Every brother is required to cross the quadrangles to chapel at least once a day, even in the bitterest weather—snow, hail, or rain—under

the penalty of threepence fine for each non-attendance.

On Sunday, the tariff of fines runs higher. There are two services, which the brother must attend—otherwise two shillings fine, at the rate of one shilling penalty for each service neglected.

For the rest of his creature comforts, when left to himself, he has coals and candles allowed him to a duly moderate extent. But as every brother is expected to be in bed at eleven o'clock, the candles are withdrawn between the months of March and September—old and decayed men not being supposed, on any emergency, to require night-lights within the forbidden months.

And lastly, he has the munificent allowance of forty pounds a-year to spend as he likes. The amount is really thirty-six pounds; but as the house is supposed to be cleared of its pensioners for a month in every year, for painting and repairs, the brother, while enjoying his forced holiday, has an allowance of four guineas—that is to say, a guinea a-week—wherewith to pay for lodgings, living, travelling expenses, and the rest.

We had almost forgotten to throw in a sympathising word for another class in the Charterhouse—namely, the nurses who attend upon the old gentlemen. These are expected to be at their posts from seven in the morning until five in the afternoon. No rations are allowed them, not even a glass of beer, during these hours. Each nurse has six rooms to keep clean, and the corresponding number of infirm old men to wait upon. For this work she receives fourteen shillings a-week, two shillings of which are deducted to form a fund on retirement. If the old and decayed brothers are waited upon somewhat cavalierly at times, who is really to blame?

Now compare the position of the high and mighty officials, who—originally constituted to attend to all the wants and necessities of the eighty poor old gentlemen under their care—really look upon them, we are afraid, as “only paupers,” and a discomfort to the place—which otherwise provides good salaries, and dwellings, and dinners, and daily pints of wine, to the gentlemen and ladies who are really fed upon its funds.

At the Charterhouse, the fact seems to be—as it undoubtedly exists, more or less, in most other ancient charities of the same

kind—that, as the benefits to the recipients originally intended grew in course of time small by degrees and beautifully less, so the funds, increasing year by year, make more luxurious the league of favoured officials, who take care to entrench themselves from the public scrutiny within a most charming irresponsibility.

The great man of the Charterhouse is, of course, the master. The original salary of this official was fifty pounds. It is now somewhere about six hundred;—in fact, as we have before stated, few persons know what the amount really is.

The allowance of a poor brother was originally five pounds. Sutton's manifest intention was that the allowance to the master should be about tenfold that of the poor brother. We have no complaint to make, under the altered circumstances of a later age, to the liberal stipend of the head of such a wealthy institution as the Charterhouse. Year by year have the funds of this place grown, until they reach something like forty thousand a-year. But why have not the pensions of the brothers been increased in proportion, according to the strict intentions of the founder? If this were done, we should find the poor brothers receiving in proportion to the master's six hundred, instead of a paltry thirty-six—for it is really nothing more—the respectable and comfortable allowance of eighty pounds a-year. It is the just due of these poor old men, and we believe they are entitled to it.

The salaries of the other officials have risen in the same undue proportion. The preacher had originally forty pounds; he has now about four hundred. The payment of the manciple used to be eight pounds, to the poor brother's five pounds six and eightpence. That functionary's allowance now is two hundred pounds—if not more. The duty of the manciple, in the more primitive days of the charity, was to attend the service of the kitchen, to see that all the tables were properly served at dinner, and then to take his meals with the inferior officers and grooms, or attendants, at the accustomed table; but the manciple of the present day is a far more important personage than his early predecessors in the office.

In short, the importance and emoluments of the numerous officials appointed to superintend and serve eighty men and forty-four boys have grown year by year; while those really entitled to share in the increasing

prosperity of the enormous funds have been forced to content themselves—on the principle, we suppose, that beggars must not be choosers—with what they could get.

It cannot, indeed, be questioned that a thorough, searching, and impartial investigation, under the orders of Parliament, is necessary to any real reform in the administration of this noble charity.

In the year 1856, an official report was called for by the House of Commons, and since then the governors have been allowed to manage affairs almost entirely at their own discretion.

The results of the report in question were miserably small, the chief improvement being an addition of nine pounds a-year to the pensions of the poor brothers, thus raising the allowance to its present figure of forty pounds a-year.

At the time, the inquiry was considered to have been very one-sided, and objections were fairly taken to the witnesses examined. These were the master, the registrar, the scholars' matron, the pensioners' matron, the schoolmaster, usher, reader and librarian, the manciple, and the resident medical officers.

These, as officials, were all naturally interested in maintaining the present order of things; but of the eighty brothers among whom the real truth was to be sought, only one was examined.

Under these circumstances, it is not astonishing that a report so limited in the scope of its inquiry had little or no effect in ameliorating the condition of the poor old Carthusians.

The master enjoyed his house, his table, and his fat church preferment as usual. The schoolmaster and usher still drew their liberal pay, in addition to spacious accommodation for private boarders, who thus made use of Sutton's premises. The other officials went on in the same old groove. The poor brothers had a few pounds a-year extra for their share; and there the matter ended, and still rests.

But the most remarkable fact connected with the management of this charity is the decidedly original way in which the governors render the required annual account of their stewardship.

The old statutes referring to audit are very loosely obeyed; while those respecting an annual statement of accounts, signed by the persons responsible, are almost entirely

disregarded. The orders of the governing body, moreover, are not always signed in exact compliance with the act of Parliament. Apropos of this loose way of doing business, a story is told—which, of course, we merely give for what it is worth—that the late Duke of Wellington, when asked to sign the report—he being then a governor—wished to see the vouchers for the various sums. His Grace was told that that was not usual there. The Duke replied that he did not do business in that fashion at the Horse Guards; and, without another word, took up his hat, and retired—never, it is said, sitting on the board again.

The story, whether true or not, is apt to leave an impression on our minds that it is at least well founded, when we consider one specimen of the balance sheets passed by the governors of the Charterhouse.

For the year ending the 25th of March, 1871, the gross total of receipts and expenditure is set down at £92,717 16s. 3¼d. Of the utterly vague and unsatisfactory nature of many of the items, defying any analysis of the relative expenditure for the brothers, the scholars, and the officials, some estimate may be formed from the following extracts, the style of which, in the accounts of their own estates, the governors most assuredly would not for one moment tolerate.

“Salaries and allowances to the master, preacher, schoolmaster, and other officers, with the expense of auditing the accounts of the hospital, for the year ending Lady-day, 1871, £3,859 12s. 2d.

“Salaries to the manciple and the matrons of poor brothers and scholars, wages of servants, and hire of a police watchman, £2,089 11s. 8d.

“Pensions to poor brothers, £2,856 10s. 9d.

“Provisions for poor brothers, scholars, and others, and allowances in lieu thereof, £6,136 9s. 0d.”

What proportion the brothers may bear in the last item, for a table of the homeliest and most ordinary kind, it is manifestly intended that they should not discover, lest the contrast involved in the entertainment daily provided for the master—whose office is merely a sinecure—and the other officials, so directly and glaringly opposed to the directions of the founder, should provoke so general an outcry that the governors

would, in very shame, be compelled to interfere and redress the abuse.

Yet, even taking the items as they stand, one cannot but be struck by the manifest disproportion between the sums devoted to the maintenance of the staff of officials, and those put down to the credit of the poor brethren.

We have not space at present to enter into some similar abuses connected with the Charterhouse school; but we think we have shown enough to prove conclusively that a sweeping reform is needed in the management of the fine old charity of good Thomas Sutton.

CANON KINGSLEY.

THE subject of our cartoon, the Reverend Charles Kingsley, M.A., rector of Eversley, canon of Chester, one of her Majesty's chaplains, and lately tutor to the Prince of Wales, and Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holme Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor. He became at fourteen a pupil of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge—son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge—and afterwards was a student at King's College, London. He then entered at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he was a scholar and prizeman whilst *in statu pupilari*, and concluded his undergraduate career with a good degree—first class in classics, and second class in mathematics.

Mr. Kingsley entered the Church, and his first cure was the rectory he now holds; for a year and a half after his entering upon his curacy the living became vacant, and the patron, Sir John Cope, presented it to the curate, who has ever since been rector of Eversley.

Charles Kingsley's name, however, was to be known and honoured, far away from his little Hampshire parish, as the writer of works of fiction which are strikingly original, pure in their moral teaching, honest and noble in their purpose, and have placed their author high in the ranks of writers of imaginative literature.

The list of Mr. Kingsley's works includes "Westward Ho! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh"—now in a sixth edition—a splendid story, photographing for the reader the grand scenery of the newly found continent of America, and exhibiting the adventurous and noble spirit

of the age in which the scenes of Sir Amyas Leigh's adventures are laid.

"Two Years Ago," and the author's latest book, "At Last: a Christmas in the West Indies," contain likewise much of that word painting applied to the description of natural scenery in which Charles Kingsley is a master.

"Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face," is a most interesting story of an early state of society, in which the author has completely thrown himself back into the period he has written about, with such a power of artistic reality as to make his characters live again.

"Yeast: a Problem," and "Alton Locke," are books that deal with social problems arising out of a high state of civilization; and although now much in "Alton Locke" belongs to a bygone generation, such characters as the Young Tailor-Poet and Old Sandy Mackaye will always charm and interest those who make their acquaintance.

"Water Babies" and "The Heroes" are two books of fairy tales for children. Considering their object they are admirable productions, and very much more acceptable to a child than such books as "Lewis Carroll's" tales.

"Hereward the Wake, Last of the English," is a story of the time of the Norman Conquest, a period of history with which the author is perfectly acquainted: it was the subject of some of his lectures at Cambridge, where he was the more popular of the two popular professors—Mr. Fawcett, M.P. for Brighton, was the other. His manner of delivering his addresses on history—from the high chair in the old cellar, called the Arts School—was very piquant. He is reported to have summed up a great event in English history thus:—"Gentlemen, believe me, if Edward the Confessor had only had the common decency to get married, there would have been no Norman Conquest in England." We will not vouch for the verbal accuracy of the sentence, but the learned professor said something to the same effect. The undergraduates used to cheer him, and strangers in Cambridge always went to hear him lecture. He was never dry, often he was eloquent; but he had an odd way of ending his bursts with a sentence something like that given above.

He was popular in the University—at his own college he was beloved. When he was the only Don to go in to the high table, and

a few minutes late, and, according to custom, the undergraduates were waiting for a Don to say grace before they could begin, contemplating with impatience the cooling dishes, the Professor of History, who knows the British nature well, would instruct the butler to "Tell those poor boys not to wait for me: let them begin their dinner."

It is curious to note that the critics were very severe with Kingsley and F. D. Maurice about the same time, and for the same reasons. Under the disguise of Christian Socialism, they would level everything into nothingness if they could. They have triumphed, and their names are honoured above those of most men of their generation. No writers of our time have done more for truth and manliness, or sown seed more likely to bear fruit in its season. It was in 1859 that Charles Kingsley was appointed to his Cambridge professorship, and we owe at least two of his best works to his study of what, at that University, is called "Modern History."

SCIENCE AND ART.

AT the Royal Institution, Professor Tyndall read a paper recently, on the "Identity of Light and Radiant Heat," and illustrated his remarks by some most effective experiments. There has long been felt a keen desire to determine whether light and heat are essentially different things, or whether a substantial identity exists between them. The lecturer's object was to present his audience with the latest discoveries connected with light and heat. The substance of his remarks was this:—

Whether we regard its achievements in the past, or its promise and tendency in the future, all that we know of physical science—every bent and bias which we receive from its pursuit—tends to confirm the dictum of the poet regarding this universe:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is."

If I halt here, and omit the next clause of the couplet, it is not because physical science has arrived at any conclusion hostile to that clause, at all events in its profoundest signification, but simply because what the poet goes on to affirm lies outside the sphere of science. We, as physical students, have to do with "Nature" only, and our view of

nature could not be more happily expressed than by the figure employed by the poet. For our vocation, and the delight and discipline that it confers, do not consist in the registration of unrelated facts and phenomena, but in the searching out and discovery of relationship in a system, whose parts we hold to be as closely and definitely related to each other as are the various organs and functions of the living body itself.

It is not so many years since that most excellent experimenter and philosophical inquirer, Melloni, isolated from a solar beam a brilliant light, and finding it incompetent to affect his most sensitive thermoscopic apparatus, concluded that light and heat were essentially distinct. But in drawing this conclusion, Melloni forgot that he was implicitly dealing with an instrument of almost infinitely greater delicacy than his thermoscopic apparatus; he forgot that the human eye, and the consciousness connected with the eye, are capable of being vividly excited by an amount of force which, when translated into heat, might defy all the thermometers in the world to detect it. Melloni himself subsequently modified his conclusion.

It is not so very long since the late Principal Forbes was eagerly engaged in establishing the important point that radiant heat, like light, is capable of being polarized. Since that time, Knoblauch, Foucault, Fizeau, and Seebeck have applied their refined experimental skill to this question of identity; and those excellent investigators, De la Provostaye and Desains, pushed the analogy between light and heat so far as to prove that the magnetization of a ray of light, in Faraday's sense of the term, has its parallel in the magnetization of the ray of heat.

Heat is presented to us in two aspects: sometimes associated with ordinary matter, through which it creeps by the process of conduction; sometimes not associated with ordinary matter, but, like light, flying through space with immense velocity. In this latter form it is called radiant heat. Radiant heat obviously and palpably comes to us from the sun, but here it is entangled with light. Let me, in the first place, endeavour to unravel this entanglement.

When white light is refracted, it is unravelled and the spectrum is produced. A spectrum of the electric light was thrown upon a screen; and red, green, and black ribbons, about an inch wide, were succes-

sively moved along it. The red placed in the red light appeared a brilliant red; when moved into the green it became black. In like manner, the green ribbon moved from the green, where it shone vividly green, into the red, became an intense black. The black ribbon was black in every part of the spectrum.

Now, the red ribbon is not heated in red, and the green is not heated in green; but red is heated in green, and green in red. We have heating only where we have absorption; and the heat generated is the equivalent of the light absorbed. Black absorbs all the rays of light—hence, indeed, its blackness; and if it could speak, it might tell us the warmth of every colour. But warmth exists outside the colours. Beyond the red, where nothing is seen, the force acting on the retina is far greater than when the eye is plunged in the red. The objective here is entirely out of proportion to the subjective.

The existence of this heat was thus proved. All the colours but the red were cut off by a red glass, and with a diaphragm having a circular opening, a well-defined red circle was produced. This was refracted by a prism, still remaining a circle. A thermo-pile, with its face towards the lamp, was then caused to approach the path of the beam. It would have been seen by its shadow on the screen if the light had been at all invaded; but, with a considerable interval between the pile and the light, a large deflection of the galvanometer testified to the presence of heat beyond the luminous circle. An opaque solution* was substituted for the red glass. A circle remained, but it was an invisible circle of radiant heat instead of a circle of light, and the needle of the galvanometer did not fall, though the visible image had vanished.

Double refraction by Iceland spar was next described by Professor Tyndall. He illustrated it by passing through the spar a circular beam of light, which, on the screen, gave two images. The places on the screen where these two images fell were marked, and the light was cut off by the iodine cell. On introducing the thermo-pile with its face towards the lamp, when it occupied the position of either light-image, a deflection of the needle was obtained. Of the two images, one is the ordinary, the other the extraor-

dinary. Is the same true of the heat? Placing the pile in the place of the ordinary image, cutting off the light, and turning the spar, the deflection of the needle remained unchanged; but when the spar was turned round, while the pile occupied the place of the extraordinary image, the needle instantly fell. Why? Removing the dark cell and rotating the spar, the extraordinary light-image was seen to rotate round the ordinary one, which remained fixed. The heat-beam did the same, and thus quitted the pile. Here, then, we prove that the heat-beam also has its ordinary and extraordinary image. This, it was believed, was the first time the effect had been obtained with purely invisible heat. Knoblauch had demonstrated the double refraction of heat, using the total beam, luminous and non-luminous, of the sun.

The next paper read was by Professor Humphry, F.R.S., the well-known and distinguished lecturer on anatomy in the University of Cambridge. The subject was "Sleep;" and the Professor first gave a brief account of some of the changes that take place in the tissues when their function is active, and explained that during this time a slight deterioration of structure takes place, which, affecting the voluntary system—the muscles and the hemispheres of the brain—causes the sense of tiring, and necessitates a period of rest for the restoration of the tissue to its former condition. In the case of the muscles, this rest is provided for by periods, quickly alternating periods, of action and cessation of action. But in the case of the brain, the actions upon which consciousness, volition, &c., depend cannot be thus frequently suspended. Their continuance is needed for the safety of the body during long periods—through the whole day, for instance; and longer periods are therefore required for repair. These are the periods of sleep.

He next took a cursory glance at the different parts of the nervous system, explaining that the upper regions of the brain are those which minister to consciousness and volition, the intellectual operations, &c. He showed that the functions of these regions not only can long be suspended without interfering with the action of the lower parts of the brain which are more immediately necessary to life, but that they are very easily suspended—slight causes, such as a

* Iodine in bisulphide of carbon.

jar or a shock, or an alteration in the blood current, being sufficient to stop the action of these parts, and deprive the person of consciousness. The spontaneous stoppage of their action, consequent on the slight deterioration of their structure from the continuance of their functions during the day, is the proximate cause of sleep during the night; and the periodic recurrence of sleep is in accordance with the periodicity observed in several of the nutritive functions—and, indeed, witnessed in many of the other operations of nature.

After observations upon the condition of the brain during sleep, the circumstances that conduce to sleep, the time that should be allotted to it, and other points, the Professor entered at some length into the subject of dreams. These he regarded not, as has been supposed by some, to be a necessary attendant on, or feature of, sleep, but rather to be the result of an abnormal condition. In the natural state, we should pass from wakefulness to complete unconsciousness, and *vice versa*, quickly, almost instantaneously; and many persons habitually do so. But the transition period is sometimes prolonged, and stages are observable. The first thing that occurs is the lowering or cessation of that control over the mental processes which is the highest of our powers, the one requiring the greatest effort, and the one most easily lost. In this condition the thoughts ramble unchecked, chase one another confusedly over the mental field, and give rise to all sorts of incongruities of the imagination. At the same time, being unrestrained, they are excited, and evince efforts of memory and even of combination which in the regulated state of wakefulness they are quite incapable of. In this way, the images of persons and places, of events and items of knowledge long forgotten in the ordinary state, are recalled with distinctness; and we fancy that new information has been acquired, when it is only forgotten facts that are recalled. He did not agree with the physiologists who conceive that dreaming depends upon an inequality in the condition of different parts of the brain, some being excited or wakeful, while others are quiescent or asleep. He rather took the view that all the parts of the cerebral hemispheres combine in each of the efforts of control, consciousness, memory, and other mental acts; that all suffer alike from these effects, alike need the restoring changes

which take place in sleep; and together, *pari passu*, pass through the stages on the way to and from sleep in which dreaming, sleep-walking, &c., occur.

A third paper this season was read by Mr. Henry Leslie on the "Social Influence of Music."

Mr. Leslie said, in the course of his remarks, that in these days of railways and telegraphs, and of that general high pressure to which they have brought us, it is necessary to utilize every calming and soothing influence, and to find rational mental employment for the people as recreation after their hours of work. Such a course cannot fail to be productive of increased strength to the ties of social and family life, and consequently of powerful good to the national life.

Numerous examples taken from the various strata of society which form the national life of the kingdom are cited to show how great the social influence of music is at the present time, both as a means of education and recreation, and how refining and elevating are its results.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, which has just entered the fortieth year of its existence, has, by its noble efforts in the cause of musical art, gained a most distinguished position. It is an institution of which this country has reason to be proud, for its reputation extends throughout the whole civilized world. It has some thousands of pounds invested in Government securities; it possesses a fine library, and there is, in immediate connection with it, a benevolent fund, out of which help is given to cases of distress. But its claims to our admiration is not yet exhausted, for to the Sacred Harmonic Society we owe the establishment of the Handel Festivals, which have had a great educating influence upon the whole kingdom, from so many choirs and choral societies taking part in them, and having thus had their standard of performance considerably raised. The Sacred Harmonic Society distributes annually many hundreds of pounds in the engagement of artistes; thus doing good service to those who, possessed of natural talent and genius, have had sufficient perseverance to qualify themselves for the higher positions in the world of art.

No doubt many who are present have heard of Welsh Eisteddfods, which are na-

tional gatherings in honour of the fine arts. The proceedings ordinarily consist of competitions by poets, solo singers, harpists, pianists, volunteer and other bands, and choral societies; but occasionally an oratorio or cantata is performed. Painting and sculpture are but seldom represented; but orators are highly appreciated.

Although things are done which, from their quaintness, are almost ludicrous, and the mistaken zeal of ardent supporters of the nationality causes the offering of prizes for subjects which raise a smile, still there is such unmistakable appreciation of all that is good, and such hearty enjoyment of it amongst the thousands who come from great distances to attend these Eisteddfods, that at once the thought comes uppermost, "What might not such a people do in art?" The soil exists, and all that is required is good cultivation.

If the Welsh only knew the musical strength they possess, they would not fritter it away at these Eisteddfods as they do at present. A strong permanent council and staff are wanted to supersede local jealousies, so that the whole national strength should be put forth. Just on the same principle that obtains when the Royal Agricultural Society of England visits any town for its annual meeting, so should the council take absolute command of the proceedings in order to carry out the Eisteddfod from a national point of view. If such a system as this could be adopted, the musical portion would, in a very few years, become quite as interesting, from an art point of view, as any of the smaller festivals of England. And this might easily be done without superseding aught that is deemed essential to an Eisteddfod by the Welsh.

Mr. Leslie enumerated the principal musical associations existing in England, and dwelt at length on the value of their work, adding that the mere fact that such associations exist speaks volumes for the heartiness of the people in their appreciation of music, and the great influence that art is exercising in almost every direction throughout the United Kingdom.

Municipal corporations and school boards should take advantage of such an influence, when, by the examples already quoted, it is proved how much may be done in the making of better citizens by the employment of such an innocent means of amusement as the cultivation of music presents.

With facts such as have been brought forward, it can hardly be said that England is not a musical nation; but when it is said that English taste requires cultivating, one feels that such an assertion is unfortunately only too true. This being the case, to whose fault must be laid the charge that English taste is not what it should be, considering the natural genius of the nation? Undoubtedly our Government is in fault, for it does next to nothing for an art which has the power of refining the people by its refining influence.

What help Government does afford will presently appear.

In the grants made by Parliament for the year ending March 31st, 1872, the total amount voted was £233,179. The following are items in the account:—

Schools of Science and Art	£87,830
School of Mines and Geological Museum	10,403
College of Chemistry	680
Royal College of Science (Dublin)	6,913
Edinburgh Museum	8,824

In face of the above figures, it may well be asked why music does not receive a like support; and why a system which works so well in other arts could not, with equally good results, be applied to music? Can it be that all our politicians are men who "have no music in their souls," and do not class music amongst the fine arts? It is more than probable, considering the persistent neglect with which it is treated by them, that their only knowledge of it is as an accessory of pageants, an illustrator of toasts, or an accompaniment to dancing!

The principal demand of musicians is, that in the metropolis a national institution should be established, which should be the heart of musical England; which should enable all who desire to follow music as a profession to obtain a thorough theoretical and practical education; and which should have, as its governing body, such an array of our best men, that a musical degree conferred by it would be the greatest honour a musician could obtain.

With such a central institution, purely elementary musical education might be left to the local school boards, and to such academies as might be formed by municipal authorities or by individuals.

Left to themselves and their own resources, the people of Great Britain are endeavouring to solve the problem of musical education; for, fully appreciating the bene-

fits to be derived therefrom, musical education they are determined to have.

Mr. Hullah and Mr. Curwen have done great service to the cause by their steady endeavours to improve the present state of affairs, and have obtained satisfactory results. But official help is required, that the various isolated efforts which are being made should be concentrated into one great endeavour to improve the existing state of affairs. Our church services ought to be far better than they are, and the authorities of our cathedrals must be made sensible that apathy will never organize even decent performances. If music is to form an adjunct to the services, it ought to be the best of its kind.

Some persons imagine that music has an enervating influence; but where are the proofs? Do our schoolboys deteriorate because they have a knowledge of crotchets and quavers? are they less manly? or are they less gentlemen? And do their masters complain that music destroys their capacity for school work? An emphatic negation to such insinuations is given by experience; for the boys are, by a knowledge of music, brought more under the beneficial effects of female society and home influence, while the masters are anxious for still further musical development in their schools.

For more than half a century Germany has had elementary musical education in the national schools; while conservatories, more or less connected with the Government, have attended to the higher musical education of its people, and Germany is justly entitled to be considered the most musical nation in the world; but no one will venture the proposition that, in the late lamentable war, enervation was one of the national failings. On the contrary, intense vigour was the chief characteristic of the German tactics, and song had much to do in knitting together their national bonds; for the poet and the musician who were the authors of the "Wacht am Rhein" rendered enormous service to their country by the enthusiasm roused whenever that poetic embodiment of national ideas was sung by the German troops.

We ourselves, the inhabitants of these happy isles, have also lately found that song could do something for us, as the frequent performance of "God Save the Queen," and "God Bless the Prince of Wales," on every possible opportunity, has amply testified.

And now, a central institution being re-

quired, how is it to be formed? Without the slightest trouble. For one exists, with complete organization, ready at a moment's notice to be utilized—and that institution is the Royal Academy of Music. Established in 1822, it has done much to elevate the standard of music in this country. It continued in flourishing circumstances until 1847, when it possessed £10,000 in Government securities. From this prosperous condition it gradually declined until 1868, when, in March, the committee of noblemen and gentlemen who managed the institution, and who had done their best, willingly giving up their time in its interests, resigned their functions, all the investments having been absorbed in the general expenditure, and a balance on the wrong side being left as a legacy to the future directors.

In this dire extremity, without a management, and with a debt of £200 weighing heavily upon them, the professors of the institution came to the rescue, Sir W. S. Bennett retaining the post of principal, to which he had been appointed in 1866.

They cleared off the debt, and closed the proceedings of 1869 with a balance of £650 in hand, and an increase of twenty-five pupils. But, to do this, the professors took only 45 per cent. of their usual fees, thus virtually making the Academy a present of the remaining 55 per cent.

In continuous prosperity have affairs progressed up to the present time, when the students number 144, and the balance in hand is some £2,000. There is no intention of hoarding this balance, but the greater part of it will be immediately applied to the restoration of those scholarships which had become extinct under the former committee, in consequence of the application of the funds set apart for them to the general requirements.

Comment is needless. An institution that has been restored by the energy and self-abnegation of its professors, when the working of it had failed in the hands of men of the highest social position, cannot but be deemed worthy of national support.

To a limited extent the Academy has received that support; for a grant of £500 from Government was made to it in 1864, and was continued for 1865-6-7. In 1868 it was withdrawn; but, thanks to Mr. Gladstone—and the earnest thanks of all musicians are due to him for that timely help

—the grant was renewed in 1869, and has since then been continued.

The Academy, having its certificated pupils in every town of any consideration, might be of considerable use to school boards in supplying examiners where musical education has been established.

If Government would only assist the development of the Academy by help—which might be given on the principle of proportion to results—and active official recognition by the appointment of its representatives on the acting committee, a national institution might be established which would be of immense service to art, a great stimulus to musical education, and which would elevate the taste of the great body of the people through the length and breadth of the kingdom.

THE OLD HOME.

YES, still the same, the same old spot;
The years may go, the years may come,
Yet through them all there changeth not
The old familiar home.

The poplars by the old mill stream
A trifle taller may have grown;
The ivies round the turret green
Perchance more thickly thrown.

Yet still the same green lanes are here
That brought their violet scents in spring,
And heard through many a golden year
The winsome echoes ring

Of children, in the April morn,
Knee-deep in yellow cowslip blooms;
Of lovers' whispers lightly borne
Through sultry twilight glooms.

And out upon the red-bricked town,
The quaint old houses stand the same;
The same old sign swings at the Crown,
Ablaze in sunset flame.

Yet still 'tis not the same old spot—
The old familiar friends are gone.
I ask of those who know me not:
All strangers every one.

The morning brooks may sing the same;
The whitethorns blossom in the May;
But each long-loved, remembered name
Has passed in turn away.

TABLE TALK.

I READ that the cuckoos, the grateful harbingers of fine weather, have already made their appearance. I once heard a discussion as to whether this bird always sings in the same pitch, or varies its note. White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," gravely

tells us that the owls in his neighbourhood hoot in three different keys—in F sharp, in B flat, and A flat; but he is in doubt whether these different notes proceed from different species, or only from various individuals. Of cuckoos, however, we have only one species; and he tells us that their note is mostly in D. He heard two sing together—the one in D, and the other in D sharp, which, as he naively remarks, made a disagreeable concert. This is all White says on the subject. But in Hone's "Year Book" there is a much more elaborate analysis of the voice of the bird of echo. He says:—"Early in the season, the cuckoo begins with the interval of a minor third; the bird then proceeds to a major third, next to a fourth, then a fifth, after which his voice breaks out without attaining a minor sixth." An old Norfolk ballad is then quoted, which runs thus:—

"In April the cuckoo shades his bill,
In May he sings night and day,
In June he changes his tune,
In July away he fly,
In August away he must."

Before leaving our friend the cuckoo, I would only notice how nearly the names applied to the bird in the different languages of the countries where it is known assimilate to the note of the bird itself. We have the English cuckoo, the French coucou, the German kukkuk, the Italian cuculo, the Vandal Slavonic kukuliza, the Polish kukutha, and so on; and, if we go back to the dead languages, we find the Greek kokkux, and the Latin cuculus.

TOMBLAND FAIR, at Norwich, begins on Thursday in Passion Week. Great Yarmouth Fair is held on Saturday in Easter week. Time out of mind it has been a proverb, a doctrine, or a superstition, that if the weather is wet at Tombland Fair, it will continue wet till Great Yarmouth Fair, after which there will be a short spell of settled weather. This "old wives'" tale was verified in a remarkable manner this year. It rained in torrents at Tombland Fair, and the weather was very wet and stormy up to midnight of Saturday in Easter week. The first Sunday after Easter was a splendid day, and was followed by nine or ten bright and warm days. Have the meteorologists any explanation to offer?

A CORRESPONDENT: Certain persons of ill-conditioned mind pester the sheriffs for

admission to Newgate Gaol every time there is a whipping of a batch of ruffians there for robbery with violence. This whipping with "an instrument called a cat" has put a stop to these offences, to a great extent. The cat is a terror in the eyes of the cowardly rascals. Imprisonment did not frighten them into merciful treatment of the victims they robbed. The cat does. Yet it seems the cat was not always so terrible, if it be right to draw that inference from this trial, reported in the year 1816. I should wonder very much if, from any cause, the castigation due to him were omitted, a convict were nowadays found to bring an action against the Attorney-General for miscarriage of justice. The question seems odd at first sight; but it is not much more than fifty years ago since such an incident really occurred. Here is the report of the case:—"Thursday, August 1st, 1816.—The Lord Mayor having lately committed to the House of Correction a working sugar-baker for having left his employment in consequence of a dispute respecting wages, and not having during his confinement received any personal correction, conformably to the statute, in consequence of no order to that effect being specified in the warrant of committal, he actually brought an action against the Lord Mayor in the Common Pleas for non-conformity to the law, as he had received no whipping during his confinement. The jury were obliged to give a *farthing* damages, but the point of law was reserved." Most people will think the sugar-baker ought to have had a whipping in court, instead of a farthing for his pains.

THE SONG of the thrush at this time of the year is a great attraction. You must get up early to hear it at its finest. Sleep has given the brain of the bird an extra impetus and inspiration, and he touches with a master-hand the stronger notes in his throat. It seems sometimes, as he looks from his high branch towards the east, as if he were singing a challenge to the sun, only yet visible by the red clouds above his head. In the evening, as the dusk is coming on, his notes are lower: with better taste than many human beings, he suits his words to the occasion. At this time his head is towards the stars, and sometimes the lid comes reverently over his eye, as if he were at prayers. About nine o'clock a.m. he comes on the lawn for a second breakfast, and his

wonderful ear can detect a worm moving an inch and more below the sward. He stoops down and listens with awful intentness, and then strikes the grass with his bill in the most pointed and energetic manner; and, in two seconds, you see him drawing out his unwilling prey, which stretches like gutta percha, and resists elimination or extraction as long as possible. I was reading Mr. Disraeli's speech at the window when I saw all this; and I think, of the two things, the thrush was the more interesting. Mr. Disraeli is like the thrush in some things: he sings well, and has a quick ear for things that move below the surface.

THERE CAN BE no doubt that Conservatism is on its flood-tide, and Mr. Disraeli, of all men, knows when to take tides at their full. There was an ingenious accounting for this rising of the waters in the *Pall Mall* recently; but the fact is that there is some hidden, subtle law by which these changes come to pass. Liberalism and Toryism take their turns of summer, just as England does with Australia at the same article. Liberalism hasn't done anything very wrong, or deserving to be put in the corner for; but we want a change, just as the ladies do of their winter bonnets. I suppose, some day, according to the same law, we shall want a new globe—rather a more serious matter, but further off.

IF YOU WANT really to enjoy your dinner, eat it slowly, so as to make every mouthful tell. It is very vulgar, I am aware, to recommend such things, but it is all a part of the great economy of human life. Some men eat and drink so quickly, that one would think it was their main object to reach satiety as soon as possible.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.—This Novel was commenced in No. 210, and can be obtained through all Booksellers, or by post, from the Office direct on receipt of stamps.

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.



AFTER living three or four weeks at Mrs. Skimp's, Frank made up his mind to shift his quarters. Great joy, accordingly, fell upon the inmates of the boarding-house in Granville-square, in whose opinion Mr. Melliship

gave himself unbecoming airs—nobody, except old Bowker and half-witted Eddrup, being good enough company for him.

"After all, what was he?" they asked scornfully. "A singer at a music hall!"

Mrs. Skimp was divided between wrath and sorrow when Frank told her he was going to leave; and when she saw that the case was hopeless, and she could not keep him, remarked, with tart dignity, that—

"She desired to receive sociable gentlemen into her circle, and Mr. Melliship had not agreed very well with the other gentlemen—one or two of the gentlemen had spoken to her about it. But as a gentleman like Mr. Leweson had introduced—" and so on.

It was a long speech Mrs. Skimp always made when any of her boarders left her without leaving London too.

Captain Bowker, who had never before found such a listener as Frank, was most unfeignedly sorry to see the only person in the place with an ear for poetry depart. Besides, the old fellow liked Frank, and so begged

him to come and spend Sunday evenings with him, when the others were generally out. This Frank promised to do when he could, to the Captain's great relief.

The first day after he left, one or two of Mrs. Skimp's gentlemen so far plucked up courage again as to begin their persecution of Mr. Eddrup as of old. But he had a friend in the old sailor, who, taught by Frank's example, confronted his assailants with so angry a visage, and language of such briny flavour, that they reluctantly gave up their fun.

So that at Mrs. Skimp's table Frank's memory was kept green by the Captain, and the good he had effected in Mr. Eddrup's behalf was not allowed to perish.

As Mr. Leweson had sent him to Skimp's, when Frank made up his mind to leave there he mentioned the matter to him.

"You might lodge with the Silvers. They have room for somebody with them, I know," Mr. Leweson said—regretting next moment that he had suggested it, foreboding disturbance to Patty's peace of mind.

Frank offered to become the occupant of Mr. Silver's two vacant rooms, and was accepted without demur.

He was heartily glad to escape from the noise and coarseness of Skimp's to a room of his own, where, at least, he could be alone.

Patty Silver had furnished the first floor—left empty by their last tenant—for him, not magnificently, it is true, but as well as the slender funds of the family permitted. He had a bed; and, in his sitting-room, a carpet and a table, and as many chairs as he could expect for twelve shillings a-week.

Patty cooked his dinner for him; and before he went to the Palace, he took a cup of tea with the Silvani Family; then, after he had sung his three songs, and borne the applause—which humiliated him more than singing the songs—he smoked a pipe in Mr. Silver's company before he went to bed; but as he smoked and listened, or replied

in monosyllables to the prophetic discourse of the acrobat—who never talked on any subject but one—his thoughts were miles away in the past or in the future.

"The future!" he used to think, after his nightly purgatory. "How long shall I go on with it? And what next?"

He had the pleasure of sending something weekly to his mother and sister. He had the pleasure weekly of hearing of them, and of Grace. But he could not continue to sing at the Palace after his engagement was over. It was but the shift of a penniless man. All day he lived in terror lest some old friend should see him, and proclaim his disgrace—as he thought it.

Night after night he searched the sea of faces for one he knew. He never saw one. The Palace is not a place where country cousins go. The loonatics who patronized Mr. Leweson were all of Islington blood; unmixed Cockneys; City clerks, dressed *à la mode*; young shopmen, making half-a-crown purchase nearly as much dissipation as a sovereign will buy in the west; with a good sprinkling of honest citizens, fond of an evening out, neither they nor their wives averse to the smell of tobacco and the taste of beer. But no face he knew. He was as safe from discovery, under the cover of Signor Cipriano, at the Palace as he would have been in San Francisco.

Still he resolved not to stay with Mr. Leweson after the two months' engagement had expired.

When he told him, Mr. Leweson sighed—"I thought so—I always thought so. You are too good for my loonatics. Now I shall begin to advertise your last nights."

The posters came out. "Last Nights of Signor Cipriano!" in flaring capitals, stared Frank in the face from every hoarding round Islington. His fame went up by means of the bills to the breezy heights of Hampstead, to hilly Highgate, to the woods of Hornsey, and to far-off Finchley.

At his lodgings, Frank did not see very much of Patty. At tea and in the evening they met; but the girl hardly spoke. She left the talking to her father, who poured out a never-ending stream of commentary. Frank, as he listened, learned what strange shapes religion sometimes takes in a mind uneducated, but enthusiastic, simple, and imaginative.

Mr. Silver had but one desire—to spiritualize himself. To the utmost. He cared

nothing what he ate and drank: except that it must be sufficient to maintain his strength. He was indifferent to his calling, come failure or come success: save that he recognized the duty of doing his in it. He had no fears for the future, either for himself or his children, in whom he thought he saw the "Light." A man indifferent to the world, utterly unselfish, utterly *un-careful*. That his daughter should perform on the bars with himself seemed to him a matter so simple, after all the practice they had had together, that he never thought about it at all; and his own conscience being satisfied, he cared absolutely nothing about the opinion of the world.

It pleased him to have Frank with him. First, because he could talk. Talk with a man who disputes and argues is a great deal more refreshing than talk with one who accepts undoubtingly, as Patty and her brother used to do. Then Frank was cheery: he kept the children, as Mr. Silver called both Patty and Joe, alive and happy—told them stories, and made them laugh. The Prophet, as Frank called him, had no objection to seeing people laugh—his religion was not a gloomy one.

I have shown how Frank sketched a portrait of Mr. Silver. But in three days after he moved into his new lodgings, he renewed his proposition to draw a portrait of Patty.

"Vanity," said the Prophet, with a smile.

"You were pleased with yours, father," urged his daughter.

"Draw her if you like, Mr. Melliship."

They had a sitting that very afternoon, in Frank's sitting-room. His easel, the table; his canvas, a large piece of rough drawing paper; his materials, chalks. He was going to draw her life-size. Mr. Silver thought there was going to be made a pencil sketch in a dozen touches, like that of himself.

Frank engaged the girl to silence, and worked away for a few mornings with a will. He only put in her head, as she refused to have her hands drawn. The poor girl was very sensitive about her disfigured hands. The likeness was perfect; but he permitted himself, with the licence of an artist, to add a few accessories. Her hair was dressed and crowned with flowers; jewels were round her neck. She was no longer Patty the acrobat, but a countess, a queen, dressed for conquest. The picture conquered Patty. Ever since Frank caught her in his arms, and saved her from death, the image of the

fair-haired, sweet-spoken young man, the only gentleman she had ever spoken to, the only gentleman who had ever spoken to her, filled her foolish little brain. He came to tea with them; he came and lived with them: brought brightness into a house which had almost too much of Ezekiel about it. Then he brought flowers every day for her, because she liked flowers; he bought ribbons for her, because she liked a little finery; and gloves, because her own pair were old and dirty. He paid her little attentions, meaning nothing, though she thought they meant a good deal. And so, like Margaret—type of every innocent and ignorant girl—she asked herself a dozen times a day, "He loves me—loves me not?" He loved her not: he hardly gave her a thought, save that she was nice, pleasant to look at, pleasant to talk to. But love!

Sometimes in the mornings, when there was no rehearsal, he went for walks with her, starting early, and going up to Highgate and beyond—where there are fields and wild flowers still to be had, though London is so near. The boy went with them; but Patty had the pleasure of talking to Frank, telling him all her little hopes: for the girl was as confiding as innocence could make her, save when her own secret was concerned.

The portrait was framed, and hung in the room where the family ate and drank and sat. This, in spite of protests from the father—who soon, however, got into the habit of looking at the portrait of his daughter. As he looked, he said, the likeness disappeared.

One day, after gazing steadily at the picture for a long time, he exclaimed—

"I have it now. It is no longer the portrait of my daughter—it is the picture of the daughter of Jephthah."

Frank looked at his handiwork. It was, in a sense, true. Patty's features; but somehow there was in her eyes, what he had never noticed before, a look of expectancy, as of suffering to come—the tale of lamentation and sacrifice foreshadowed in her gaze. It was wonderful. His hands had done it all unawares; but it was there.

"It might stand for the daughter of Jephthah," he murmured. "But Patty's face is too bright. See, Mr. Silver," he said, as Patty looked up from her work, "there is no sadness there. You don't see any sacrifice in Patty's eyes, do you?"

Patty blushed as her father looked first at her, and then at the picture.

"It is there, the expression is there: the look of Jephthah's daughter: as well as in the portrait."

He relapsed into one of his trances, becoming now more frequent, and was silent.

Patty's face, to an outsider, certainly offered as few indications of future sorrow as many girls'. The dimples in her cheeks showed how prone she was, by original sin, to light-heartedness and gaiety; the clearly defined arch of her eyebrows, her clustering chestnut hair, the deep brown of her eyes, the freshness of her cheeks, pointed her out as one destined to be loved. But to all this Frank was blind. He had only one love—only one idea of womanhood.

Blind! Blind!

For they were together during these weeks; and day after day, Patty was drinking new draughts of intoxication and of passion. She looked at herself in the glass more than she had ever done before; she put on the little bright bits of colour which Frank had bought her in the shape of ribbons; she lamented over her hands; she began to be ashamed of her work. More than all, she began to be ashamed of her professional costume. She rejoiced that her performances began when Frank's were finished, and that he did not see them: she thought little of the thousands of eyes that did. All these were nothing. What did it matter what she did before the stupid public who came to see her fly through the air and perhaps kill herself?

"He loves me—loves me not?" He is a gentleman, delicately nurtured. He cannot bear rough, coarse hands, pulled out of shape by hard, unwomanly work. He loves women with accomplishments, who can write without having to think how to spell the words. He loves women who can dress in silk and satin, and put on all manner of bravery. He has some one in that upper world to which he belongs—some one whom he loves."

Or she would awake fresh, and hopeful, and radiant as the rosy-fingered dawn.

"He talked to me all day yesterday. He bought me flowers and fruit. He laughed at what I said, and called me silly. He admired my bonnet. He loves me! He loves me!"

So the little tragedy went on;—the girl trying to think that Frank loved her; the

little heart beating with all the nameless hopes and fears; the eyes that watched for a sign, only the smallest sign, of love; the ears that listened for the least little vibration of passion; the cheeks that flushed when he drew near, and flushed again when he went away. And Frank and her father, callous to it all, ignorant of it, unsuspecting—each thinking of the thing that interested him most: Frank burning to get through his two months' engagement, the Prophet finding ever fresh food for his mystic imagination.

"Patty," said Frank one morning, "one thing always astonishes me about you. Where are your lovers? What are all the young fellows thinking of?"

She flushed scarlet. Her lovers? Alas! She had but one, and he did not love her. And only this morning she had risen so full of hope and joy, because Frank had spoken to her the day before more kindly, as she thought, than usual.

"Lovers!" she echoed, sharply. "I have none—I want none."

And went straightway to her own room, where she sobbed her eyes out.

Frank looked after her in some surprise. He had never known Patty in a temper before.

He went out to see Mr. Eddrup, knowing by this time where to find him in the morning.

Mr. Eddrup was in his court—the court which now, save one or two houses, belonged to him. It was his. In it he had organized a sort of parish, of which he was the sole minister and vicar in charge; for the parish had given it up in despair. Here he had a school; here was a chapel; here was a wash-house and baths; here, in itself complete, all the things that go to soften and ameliorate the lot of poverty. And here, for forty years, he had spent his days and nights: a long self-sacrifice, more complete than that of the hermits of the Thebaïd, perhaps with more suffering. Here he had spent every farthing that could be snatched from the expenses of his meagre life—the money that should have clothed him well, that might have procured him comfort and even luxury—that might have given him a position in the world. And not the money only. That was nothing. But his youth, his pride, his ambition, his passion, his dreams of love and visions of fair women—all, all were merged and sunk in this little court

of twenty houses, which he found a den of thieves, and had turned into a house of prayer. Seventy years of age now—an old man, bowed and bent; but full of zeal and energy. He went to and fro among his people. They were always sinning and always being punished, because the poor get punished in this world more than the rich. They were always in distress, out of work, out of health, behind with everything; and they looked to him for everything—for help, advice, consolation. He gave them what he had. For money; he lent it, at no interest. They paid him back when they were able. Advice, consolation, experience, he gave them for nothing. It was his *métier* to give.

Not to give money: that was his rule. Not to pauperize the people. To avoid the mistakes of the Church; to make people provident; to help them in their efforts; to trust in their honesty, and to make them honest by trusting them. To teach especially the things that belong to poor people—the virtues, not of obedience and contentment, which are servile virtues, but of moderation, cleanliness, and good temper. This was his method. He neither wrote nor agitated; but found a little spot in this great London, and set himself to improve it. Presently, as it became improved, came the necessity for religion. Then he made himself their leader, and held services for prayer and praise, where every one might speak the thing that was in him. The people respected themselves: they respected their friend and teacher more.

Frank found him at the entrance of the court, preparing to slip away, in his noiseless and shy way, along the streets to Skimp's, in Granville-square. Frank offered him his arm, and walked with him. The old man was very silent, as usual.

It was not by any means their first meeting in this way. Once or twice a-week Frank came round to the court at three o'clock, the time when Mr. Eddrup's work was generally over, and walked home with him. They seldom talked much. But the old man's heart had warmed to Frank. He was the only one, for forty years, who had brought his youth and cheerfulness across his path; the only gentleman—and Mr. Eddrup's heart still warmed to gentlemen—who had crossed his weary path: always excepting Captain Hamilton and the medical students of Skimp's.

To-day, he said not a word till they reached the door of Skimp's.

"You asked me, some time since," he began, abruptly, pausing with the latch key in his hand, "why I live this life. Come in, and I will tell you."

There was no one in the drawing-room. Mr. Eddrup sat down at the open window, and passed his hand across his brow.

"Forty years," he murmured—"forty years. I am like the children of Israel in the wilderness. It is a long time. But it will soon be over. A few more months, or days, and my work will be done. Mr. Melliship, you have told me your story. It is a sad one—it is a very sad one. But you have one consideration—the greatest: it is not your fault that you are poor. You can look the world in the face and laugh at it, because you are innocent. I asked you to look at my forehead. Look again. Is there not the seal of guilt upon it? The mark of Cain? Look close. Do not think to spare me."

He threw back his long white locks with a gesture of despair.

"I see nothing," said Frank, "but the reverend white hairs of a good man."

Mr. Eddrup sighed.

"I will tell you. I knew I must tell it before I died," he said. "I don't ask you to keep my secret. All the world may know it again, as they did before. I shall some day—soon—tell my people: whenever I feel strong enough, I mean," he said, correcting himself hastily—"whenever I feel less cowardly, and able to do so. Mr. Melliship, I am nothing better than a convicted thief! You shrink—you shrink from me. See how quickly this veil of reputation drops off!"

"Mr. Eddrup, I did not shrink. What you have been, matters not. The thing is, what you are."

"What I am—what I am!" he repeated. "What am I? A hypocrite, who wears a mask—a man who goes about the world under false pretences. See—see this—read it."

He took from his pocket-book part of a worn newspaper, yellow with age, ragged at the edges. An old *Times*, dated July the 8th, 1825. Frank half opened it, and then gave it back.

"I don't want to read it. Why should I? Mr. Eddrup, you who preach of Faith and Charity, have you forgotten Hope?"

"It is more than forty years ago. I was poor. I was burning with zeal and ambition. I longed to distinguish myself. I had talents—not great talents, but some abilities. But I was too poor to make myself known. I wanted to go into the world, and get friends. Then a terrible temptation assailed me. I was beset with it night and day. I had no rest. The voice of the tempter woke me at night, and kept me feverish all the day. It said, 'Use it, use it—no one will know. Presently, you will have money, and you will replace it.' Trust money! I waited, and listened to the tempting voice. The years passed by. I was nearly thirty. I used it. It is forty years ago; but even now the memory of that day, and the misery I felt when my self-respect was gone, haunt me till I know not whether it is repentance or the gnawing of the worm that never dies. I used the money—for my own purposes."

Great beads stood upon his forehead as he made his confession. He was silent again for a space.

Frank held his breath.

"After a year, they found it out. I had not yet been able to replace the money. They arrested me. It made some noise. They tried to get me off; but it was all too clear. I had six months' imprisonment, and came out into a world which was dark to me for the future. I was poor when I became a felon. I was rich when I came out of prison. One of my relatives had died, leaving me all his money—having forgotten, I believe, to alter his will. I paid back the money I had stolen. I hid myself for a year, in despair and misery, creeping out at night. What should I do with my life? I thought that I would bury myself in solitude, and try to do some secret good: not in atonement, young man, remember—I never thought that. Nothing that man can do will ever atone. The evil remains. It is his misery sometimes to see the evil that he has begun work its steady way upward, like a tree that he has planted. Sometimes, if he does not see it, he *feels* it."

"Is repentance nothing? Is a life of good works nothing?"

Mr. Eddrup shook his head.

"What I never shake off from myself is the feeling that one *never forgets*. I want an assurance of a river of Lethe. I want, not to be forgiven so much as to forget—not to escape punishment, as to hold up my

head again. Punishment, pain, suffering—what does it mean? Nothing, nothing. But self-respect. Can—will Heaven give back that? Preachers tell us of sins forgiven: they say nothing of honour restored. A Heaven of Praise, with my brother sinners, because we have escaped punishment, would be no Heaven for me. I want more. It is the assurance of that perfect forgiveness which restores as well as pardons that I want. Young man, pray, night and morning, and all day long, that you may not be led into temptation."

He dropped his face into his hands; and Frank, meek and silent before this revelation and sorrow, slipped quietly away and left him.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

THE summer passes into autumn: the woods of Hunslope Park are tinged with yellow. Dick Mortiboy, leaving La-fleur to work out the System alone, lingers at his villa. He has bought horses and traps; he rides about the country; he knows every village, and nearly every man in it, for miles round Market Basing; he gives dinners to his tenants; receives all his clients, from Lord Hunslope downwards, with the same affability; throws away his money—the Mortiboy money, gotten with so much labour and pains—with an easy prodigality endearing him to all that large class of mankind which admires generosity when it flows towards itself. But for one thing, his popularity would be perfect. Dick will go to no private parties. They lay traps for him; publicly invite him to dinner; catch him by the button-hole, and try to inveigle him into an engagement; lead him to the doors of their houses, and almost drag him in. But Dick won't go. One house alone he frequents: his cousins'—the Heathcotes'. Is he paying attention to one of the girls? A serious question to the ladies of Market Basing. If so, it must be Grace—that designing young girl who used to flirt with Frank Melliship, and threw him over when he was ruined. It can't be Lucy, who hasn't spirit enough even to look in the face of a man. He may be paying his attentions to one of the girls, but it is difficult to tell which.

And all this time, Dick is fighting a battle with himself. He went at first to Parkside because he liked to talk freely, and it was the only house, he thought, in his

ignorance of the world, where people would not laugh at his rough speech. Fancy the world presuming to laugh at a man with half a million and more of money! He goes now—though he knows he ought not—because he likes to go there only too well. He has never dared—strong and brave as he is—to meet his thought face to face; but secretly there is growing up within him a passionate desire to be free: to shake off the yoke of Polly, and to seize for his own his cousin Grace. He is beginning to beat it down, this growing passion.

Grace, meantime, unsuspecting of his altered feelings, treats him with the same perfect freedom she might show to her own brother. But her mother was right—Dick Mortiboy loved her.

"I do wonder, Dick," she said sometimes, "how we should have managed to get on without you. What a good fellow you were to come home as you did, just at the time when you were most wanted, when we should have been left so lonely. I think we shall civilize you by degrees. Already you've left off some of your bad habits. Don't you think he's improved, Lucy? Women have some use in the world, Dick, however you may despise them."

"I don't despise them."

"They polish men and things. Jane, the housemaid, polishes the dining-room table: her mistresses polish their cousin Dick. I don't know which is the pleasanter task."

They went out for drives in his dogcart—Grace in front, Lucy behind. Then he sat silent, and let Grace prattle to him. Or they went out for long rides with him, and were fain to confess that Dick rode better even than Frank.

"Are you girls happy?" he asked once, in an abrupt way.

"Why, Dick?"

"I can't make it out. You lead such quiet lives. You never go away anywhere. You see no strange faces—you have no excitement—you know nothing. I hardly call it life."

"Perhaps we like quiet lives, Dick," said Lucy.

"No, we don't, Dick," said Grace. "What we are taught from our infancy is to be content with quiet lives, because we shall never get anything else. I should like to go about the world, and see things. I should like to have a little peril—just a little, you know—to talk about afterwards. And I should

like to see the beautiful places in the world that you talk about."

"I don't know," said Lucy—"I like being here best. I hope to stay here all my life. We are happy, are we not, Grace?" caressing her sister, whose temperament was so different from her own.

"Happy? Yes—I suppose so. Don't you know, Cousin Dick, that it is always prudent to confine your wishes within the probability of their accomplishment? That seems a very wise thing to say—but I saw it in a book the other day. The learned author went on to remark, that if you wisely wished for what was most likely to happen to you, and prayed night and morning for it to come, you would, in all probability, and provided you had faith enough, get what you prayed for."

"Grace, dear, don't."

But Grace went on.

"As for me, I am not so happy as I should like to be. Not because my life is dull; but—oh! quite another thing—because, you see, I am wishing and praying for what does not come. That is the only change I want. And, oh! dear, it is a terribly great change to ask. Are you happy, Dick?"

"Pretty well. There are one or two things that bother me as I lie in my hammock at night."

"You would like poor Uncle Richard to get well again," said Lucy.

"No, that is not one of them. Of course I should, Lucy. But that is not one of them."

"Can we help you, Dick?" said Grace.

"No, I hardly think you can. But let me help you, if I may."

"Some day, Dick, I mean to ask you, perhaps."

She held out her hand frankly. At the touch of her slender fingers, the great, solid-looking man fairly trembled and shook. But Grace was gone, and he turned moodily away.

Was he paying attention? Was he in love with his cousin? Was he letting the thought of her dwell in his mind day after day, till it became a power almost too great to be resisted?

About two miles from Market Basing stands, on a small eminence, a cross—one of the crosses erected by Edward the First in honour of Queen Eleanor. It is placed at

the side of the road, and, standing on its steps, you have a wide and very pretty view of Market Basing and the surrounding meadows. On a platform of red sandstone, in seven steps, is the cross itself, about forty feet high. The lowest part is octagonal, bearing on its sides, much defaced, the arms of Castille and Leon, and Ponthieu in Picardy. Above this is another small tower of twelve feet. Every other side of this tower contains a crowned female figure, defaced, but not yet destroyed by time. This is surmounted by a small four-sided tower, on which is a marble cross, formerly gilt. It had been old Mr. Mortiboy's favourite drive. He would get down from John Heathcote's dogcart—for it was on the road to Parkside—and, leaving him standing in the road, would climb the steps, and contemplate the town and his property lying beneath him. When he was a younger man, he used to walk out and back.

Dick, one afternoon in September, was driving Grace Heathcote home in his dogcart. She had come to town with her father, who had business to detain him later.

As they passed the cross, Grace pointed it out to him.

"Your father used to be so fond of standing on the steps and looking at the town, Dick. Let us get down, and see the view. You can count your houses with your finger, as he used to do."

"I don't much care for views, and I don't want to count my houses," said Dick. "But you always have your own way."

"There is no use in being a woman unless you have, is there?"

"Lead the horse to the top of the hill, walk him down, and wait for us, Bob."

They stood on the steps of the old cross: Grace on the top step, and Dick one or two steps lower.

"Look, Dick—look, is it not beautiful?"

A beautiful landscape of peace and plenty, lit up with an autumn sun, can make things beautiful. Dick turned for a moment to the scene, but his eyes went back to Grace. The girl touched him on the shoulder, and bade him look for his own house. A second time, at her touch, Dick trembled and shivered. For she had never looked so lovely.

"Don't, Grace," he said, in a constrained voice. He was exerting all his strength to prevent himself from taking the slight and delicate figure in his arms, and crushing it

to his heart. "Don't, Grace. Don't touch me."

"Why not, Dick?"

"Because I love you, Grace. Because I cannot bear it any longer."

The girl shrank back in momentary dread. For his eyes were fixed on her, and had a hungry, yearning look—a wild look.

They heard no sound in the air, save the song of a lark above them, and the crunching of the gravel made by the horse's hoofs and the wheels of the dogcart. Another sound there was: but they were both deaf: the sound of voices—a woman's voice.

"Where's your master, Bob?"

"Nigh the cross, with Miss Grace."

Bob went on; and the woman, stepping on the grass by the wayside, noiselessly went on till she came to the cross. Then she slipped behind it, and listened.

"I love you, Grace," Dick went on. "I tell you that I have fought against it, because Lucy told me something—I half forget. There is another. What do I care about any other man? There is no man in the world I am afraid of."

"Do you think women are to be fought for, Dick? You are not in Texas now."

"Forgive me. I'm only a common and a rough man, Grace, my—my darling." She shrank farther back. The woman behind gave a little hiss, and clenched her fists. "I'm not fit to speak to a girl like you. If you knew all, you would say so yourself. But I can't help myself, Grace. I swear I can't help myself. Look here: if you touch me, I shake all over. Yet I am not happy except I am near you. If you speak to me, I tingle with pleasure. If you knew, Grace—if you only knew, what a wild beast is in me now, telling me to take you in my arms, and kiss, and kiss, and kiss you again, you would run away shrieking."

"I'm not afraid of you, Cousin Dick."

But she was.

"The devil and all of it is, you see, Grace," he went on after a pause, during which he was wrestling with and getting the better of his wild beast—"the devil of it is—I'm glad, after all, that I have told you, because now things will be easier—that I could not even ask you to marry me."

"You know, Dick, that it would be useless if you could."

"I know. The other—boy—Frank—Melliship—I know."

He sat down on the lowest step, and crunched his heel into the grass.

"If you knew all, I said—yes, if you knew all, I think you would—pity—me, Grace. If I could only find something to say that would make you love me! If I could only make you understand—only I can't talk as some men can—how I long for you, how I curse the—the cause that keeps me from hoping ever to marry you!"

"Dick, I never—never could marry you."

"But I should have a chance—at least, I should think so—if it were not for her, Grace." He started to his feet, and stretched out his arms to her wildly. "Grace, what does all the world matter, and what they think or say? See, I love you, I will fight for you, and—and worship you all my life. I am rich, I will give you anything that you like to ask. The world over there is far more beautiful than here. Come away with me. We will build a house in California, in a spot I like well. The sun is always bright there. Grace, come with me. I am a man; I am not a puny stripling like Frank Melliship. Men know me, and are afraid of me. But I—I, my girl, am afraid of no man in the world—no man. Roaring Dick is king wherever he goes!"

He was mad with passion. His eyes were aglow with a strange fire, his voice was harsh and hoarse. He made a movement towards the shrinking and terrified girl, with outstretched arms. Grace shrieked, and fell back against the cross.

Then between them stepped the listening woman.

"No," she cried—"no, Grace Heathcote: leave me my husband, at least. Take his rings and his presents, hear his fine speeches—you may have them; but you sha'n't have *him*. Not that—not that. Leave him to me. He is mine—mine: my handsome Dick. You think you will get away from your Polly? Not you, my lad, not you. Not yet—not yet."

She had been drinking: her face was flushed and red; she wore a coarse country dress; she was frowsy and heated; her voice was thick. Good heavens! what a contrast to the sweet and delicate girl who stood above her on the steps, white and frightened.

"Pretty things for a wife to hear—very pretty things, upon my word. And as for you, you young Minx—"

Here Dick laid his heavy hand on her shoulder, and swung her round. She looked up at him, in her rage and fury, with parted lips and flaming cheeks. Her husband was pale and calm, save for the trembling of his lips.

His eyes met hers.

You know how, in the Festin de St. Pierre, the statue of the Commandant lays his irresistible hand upon the shoulder of Don Juan. At its cold touch, the bravado and courage go out of the man. As it weighs him down, he sinks lower and lower, till the earth closes over him.

At the first touch of Dick's hand, Polly trembled. When he turned her round, and she read, not wrath, but a cold, pitiless determination in his face, her rage died out suddenly, and she became cold all over. She dropped her eyes. He looked at her steadily for a few moments, and then said, in a husky voice—

"Go away from this, Polly. Keep out of my way—you'd best—for the present."

The woman went on her way down the hill, without a word.

Grace sat down, and buried her face in her hands. She forgot her own terror in her sorrow for Dick. Across his face had flashed, for a moment only, a look of misery and shame that cut her to the heart.

"Oh! Cousin Dick—Cousin Dick," she cried, bursting into tears—"I am so sorry."

"Forgive me, Grace," he said, quietly. "Forgive me. I get mad sometimes, you know. I was mad then. Tell me you forgive me."

She held out her hand. In truth, she had never caught the meaning of his words. How should she know what they meant?

He took her hand in his, and kept it.

"I was only nineteen when I married her. Even then there was no excuse for me. But she made me do it. I took her up to London, when my father sent me to work at our town agents'. We were married in St. Pancras Church. Then I left home, was turned out by my father—all my fault, Grace, not his, remember that—and I left her. Till the time I came home again, I never thought of her. Now I have to pay her to keep silence. Pity me, Grace."

"I do pity you, Dick—I pity you from my heart."

"I said what I ought not, my child. I said I loved you. That is true. You will always remember that I loved you, will you

not? As long as I live, I shall love you. But you may trust me, Grace. I shall never offend you again. For I can never ask you to marry me."

"And, oh, Dick—oh, Cousin Dick, you won't try to do any harm to Frank?"

"Frank Melliship? I'm not the man, Grace. Marry whom you like. I will help you—that is, if I can."

She laid her hand in his once more. He looked down at her: the passion faded out of his deep black eyes—eyes now soft and tender as a woman's.

"Go, Grace. Keep my secret. I must stay here awhile, and think. Go home without me, my child."

"I am afraid—of *her*, Dick."

"She *dares* not touch you. By ——!"—he clenched his fists—"but I will walk with you to the top of the hill, and see you safe with Bob."

"Good-bye, Dick. Don't do anything dreadful. Oh! I am so afraid you should." Then she added, almost in a whisper, "Don't be cruel to *her*."

They parted: she with a heart full of new and strange sympathies and sorrows; he subdued and heavy-laden.

He pulled out his cigar case, and smoked for above an hour, sitting on the steps of the old cross. Then the sun got low, and he got up and walked homewards.

At the foot of the rising ground on which the cross stands runs the river which winds down the plain, and flows between his father's house in Derngate and his own little villa. He took the towing-path, and followed it moodily. It was a very lonely path: few people walked there by day, and none by night. The barges have all left it long since, and the deserted stream flows along, broad and deep, between the trees which overhang it on either side.

Presently, before him in the path, he saw his wife. She had been drinking again, since he sent her away, to drown her fears; and now she stood in the way before him, facing him, with her arms akimbo, and a loud, defiant laugh.

"So you've done your fine talk with Grace Heathcote at last, and now you're coming to beg my pardon, I suppose."

Dick grew purple with passion. He seized her by the waist in his mighty arms, and, without saying a single word, raised her aloft, and threw her—heavy as she was—six feet and more into the river. With a shriek,

the woman fell into the deepest part of the stream, and disappeared.

Dick's wrath, when there was no opposition to feed it, was as short-lived as a straw fire. He looked at the rings of water widening round the spot where Polly had fallen in, with an expression which rapidly changed from extreme rage to one more like extreme vexation.

"D—— it all," he said to himself—"what if I've drowned her?"

But he might have spared himself his anxiety. The cold water sobered her in a moment; and rising from the mud at the bottom, into which her head had at first plunged, she came to the surface. Ten feet lower down, a fallen tree lay half across the stream. The current bore her on before she had time to sink again. She clutched the branches, which bent and ducked her again and again. But at last she landed herself, and clambering up the bank, wet and dripping, turned in fury upon her lord and master.

Dick was sitting on the grass, laughing as if it was the best joke he had ever known in his life.

"I told you how it would be, Polly, if you split. Now you see. Lord! if you could only get a sight of your own face!"

She had risen from the waves, like Venus Anadyomene. Encumbered as she was with her draggled clothes, she only resembled the goddess in that one fact. Besides the mud at the bottom, which was still in her hair and bonnet, she had collected a goodly quantity of duckweed on her way out of the water, which hung in graceful festoons upon her shoulders.

"You'd better go home to your mother and get dry, Polly."

"I'll cry all over Market Basing that I'm your wife. I'll have revenge, you black, murdering villain. I'll have my rights out of you, I will."

"Then, Polly, perhaps next time you go into the river, you will stay there."

Dick strode off alone, leaving his wife on the other side.

When he got home, he bolted the door, so that her key was of no good.

About ten o'clock, a little gravel was thrown up at his window. It was Polly, crying.

"Dick, let me in—let me in, Dick. I'm

very sorry, and I haven't told nobody—on my sacred word, I haven't. I said I'd been a blackberrin', and fell in."

Dick poked an unrelenting head out of the window. At sight of it, his wife put her handkerchief to her face and sobbed loudly.

"Polly," said the inhuman Dick, "you may go to the devil."

Polly went home. She arose early next morning, and repaired again, trembling, to the house. But she might just as well have gone defiantly, for Dick Mortiboy was off to town by the six o'clock train.

DION BOUCICAULT.

THE subject of our cartoon, Mr. Dion Boucicault, is a native of Dublin, where he was born on December 26th, 1822. He is the youngest son of Samuel Boucicault, a well-known merchant. His elder brothers have earned in Australia both fame and fortune on the colonial press as newspaper proprietors and editors: one, George D. Boucicault, having been for many years editor of the *Melbourne Daily News*; the other, Arthur Boucicault, is now the editor and proprietor of the *Northern Argus*. The late George Darley, the dramatic poet and essayist, was the uncle of these men—so literature may be said to be hereditary in their family.

In 1841, at the age of nineteen, Mr. Dion Boucicault produced his first dramatic work, "London Assurance." His later works, "The Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah-na-Pogue," have somewhat eclipsed his earlier productions, and the public are inclined to regard him as a writer of melodrama only. But of all the dramatists who are now living and writing, he is the only one who has produced a series of plays of the highest class, amongst which the following five-act comedies and tragic plays may be recorded:—"Old Heads and Young Hearts," "The School for Scheming," "The Irish Heiress," "Woman," "Love in a Maze," "Louis the Eleventh." His comedy, "London Assurance," has been played for the last hundred nights at one of the West-end theatres.

Amongst the dramas which have flowed unceasingly for the last thirty years from his prolific pen, we remember "The Willow Copse," "The Corsican Brothers," "Faust and Margaret," "The Vampire," "Janet Pride," "Used Up," "The Octoroon," "The Colleen Bawn," "The Streets of Lon-

don," "Rip Van Winkle," "Formosa," "After Dark," "Hunted Down," "Arrah-na-Pogue," "Jezebel," "The Long Strike," "Flying Scud," and recently a little gem entitled "Night and Morning."

In 1853, Mr. Boucicault married Miss Agnes Robertson, an actress, and went to the United States, where they resided for seven years. During this period, he adopted the stage as a profession; but as his performance of Irish character proved to be his most perfect delineation, he has of late confined himself to that speciality. In 1860 he returned to England, and appeared in September in the memorable "Colleen Bawn," as Myles-na-Coppaleen. In 1864 he joined Mr. Vining at the Princess's, and produced "The Streets of London" and "Arrah-na-Pogue." Very few authors have been so uniformly successful, but very few possess the assemblage of powers and qualifications which unite in him to render success almost a certainty. He is not only an experienced dramatist and actor, but his knowledge of all departments of the theatre and their resources is complete. He models and sketches his own scenery, and contrives his mechanical effects. He selects the appropriate music—fashions the action of his piece—drills the supernumeraries and ballet. We shall not forget the effect produced by the crowd of Irish peasantry in "Arrah-na-Pogue." He exercises and teaches each performer; and, indeed, instils into all parts of his works a vigour and a life that we rarely find elsewhere. Where capacity and experience are thus found allied with untiring labour, it would be strange if the result were doubtful.

Some idea of his appetite for work may be formed by considering his present announced engagements. He is the lessee and manager of Covent Garden Theatre for the winter season, beginning in the middle of August next, when he produces a great spectacular play. Until then he is engaged to perform every night at the Gaiety Theatre, where he produces four or five pieces during this summer. On the 9th of September he is announced to appear in New York, in November in Boston, in December in Philadelphia, and in January in California. Meanwhile, he will manage Covent Garden Theatre by the submarine wire, having left that enterprise organized and in working order. Those who regard a theatrical life as one of idleness and ease may find some dif-

ficulty in reconciling their prejudice with such a programme. No life is more methodical.

In 1868, after an engagement in Dublin, Mr. Boucicault declared his intention of retiring from the stage, and devoting himself exclusively to literary pursuits. But his re-appearance a few months ago seemed to be the result of a conviction—in which our readers will cordially join—that his "second thoughts are the best;" the more so that his retirement withdrew from the stage his wife, the most elegant and purest of our soubrettes, whose performances cannot be called delineations: they are personifications of the characters in which she appears, so perfect of their kind, that no actress possibly, in her own line of characters, could be acceptable to the public in her stead.

We need hardly remind our readers of Mr. Boucicault's connection with this magazine, as Mr. Charles Reade's partner in writing "Foul Play"—a novel which appeared in *ONCE A WEEK* in the first six months of 1868.

A GOSSIP ABOUT BEES.

BY A COUNTRY BEE-KEEPER.

THAT most interesting father of all naturalists, our old friend Pliny, discoursing of insects, says—

"But among them, the first rank and our especial admiration ought in justice to be accorded to bees, which alone of all the insects have been created for the benefit of man. They extract honey and collect it, a juicy substance remarkable for its extreme sweetness, lightness, and wholesomeness. They form their combs and collect wax, an article that is useful for a thousand purposes of life; they are patient of fatigue, toil at their labours, form themselves into political communities, hold councils together in private, elect chiefs in commerce, and—a thing which is most remarkable of all—have their own code of morals. In addition to this, being as they are neither tame nor wild, so all-powerful is Nature, that from a creature so minute as to be nothing more hardly than the shadow of an animal, she has created a marvel beyond comparison."

Thus enthusiastically spoke Pliny of the valuable little *Apis mellifica*, or honey bee. And he was not the only one of the ancients who took an exceptional interest in bees

and bee-culture. Have we not all, in our school-days, thought that fourth book of the Georgics, which the sweet Virgil devoted altogether to our friends of the flowers and the gardens, repaid us most for our trouble in the construing? Old Latin though it was, Nature, as we saw it around ourselves, came upon us fresh and sweet-scented in every line.

"Plains, meads, and orchards all the day he plies,
The gleans of yellow thyme distend his thighs:
He spoils the saffron flowers, he sips the blues
Of violets' wilding blooms and willow dews."

Aristotle, too, made them his study. Aristomachus of Soli, in Cilicia, attended solely to bees for fifty-eight years; and Philiscus the Thasian—otherwise Agrius, or the "wild man"—passed his life in desert spots tending swarms of bees.

Coming down to later times, we find such men as Swammerdam, Reaumur, Bonnet, Schirach, Thorley, Hunter, Huber, and a hundred less familiar authorities, writing learnedly and lovingly on a subject which, sneered at though it might be by some of the "heavy-armed soldiers" of the 'ologies, is one abstruse enough in itself, and yet far from being finally exhausted in respect to new facts and information.

As the spring-time is now upon us, and as, acting upon the old maxim that—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay"—

some of our readers may be inclined to make an experiment of bee-keeping on their own account, a passing gossip on bees and bee-hives may not be out of place at this season.

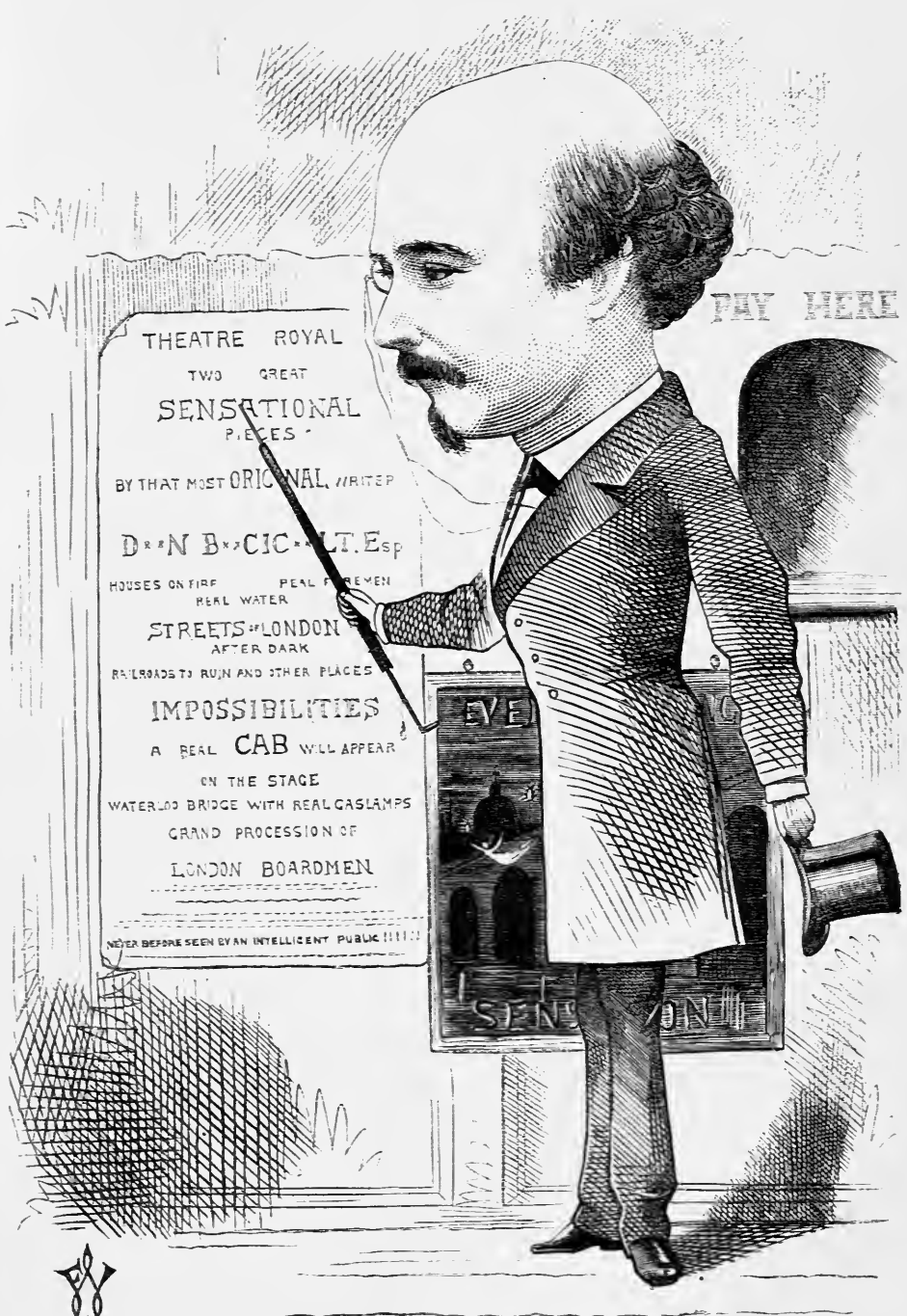
We have always thought that there are two kinds of people who ought to keep bees. First, the cottagers or small farmers, who might thus often add considerably to their income; for bee-keeping is by no means a bad business speculation. Secondly, people of quiet means and leisure, such as retired private gentlemen or country clergymen, who, besides giving an excellent example to their less educated and often vulgarly prejudiced neighbours of the poorer classes, would find in the cultivation of their bees a continual source of interesting occupation and good scientific study. A practical bee-master has well remarked that, among the humbler classes in the rural districts, the neglect of bee-keeping is to be attributed to an exaggerated idea of the trouble required for

the care of a few hives, and also to ignorance of the easier and more profitable modes of modern management. Many of the wealthier country residents also are averse to the personal trouble which they fancy necessary in keeping an apiary; and perhaps some people are more afraid than they like to confess of that efficient weapon of defence with which the honey bee is fortified by nature. These prejudices against bees are altogether unfounded. Bees are tractable and safe enough, if people will only take the trouble to learn the very simple art of how to manage them. Before going into this question, let us first glance at a few of the facts peculiar to these interesting little workers.

Of the bee tribe in England alone, about two hundred and fifty species have been discovered. Kirby divides them into two great groups—*Apis* and *Melitta*, which differ principally in the proboscis. In *Apis*, the tongue or central part of the proboscis is generally long, and the proboscis itself has two joints, one near the base and another about the middle; that at the base directing it outwards, and that in the middle directing it inwards. When folded, the apex of the tongue points backwards. In *Melitta*, the tongue is short, and the proboscis has but one fold, which is near the base; and when folded, the apex of the tongue folds forwards. These, again, have been subdivided into smaller groups; but it is with the *Apis mellifica*, or hive bee, that we have to deal at present, leaving the discussion of the distinctions and peculiarities of the many different wild bees to more exact students of entomology.

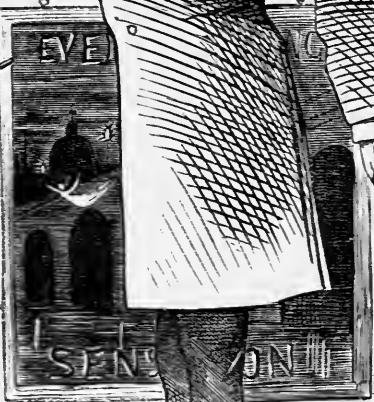
The honey bee always lives in society with those of its own species. In its natural state it generally constructs its nest in hollow trees, but throughout Europe it is seldom found otherwise than in a domesticated state. Every hive contains, in the summer time, three distinct classes of bees—the queen bee, with the *pupa* or embryos intended for queens; the neuter or working bees; and the drones or males. The physical distinctions of these classes may be described as follows.

The drone or male bee is almost cylindrical in form, the separation between the thorax and the abdomen being much less distinct than in the females or neuters. The head is large, rather narrower than the thorax, which is thickly covered above and be-



THEATRE ROYAL
 TWO GREAT
SENSATIONAL
 PIECES -
 BY THAT MOST ORIGINAL WRITER
D. N. B. CIC. LT. ESQ.
 HOUSES ON FIRE REAL FIREMEN
 REAL WATER
STREETS OF LONDON
 AFTER DARK
 RAILROADS TO RUIN AND OTHER PLACES
IMPOSSIBILITIES
 A REAL CAB WILL APPEAR
 ON THE STAGE
 WATERLOO BRIDGE WITH REAL GASLAMPS
 GRAND PROCESSION OF
LONDON BOARDMEN
 NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY AN INTELLIGENT PUBLIC!!!!!!

PAY HERE



neath with short, pale brown hairs, resembling velvet. The drone may be easily known from the queen and workers by its greater breadth, large eyes, which meet at the top of the head, and the abdomen having only four segments visible from the upper side. The wings, too, are much longer in proportion than those of the worker or queen. The number of drones in a hive varies very greatly, some hives containing from six to seven hundred, while others have as many as two thousand. Nor is the number proportioned to the number of bees contained in the hive, for a small swarm will not unfrequently count among them as many drones as a large one.

The neuter or working bee is of a dark brown colour, approaching to black. The head and thorax resemble those of the female, but the head has black hair on the vertex. The abdomen is conical, and composed of six distinct segments; the legs are black; and the wings, when closed, reach nearly to the extremity of the body.

The number of workers in a well-stocked hive is about fifteen or twenty thousand. These are the great toiling population of the hive. "Creatures"—as our greatest poet, whom nothing escaped, says, in "Henry V."—

"—that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone."

Or, in less figurative language, the occupation of the worker bees is to collect honey, pollen, and propolis; to build the combs, to attend upon the young, and to perform the various other duties incumbent on an ordinary industrious and zealous member of the community. The honey, as is generally known, is collected by means of the proboscis. It was formerly thought that this proboscis was a single tube, through which the honey was drawn to the stomach by suction; but by means of microscopic examination, it has

been established that the proboscis is composed of five distinct parts—a central stalk and four lateral ones, two on each side.

The central part is that which is principally used in collecting honey. This part is not perforated, but is a flat, cartilaginous substance, and is used as a tongue in lapping up the honey, which is then conveyed to the pharynx, and is afterwards disgorged into the cells of the comb, part being used for the purpose of feeding the young, and the remainder stored up for the winter's consumption.

The pollen is gathered from the *antheræ* of flowers, and is carried on the outer surface of the tibia or middle joint of the hinder leg. This part of the leg is very broad. On one side it is concave, and furnished with a series of strong, curved hairs on its margin, forming a natural basket beautifully adapted by nature for the purpose for which it was intended. Pollen mixed with honey forms the food of the larvæ, and this is its only use in the hive.

Propolis is a resinous, unctuous substance, reddish in colour, and is collected from the buds of trees. It is used by the bees in lining the cells of new combs, and sometimes, when kneaded with wax, in repairing the weak parts of old ones.

We now come to what, perhaps, should have been described first, according to her due order of precedence in the economy of every hive—viz., the "queen" or "mother" bee, as the Germans call her. This is the only perfectly developed female in the whole population of each separate colony. The queen may be very readily distinguished from the rest of the bees by the greater length of her body and the comparative shortness of her wings. Her legs are longer, and are not furnished with either brushes or baskets, like those of the working bee; for, being constantly fed by the latter, she does not need those appendages. The upper surface of her body is of a brighter black than the other bees, while her colour underneath is a yellowish brown. The queen bee has a bent sting; in the neuter, the sting is straight; and the males or drones have no stings.

"Her movements," says a recent writer on the subject, "are measured and majestic. As she moves in the hive, the other bees form a circle round her, none venturing to turn their backs upon her, but all anxious to show that respect and attention due to

her rank and station. Whenever, in the exercise of her sovereign will, the queen wishes to travel amongst her subjects, she experiences no inconvenience from overcrowding. Although the part of the hive to which she is journeying may be the most populous, the way is immediately made, the common bees tumbling over each other to get out of her path, so great is their anxiety not to interfere with the royal progress."

The sole occupation of the queen is to lay eggs in the various cells prepared by the workers for that purpose. Until she is about eleven months old—according to some naturalists—the eggs laid are nearly all such as will turn to working bees. At the end of that time—which most frequently happens in the spring—the queen commences the great laying of the eggs for the males. A queen bee is estimated to lay in the breeding season from one thousand five hundred to two thousand eggs a-day, and in the course of one year is supposed to produce more than a hundred thousand bees.

A queen bee lives far longer than any of the other bees in a hive—her age generally extending to four or even five years; while the worker bee in no case lives longer than eight months—six being the general span of its existence. The drones seldom get beyond three or four months—even if they escape, by some very rare accident, the custom of annual massacre.

One of the most remarkable facts in connection with the private economy of a hive of bees is the manner in which they contrive to ventilate their habitation. In a hive, many thousands of bees, all in full work and activity, are crowded together in a space of one or two cubic feet. They have no communication with the air outside, save by what is admitted through the tiny door of their dwelling—with this door, too, often blocked up to a great extent by a throng of bees that are constantly passing in and out during hot weather. It is manifest from this that bees can put up with a much more limited supply of pure oxygen than members of the animal creation generally. On an experiment being made of inserting a lighted taper into a glass ball of the same size as a common hive, and with a similar or even larger aperture, it is found that the taper soon goes out. This result led some naturalists to question whether bees could not exist without the necessity of air at all, and a number were placed by these exact seekers after

truth into the vacuum of an air-pump; but the quick collapse of the bees soon proved that even bees require a little of the free air of heaven for themselves. In warm weather, when the bees find the atmosphere of their hive too close, they resort to very much the same system of cooling themselves as ladies do in an over-heated apartment—namely, by a process of fanning. By means of their marginal hooks, they unite each pair of wings into one plane, slightly concave—thus acting upon the air by a surface nearly as large as possible, and forming for them a pair of large fans, which in their vibrations describe an arc of ninety degrees. And these vibrations are so rapid as to render the wings almost invisible.

An almost endless series of interesting papers might be written upon the natural history of the bee—upon its anatomy, its habits, and upon that wonderful work of nature's instinct, the beautiful architecture of the honeycomb; but we must hasten on to a few brief notes of practical information to the intending bee-keeper. It is not so long since the valuable letters of the "*Times* Bee-master," as he was called, appeared in the columns of the leading journal; and Mr. Neighbour's work, "*The Apiary*," also contains, in a condensed and practical form, all that even the most ardent amateur bee-keepers could require in the way of practical directions. According to the latter authority, the spring is the best period at which to commence an apiary, and swarming time is a good starting-point for the new bee-keeper. The swarming season is during the months of May and June. With a very forward stock, and in exceedingly fine weather, bees do occasionally swarm in April. The earlier the swarm, the greater the value. If bees swarm in July, they seldom gather sufficient to maintain themselves during the winter; though by careful feeding they may easily be kept alive, if hived early in the month.

The cause of a swarm leaving the stock-hive is that the population has grown too large for it. In May, when the spring has been fine, the queen bee is very active in laying eggs; and the increase in a strong, healthy hive is so prodigious that emigration is necessary, or the bees would cease to work.

The kind of day which the bees choose for their emigration in quest of a less crowded settlement is always fine, warm, and clear,

with but little wind stirring, and, it has often been noted, on a Sunday, owing most probably to the more than usual quiet which prevails. The time mostly selected for the exodus is between ten a.m. and three p.m.; and most swarms come off within an hour of noon. The great care of the bee-keeper is to keep a strict watch as to when and where the bees cluster. It is an old country fashion to commence on such occasions to try and make the bees settle by a general din of frying-pans and keys, but the practice is a mistake. When the bees have once clustered in a bush or tree in the neighbourhood, but do not show signs of permanently settling, a sprinkle of water or—what is equally to the purpose—small sand, which they mistake for rain, lightly thrown upon them, will enable the swarm to be safely hived.

If prompt measures are not taken to hive the bees as soon as the cluster is well formed, there is danger of their starting on a second flight; and if the bees set off again, it is generally for a long flight of two or three miles, so that in such a case it is almost impossible to follow them, and the whole may be altogether lost.

With regard to preparations for taking a swarm, in the first place, it is always imperative to have a suitable hive ready. On another point, to which we have already referred, as to the personal danger in handling bees—a bee-veil, made of net *close* enough to exclude bees, but transparent enough to see through, will protect the face. This may be bought with the hive. A pair of photographer's india-rubber gloves will protect the hands. Thus armed, the bee-taker is safe even from the most angry bees. But bees, from the fact that they always eed liberally before issuing forth on a swarming expedition, are far from pugnacious at such times. When all is ready, the new hive is held or placed in an inverted position under the cluster of bees, which the operator detaches from the position in which they have settled with one or two quick shakes. The floor board is then placed on the hive, which is then slowly turned up on its base; and it is best to leave it a short time in the same place, in order to allow of stragglers joining their companions.

If the new swarm is intended for removal to a distance, the hive should be kept in a shaded place until evening; but if it is meant to remain in or near the same garden,

it is better to place it as soon as possible in its permanent position, as newly swarmed bees are always anxious to get on with the work of furnishing their empty house.

These remarks apply principally to first or "prime" swarms. Second swarms, or "casts," usually issue from the old hive nine or ten days after the first has gone; but first swarms are the best, and should always be bargained for by intending bee-keepers.

The apiary should, if possible, be in a well-sheltered situation, but where it can get as much sun upon it as possible during the day. To prevent damp, the hive should be raised to a height of at least fifteen or eighteen inches from the ground.

Of the manner of taking the honey, it is needless here to speak. Since the abolition by common consent of the barbarous old-fashioned practice of suffocating the bees with brimstone for the sake of obtaining their golden store with more impunity, artificial contrivances of numerous kinds have been invented, by which the honey may be taken, and the bees yet be preserved through the winter. Of the working of these patent hives, a practical explanation from the vendor of them will give a better idea than pages of printed description.

THE SONG OF THE TRAMP.

COLD, cold is the wind,
Bitterly passes the breeze,
Welding to iron the roads,
Warping the very trees.

Cold, cold is the wind,
Bitter and bitter again;
But colder, bitterer still
Are the living hearts of men.

Merrily falls the snow,
And fair are the flakes to see,
To the goodman home by his fire:
But what is the snow to me—

The white, the white cold snow
That gathers around me fast,
To bring the last fierce hope
Forlorn of a better past?

Blow, blow, O bitter wind!
O white snow, gather deep;
Some mercy lies in the pain
That sends a wretch to sleep!

From the great house off the road,
Out on the wintry night
The warm lights mocking gleam—
Calm, cold, and cruelly bright.

There is light and love and hope
There in the grand old hall;
Only on me, a tramp,
The frozen memories fall

Of winters long ago,
 When men and I were friends—
 Gold, gold is the word,
 And then the friendship ends.

Cold, cold is the wind;
 Bitter and bitter again;
 But colder, bitterer still
 Are the living hearts of men.

My heart is growing dull;
 The snow falls ever deep—
 O, Heaven! in this pure shroud
 O let me fall to sleep!

PICTOR IGNOTUS.

THERE is no more remarkable name in connection with the history of English art than that of William Blake. Blake was a wonderful artist after his own fashion, and, moreover, a true poet; yet his memory has fallen into most unmerited neglect.

The true causes of this must be sought for in the peculiarities of his personal character, and in the nature of the works he produced.

In his own day, Blake was regarded as nothing more nor less than a clever madman, and a succeeding generation has taken little pains to question the prompt verdict. The misfortune of this erratic genius may truly be said to be that of many a greater man before him—namely, being born before his time. At the present day, when all sorts of extravagant spiritualistic and other theories find hosts of ardent believers, even in the most intellectual circles, Blake's wildest and most fantastic notions would have been more than tolerated.

The man and his art were one in Blake; and to properly appreciate the work of the master with his pencil, it is necessary to understand the peculiar ideas of religious responsibility which Blake, teaching himself and disdaining to be taught by the world, had formed as the rule and guidance, not only of his everyday life, but of the manner of the wonderful artistic efforts with which his name is connected.

Blake's art springs from his conception of the universe, and is rendered obscure not merely by the nature of the conception itself, but by the necessary incoherence and arbitrariness which are involved in it. This conception is no new thing: it is found in the literature of all mystical religions. It is impossible that any one with the slightest acquaintance with the works of Behmen or William Law can fail to be struck with the exact parallel between their treatment of

morals and religion and Blake's conception of art. The manner in which these writers set aside every form of historical religion, and elevated themselves above all established doctrines of morality; the prominence and almost exclusive validity which they gave to the Third Person of the Holy Trinity; the methods of life they advocated; their scorn of learning; the wrathful fires in which they burn up all things which do not come before them with the seal of immediate personal inspiration; their quietism and antinomian freedom—are the exact counterpart of Blake's exaltation of the imagination above all other gifts which adorn his art.

The images which presented themselves to Blake's imagination were accepted by him as direct inspirations from that source to which alone he looked for guidance in conduct as well as art. Nothing but a feeling of religion prevents his asserting that imagination is creative rather than inventive; and, indeed, by the intermediation of a direct inspiration with which he believed himself endowed, he constantly assures the world that he brings it news from spheres beyond its ken. It is plain that a visionary such as this would receive little appreciation from matter-of-fact critics, either in his own or any other time. But this man, his works, his genius, and his motives of thought and action, are best understood by the record of his life.

Blake was born on the 28th of November, 1757, in Broad-street, Golden-square, at that time a rather more aristocratic quarter than it is now. His father was a hosier by trade; and beyond giving his boy the most limited education, seems to have had no other purpose than that of bringing him up to his own business.

But the painter, like the poet, is born, not made; and the corollary may be added, that if a man is born to either of these endowments of nature, it is difficult to make anything else of him for any real practical purpose. Thus it was with William Blake. He soon evinced a longing for poetry and painting. His parents, with a most praiseworthy discretion, allowed the boy to follow his natural bent; and, at ten years of age, he was sent to Mr. Parr's drawing school in the Strand, to qualify for entrance into the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in St. Martin's-lane, which owed its foundation principally to William Hogarth.

At fourteen years of age he was appren-

ticed to Basire, the engraver, and worked steadily away, only varying his regular occupation by occasional bursts of poetry in his leisure hours. A collection of his poems was published, by the aid of his friends, in 1783, and they are remarkable specimens of an original poetic genius. As a specimen, the following, setting aside the mere conventional style of expression in vogue at that day, is worth quoting, if only to show the strong individuality of the young bard:—

“ My silks and fine array,
My smiles and languished air,
By love are driven away;
And mournful lean despair
Brings me yew to deck my grave:
Such end true lovers have.

“ His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold;
Oh! why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb,
Where all Love's pilgrims come.

“ Bring me an axe and spade—
Bring me a winding-sheet;
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat.
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay—
True love doth pass away.”

There is, we think, a quaint, sweet, quiet harmony in this that even Herrick or Lovelace would not have been ashamed of.

Blake's apprenticeship ended in 1778, and soon after, like many less talented apprentices out of their time before and since, he fell in love. His courtship has been amusingly noticed by his biographers:—“A lively little girl in his own, or perhaps a humbler station, the object of his first sighs, readily allowed him—as girls in a humble class will, meaning neither marriage nor harm—to ‘keep company’ with her, to pay his court, take walks, and be as love-sick as he chose; but nowise encouraged the idea of a wedding.

“In addition to the pangs of fruitless love, attacks of jealousy had stoically to be borne. When he complained that the favour of her company in a stroll had been extended to another admirer—

“‘Are you a fool?’ was the brusque reply, with a scornful glance.

“‘That cured me of jealousy,’ Blake used naïvely to relate.

“One evening, at a friend's house, he was bemoaning his love-crosses. His listener, a dark-eyed, generous-hearted girl, frankly declared she pitied him from her heart.

“‘Do you pity me?’

“‘Yes, I do—most sincerely.’

“‘Then I love you for that,’ he replied, with enthusiasm.

“Such soothing pity is irresistible, and a second more prosperous courtship began at this or perhaps a later meeting, followed by the confession, I dare say in lower tones, ‘Well, and I love you’—always, doubtless, a pretty one to hear.”

The second lady referred to in this episode was Catherine Boutcher; and, as may be surmised, she soon became Mrs. Blake. The marriage was a happy one, in the most genuine sense of the term; and when, forty-five years after, Blake was on his death-bed, his last words to his wife were, “Stay, you have ever been an angel to me;” and such indeed she had been.

Poor all his life, as a man of Blake's unorthodox ideas must have expected to have been, he found in Catherine Boutcher a fit helpmate and comforter. As they could not afford to keep a servant, the good woman performed all the household work herself, was cheerful under a poverty that would have made most homes miserable, and seconded her husband's ideas of strict probity by every effort of domestic economy.

Here, by the bye, is a specimen of conjugal submission which we tremblingly offer to the notice of woman's rights' advocates, and others of that ilk.

Blake's younger brother, Robert, for whom he had the most sincere affection, came to live with him as his apprentice. One day, a dispute arose between Robert and Mrs. Blake. She, in the heat of discussion, used words to him his brother—though a husband too—thought unwarrantable. A silent witness thus far, he could bear it no longer, but, with characteristic impetuosity when stirred, rose and said to her—

“Kneel down, and beg Robert's pardon directly, or you never see my face again.”

A heavy threat, uttered in tones which, from Blake, unmistakably showed that it was meant.

The poor thing thought it very hard, as she would afterwards tell, to beg her brother-in-law's pardon when she was not in the fault. But being a duteous, devoted wife, though by nature nowise tame or dull of spirit, she did kneel down, and meekly murmured—

“Robert, I beg your pardon. I am in the wrong.”

The story is suggestive; but we think that even the stoutest upholder of husbands' privileges will scarcely approve of such a Spartan exercise of his authority as Blake seems to have used on this occasion.

But leaving Blake's domestic matters to themselves, let us now turn to his art career. The first of the strange series of his original productions was entitled the "Songs of Innocence." This work is, in many respects, the most charming and delightful of all his productions; and while original in conception and beautiful in execution, it has the additional important merit of being more plainly intelligible than many of his later efforts. In his "Songs of Innocence," Blake combined art with poetry—the poem being made the body, around which each of the pictures was worked in the form of embellishment.

Of Blake's style of art, it is impossible to give anything like a fair idea in words. As a colourist, however, he was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest that ever lived. As has been truly said, the harmonious effects of his best works cannot be surpassed; but in colour, as well as in design, he cared so little for the external world, that he thought nothing of the most glaring departures from local truth.

We have already said that William Blake was a true poet, and we think the following from his "Songs" will help to justify our opinion. One critic has gone so far as to consider it equal in dramatic power to Goethe's "Erl König." The picture to which it is set represents a child decoyed by what country people call a "Will-o'-the-Wisp." It is entitled "The Little Boy Lost."

"Father—father, where are you going?

Oh, do not walk so fast:

Speak, father, speak to your little boy,

Or else I shall be lost.

The night was dark—no father was there;

The child was wet with dew:

The mire was deep, and the child did weep,

And away the vapour flew."

To his "Songs" now succeeded—equally beautiful, but more marked by that wild genius so much allied in more prosaic minds with semi-insanity—a work called "The Gates of Paradise." It is a sort of devout dream, and, like a holy vision, leaves on the reader's mind a strangely sweet sensation.

Then followed "Urizen," a performance of such extravagant originality that even his

wife—who, uneducated woman though she was, could understand her husband's mysticisms better than any of the outside world—was obliged to confess herself at a loss for once.

These productions, and others that followed, such as "Visions of the Daughter of Albion," "Europe," "The Song of Los," and "Ahanian," must be regarded as the representatives of Blake's peculiar genius. They breathe most fully the wonderful visionary impulses which were the soul and essence of Blake's existence, and they ruled alike the daily life of the man and the character of the man. But they by no means imply madness. They are the legitimate results of his notions—right or wrong is not the question at the present moment—on inspiration. The belief in an immediate personal influence of the Spirit of God on the mind of man was accepted by him with a child's simplicity, and these books are the direct result of such a belief in a passionate mind like Blake's.

Pure in the tenor and conduct of his own life, he scorned those social laws which mankind in a civilized state has found necessary for the proper order of the community. Contempt of the world's usages was part and parcel of his quaint, primæval nature, and the world retorted by calling his eccentricity madness.

Yet his drawings—wild and original as they were, and in flagrant opposition to all well-ordered orthodox rules of art—could not fail to attract notice among true judges. His most constant friend and patron was Mr. Butts, who always showed a readiness to purchase his drawings. But for some years the ordinary demand for his work was very limited, and he supported himself principally by jobbing for the booksellers. Afterwards, the bookseller, employed him to illustrate Young's "Night Thoughts," and he afterwards became intimate with Flaxman, the sculptor, and Hayley, the poet.

In his illustrations to the "Night Thoughts," Blake's utter disrespect for all conventional rules, and his love of nature alone, pure and simple, are forcibly exhibited. Suffice it to say that they had the effect, when first produced, of startling out of all propriety people who were not such ardent believers as the artist himself in the advantages of the dispensing with all costume, supposed to be the order of the day before the Fall.

His next designs, for Blair's "Grave," were more popular. They were, as might have been expected from such a pencil, extremely fanciful creations, yet full of feeling and delicacy. A little too mystical, sometimes, perhaps; but, on the whole, pretty generally praised and valued.

The most extravagant of all Blake's works is his "Jerusalem," in a hundred designs; and equally extravagant was the *pronunciamento* with which he announced his new effort:—

"After my three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean, I again display my giant forms to the world."

Some of the figures are said to have been worthy of Michael Angelo; but, as a whole—save as a collection of studies, as it were, from an artist's sketch-book—even Blake's most ardent admirers confess the "Jerusalem" to be a grand failure.

One of the later works of Blake was the original series of twenty-one designs, or "Inventions," as he called them, for the Book of Job. In these, perhaps the most popular of all his drawings, he represents the Man of Uz sustaining his dignity amid the inflictions of the Devil, the reproaches of his family, and the insults of his wife.

In these a definite answer is given to that random charge of madness which has been made against Blake. That wild liberty of fancy so peculiar to his other works is here effectually checked, and kept in good sober order. The Scripture overawed his imagination, and, faithful in his devoutness, he treats his subject literally according to his sublime text, and follows step by step the grand yet simple order of the good old story.

The colours with which he gave effect and brilliancy to these drawings are rare and lustrous to a degree. Blake even used to say that they were taught him by the spirit of a deceased brother—an idea laughed at in his day, but one which would have found believers in the present generation.

These "Inventions" must undoubtedly be regarded as the masterpiece on which Blake's permanent fame must rest. A writer upon them has said, and with truth, that the First Person of the Trinity has never been so majestically conceived as in these pictures. The variety and originality of the composition is miraculous. The sublime spirit of the Book of Job is reflected as in a mirror; while the delicate beauty of the execution is beyond all praise.

The last designs he executed were illustrations to Dante. One of these, the "Circle of Traitors," when compared with Gustave Doré's treatment of the same subject, shines with all the lustre of a poetical conception seen beside a merely realistic treatment, however clever.

The great artist may be said to have died in harness. He was poor to the last; living with his faithful wife—they had no children—in a lodging of two rooms, in an alley in the Strand; and assisted in his necessities by the generosity of the numerous friends who honoured and respected the unorthodox genius.

In 1826 his health began to fail, and he became subject to constant attacks of cold and dysentery. In the August of 1827 he took to his bed, from which he was never again to rise; and on the 12th of the same month died in the arms of his devoted wife.

"On the day of his death," writes Smith, who had the account from his widow, "he composed and uttered songs to his Maker, so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine, that when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said—

"My beloved, they are not mine. No, they are not mine."

He told her they should not be parted: he should always be about her to take care of her.

It is pleasant to know that, on the hitherto unsold works which he left behind, Blake's wife was able to live in comparative comfort for the four years which she survived her husband.

Blake was buried in Bunhill-fields Cemetery; but no monument was erected to his memory, and the exact spot where he lies is now unknown.

As a man, Blake was esteemed and respected by all who had any acquaintance with him. His temper was somewhat hasty, but his general manner was modest and unassuming.

He was short in stature, and slightly made, had peculiarly dark and expressive eyes, and a high, thoughtful brow. Through all his poverty he was a philosopher to the last.

"Were I to love money," he would say, "I should lose all power of thought. Desire of gains deadens the genius of man. I might roll in wealth, and ride in a golden chariot, were I to listen to the voice of par-

simony. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing God-like sentiments."

TABLE TALK.

OUR coinage is approaching by slow degrees to that decimal system which found so many earnest advocates some years ago. It was even once, I believe, recommended by a Parliamentary commission. The last step in this direction is the announcement that the fourpenny pieces are to be no longer coined, thus going the way of the half-crowns. It would be an advantage, I think, if the Mint authorities would extend their reform a little further in the matter of small silver coins, and abolish those three-pennies which, once in one's pocket, one can never find. As many of my more sophisticated readers may know, the fourpenny piece has long been known in slang language as a *Jocoy*; but few, perhaps, are aware that the little milled coin was so called by the ignoble vulgus as a mark of their respect for their popular advocate, the late Joseph Hume, much after the same fashion that the New Police, when first established, were christened—but not as a mark of respect—*Bobbies*, in recognition of their founder, Sir Robert Peel.

THE FEN FARMERS of Cambridgeshire are no fools. Two gentlemen of Trinity College went, with dog and gun, down the Cam towards Upware, and, sport being bad, amused themselves with a few shots at the tame ducks in the river. Three ducks fell at the very feet of their owner, who was hidden from the view of the "sportsmen" by the high bank of the river. The dog, a valuable retriever, ran to pick up the game, and was instantly seized and led away by the farmer, who also carried off his three ducks. When market day came round, the farmer, taking the dog with him, went to Cambridge, and found that the gentleman whose name and college were visible on the dog's collar lived in certain lodgings. Thither went the farmer, and found the duck-shooter at breakfast. At the sight of the dog the gentleman was overwhelmed with delight, and hailed the farmer as a right good fellow. The latter at once began to explain his grievance, and claim for compensation; demanding the modest sum of five pounds for the three ducks, which he averred to be of a most

choice description, and cheap at the money. The undergraduate remonstrated; but the farmer coolly intimated that he had a "lien" on the dog. In short, "no fiver, no dog" was his watchword. "Besides, sir," said he, "though I has great respect for Trinity College, you know, sir, the tutor would not exactly like this duck-shooting business." The University man divined his customer, drew out the Bank of England note, and requested the farmer to join him at breakfast. The man of the Fens having done honour to the pigeon pie and certain stimulating beverages, at length took himself off to market, and, meeting another farmer, expressed a pious hope that Trinity College would shoot his ducks once a-week.

GENERALLY SPEAKING, literary women are hard and falcon-like, and there is something in the pierce of their eyes which makes you think of an eagle's bill. They make you feel that, if you are not worshipful and submissive, they will dissect you in not a very tender manner. Their mental faculties seem to have taken up the room belonging to the affections—that beautiful region from which comes the blue sky over mind, and gentle showers, and summer warmth, making that which by itself is cold, kindly and sparkling.

THERE ARE SOME people that seem at times to fall into a kind of torpor like the dormouse. Then they awake, and you would think them the most active and interested of persons. Their feelings, no doubt, are as if they had been born again; then, after the newness of things around them is gone off, they gradually fall off into their old stupor, until some unusual event in their family or circumstances reawakes them. Novelty is the steam to their nature, and they cannot go without it. One thing may be said of this kind of torpidity and mode of generating novelty: it is better than the abuse of alcoholic stimulants.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C. Every M.S. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and non-accepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. No unaccepted MSS. will be returned until a written application has been made for them.

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ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SEVENTH.



AS the old novelists used to say, to Paragon-place, Gray's Inn-road. This pleasant retreat lies on the east side of the road, not very far from the lordly entrance to Gray's Inn. Paragon-place is a *cul de sac*; and as it consists only of six houses in all, it passes a peaceful and quiet existence, having but little intercourse with the outer world. It consists of a single row of five houses, with another at the end, looking down

the court. They face a paved alley of ten feet in breadth. The northern side of Paragon-place is bounded by a brick wall, eight feet high, set about and garnished, for the better protection of the inhabitants, by a plentiful top-dressing of broken bottles. The wall may also serve as a protection to the printers' offices which lie beyond. At all events, it is a barrier insuperable between Paragon-place and the printers. Thus fashion separates itself from business: leisure and retirement from compulsory work.

I would that we might linger over Paragon-place and its inhabitants. About every house there hangs half a dozen histories; from the tale of every dweller might be woven a romance of real life—that is, a tale of sin and suffering, of poverty and sorrow.

We have to do with one only. It is the third tenement in the row. Like the rest, it consists of three main rooms, lighted each "fore and aft"—the front window looking into the court, the back commanding a view of a small yard beyond, about six feet square, containing a water-butt and a heap of rubbish.

There is a staircase leading to two rooms, one over the other, above. On the left hand of the door, as you go in, is a sort of closet or small room, which may be used as a bedroom when the family overflows the rest of the house. It is lighted and ventilated by an aperture giving space for a single pane of glass.

The doors of the houses, which were once painted green, but long years since, stand open. Everything about the court is intolerably dirty. Odds and stray bits of vegetables, as cabbage stalks, potato peelings, and such small wreck and *débris*, lie about the stones; a gutter runs along the wall, down which is merrily flowing, at this moment, the bucket of soapsuds which No. 1 has just emptied into it. Two children, having hastily constructed a model ship out of a splinter of wood, have launched it upon this river, and are watching its progress down the tributary stream to the great Mississippi of Gray's Inn-road. They run out with it into the street, and stay there. Then the court is quiet again, except for the pulse of the steam press, which is never silent. The sun shines on the windows of the printers' office, and is reflected back on the doorstep of No. 3, where sits, basking in its warmth, a figure, muffled as if it were winter, and smoking a long clay pipe. He is apparently bent and doubled up, from the effects of age: his shoulders stoop, and his back is rounded. On his head is a soft felt hat, much too large for him, which flaps down on the side nearest the door, but is lifted up on the other side to catch the sun. A crutch is beside him. In his hand is a copy

of the day before yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*; and he is reading aloud, slowly and painfully, making comments as he goes—not running so much as crawling—to his companion, a child of nine or ten, who is sitting on the stones, with his back against the wall, in the reflected sunlight. The boy's head is bare: his feet are bare. One sleeve of his jacket is quite gone, the other nearly. His trousers are all rents and tatters, his white legs gleaming through the holes. His shirt will no longer button, and shows signs of approaching dissolution. All this is a trifle, because the weather is warm; and rags are just as comfortable in warm weather as anything else. Besides, the boy has not been brought up in a school which teaches the cultivation of personal appearance by means of sartorial art. He was far more interested in the problem of how to satisfy that raging wolf which every day gnawed at his stomach, and instigated him to get food by any means.

"So you see, Bill," said the politician, in a thin, quavering voice, "the Guv'ment's gorn and done it agen, and the country's goin' to the devil. Now, if I was in the 'Ouse—"

He stopped, and folded his paper.

"Don't go into the 'Ouse, Thoozy," said the child.

"It's not the workus, stoopid. It's the House of Parlyment. Some day I think I shall go—to represent Finsbury. I wish there was the price of a half-pint in my pocket. Who's the swell coming up the court?"

The "swell," who was looking inquiringly up and down the court, seeing the pair outside the door, turned his steps in their direction.

"Can you tell me"—he spoke to the smoker, whose face was hidden by the flapping hat—"if a Mrs. Kneebone lives about here?"

He removed his pipe from his mouth, and his great hat from his head, and stood upright in the doorway, waving his hand with an air of authority.

Dick Mortiboy looked at him in astonishment. Behind the wrinkles and lines of age lay—not the colour, because the face was perfectly pale and colourless; nor the shape, because the cheeks were sunken and the features prominent; nor the comeliness, because the whole figure was starved and pinched; nor the redundant locks, because

the scattered hairs, nearly white, lay sparse and thin about his temples—but an indescribable *look* of youth.

He was about four feet and a half in height: but then he stooped a good deal. He had on a long, coarse coat, made for a grown man. His legs were cased in winter trousers. He had a thick flannel shirt, and a wrapper round his neck. His chest was flattened in—his legs bowed—his body bent. Dick, standing before him on the stones, stared at him without speaking. He had never seen this kind of creature before.

"When you *think* you'll reckonize me again," said the boy, sarcastically, "p'raps you'll let me know."

"It *is* a boy, by gad," said Dick.

The child previously addressed as Bill set up a yell of delight, clapping his hands and dancing round. It was the best joke he ever assisted at. The other relaxed from his sternness of expression, conceding an aged smile to the frivolities of the situation.

"Are you a boy, or are you a man?" asked Dick. "What's your name? Tell me something about yourself."

"You can read, I suppose?" said the nondescript, with a patronizing air. "You *can* do that much, I presume. Young Bill, the writin' materials. Give the old man his bit o' whitin'."

Bill produced a piece of chalk from his trousers pocket.

"Here y'are, Thoozy. Hooray!"

Thoozy inspected the 'materials' with care, and looked for a point. This—in what mathematicians would describe as a rough *eikosihedron*, or twenty-sided solid—was difficult to find; but selecting something which would suit, he marched gravely down the steps, and, turning the sleeve of his coat up to his elbow, while he supported his long tails under the left arm, raised his right hand to the brick wall. Then he stopped, and turned round again.

"You *can* spell?" he said to Dick, looking at him sideways, as if with suspicion, but always with an eye on Bill.

Dick nodded.

"*And* read? Because I'm not going to take all this trouble for nothink, you know."

Little Bill screamed, and rolled himself over and over upon the cabbage stalks. Thoozy, with one eye on his young companion, proceeded slowly with his talk.

"Then," he said, stepping back, and admiring the effect of the sunlight upon his

strokes, "there's a C, and a OO, and a Ek. If that don't spell Cook, that aint my name, and Methoosalem aint my natur."

"Oh, lord," cried Bill, "aint he a fizzer!"

Dick Mortiboy took the cigar out of his mouth, and contemplated the pair with an expression in which curiosity had the best part.

"So you're Mr. Methoosalem, are you? Pray, is this Bill—little Bill?"

"That *is* Bill, mister," said Thoozy, "and a very good little Bill he is. I educated that there boy. Bill, show the gentleman what you can do: the Catherine Wheel, my child."

He had resumed his commanding position on the doorstep, and issued his orders with a wave of the pipe, like the director of a circus.

The boy went through the graceful performance known among his friends of the pavement as the Catherine Wheel. "Hoop-là!" he cried, bringing up his bare and dirty feet within an inch of Dick's waistcoat.

"I taught him the Wheel," said Thoozy. "I'm too old to do it myself. He learned the 'Hoop-là!' hisself the night we got hold of two gallery checks for the Gaiety Theatre. He learnt that there of a fine gal—a dooced fine gal, sir. If I was a younger man—" here he stopped and winked, with a sigh. "Now, Bill, the Inverted Column."

"Never mind the Inverted Column," said Dick. "Here's a shilling for you, Bill. Go and get something to eat."

"Half a pint will be enough for me, William," cried the other, grandly, relighting his pipe. "And get a penn'orth o' belly-ache for yourself first. Plums that is, sir," he explained to Dick.

"How old *are* you, may I ask?," said Dick.

"Eighty-six I am—a great age. I was seventy when I was born, sixteen years ago. And I've been getting older ever since. My old woman in there is only seventy-five."

"Who is your old woman?"

"Here she is—Mrs. Kneebone, sir, herself: the lady you was axing after. Not my wife, you know, nor yet my mother, nor my grandmother. Come out, old woman. Here's a gentleman wants you to drink his health."

She was as withered and wrinkled as Methoosalem himself, but without his look of childhood. In her hand she held a wooden snuffbox, from which ever and anon she refreshed herself. She wore a dress of some kind of stuff, black in colour, and a bonnet

on her head which might once have had some shape. At present it had none. An old woman who muttered as she went along: a creature who would have been burned as a witch in the merry old days: an evil-looking, miserable old woman.

She shaded her eyes from the sun, and peered up at the stranger.

"I don't know you, sir. I can't let you in. I never saw you before. You can't come in here."

"What are yer talking about?" said Thoozy. "Who said the gentleman did know you. Who talked about comin' in? Yah! He wants to have five minutes of your lively society, and he wants to look at you. You aint none too pretty, neither."

"I want some information, for which I am willing to pay," said the stranger.

"About how long ago, sir?" asked the old woman, with a look of terror at the boy.

"About twelve years ago."

"What about twelve years ago?" She shook all over.

"That's when I begin to remember plain," said the boy. "Go ahead, sir—I can answer your questions. Old lady, cut it. Now go, d' yer hear?"

"Thoozy, my dear, be careful," she said, in a trembling voice. "Oh, be careful."

"Cut it, I say. Careful, indeed! Now then, sir. You can't have a more quieter and more genteeler spot than Paragon-place on a warm day in September, about two o'clock p.m., in the afternoon. The haristocracy is gone to the seaside, and there's no one to interrupt us. Fire away with your questions."

He put his hands in his pockets, and sat down on the doorstep again.

"First, then, that child. You said his name was Bill. Bill what?"

"Lord help you! He aint got no other name. Now, sir, *do* you think—I askes you as a stranger—do you think it *can* be done for the money? Where's your profit? That's what I say. Where's your profit to come from out of five bob a-week?"

He stuck his thumbs in his arm-holes, and looked as sagacious as a publisher.

"Who brought him here? How old is he? Who does he belong to?"

"A-hem! As the proprietor of this yer hospital, and, I may say, the resident physician, I holds out my hand, and I says, says I, How much?"

"Isn't Mrs. Kneebone the proprietor?"

"On'y in the heyes of the bobby. If anything goes wrong, the coroner holds his inquidge round the corner, and Mrs. Kneebone she goes before 'em and swears. I sits at home and smokes my pipe."

"Good. Tell me all about the boy. Here's a sovereign down, and five more if the inquiry leads me to anything I want."

"How do I know what you want?"

"That's just it. You don't know, and so you can't tell lies."

"Don't be too sharp, young feller, else you might fall down, though you are so big, and cut a hole in the pavin' stones. Bill was brought here, a three-weeks' baby, just nine year and a-half ago. There was the devil's own trouble to keep him goin'; and he wouldn't have been kept goin' at all, only his mother come round herself every day."

"What was the name of his mother? Nine years and a-half ago? Who was his mother?"

"Polly Tresler."

Dick gave a low whistle.

"You're sure of it? You would swear it? You are *certain* of the date?"

"Take my dick on all the Bibles in the jug. Ask the old woman. Here, mother, come out again!"

She hobbled out.

"Now then, old lady, tell the gentleman how old Bill is. Show him your book. She's got a book, sir, and puts 'em all down."

"I'll show him that page," said Mrs. Kneebone, looking suspicious, "but no more, for five shillings."

It was a sort of register she brought him, covering about twenty years. She turned over the pages slowly, and at last arrived at her date.

"There you are, sir. Read it, but don't look at no more."

Dick read—

"Nov. 5, 1860. Boy—three weeks old—to be called Bill. Eighteenpence a-week. Mother's name and address, Miss Tresler"—(here an old address had been scratched out, and a new one substituted)—"P. T., Post-office, Market Basing."

Dick's eye ran down the list on the page. There were about half a dozen in the year. To four of their names was written the word, "Dead." To one, "Taken away by his father." Bill made the sixth.

"And that boy, sir, he've been the apple of my eye. He have indeed."

Thoozy winked, and jerked his pipe, which he had resumed, over his left shoulder, to indicate that his partner, or Principal Nurse of the Hospital, was practising a little amiable deception. She went on without noticing.

"The clothes he's had o' me; the pocket money he's had o' me; the oranges and apples, and—and—and the tripe he's had: it's what you wouldn't believe, sir. A beautiful breakfast he got only this morning."

"Kinchined a kid and collared a bloater in the gutter," interposed Thoozy.

"Now, don't you tell no lies. A idle, good-for-nothin' vagabond, as won't work, and won't do nothin' but smoke and drink."—(Here Bill arrived with a cargo of plums and a pint of beer, which Thoozy tackled on the spot.)—"It's ten years, sir, if you'll believe me, and I wish-a-ma-die if it ain't gawspel, that that boy said he was gettin' too old to work, and hasn't done a stroke since, but eat up all he can lay his hands to."

"Ten years!" said Thoozy. "So it 's. I was only twenty-six then. I made a curious discovery, mister"—here he winked sideways at the old woman—"a very curious discovery; and I thought I'd make the most of it. On the strength of that there discovery, I'm a-goin' to spend my old age in a honourable retirement, as they says in the papers."

The old woman moved her lips, but said nothing.

"About this boy, now?" said Dick in reply.

"Here he is. If you've given him clothes, old woman, he's worn 'em out; and if you've given him grub, it hasn't agreed with him. Here, let me come in, and I'll take down all you've got to say. Is there such a thing in the house as a table, and paper and pens? Don't be afraid, I'm not going to do you any harm."

He pushed by the woman, who tried to stop him, and passed in. The entrance to the house was like the entrance to Hades, as seen by Æneas, when, aided by the Sybil, he undertook that perilous adventure of his. "For there were straightway heard cries, and wailing loud, and the spirits of infants weeping."

Dick pushed open a door, and looked in. There were lying on the floor, in sheets and flannels, four babies, from a few weeks to a

year old: one or two clutching at life with strong and eager little fists; one or two meagre, thin, and emaciated. The old woman bustled by, and began to apply feeding bottles with great assiduity.

Dick looked at Thoozy with disgust.

"This is your precious hospital, is it, you little imp? Have you got another room?"

"There's my room and Bill's, up at the top—let's go there. Bill, run and fetch the gentleman a bit of paper, and a pen, and a penn'orth of ink. Upstairs, sir."

The stairs were horribly, fearfully dirty and noisome. Creeping things were on the walls. The bannisters were broken away; and on the top floor, where the boys slept, the planking of the stairs had been taken up to be burned for firewood.

There was no furniture in the room except a table, and a bed spread on the floor. Thoozy sat on the bed, and looked wistfully at his quiet guest.

"You don't want to do no harm to Bill, do you, sir?" speaking quite naturally, and like a boy. "You won't hurt he, will you? 'cos Bill's the only friend I got. The other boys laughs at me: says I'm too old to live long, and asks how long ago I was born, you see. But Bill, he was a right good sort, and we've slep' together ever since he left off pap. My boy, Bill is."

"I won't hurt him, but I shall take him away from here."

"If it's best for him, I shan't say nothink. Don't believe that 'ere old woman, sir. I would work if I could. But I can't. I'm too weak, and nobody won't have nothink to say to a baby farm boy. I tried sellin' papers in the streets, and cigar lights; but the stronger boys pushed me about. I aint strong, sir. Look at my legs." He pulled up his trousers, and showed a leg about half as thick as Dick's wrist. "And I'll tell you something more about Polly, too, sir, if you'll be good to Bill. She was married lawful to Bill's father, 'cos I heard her tell the old woman so. He was a sailor, he was. And he went to sea. You aint the man, are you, sir?"

Dick started. Here, indeed, was news worth having.

"You boy, find out that man's name, and keep a quiet tongue in your head, and I'll help you all round—except to find work, which is the only thing you can't get in this blessed old country."

"The old woman knows his name. I'll get

it for you, never fear. She's afraid of me, she is, since I found her out. But she won't do it again, she won't."

"What is it you found out?"

"Here comes Bill," said Thoozy. "And the old woman too—"

Dick pulled out five pounds, and laid them on the table.

"Now, Mrs. Kneebone, let us understand one another. This is for your information, provided it proves correct and true on subsequent investigation."

The old woman eyed the gold greedily.

She began her statement, which was in substance precisely the same as Thoozy had made; gave the dates exactly from her book; explained how the baby had been left with her at a charge of eighteenpence a week, increased first to half a crown, and of late months to five shillings; swore that Bill was the child, and then held out her hand for the money.

"Not so fast," said Dick. "All that I knew before. This boy told me."

"You little devil!" cried Mrs. Kneebone, viciously, to Thoozy, who nodded his head and laughed.

"I want more. I want to know about the boy's father. What was his name? and when was he married to Polly Tresler?"

"You want to know too much. Now, tell me, do you want to do Polly a bad turn?"

"I don't want to do her a good one, certainly. But I want to do a good turn to a friend of my own. And to get at the way of doing it, I want all the information I can lay my hands on."

"She's a bad lot, Polly is. I've knowed her for sixteen years and more. Ah me, I wasn't always in this poor place! But there—many's the good thing I've done for Polly. I introduced her to her first, down Poplar way—when I had as tidy a little tobacco shop as ever was. Ah! dear me."

"Her first?" Dick looked sharply at her. "Who was her first?"

"Oh, he was a mate—married at Lime'us Church. But they didn't get on. Polly used to beat him; and she got ashamed of a husband who couldn't beat her like the other men. A good quiet sort of body, too, and a first officer. Bowker his name was. So when he went away to sea, she went away from Poplar too."

"There's two sovereigns for you. And now go on."

The woman looked thirstily at the rest of the money, and presently went on again.

"Now, I don't know very well. She took up with a young fellow down in the country—I'm not quite certain whether he married her or not—I only heard her story afterwards. Then he ran away from her. She came up to London, and got married again."

"What, a third time?"

"Well, what was she to do? She'd run away from her first, and her second had run away from her, and so she took up with another. Well, he died. He was a sailor, too. Polly always liked sailors. Only this one used to whack her when he come home drunk, and I think Polly often enough regretted her first."

"About the first. Do you know if he is alive, and where to find him?"

"I do, sir," said Mrs. Kneebone, "and Polly doesn't. At least, I know where to look for him; and he was alive when I was at Poplar last, because I heard about him from some old pals of his."

"What did you say his name is?"

"Don't you think I've earned the five pounds, sir?"

Dick pushed them across the table.

"Thank you kindly, sir. His name, sir, is Bowker: Cap'en Bowker—good gentleman. And I'll tell you where you can find all about him; and I'm sure you'll consider it a extra."

"Look here," said Dick, flushing—nothing in all his life ever gave him so much joy as the story of his wife's progress through life—"if all you say is true, this will be the best day's work you ever did. Now, I'm going to pay you what Polly owes for the boy—five and thirty shillings. Here you are. Next, I'm going to take away little Bill."

She threw up her arms in an ecstasy of grief and lamentation.

"Take away my Bill? Take away my little boy Bill, that I raised with my own hands? Oh! sir, I couldn't let him go—I couldn't really: not under five pound, sir."

"She never giv' me nothin', and she's allus whackin' me when Thoozy isn't by," said the object of the more than maternal solicitude.

Thoozy interrupted her, authoritatively bringing his crutch handle on the floor.

"You're a-goin' to let him go for nothink at all," he remarked, quietly—"so there aint

no more to be said. Hold *your* jaw. Bill, old chap, the big swell's a-goin' to take you away. He looks as if he was the sort to give you clothes, and make you respectable. Don't cry, because it's all for your own benefit; and he seems a good un, though he *is* so precious big."

"Come, Bill," said Dick, "will you come with me? Say good-bye to your friends, and come along. Old woman, you've had your money. Here, Thoozy, is your share."

"Don't cry, Bill," said Thoozy again, beginning to cry himself—"as it's all for the best. And what's for the best, you know, is got to be done, if it's physickin' the babbies, or a washin' of 'em."

Amid the tears of Thoozy and the lamentations of Mrs. Kneebone, Dick bore off his prize. Arrived at the foot of the stairs, they heard a curious noise above, as of heavy blows and wrestling.

"What are they doing, Bill?"

Here came thuds and groans.

"They're a givin' of it to one another. She wants to grab all the tin. Listen. Hooray! Thoozy's got his crutch. She was always a whackin' me awful, till he got the stick. Now she's a catchin' it. Oh! aint Thoozy a good un, just!"

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

THEY went away, Dick holding the boy by the hand. He did not in the least know what to do with the child. He had taken him away by an impulse, thinking of the great fun it would be to carry Polly's own child down to Market Basing, and present him to his mother. But for the present, he found himself in a comparatively respectable part of London, with a ragged little unwashed gamin on his hands, not knowing what to do next. It was altogether an embarrassing position.

"As for the boy," he thought, looking down at the little mite holding his hand, "I suppose he must be washed and dressed. But who's to do it? And as for Polly—upon my word, Polly, there's a heavy reckonin' against you. I suppose I must go and find a lawyer. Bill, my boy, you're dirty, you know, and ragged—where shall we go to get you washed?"

"Dunno. Never was washed."

"Well, then, where can we go to get you some new clothes?"

"Dunno. Never had no new clothes. I say, you go to the pawnbroker's—that's the

place," said Bill, speaking from his own experience, and brightening up a little.

Dick stopped a policeman, who stared at the child with hungry eyes, apparently disappointed at finding that he was not to "run him in."

Bill howled dismally at sight of the embodiment of civil power.

"I aint done nothink," he cried, trying to escape.

"Comes of a bad lot, sir, I'm afraid; but he's never been in trouble yet."

"I want to get the boy washed and dressed. In fact," Dick explained, "I am going to take him away, and bring him up respectably."

The policeman's face brightened.

"Are you now, sir? I'm very glad to hear that—very glad indeed. They'll do what you want for you at a public-house I know, not far off. I'm just off my beat, and will go with you. So you're going to take him off the streets, are you? Well, now, that's good of you—that's real goodness and charity. The boy's got no belongings: living at an old woman's—ah, you know. If you can afford to spend the money—it is not much to rich people—take more than one. They're growing up here by hundreds. Take as many as you can afford, and put 'em to school. It'll cost money, because school aint everything. Don't give to missionary societies and rubbish. They do tell me that three-quarters of a million a-year is sent out to convert the blacks. Do you know, sir, how many boys and girls that would provide for? Fifty thousand, sir. Think of that. My son, who's a scholar, totted it up for me. Fifty thousand! If the rich people round London only knew what was inside it, they'd be frightened. I tell you what, sir, if things is going on like this, they'll have something to be frightened about, for the roughs are getting most too strong for us. There'll be an ugly rush some day, you'll see. But people won't do anything without societies. Well, sir, if you've got money, you get up a society for rich people taking children and bringing them up respectable—to be sailors and soldiers, and even—ah! and why not?—even the police force, if they've got the brains."

"I will," said Dick, "if ever I do start a society—which isn't likely."

"None of your institutions, and refuges, and penitentiaries, and reformatories, and foolishness, sir. You go in for a society

where the people are going to look after the children themselves, and not send them out into the world with a ticket all the rest of their lives. Who's going to get over being a reformatory boy? I haven't got patience with it. What I says to rich people is—don't talk about doing good, and don't belong to societies, but come down here. I'll talk to 'em; and pick out a boy and a girl, or half a dozen boys and girls, and have 'em taught, and washed, and kept respectable, and it 'll be the best ticket to get into Heaven that they'll find anywhere. Here's the place, sir. I'll go in with you."

The policeman led the way, and explained what was wanted.

The boy was undressed, still crying, and put into a warm bath, Dick looking on—he was so horribly thin that every rib stuck out like a skeleton's—and, for the first time in his life, thoroughly scrubbed and washed. Then, the policeman having brought an intelligent man from a second-hand shop with a small bundle of all sorts, he was speedily dressed in a garb which astonished and delighted him beyond measure. For it was the garb of a "swell." He put his hands into his pockets, and left off crying. "Whacking" was not imminent, at any rate.

"Now," said Dick, "let us have a good look at him."

He put the boy on the table, and pulled his face back.

His eyes were blue, his nose was snub, his mouth thin and delicate, his chin sharp-pointed and clear, his hair so light as to be almost flaxen.

"Hum!" said Dick, "they can't say you're like me, anyhow. My hair's black, my nose is straight, my mouth is full, my chin is broad and square, like all the Mortiboy's. And you're not too much like your mother either, except about the eyes."

Polly's eyes were a dark blue—an unusual colour, which this boy's had. For the rest, a mere shrimp of a boy—so small, that you would not take him for more than seven; but a pretty, bright-faced child, now the dirt was taken off him, with the sharp expression that a London boy always has.

But somehow the boy, now he was dressed, had the look of a gentleman. There was no coarseness in his features or his expression; his eyes had a dreamy, far-off look, which is seldom seen in any but home-bred boys; his mouth was tremulous and

sensitive. It was only when he spoke that his street education showed itself.

Dick paid for his accommodation at the public-house, thanked his friend the policeman, and took his prize away with him.

"How old are you, Bill?"

"Ten next January."

"Did you hear us talking about your mother just now?"

"Yes, but I never seen her."

"Would you like to see her?"

"Not if she's like Mother Kneebone. I'd rather stay with you."

"Suppose, Bill, you were to stay with me, and you were to see a woman called Polly Tresler?"

"That's her name?"

"Yes. And suppose she were to ask you questions, do you think you'd let out anything about Mother Kneebone?"

Bill looked up sharply.

"I'm fly," he said. "I won't let out nothink. Dam if I do."

"I say, young 'un, don't say *dam* again, because the swells never do that till they're grown up. It isn't wicked then, I suppose."

At his lodgings, Lafleur was waiting for him.

"What have you here, Dick—what new game is on?"

"Only a little game of euchre with a woman. And this is the Right Bower, though he don't look like it. I'm going to win it: the stakes are worth having, I can tell you."

"You always win everything, though he certainly does not look much like a winning card. Give him something to eat."

Dick rang the bell, and consigned the child to his landlady, with injunctions to give him plenty to eat and drink.

When he came home that night, at twelve, he found the boy curled up on the hearth-rug, sound asleep. He carried him into his bed-room, undressed him, and laid him in bed. Bill opened his eyes for a moment; but not understanding the position of things, thought it was a queer dream, and went sound off to sleep again.

In the morning, Dick found him still asleep. He had curled his lean arms round Dick's neck, and laid his little cheeks in Dick's big beard, thinking he was in bed with Thoozy.

"Poor little cuss!" said Dick.

That morning he went to a lawyer, one whose name he had heard from Mr. Battiscombe at Market Basing. To him he con-

fided the whole story of his marriage and Polly's wicked goings-on.

They had a long consultation, after which Dick strode away with a lightened countenance.

Bill was washed and dressed ready for him when he came back. The landlady was also ready with a representation. The boy was not in the agreement, and the trouble he gave was to be considered. Dick considered it. Then she begged to call Mr. Mortiboy's attention to the language in which he expressed his ideas—

"Which," she said, "is truly awful. If I had my boys home from school, they should-n't stay in the same house with him, not for gold."

She shook her finger at Bill, who looked at his protector to see whether he was going to be "whacked." But Mr. Mortiboy only laughed.

"We shall cure him presently, I dare say. Bring him his dinner as soon as you can. Hungry, Bill?"

"I'm allus hungry," said the boy.

When his dinner came, which was also Dick's luncheon, Bill made a rush at the dish as soon as the cover was taken off. Chops! He seized one in his fingers, and ran to a corner of the room, where he fell to tearing it with his teeth, after the manner of a menagerie tiger. The landlady pointed out this conduct to her tenant.

"That's the way he had his supper last night, sir. A regular little savage."

Dick nodded, and laughed. The woman retired. As she shut the door, the urchin, encouraged by the approving smiles of his patron, as he thought, performed a Catherine wheel all round the room, with the bone of his mutton chop in his mouth, finishing off with a "Houp-là!" as he had done the day before. Then he went back to his corner, and gnawed the bone.

"Bill, take the bone out of your mouth, and sit down on that chair. Did you never sit down to table in your life?"

"Eh?"

"How did you get your dinner at Mrs. Kneebone's?"

"Never had no dinner. Morning, mother made tea for herself, and sometimes I got some if Thoozy was able to get up. When Thoozy had rheumatics dreadful bad, so that he couldn't get up, I only got a bit of bread. Went out all day on the cadge. If I got nothink, old Mother Kneebone

giv' me a whackin' and another bit of bread. When Thoozy was all right, I got on first-rate. Thoozy used to help hisself and me too."

"Well, now you've got to learn manners."

Bill then received his first lesson in the usages of polite society—in teaching him which, as it was a novel occupation, Dick found the afternoon slip away pleasantly enough.

"Nobody ever taught you anything, I suppose?"

"Only Thoozy. He used to read to me. He's awful clever—knows everything. He promised to learn me to read as soon as he could find time. Once I was took up by a lady and put to school. It was a Sunday, because the bells were ringing, and the swells going to church. There was a bun and a cup of tea—jolly!—and then they taught us. I went lots of times on Sundays. They told me to say prayers and to sing hymns. I sang one at home they taught me, but old Mother Kneebone took a stick, and said she'd break every bone in my body if I didn't give over."

"They never taught you your duty, I suppose," said the moral Dick.

"What's that? There was a man in a straight black gownd said we was all going—Thoozy and me, and all the lot—to hell."

"That's good news to tell a child," said Dick.

"So I told Thoozy; and I asks him where it is, and what it's like when you've got there. He ups and says, 'If it aint better than Paragon-place, it won't be very jolly for us, Bill. Let's hope there'll be plenty to eat, and no Mother Kneebone.' Then I thought I should like to go there. But Thoozy said school wasn't no good."

Presently, the boy, unaccustomed to a chop and a half and a glass of beer, fell into a profound slumber; and Dick smoked on, thinking what he was to do with him.

He stayed one week in town, having interviews with the lawyers, and making out his case against Polly. This was not, with the data they had to go upon, at all a difficult task. After a few days, the story ran much as Mrs. Kneebone had told him.

Polly, at the age of eighteen, had gone up to London into service. She made certain female friends who had belongings at Pop-

lar, where she went on her "Sundays out." There she fell in with the mate of a sailing ship, a man twenty-five years older than herself, who was attracted by her rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and married her. According to Mrs. Kneebone—who ought to know something of feminine nature—the main cause of the conjugal unhappiness which ensued was that Polly despised a man who allowed his wife to beat him. No doubt there was a certain amount of truth in Mrs. Kneebone's remark: far be it from me to suggest suspicion as to any statement made by a woman in most respects so admirable. But this was not all the truth. When Captain Bowker went away, he left, in lieu of a monthly allowance from the shippers, which most merchant skippers' wives draw, a sum of money equivalent to it, calculated to last during the period of his absence. It must be observed that Polly was, if I may coin the term, a pseudo-maniac: she lied habitually, and even causelessly. Had she been of a higher rank in life, she would have become, of course, a novelist, drawing from her imagination some of that superfluous energy which prompted her now to invent, whenever invention appeared not only profitable, but even amusing. She had, in obedience to this proclivity, lied about herself and her belongings to her husband. Bowker had been told by her that she came from Cumberland. Why from Cumberland? I don't know. Polly only knew that it was a long way off, so she said Cumberland; and as her husband had never been there, it answered as well as any other place.

When Captain Bowker had been away for about a year—that is, for more than half of his appointed time—Polly bethought herself that she ought to go to Market Basing and pay a visit to her parents. She went; found her father dead, and her mother on the point of going to the workhouse; stayed there—promising at first for a few weeks only. But weeks passed into months; and when her husband returned—bringing a parcel of Chinese silks for his wife, and a parrot that knew how to cough and swear, having learned these accomplishments from a consumptive mariner—he found his house there, and "all standing," as he expressed it, but no Polly. Nor could he light upon any traces of his Polly. First, because he was a warm-hearted man, he shed tears, and wrung the neck of the parrot for swearing at him. Then he thanked the Lord for being rid of a bad

lot, sold the sticks, paid the rent, and went to sea again.

Something had happened to Polly. She met Dick Mortiboy: fell in with him in the fields as he was walking home from Parkside to Dergate; met him again—met him every night; saw that the boy was madly in love with her; encouraged him, but gave herself all the airs of a *vertu farouche*; received his presents; and then—

Bigamy. It is an ugly word. Polly said it over and over to herself very often about this time. It means all sorts of unpleasantness: it conveys ideas of courts, policemen, prison, an unbecoming uniform, a diet rather plain than luxurious, compulsory early rising, a limited circle of friends, very few books to read. A very ugly word. But bigamy without the danger? To marry twice and not to be found out? To marry the son of the richest man in the town, so that the sailor husband should never know? This seemed a prize worth risking something for. And what did she risk? Nothing. She asked her mother. Nothing, repeated the old lady. How could Bowker find out? He was bound to go to sea: he was always afloat: he was twenty years older than herself: he might get drowned—most likely he would get drowned—perhaps he was drowned already. And then she would have her new husband clear to herself.

And the son of the richest man in the town!

Young Dick pressed her. In his imagination, the fresh-cheeked, rosy village girl, who said she was eighteen when she was five-and-twenty, was an angel. Dick was a fool, of course; but many men have been fools at nineteen. He pressed her to promise to marry him. She promised. That meant nothing, because she could always break off. But his father sent him up to town to work for a time in a London bank, and—and—alas! for Polly's vow—it succumbed; and one fine morning she walked up the aisle of Saint Pancras's Church, and was married to Dick Mortiboy.

"Bigamy," said Dick, chuckling—"bigamy! That's a very pretty rod to hold over my Polly's head. And the worthy sailor still alive."

When Dick disappeared, there were two courses open to his afflicted wife. She might go to Mr. Mortiboy, and proclaim herself

his daughter-in-law; or she might go back to her Bowker. She reasoned out the matter with her mother; and, by her advice, elected to return to her first husband. The two reasons which the experienced matron, her mamma, urged were—first, that if Bowker found her out, it would lead to criminal proceedings and great unpleasantness; secondly, that if she told Mr. Mortiboy, he would infallibly, so angry would he be, refuse to afford her any assistance whatever. So she went to Poplar. Captain Bowker, her old friends told her, was gone to the China Seas in the country trade: would not be back for five years. Further, he had left a message that, if Polly came back, she was to be told that he was quit of her, and that she was henceforth no wife of his. That formula constitutes a nautical divorce. So Polly had to abandon hopes in that direction. Of course, she might, had she known, have gone to the shippers in whose employ her husband was, and demanded an allowance as his wife. She did not know their names. Then she fell in love for the first time. It was also with a sailor, one William Flint, ship's carpenter by profession, who so far overcame her scruples of conscience as to lead her to the altar a third time. Mr. Flint was the father of little Bill. He died before the birth of his son, after a short period of matrimonial happiness, during which he effectually taught Polly the beauty of submission by means of a thick stick. Mrs. Flint, thus bereft of two husbands and widowed of a third, left her child in care of Mrs. Kneebone, and lived in London for some years, still single, though not without admirers. When, like Horace's Lydia, she ceased to hear them knock at her door, she retired to Market Basing, where the rest of her history is known.

"The whole case," said the lawyer, after exposing the principal facts, "is as simple as possible. Bowker still lives, and has a pension from his employers. We can put our hands upon him whenever you please. The woman committed bigamy in marrying you. You may proceed against her if you like. Bowker may get a divorce if he pleases. The boy is no more yours than he is mine."

"Thank you," said Dick. "I'll wait a week or so, and think things over. I suppose I couldn't marry again without making any fuss about it?"

"You might, certainly; but you had better not just yet. Put yourself wholly in our hands, my dear sir."

Dick went away thoughtful. He was not altogether satisfied. Polly was a bad lot—a very bad lot. At the same time, it seemed mean to put her into prison, and bring her to utter shame and misery. He was always tender to criminals—not from any self-comuncions or prickings of conscience, but chiefly from the mental attitude of resistance to law into which his roving years had put him. Could not a compromise be effected? Suppose she were to go away, and be silent about it all? Suppose—but, in short, he would wait a little.

Then he thought of Grace. Free, free at last! The follies of his youth trampled down and forgotten! Love before him, and a peaceful life, such as he yearned after, away in some garden of pleasant England, hand in hand with Grace! Polly's chance was slender.

He went home to little Bill. It took some days to teach the child that mankind at large, though strangers, were not his mortal enemies. He learned the smaller lessons—those of propriety and the habits of civilization—easily enough, because he had nothing to unlearn, never having had any manners at all. He was a gentle child, too—submissive and docile. His worst difficulty, of course, was his language, which he readily perceived was not the same as that employed by his patron. He used to listen to what people said, and then go away and imitate them in a corner—gestures, and voice, and all. A perfectly wild boy: as untaught—save for the few lessons which he had got from Thoozy—as regards the outer world, as if he had been born in a desert and reared on the top of a mountain. A boy whose mind was like wax to receive impressions—a blank waxen tablet, for the stylus of Dick to work upon. Bad things he knew, after a fashion; but as they had never been called bad to him, of course it did not matter. As Euripides has explained, we only know what is bad by the canon of what is good. Good and bad were alike to little Bill.

In a day or two, the little animal was as fond of his patron and as entirely trustful in him as if he had been a dog. He ran about after him; he curled up at his feet if he sat down; he climbed upon his knees; he sat up solemnly, and stared at him; he listened to

all he said, and repeated it to himself. And Dick gave him, in that week which was spent in completing the "case" against Polly, a whole volume of moral philosophy, and a complete sheaf of moral axioms.

Mindful of the untrustworthy character of the Church Catechism, from the evidence he had received of it—he had not read it since he was a boy—he composed a short one for himself, which he asked the boy daily.

"What is a boy's first duty, Bill?"

"Never steal, never tell lies, never swear, hold his jaw, do his work, go away from England and get on."

He numbered his commandments off on his fingers, and went through them glibly enough.

"Right, boy. When I was your age, they used to teach me the Ten Commandments; but somehow they didn't seem to stick. I didn't want to worship graven images, so it was no good telling me not. Boys do prig, Bill, and don't get found out. They go on priggling, and then they do get found out. Then you know what happens.

"The thing to do is, to persuade people to trust you. Show that you're able to get on, and you will. Whatever you do, Bill, put your back into it. I know a poor creature in the States who was always having chances, and always failing, because he never had the pluck to take them. He had the fever last time I saw him, in a poor, mean sort of way. Hadn't the pluck to shake like other people.

"Here's another commandment for you, Bill. *Always be ready to fight.* It's the fighting men get the best of it. If a boy insults you, up with your fist. People are mostly cowards. If you make them afraid, they'll do anything. Remember that, Bill.

"Never you trust people that go round cracking you up to your face. If I wanted to get something out of you, I should say, 'Bill, you're a pretty boy, and a nice behaved boy.' As I want to do you good, I say, 'Bill, you're a thin, mealy-faced little devil, without enough strength to squeeze the life out of a mosquito.' You'll be no good till you're fat and strong, and know how to talk, and to behave, and to read. You remember that, Bill.

"You'll have to go to school soon, my boy. I'm not going to have you taught a lot of rubbish, on pretence of improving your intellect, because the masters don't know any-

thing else. You'll learn to talk French and German; you'll learn music; you'll learn to ride, and to fence, and to box; and you'll learn all the science you can get stuffed into you. But no Latin, my boy, and no rub-bish.

"Keep your eyes wide open, Bill, for shams and humbugs. Everybody in England, almost, is a humbug. You'll have to make money, and you can't do it, if you stay here, without pretending and telling lies. When you get big, old chap, you and I will go away to the West, and make a clearing, and grow our own crops. That's real, at any rate. Remember that, Bill.

"Don't be in a hurry to fall in love. Wait till you are five-and-twenty before you think about a girl at all. Then get married as soon as you can. When we get to Market Basing, I'll show you the kind of girl you may fall in love with. You remember that.

"Never be satisfied *till you've got all you want*. Rich people teach the poor to be humble and contented. That's because they want to keep what they've got. If you see a man humble, *kick him till he's proud*. And if you see a man contented, have him locked up in a lunatic asylum.

"I remember once, out there, we caught a man in the act of horse-stealing. Some were for hanging him. 'Don't do that,' I said. 'Let's tar and feather him.' So we did; and when the job was finished—he really looked beautiful—we made him dance a breakdown. The poor devil was frightened, and looked as miserable as if the rope was round his neck. So one of the crowd shouts out to him, 'Dance jolly,' he says—'dance jolly; or, by the powers, we'll hang you.' That man instantly looked as jolly as if it was all fun and jokes—face wreathed with smiles, as the books say. I never saw a better breakdown. So, if you see a man humble, you kick him till he's proud. Remember that, Bill.

"One man's as good as another, Bill. Don't you be afraid of a man because he's got a carriage, and a different coat to yours. He's only better than you if he's stronger, and has got better brains.

"Never you take a thing on trust. A man on board the boat from America wanted to persuade me about his religious notions. Said they were Bishop somebody's. That's all he had to believe them by. Bill, it's a mighty poor way of knowing things, if you believe all they tell you. Some day I'll tell

you what a priest in Mexico wanted me to believe.

"Manners, my boy. Get manners as soon as you can. They help a man more than anything else. Always be polite to everybody; but if you want anything, let them know it at starting. It saves a great deal of fighting. As I told you, if you have manners to start with, and pluck to back your demands, you'll get on."

The sermons, of which these are only notes, were not all delivered in a single day, or in a single week. They are inserted here to indicate the nature of the course of philosophy which Dick was putting his young pupil through. From time to time he examined him; added to the commandments which formed his catechism; illustrated his position by anecdotes; made a sort of running commentary on his teaching, or gave the boy an exercise on some knotty point.

All this excellent moral teaching we are fain to pass over, because space and time are limited. Anybody who wants to know more of Dick's teaching may purchase his aphorisms of me, on moderate terms, to be mutually agreed upon.

M. DORÉ.

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ, the subject of our cartoon, was born at Strasburg in the month of January, 1832. At an early age he was taken to Paris by his father, and there his education was completed. When quite a boy, he contributed to the *Journal pour Rire* little comic sketches. Of his pictures, among the first to attract the attention of connoisseurs were "La Bataille d'Alma," exhibited in 1855, and "La Bataille d'Inkermann," exhibited in 1857.

M. Doré's works are well known in this country, where they have been exhibited both as contributions to exhibitions of pictures by various artists, and also a number of his oil pictures forming a gallery by themselves.

M. Doré has turned his great powers to drawings on the wood; and, as an illustrator of books of imagination by the great authors, is almost unrivalled in popularity. His pictorial interpretation of Rabelais, of Balzac's wild "Contes Didactiques," and of that grand work of fiction, "The Wandering Jew," are well known and deservedly admired for their originality and realization of the authors' ideal; though the artist's illustrations to the

"Divina Commedia" of Dante, to Cervantes' perennial "Don Quixote," to Milton, and to the Holy Bible, are better known in this country.

Though French by birth, M. Doré is almost an Englishman by adoption, and is perfectly conversant with English places and people. He is drawing a history of the metropolis, under the title of "London: a Pilgrimage." The letterpress is from the practised pen of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. Though strongly marked with the great artist's peculiarities, the drawings in "London" are, as a whole, very satisfactory. The book is beautifully printed and got up, and is worthy of its great subject.

M. Doré received on 15th of August, 1861, the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Whatever branch of his art his fame in his own country may ultimately rest upon, here the name of Gustave Doré will always be associated—in the minds of those who were among the first to recognise his great talent, and to extend to him their support—with his wonderful powers of illustration. The humorous scenes of Cervantes, the lofty fancy of Milton, the splendid imagery of the Prophetic Authors of Sacred Writ, have received from Doré something nearly approaching to an interpretation of their authors' ideal.

A LAST TIGER.

YEARS have flown by—many more than I care to reckon—since the death of my first tiger; and I am now, at the date of this event—my last—a shaky invalid who ought some seasons back to have been more mindful of his increasing liver than his increasing pay; for though Hygeia is a patient goddess, yet the end of her endurance is reached at last, pull up gently as we may, and a constantly recurring fever and ague left me but the poor rôle of keeping very close indeed to the shore, if I would continue floating down the stream of life at all. "*C'est une ennuyeuse maladie que de conserver sa santé par un trop grand régime,*" says La Rochefoucauld, and the truth of his assertion is rendered still more galling after each futile attempt to run with the tide amid-stream.

More than one season at Landour—one of our sanatoria in the Himalayahs—had failed to break up the periodicity of my complaint, and I could no longer shut my

eyes to the fact that the only chance for me was "home."

I soon obtained the required certificate; made all the necessary arrangements for the run down to Calcutta by *dak*, a matter of 1,600 miles; and one morning in the month of June stole out from the clouds, 10,000 feet high, down the tortuous path that leads to Rajpore, a village of the Deyrah Dün, at the foot of the Himalayahs proper, from whence my *dak* was laid. I was mounted upon one of the hill ponies, or *goonts*, as they are called; whilst my impedimenta followed, suspended across the shoulders of four short but sturdy hill-men.

The ten miles of descent are ten miles of the sublime. Northwards, heavy clouds hang in festoons half-way up the hillside, one moment revealing, the next hiding some human habitation; and although, in this strata of the view, nature appears somewhat damp and chill, yet high above all, relieved against a cloudless sky, can be seen the ghost-like peaks of the everlasting snowy range. Southwards, there gradually melts into indistinctness a glistening landscape of more than 100 miles in extent. Numerous streams wind their diverging courses southwards. All looks bright and clear. Alternately eastward and westward, across ridges, around sharp promontories, skirting deep wooded ravines, whence issue the bark of the *kaker*, the call of the *menal*, and the faint sound of running waters, we slowly creep—I in no mood for more than absolutely necessary exertion. Half-way down we rest. The spot is called *jerrud-pawnee*. A limpid stream here trickles over a jutting rock; and my *kitmagur* coming up, a little of the pure element is qualified with a drop of brandy, and a cheroot attempted. The hill-men throw themselves down, and improvise a very simple pipe. Two holes are drilled in the moist turf, about a foot asunder, and made to incline inwards, forming an angle of 45° at their junction. One is made sufficiently large to contain the tobacco, and to the other the mouth is applied, turn about, by the whole four. The fumes are partly swallowed; the object being, in the given time, to get as fully narcotized as may be. My bearer and *kitmagur*, the only servants I have brought with me from the plains, are soon gurgling at their respective *hubble-bubbles*.

The former is a high-caste Hindoo, the latter a Mussulman. According to the

usages of the country, the former has the entire possession of all my ready money, all my letters, papers, keys, and clothes. He might, were he so inclined, disappear with the whole at any time, and be lost in the dense population of any of the native towns; yet I never heard of such an event occurring. My *kitmagur*, who has the entire supervision of the inner man, might, were he minded to do so, make my coffee more strong than wholesome—without, I think, much chance of any searching investigation being made in this cholera country. Yet, I repeat, I never heard even a suspicion of anything of the sort happening. And our great troubles were then not far off. Even then the seed was planted for the lotus-leaved chupatties. Both these men have the most profound contempt for their brethren of the hills; both would, I have no doubt, had they the means, indulge in polygamy; whereas the hill-men are content to be polyandrists, and this fact stinks in their nostrils.

It was about eleven o'clock a.m. as we reached the last declivity that led down to the bungalow at Rajpore; but I am surprised, as we approach, at the bustle and commotion in this usually quiet spot. In the compound I can see horses being foddered down by busy syces, and elephants driving away the tormenting flies with leafy boughs from their daily rations—now and then sending a shower of dust as a more than usual plague.

All this is soon explained as I dismount at the verandah. G—, an old *shikar-chum*, political resident at —pore, steps forward.

“My dear H—! The very man I wanted to see. But you certainly don't look well. What, chucked up the sponge at last, and going home? But come in. P— is here, of the Irregulars, and we are discussing a late breakfast or early *tiffin*, which you like. Here, *kitmagur*, some of that hare soup, if there's any left, more chicken cutlets, and open another bottle of Lall-shrok.”

Thus spake my voluble friend as we entered the cool, lattice-lit room, where I was soon seated discussing languidly the aforesaid temperate refection.

“What are we doing here, eh? Well, the fact of the matter is simply this. Here have P— and I been for the last two days ineffectually attempting to become better acquainted with the whereabouts of a tigress and her two full-grown progeny that have

taken up their quarters not far eastward between this place and the outer range. I got information of this at —pore, in relation to the more than usual havoc this pretty trio is making in the different herds. Having sent off my old *shikari* to make inquiries at Deyrah, I came on with our friend P—, bringing Piage and Jasmin—Onion and Jesamine—two favourite shooting elephants. As usual, notwithstanding their great losses, the natives at first refused to part with any of their beasts; and it was only last night that we succeeded in getting hold of a couple of young buffaloes. These were duly tethered down, and by this time, I hope, are nearly incorporated into tiger; for my *shikari* this morning followed the trail of their carcasses up to the edge of the jungle, not far from where we hope in mid-day heat to find these royal cattle-lifters sleeping off the effect of their bloody repast. And now you know all, what say you? Will you join us? Your *dak* is on for nine o'clock. Long before that we shall be back here, kill or not. There is plenty of room for two in my *howdah*. Do you say ‘Yes?’”

Alas! poor Hygeia! “No” is such a difficult word to utter; and when old associations contend with prudence, we generally finish by “jumping o'er the meshes of good counsel—the cripple.”

It was fully an hour past mid-day when our cavalcade, consisting of two shooting and one pad elephant, issued from the compound. Not a breath of air stirring, and a cloudless sky giving full force to the uninterrupted rays of a blazing sunshine. The valley of the Deyrah Dün is a tract of country, about twelve miles in breadth and one hundred and fifty in length, that is shut in by an outer ridge of hills, the whole having an elevation of 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. Proceeding down the main road for about a mile, we turn off towards the left, and skirt the thick tree jungles that lie at the foot of the mountains, where the violet rhododendrons cluster in thick impenetrable masses, and sleepy cattle are seen listlessly herding in the leafy shade; the cowherd perched in security up in the fork of some high tree, who chatters out his losses to our *mahout* in language not at all complimentary to *felidae* in general. On our right hand stretch out flat fields of cotton, grain, wheat, sugar cane, and maize—together a well-cultivated district. Jungle-fowl, pheasant, and pea-fowl wing their way off unmolested.

Bevies of little button-quails fly with a squeal into the nearest sugar cane; and troops of large, gray-coated, black-faced monkeys, disturbed in their mid-day *siesta*, favour us with a little choice abuse before disappearing. After about an hour's time the character of the country begins to alter—the jungle becoming more and more dominant, encroaching out into the cultivated fields in irregular patches of all sizes. We are nearing the scene of our expectations; and presently come across the spot where the unfortunate bullocks have been tethered down, on the borders of a young corn-field, midway between two patches of jungle. The scene of the struggle is only too evident on the gore-spotted wheat and trampled ground. Broad trails of flattened stalks show where the carcasses have been dragged into the neighbouring thicket; and the plan of operation has now to be agreed upon.

Shall we send in the pad elephant and beaters on one side, whilst we await the exit of the game on the other? This seems feasible enough, only that the cover is somewhat too large, and the game, once thoroughly aroused and getting off, is likely to scatter; so finally we agree to enter, and silently stalk up the trail.

The heat had now become something terrific; for though a breeze had sprung up, it seemed as if blown from the mouth of a furnace, rendering even the act of breathing painful. The water which our *bheestie* has been carrying is quite hot; but luckily we have a few bottles of cold tea at the bottom of the *howdah*, which serve to allay our thirst. This done, we open the campaign by sending some of the beaters up the nearest trees as markers, and the pad elephant round to the other side of the cover. We enter the jungle nearly abreast, following up the very evident trail, and soon come upon what was last evening a bullock, but now a mere skeleton. This has evidently been the united work of the cubs, the grass around being battered into a compact mass by their broad pats, as they have snarled and fought over their unfortunate victim.

Ten yards farther on we find the other bullock, minus his hind-quarters. And now the tracking requires all our attention. The *shikari* from time to time slips off from his place alongside the *mahout*, and carefully seeks for every footprint—taking care, however, to keep under the very trunk of the elephant. Slowly, and with some difficulty,

we press our way along for about three hundred yards; when the elephants, though staunch enough, show that something has "come betwixt the wind and their nobility." Trunks are carefully coiled up, and each cautious footstep marks the natural repugnance to the task assigned. And now we get the first intimation of our propinquity to the quarry.

The reedy grass ahead is seen surging backwards and forwards in that thick, high, round patch, where they have evidently made a lair: puzzled and undecided at so unusual a trespass upon their hitherto undisturbed slumbers. We now halt some twenty paces off, commanding both sides, and are just thinking of hurling in an empty bottle, when, with an air of nonchalance, a full-grown male cub steps out into the shorter cover, his close and well-defined stripes alone indicating his youth. We fire almost together. Crack!—thud!

"Habit," exclaims G—— as the tiger sinks noiselessly down.

Crack again goes P——'s rifle as the other cub makes off with a rush; but this stops her, and, maddened with rage and pain, she charges, roaring down to within a couple of yards, when another ball breaks her back, and she lies the picture of baffled rage, impotently tearing up the ground all around, till a third bullet mercifully ends the painful scene.

"Bravo, P——!" shouts G——. "But hold up, old lady! What, in the name of conscience, is the matter with Piage?"

For some moments we are in imminent danger of being pitched out head foremost: bottles and gunstocks, powder-flasks and bullets, kept pounding away at our nether extremities, as, trumpeting out her trepidation, Piage recklessly rushes onwards, threatening to shake even the *howdah* off her back. I have just time to turn round, and perceive at once the gravity of our situation. Unconsciously to us, the maternal tigress has made good a sudden charge upon our flank, and is now, tooth and nail, holding on to the elephant's hind-quarters.

G—— is frantically trying to catch his gun as it bounds about from one side to the other at the evident risk of an explosion. Luckily, however, I have not relinquished hold of mine; and, steadying myself by firmly holding on to the side of the *howdah* with one hand, I lean over, and, placing the muzzle almost into her open jaws, I

send a two-ounce ball crashing through her skull!

She drops off dead; and Piage, gradually recovering from her panic, is brought round to the scene of her late confusion, and it is all over. The pad elephant is called in, and the work of loading commences. I may here mention—as we travel slowly back in the slanting rays of the declining sun—that although a tiger, from its inability to climb, can seldom advance farther than its first spring, yet an incident like the last related, however happily it may terminate, cannot be considered other than a misfortune, from the fact that it is very apt to destroy the future staunchness of the shooting elephant. Pitching out the occupants of the *howdah*, stumbling and falling over of the elephant, coming into contact with some low-branched tree, smashing the *howdah* and making mincemeat of its contents, are some of the eventualities that may and have occurred.

THE SETTING SUN.

I SATE myself, a pilgrim at my rest,
A silent gazer at the quiet west—
A simple pilgrim to myself confess,
And in my loneliness a soul all blest.

For, wandering through a day now well-nigh done,
I sate me down before the setting sun,
And wondered how, since first the morn begun,
What newer glory to the world was won;

What noble deed could lie with slumbers light
In holy dreams within the coming night;
What noble thought had thrown, in silent flight,
Its seed to blossom in the morrow's light.

For sure, I thought, in this eternal peace,
That grows into the twilight with increase,
Some godlike soul has scorned the mad release
From those immortal hopes that never cease.

Look down, O even star, through these dim lanes;
The long years come, the latest of them wanes;
Pure through the ages thy fair light remains—
Earth only thy calm innocence disdains.

MY FRIEND MRS. TIMEPIECE.

A GENERAL OUTLINE OF HER CHARACTER.

"MRS. TIMEPIECE could say a great deal about the matter, but she will not. She will exercise the Christian spirit of forbearance. Let him be unjust. She can afford to repose upon the grandeur of her conscience."

This was an attitude in which Mrs. Timepiece often placed herself. You will observe that underlying it there is a considerable subtlety. It gave her the hues of

martyrdom, and fastened upon the "contumacious" the character of persecutors. But really Mrs. Timepiece was no martyr at all, and her trespasser no persecutor. She was a woman who loved power—who never ceased to try for more and more of it, in any and every shape conceivable; but sometimes she found her fine network of plans stopped half-way in its circles, and she drew back into the minor hollows of her arm-chair, as a disturbed spider into the corners of its web, and protected her dignity by assuming an injured air and tone.

I cannot tell exactly what a terrier's feelings are at the mouth of a fox-hole; but my feelings on these occasions must have had some resemblance to them. I felt a desire to unearth the old fox, and expose all her crocodile tears to daylight and analysis. Sometimes I followed the impulse, and traced, in what I considered rather eloquent terms, the last line of the web to its very centre. It was like a miniature Day of Judgment; and it was quite funny to see how it acted upon what one may call her "nassal nerves," which worked underneath the skin, and vibrated like fiddle-strings that are being alternately tightened and loosened; and there was a snappish look all over the face, not unlike that which you see when you come near a dog with a bone.

Oh, how she did hate me at these times!

Mrs. Timepiece was deeply and thoroughly saturated with the opinion that all men were bad.

In reading family prayers, she laid a special emphasis upon words which indirectly referred to sins that chiefly belong to the masculine gender. The Psalmist said in his haste that "all men were liars;" but Mrs. Timepiece both thought and said it at leisure.

She seemed to feel it necessary to be always on her guard against them, and had trained her daughters to take up a kind of half-military position of defence in their presence.

Now, observe, Mrs. Timepiece rarely out and out, in Murray's words, told her daughters that men were bad; but words are not the only medium of understanding between a mother and daughter. They talk to one another by signs in the eyes, in the shaping of the cheeks and eyebrows, by sighs, and by slight elevations of the muscle at the apex of the shoulders. And Mrs. Timepiece

had, by continuous repetitions of these signs, taught her daughters to read them accurately. Her face to them was like a clock's face, and they could tell at all times pretty nearly what time it was before it audibly struck. In other words, they knew her wishes, thoughts, opinions, ideas, and feelings, as they came naked from her brain, without the ordinary clothing of words.

It is only just to say that, though her daughters thoroughly understood these signs, they never used them by way of answer to their mother. Odd enough to say, but true, I don't think she would have liked them to do so; and I half suspect that she would scarcely have understood them if they had. It was an alphabet she had taught them to read; but it was one she, at the least, disliked herself to read. It was quite right she should use it, but not sufficiently respectful to be used to her.

The utility of this alphabet was that, whilst very significant, it was not subject to challenge. It acted something like an air gun: you saw the bullet strike yourself or some other man, but heard no noise.

Being somewhat of an original character, and fond of adventure, I have sometimes, as before hinted, dashed some sharp sentence, like the lance of a cavalry man, into the midst of these evil thoughts of hers lying in ambush, and it was extremely funny how she immediately drew herself into herself, with a frosty expression of injured innocence, as a snail does into its shell when you have grazed its horns with your boot.

She knew well enough that my arrow had hit its mark; but Mrs. Timepiece was a fox, and had two or three chambers of reserve in her capacious brain.

I have never forgotten, since I read Paley, the phrase "undesigned coincidence;" and I also vividly remember Lord Palmerston's sentence—"the concurrence of fortuitous atoms." Illustrative of these expressions, I may quote the case of the Misses Timepiece. Their defensive, half-military attitude in the presence of gentlemen led, I may say truly, more than one of them on to matrimony: it inspired the idea of a siege. Here, at least, was evidently something to conquer—the forethought of the glows of victory was most exhilarating. It gave the feeling of a sort of crusade; and soon—very soon—after the eldest Miss T. had, as the term goes, "come out," one of the hated sex was in the field—determined,

but sly, resolutely wise, to melt, by ten thousand lawful influences, the perpetual ice upon her lofty brow.

Mrs. Timepiece's way of walking showed that she considered herself not an ordinary person: it is not easy to describe, for she seemed, in a manner, to walk with her head as well as her legs. Almost every step, she had a way of throwing up her head, and there seemed continually to be going on some inward process of pumping of her blood to the summit. The strong, red current was visible through the expanding and contracting skin of her face. Her appearance when on the move sometimes put into my mind the image of a war-horse stretching his ears at the sound of the bugle. She looked in advance, with eyes formed for long range—a natural telescope by which she could detect the minutest object on the distant horizon, either of a person's mind or the sky. She nearly always carried an umbrella with her, and held it, during locomotion, somewhat as an officer does his sword.

All this had a great effect. The quiet, undemonstrative thinker who grows pale over writing scientific essays is considered by most people to be at least odd, and by many to be rather crooked in his brain. They look at his thin form and settled countenance, and they see no sign of inward power. But a clever person like Mrs. Timepiece, who shows it as distinctly as a railway engine does its steam, makes rapid headway. Her power is so evident, and she inspires fear if not respect; and these two feelings, in outward sign, are twin brothers, and cannot be distinguished one from the other. You know that she could dissect your moral and mental nature if she chose; and that, if she did it at all, it would not be done with a very fine edged knife.

It is all very well for some people to stand erect in the strength of their conscience, and say with the Laureate—"Even the dead shall look me through and through." This kind of people is as scarce as royal stags in the herd. Most of us, to say the least, dislike a process of this kind; most of us, if there be no "skeleton in the chest," suffer under the operation; and many of us have a good deal behind lock and key that, both in chrysalis and fact accomplished, is fitter for darkness than light.

And so it came to pass that Mrs. Timepiece was, apparently, much respected. The idea generally amongst the farmers and la-

bourers in her neighbourhood was that she was "up to snuff," and I have heard more than one describe her in this sneezing kind of language.

Mrs. Timepiece's religious views were in keeping with her general character. Her grandfather had been a churchwarden for twenty years, and, by some sort of process of ratiocination, I fancy she connected the future of her soul with this historical fact. I feel quite sure that if any one had asked her to explain the connection of the two events, she would have ridiculed the idea that there was any connection between them; but all human nature contains many roots and fibres in its sides and corners which never show much of a flower or even a leaf above ground. The height of astonishment would be to see ourselves as we really are. But we never are treated to a sensation of the kind. We form ideas and conceptions of ourselves from our wishes. The difference between what we think of ourselves and what others think, even the favourably inclined, may be said to be laughable as well as great. All this is very unnatural, and to be lamented, but it is true.

If the art of photography revealed our characters as faithfully as it does our faces, how very few of us would be taken a second time! We should decidedly get a permanent shock. It is very easy to talk about loving the truth, and easy to love it when it is agreeable and pleasing. But it is not very easy, when the truth tells you that you are very ugly and very bad, to love it.

I have a notion that plain people don't trouble the looking-glass much, just as wicked people don't trouble themselves much with self-inspection. We all prefer to think that the Devil still remains in the Garden of Eden, to the faintest suspicion that he may have taken lodgings within ourselves.

Mrs. Timepiece was not a very distinct exception to the general rule. I never heard her describe the Devil; but from indirect remarks, I infer that she secretly believed that he had a tail. I need scarcely say that poetry and metaphysics were not at all in her line. She, no doubt, had heard of Milton's "Paradise Lost;" but, as she seemed in all her bearings to regard pride as a virtue, I cannot think that she fairly believed that to be the cause of Satan's ruin. It was not easy to get her to speak plainly

out on any subject; but I should not be surprised if, in her thought of thoughts, she attributed the fall of his Sable Majesty to a want of self-respect. At least, any declension in that article of the smallest kind in human beings, rich or poor, was, in her eyes, a very dreadful sin.

She herself never lost a vivid consciousness that her heart was the abode of stern virtues and severe morality. Of all the seasons of the year she preferred winter—I suppose, because it chimed in with her own frigid nature; and she never seemed so powerful, either in mind or body, as when the thermometer was below zero.

To return again to her views of the Devil, I may add, that if she had heard any one say "that there was no Devil," she would have called him an "infidel."

For my part, I like the idea of a Devil. There is something grand in it; but I happen to be of a poetical temperament, and in my most poetical moments only thought they had spelt his name with a letter (d) too much.

One thing I know, that an admission of this kind would be a blow to Mrs. Timepiece's combative spirit; for she is a wrestler, not only with "flesh and blood," but against powers of the air.

At family prayer she looks like a warrior taking his rest before a battle. She goes to church quite with the idea that it whets her spiritual sword. She likes a preacher who beats the dust out of the pulpit cushions, and she regards "confirmation" as something like the enlistment of a young soldier. She seems, in a spiritual sense, to understand fortifications and trench work, holding strongly the opinion that neither Satan nor his angels can do much with any one who is firm and self-denying within.

She would consider it to be "an opening of the joints of her spiritual harness" to eat any tit-bits at dinner, or to shrink from her cold bath on the most frosty morning, or to sit with her feet on the fender after breakfast, or to allow any of her grandchildren to be helped in her presence to a second edition of raspberry jam, and such like.

Mrs. Timepiece is the opposite of a Ritualist. She likes a spade to be called a spade. Plain, hard-crusted, matter-of-fact words are her vocabulary in religion and other departments.

What does it matter where a clergy-

man stands in the chancel? I have tried, for charity's sake, to explain that it means "a doctrine," and so forth; but it is lost labour. She answered me, snappishly—

"Why can't he say what he means?"

As to "vestments," they are simply puppyism in its worst shape, and akin to the impulses which lead servant girls on to the purchase of fine bonnets and shawls they cannot afford.

"What is that red piece of millinery he wears on his back?" she asked me one day, when a stranger clergyman came to take the duty.

I explained, but she pronounced it "poms and vanities," nevertheless, and remarked, "He had forgotten his Catechism."

I will not attempt to turn her any more. I might as well try and turn the East wind. She is literal to the backbone, and believes in the resurrection of every particle. She has a place marked out in the churchyard where she is to rest, and she looks at it every Sunday without the quiver of a nerve—as any one else would look over a small estate belonging to them.

TABLE TALK.

WE have been asked a good many times if there is really such an island as Palmiste, or whether it exists only in the imagination of the author of "Ready-money Mortiboy." The island called Palmiste in the story has a real existence; but, for very plain reasons, it would be indiscreet to give its true name in this note. The author has called it Palmiste. The palmiste is a tree with which all persons who have ever visited the West Indies must be perfectly familiar—the *Oreodoxa oleracea* of botany; the palmiste, or cabbage-palm, in the islands. It is a tree of great beauty, and has some curious characteristics. From the young trees, when about twelve or fifteen feet high, the finest salad in the world is gathered. In flavour it is something like ripe filberts, but its freshness and novelty the European gourmet must taste to fully appreciate. They are—like most flavours—indescribable. The part of the tree which furnishes this peerless edible is at the top of the trunk, below the shoot whence the leaves branch off. It is only the young tree from which the salad is to be got, and each salad costs the life of the tree. The older trees attain an immense height, and are of extremely beautiful ap-

pearance. Canon Kingsley does not say anything about the palmiste salad, but he describes the tree in that charming book of travel, "At Last a Christmas in the West Indies." He says: "The trucks stopped at a manager's house, with a palmiste, or cabbage-palm, on each side of the garden gate—a pair of columns which any prince would have longed for as ornaments for his lawn. It is the fashion here, and a good fashion it is, to leave the palmistes—a few, at least—when the land is cleared; or to plant them near the house, merely on account of their wonderful beauty. One palmiste was pointed out to me in a field near the road, which had been measured by its shadow at noon, and found to be 153 feet in height. For more than 100 feet the stem rose straight, smooth, and gray. Then three or four spathes of flowers, four or five feet long each, jutted out and upward. Above them rose, as always, the stem for some twenty feet; and then the flat crown of feathers, dark as yew, spread out against the blue sky, looking small enough up there, though forty feet at least in breadth. No wonder if the man who possessed such a glorious object dared not destroy it." Canon Kingsley, who is a prince of describers, has here a worthy object. The palmiste is among the finest productions of tropical vegetation.

WITH CERTAIN GERMAN dreamers, it is a theory that the United States will some day have a king or an emperor instead of a president. The glories of the republic are to pale before the charms of a tangible crown, and some lucky general and president is to hand this crown down to a long line of "kings to be," his children and grandchildren. There are things that will happen before this. But our cousins are "levelling up" pretty fast. Now they are proposing to adopt what in England some disaffected spirits wish to see discontinued—the advocate's honoured wig and gown. The leading American legal organ, the *Albany Law Journal*, is of opinion that—

"The extensive use of the robe and the gown would add lustre, distinction, and gravity to the bench and the bar, and would be an incentive to all wearers of these professional insignia to render themselves worthy the distinction. The American lawyers, before and immediately after the time of the rupture between the colonies and Great Britain, adopted the contemporaneous manners and customs of the English lawyers. But the revolution effected a great change not only in the commercial and military con-

dition of this country, but also in the spirit of the people; and it was sufficient to condemn anything not absolutely necessary for the preservation of life, to concede that it was 'English.' This influence, combined with the free and independent character of Americans at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, was more than sufficient to abolish many social and professional customs and costumes which had been introduced from abroad, and initiate a simple, unostentatious, and even inelegant style of living and dress. But it appears to us that both of these elements (that of rudeness and newness of national life, and that of prejudice against anything foreign) have been outgrown, in a great measure, in the United States; and that with our advancing power, education, and refinement, with the decline of national prejudice and the increase of our understanding of the proprieties, we ought to adopt some distinctive dress for our lawyers. We consider it both for the interest and the dignity of the profession that the robe and the gown be universally adopted in all our higher Courts. The Supreme Court of the United States should not alone clothe her judges in official robes, nor the bar of St. Louis alone wear learned gowns. A custom universally practised among the enlightened and intellectual nations of Europe should not be ignored by Americans, especially when there is added to the influence of example a noble and correct national sense of the propriety and desirableness of that custom. And with a bench possessing learning, gravity, and authority, and clad in impressive robes, with a bar educated, honourable, and industrious, and clothed in the dignified gown, the legal sense of the nation will no longer be pained by the spectacle of a profession striving, under many weights, to preserve its great name, its honourable reputation, and its respectable authority among men."

I am quite of one opinion with the paper quoted. I should be very sorry to see any change in the dress of barristers and judges in our own Courts. For our two Universities, or for our bar and bench, to dispense with that dress which is distinctively academical and legal, would be a very foolish step: alteration that is not amendment. There is the very well known story of the great Doctor that Bozzy tells with superlative gusto. It is the anecdote of Johnson's refusal at Bright-helmstone to be introduced to a nobleman, for the strange reason that he wore no stars. "What are stars for?" the Doctor asked; and was very rude, even turning his back on the lord. It is pretty clear that the Doctor's follower was against him in this instance, and on the side of the lord. Now, there was reason in Johnson's objection, though he was both wrong and rude. Nobody, I suppose, will deny that the dignity of the Universities and the influence of the law are supported, in the eyes of the people, by their distinctive dresses. I, for one, should have felt outraged if I had been "hauled" by a gownless tutor, and I enter a protest

against ever having to be represented in Court by a barrister without a wig.

THE FIRST DAY'S fly-fishing of the season brings especial sensations. It seems odd to be throwing your line across stream almost before a leaf is out or a bird has begun to sing. It is as incongruous as a run with fox-hounds at the end of April. But the trout like the first taste of a fly as much as we like our first plate of salmon or lamb. It is cruel to deceive them; for their appetites, like some of our own, give them nothing but pain. I suppose they have minds of a certain limit, and are capable of feeling astonishment after the first sharp pang of the hook. That painful moment is one of fine nerve-thrill to the tempter on bank. It is quite an exalting sensation—one may say, hallowing. You don't think of the throes of the fish, except to still them; and they call forth within you all the instincts and faculties which come under the term "artistic." It requires tact and skill, patience and forethought to land a three-quarters of a pound trout with a single hair. Cut his throat before you put him into your basket, or he will die slowly, amidst painful dreams; and, remembering your dinner hour, wrap him up in a green shroud of moss. What fine memories of former seasons will come out of your mind whilst you are slowly eating him in the evening, and whilst the cat anxiously watches you from the hearth rug!

ONE GREAT VALUE of money is that it protects you from tyranny. I am sure I am not any happier now that I can afford to have fish and soup to my dinner, than when I was limited to a mutton chop and potatoes; but I feel it a great comfort that the worst my worst enemy can do to me is to slander me, and time is sure to bring him punishment for that. If he could turn my wife and children out of doors, I should be obliged to be very submissive to him, and very humble; and should, probably, lose much of my self-respect.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C. Every MS. should bear the Name and Address of the Sender.

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No. 230.

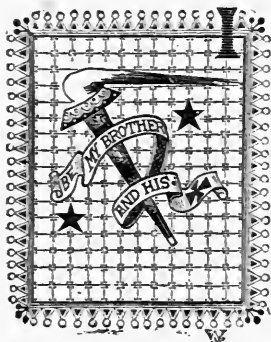
May 25, 1872.

Price 2d.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-NINTH.



IT was in a very changed mood that Dick went back to Market Basing: one that boded little good to Polly. He went back rejoicing in his freedom. He could try once more for his cousin, Grace Heathcote. If

accepted, he would—what would he do?—write to his lawyers to get his marriage with Polly Tresler annulled in the quickest manner, and at any cost.

With him, of course, went little Bill. Dick had got him dressed in a fantastic garb of his own invention, consisting chiefly of brown velvet and gold lace, in which the child looked wonderfully well. I said before that he had the look of a gentleman. It was more than this: he had that look of refinement and intelligence which might have been produced in a boy of extraordinary talent by a course of the most careful training, the highest kind of education. He was now almost presentable: he had ascertained most of the words which are *tapu*: he was convinced that his original theories as to the nature of women, based on his experience of Mrs. Kneebone, were erroneous, or at least not capable of general application: he did not take to his heels when he saw a policeman: he ate and drank like a Christian. The only thing which made him sometimes troublesome was that he really did not know how, without using *tapu* words, to express his ideas. And he sometimes, by imi-

tating exactly what he saw others do, provoked the observer's smile, or stimulated his curiosity.

Dick denied himself his cigar in the train, thinking that the smell of a smoking-carriage might be bad for the boy. Consequently, there were ladies in the carriage: two young ladies who whispered to each other, and shot telegraphic signals about nothing out of the corners of their eyes; and an old one. The old lady fell to admiring the boy. She looked at him for a long time, and could not resist the impulse to talk to him.

"Your son, may I ask, sir?" she said to Dick.

"My ward, madam."

"Come to me, my dear. I've got a grandson something like him." She drew the child to her knee. Little Bill looked wistfully at Dick. "What is your name, my dear?"

"Bill."

"Y—e—s—William—a pretty name."

"'Taint William. It's Bill."

"Dear me!" thought the old lady—"this is a very vulgar child. Now talk to me, my dear," she said aloud.

This was a staggerer for little Bill. He was not anxious now to answer questions, being aware that his previous history, though not discreditable perhaps, had yet been unfortunate. He was silent for a little while; and then, unfortunately recollecting exactly what he had seen his patron's landlady in London do one afternoon when she brought up the bill, he slipped off the old lady's knee, and, striking an attitude, half deprecating half assertive, he coughed behind his hand, and murmured—

"It was not always thus with me. I have had happier days."

Then he placed his hand on his heart, and sighed deeply. Then he looked at Dick, to see if he had done anything wrong.

In a word, the boy was a little monkey—just as imitative—just as quick and clever.

"God bless my soul!" cried the old lady; "what an extraordinary child!"

The two young ladies screamed. Dick laughed. And the boy, seeing their amusement, jumped up and down, laughing too.

"Pardon him, madam," said Dick. "By an unlucky series of accidents, my ward's education has been totally neglected. Sit here, my boy, and do not let us talk any more."

No one was in the villa to receive them. Dick took the boy by the hand, and led him into the house. All the magnificence bewildered him.

"Do you live here, Uncle Dick?"

"This is my house, Bill; and here you and I will live together as jolly as we can. Come upstairs. Now this, my boy, is to be your room. There isn't a bed in it at present, but I will get you one. It is your own room. We shall have you taught to read and write; and then you shall have books, if you take to books—as I expect you will. And now—I wish you could ride—we will have a little drive into the country together."

The groom brought round Dick's dog-cart, and they drove off.

First, to the bank. Bill trotted in after his protector, following him like a little dog.

"Who is this?" asked Ghrimes.

"This is little Bill—William Flint, by name: adopted ward of Mr. Dick Mortiboy. Don't look suspicious, Ghrimes."

"Indeed, I was not thinking anything of the sort."

Dick transacted his business, which did not take long, and went out. He took the road to Hunslope. People looked at the cart with astonishment. What new thing had happened? Young Mr. Mortiboy with a child beside him! Polly, standing at the door of her mother's cottage, saw him drive past. Saw the boy, too, and wondered. During this interval she had been full of fear, and uncertainty, and rage. It was not fear of "the others" turning up: it was bodily fear of being killed if she offended her husband. She resolved, at least, to go to the villa that very evening, and have it out. Not a thought of little Bill!

"Oh, what a pretty boy!" cried Grace. "Lucy, come and look. Who is he, Dick?"

"He's my ward, now. A week ago he was anybody's ward, running about the

streets. I've had him cleaned and new rigged, you see, and I don't think he looks amiss. Shake hands as I taught you, Bill. Grace, come and talk to me for five minutes in the garden. Lucy, take care of the boy, will you? Give him a lesson in good behaviour."

Grace saw that he had something of importance to say, and led the way to the garden without another word. It was one of those old-fashioned gardens, where you are sure of finding all the old flowers side by side with the best of the new—mignonette, wallflower, sweet-William, Venus's looking-glass, polyanthus, London pride, and the rest. At the end lay a sort of little shrubbery, beyond which again was an arbour.

"Come into the arbour, Grace," said Dick.

He was looking wonderfully serious and thoughtful—his firm lips twitching with some anxieties, his eyes cast down.

He motioned to Grace to go in and sit down; but she remained standing outside.

They were behind the shrubbery, and hidden from the house.

"You remember the scene at the cross, Grace?"

"I have spoken to no one about it."

"I knew you would not. You found out then two secrets of my life, both of which I wanted to hide from you;—one, that I love you; the other, that I am married already. Since that night, Grace, I have made a discovery."

"What is it, Dick?"

"That I can free myself, Grace—that I am free already. I can be divorced. The marriage was not a real one—I am certain of that. The obstacle exists no longer—or will exist no longer in a very short time. All that my money can do to further the separation of that woman from me shall be done. I have told the lawyers to spare no trouble—to hunt up every atom and scrap of her life—to ferret out every secret she ever had. I shall hold myself up to ridicule in the papers, perhaps. What does that matter? Who cares for a day's notoriety? Free I *will* be—free I *must* be."

"I should like to congratulate you, Dick; but it seems all so dreadful. Are you quite sure? Oh, Dick, don't be cruel to—an innocent woman."

"Am I sure? Grace, I could send her into court at once, to-day, with my evidence in my hands. But I will not: I will wait for

more. How bad that woman is, you can never know, you could never even suspect. Bad wife of a bad husband. We were fitly mated then—we are not fitly mated now. And she must go." His face was stern and hard. Suddenly it lit up again, and he burst into one of those quaint, soft laughs of his which made every one else laugh too. His laugh was as infectious as another person's yawn. "I forgot to tell you, Grace. Such fun! After you went away, I met her again by the river. She had been drinking more, and said something or other which made me in a rage, I believe. At all events, I took her by the arms, and chucked her in."

"Dick!—you might have drowned her."

"Yes. I didn't think of that till she was at the bottom, and I saw the bubbles coming up—her bubbles! But there was no fear. Bless you, she came to the top, and floated like a cork. You should have seen her face when she came out!"

Dick told the story quite simply, as if it was the most natural thing in the world that he should throw his wife into the river. Grace looked at him with astonishment, and then began to laugh as well. It was impossible to treat Dick like an ordinary creature.

"Now, look here, Grace, my dear," Dick went on. "I offended you at the cross, and behaved like a—like a—mean Mexican, with my love, and my fury, and all the rest of it. I'm very sorry and ashamed. Tell me again I am forgiven."

"Of course you are forgiven, Dick."

"Yes, I was mad then because of Polly. But she's as good as gone now, and I am mad no more. And—the truth remains, Grace, that I love you—more than all the world together. It is all exactly as I told you a fortnight ago."

"But you mustn't love me, Dick. I belong to somebody else."

"Must not love you, my dear? Why, Grace, you might as well tell me I must not eat and drink. Not love you when I see you, and talk to you, and take your hand in mine—this little hand—" he took it as he spoke, and held it in his, Grace only looking him straight in the face: "this little hand. Why, Grace, do you think I am made of stone?"

"Indeed, I am sure you are not, Dick. But do you think I am a woman to give her word one day, and recall it the next? Is that fair, Dick?"

"It would be if you loved me. I should

not care unless you were to take away your word from me, Grace. All is fair in love."

"No, but I do not love you, Dick—I never can love you. Listen, and I will tell you all my secrets. I talk to you, because you love me, as I can talk to no one else. And because I trust you, Dick, I tell you what I can hardly tell my own sister. Indeed, she would not understand me." She laid her hand in his—it rested on the back of the garden seat. "Dick, do you remember what you told me—how you tremble when I touch you? It is all exactly the same with me. When I hear Frank's step—I never do now; but I say now, because I dream of it still—I tremble all over. When he comes near me, I feel all the blood rushing to my face. If he touches me, my pulses beat. If I see his handwriting, my hand shakes. If I awake at night, thinking of him, I do not want to sleep any more, and lie patiently, praying to God for him. When I pass their dear old house, I cannot keep my tears down. When I have nothing to do, I go to the lane—see there: you are tall, and can look over the hedge: it is the lane beyond the next field—where he first told me he loved me, and sit down, and think it all over again. Oh! Dick, such a cold day it was!—and yet we were so warm: such a snowy, frosty, windy day in January, and yet I was so glad and happy! I never knew that I loved him until he told me that he loved me, and then I knew—oh! in a moment I knew that there could be no other man in all the world for me but Frank. Dear Dick, I love you too, but not in this way. See—I can give you my hand without trembling. I can see you coming without my pulses beating faster. I read you all my heart: more, more than I could ever, I think, tell to Frank. I tell you to make you leave off loving me."

Dick shook his head. He was sitting down now, on the garden seat, holding her hand in his. He stooped and kissed it.

"Dick—dear Dick!—don't be cruel to me. Mamma is unkind because she wants you to marry me, and says that I don't encourage you."

Dick laughed ruefully.

"I don't want any encouragement, Grace."

"Everything seems somehow dark and gloomy. Don't be cruel, Dick. Be my dear old Dick, like you were years ago, before you went away, when I was a little thing and you a big boy. I can never love you, Dick.

Let me say it again and again, and over and over, so that you may believe me at last. Then, if I were to marry you, how would it be with you? How should you like your wife to be brooding over her ruined lover, and trying to do a cold-hearted duty by her husband? Dick, it would be wicked. It would kill me—it would drive you mad. Don't ask me—don't ask me, my cousin, for I love my Frank."

She stopped now because she could not go on any longer, and her voice broke down. Dick's head was bent above her hand, and he said nothing. Presently a tear—only one—of the largest size consistent with the laws which guide the formation of Drops, fell upon her hand. Grace had made her lover weep. Since his mother died, he had shed no tear. They stood so for some minutes.

Five minutes before this, Mrs. Heathcote, returning home, found Lucy with the boy.

"It is Dick's new protégé," she explained. "Grace and he are in the garden."

"Protégé!—stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Heathcote. "What does Dick want with children?"

She went to the back of the house, and looked out into the garden. No Grace there. Then she stepped softly across the lawn, and heard voices behind the shrubbery. She stopped and listened. She heard the words—"Don't ask me, my cousin. I love my Frank;" and, turning pale, hurried back to the house. She could not speak.

Presently, Dick lifted his head with a smile. Grace knew then that she had won the battle.

"I give you up, Grace, dear. All the same, I love you still. But I will never again speak of love to you. That, at least, I promise."

"You must promise me more, Cousin Dick."

"What more? I will promise you anything you like to ask, child Grace."

"Help Frank."

"Yes, my sister," answered Dick, humbly.

"Am I your sister? Then Frank is your brother. Dick, you must help your brother."

"Let me kiss you once, my dear. Let me have one kiss."

He took her head in his hands, and kissed her—solemnly, not passionately—on forehead and cheek. She disengaged herself, blushing and confused, with the tears in her

eyes. What was she that this man—so good, so kind—should love her so?

"There was a solemn oath in every kiss, Grace. You may trust me, for Frank and yourself, to the death. You are both mine. Tell me only what I am to do first."

"I will find his address from Kate, Dick, and then—oh, then we shall know what to do."

"I know what to do already," cried Dick, his face brightening up like a corn field after a cloud has passed over it. "I know already what you would all like. We will make him a partner in the bank—Ghrimes and Frank together—and revive the old name. It shall be Melliship, Mortiboy, & Co.—just as before. Eh, Grace? What a rage the old man would be in if he only knew it! Ho! ho!"

He laughed—with his jolly, mellow voice—as lightly as a boy, and with no sign of the emotion which had just possessed him; and left her. Mrs. Heathcote was gone to her own room. Lucy was sitting with the boy, who stared at her with great eyes, as at a vision of another world. Taking him away, he drove back to Market Basing.

Mrs. Heathcote, too angry at first to speak, went back to the house, and tried to think. Should she tell her husband? Should she remonstrate with Grace? What good would it do? They were both too obstinate to receive remonstrance with favour. She would only make things worse. Should she speak to Lucy? What use? So she had to keep it to herself, consoling herself with the thought that, after all, it was early days;—perhaps Dick might propose again; perhaps Grace might not be always obdurate; perhaps Frank Melliship would "do something." Nevertheless, it was a cruel blow to overhear the rejection of half a million of money.

In the evening of the same day, Polly, not without a good deal of misgiving and consultation with her mother, went up to the villa, in order to have it out with her husband. She resolved for herself to assume an aggressive attitude, and meditated a line of action which she considered would prove most effective with Dick. First, she put on all her best things; then she stuck a pistol—it was only an old single-barrelled thing which she had by her—in her pocket; and under her shawl she carried the family carving-knife. Then she walked boldly

across the bridge which arched the river, half a mile above the villa, stepped across the fields, and knocked at Dick's door.

The proprietor of the house opened it.

"I thought you would turn up to-night. Pray come in, Polly. We will talk inside."

He spoke with so much politeness, that Polly smelt mischief. But she followed without saying a word. He led the way to the smoking-room, where sat little Bill in his gorgeous attire.

"Who's that boy?" asked Polly.

"We'll come to him directly," said Dick.

"Now, Polly, the game's played out, and you'd better throw up the cards."

"What do you mean, Dick? If you think I'm going to be murdered quietly, you're just mistaken; so see here!"

She took out her pistol and carving-knife, and, standing with the table between them, brandished the weapons in his face with the air of a heroine at the Adelphi.

"Pretty toys—very pretty toys," said her husband. "No, Polly, I'm not going to murder you. As an old friend, I should perhaps advise you to make tracks. But, after all, you needn't do that, because you are quite certain to be followed."

She stared at him, wondering, with a sinking heart, what was to follow.

"Carry your memory back twelve years and three-quarters. Is it done?"

"It is. What little lark are you up to now, Dick?"

"What do you see?"

"I see you and me walking up the aisle of St. Pancake's Church."

"St. Pancras's Church. Very good indeed. Now carry your memory two years and three-quarters or so farther on. Where are we on a certain Monday about that time?"

She assumed a sulky and stubborn air. But she turned pale, notwithstanding.

"I don't know. How am I to remember so long ago?"

"You need not remember unless you like, you know. Well, let us have another question, and I have done. Carry your memory back to Limehouse Church, two years before the St. Pancras business."

This time she reeled as if she had been struck. For a space she did not answer.

Then she murmured, with dry lips—

"Prove it—prove it. You can't do it."

"Polly, the game's up. It's all come out. I'm trying now to find out the best way of

getting rid of my marriage without, if you fall in with my views, bringing you before a court of law. Because, you see, Polly, you've committed a very pretty bigamy. Bowker was alive when you married me, and you knew it. I can prove it. He's alive now!"

Polly let the pistol and carving knife drop, and fell down on her knees, moaning and crying.

"Oh! Dick—Dick. I married you because I loved you. I did, indeed—I did, indeed! And I married the other man because I thought you were dead. Believe me, Dick—oh! believe me, and forgive me!"

She was serious in her grief at heart, because Dick represented money and ease to her. Besides, in her way—her coarse, rough way—she really loved the man.

"Forgive you?" said Dick. "I don't quite understand what you mean by forgiving. I'll forgive you fast enough as soon as we're divorced: not a moment before, if you pray on your knees from this till midnight. Get up, Polly, and don't be play-acting. Before your own son, too."

"My son!" She started up as if she had been shot. "My son! Oh! then—now I see who has done the mischief."

"Your son, Polly—Flint's son. Not mine at all, you know. Look at him, and tell me what you think of him."

She seized the boy, who was trembling with terror, and held him under the lamp to look at him.

"Uncle Dick," he cried, "don't let her have me."

"He's my boy—he's my son. I shall take him away."

"No you don't, Polly. That's one of my conditions. Prisoners are not allowed, remember, to have their children in gaol with them. Now, listen to me. For the present, and until I have decided what to do, you go away from Market Basing. I don't care where you go to. My lawyers will give you a pound a-week to live on: always understand that it is only for the present. You tell no one here anything: if you do, you go to gaol the next day. The boy remains with me. You write out to-morrow morning and give me a full confession, stating that you knew Bowker to be alive when you married me."

"I won't," cried the woman. "And I'll have my boy."

"That is what you will do," said Dick,

unmoved. "If you break through any part of these conditions, you know the consequences. The whole story of your life is known to me. Your eight years in London, Polly—what do you think of that? Everything will be published in open court, and you will go off to gaol for a couple of years, or ten years. And where will you be when you come out?"

"I'll kill Mother Kneebone," she hissed.

"That's as you please. Do anything you like with that old lady; but you will be hanged if you do, you know."

Polly wavered, and loosed her hold of the child, who instantly slipped behind Dick's legs for protection.

"Here is money to take you to London. Here is the address of the lawyers, to whom you will go for your weekly allowance. I shall write to them to-night. If you do not appear here before to-morrow night to make your written confession, I shall write to them to take out the warrant that will send you to prison. Now go."

She took the paper and the money, and went away without a word or a sign.

CHAPTER THE FORTIETH.

POLLY went home to her mother. The dear old lady, in spite of Polly's assertion, had heard the truth about the ducking, and rejoiced, because it gave her daughter, as she thought, an opportunity of threatening reprisals.

Before she left on her errand of frightening Dick, her mother had advised her—

"Don't you be afraid, Polly—he can't kill you. He calls hisself a gentleman, so I suppose he won't beat you. You stick up to him. Tell him you'll blare it out all over the town. Threaten him, my gal. Don't never let out that you're afraid of him. If he won't come down with hush-money to keep it dark, tell him you're agoin' to git a warrant out against him for your own protection. That's the way, Polly. Give me my drops handy, against you come back."

Presently her daughter returned, but pale, startled, and faint.

"It's all up, mother," she murmured.

"What's all up, Poll? You aint been such a fool as to let out that you was afraid, have you?"

"It's no use being afraid or not, now. It's all up, mother, I tell you. What you always prophesied has come. He has found out about the other two."

"Polly!—the other two? Both on 'em?"

"Both. Mother Kneebone told him. No one else could. No one else knew—unless he found out for himself. Oh, he's a devil—he's a devil!"

"Who's Mother Kneebone?"

"The woman as had the boy. Dick's got the boy now. Says he means to keep him. I don't want the brat, I'm sure."

"The woman who had the boy," snarled her mother. "The woman who had the secrets that you wouldn't tell your own mother. Serves you right, Polly—serves you right, for not telling me everything. Why did you let Mrs. Kneebone know about yourself at all?"

"She knew all along. It's no use singing out, mother. It's all up, I tell you. I shall go to London, and you must go to the union."

The old woman fell back moaning on her pillow. As her head touched it, there was a chink of money.

"My money!" cried Polly, brightening up. "My money! Let's see how much there is."

Her mother clutched the bag from under her head, and held it tight: not tight enough, however, in her old hands to save it from her daughter, who snatched it from her grasp after a brief and unequal contest.

It was a stocking, and in the toe lay all, or nearly all, the money she had got from Dick, except what she had laid out in dress.

Polly counted it out. There were fifty-five pounds, all in sovereigns. She put back fifty into the stocking, which she carefully placed in her own pocket. Then she pulled out a purse, containing fourpence in coppers and a few shillings, put four of the sovereigns in it, and gave the remaining one back to her mother, who lay back in the bed, moaning and cursing—now loud, now soft—like a gale at sea.

"Oh! that ever I had a daughter," groaned the old woman. "Oh! I wish you'd never been born. To take and send me to the union! Oh! I'm sorry that ever I saw your face. Oh! I wish I'd drowned you when you was a baby, as I wanted to. To let her old mother go on the parish! I wish you was smothered! I wish you was dead! I wish you was transported! I wish you was hanged! I wish you was blind, and deaf, and dumb, and full of aches and pains! I do!"

She stopped, not for want of ejaculations,

for her quiver was full of them, but for want of breath.

Polly, who was comparatively accustomed to these outbreaks, calmly proceeded to undress, with the design of going to bed. When her mother choked, she lifted her up, and patted her on the back to bring her round.

"You've had a good long spell out of the union, considering, mother, so you may as well make up your mind to go in quietly. Why, you must be past seventy now. It'll be good for you to have the chaplain coming round with his nice talk, and the services on Sunday. You've been a wicked old hussy, you know, and it may be the making of you, after all."

"I'm not so bad as you," cried the old woman, mad with rage. "You pepper and salt drab—you bag of wickedness—you, you—black, brazen, blaring, pitchfire tom-cat."

Polly heeded not. She had let down her hair, and was looking at herself in her glass. Obedient to feminine instincts, the first use she had made of the money which Dick had given her was to buy a looking-glass. She saw a large, coarse face—coarse through drink—with thick lips. Her nose, which had been straight and well formed, was puffy. This was through drink. Her forehead was swollen and red. Drink had left its mark. Her eyes alone remained—deep, large, limpid, dark blue.

"The boy has got my eyes," she murmured with a sigh, thinking of days when she had attractions enough to catch the calf love of young Dick Mortiboy.

Then she went to bed, her mother pursuing her with execrations as she climbed the narrow stairs. They are not written down here, because they were unparliamentary, and unbecoming the gentle character of woman, from whose lips *nisi nisi* ought to proceed.

Early in the morning she came down again, shook up the old woman—not unkindly—and began putting her things together.

"Look here, mother—I must go to London, you know—because else I shall have to go to prison; so it can't be helped. You've got one sovereign already. I'll give you four more—come. That'll carry you on for a bit; and I'll tell Mrs. Smith's Ameliarann to come in and look after you. Let's part friends."

The old woman clutched the money, and Polly went away without those tender wishes

and embraces which some parents lavish upon their departing children.

She was dressed in all her finery, to save the trouble of carrying the things, and had the rest of her belongings in a single bag which she carried herself.

She went straight to the villa. Dick was already up, though it was only eight o'clock, and was waiting for her.

"Now then," she said, cheerfully, "if I've got to write things down, I'd better begin. No, I won't write. I never can write decent. You shall write, Dick, and I will sign. Bless you, mother always said you'd find out some day."

Dick got the notes with which the lawyers had furnished him for reference, and sat down meekly, to write at her dictation. Walking up and down, she began her narrative.

In a clear voice, in a free and easily flowing style, which would have done honour to me, the novelist, she recounted the events of her life, from her marriage with Mr. Bowker to her marriage with Mr. Flint. No motives assigned, no psychological doublings, no excuses offered, no attempt to explain or extenuate. Plain matter-of-fact statement. At the death of the dear departed saint, Mr. Flint, she stopped.

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Bowker," said Dick, "that we have not quite finished. There are still eight years."

"Two years I was at Market Basing, in service."

"That leaves six."

"I sha'n't tell you what I did in those six years."

"Perhaps you will let me write, and you can sign."

Dick took the notes, and rapidly wrote, in as few words as possible, the story of those six years. Then Polly took the manuscript from his hands, and read it all through without blushing.

"Before I sign it, I want to put in something for myself."

"You are not in a position to make conditions."

"Then I want to ask a question. What are you going to do with this?"

"For the present, I am going to lock it up in my own safe."

"And not going to show it to any one? Oh! then it's all right. Hand me the pen, Dick. You're not the boy, my handsome Dick, to send an old friend to prison he-

cause she loved you. There, Dick, you are free now. Shake hands with your old Polly."

Dick held out his hand. Polly threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him with a tear in her eye.

Then she went away. On the way to town, she formed a project. It was wild, perhaps, but bold: in the highest degree impudent and shameless; but it had the merit of possessing genius.

But first to Mrs. Kneebone's.

Paragon-place looked exactly as it had done when she brought the baby ten years before, and left it to Mrs. Kneebone's fostering care. In the court, there were the children playing just as when she had been there last: the same squalor, the same dirt. At the entrance stood a figure she did not remember, with the shape of an old man and the face of a boy, leaning on a crutch, looking up Gray's Inn-road. It was Thoozy, standing there on the chance of seeing little Bill pass by. For Thoozy's ideas of the outer world were limited. In spite of his occasional studies in the *Daily Telegraph*, he had never, by any experience of his own, arrived at a personal knowledge of any outer world except that of the heart of London. The world to him was a long succession of streets. Little Bill, taken from one Paragon-place, was, in Thoozy's mind, transported to another: perhaps a finer and more wealthy street. On warm days he hobbled to the entrance of the court, and planted himself where, should by any lucky chance his old friend come by, he could not fail of seeing him. The "vagrom man" had not yet, in the course of his travels, reached London. Possibly, for some alleged misdemeanour—more than probable, because the country police will swear anything, and it is so very common a misfortune for somebody else's fowl to find its way into a poor man's pocket—the tramp was having a few weeks' turn upon the everlasting mill.

Thoozy turned round to see where the lady in black silk—he knew the faces of the Church visitors: she was not a deaconess or a Sister of Mercy—was going to. She went straight to Mrs. Kneebone's. The door of the hospitable mansion stood open, as was its wont, and the lady walked in. Thoozy gave one more look up and down the road. No little Bill. Then he turned back, limped down the court—rheumatics being bad in this early autumn weather—and followed

the visitor. She went into the nursery, where Mrs. Kneebone was employed among her tender charges. She shut the door. Thoozy limped in after her, and looked through the keyhole, listening.

Mrs. Kneebone raised her head to see who was thus unceremoniously intruding on her privacy. In her first confusion, she dropped the baby which was on her knees. The child fell back upon its bed; and, as it instantly went sound asleep, was probably not much the worse for its fall. A special Providence looks after the lives of babies and young children, its interposition being nowhere so clearly marked as in baby farms and on board passenger ships.

"Lord bless my soul!" she exclaimed, rushing forward with effusion, and holding out her hands. "Why, it's Polly Tresler. Polly, my dear soul, and how are you, and what's got you all this time not to drop a line to your old—old friend?"

Thoozy, outside, laid down his crutch, and executed a short dance—more agile, perhaps, than might have been expected of one so decayed. Then he applied his eye to the keyhole again. The court was quiet, and the voices were shrill, so that he heard as well as saw.

"Now, don't let's have none of your blarney, Mother Kneebone. So, drop it. Where's my boy?"

"Where's little Bill?" cried the old woman, in a tone of the deepest surprise. "Where's little Bill? Why, where should he be. Didn't you send for him yourself, but Tuesday was a fortnight? And paid his bill and all?"

"I never sent for him."

"You never sent for him! Now, Polly, you always was one to crack a joke. A gentleman came himself to fetch the boy: said he was to pay for what there might be owing for him. You know, Polly, though I never would press you, I wrote you as there was five and thirty shillings due. So I told him, and he paid me honourable, and he gave me—what was it he gave me, now?—fifteen shillings besides. Two pound ten in all, because he said the boy looked so well-an'-arty. And you know well, Polly—you know the soft heart of your old Kneebone as couldn't abear to see the boy suffer, so many's the shillin' he cost me out of my pocket to keep him decent. Ax Thoozy if he didn't. Well, and the gentleman—"

"A full, big man, with a black beard?"

"Tall and big he was, surely. And a black beard? Yes. With a Leg. Oh! Polly, my dear, a beautiful leg of these own. Which if he's your fourth, Polly, and not to deceive you, my dear, for worlds, it's a happy woman you ought to be."

Polly sat down on the only chair of the room, and stared.

"But what did you tell him about me?"

"Tell him? Now, Polly, do you think I'd tell him anythink? Do you think I'd do it? Not for pounds, Polly. And how well and fine you're looking, to be sure. Most as young as you did ten years ago."

"He didn't ask no questions?"

"And he did, though. Asked if the boy was happy. Bill—oh! Polly, what a boy that is, and as like you as two peas, though a trifle thin in the face: 'cos, do what I would, he never did eat enough—he ups and he says that he won't leave his old mother. Reglar made me cry, he did, the dear. Then the gentlemen—him with the Leg—he says, 'Mrs. Kneebone, you're a good woman, and the Lord will reward you.'"

"That I swear he didn't," cried Polly, knowing that Dick was by no means likely to make any such pious remark.

"Well, then, he said somethink very much like it, and asked a lot more questions. Said he wondered why I kep' that idle, good-for-nothink vagabond Thoozy about the place. What a Leg he have, to be sure!"

"Who's Thoozy?"

"A baby what I never got paid for. A boy growed up here who won't work. Ah, Polly, I've had a deal of trouble to keep little Bill from being led into bad ways by that Thoozy. But I've always had a soft heart, and I couldn't abide to send the poor boy adrift on the streets, and him on crutches and all. So you see I lets him stay on, bad as he is. And I do hope you won't find little Bill none the worse for his company."

"Oh!" whispered Thoozy, "I'll be even with you for this. Won't I!"

"Then you didn't tell him nothing at all?" said Polly, staggered.

"Not a syllable—not a word—not a thing, Polly, s'help me. And you haven't shook hands yet with your old friend as knowed you down at Poplar when you married Bowker, and knows all your little buzzom secrets. Can't you trust your Kneebone, my dear?"

Polly got up, and shook out her skirts.

"He finds out everything," she mur-

mured. "He knows it all. He's dreadful masterful. He's a devil—he's a devil!"

"Who knows everythink, Polly?—not Bowker?"

"No. Nobody you know, Mother Kneebone. Well, I shall go. Good-bye."

"Don't go just yet, Polly. Stand a trifle for your old——"

"Oh, drat the old friend! Well, will half-a-crown be any good—because I aint too rich? Here you are, then, and good-bye."

"Good-bye, deary, and give me news of my little Bill. If he sends his love to his old mother, be sure and let me have it. Ah! he *was* a boy, that boy—he *was* a boy!"

"I suppose he was," said Polly, "if he wasn't a girl. Good-bye, then."

She lingered, woman-like, to look at the babies; and Thoozy noiselessly crept out, and resumed his old place at the entrance of the court.

Presently, Polly came out again.

"How d'ye do, Polly Tresler?" cried a squeaking voice in the passage.

She gathered up her skirts, and looked round.

"How d'ye do, Polly Tresler? Don't you remember me? I'm Thoozy. Lord bless you, I know you as well as if it was only yesterday. I remember your bringing little Bill to Mother Kneebone's."

This was, unhappily for Methoosalem's credit as a truth-teller, a deliberate lie. He remembered nothing about it, though he did remember perfectly well having acted for a year or two as little Bill's dry nurse. For in early life the poor little wizen-faced cripple had developed a genius, almost matronly, in the management of babies; and, on the strength of it, had been retained on the establishment in the capacity of nurse, until, by mere force of character and his fortunate discovery, he succeeded in promoting himself to the position of chief resident physician and real master of the hospital.

"Oh, you're Thoozy, are you? And what do you mean by speaking to a lady?" said Polly, looking at him with astonishment.

"Because you are a lady, a real lady, and nothin' but a lady, silk stockin's and all. Oh, I knows a lady when I sees one. Sorry you didn't speak to me first instead of Mother Kneebone, 'cos I suppose she has been a-gammoning of you."

Polly started.

"Look here, you boy—you little, withered-

up imp—you miserable little rickety devil—if you tell me lies, I'll break every bone of your wretched little crooked body. Just you tell me right out all about it."

It will be seen that Polly was roused to wrath by Thoozy's suggestion of "gammon." Thoozy gave one look of rage and spite.

"I'll be even with both of 'em," he muttered. Then he smoothed out his face, and proceeded to reply.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

"Don't be hard upon me, missus. I'll tell you all I know. Last Wednesday fortnight, a swell comes here when Bill and I was havin' our school in the court. I used to teach Bill whenever the old woman gave him enough to eat. You can't teach a boy when he's starvin' for food—now, can you? That day, Bill picked up a bloater, and we had it between us for breakfast. In the afternoon the swell comes in.

"Where's Mrs. Kneebone?' he says, as grand as you please.

"She's in there,' says I.

"Where's little Bill?' says he.

"What little Bill?' says I.

"Polly Tresler's little Bill,' says he.

"Here he is,' says I.

"Oh,' says he."

Polly's face became scarlet—a premonitory squall of a brewing storm.

Thoozy took breath, and went on.

"Then he goes in, and I goes in after him. Offers Mrs. Kneebone five pounds for information. Mrs. Kneebone, she pockets the dibs, and she begins.

"Flint's the father of the boy,' says she.

'Flint was Polly's third. Polly's second I don't know, 'cos I never see him, and she wouldn't never tell me about him. And her first husband was Mr. Bowker, and he's livin' now; and I know where to put my 'ands upon him this very moment, if you please, for another five pound. Polly, she ran away from him because she——"

"O—h—h!" It was as the roar of a tiger, and Polly turned from the boy, and rushed back to the house. Thoozy saw her go in, and looked up and down Gray's Inn-road—not for Bill this time, but for a policeman.

He saw one, providentially, fifty yards down the road, and hobbled down as fast as his rheumatics would let him.

"Come up here," he cried, taking the man by the arm: "there'll be murder done if you don't come quick."

The policeman followed him.

They were not a bit too soon. Polly, with flaming eyes and scarlet cheeks, had the old woman by the throat, on the floor. She was kneeling on her chest, beating her head upon the boards, mad with rage. In a few minutes more, the miserable old woman would have been done to death. The policeman dragged her off. He was a big, powerful man; but he had to use all his strength, and pinned her against the wall. Then he secured his prisoner by a dodge well known to London policemen: seized her wrist with his right hand, and twisted his left arm round it upon her shoulder. The prisoner may burst away if he likes, but will break his arm in the endeavour. Polly struggled furiously for a minute or two, and then gave in. She had still sense enough left to see that the battle had better be given over; and, for obvious reasons, she held her tongue.

Presently, the old woman began to revive. Thoozy fetched cold water, and threw it over her—a good lot at a time, because he knew how much she disliked that form of fluid. She sat up, and looked round.

"You've got to come up to Clerkenwell to-morrow. So mind that," said the policeman. "You boy, bring her along. And now, come away. If you'll promise to go quiet," he said when they got into the open air, "I'll let your arm free."

"I'll go quiet," said Polly.

So, holding her gently by the wrist, the guardian of the peace led Polly away, and committed her to the custody of the law, followed by those of the population who had the shining hours idle on their hands, and were naturally anxious for amusement.

Polly had a bad and uncomfortable night. Mrs. Kneebone was left with a severe headache, and a shaking of the nerves so violent that it forced her to imbibe too much fortifying medicine, insomuch that she fell down among the babies, and slept there. Methosalem administered the feeding bottles; took away the old woman's matches to prevent accidents with fire; and climbed to his own miserable bed, where he went to sleep, chuckling over the pious fraud by which, at one and the same time, he had paid off old and new scores. It may be remarked that his first thought had only been to reveal a portion of Mrs. Kneebone's *fourberies*, in order that shame, with perhaps a little personal chastisement, might fall upon her. But Polly's allusions to his own physical

defects carried him a little beyond the limits of a pure practical joke, and very nearly ended fatally for both Polly and his old woman.

In one or two of the papers there appeared, two days after, under the head of police news, a short account, headed "A Row in a Baby Farm," which described how a woman, calling herself Mrs. Flint, a widow, of no occupation, was charged with violently assaulting an old woman named Kneebone, the keeper of a notorious baby farm. Evidence being heard, the worthy magistrate, without going into the antecedents of the prisoner, against whom the police had nothing to allege, remarked that it was clearly a very brutal assault upon an aged and infirm woman. He cautioned the prisoner very seriously on her ungovernable temper; remarked that it was well for her that the principal witness was able to appear that morning to give evidence; and sentenced her to a penalty of £5 fine, or a month's imprisonment, with hard labour. The money was paid on the spot.

Thoozy led home his old woman, not sympathizing much with her shaky condition, which he attributed more to the strong drink than the fright she had had.

"How did she go for to find it out?" said Mrs. Kneebone. "You little devil, you told her."

"Never told her nothing. How should I know who she was? Perhaps she met the big swell in the road. I thought I see him pass," said the mendacious one.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE subject of our cartoon, Mr. John Ruskin, was born in London in 1819. He gained the Newdigate Prize for English verse at Oxford, in 1839. Four years afterwards, in 1843, the first volume of his great work, "Modern Painters," appeared. The object with which the book was begun was a very noble one. It was to defend an old man and very great artist from the attacks of critics, who neither understood Turner's pictures nor his art. On its first appearance the book was rather scoffed at; but as it contained great truths about art, expressed in language of unsurpassed purity and eloquence, it soon made its way into circles beyond the reach of the critics. Three years afterwards, the second volume of "Modern Painters" was published. Ten

years after that, the third volume appeared; and it was not until 1860 that the book was completed.

Altogether, seventeen years elapsed between the first appearance of "Modern Painters" and the completion of this great work.

It would be impossible in a small space to give a clear analysis of the contents of the five volumes of which it is composed. The motive for the publication of the first volume we have stated. This was the vindication of the greatest genius the English school of painters has produced from the calumnies of the then existing writers on art.

Turner was the butt of their ignorance. The only element necessary to the being of a critic they seem to have possessed was an acquaintance with the art of penmanship. That generation has passed away; and we may thank Mr. Ruskin for having left the race of art-critics who have taken the place of the writers of 1843 no excuse for being ignorant of the elements or sources of pleasure in art—ideas of truth, of beauty, and of relation.

"In these books of mine," says their author, "their distinctive character as essays on art is their bringing everything to a root in a human passion or hope;" and he adds that they arose first, "not in any desire to explain the principles of art, but in the endeavour to defend an individual painter from injustice."

In that endeavour, it is now almost superfluous to say, the book was entirely successful. The high prices that Turner's latest and less generally admired pictures brought in his own lifetime, and the magnificent sums that even drawings of a few inches square from his hand have been sold for since his death, prove the efficiency of Ruskin's advocacy.

He did "defend an individual painter from injustice"—that painter the greatest of his age—with a penetration into the hidden truths of art; a critical insight, invaluable and perhaps unique; a clearness of argument, a splendour of imaginative illustration, and an eloquence and purity of diction, which have hardly been surpassed by any English writer. No inconsiderable part of the estimation in which the works of the miserly and eccentric genius—a barber's son, who saw scarlet in the sky—are held

to-day among the dilettanti is the result of Ruskin's criticism upon them.

The author of "Modern Painters" is not only the first among English art-critics, but he is the first of them. Before his time, no writer on art of our country had a European reputation. The name of Reynolds was well known, it is true, in connection not only with his works as a painter, but with his "Discourses" delivered when he was President of the Academy; but, although these lectures contained much information, gathered during a long and laborious study of art, they are, after all, but a text book for students, and owe their modern reputation to the simple and chaste style in which they are written, and the excellent advice they give to young artists, rather than to any pretensions either to elevated criticism or masterly acquaintance with the whole of the wide subject on which they treat.

I once heard a bishop recommend their perusal to a number of young men whom he had ordained, as models for their sermons, on the ground that Sir Joshua's celebrated "Discourses" contained "very fine moral precepts, besides being written in very elegant English."

This was true. Though the President's lectures had neither the fire of Burke nor the wit and power of Johnson, they possessed great literary merit, and were as much above the art-writers of their day as Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was above the criticism of 1843.

At the present day, there are many competent writers on art topics who furnish the critiques on recent exhibitions to the papers and magazines; but a quarter of a century ago, ignorance of the principles and practice of art seems to have been a passport to the post of art-critic.

On a most influential North of England paper, furnished for many years with independent reports on all matters of importance, this post of art-critic—being, as it was thought, easy and desirable—went by seniority: the oldest reporter got it. And I well remember hearing an anecdote of a respectable parliamentary reporter of the paper to whom the post of art and theatrical critic was offered. He accepted it as a matter of course. Being conscientious, he thought a little knowledge necessary, and asked a friend a few days after—

"What does——" (naming a great musician) "charge a lesson, do you know?"

"Good dear me, F——, why, at your time of life, you are never going to learn the fiddle!"

"No," was the reply; "but I've got to do the music and so on for the—— *Guardian*, and I mean to take two or three lessons, for I know no more of music than a cow."

I believe that the London papers of thirty or forty years ago were dealt with in much the same way; and a number of intelligent and honest gentlemen, who knew no more of painting than a cow, "did" the criticisms. And nothing is easier than to parade the jargon of art language—to talk of light, shade, and effect, chiaro-oscuro, distance, colour, hardness, softness, tint, and so on through the critic's vocabulary.

How differently Ruskin went to work! He studied hard: learned to paint under J. D. Harding and Copley Fielding, and then, when he was familiar with the methods by which effects are produced—in a word, an artist himself—he wrote about art.

How carefully he laboured to acquire knowledge in his favourite pursuit may be illustrated by this simple confession. "The winter," he says, "was spent mainly in trying to get at the mind of Titian—not a light winter's task;—of which the issue being in many ways very unexpected to me, necessitated my going in the spring to Berlin to see Titian's portrait of Lavinia there, and to Dresden to see 'The Tribute Money,' the elder Lavinia, and Girl in White with the flag fan. Another portrait at Dresden of a lady in a dress of rose and gold—by me unheard of before—and one of an admiral at Munich, had like to have kept me in Germany all the summer."

How different such work as this from that of the critic who learnt harmony and thorough bass in three lessons, and then thought fit to—

"Assume the god—
Affect to nod"

on the merits of every new composition! But those times have probably gone by for ever, as far as the better class of London journals is concerned, though the artistic and literary criticism of country papers is at this day funny in the extreme.

We have said that the first volume of Ruskin's great work met with an indifferent reception at the hands of the literary critics of the year 1843. But the book made its way—indeed, it was impossible that it should

be otherwise—and its author became famous. One axiom forms the basis of the work: "The art is greatest which conveys the greatest number of great ideas." The first volume shows what painters have best imitated Nature. The second treats of Beauty—*typical* and *vital*. Perhaps this volume contains the finest of Ruskin's writing. The subject, almost illimitable, is treated with a master's hand. The author of "Modern Painters" has produced a book which has no parallel in any European language. It is impossible here to do any justice even to an outline of its contents, and we do not attempt it, but refer our readers to the book itself.

So far, we have spoken chiefly of his *magnum opus*. Mr. Ruskin's other works are—"Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849; "The Stones of Venice," 1851-53; "Construction of Sheepfolds;" "Two Paths;" "Harbours of England;" "Political Economy of Art;" "Unto this Last;" "Sesame and Lilies;" "Ethics of Dust;" "Kings' Treasuries and Queens' Gardens;" "War, Commerce, and Work;" "Letters to a Working Man;" "A Wreath of Wild Olives."

There is no more honoured name in contemporary English literature than that of John Ruskin. In his books, he has discharged the noblest functions of a writer; but it were enough to make him famous in his generation had he done no more than teach our Philistine art-critics what is the true standard to which art criticism should be raised.

PLAIN-CLOTHES MEN.

IN a recent paper in this magazine on the detective police of Paris, we are afraid that we left no very satisfactory impression on the minds of our readers as to the probity of Vidocq and his successors in the same cunning art. Detectives are not at any time the kind of people whose services we are anxious to employ, if we can possibly help it; but, at the same time, they have been found almost indispensable instruments in the proper regulation of crime, especially in large cities.

In the following notes, therefore, we propose to recapitulate some facts connected with the rise of the detective police system in this country, more especially in London. It may be worth while for a moment to glance back, and remember what sort of

guards for their lives and property our grandfathers before us enjoyed; and the comparison between these and the orderly, active, and civil policemen whom we of a later generation are so accustomed to is sufficiently striking.

"Most men," said a writer twenty years ago, "who have arrived at that age when the last one or two buttons of the waistcoat are allowed to be unloosened after dinner, can remember the time when the safety of life and property in the metropolis depended upon the efforts of the parochial watchman—a species of animal after the model of the old hackney coachman, encumbered with the self-same drab coat, with countless capes, with the self-same Belcher handkerchief or comforter, speaking in the same husky voice, and just as sottish, stupid, and uncivil. At night—for it was not thought worth while to set a watch in the daytime—the authorities provided him with a watch-box, in order that he might enjoy his snooze in comfort; and furnished him with a huge lantern, in order that its rays might enable the thief to get out of his way in time. As if these aids to escape were not sufficient for the midnight marauder, the watchman was provided with a staff, with which he thundered on the pavement as he walked—a noise which he alternated with crying the hour and the state of the weather, in a loud singing voice, and which told of his whereabouts when he himself was far out of sight."

This was the model policeman of the last generation; and up to the year 1828—and, indeed, for ten years later—the Charleys were the sole defence by night of the persons and property of this great metropolis.

For all real practical purposes, there might just as well have been no police at all. Crime and robberies, of course, increased more and more every day. It was scarcely safe for any ordinary persons to move out of their houses after dark; and main thoroughfares, which one might now travel as safely at one in the morning as at noon-day, were at nightfall the skirmishing grounds of footpads and ruffians of all kinds. Mr. Colquhoun, a magistrate, wrote a work on the police at the beginning of the century, in which he estimated that the annual value of property stolen at the time at which he wrote was at least a million and a half, and that the number of receivers of stolen goods had increased between 1780 and 1800 from three hundred to three thousand.

Crime, too—paradoxically enough, as it may seem—received an additional encouragement from the very system of the authorities which was intended for its suppression. A class of men of whom Jonathan Wild was the first father, were allowed to pursue the calling of informers against the thieves to an almost unlimited extent.

The interest of these, the earliest of English detectives, was not to suppress crime, but to fill their own pockets with the blood money which they received for their informations. Hence, it was their deliberate practice to wink at intended robberies until, to use their own phraseology, “the matter had ripened;” and then, the deed done, the victim was secured, duly consigned to Tyburn, and the price of his life complaisantly pocketed by the informer.

In those days, when boys were hanged for stealing a fourpenny loaf, and the pettiest theft met the same penalty as the most atrocious murder, we may be sure that the informers had plenty of work always on hand; and not a Black Monday passed, the year round, but saw a fresh crop of the hideous fruit hanging on the deadly “nevergreen tree.”

Old Townsend, the Bow-street officer, in giving his evidence before the Commissioners sitting in 1816 to inquire into the police of the metropolis, said—

“I remember, in 1783, when Serjeant Adair was recorder, there were forty hung at two executions. The unfortunate people laugh at it now: they call it a bagatelle.”

And speaking of the highwaymen, he said—

“Formerly there were two, three, or four highwaymen—some on Hounslow Heath, some on Finchley Common, and some on the Romford-road. I have actually come to Bow-street in the morning, and while I have been leaning over the desk, had three or four people come in, and say—‘I was robbed by two highwaymen in such a place,’ ‘I was robbed by a single highwayman in such a place.’”

These last unpleasant gentlemen were abolished by the establishment of the horse patrol, planned by Sir Richard Ford, and the first innovation on the useless police system.

Things were rapidly coming to such a pass that people began to cry out that something must be done. The utter incapacity of the old Charleys, as they were called, was

a jest and a bye-word—if there could be room for jesting about the matter at all. Practical jokes of all kinds were played upon them by the night revellers and young men of the period; the climax of the fun consisting in upsetting the poor fellow in his box when he was on the doze, making him a prostrate prisoner until help came to release him from his predicament. This dozing propensity of the antiquated watchman was well illustrated by Erskine in one of his stories:—

“A friend of mine,” he said, “was suffering from a continual wakefulness, and various methods were taken to send him to sleep, but in vain. At last, his physicians resorted to an experiment which succeeded perfectly. They dressed him in a watchman’s coat, put a lantern in his hand, and placed him in a sentry-box—and he was asleep in ten minutes.”

As everybody knows, the credit of instituting a thorough reform in the metropolitan system is due to the late Sir Robert—then Mr.—Peel. It is not so well known, perhaps, that the first tentative experiment of Sir Robert’s in this matter was his establishment of a Bow-street day patrol.

In 1828 he obtained the appointment of a committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the expediency of establishing a uniform system of police in the metropolis.

At the present day, it seems astonishing that the new system should have found many and stout opponents. In the place of a few constables, here was a drilled and compact body of six thousand men, taught to act in masses and when placed individually, each working as part and parcel of a thoroughly organized system. Much of the usual nonsense about “the liberty of the subject” and “military rule” was ventilated by either the thoughtless or the interested; and the opposition was not mollified by the appointment as one of the commissioners of Colonel Rowan, who had lately held a command in that half-soldier half-police force, the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The unreasoning prejudice unfortunately came to something more serious than words or nicknames for the New Police—such as “Peelers,” “Bobbies” (after the name of the originator), “Raw Lobsters,” “Crushers,” &c. In 1833, a collision took place between the unpopular police and the mob in Cold-bath Fields. A meeting of Chartists was to

be held there, and serious disturbances being apprehended, the New Police were ordered to disperse it. This was, of course, done after a brief struggle; but in the *mêlée* three of the police were stabbed, and one of them mortally. A more significant idea of the feeling which seems so irrationally to have actuated the popular mind at that moment cannot be given than in the verdict of "justifiable homicide," returned by the jury at the inquest on the body of the dead constable.

The thieves and pickpockets, of course, looked upon the new organization with anything but favour; and several hand-to-hand conflicts took place between gangs of these worthies and the new custodians of the public peace, at the crowded places—such as the Angel at Islington, and the Elephant and Castle over the water, and other central positions—where thieves and their partizans were accustomed most to congregate.

Having said thus much of the establishment of the police force as it at present exists, which all honest people admire for its efficiency, we will revert to the detective police. That such a detective system as that worked by the villainous informers of the Jonathan Wild school could survive the growing sense of public obloquy, and the new and now readily accepted police organization, was utterly impossible. When the metropolitan force was established, in 1829, the old Bow-street officers, not caring to attach themselves to the new order of things, resigned their posts, and set up as private detectives or informers on their own account.

It was not until fifteen years after the establishment of the police force that the idea was entertained by Government of introducing into it a separate detective element. Sir James Graham may be said to be the originator of the detective police system in this country.

This subsidiary force was at first constituted of three inspectors, nine sergeants, and a body of police, who were euphoniouly styled plain-clothes men, whose services were in readiness at any moment. There were about six policemen in each division who took upon themselves the duty of detectives when required, thus giving a number of a hundred and eight auxiliaries. In all large meetings, whether in the open air or in a public building, then as at the present moment, these men were distributed among the crowd, dressed according to the charac-

ter of the assembly. Thus, at more select meetings, our detective would be dressed as irreproachably as the chairman; at an agricultural gathering, the same gentleman would wear a smock frock, or the dress of a small farmer; at a rough political meeting, his fustian jacket and short clay pipe would announce him as the most uncompromising of Red Republicans; and so on through a hundred other disguises, as occasion may require.

As may readily be imagined, it is not every policeman who is fit to be a detective. The detective art, like all other arts, is to a great extent a matter of natural bent. One policeman may enter the force and show himself so naturally gifted in this way that he is told off to the plain-clothes division almost at once. Another may remain in the force for years without detecting a crime. "Yet," as a writer on this subject has said, "Bow-street, great as was its fame, did not turn out more intelligent detectives than we now possess." The officers, although they are not "hail fellow well met" with every thief, as in the last century, still find it necessary to keep up a personal knowledge of the criminal population, especially with that portion of it whose members they may at one time or other be likely to "want."

The detectives, as well as thieves, are generally famed for some particular line of business. One is good at housebreakers, another knows how to follow the swell mob, and a third is a crack hand at forgers. In fact, each detective may be said to have his own forte.

And this has been very aptly explained elsewhere thus: By confining themselves to distinct branches of the art, they acquire an especial sense, as it were, for the work; and it is remarkable how much their trouble is lightened by the division of labour. The detective stands in a very different position from the ordinary policeman. His work, long and laborious though it may be, must, to succeed, never see the light. Although he may have followed a case for years, all the public knows of it is summed up in the four words used by the constable who states the charge at the police-court—"From information I received," &c. The detective lays the foundation, which, from the shifting soil he has to deal with, is frequently far more extensive than the superstructure. His duty is to pursue the criminal through all his shiftings and turnings, until the case is

clear against him, and then fearlessly to draw him forth from his hiding-place, as a ferret would a rabbit, and hand him over to an ordinary constable to bring to the judgment-seat.

There is an old saying that there is honour among thieves; but, like many equally hackneyed adages, there is in it but little real truth. In the majority of cases, the thief is betrayed by a brother thief. In fact, without the aid of revengeful or wilfully treacherous confederates, the detective would, in nine cases out of ten, be completely foiled.

How many cases have appeared before the public in which the means of detection have been perfectly palpable! Here we find one, in the hope of a reward, turning Queen's evidence. In another case it is some woman, jealous of another, who satisfies her revenge by giving information.

But, as a general rule, in the case of ordinary thefts and robberies, the informer is some cowardly miscreant, worse even than his brother thief, whom he betrays for so much ready money, cash down. And we betide the luckless wretch if by any accident the real traitor is discovered by the fraternity. For this reason the detective uses the greatest caution in his communications with the informer, and often—even when placed upon the exact scent for running down his prey—will strike off apparently, for the time being, on a totally different line, in order to avoid suspicion.

The most curious part of the whole thing is that the detective and the thief bear no animosity between them. The detective knows his man, and the thief knows that when he's "cotched" he must "go to pris'n," and he goes with a good grace. It is a game of skill between the two, and the cleverer wins; and, as the negro says, "No catchee, no havee."

The detective in this country is never, we believe, used in any but his lawful and legitimate capacity of running down criminals; and if his acts are sometimes tinged with a little extra sharp practice, we must remember that he has not over-particular gentlemen to deal with.

The English detectives are free, at least, from one stain that remains indelible in the history of the French system, though it may of late have been partly wiped out—we mean the nefarious system of inducing crime in order to keep up, at the same time, a proper supply of criminals and the reputation of the detective department.

Before concluding these notes, it may be as well to remark, *en passant*, that let a thief be disguised how he may, there is almost always one sign by which he may be distinguished in a promiscuous assembly, and that is by the wandering of the eye. A detective will notice it immediately; but any one of us might remember the fact with advantage when meeting in a crowd with some strange individuals against whom, however well dressed, we have an intuitive prejudice.

We remember a story by one of the detective police, who attended some public ceremonial—we forget at the present moment on what occasion—in which he explained how he captured a gentlemanlike person who was present on that occasion:—

"If you ask me to give my reason why I thought this person a thief the first time I saw him, I could not tell you—I did not even know myself. There was something about him, as about all swell mobsmen, that immediately attracted my attention, and led me to bend my eye upon him. He did not appear to notice my watching him, but passed on into the thick of the crowd; and then he turned, and looked towards the spot in which I was. This was enough for me. Although I had never seen him before, and he had not to my knowledge attempted any pocket, I immediately made my way towards him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, asked him, abruptly—

"What do you do here?"

"Without any hesitation, he said in an under-tone—

"I should not have come if I had known I should have seen any of you."

"I then asked him if he was working with any companions, and he said—

"No, upon my word, I am alone."

"Upon this I took him off to the room which we had provided for the safe keeping of the swell mobsmen."

A bold stroke this on the part of our detective; but the man knew he was guilty, and the guilty, especially among pickpockets, are essentially cowards, both morally and physically.

MY FRIEND MRS. TIMEPIECE.—II.

SOME FURTHER TRAITS IN HER CHARACTER.

MRS. TIMEPIECE knew the value of money. She kept her eyes on it, because it contains such mighty power. It helped her to subdue both things and people

—and the pleasures of subjugation were to her what “the pleasures of imagination” are to the poet.

When she inspired awe or fear in other breasts, she felt it to be only a righteous tribute to the greatness of her nature.

Tact, in her eyes, was a degrading humiliation. That wonderful power by which hard wills, and strong opinions, and life-long prejudices are melted slowly as the snow on mountain tops, was no weapon of her warfare: it was a wicked weapon: its real name was deceit. Her weapons were not “the sling and stone;” but, figuratively speaking, “helmets of brass” and “coats of mail,” and “a spear’s head that weighed six hundred shekels of iron.” She was a woman of war from her youth.

Yet I give my vote in favour of tact. Mrs. Timepiece’s weapons were more startling and rapid; but the victories that tact gains are not so easily or so soon turned into defeats as those obtained by more material arms.

When you have conquered people by tact, they don’t know that they are conquered, and they remain your staunch friends; but when you have conquered them by Mrs. Timepiece’s weapons, they are respectful, but they watch their opportunity for changing results to their lives’ end.

Now, it was essential to the charm which Mrs. Timepiece felt in her victories, that the persons she conquered should not only know that they were conquered, but show it. It was no victory at all to her unless she put her foot upon the neck of the vanquished. Hence, behind much exterior evidence of respect, she had not a few enemies who waited their time. Her daughters worshipped her as blindly as the Hindoo falls down before the Car of Juggernaut; but, perhaps, it was not so altogether with their husbands. At present, son-in-law No. 1 was under the entrancements of the honeymoon, and thought everything connected with his beloved Angela a waft from the millennium.

A change will, no doubt, gradually come over his dream; and he may possibly, by slow degrees, arrive at the conclusion that both his wife and mother-in-law are flesh and blood. There is some truth in the proverb that “familiarity breeds contempt.” I, of course, alter the word contempt in applying the proverb to man and wife: the proper word in that case would be knowledge. Before marriage, the fervency of delightful

feeling makes a mist before deeper-rooted characteristics, as those white wreaths of early morning hide from view the brook that runs by the way. After marriage, little by little, the eyes are opened to small failings, weaknesses, and tastes, which were visible to other eyes, and very friendly ones, long before.

Why were they visible? Because circumstances showed them, just as darkness shows the stars. They saw the young lady tired, or slightly disappointed, or suffering from indigestion, or when she had been plagued by her younger sisters; all which conditions or states are mirrors of character into which a lover before marriage never has the chance of looking. A wise man will anticipate these little revelations, and guard both against surprise and disappointment; but it is only widowers that ever are so wise. Marriage is one of those things that you cannot understand by theory. What novels tell you about it are only its shallows: the minutæ of it, like the art of war, are only learnt by active service.

But it is only fair to say that after marriage the lady makes as many and as surprising discoveries as the gentleman—and, I fear I may say, more surprising and more painful. Not but that she finds her husband a very good, kind fellow; but because her reliant and sanguine nature, so little interrupted by sharp reasonings, led her to expect so much more than she has got. A man puts this and that together more; and, in his cooler moments of engagement, thinks that, after all, Angela cannot be a much better woman than his sisters, in whom he has occasionally noticed prejudices and stubbornnesses rather out of keeping with the delicacy of their frames. Never argue with your wife on religious subjects. In religion, with women, it is “As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.” Religion is an oil essential to their imagination; and, say what you will, an unbelieving woman is a dreadful creature, and makes you feel as if a rattlesnake had touched you.

I would much rather my wife was rather soft and silly in her creeds, than hard and rampant and rather clever in them. I feel quite sure that many men have a sort of half-dozing notion that they will, in some way or other, be linked to their wife’s religiousness in their passage to another world.

I have not often fallen into the error of arguing with Mrs. Timepiece on religious

subjects. I don't think she has any imagination, and she says she can worship in a barn better than a cathedral. The fact is, there is no music in her soul. I fancy her idea of worship is to repeat after the clergyman every line of the prayers without missing a word, and then to arrive at the "Amen" at the end, as if she had reached the top of a hill, signifying the same by pronouncing the word with a special emphasis, in sound not unlike the tolling of a passing bell.

All this kind of thing seems very dreadful to ardent natures, who are only happy in their devotions when they raise in them pictures which the world cannot give. They go to church that they may get out of this hard, matter-of-fact world into a softer and brighter one. Their spirit is athirst for wholesome romance. They have beautiful music, which perhaps they don't hear elsewhere. They close their eyes, and for a time they are in a Garden of Eden. They forget the commonplaces of their weekday life, and they feel that after all there is such a thing as love.

The imagination, acted upon by that appeal to the unseen which we call prayer, receives upon it, as by a sort of undefinable spiritual photography, impresses of things lying beyond the reach of the senses; and though it often expresses badly and roughly, and sometimes ridiculously, what it sees, still there is some faint outline of majestic truth in its worst attempts.

Macaulay said the Roman Catholic religion would outlive London. One reason, amongst many, for his saying this was probably that that form of religion appeals to the imagination of man—that holy of holies of his nature, in which he realizes that there are more things, both in Heaven and earth, than we dream of.

I may add, that Mrs. Timepiece hates Romanism, which she understands nothing at all about, except its connection with the rack, and other dungeon horrors. I believe, too, she has gathered up some tithe of information about nunnery scandals. And so it is with many others of her sex. The veneration of the Virgin, one would think, must naturally commend itself to the instinct and approbation of women. It has done more than anything else to put women in their proper position, and to give them the honour which is their due. But all this is eclipsed by the rack. It has been truly said that religion is the only romance which the

poor have. But they get a stone instead of bread when they come to a church where the squire's pew—high-backed and curtained off from the rest, and lined with a Brussels carpet—tells them plainly that they are poor, and of inferior blood; or when, in the town churches, they find sittings especially set apart in some shady corner for their caste and order.

I should not be surprised if Mrs. Timepiece secretly thinks that this is all right. A better pew in church is one of the privileges of money, and a lawful one. Not that she cares a bit about a soft cushion or a carpet, for any comfort which they bring to her body: they are worthless to her except as a sign of superiority, and as a sceptre of power, taking an ecclesiastical shape.

It is the same with her brougham. She neither needs nor desires protection from the east wind; but it is a sign of power, and it makes her feel her strength stronger. This is not pride, but the love of strength. I have known her often stop her coachman to take up some weary old neighbour coming from market, with both a heavy heart and a heavy basket; and, all the way home, every question she asked them had real, solid kindness and good intention in it. It was the contrast between her own strength and their weakness which pleased her.

And so it was with everything. Just as the bee goes from flower to flower for honey, she sought strength and power from her pew in church, her brougham, her large house, her land, and her gifts at Christmas to the cottagers.

She would never have a fire in her bedroom on the most wintry night, not because of the expense—for she could have afforded to burn a ton of coals a day—but because it was a weakness.

Her daughters, as I have said, worshipped her, and were entirely obedient. The greatest blow which could have come to her in life would have been any symptom on their part of an opposite feeling. Hence it may be easily inferred that the way to the hearts of any of the four young ladies lay through her approving voice.

He was both a bold and clever man who first succeeded in coming to the end of such a pathway. The first steps were the most difficult, but the way was thorny to the last. When I use the word last, I do so in a limited sense—meaning, up to the steps of the hymeneal altar.

There were very difficult steps after this, but they were of another shape; and undoubtedly the marriage ceremony at the altar marked a certain space of ground indisputably and irrecoverably gained. Before this, the awful word probation never ceased to temper with wisdom the boldness of the aspirant. It was a kind of tattoo mark, but not so indelible.

Indeed, bold and clever as her suitor was, he would have failed in his enterprize if there had not been an ally to help him.

He was subject, as might be expected, from the first, to a very powerful magnifying glass. His objectionable points were seen to their farthest limit, and exhibited before Miss Timepiece's eyes in as many different colours as the chameleon shows itself in.

One by one they were reviewed, crossed and recrossed: it was like a game at draughts or chess.

Mrs. Timepiece took him at one time with a pawn, at another with a knight, at another with a bishop, and so on.

Now, if her daughter had at all resisted these proceedings, it would have been checkmate at once; but the principle of obedience was at work in her breast, and she simply and quietly, without even so much as a rebellious smile on her face, let her mother thus take her king; and, in the end, that lady either got tired of taking him, or became secretly persuaded that he was, after all, a bit of a king.

Miss Timepiece never doubted that he was more than a little bit of a king. She soon began to think him a king of men every inch, but she had the obedience not to say so. She never calculated in the least on the good effect of this upon her mother. It was not wisdom that made her silent whilst these comments tore her heart-strings so harshly—it was obedience.

TABLE TALK.

THE recent eruption of Mount Vesuvius has been more than ordinarily severe, and we suppose a subscription will before long be started for the aid of the sufferers by the catastrophe. Sympathy in such a case cannot be too liberally exhibited. But a curious lesson of that natural clinging to the "old spot" is given in the persistence with which the Neapolitans, after so many terrible warnings, continue to rebuild their cottages over the perilous ground, and go

on replanting their vineyards and tilling their crops, as if the latest eruption were to be—as theatrical managers say—"positively the last."

BUT WHILE LENDING all true commiseration for the unfortunate victims of the capricious Vesuvius, it is unpleasant to be ourselves awakened from a dream of satisfaction in which we of this happy island have long indulged. We knew from geologists that our mountain ranges were but the evidences of volcanic action in the ages gone by; but we flattered ourselves that live volcanoes were, at least, now extinct in Great Britain. The "knowing ones," however, of science are just now making us uncomfortable by the information that we are liable at any moment to as fearful an eruption of the earth beneath our feet as ever overwhelmed Herculaneum or Pompeii, or to as terrible an earthquake as ever destroyed Lisbon.

FROM EARTHQUAKES to comets is an easy transition. According to the *Astronomical Register*, Professor Donati writes in the *Nazione*, of March 4, in reference to many inquiries made of him respecting the announced collision of a comet with the earth in August next. He remarks that at present there are no comets visible, and that the appearance of large comets would be welcome, since there are recently discovered means of making new researches on them. He goes on to speak of the comet of Biela, due in August next, and inquires whether it may at some future time encounter the earth; and states, as the result of calculation, that this comet will be in 1872 always at a great distance from the earth. It will cross the earth's orbit on August 26, at which time it will be about a hundred and ten millions of geographical miles from the earth. This will be its nearest approach. On November 28, the earth will be situated where the comet was on August 26. There is, therefore, no danger of a collision with the earth. The professor then points out the extreme improbability of the earth colliding with any comet; or, if such a thing were to happen, the comet, he remarks, might probably become a satellite of the earth. He observes that in 1832 there was a similar report of a coming collision with Biela's comet; and that, in spite of the assurances of astronomers, the general panic did not cease till dispelled by the actual falsification

of the prophecy. Donati proceeds to comment on the very great probability that the comet of Biela, which has not been seen since 1852, no longer exists (the figures given above are, on the contrary, hypothesis). In 1846—as is well known—it appeared double, its two parts being 134,000 of geographical miles from each other; and in the apparition of 1852, they were 200,000 geographical miles apart. The comet not being seen in 1858 was attributed to its nearness to the sun, as in 1839; but, in 1866, when it should have been visible in dark nights, the most powerful telescopes failed to discover it.

THIS QUESTION as to where all the comets go to is as interesting as it is—at present, at least—insoluble. That comets might be dissipated was long ago supposed by Kepler, who said that, as the silkworm wastes itself by spinning its cocoon, so comets may waste themselves and *die* whilst they generate or *spin* their immeasurably long tails.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN has set in in America. Horace Greeley, leaving for the nonce the helm of the *New York Tribune*, has entered the field against Ulysses Grant. But Ulysses has a more dangerous opponent than even the warlike Greeley, and women's rights advocates will be delighted to hear that the redoubtable Mrs. Woodhull is stumping it for the Presidential chair. We have not the pleasure of knowing whether Mrs. Woodhull is a Democrat or Republican; we only know that, on the female rights question, she is thorough. What more ardent champion could her supporters want than a lady who publicly proclaims her inalienable privilege, in common with all other slaves of men, of marrying a fresh husband every day if she should feel so disposed? In the chances for the Presidency, notwithstanding this, we would back Greeley against Woodhull, and we do not think either has much chance.

THIS IS THE month of flowers, and lovers of nature may feast their eyes and senses of perfumes to their hearts' content, in the merry month of May. But, speaking of flowers, I have often been struck with the many various names given to one simple flower, according to the different localities. Take the *viola tricolor*, or common pansy, for instance. The old-fashioned name comes from the French

pensee. Because it has three colours in the same flower, it is called "three faces under a hood," and also herb Trinity; and, from its colouring, flame flower. It is also called heart's-ease; but this name probably belongs to the wallflower, which was formerly called *giroflée*, or clove flower—because cloves were in former times considered good for diseases of the heart. Of amatory names, the pansy has probably more than any other plant: "Kiss me ere I rise," "Kiss me at the garden gate," "Tittle my fancy," "Pink of my John," "Love in idle" or "in vain," "Love in idleness," and many others.

WE HAVE OFTEN strolled through Smithfield and Leadenhall Markets, but we fear we did not make such good use of our eyes as a gentleman writing in one of our scientific contemporaries seems to have done. He says: "On the 2nd of this month (April) I visited Smithfield and Leadenhall Markets, where I met with several good birds, which I think worth recording. At Smithfield, I got two perfect, adult, male, red-breasted mergansers, a very good spoonbill, a bittern, and an old male cormorant. In Leadenhall, I found a very good white stork, about a score of black-tailed godwits (a few of them in full summer dress, but the greater part in transition), some ruffs and reeves, some of the most splendid herons I ever saw, plenty of shovellers and garganeys, and an immense number of pintail—all of which, I believe, came from Holland. I was unsuccessful in finding either the gadwall, ferruginous duck, or smew, though I searched carefully. I found two splendid marsh harriers, which I very reluctantly left, as they were much too far gone for stuffing. I was very sorry to see so many peewits, in some cases exposed for sale with their eggs. With the peewits on one stall I saw some rooks' eggs. I made inquiries after Manx shearwaters; but I could not get any, and was informed that none had been sent in this spring. Woodcock, snipe, curlews, oyster-catchers, red-shanks, &c., could have been obtained in any numbers. In one shop I saw two Royston crows, which I suppose had been sent up from the coast. I did not see a single specimen of the knot sanderling, curlew sand-piper, gray plover, or bar-tailed godwit."

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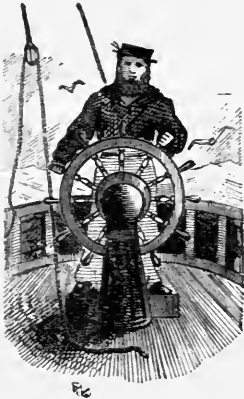
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and administered justice. Haroun-al-Raschid could not have been more just, Saladin was not more merciful.

Thither came the women with their quarrels: "Forgive, forgive," he said. Thither the men out of work brought their tales of disappointment and privation: to these he lent money, or pointed the way to work. Here he received his rents, which amounted to a goodly sum, and devised means for the improvement of his dwellings. The court was a model. All the houses but two belonged to him. Gradually, by slow degrees, they had been pulled down and rebuilt in flats, with whatever improvements Mr. Eddrup and his builder could devise. The property paid him about two and a half per cent. Side by side with his stood the other two houses—squalid, mean, and decayed. They paid a good fifteen per cent. to the man—he was a leader at Exeter Hall, and knew nothing about his property except that it paid—to whom they belonged. Mr. Eddrup did what he could even here—persuaded the people to be clean, and made no difference between them and his own tenants.

One thing everybody knew: they might rob their landlord, refuse to pay his rent, maltreat him. All these, in the old times, they had done. He would never prosecute or use the law. He received his own by their good grace. Strange to say, he hardly ever lost by it. Old inhabitants of the court—especially one man, who had been the worst of the flock, and was shrewdly suspected of having personally robbed Mr. Eddrup one dark night—protected his interests. Nobody was allowed to shoot the moon: public opinion was against it. Nobody told lies about back rents and the reasons for asking delay: public experience had proved it useless. Truth, when it does as much good, is much more pleasant to tell than a falsehood.

At one o'clock, Mr. Eddrup left his office, and generally went away home—that is, to Skimp's—where he sometimes sat in the dingy drawing-room, but oftener sat in his own single room, reading or writing, till dinner time. After dinner, he went back regularly to the court, when he lectured in the "chapel," as they called it, on some evenings, talking freely on all kinds of subjects connected with those branches of social science most useful and interesting to his flock; sometimes taught in a night school; sometimes paid visits among the people.

A scholar, a gentleman, wrecked in early life, he had the courage to make of his miserable fate a reason for a life of philanthropy and self-denial. What he might have been, had his power of resisting temptation always been as great, who can tell?

He talked at this time freely to Frank; told him of his hopes: they were all centred in that small row of houses where he spent most of his day—and of his fears; they were all for the future of his people when he should be gone.

"I might leave the property in trust; but in a few years the letter of the will would be executed, and the spirit neglected. A man

can do no good after his death. Better let the money go, and trust that the work may go on. I have seen so much of charitable trusts, that I know the evil they produce: how they pauperize the people, and take away their self-respect. I will have none of them. If only, Mr. Melliship, some men like you would take up the work."

"I cannot," said Frank. "I am one of those who only approve of good things, and stand idly by."

"There is Silver, the acrobat. He speaks well. But he would make the place a hot-bed of religious enthusiasm. Nevertheless, he has a burning spirit, and will some time or other become a preacher. I will speak to him about leaving his profession."

"Make him take his daughter away too, then. Patty has no business with that kind of work at all."

"Poor girl!" said Mr. Eddrup. "When her father asked my advice, I had none to give him. Then she came herself. Said she knew nothing which she could do. The family kettle is very small, but it was hard to keep it going. I let her have her own way. But she is good and modest. Don't tell me she is not, Mr. Melliship, because I love the child. I have seen her grow up."

"I think you love all the people about you."

"I do," he said, simply. "God knows I do. I have been drawn to them by the thousand ties that struggle and endeavour engender. They were ignorant: I had knowledge. They are poor: I have money—enough, at least, to help them. They desired good things: I could show them the way to some good things. Never think that the poor are ungrateful; never think that they are forgetful; never believe that they are in any respect, whether of good feeling, of delicacy, of forbearance, inferior to yourself. Manners are but conventionalisms. In my court there are men and women with as good manners, so far as consideration for others and unselfish labour go, as you will see in the highest cultured women and men of England. They are not better than the rich, I suppose; but they are as good. And remember they are tempted tenfold as much. Tempted! Good God! when I think of myself, my miserable fall—when I see these people resist, I am fain to go away and weep by myself for shame, and cry for deliverance from the body of this death."

He was silent for awhile. They were

walking in the garden of Granville-square, which they had all to themselves.

"Love them? Of course I love them. I know all their secrets. They bring me all their troubles. They tell me all their sins. They confess to me. St. Paul says it is good for men to confess to one another. He means not that priests have anything to do with it—the great-hearted preacher was too wise for that; but he knew that when the soul is burdened with sin and misgiving, the mere telling is a relief and a safeguard. We sin; we fall into temptation; we fall into evil; our minds are clouded. As prayer is a purification, so confession is an unburdening. In the darkness, evil visions rise and horrible forms dance before our eyes. We let in the light by confession: they vanish and die away. St. Paul knew what he was talking about. Mr. Melliship, my heart is full to-day. **Come and** hear me next Sunday evening. **I have a thing** to say to the people which **must not** longer be delayed."

Frank knew **very well what the thing** would be. He **went, with Patty** and her father, prudently **silent as to what** was to happen.

It was a crowded night. **Every bench** was full—the women and the men hushed with an expectancy of something about to happen. Patty and Frank, with the boy, took their seats, as usual, on the last bench. They were used to Frank by this time, and only supposed that he "kept company" with Patty, who was known to be a good girl, of eccentric habits of dress, which she gratified, with her father's sanction, at the music hall. In other words, her profession was no secret; and she was looked upon with considerable respect as a public character of unblemished reputation.

They had the usual hymn—one of those quiet old Wesleyan psalms, different from the jubilant strains of modern Anglican hymns with which we nowadays proclaim a confidence and exultation we are very far from feeling;—not a triumphal song, not a meaningless rapture set to pretty music; not a vain and false celebration of an unreal New City; not a lying wish to behold beauties which would pall upon us in a week, just as much as the Crystal Palace; but a hymn in a minor key, attuned to the sadness that always fills the poor man's heart—one that they could sing with fervour, because it belonged so fully to themselves.

Then Mr. Eddrup rose, and, contrary to his usual practice, began to speak himself without asking if any had aught to say.

He commenced by reminding them that he had been among them for forty years. He told how his desire had been to communicate what little knowledge he had, and to do good, as best he might, with what little means he had. He reminded them of the duties of self-reliance and self-respect. He showed, for the thousandth time, how ignorance and sin are interwoven with all human suffering—how the former can be slowly removed, and the latter is generally a departure from the laws of nature. And then, with a great effort, he raised himself erect, threw back the long white hair off his face, and told them all his story.

Not with apologies: not with excuses: with no embellishments. The plain, black, ugly story: the story of violated trust and ruined honour, of disgrace, of prison. He hid nothing.

"Such I was," he said. "This is my history. I have always meant to tell it. I put it off, half in cowardice, half because I thought I would wait until you learned to love me—till your hearts yearned towards me, even as mine does now to you. I think I have never till now won your perfect confidence. Only of late has it been impressed upon me that some of you look up to me with reverence and affection. To me—to a convicted thief! Therefore, I could wait no longer. My children—I have seen most of you grow up: you have been in our schools: I have taught you. You are, in very truth, my children. You must respect me no longer. I am not worthy. I am meaner than the meanest—lower than the lowest. I am a convicted thief.

"Years ago I dreamed of this night. I pictured to myself how I should feel, standing before you all, with shamed face, telling you all that I am nothing better than a convicted thief.

"Respect me no longer. I have never been able to respect myself. Tell your little ones that the old man with white hair was not fit to sit among them. Point your fingers out at him as he goes down the street, call after him, hoot him. He has been an impostor, a hypocrite, a deceiver. He pretended to be—

"No, my children, no—I am no hypocrite. I am a coward: because I should have told you all this long years ago. No

hypocrite. Believe me, in this my solemn confession, that I repent and have repented. I have set myself to hide from the world, and work in this little corner, the servant of you all. To repent. Before you all, and in the face of GOD, in whose presence I stand, I say that I repent, and am heartily sorry. Shall I say more? Nay, for I would not that you think I should excuse myself. Let me have your pity—your pity, since I can no longer have your love. And pray for me—pray for me!"

He sank upon his knees, his head in his hands, resting against the handrail; and, as he ceased, the women began to lament, and to cry aloud for sympathy and pity. Down the rugged cheeks of the men the great tears fell unchecked. Some of them sobbed and choked. All looked bewildered at the spectacle of the poor old man, their benefactor, their patron, their saint—more to them than even Wesley was to his people—kneeling before them all, silent, bowed, abased. Frank wept unrestrainedly. Here was no acting. It was the truth, sublime and graced. It was the final self-sacrifice of a man whose whole days had been a long sacrifice. He had LIVED THE LIFE. Truest Christian, noblest warrior in the army of God—he had won the last battle he would have to fight on earth before he was called away—

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory shall he come
To Heaven, which is his home—

to alter the words of the poet.

It was Mr. Silver who broke the silence.

"We have one thing to do," he said. "We are here, a little congregation, the people of the Lord, met to pray and praise. One of us has told the story of his life, and of a great sin. Let us then pray that we be not led into temptation. Who shall cast a stone? Will you?—will you?—shall I? God forbid! Our respect for him remains—our love remains. Friends all, I adjure you, lock up this thing in your hearts. Women, don't speak of it to each other: men, hide it away. Put the recollection of it out of your minds. Friend and father of us all. God has forgiven. We have forgotten."

From the voices of all there went up a mighty cry.

"We have forgotten—we have forgotten!"

Silver tried to raise the old man. He had fainted. They brought water and sprinkled over him, as he revived. He sat, feeble and

pale, while the women, in their tender way, busied about him. Then he signed to Patty to come to him.

"Go home for me," he said, "and bring down all I want. I will never leave the court again!"

They took him to a vacant room in one of his own houses. They laid him in bed, and sent for a doctor. Nothing was wrong with him—only feebleness, only a sudden break-up. And from his little room, where he daily received his people, Mr. Eddrup was never to stir again.

Frank went home with his friends, strangely agitated and moved. He had for once obtained a glimpse of the highest life: the courage which meets everything, which shrinks from no trial—the patience which endures to the end—the life before which all other lives appear so mean and paltry.

Of the women in the room that night, all wept but one. Patty Silver sat with dry eyes. Her heart was full of questionings and doubts. She heard but half of what Mr. Eddrup said; for her eyes were bent furtively on Frank, and she was thinking if he loved her. "He loves me—loves me not." Surely, when the Deluge came, and the whirling flood swept down the shrieking street, Marguerite, in her chamber, might have sat deaf and careless, thinking only, "He loves me—loves me not."

But that story which Mr. Eddrup told his friends lay buried in their hearts. They never spoke of it in his lifetime. They never speak of it now he is dead, and gone to that silent Land where his honour, like the soldier's sword, has been restored to him.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SECOND.

FRANK sitting in Mrs. Skimp's drawing-room with Captain Bowker. It is in the morning, but the master mariner is smoking his long cherry-stick pipe. Time hangs somewhat heavily upon his hands since he has had nothing to do. Sometimes he takes the boat and goes down to the docks, where he picks up old friends and spins old yarns. Sometimes he pays visits to ancient haunts at Poplar. Sometimes he makes a morning call upon his cousin, who lives close by, to please whom he has come to live at Skimp's. For the Captain has money—he got it in private ventures during his many voyages—besides the little pension which his late employers have given him. It is not much; but it is enough to make it desirable to retain

him near the family, for fear of foreign and malign influences. More often than anything else, the Captain spends his mornings at the table in Mrs. Skimp's drawing-room, with a sheet of paper and an inkstand, making innumerable blots as he corrects and adds to his poems. This work, indeed, constitutes the real pleasure of his life. To read his verses aloud in the presence of a man who will listen without laughing, such as Frank Melliship, is pure and unmixed happiness. To get them printed is a dream which he just permits to himself. Some day, he thinks—some yet distant day—he will sacrifice the hundred pounds of capital needed to accomplish this object. He must pinch to make up for the loss of five pounds a-year; but what is a little pinching in comparison with so great an object?

To-day he has been reading a remarkable poem, his *chef-d'œuvre*, on which he means to base his reputation. It is called "The Captain's Dream." In this work, imitating unconsciously the example of Dante and several other distinguished "makers," he has embodied in a vision the whole sum of his philosophy. Frank has been pretending to listen. The good-nature which prevents him from yawning in the honest Captain's face also obliges him to come, from time to time, and pay Mr. Bowker a visit, in order to give him pleasure. I, who yield to no man in the quality of good-nature, have ruthlessly cut out the whole of the Captain's poem, which is among the records from which this history is compiled, solely because it might bore my readers. I am far from saying the work is not remarkable in many ways: there is a flavour of the briny in it, a smell of pickled pork, occasional whiffs of rum, a taste of the pannikin, the breath of the ocean. Nautical metaphors alone are used—seafaring similes. We are on board ship, and the wind is whistling through the shrouds. But—but—truth compels me to add that the poet's diction is commonplace, and his thoughts not always exalted. Why do we not consider the varieties of the human mind in our estimate of poetry? There are gradations of intellect, like terraces. Instead of measuring a newly-fledged poet with a stupid, Procrustean bed of criticism, reducing all to one standard, why not make an effort to classify intellectual produce, like merchants classify colonial produce? I believe there are, in the single article of sugar alone, about twelve gradations from

treacle to crystal. Suppose we made twelve grades or degrees in poetry? Our greatest poets would belong to the twelfth—the supreme degree which embraces all the rest. As every poet must have some brains, if only a thimbleful, it follows that he must have a very large mass of mankind beneath him. Martin F. Tupper, for instance, might be numbered one, or perhaps two, on account of some gleams of scholarship. Captain Bowker would no doubt belong to the first grade, without any possibility of promotion at all.

“So, Mr. Melliship, there’s all my ideas for you. When I get more, I stick them in. As I go on living, the poem will go on growing—consequently, improving.”

“Do not your ideas change sometimes?” said Frank.

“Never. When I get an idea, Mr. Melliship, it isn’t a flash in the pan, like some people’s. My ideas take me first of all unawares. They generally begin, like a toothache, when I least expect them—perhaps when I feel a little buffy, in the morning; mayhap, after an extra go of grog the night before: then one comes all of a sudden. I turn it over, and think it out. I’m rayther a slow thinker; but I’m an uncommon sure one, and I never let it go. I don’t read much, except the newspaper; so that I’ve got a great advantage over most poets. All my ideas are my own. I don’t steal them and alter them. I let ’em grow. It takes me a long time—perhaps months—to work an idea into shape; but when I have got him, there he is, put into the poem neat and ship-shape, preserved for cure, like a bit of salt beef in a cask of wine. Woman, now—you remember the beautiful passage I read to you just now about woman?”

“Yes—yes—yes. Oh! don’t take the trouble to read it again, Captain Bowker,” cried Frank, hastily.

“A few lines to show my meaning,” said the Captain, clearing his throat. “Here we are. Now, listen:—

“‘Woman is like a ship—new painted, gay,
Fresh holystoned and scraped, she sails away,
Manned by her captain. While the weather holds,
The ship sails trim, the woman never scolds.
The dancing waves play on the starboard bow,
Her sails fill out, her pennants gaily flow;
The captain takes his thankful grog below.’

That’s a good line, young man. That last is a very good line.”

He read it over again, shaking his head slowly from side to side in admiration.

“‘Look where ahead the black clouds rise, and see
How changed the lines of ocean; on the lee
The rocks rise threatening. Furl the mainsail,
^{stow}
All snug: here comes the tempest. Let her go.’

“I leave out the next fifty lines, where I follow up the comparison of a good woman to a good ship. She weathers the storm. Then I go on to talk of a bad woman; and I end thus:—

“‘All lost—the ship obeys the helm no more.
She strikes—she sinks. Her voyages are o’er!’”

“Very fine,” said Frank—“very fine indeed.”

“Yes, I flatter myself that there is good stuff there. They’ve compared woman to all sorts of things. Look here. Here’s a bit I cut out of an old play:—

“‘A woman is like to—but stay—
What a woman is like, who can say?
There’s no living with or without one:
Love bites like a fly,
Now an ear, now an eye,
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.
If she laugh, and she chat,
Play, joke, and all that,
And with smiles and good humour she meet me,
She’s like a rich dish
Of ven’son or fish,
That cries from the table, “Come, eat me!”
But she’ll plague you, and vex you,
Distract and perplex you,
False-hearted and ranging,
Unsettled and changing,
What then do you think she is like?
Like a sand? like a rock?
Like a wheel? like a clock?
Aye, a clock that is always at *strike*.
Her head’s like the island folks tell on,
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on;
Her heart’s like a lemon—so nice,
She carves for each lover a slice.
In truth, she’s to me
Like the wind, like the sea,
Whose raging will hearken to no man;
Like a mill,
Like a pill,
Like a sail,
Like a whale,
Like a flow’r,
Like a show’r,
Like a fly,
Like a pie,
Like a thief,
Like, in brief,
She’s like nothing on earth—but a woman!’

“Now, you know, it’s all very fine. That’s not my notion of a simile. Don’t hurry about from one to another to show your cleverness. Stick to one. Woman is like a

ship, isn't she? Very well — there you are. Work it up, as I do. There's her hold, must be laden or in ballast: a woman without ballast is like a cork on the water. Her head is the captain's cabin—only room for one. The captain is the man at the helm. As for the rigging, some of it's ornamental, some of it's useful. You've got the bunting, and you've got the sails. The sails is her petticoats—without which, d'ye see, she can't sail out of port. The bunting is her ribbons, because they all, ships as well as women, sail better if they're proud of themselves. And as for her masts, her boats, her keel, her bowsprit, and her fo'c's'le, and all the rest of it—why, bless you, if I had time, I'd run through the whole, and show you how the simile holds. Ah! it's a very delicate subject. Marriage, now. People will get married. Why? The Lord knows. I did myself once, and a pretty market I brought my pigs to. Ease and comfort? Quiet and tranquillity for composing? Not a bit of it. Morning, noon, and night went her tongue. It was 'Jem, get this,' 'Jem, go there.' And if I didn't, squalls, I can tell you."

"Well, but you were the man at the helm," said Frank, with a smile.

"Man at the helm! I might as well have been in the bows, she stayed below all watches. She wouldn't answer the helm nohow. Never took no notice of the helm. Kept her own course. Never was such a craft. Neat to look at, too. Painted rosy red in the bows; full in the lines, but clean cut; down about the stern; always neat and tidy in the gear. But come to command her—Phew!—then you found out what a deceptive, headstrong, cranky, difficult vessel she was. Ah, well—it's fifteen years ago since I saw her."

"Is she dead, then?"

"Hush!" said Captain Bowker. "Don't speak so loud. If she aint dead, where is she? She left me; went cruising on her own account; took in another skipper, may be. Anyhow, she went. We've gone away from each other. Dead? Well, she's as good as dead. Don't you ever marry, Mr. Melliship. You're a young man, and the temptation will come strong over a young man at times. Fight it. St. Paul says himself it's better not to marry. I heard that in church last Sunday morning. Say to yourself, 'Which shall it be? Shall it be peace and repose; or shall it be nagging, and pecking, and boxing of ears? Shall it be your legs on the

fender and your pipe in your mouth; or shall it be the legs of the chair about your head, and the pipe smashed? Shall it be fair weather or shall it be foul?' There's more craft built for show than for use in these bad times. Don't trust any. Stick to yourself, and be happy. As for me, Mr. Melliship, I'm a fixture. Nothing can disturb me now. I'm in port. I defy the storms. To quote myself, I sing—

"'Laid up in dock, serene I shake my fist,
And fortune's storms may thunder as they list.'

Those are very fine lines, Mr. Melliship—very forcible, strong lines indeed—

"'Laid up in dock, serene I shake my fist,
And fortune's storms—'"

"Please, Cap'n Bowker"—it was the red-armed Mary Ann who interrupted him—"there's a lady wants to see you."

"I suppose it's my cousin," growled the Captain. "Why can't she wait for me to go and see her? It's my turn, too."

"No 'taint Mrs. Robins," said Jane, who knew the Captain's belongings; "this lady says she's your wife!"—grinning all over.

The Captain's arms dropped, and his face turned an ashy white. Frank laughed at first; but the poor man's distress was so great that his sense of the ludicrous was lost in pity.

"Found me out, has she?" he murmured. "After fifteen years—'Laid up in dock, serene—' No, that won't do. Mr. Melliship, wait a moment. Don't go and leave me in this pinch. Can't nothing be done? See here. After fifteen years to go back to prison! It's more than I looked for. Tell me what to do. Help me to ride out the gale."

"There is nothing to be done," said Frank. "But perhaps you had better see her. Suppose she is not your wife, after all?"

"Stay with me. Stand by an old shipmate. Don't desert me, Mr. Melliship."

"But I can't interfere between you and your wife. Be brave, man. You ought not to be afraid of a woman."

"As an ordinary rule," said Captain Bowker, clearing his throat, "there aint a braver man going than me. Not another woman in the world I'm afraid of. But this one's an exception. You didn't know my Polly. I don't care for the rest of 'em, if they were all to come on together. But Polly's too much for any man."

There was a rustling of a dress on the stairs, and Frank waited for a moment.

A tall figure in black silk, with a thick veil, glided in. As Frank glanced at her, somehow he thought of Market Basing and Parkside.

"Don't sheer off," murmured the Captain, in an ecstasy of terror.

But Frank stole softly out of the room, and closed the door, bringing the red-armed one down with him. She had followed Mrs. Bowker up the stairs, with intent to listen at the keyhole. Mrs. Skimp and her daughter were at the bottom, with the same laudable object.

"Now, Mrs. Skimp," said Frank, "no listening."

And he sat down on the bottom steps by way of precaution.

"Oh! Jem," cried Polly, falling on his unresisting neck, and kissing his grizzled forehead—"oh! Jem, to think I should find you, and after so many years, and your dreadful cruel conduct. Oh! this is a blessed day!"

"How did you find me, Polly?" asked her husband.

"Went to Leggatt and Browne's—your old firm. The clerks told me. This is a blessed day!"

"D—the clerks," said the Captain. "And why didn't you go before, if you wanted to find me?"

"Because I thought you were dead, Jem. I've wore black ever since in mourning for you. See here. They told me at Poplar that you was alive, and where to ask for you. Oh, what a joyful thing to find your husband after fifteen years!"

She pulled out her handkerchief, and began to weep—but not plentifully.

"Well, what's to be done now?" asked the Captain.

"That's a pretty thing to say to your wife," she answered. "Done! What should be done? I've come to live with you."

"Oh!" groaned the Captain.

"I'm not going to live in a boarding-house. How much money have you got?"

He named his modest income.

"That will do. We shall have lodgings. What's the name of the woman of the house?"

"Skimp."

She went to the head of the staircase, and called out—

"Mrs. Skimp! You Mrs. Skimp! Come up here at once."

Frank quietly went away.

"We're going to leave this to-day," said Polly. "A week's notice. Bring the bill in ten minutes. I'll pay it. And none of your extras for me."

"You don't stay in my house another hour," said the aggrieved Mrs. Skimp. "Cap'n Bowker, I'm ashamed of you. I pity you, I do. Paying attentions to my daughter, too."

"Eh!" said Polly. "What's that?"

"I never did," said the Captain, outraged and insulted. "They're all upon me together. I never did. I'm—I'm—I'm DAMNED if I did! Mrs. Skimp, what do you mean by saying such things? And you a married woman yourself, and know the misery of being married. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I never looked at your daughter, even. I never look at any woman."

"You won't pay her any more attentions, for you shall come out of this place in quick sticks," said Mrs. Bowker. "How long will it take you to pack your things up?"

"Well," said the unresisting seaman, fairly over-stunned by the logic of facts, "I think, to do it comfortable, you know, it might take a couple of hours."

"Very well," said the lady. "You pack everything up—mind you don't leave nothing behind you in a place like this—and I'll just go down to Poplar and let 'em know as I've found you, and I'll be back here before the two hours are up. This is a blessed day!"

She gave the Captain one chaste salute, shot a look of anger at Mrs. Skimp, and marched out of the room.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

THE subject of the alphabet and its origin is one which has attracted the attention of many observers; and must, indeed, at some time or other, have forced itself on the consideration of nearly all thoughtful minds.

What is the meaning of those six-and-twenty symbols which serve to render our language visible? Why have they assumed the forms in which we now find them, and whence have they been derived to us? These are questions which most of us must have asked, and many of us may have attempted to answer.

Mr. John Evans, F.R.S., F.S.A., an eminent authority, lately read a paper on the subject at the Royal Institution, and this

article contains the substance of the learned lecturer's remarks. Mr. Evans said the questions connected with the subject appear to divide themselves under three heads:—

1. As to the origin of writing, and the method of its development in different parts of the globe;
2. As to the original alphabet from which that in common use amongst us was derived; and
3. As to the history and development of that original alphabet.

The art of writing is that by which, as Bacon says, "the images of men's minds remain in books for ever, exempt from the injuries of time, because capable of perpetual renovation." It is that by which human knowledge has become cumulative, so that the stores acquired during one generation are handed down to those which succeed it; and is, indeed, one of the most important characteristics which distinguish civilized from savage races of men.

So mysterious does this power of conveying information to others, however remote, appear to savages, that they regard written documents as possessed of powers no less than magical, and have been known to hide them at the time of committing a misdeed which they feared might be discovered by their means. Yet many of those in the lower stages of civilization have some ideas as to pictorial records.

The cave-dwellers of the south of France, at a time when the use of metals was unknown, and when reindeer formed one of the principal articles of food in that part of the world, possessed considerable powers of drawing and of sculpture. On some of their bone instruments figures of animals are engraved, which possibly may to the original owners have conveyed some reminiscences of scenes they had witnessed when hunting. Among the Esquimaux, such records are frequently carved on their weapons, and the taking of seals and the harpooning of whales are often depicted. Captain Beechey says that he could gather from these representations a better insight into the habits of the people than could be obtained from any signs or other intimations.

Among the North American Indians, the system of picture-writing has been more fully developed, and numerous instances are

recorded in Schoolcraft's "Indian Tribes." A census roll of 1849 gives the details of thirty-four families, comprising 108 souls, by means of symbols for the names of families—such as catfish, beaverskin, &c., with marks below showing the number of individuals in each. Records of the events of a deceased warrior's life are often given on his tombstone in much the same manner. The *totem* of his tribe, such as the reindeer or the crane, is reversed to show that he is dead; there are marks recording his war parties and wounds, the number of enemies he has killed, or the eagles' feathers he has received for bravery. Even love and war songs are symbolized by a kind of pictorial *memoria technica*; and the record of a night's encampment, with details of a party of sixteen—how they had supped, and what they had for supper—has been depicted on a small scrap of birch-bark.

In Mexico, the art of pictorial representation had, at the time of the Conquest, been carried to great perfection. The bulk of the pictures, however, merely represent wars, migrations, famines, and scenes of domestic life. They were, moreover, able to record dates by means of an ingeniously devised cycle, and had some idea of attaching a phonetic value to their symbols. Thus the name of Itz-coatl, the fourth King of Mexico, is found represented by a snake with knives of obsidian issuing from its back—the reason being that the word Itzli meant knives of obsidian, and Coatl meant snake. The same name was also symbolized by the representation of a knife, a pot and water, which shows an approach to a syllabic system of symbols. For the names of the objects, if given at length, would form Itzli-Comitl-Atl, so that the pot—Comitl—would appear in composition merely to have represented Co—. At a somewhat later date, we find the words Pater Noster represented by a flag, a stone, a prickly pear, and a stone; Pantli being a flag, Tetl a stone, and Nochtli a prickly pear. Here, also, the first and third symbols appear in composition to have been monosyllabic, and the Aztec version of the Latin seems to have been Pan-tetl Noch-tetl. What might have been the results of the development of such a system we shall never know, as it was brought to a close by intercourse with Europeans.

In Peru, though some sort of hieroglyphic writing appears to have been known,

the chief substitute for writing was the Quipu, or knotted cord. This consisted of a main cord, with strings of different colours and lengths attached. The colour, the mode of making the loops, knots, or tufts, their distance from the main cord or from each other, had all of them their meaning. Each Quipu had its own keeper or interpreter, and by their means all public accounts were kept. The Wampum in North America was of a somewhat similar character; and in Polynesia, also, the same sort of Quipu is in use. One kept by the principal tax-gatherer in Hawaii is a knot of cord of 400 or 500 fathoms in length, subdivided again and again for the different districts and families.

There is a tradition among the Chinese of a similar system of recording events by means of a knotted cord having been in use among them previous to the invention of writing. The Chinese system of writing, though far superior to that of the Mexicans, is still not alphabetical, but syllabic. At the outset, the characters seem to have been pictorial; but the representations of the objects have now become so much conventionalized and changed, partly in consequence of the method of writing by means of a brush, that there is much difficulty in recognizing them. In the characters representing the words Sun or Day, Moon, Door, Carriage, Boy, the original pictorial origin is evident—as, indeed, it is in several other instances.

In some cases, compound characters are formed by the junction of others of a simple kind. The Sun and Moon together represent the word Ming, bright or clear. Water and Eye together symbolize tears.

With a monosyllabic language, the words of which are of necessity limited in number, one sound has often to represent more than one sense, and the Chinese characters have therefore been divided into phonetics or radicals—those which give the sound—and the classificatory or determinatives, or those which give the sense.

Thus, the sign for *a door*, with the determinative *an ear*, means *to listen*; with that of *a corpse* or of *the heart*, means *sorrow*, &c.

The Egyptian hieroglyphics present much analogy in character with the Chinese method of writing. In their earliest form they seem to have been principally pictorial, though also at the same time symbolic.

We find, for instance, that the representation of the vault of heaven, with a star suspended from it, typifies darkness or night; that the arms of a man holding a spear and shield are the symbol of to fight, and that thirst is typified by a calf running. The next stage would appear to have been syllabic, when a certain sign represented a syllable, though often with a second more truly literal sign affixed, denoting the final consonant of the syllable. To prevent mistakes, the signs representing words were often accompanied by other signs, which were merely determinative of the meaning. Thus three horizontal zigzag lines representing water showed that the previous symbol designated something connected with liquids—or two legs walking, that the word bore reference to locomotion. Many hieroglyphics, however, appear to be purely literal—though, in the case of consonants, often having some vowel-sound implied. These literal hieroglyphics stand for the initial letters of the objects or ideas they represent. For instance, a goose flying is the equivalent of P, the initial of *Pai*, to fly; an owl stands for M, the first letter of *Mulag*, the Egyptian name of the bird.

The more careful pictorial representations of the objects such as are to be seen in sculptured hieroglyphics and in formal inscriptions required, however, too much time for their execution to be adopted as an ordinary means of writing. In consequence, the signs became conventionalized, and the salient characteristics of the object were seized on for the more cursive form of writing known as the hieratic. From this, again, was derived the writing known as demotic, in which many of the symbols have become so much changed and simplified, that it is with difficulty that they can be identified as descendants of originally pictorial forms.

A modified form of hieroglyphic writing is still in use among us, more especially in connection with the science of astronomy; and the conventional forms which now represent the signs of the Zodiac are very instructive as to the amount of modification such symbols are liable to undergo.

In Aries (♈) and Taurus (♉) the heads of the ram and the bull may still be recognized. Gemini is represented by the twin straight lines, ♊; Cancer by its claws, ♋; and Leo by its head and tail, ♌. In the symbol for Virgo, there appears to have been some con-

fusion between Astræa and the Virgin Mary, the sign being symbolized by the letters $\text{m}\beta\text{M}$. The scales of Libra, the sting of Scorpio, and the arrow of Sagittarius, can still be traced in the symbols, ♎ , ♏ , ♐ . The twisted tail of Capricornus survives in ♑ , and Aquarius is represented by two wavy lines of water, ♒ . The remaining sign of Pisces has been much metamorphosed; but the two fishes, back to back, with head and tail alternating, can readily be reconstructed from the symbol ♓ .

The gradual simplification of form exhibited in these signs, and in the Chinese and hieratic systems of writing, must be borne in mind when studying the development of other systems.

With regard to the origin of the alphabet in common use in Europe, there can be no doubt; the testimony of classical historians, as well as that of the letters themselves, being conclusive as to its Phœnician source. The Greek myth of letters having been introduced by Cadmus, the Phœnician, seems simply to embody this truth; for there is much probability in the view which connects the name of Cadmus with the Semitic word Kedem, the East.

At what date letters were first in use in Greece is by no means certain, but Grote thought that they were absolutely unknown in the days of Homer and Hesiod (B.C. 850-776). It seems, however, probable that they were introduced at a somewhat earlier date. If the date which has been assigned to the famous Moabite Stone, of about 900 B.C., be correct, the correspondence in form between the archaic Greek letters and those on the stone raises a strong presumption in favour of letters having been imported into Greece at the time when the Phœnician alphabet was in that stage of development in which it occurs on the stone.

Even the name of the alphabet preserves the memory of its Phœnician origin, for Alpha and Beta, the names of the two letters from which the word is derived, are not really Greek, but merely the Hellenized forms of the Phœnician Aleph and Beth. The same is the case with the names of all the other Greek letters down to Tau; the last five letters, Y, Φ , X, Ψ , Ω , being of later introduction.

The correspondence in form between the Roman, the Greek, and the early Phœnician alphabet, as given on the Moabite Stone, can

readily be traced. It must, however, be remembered that the letters of the latter are written from right to left, or in the same manner as Hebrew, and not, as is the case with us, from left to right. In the early Greek inscriptions it appears to have been a matter of indifference in which direction the letters were placed. In some the lines are alternately in either direction, and this form of writing was known as Boustrophedon, or that which turned backwards and forwards, like an ox in ploughing.

In tracing the correspondence between the Roman, Greek, and Phœnician alphabets, but little need be said with regard to most of the letters.

As to the original identity of the three alphabets which have been discussed, there can be no doubt; neither can any exist as to the order in which the letters were originally arranged. For in the Hebrew Scriptures, the language of which may practically be regarded as the same as the Phœnician, there are several instances in which a succession of passages, each commencing with a different letter of the alphabet, present them in this order. A well-known example is afforded by the 119th Psalm, each of the twenty-two sections of which commences with a different letter, the name of which forms the heading to each in the English version of the Bible.

Taking the forms of the letters, as given on the Moabite Stone, in conjunction with the meaning of their names, such a similarity can in all cases be traced, though more certainly intentional in some letters than in others. This will be best shown in the following form:—

⋈ Aleph—an ox. *The head of an ox.* That this letter was known to embody this symbol is recorded by Hesychius about A.D. 380. The correspondence of a small a or a with the sign for Taurus when placed horizontally is worth notice, ♉ .

⋈ Beth—a house, or plighted tent. *A house, showing one wall and the ridged roof.*

⋈ Gimel—a camel. *The head and neck of a camel.*

⋈ Daleth—a door. *The triangular door of a tent.*

⋈ He—a lattice or window. *A lattice? The meaning of the name of this letter is somewhat doubtful.*

⋈ Vau—a peg or nail. *A peg.*

⋈ Zain—a weapon. *An arm holding a spear?*

⋈ Cheth—an enclosure, or field. *An enclosure.* Much like the Chinese figure for the same meaning.

⋈ Teth—a serpent. *A coiled snake.* This letter does not occur on the Moabite Stone.

⋈ Jod—the hand. *The hand and wrist in profile,*

similar to what may be seen on some early Hindu coins.

▷ Caph—the palm of the hand. *An open hand*, as in some drawings of the North American Indians.

▷ Lamed—an ox-goad. *An ox-goad?* The meaning of the name somewhat doubtful.

▷ Mem—water. *A wavy line*. Like the representation of water on early coins and sculpture, and as in the sign Aquarius ♒.

▷ Nun—a fish. *The head, gill, and back of a fish*.

▷ Samech—a support. *A kind of prop supporting a trellis for vines*. Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood has pointed out the similarity of this letter to the figure of a sculptor's bench or easel in Egyptian pictures.

▷ Ain—the eye. *The pupil of the eye*, as in Egyptian hieratics.

▷ Pe—the mouth. *The two lips open at an angle*, much like the mouth as represented on some ancient British coins.

▷ Tsade—a reaping hook. *A reaping hook or scythe attached to its handle*.

▷ Koph—the back of the head. *The head and neck?*

▷ Resh—the head. *The head in profile*.

▷ Shin—a tooth. *A tricuspid tooth*.

▷ Tau—a mark. *A cross*, like the mark still made by those who cannot write.

This correspondence in form can hardly be appreciated without diagrams, but in many instances is striking, and in none absolutely forced. There have, however, been numerous objections raised to such a view of the derivation of the forms of the Phœnician letters.

Lenormant and De Rougé would rather trace them to Egyptian hieratic characters; but the resemblances they point out between them are but slight, and in no instance does the Phœnician name of the letter agree with that of the object represented by the Egyptian hieratic. Moreover, the resemblances, when traced, are rather with later forms of Phœnician letters than with those on the Moabite Stone.

Mr. E. B. Tylor also considers that the theory maintained by Gesenius of the Phœnician letters being pictorial, can be shown to be unsafe. He thinks the resemblances between the letters and the objects to be but small, and the bond which attaches the name to the letter to be but slight; that the coincidences are not primary and essential, but secondary and superficial. In support of this view he instances the old Slavonic alphabet, and the Runic *Futhorc*, in which the letters have names unlike those of our alphabet, but each with a meaning—the initials of the names giving the power of the letters. He suggests that in a similar manner Hebrew words may have been chosen as names for letters derived from

some extraneous source, such names having the proper initial letter, and also some suitability to describe its shape—the same as if in English we called

A—Arch or Arrowhead.

B—Bow or Butterfly.

C—Curve or Crescent.

This, however, is contrary to all analogy among methods of writing of which we know the development; and, moreover, several of the names of the Hebrew letters are not actual words in common use in the Hebrew writings, but words which have become obsolete, and of which, in one or two cases, it is hard to recover the meaning. The letters, moreover, cannot originally have been mere arbitrary signs, or there would have been greater distinctions between some of them, such as it was subsequently found desirable to introduce.

If, too, the Phœnician letters came from an extraneous source, we may well ask where it was, and how does it happen that no traces of the original names of the letters have been preserved.

In the Greek alphabet, which is undoubtedly derivative, the names of the letters would alone suffice to show the source from which it came; and the case of the Runic alphabet, derived from the same source, though with the letters rearranged and with new names given at a comparatively recent date, seems hardly to apply. The Runic names, moreover, exhibit no attempt to denote the forms of the letters, to which they are as inapplicable as the names in one of the Irish alphabets, in which each letter is called by the name of some tree.

It seems, on the contrary, far more probable that the Phœnicians, possibly in the first instance borrowing the idea from the Egyptians, struck out for themselves a more purely literal, and therefore a more simple and useful alphabet. A classification of sounds once established, and a system of syllabic symbols once invented, the transition to a pure literal alphabet is comparatively easy, especially when once the syllabic symbols have, from the introduction of foreign words or from other causes, been employed for the initial sound only of the syllables they represent.

Such a change, involving a departure from old practice, might perhaps more readily take place in an adjacent country to that in

which the syllabic system prevailed, than in the country itself; and we may readily conceive a practical people like the Phœnicians importing from Egypt a system of pictorial writing thus modified.

Certainly their alphabet, unlike the letters of the later class of Egyptian hieroglyphics, does not appear to consist of merely a few survivors from a whole army of symbols. On the contrary, it seems to present some traces of arrangement; for the objects representing the letters appear to be grouped in pairs, each comprising two objects in some manner associated with each other; and between each pair is inserted a third letter, represented by an object not so immediately connected with those preceding it, but still not absolutely alien from them.

Thus the ox and the house are followed by the camel—an animal, by the way, not represented in Egyptian hieroglyphics. The door and the window are followed by the peg; the weapon and enclosure by the serpent; the hand and the palm by the ox-goad; the water and the fish by the support; the eye and the mouth by the reaping-hook; the head and the back of the head by the tooth; and the alphabet concludes with the final mark, X.

It would be superfluous to attempt to point out the bearings of this question of the origin and development of the Phœnician alphabet on the history of civilization in Europe and Western Asia.

Future discoveries may possibly bring us nearer the cradle of this alphabet; but it seems probable that on the Moabite Stone we find the letters still retaining enough of their original pictorial character to justify a belief that they there occur in a comparatively early stage, and not removed by many centuries from the time when they were merely delineations of the objects, the names of which they have preserved. Assuming this to have been the case, what is the stage of culture to which the inventors of this alphabet appear to have attained?

They were not mere nomads or hunters, but a people with fixed dwellings for themselves and enclosures for their cattle. They were acquainted with agriculture, and had domesticated animals, and employed the ox as a beast of draught to cultivate fields, the produce of which they reaped with metallic sickles. In fact, their civilization would

seem to have been at least equal to that of the bronze-using people of the Swiss lake-dwellings.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE subject of our cartoon is the well-known novelist. The name of Trollope was as familiar to the last generation of readers as it is to the present. Mrs. Fanny Trollope—she married, in 1809, Anthony Trollope, barrister-at-law—having lost her husband, applied herself to literature. In 1832, the year of the Reform Bill in England, she published her first book. It was about the United States, where she had lived for some time, and was called “Domestic Life of the Americans.”

In England, it was read and enjoyed. In the States, the people did not like it—they did not appear to advantage in the book; but it made the reputation of the lady who had written it; and Mrs. Fanny Trollope continued to apply herself to the manufacture of interesting and clever books, her *chef-d'œuvre* being “The Widow Barnaby.” The authoress died at Florence in 1863; and in the outskirts of that city her eldest son, Thomas Adolphus Trollope, has made his home.

Her second son, the subject of this article, has made England his home, and the English people his study.

Anthony Trollope seems to have “thrown back” one generation. His grandfather was a parson; and it is in delineating the phases of clerical life, from the bishop to the curate, that this popular writer excels. Bishop Proudie, Archdeacon Grantley, the Rev. Obadiah Slope, Mr. Crawley of Hogglestock, are creations of his genius that have their originals in life. They are photographic portraits of men his readers know: nature clothed with the form of art: and from this exquisite truthfulness they derive their interest.

The conversations of the characters in his books are exactly the dialogues one hears in everyday life. One man turns to Trollope for his recreation, because “it is exactly like life, you know.” Another man says: “When I pick up a novel, I want to be taken above everyday life. I want the ideal. I don’t find this in Trollope.” And so he does not read his books. These readers are types: the realist loving reality—which he finds; the idealist seeking for the noble, unselfish,

poetic—which he does not find. Trollope's point of view is real and perfectly natural, but it is low.

His parsons, whether they are bishops, prebendaries, deans, vicars, or curates, are, as a rule, the selfish men of everyday life. Their wives are more worldly and selfish than they. What, then, is the mission of the novelist—to educate or to depict? The numerous readers of the popular author must answer this.

Literary fame is a thing of slow growth, generally. Anthony Trollope began with a story, historical and dull, entitled "La Vendée," published by Colburn in 1850. He had missed his mark, but he soon rectified the mistake. In 1855 he published "The Warden," being the history of the Rev. Septimus Harding, warden of Hiram's Hospital, in the city of Barchester. Two years later, "Barchester Towers" appeared; in 1858, "Dr. Thorne," another story of churchmen; and in the same year, "The Three Clerks," a story of legal and political life. In 1859, the prolific pen of the author furnished Mudie's subscribers with "The Bertrams," and an Irish story, "The Kellys and the O'Kellys." In the next year (1860), "Castle Richmond" made its appearance; and then Thackeray invited Mr. Trollope to open the ball in the "Cornhill" with a new story. This story, "Framley Parsonage," is one of his best productions. It is a charming piece of *genre* painting in ink, and did its part in maintaining his reputation, if it did not add anything to it. "Orley Farm" (1862), "Rachel Ray" (1863), "The Small House at Allington," and "Can You Forgive Her?" followed in 1864, almost together; "Miss Mackenzie" in '65, and "The Belton Estate" in '66. In '67, "The Last Chronicle of Barset," and "The Claverings;" in '69, "He Knew He was Right," and "Phineas Finn." "The Vicar of Bullhampton," "Sir Harry Hotspur, of Humblethwaite," "Ralph the Heir," and "The Golden Lion of Granpere," close the list.

What other novelist has written as many stories of even merit? They are all below the high mark of the great writers; but all are interesting, all show good sound art in their manipulation. They represent a great total of work, conscientiously performed. It seems well, in these fast times, to keep the ball rolling. Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Bradton, and Anthony Trollope have laid this

truth to heart. They have all of them a public, and they always take care to provide amusement for their readers. Something of theirs is always "going on somewhere."

This policy is sound. Fashions and tastes change, new writers may spring up, or old ones wear out. They charm while they may, while their copy has a market value, and act on that most excellent proverb of making their hay while the sun shines. It is well that they should do so; and nobody's hay, old or new, is sweeter in the mouth than that of the writer whose books we have named. He is an artist who goes to nature for his materials; whose puppets are flesh and blood, not clothes-horses; and against whom the only fault we have to bring is that he has, perhaps, too much "to parsons given up, what was meant for mankind."

WALT WHITMAN.

THE Americans have often been twitted with having no distinctive literature of their own; and the answer to the accusation—which is questionable, after all—is that the Americans, as a nation, are yet young, and that the development of the peculiar intellectual genius of the nation, like that of its boundless natural resources, is only a matter of time. A man, however, has lately sprung up among them whom his admirers exalt as the greatest poet that ever lived, and his opponents denounce as a literary lunatic, writing, under pretence of verse, neither rhyme, rhythm, nor good sober prose. As in most fierce discussions, so in this concerning the true place of Walt Whitman, both sides are extravagantly wrong. Whitman is neither the greatest poet that ever lived, nor is he a raving madman.

Walt Whitman is peculiarly an American production. His poems may be said to be essentially filled with an American spirit, to breathe the American air, and to assert the fullest American freedom.

It is for this reason that many people on this side of the Atlantic will not take the trouble to study him as he deserves to be studied. His ideas, and his manner of expression, jar at the first reading on our old formal notions of what poetry should be, and how it should be expressed.

Browning is rugged enough, in all conscience; and he pays a heavy penalty of unpopularity for his peculiar style. While Tennyson, and others of the smooth, volup-

tuous, sensuous school, hold temporary sway over the ears of society, the strong singers of more Spartan mould must bide their time.

Imagine the feelings of any idle reader who, after having just read the Laureate's "Miller's Daughter," or "Oriana," carelessly opens Walt Whitman to the following tune, from his "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry":—

I.

"Flood-tide below me! I watch you face to face:
Clouds of the west! Sun there half an hour high!
I see you also face to face.

II.

"Crowds of men and women, attired in the usual costumes, how curious you are to me!
On the ferry-boats, the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose;
And you that shall from shore years hence are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.

III.

"The impalpable sustenance of me from all things, at all hours of the day;
The simple, compact, well-joined scheme—myself disintegrated, every one disintegrated, yet part of the scheme;
The similitudes of the past, and those of the future;
The glories strung like beads on my smallest sights and hearings—on the walk in the street, and the passage over the river;
The current rushing so swiftly, and swimming with me far away;
The others that are to follow me, the ties between me and them;
The certainty of others—the life, love, sight, hearing of others."

But this is enough to give an idea of what a shock would happen to the nerves of any ordinary *diletante* reader of poetry, and we candidly confess there would be some excuse for immediate dislike of the new poet. The contrast is too startling between the smooth, old-fashioned couplets of our orthodox English verse, and this wild, free, reckless voice of the fields, and the rivers, and the backwoods of far Massachusetts.

Hence, it may safely be said that it is upon these first openings of his works by inquiring lovers of mere pleasant, mellifluous verse that Walt Whitman has been condemned. The first taste was enough; and it remained for men of broader and more philosophic ideas, who look upon true poetry as something more than fine words, to discover that there really was something, after all, in this wild poet of the prairies.

The first man of any note to appreciate this *novus homo* was Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The account of the affair, by an American writer, is curious:—

"It was about ten years ago that literary circles in and around Boston were startled by the tidings that Emerson—whose incredulity concerning American books was known to be as profound as that of Sydney Smith—had discovered an American poet. Emerson had been for many years our literary banker: paper that he had inspected, coin that he had rung on his counter, would pass safely anywhere.

"On his table had been laid one day a queerly shaped book, entitled 'Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman.' There was also in the front the portrait of a middle-aged man, in the garb of a working man.

"The Concord philosopher's feelings on perusing this book were expressed in a private letter to its author, which I quote from memory:—

"At first, I rubbed my eyes, to find if this new sunbeam might not be an illusion. . . . I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere for such a start."

Praise such as this from the veteran of American literature is no mean recommendation. To no one of his own countrymen—and no one before living, except Carlyle—had Emerson previously written so forcibly. But Emerson's feeling may well be understood by any one who will carefully read—as they assuredly will some day be read—Whitman's poems. Emerson had long lamented, in his own nervous, vigorous fashion, that the American freeman was becoming "timid, imitative, tame," from listening too long to "the courtly muses of Europe."

And here, in this new man, unlike any man who had ever before written or sung, whichever you like to call it, he fancied he saw a pioneer, as it were, to the Promised Land of a new and distinctive American song. "It is," said Emerson of "Leaves of Grass," "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed."

An able critic has written forcibly on the genius of this first important work of Whitman.

"The plainness of speech in 'Leaves of Grass' is indeed biblical. From its first sentence—'I celebrate myself'—there starts forth an endless procession of the forms and

symbols of life: now funeral, now carnival; or, again, a masquerade of nations, cities, epochs; or the elements, natural and human, fascinating the eye with wonder or dread. To these terrible eyes Maya surrenders—faces, forms, skeletons are unsheathed. Here are the autographs of New York, and of the prairies, savannahs, Ohio, Mississippi, and all powers, good and evil. There is much that is repulsive to the ordinary mind in these things, and in the poems that really express them; but, as huge reptiles help to fashion the pedestal of man—as artists find in griffins and crouching animal forms the fundamental vitality upon which the statue or pillar may repose—one might not unreasonably find in the wild, grotesque forms of Walt Whitman's chants, so instinct with life, the true basis of any shaft, not the duplicate of any raised elsewhere, that American thought is to raise."

The aim, purpose, and leading principle of Whitman's productions are best explained in a letter of his own to a friend, in which he says:—

"I assume that poetry in America needs to be entirely recreated. On examining, with anything like deep analysis, what now prevails in the United States, the whole mass of poetical works, long and short, consist either of the poetry of an elegantly weak sentimentalism, at bottom nothing but maudlin puerilities, or more or less musical verbiage, arising out of a life of depression and enervation, as their result; or else that class of poetry, plays, &c., of which the foundation is feudalism, with its ideas of lords and ladies, its imported standard of gentility, and the manners of European high life below stairs in every line and verse. . . . Instead of mighty and vital breezes, proportionate to our continent, with its powerful races of men, its tremendous historic events, its great oceans, its mountains, and its illimitable prairies, I find a few little silly fans languidly moved by shrunken fingers." His ambition is, he continues in the same letter, "to give something to our literature which will be our own; with neither foreign spirit, nor imagery, nor form, but adapted to our case, grown out of our associations, boldly portraying the West, strengthening and intensifying the national soul, and finding the entire fountains of its birth and growth in our own country."

How far he will succeed in his purpose

time alone can decide. But as a sort of encouragement to our readers to make a further acquaintance for themselves with the oracular expressions of this original genius, we will give a few specimens of what he himself, at least, calls his poems.

As a rule, Whitman eschews the old style of giving set titles to poems. Most of them are merely headed with the opening words of the poems themselves—as, "I was looking a long while," "To get betimes in Boston town," "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed," and so on.

Mr. Rossetti, however, in his English selection of Whitman's poems, has appended titles of his own, which, for the sake of convenience, we will here adopt.

The following, entitled "The Past—Present," is Walt Whitman in his glory:—

"I was looking a long while for the history of the past for myself, and for these chants—and now I have found it.
It is not in those paged fables in the libraries (them I neither accept nor reject);
It is no more in the legends than in all else:
It is in the present—it is this earth to-day;
It is in democracy—in this America—the Old World also;
It is the life of one man or one woman to-day, the average man of to-day;
It is languages, social customs, literatures, arts;
It is the broad show of artificial things, ships, machinery, politics, creeds, modern improvements, and the interchange of nations:
All for the average man of to-day."

The following opening of "Years of the Unperformed," if not poetry in the hackneyed sense of the term, is the voice of the true prophet:—

"Years of the unperformed! Your horizon rises.
I see it part away for more august dramas:
I see not America only—I see not only liberty's nation, but other nations embattling.
I see tremendous entrances and exits, I see new combinations, I see the solidarity of races;
I see that force advancing, with irresistible power, on the world's stage.
Have the old forces played their parts? Are the acts suitable to them closed?"

"Old Ireland," of which we have not space for more than the first stanza, is, we think, very beautiful:—

"Far hence, amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
crouching over a grave, an ancient sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tattered, seated on the ground;
Her old white hair drooping dishevelled round her shoulders;
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,

Long silent. She, too, long silent—mourning her shrouded hope and heir;
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow, because most full of love."

Of the political idea conveyed in this we say nothing; but as a picture, it is intensely human.

There is little rhyme throughout Whitman's "poems," and perhaps, some people may be inclined to say, little rhythm either; but that this arises more from Walt's disdain for the mechanical resources of other poets than from any want of a good musical ear may be seen from the following dirge for Abraham Lincoln, which is very touching:—

"O captain—O captain! our fearful trip is done—
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear—the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But heart, heart, heart!
Leave you not the little spot
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain, my captain, rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,

For you they call—the swaying mass, their eager faces turning,

O captain, dear father!
This arm I push beneath you.
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm—he has no pulse nor will;

But the ship, the ship is anchored safe, its voyage closed and done;

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shore, and ring, O bells!
But I, with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead."

We have quoted enough, we think, even in these brief extracts, to show that Walt Whitman is more of a poet than his adverse critics will allow. The only excuse for their opposition is, perhaps, that they have not yet learnt to understand the man.

We confess to sharing the weakness of many who, in studying the genius and intellect of a teacher of men, are anxious also to know all they can of his personal life. A preacher may charm an admiring congregation with the most saintlike of sermons;

but it does not follow of necessity that he is not as erring a sinner as any among his flock. The philosopher, like Bacon, may utter the noblest and loftiest sentiments, yet be at the same time the "meanest of mankind." So the poet may wake the pulses of men with the purest and most God-like of truths, yet be by no means the most admired and respected personally by those who have the privilege of an acquaintance more intimate than the mere knowledge of his genius. For this reason, after our remarks on the poetry of Walt Whitman, we give a sketch of his *personnel* by one of his own countrymen, who, while an enthusiastic admirer of the poet, yet seems to speak from his heart:—

"For years past," says Dr. Douglas O'Connor, of Massachusetts, in a pamphlet called the "Good Gray Poet," "thousands of people in New York, in Brooklyn, in Boston, in New Orleans, and latterly in Washington, have seen, even as I saw two hours ago, tallying, one might say, with the streets of our American cities, and fit to have for his background and accessories their streaming populations and ample and rich façades, a man of striking masculine beauty—a poet: powerful and venerable in appearance; large, calm, superbly formed; oftenest clad in the careless, rough, and always picturesque costume of the common people; resembling, and generally taken by strangers for, some great mechanic, or stevedore, or seaman, or grand labourer of one kind or another; and passing slowly in this guise, with nonchalant and haughty steps, along the pavement, with the light and shadows falling around him. The dark sombrero he usually wears was, when I saw him just now—the day being warm—held for the moment in his hands. Rich light, an artist would have chosen, lay upon his uncovered head—majestic, large, Homeric, and set upon his strong shoulders with the grandeur of ancient sculpture. I marked the countenance—serene, proud, cheerful, florid, grave; the brow, seamed with noble wrinkles; the features, massive and handsome, with firm blue eyes; the eyebrows and eyelids especially showing that fulness of arch seldom seen save in the antique busts; the flowing hair and fleecy beard, both very gray, and tempering with a look of age the youthful aspect of one who is but forty-five; the simplicity and purity of his dress, cheap and plain, but spotless, from snowy falling collar to burnished boot, and exhaling faint

fragrance; the whole form surrounded with manliness as with a nimbus, and breathing, in its perfect health and vigour, the august charm of the strong. We who have looked upon this figure, or listened to that clear, cheerful, vibrating voice, might smile to think, could we but transcend our age, that we had been thus near to one of the greatest of men."

This is warm praise; but the Doctor's own tribute of admiration for the stalwart poet was well seconded by one who was, as friends and enemies alike own, himself a man, in the most honourable sense of the term.

Abraham Lincoln, seeing him for the first time, from the East Room of the White House, as he passed slowly by, and gazing at him long with that deep eye which read men, said, in the quaint, sweet tone which those who have spoken with him will remember, and with a significant emphasis which the type can hardly convey—"Well, *he* looks like a Man!"

With a few details of Walt Whitman's life, we will conclude our brief notice of this remarkable man.

Walt—an abbreviation by himself of Walter, which latter is, we presume, his baptismal name—was born at the farm village of West Hills, Long Island, on the 31st of May, 1819. By his father's side he is of English descent; but his mother, whose maiden name was Louisa Van Velsor, was of Dutch extraction.

The father was a farmer, and afterwards a carpenter and builder, and both the father and mother were strict followers of the great Quaker iconoclast, Elias Hicks.

Like many other of his countrymen, Whitman has turned his hand, as occasion required, to different trades and occupations. At the age of thirteen he began life as a printer. He was next a teacher in a country school, then a miscellaneous writer on the New York press. Then we find him a newspaper editor in New Orleans; next a printer again; and then, by one of those curious transformations so common to active American life, taking to his father's trade of carpenter and builder. On the breaking out of the civil war, Whitman joined in the dangers of the conflict, but solely with the noble purpose of rendering assistance to the sick and wounded of either side, both in the battle-field and the hospitals.

It is said that by the end of the war he had personally ministered to upwards of 100,000 sick and wounded.

A man of this sort cannot but be entitled to the love and respect of every humane and right-thinking person, apart from his intellectual merits altogether.

Mr. Whitman holds, we believe, at the present time, a pretty lucrative post at one of the American consulates.

MY FRIEND MRS. TIMEPIECE.—III.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

MRS. TIMEPIECE professed to love truth, and she did love it; but she loved her self-importance so much that it, unknown to herself, overpowered all the finer qualities existing in her behind it.

There were, of course, hinges to her self-importance, by which it could be so turned as to open the way to the higher nature behind it; but you must be careful and wise how you rapped at the door.

Son-in-law No. 1—in embryo state—knew by wisdom and knowledge of character how to rap. The daughter he wished to marry knew nothing whatever in detail of her mother's character, or by calculation how to manage it; but, to use billiard language, she made some capital "flukes."

No doubt, at times, her mother's sayings made a feeling of smarting run along the finer nerves of her heart; but it passed quickly back into the great leading idea of obedience, and was lost in it, as a frightened rabbit runs to its burrow.

One of the objections raised by Mrs. Timepiece against her daughter's lover was that his brother had died of consumption. Now, if her daughter had given utterance in answer to this of even the mild thought that "her king did not look consumptive," the objection would have been fatal to the marriage.

But all the reply she gave was a slight convulsive starting of the nerve that runs over the cheek-bone; which movement her mother attributed to a fear in her that it might be an hereditary complaint—a very natural fear under the circumstances, and very pardonable.

Mrs. Timepiece was not always a good sleeper, and I don't suppose she required as much sleep as other people. It was very well, for she began to go over all her accounts when she had ascertained by the venerable

watch at her pillow head that she had been unconscious for five hours.

Lying awake one morning about five, she went thoroughly into this "consumptive business," &c.; and I will endeavour to give an outline of her thoughts in conclusion.

She would never, as already hinted, have gone into it at all, if her first remark on the subject had not had free course. But, as this had been given to it, a kind of thawing process set in. The change in the wind began with that convulsive twinge which she had noticed in her daughter's face. It was really very terrible to her to give her children pain when they were obedient.

I think, too, her eyes had begun to be a little open to the growth of her daughter's feelings in the matter, and this served to make her obedience the more pleasing.

Love in its first processes is as hidden as those by which the blade first springs from the corn of wheat.

Mrs. Timepiece thus began her reflections before cock-crow; and at this first stage any one in the next room might have heard a very heavy sigh, and soon afterwards a still heavier one; for the subject had put forth a branch and some foliage in the shape of memories which made Mrs. Timepiece feel very weak, and, more than this, acknowledge to herself that she felt weak. It was indeed a rare occasion.

The fact is that poor Mrs. Timepiece's husband died of consumption considerably under forty years of age, and in another fortnight the anniversary of his death would be here. How vividly that awful time, fifteen years back, returned to her! He was a spiritually minded man, and had perfect confidence in his wife. He was not "hen-pecked" in the least. He was so patient all through his illness, and seemed to be in the world of spirits long before he left the body.

His eldest daughter was only eight years old when he died. None of the girls could understand their loss; but their mother had taught them to say "Poor papa!—poor papa!" and they never spoke of him without this preface, which, by constant repetition, had acted as a sort of trellis-work for the divinest pity in their breasts.

Mrs. Timepiece, as she lay on her bed, heaved a third sigh: it was a more tender one than the other two, and it brought up with it some tears into her eyes. She would not have liked even her daughters to see

those tears, for they were her weakness. I feel quite certain that Mrs. Timepiece will go to Heaven, as certain as I am that she will not die on a feather bed.

Mrs. Timepiece never thought her husband tame; for the strong power of love turned those iron doorways to her soul as if they were curtains of the finest satin.

They were made of iron, it is true, and Mrs. Timepiece knew it, but only as an abstract: they were always made of satin when he touched them.

If it had not been so, if she had made him feel that they were iron, he would not have been five years in dying.

Sometimes, realizing especially the richness of his ideas, there came, with a white silver flash of inner spirit, a resigned longing that he could borrow his wife's muscles, and tell the world with proper force, but also proper humility, the revelations Providence had lodged within him; but resignation was a powerful element in his character.

After the third year of dying, he had rarely the physical power even to make his pen speak; but he never murmured.

The daughter's lover certainly did not look consumptive—(here she stopped thinking for a few minutes, as if to be quite sure that was a correct impression)—but if—if the fatal germ *were* in him—(here a long pause, and a few more tears). It was in her husband, and what a saint he was! Perhaps this consumption is a kind of sign that people are naturally holy. This last thought was not very clear in her mind; but something like it was undoubtedly there.

She had almost, you will see, by this time given her inward consent to the engagement.

A little bit of harder thought concluded the matter favourably.

How could she, who had married a consumptive man, knowing him to be consumptive, reasonably object to her daughter doing the same? It would be condemning herself. The lover might, in reply to such an objection, be emboldened to remind her of the circumstance, and draw the comparison. She resolved that very morning, with great apparent reluctance, to tell her daughter the engagement might be—but it must be a long one. This would give her an opportunity of viewing and reviewing the position.

(My dear Mrs. Timepiece, you are a very short reasoner after all. It has never occurred to you that your own marriage with a consumptive man is the very strongest of all

reasons why your daughter shouldn't marry one. I fear that self-importance of yours has been more powerful than your reason.)

Mrs. Timepiece appeared at breakfast that morning more grave than usual, and more monosyllabic.

There was a slant of perplexity visible over the right eyebrow; but there was a certain luminousness about it which reminded one of a rainbow.

And, not a bit of doubt about it, there was a rainbow behind that little zigzag indenture that seemed to have its source at the top of the right temple.

It was rather a great event this "engagement." It was a great one rather than a joyous one—great because it was serious. She, no doubt, wished her daughter thus to construe it; but though that young lady's outward visible signs were, as usual, up to the mark, I more than fancy her joyousness preponderated over her seriousness.

There were no dregs in her cup; but it is easy to see that there must, under such circumstances, be some few not very drinkable ones in a mother's cup.

But Holy Writ came to her aid. The Bible said it must be so, and that "a woman must leave her father and mother, and cleave," &c., &c.; and she recovered her balance again, just as a ship that has gone over the crest of some huge billow.

Mrs. Timepiece regarded the Bible as a book fallen bodily and in full print from the third heaven. She never attempted to understand any theories of inspiration: it was God's words, written from dictation, as direct as the exercises in elocution which the schoolmistress, on Thursday mornings between eleven and twelve, used to give out to her and her class-fellows, in their days of youth.

It is not the exact shape that my faith takes in the matter; but the shape is not of much consequence so long as it is well lined with good, active faith. You cannot think too much of the Bible. It is a series of pictures of human nature as it is, and human nature as it might be. There never was a Poet Laureate equal to David; and it doesn't matter much, that I can see, whether Moses wrote the first five books or not. The matter is there—evidently, in most of its places, formed by some one who had a good viewpoint and a very moral nature, and a thorough knowledge of the ignorance and viciousness of his fellow-creatures.

It will occasion no surprise to say that Mrs. Timepiece regarded Colenso as the archangel of the devil. She thought it was culpably mild of the English bishops merely to protest against him, and try to take away his salary—he ought to be burnt or imprisoned for life.

She did not know as much of these elevated dignitaries as I know, or she would, indeed, have felt the shock of an earthquake to discover that many of them—most of them—think Colenso a true man, and sympathize with him in secret, as Nicodemus did with Christ for fear of the Jews.

The palaces of these high priests naturally tend to make them conservative in policy; but, like clergymen of a lower order, they have their "studies," and hold them so sacred that not even a wife can enter without reverently knocking at the door.

It is here, during the two hours before midnight, that a secret spring in the bookshelf is touched, and Colenso brought down to the easy chair and fire, and appreciated at his worth, and at such an amount of respect as would surprise the right rev. gentleman himself.

The late Mr. Charles Dickens drew a funny picture of how a bishop looked in his nightcap. It is not so funny, taking all things into consideration, as the picture of a bishop reading Colenso, at half-past eleven, in his study, when the butler and the lady's-maid, and all the other domestics, are in the land of unconsciousness.

I have a notion that a very acute listener at the door might hear occasionally little words of approval, as the bishop slowly reads his brother, such as "Capital!" "That's a view of the case which has often occurred to me," "What a courageous man he must be!" and so on.

Fancy the effect of seeing such a picture on Mrs. Timepiece, if she thoroughly understood it!

I should not be surprised if it turned her into a Methodist, although, as we have seen, she was capable of mental reserves.

It certainly would not have shaken her faith in the Bible, which, on this occasion of her daughter's engagement, as on all others, was a rod and staff to her. "Yes, the Bible said," she repeats over, "that a man—of course, *vice versa*, that meant a woman too—must leave," &c., &c. She had a sort of dim idea that the Bible went with nature; so these new ties were natural, she supposed.

Providence would bring in, in some way, some compensation for the lessening of the old ones. Just then, it suddenly occurred to her that she might become a grandmother; and she set down that in the mental notebook as one of the compensations. Again, she would only lose the cream of her daughter's love—only! ah, that word seems at first out of place, but she put it back again—she might possibly, too, retain a large amount of her daughter's obedience. Her intended son-in-law seemed a quiet, gentlemanly man, and not at all self-willed. He would probably never become conscious of superior rights, or never so strongly as to assert them in any line of opposition. Then she thought again of being a grandmother; and giving a quiet, kindly hint to the other girls, she was left with Angela alone.

TABLE TALK.

“VOS plaudite.” The Roman dramatist ended his piece with “Vos plaudite vel sibilate.” “Applaud or hiss” should be the valedictory words of the French writer. For surely the best thing that can happen to a play in Paris, next to its being furiously applauded, is to have it furiously hissed—always provided that the sibilation springs from political, and not from literary reasons. M. Sardou, no doubt, thought of this when he wrote “Rabagas”—thought of it to such good purpose that no one knows, or can accurately determine, whether Rabagas himself is meant for Ollivier or for Gambetta—the *avocat demagogue* of the Empire or of the Republic. I think of the Republic, but one may be wrong. And perhaps he means neither, but only the type of an adventurer who rises upon the froth of the surface, ready to take advantage of any cause, to fight under any flag. Revolutionary times are favourable for such men. In the hot and troubled atmosphere, they are born and bred with astonishing rapidity; and, according to the chance of fate, they turn into a Robespierre, a Gambetta, a Rochefort, or an Ollivier. Who is Rabagas? The occupants of the stalls of St. James's Theatre—mostly English people—do not know. Those who do not understand spoken French try to look as much as possible like those who do, and are only prevented from yawning by the wonderful acting. Those who can follow the clear notes of the actors—even for them I re-

commend a perusal beforehand, for fear of missing points—cannot make out under what flag M. Sardou is fighting, and give it up. Gentlemen in the gallery, mostly French, take sides and become partisans, always to the extent of hissing and shouting, which is allowed; and sometimes to the extent of fistic encounters, which are repressed by the guardians of the peace. Ejected from the theatre, they proceed to finish the fight in the street, under the impression that England is a free country. Alas for continental ignorance!—another man in blue “runs them in.” And all because M. Sardou will not say whether Rabagas is Ollivier or Gambetta. A good play, and in a comfortable theatre; a political plot, scenes full of sarcasm and fun, and words well written; above all, acting incomparably better, as a whole, than any average London acting: careful, conscientious, and studied throughout. There is only one reason why all the world will not go to see it—because, in spite of our make-believe and pretence, all the world does not understand French.

THE BRAIN, IN ONE respect, is like land— if you want a good crop from it, you must let it lie fallow for a time. There are harvest times for it, which ought to be noted. After a good night's rest, and a cup of coffee or tea, it will yield its best of a certain kind: use it then in matters which require grasp, strong reasoning, and force of expression. Use it as little as possible from two p.m. to seven or half-past; then, until ten o'clock, begin to reap what it will yield in poetic idea and thought: this is the special time for spirit thought, when imagination hangs out her lamps, and the ghosts in the churchyard begin to stir. Retire to sleep—never later than eleven, if possible—without a glass of whisky; if you cannot sleep, take a pint of porter. And remember this always, as regards sleeping and everything else, poetry included, that it is much better to do a little well than to do a great deal badly.

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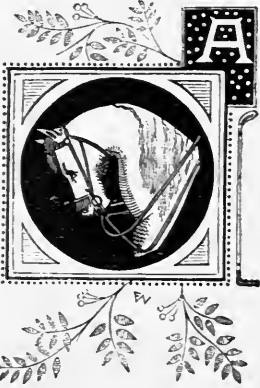
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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-THIRD.



ABOUT this time, on a fine morning when they were out for a drive together, Dick Mortiboy said to his ward—

“Bill, I do you the justice to believe that you don’t care very much about your mother.”

The boy shook his head. “And you would not want to go away with her—to live with her, I mean?”

Little Bill’s cheeks changed colour, and he turned his blue eyes appealingly at Uncle Dick.

“Very well, my boy, then never say anything about her.”

The boy was mounted on an old pony that had been used occasionally to carry old Ready-money. It was very quiet and easy in its paces, and Dick had given his protégé a few lessons in horsemanship before they had ventured so far into the country together.

Of course, in a gossiping, tittle-tattling little place like Market Basing, there was an abundance of rumours rife concerning the parentage and history of little Bill. Widely as some of these reports differed from others in many particulars, they were all agreed as to one essential: it was that he was young Ready-money’s son. I have never heard that anybody connected the boy with Polly.

Now, I do not say that Dick Mortiboy’s argument concerning his ward was sound

or just; but it was charitable. He argued thus:—

“A few months ago, I was told this was my son. I had not seen him. I did not love him. I was a poor man, and I contributed what I thought sufficient for his support. The boy had the reputation of being my son. Now I have seen him, and know that he isn’t mine. I like him, and I’ll take care that he gets some of the benefits he would have got if his mother’s tale had been true.”

It was rather from impulse than from reason that Dick Mortiboy had acted. He was big, and rough, and generous. He had taken the boy from Mrs. Kneebone’s tender care, and brought him home with him. He had hardly thought of what he should do with him. He meant, after a time, to send him to school; for the boy was bright and sharp as a needle, and, till he talked, might be taken for a polished little gentleman.

As he looked down at the child’s thin face and deep blue eyes, his heart grew soft. It seemed as if he had missed something all his life which he was finding now. What he had missed were the influences of love: now they were upon him. He loved a woman. True, she did not love him; but she cared in a way for him. It was something to know that Grace loved him “as a brother”—as girls are fond of saying when they mean that they feel a friendly interest in a man, but would rather not have him making love to them.

Then came the boy. His love for Dick was wonderful. His loyalty and obedience to what Dick told him, the pains he took to do everything that Dick said was right, his confidence and trust—all this touched Dick, and moved him: it was the first step upwards—to something like repentance. Only, as yet, the faintest glimmer, like the first gray streaks of light in the east.

So Dick Mortiboy rode along gently, on the strip of grass by the side of the turnpike road, thinking of many things, when he be-

came aware that his ward was calling out lustily—

“Mikey O’Grady! Mikey O’Grady!”

The boy was in the middle of the road, some twenty yards behind. He had reined in his pony, and was addressing by name a ragged, shoeless, dust-covered tramp. Dick stopped his horse.

“Mikey O’Grady!” the boy called out again.

“Shure enough it’s me name, your honour,” said the man, hat in hand.

“Don’t you remember me, Mike?”

The boy took off his cap, and shook his light hair over his eyes.

The Irishman gave a yell of delight.

“It’s little Bill,” he cried.

Dick listened to this colloquy, and said nothing.

“You’re going to London, Mike, aint you? Go to the old place, and find out Thoozy. You remember Thoozy, don’t you? Well, then, give Thoozy my love—tell him that I am very well, and very happy, and—and I wish he was.”

Poor little Bill’s eyes began to fill with tears.

“Give him the message, my man,” said Dick. “Tell him, too, that when I come to town I shall go and see him. Perhaps I shall have something for him. And here’s something to help you on your way.”

The Irishman promised, and went on his way. Dick said nothing till bed-time came, when he patted his ward on the head, and said—

“Good boy, good boy. Another commandment, Bill. Never forget old friends. What is the whole duty of a boy?”

“Never steal—never tell lies—never swear—hold his jaw—do his work—go away from England—always be ready to fight—look out for shams—never be satisfied—never forget old friends. Ten of ’em now, Uncle Dick.”

“That’s a curious coincidence,” said Uncle Dick.

On the morning after his refusal by Grace Heathcote, Dick Mortiboy went down to the bank full of his new purpose. It was to make George Ghrimes and Frank Melliship his junior partners in the concern. The foundry and the brewery would still be managed by Ghrimes for Dick’s sole benefit; but he had made up his mind to rehabilitate Frank’s fortunes, and reward the honest and

able services of Ghrimes by doing what he thought was to both a simple act of justice.

Young Ready-money was not an adept in the art of speechifying, and did not know exactly how to begin. He set forth his intention to Ghrimes in a sort of preamble about Frank.

“Ghrimes,” he said, “I’ve been thinking things over a good deal of late, and I’ve got a proposal I want you to consider. When I was a boy—before I ran away from the governor—if I had a friend to say a word for me and give me a hand, besides John Heathcote, it was my uncle Melliship.”

“He was a very good sort, poor man,” said Ghrimes, guessing half of what was about to come from his employer.

“He was,” Dick assented. “Well, Ghrimes,” he went on, “they’ve got a sort of rough notion in those rough parts I lived in a good many years, that one good turn deserves another. The very roughest there act up to it. It is not a bad maxim, Ghrimes, anywhere. It seems to me that it is not affected by climate. My uncle Melliship did me many good turns. Now I’m going to do his son one good turn: for I’m bound to help Frank. That’s all clear, isn’t it?”

Mr. Ghrimes nodded.

“Good. I knew you’d agree to all that. I’ve a word or two more to say before I’ve done. There’s the man who greases the wheels—and there’s a good many of ’em to grease—of my affairs, who keeps everything straight and square, and adds to the pile I’ve got already.”

Mr. Ghrimes turned rather red.

“That’s you, Ghrimes. You see it. Well, I think I’m bound to do something for you.”

The manager of Dick Mortiboy’s business looked at the pattern of the carpet, and said nothing. He had not had time to find words yet.

“What can we do best for all of us? The old bank was Melliship, Mortiboy, & Co. Why not revive the old title by taking Frank and you into partnership?—Mortiboy, Melliship, & Ghrimes.”

“Never alter the name of a bank,” said Ghrimes. “The most unlucky thing that can be done. Remember Snow’s bank, in the Strand.”

“Well, we’ll have it Mortiboy, Melliship, & Co. I don’t quite know how these things are done; but I suppose there will be something to sign written in a big hand.”

"A deed of partnership would have to be prepared, of course."

"Very well. You will do all that. Arrange it with Battiscombe."

Dick put on his hat.

"Stay, Mr. Mortiboy—this won't do."

"We're partners now, Ghrimes. Call me Dick."

"Well, then, Mr. Dick. I don't know how to thank you for myself. As for Frank, it is an act which I call noble. I say it is noble, Mr. Mortiboy—I mean, Dick."

"You wouldn't if you knew everything, perhaps," said Dick. "However, what is the hitch?"

"Why, this: we must arrange terms of partnership, proportions—all sorts of things."

"I will see Battiscombe, then, at once. We will have a deed drawn up on terms which shall be advantageous to yourselves, and consistent with my desire to do a mere act of justice. Ghrimes, my father was the real cause of Melliship's failure and suicide."

"To some extent, I am afraid he was," said Ghrimes. "If your father had been a different sort of man, poor Mr. Melliship would have had no scruples about asking a little accommodation from him: especially as he knew how easily he could give it. But your father always seemed to me to be trying to get him into his power—not to break him and ruin him, but to keep him in his power. Your father always loved to have people under his thumb."

"Just so, and my uncle Melliship's death was a protest against my father's way of dealing. We are doing simply an act of reparation. Go-to-meeting folks sometimes do acts of reparation besides repenting of their sins, I hope, Ghrimes? That's their affair, not mine, however. I'm going to write to Frank, and make him this offer. He'll accept it; and as soon as he comes down here we can all three sign Battiscombe's parchment, and enter into our partnership."

He went away. Bethinking him, however, that the letter should be written at once, he turned into his father's house in Dergate to do it.

He was very careful about this letter. He began by reminding Frank of their relationship—of the many kindnesses he had himself received from Frank's father—of the friendly and affectionate terms with which Mr. Melliship had received him on his return; and then he went on to enlarge upon the unhappy connection between his own father

and the failure of Melliship, Mortiboy, & Co. After this he proceeded to state his proposition.

"And now, Frank, having said so much, I have something to propose. I was yesterday talking about you to Grace Heathcote, and I have her authority for saying that she entirely approves of the proposition. What she approves of ought to be law to you. It is that you enter my bank as a partner, on equal terms with Ghrimes; that the name of Melliship be added to Mortiboy & Co.; that you come down here at once, and begin as soon as the deeds are drawn out. I hope you will see no obstacle to your accepting this proposition. Remember it comes from your first cousin, the man who owes a hundred debts of gratitude to your father; that Grace wishes it; that it will enable you to marry; in time, to pay off those debts with which your father's estate is encumbered; that it will do what is most desirable for your mother and Kate—bring them back to Market Basing; and bring you back, if this is anything, to all your old friends. Ghrimes is most eager that you will see your way to accept my proposal. He is as anxious as any one to see you back again, and in your right position."

He folded his letter, put it into an envelope, and took it to Lucy Heathcote, asking her to forward it to Kate Melliship, who in turn would send it to Frank.

Lucy was with his father—she was old Ready-money's constant nurse and attendant—and was walking by the side of the poor old paralytic, while Hester pushed his Bath chair along the gravel terrace at the back of his house.

The aspect was sunny, and every fine day the old man was twice wheeled out to take the air. His state of late had been a good deal improved, and Lucy was full of hope. At first he had been unable to move at all, and had been generally almost unconscious. Then, as he got a little better, he had recovered the partial use of one arm, and his wits had brightened very much. He was so far recovered now that he knew everything that was said to him quite well: expressed acquiescence with a slight nod of his old head, and conveyed intelligence of refusal or dislike to anything by wrinkling his forehead into a frown.

When Dick came near him, he puckered his face in a dozen ugly ways.

Probably, he only half recollected what had taken place on the night he had the stroke; but it was clear to his son there was some memory left of that night's doings. Dick, however, did not trouble his father with much of his company.

Lucy had got a porcelain tablet, and wrote with a blue pencil on it. This she held before the old man, and kept writing a fresh question till she found out what he wanted. This process was often a very tedious one; but, with practice, Lucy Heathcote became expert in understanding what was passing in her uncle's mind. His appetite was good; but as his faculty for tasting his food was gone, he had no disposition to quarrel with his cook. They gave him a little weak brandy and water to drink; and he spent his time between his bed, his sofa, and his Bath chair happily enough. When Dick handed Lucy the letter for Frank, the old man frowned hard, as was his wont. The young man instructed his cousin as to the destination of the letter, asked after his father, and then strode away across the lawn, down the garden, and over the river towards his own little villa.

"Why does Uncle Richard always frown so desperately at Cousin Dick whenever he comes here?" Lucy Heathcote asked herself.

She was frightened at Dick, and never had loved him much. She already suspected there was something wrong—what, she could not tell.

Nor did she set to work with slate and pencil to worm the secret out. But her uncle's conduct, when his idolized son approached him, left a disagreeable impression upon her mind she tried in vain to shake off.

Dick followed the river, passing the scene of his exploit with Polly—the old cross where he had made known his love to Grace Heathcote. This was a sacred spot, and he sat musing under the shadow of the decaying stone for a good half-hour.

The river wound round the base of the hill on the top of which the cross stood, and presently struck across Hunslope Park.

Following the tow-path, Dick had not walked far before he saw the earl himself coming towards him. He shook hands with him very cordially.

"We are well met, Mr. Mortiboy. How do you do? I was thinking of calling upon you to-morrow at the bank. I want you to——"

"If it is about money matters, my lord, pray see Mr. Ghrimes. I may mention that he is, or will be in a few days, my junior partner in the bank."

"Indeed!" said his lordship, with surprise. "I was not aware that Mr. Ghrimes had any fortune, Mr. Mortiboy. I have known him for many years, of course. Very happy to hear it. Very obliging, gentleman-like man."

"Glad to hear your lordship say so," said Dick. "All our customers like George Ghrimes, I think. But you were right about his having no fortune. The only capital that Mr. Ghrimes will put into my concern is incorruptible honesty, untiring zeal, and high capacity for business—unless I add to the credit account, my gratitude for fifteen years' faithful service of the firm of Mortiboy & Co."

It was rather a high-flown speech for Dick to make, and he felt it; but there is something very invigorating in talking to a lord, until you get quite used to them. And he had only lately left a Republic behind him.

His lordship's business with Dick was to tell him he wished to overdraw his account to a greater extent than it usually was.

"I shall have to write a great many cheques, Mr. Mortiboy; and my steward will not pay in the bulk of the rents he has to receive for at least two months."

Dick replied—

"Of course, we shall do everything we can to fall in with your views."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Mortiboy. Pray, is that your son I have seen you riding with? I thought you were unmarried."

"So I am. That is my ward."

"We must marry you, Mr. Mortiboy—marry you, and put you into the House. You ought to sit for Market Basing."

"That's not my line, Lord Hunslope. I shall neither marry nor go into Parliament."

"Property has duties, Mr. Mortiboy. You have, if I am correctly informed, a very—very large stake in the country. In the interests of landed proprietors, we want men like yourself in the Lower House. Dangerous times like these demand the co-operation of all who have a stake in the country."

"No," said Dick. "I am only waiting here for a while, and I shall go away again, with the boy—to the West, probably, somewhere or other. As for the property, in course of time it will go to my cousins, the

Heathcotes, just as if I had never come home at all."

Lord Hunslope stared curiously at the strange man who thought so little of a great property.

"You are a young man, Mr. Mortiboy. You will perhaps change your mind, and marry."

"I am not one of those who change their minds, Lord Hunslope. I shall never marry. A large part of my property, which my father made over to me, will go, I repeat, to my cousins. When they marry, they will have, as I intend to arrange before I go away, some portion of it as their marriage dowries. My cousins are very good girls, Lord Hunslope; and, so far as I can judge of young ladies, fit to take higher positions than that which farmers' daughters generally aim at. Not that I care much about position. You see, I am more of an American than an Englishman. In the States, we don't ask many questions about a man's family."

"They are very—hum—very excellent young ladies. You know, Mr. Mortiboy, that Mr. Heathcote is a man for whom I have the highest respect."

"As your lordship is not a fool," said Dick, bluntly, "that goes without saying, as the French put it. You may add, if you like, that the Heathcotes are a very old family—had all this estate long before your ancestors got it."

"That, also, I know. The Heathcotes are a representative race," said Lord Hunslope, a little taken aback by Dick's plain speaking. "Call at the Towers sometimes, Mr. Mortiboy. The countess will be very glad to see you. Come now, and take luncheon with us."

Dick made an excuse, and turned his steps homeward. The earl looked at him, striding along, great and strong, with eyes of envy. He was young and rich. The peer was old and poor.

"He is only a great boy, after all," thought the earl. "He knows nothing about our English life—and cares nothing about it."

Then he bethought him about the Heathcote girls, and their prospects, and went home.

"Have you remarked," he asked the countess, "those two Heathcote girls?"

"Grace and Lucy Heathcote? Oh, yes. I know them very well. What about them? Their manners are quiet and simple, much above their station—very much above the

manners of that very vulgar person, their mother."

"I think so myself. Those girls, Alethea, will have a fortune of half a million sterling. That is, that large property will be divided between them."

The countess looked up in amazement.

"Half a million? You must be joking."

"Not joking at all. I was never more in earnest. Young Mr. Mortiboy, whom you saw at the children's sports the other day, told me himself, this morning, that he should not marry. He intends to go back to America, with a boy he carries about, and settle there. The two girls will have his money."

"My dear, he is not five-and-thirty. He may live for ever. Above all, he is sure to marry."

"He may live a long time, but he will keep his word. I have heard that young Ready-money, as they call him, always keeps his word in the smallest particular. For the matter of that, his father always did the same. He told me this with the most perfect seriousness. Now, think."

The countess smiled.

"Mrs. Heathcote is a horribly vulgar woman."

"The father is not vulgar. John Heathcote is rough, but he is a gentleman in his way. There is no man I respect more than John Heathcote. A good old family, too. They had Hunslope long before we were heard of."

"Cadwallader founded our family," said her ladyship sweetly, who had only intermarried with the earls of Hunslope. "Certainly, with all that money, the girls would have a right to marry above their station, as things go."

"Ronald is so shy," said Lord Hunslope.

Yet this conversation was the beginning of Grace Heathcote's having a third wooer at her feet.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FOURTH.

ONE more incident in the quiet life of Grace Heathcote;—an event which was not calculated to add anything to the sum total of her happiness, grateful as conquest is to beauty.

The particularly fine evenings of that early autumn, coupled with the recollection that croquet is a game not to be played with comfort after the middle of October, did not tend to cause any diminution in the fre-

quency of Lord Launton's visits to Parkside.

He always had some little excuse for coming, and he did not want much pressing to take a mallet and join the little party on the lawn when he was there.

It happened that, a very few days after Lord Hunslope's conversation with Dick Mortiboy, Mrs. Heathcote had Lawyer Battiscombe, his wife, and daughters, from Market Basing, spending the afternoon with her.

Mrs. Heathcote—who was very fond of showing her town friends the beauties and conveniences of country life, heartily loving to hear them praise everything that appertained to Parkside, and secretly rejoicing over their envy—had strolled with her friend as far as the little cottage where the poultry-woman lived, and where her turkeys and chickens were kept. The two ladies, with the skirts of their silks well bunched up in front of them, had hardly struggled through the ramshackle wicket into the poultry-yard, when Mrs. Battiscombe exclaimed—

“Look, dear—there's a young gentleman coming to us. Why, isn't it Lord Launton?” she added, letting down the train of her dress, quite in a flutter.

Her friend was delighted. If there was one thing necessary to complete her triumph over the pretensions of the Battiscombe girls, it was to show off Lord Launton to their mother. She had been secretly hoping, ever since tea, that he would come. But she said, calmly enough—

“Oh, yes, it's only Lord Launton. I dare say he wants to see me or John about something.”

He came up, raised his hat to the ladies most politely, and began to stammer out his business to Mrs. Heathcote.

“I am a sort of deputation, Mrs. Heathcote.”

“Yes, your lordship,” said the lady, smiling very graciously.

“The boys' cricket-ground in the park is spoilt now—we have so many things in one part and in the other, the ground is not level; and I am come to ask Mr. Heathcote to be good enough to let them play in his home-field till the end of the season. It won't be long before it is over now.”

The young man took a great deal of trouble to promote athletics among the Hunslope boys.

“I dare say he will, if they don't do any

mischief,” said Mrs. Heathcote; “but boys are so mischievous.”

“You see, the field is close to the school; and they must have a cricket-ground close at hand, if we can get them one. May I go and look if the ground will do, if Mr. Heathcote says we may have it? I think the field is very level.”

The home-close was on the other side of the hedge.

“It is so close to my poultry-yard,” said Mrs. Heathcote; “they all run in the field. I'm afraid the boys will pelt the guinea fowl and hens. We have often had one killed, haven't we, Mrs. Thompson?”

With the honest bluntness of speech, and stark insensibility to the claims of the peerage to complaisant treatment, which is characteristic of our peasantry when they happen to be somebody else's tenants, Mrs. Thompson replied—

“That we have indeed, ma'am. There was the white speckly hen only last week; and a parcel of young tearbacons a-rommackin' all over the field, no poultry won't do no good—to say nothing of getting fat.”

“I'll be answerable for the good conduct of the 'tearbacons,'” said Lord Launton.

“It is a good deal nearer my hencoops than I like, your lordship; but I've no doubt Mr. Heathcote will give the boys leave.”

She meant to prevent him from doing it, though, all the same.

There was a pause in the conversation, broken at last by Lord Launton; who, feeling it a duty to say something, remarked, a little nervously—

“What very fine turkeys you have, Mrs. Heathcote.”

The woman who kept the poultry showed the visitors her collection of birds.

“Take that water away from the coop with the ducks in,” said her mistress.

And then, turning to Lord Launton, she said—

“They are two couples we're fattening, and I don't like to let 'em swill the barley-meal out as fast as they put it in.”

The young man smiled.

“But, poor things, are they not thirsty this warm weather?”

“I don't know,” replied the businesslike lady—“they've got to get fat.”

Lord Launton moralized to himself on the miseries of the poultry-yard until they were joined by Mr. Heathcote, who had come across his fields.

He gave his promise about the cricket-ground, much to his wife's chagrin. They strolled back to the house together, and joined the little party on the croquet lawn.

Sides were chosen afresh. John Heathcote, Grace, and Lord Launton played Lawyer Battiscombe, his two daughters, and Lucy.

Mrs. Battiscombe was charmed; but so was Mrs. Heathcote. The two dowagers sat under a great elm, on the rising ground at the top of the garden, where they had a view of the road and the village.

"Really, he's very affable," remarked Mrs. Battiscombe.

"He often comes over and plays at croquet. We like him very well."

"I hope he won't run away with one of the girls' hearts, my dear," said the lawyer's lady—as it were, calling "check" to Lydia's king. She put her ring-bedizened hand affectionately on Mrs. Heathcote's arm.

"I never think of such things, Mary." They had been schoolfellows at Miss Prim's, and kept up the farce of Christian names, though neither had loved the other for ages. "He often comes to see us, and John likes him—that's all."

"Of course, we could never expect that he would be allowed—" Mrs. Battiscombe began; but her remark was stopped by hearing the sound of wheels. "A carriage and pair! Why, it is Lord Hunslope and the countess," she cried, craning out her neck among the boughs.

Now it was Lydia's turn to call "check."

"Lords are as common as blackberries about Hunslope, my dear. I'm sure we never take any more notice of them than of other folks."

But she stood up, with her best cap just over the laurel hedge; and when the countess bowed, and Lord Hunslope raised his hat, she gave a complacent, vulgar little nod.

Their son saw the carriage, and turned rather red; but when it stopped at John Heathcote's gate, and then came on slowly up the gravel drive, he became quite the colour of the poppies.

The earl got out, and shook hands with the Heathcotes, and bowed to the Battiscombes.

Lydia Heathcote took the visit as a matter of course. She left Mrs. Battiscombe under the tree, and strolled up to the carriage. She had never shaken hands with Lady Hunslope before in her life, and only some

half-dozen times with his lordship—generally on such occasions as when, riding round with his steward, he had called to solicit her husband's vote and interest for the Blues at the county election.

But Mrs. Heathcote did not see any good in letting the Battiscombes—and through them all Market Basing—know this, and she shaped her course accordingly.

Lord Launton, recollecting that it was getting rather late, drove away in his father's carriage.

He expected to receive a sorrowing remonstrance from his mother—for the scion of the house founded by Cadwallader had very clearly defined notions of the grades set out in the Table of Precedence—and sat, with his back to the horses, calmly awaiting it.

It did not come. All his mother said on the subject was comprised in a very few words: that Grace and Lucy Heathcote were very amiable girls, and had very good blood in their veins. William de Heathecote, of Hunslope, was mentioned in Froissart.

Now you see the effect of Dick Mortiboy's candid confession to the earl. He had been deeply moved by the intelligence that a man so rich—so extraordinarily rich—was seriously promising not only to leave his very great fortune to his cousins, but also to endow them with a portion when they should marry, fitting their future inheritance.

As for Mrs. Battiscombe, she went home with her maternal breast full of envy and uncharitable feeling, and spread the news all over Market Basing that Grace Heathcote had jilted poor Francis Melliship's son, as she always said she would, and was trying to catch Lord Launton, as if—&c.

Mrs. Heathcote, on the other hand, was in an ecstasy of delight. She got down "Burke's Landed Gentry" from the book-case, and read all about William de Heathecote, of Hunslope. She compared the Heathcote pedigree with the Smiths—only city bankers, and, like her own family, the great Mortiboy stock, after all.

From these authentic records she drew her own conclusions; and every day she talked of Lord Launton, praised his personal appearance—the youth was by no means ill-looking, having a certain air of nobleness which comes of good breeding, and a mind kept steadily at a certain elevation—commended his manners, which had whatever

merit belongs to shyness, and spoke in glowing terms of the happiness which would be the portion of that girl who might become his wife.

Now, all this fell upon the ears of Grace like the wind upon a fixed weathercock: it moved her not at all. She did not, to begin with, understand it. In the second place, she was too full of her own cares to think much about them. Least of all did she fancy that the heir of Hunslope Towers was about to propose to her.

Meantime, Lord Launton, coming nearly every day on some excuse or other, out of very shyness, paid more court to Lucy than to Grace.

"Really," said Grace, "I think, Lucy, dear, that Lord Launton has—now, don't blush, my child, because it's quite possible, and you are very pretty—has fallen—fallen—fallen—shall I go on?"

"Grace, dear," said Lucy, blushing more than ever, "don't—please don't."

"Then I won't, Lucy."

But the very next day, Lord Launton proposed to herself.

Proposed in the garden, just where Dick had made the same offer of his hand and heart: stammered and blushed—stammered till he could hardly speak: told her, in an infinite amount of reduplicated words and any number of consonants, how he loved her.

Grace, this time, was neither pained nor touched. She only laughed.

"Poor boy!" she said. "Do you know that I don't love you at all, and never could? And do you know that you are the future Earl of Hunslope, and I only the daughter of a *very* plain gentleman?"

"I know," said Lord Launton. "B—b—but I have my father's permission, and your father's p—p—"

"Prohibition, I should hope," said Grace. "No, Lord Launton. No—NO—NO! There, is that enough?"

The poor young fellow stooped his head to hide his tears.

"Do I seem unkind?" Grace asked. "See, Lord Launton, I do not mean to be unkind. I like you very much. I cannot understand how your father could give you permission to speak to me, or my father either. But you may know that I am already engaged—to Frank Melliship, your old schoolfellow."

"I knew—that is, I ought to have known.

G—G—G—Grace, is there no hope?—not the least hope?"

"Not the least spark. Not a glimmer, Lord Launton. And, besides, you have never paid me any attentions at all. I thought you liked Lucy better."

"That was b—b—because I loved you."

"I don't profess to understand the workings of a man's love; but I do know this, that when Frank Melliship loved me, he did not make pretence to my sister first. He came straight to me."

"I was wrong. Oh! Miss Heathcote, I'm a p—p—poor creature. I stammer, and am afraid almost to speak. Forgive my shyness."

"Indeed, there is nothing to forgive. But, pray, Lord Launton—no, I won't ask any more questions. Let all be as it was before. Come here as much as you like, and let us be friends. Shall it be so? Indeed, I am grateful for the honour—that is, I think I shall be, when I am an old woman. I shall remember that I had a chance of a coronet. But a woman can only love one man, and my love is promised—promised, Lord Launton."

She sighed wearily. Promised—and for how long?

Poor Lord Launton stood irresolutely. His painful shyness interposed between himself and all his impulses. He beat it down, and said, with a mighty effort—

"Miss Heathcote, forget what I have said. I will endeavour to conquer my love for you. I am not a selfish egotist—that is, I will try not to be. If I can help your happiness, let me try to do so."

"You may help Frank, if you can. But, alas! you cannot. Oh, Lord Launton, why have you brought this unlooked-for misery into the house?"

"What misery, my dear Miss Heathcote—what misery?"

"It is only that my poor dear mother will be dazzled by the chance that I have thrown away; and I shall have to endure her reproaches. Go, Lord Launton. If you must marry one of us, Lucy is a better match for you—not so stubborn, not so rebellious, not so self-willed; and, oh! a great deal prettier, more gentle, more Christian. She would make a better wife. Go away, my dear boy. Why, you are only a month older than I am—you are only a boy yet, Lord Launton. And I am as tall as you, see—" She smiled through her tears. "And, oh! it

is such a pity, because I was so fond of you."

She took his beardless face in her hands—she was really as tall as her admirer, and looked taller, with her pile of hair—and drew it towards her, and kissed him on the forehead.

"There, Ronald, Lord Launton, that is a sister's kiss. It would be hard to alter that. We have known each other as long as—oh, since we were little things, and used to meet you in the Pond Walk with your nurse. Be my friend—a great deal better for you, poor boy, than being my husband. Go, now, and come again just as usual."

It was a most ignominious dismissal. The heir of all the Eliots, conscious of having made himself an outrageous idiot, stole silently away. As he went through the house, he met Mrs. Heathcote. Truth to say, the poor lady had been to the highest rooms in the house, the servants' rooms, whose windows commanded a view of the heads of the performers in this garden act.

"Come in, Lord Launton, and talk to me," she said, graciously.

"No, Mrs. Heathcote," he stammered. "No—it's no use. She won't listen to me."

"Not listen to you? Nonsense! Not listen to you? Oh! but give her time, Lord Launton. She's afraid of you."

"No—no—no. It is I who was af—f—fraid of her," he groaned. "It is no use, Mrs. Heathcote—I am refused."

Mrs. Heathcote went back to her parlour, and sat in a tumult of conflicting passions. Presently her husband came home. She said nothing. Lucy returned from choir practice. Grace came down from her own room, her eyes red with crying. She sat silent, with a book before her. Mr. Heathcote rang the bell for supper at the usual time. They sat down, Mrs. Heathcote sighing heavily.

"What's the matter, old lady?" asked John, with a misgiving that a family row was impending.

For all reply, she burst into tears, and sighed hysterically. The girls ran to her assistance.

"Go away," she said to Grace. "Go away, ungrateful girl! After all I've done for you."

"Eh—eh—eh?" asked John, looking from one to the other. "What is it, Grace?"

"Wicked girl," cried her mother. "Oh! John, John—a coronet thrown away! Half

a million of money thrown away! Grace, I was in the garden and heard you refuse your cousin a week ago; and now you have refused Lord Launton. John Heathcote, your daughter Grace refuses to marry either Dick Mortiboy or the future heir of Hunslope, because she loves a pauper—a pauper and a painter."

Grace turned to her father.

"Papa, Dick asked me to marry him, and Lord Launton asked me to marry him. I was obliged to say 'No,' because I am engaged to Frank."

Mr. Heathcote sat down to the table, and cut himself deliberately a great slice of cold boiled beef, with a meditative air. Then he took some pickles; and then, having meanwhile turned the matter over in his mind, he said—

"Girls, sit down. Lydia, you're a fool. Grace shall marry anybody she likes. Come here, my dear, and kiss your father."

When John Heathcote put his foot down, which was very seldom, there was a general feeling in everybody's mind that the thing was definitively settled. Mrs. Heathcote said no more; but, heaving a profound sigh, she rang the bell for a candle, and retired to bed, taking the Bible with her, so that she might at least have the consolations of religion.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-FIFTH.

NO intelligence of Frank's whereabouts. "We only know that he receives our letters," wrote Kate, "because he answers them. They go to the post-office, Great Bedford-street. His own have for the last two or three weeks been more despondent—that is, less cheerful than before. They have not the true ring about them that they had. I think, though I dare not say so to mamma, that his good spirits are forced. I have written and told him about Dick's splendid offer. It is generous in the highest degree. It is more than generous. Tell him I think it is noble. I shall not write to him myself till I have Frank's answer. Yes, Grace, my picture was accepted, hung, and sold. I was at once glad to get the money, and sorry to let the picture go. I am doing another now, just a woodland scene—painted here in the mountains—with a single figure in it: a quiet picture, which I hope to succeed with. Only, when I have finished a picture I like, it goes to my heart to let it be sold. Frank keeps sending us money. It is such a pity,

because we really do not want any. We have plenty. And we are happy again. Only nine months ago, Grace, and what a difference!—what a difference!”

Thus far Kate Melliship. Grace showed the letter to Dick.

“There are two or three ways,” he said, “of getting hold of Frank. A man can’t hide himself altogether, unless he cuts off communication by letter. Evidently, he doesn’t want at present to be hunted up. All the same, I will go up to London and find him for you, Grace.”

“But how, Dick? How can you find him?”

“Well, I shall go to the post-office where his letters are sent. I shall ask them who takes his letters, and how often they are sent for. If they won’t tell me, I shall bribe them till they do. They are sure to do it for half a sovereign. After that, we have only to go on the day when he appears, and lie in wait, to catch him beautifully. Once my hand is on his shoulder, Grace, you may be quite sure that I don’t let him go again till I bring him back to you.”

“When will you go, Dick?” she asked eagerly. “To-morrow? Go to-morrow, and make haste. I’ve got some foolish sort of nervous feeling, as if something was going to happen—I don’t know what, or how. I’ve had it for a week. I suppose I’m not very well.”

“Thunder in the air,” said Dick. “If anything happens, it will be something good for you. So be ready to jump for joy.”

That evening he told his little boy of his intention to go to London; and, still suspicious that Polly, of whom he knew nothing beyond the fact that she drew her pound a-week, might return in his absence and carry off the boy, he told him to be ready to go to town with him.

The fast train from Market Basing leaves at nine o’clock, and is at Euston at half-past ten. They started to walk to the station, because Dick hated luggage, and always kept changes of raiment and fine linen at his chambers in Jermyn-street. Crossing the river, Dick bethought him that he had not seen his father for some days. So he passed through the garden into the house.

Mr. Mortiboy was in his bed. Hester was feeding him with a spoon, his breakfast consisting of bread and milk. He frowned at his son as usual, and then quietly

took his milk a spoonful at a time until the basin was emptied. Dick sat by the side of his bed, and watched him eat. His appetite was very good: altogether, there was a great change in him. The fixed smile had almost left his mouth, and the distortion of his face was much less noticeable. Then his eye was brighter, his memory better. The cloud seemed to be gradually lifting from his mind.

As his son sat by his bedside, watching Hester feed the old man, and thinking of all that had happened, suddenly there flashed upon his memory an old, old day—so long ago that it had never once come back to him: a day more than a quarter of a century old: an autumn day like the present, when the golden tints were on the leaves: a morning when, a child, he walked hand in hand with his father, and asked him questions. He remembered how his father, lifting him in his arms, stroked his cheeks and kissed him; how he flung his own arms round his neck, and kissed his father again;—a simple, childish caress: it might have occurred a thousand times to most children: to Dick it seemed only to have occurred once, because Mr. Mortiboy was an undemonstrative man, and with him such events were rare. As he remembered this, another thought came upon him: it was that never once since that day, save when his own crime caused relapse, had his father’s love ceased to burn in a steady flame. He knew it now: he recognized it even in the starved and pinched life he had been made to lead; even in the tyranny of his youth; even in the hard work and long hours to which his father had subjected him—all this was to make him grow up like himself—and in the ready confidence and trust with which he received the prodigal returning home. He knew it all in a single moment, and a sharp pain shot through him as he looked upon the wreck he had himself caused.

Dick was not one, however, to sit down and weep, throwing ashes upon his head, and clothing himself with sackcloth. The thought came to him as one which might often come again—a grave and saddening thought. His thoughts turned upon the boy whom he had adopted. Suppose little Bill should do something—should turn out somehow like himself? Then he cleared his throat, which was getting husky, and bent slightly over his father. Old Hester had left them alone together.

"Father," he said, "let us be friends again—I am sorry."

The old man moved his slow eyes upwards with a puzzled expression.

Dick looked at him, waiting, but no response came.

He joined the boy, and they set off together to walk to the station.

When Hester came back, she found Mr. Mortiboy looking troubled, and a tear or two had rolled down his withered cheeks.

"Bill," said Dick, in the train—he was quite accustomed to converse on all topics with the boy, who understood or not, as the case might be—"Bill, I wonder if we are going to have a collision and bust up."

"Why, Uncle Dick?"

"Because the Mexicans say that when a man is going to die, he begins to think about the days when he was a child. That's what I've been doing this morning. The only way you can be killed in this peaceful old country is by a railway accident."

"I saw a boy once run over by a 'bus,'" said Bill, thoughtfully.

"Yes—there are other ways, I suppose. But a smash on a railway is the most likely thing. Perhaps, after all, the Mexicans are not always right."

There was no railway accident, at any rate.

At his chambers he found a letter, dated a fortnight and more back, from Lafleur.

"My dear Dick," it ran, "I am in want of money. Please send me a couple of hundred at once."

"In any case," said Dick, "it is too late now. Want of money? What has been done with the five thousand? The System has come to grief, I suppose, after all!"

It was not pleasant to think about. The man had been started actually with all the money he had asked. The partnership was dissolved. The pair had separated—each agreed to go his own way; and yet, only two months after, came this letter. Dick crushed it in his fingers, looking stern and determined.

"It shall not be," he said, thinking aloud. "Polly is gone, and Lafleur shall go. I will have no witnesses left to remind me of the old days. I will live my own life now, with the boy to bring up. Lafleur shall not be with us to bring back what I would forget. No, M. Alcide Lafleur, it will not do. Your

own secrets are as bad as mine, and worse. You dare not speak, at any rate. I will give you one more start, on condition that you go away to California, or somewhere over the water, and never come back again. You shall not stand in my way. I defy any man to stand in my way. My path is clear and certain. I will start Frank and Ghrikes. Then I will go away, and stay away for ten years with the boy. And then I will come back, and put him out in life, and settle down. I shall be turned fifty then. I shall never marry. I have said so. There will be more children then—Grace's children—to amuse me. I shall spend the rest of my life, thirty years and more, among the children."

MAY IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SOUTHEY'S CATARACT OF LOGGERS.

WHAT are the chief delights of May—
This season, verdant, sweet, and gay?
The leafy trees, the fragrant flowers,
The genial sun, the reviving showers,
The feathered songsters of the grove—
All nature redolent of love.
So poets write, and write it true;
Alas! there's a prosaic view.
Dwellings are turned quite inside out;
The household madly rush about—

Cleaning and changing,
Counting and ranging,
Painting and liming,
Tinting and priming,
Stirring and mixing,
Glueing and fixing,
Mounting and glazing,
Hauling and raising,
Thatching and tiling,
Crowding and piling,
Dragging and trailing,
Sprigging and nailing,
Stitching and lining,
Twisting and twining,
Turning and clipping,
Sorting and ripping,
Fing'ring and thumbing,
Sticking and gumming,
Stretching and climbing,
Draining and griming,
Rembling* and raving,†
Tewing‡ and taving,§
Noising and clatting,||
Rightling and scratting,¶
Sanding and grinding,
Fussing and finding,
From garret to ground
No peace to be found!

Slaving and laving,
Shoving and moving,
Working and shirking,
Lifting and shifting,

* Rembling—Shifting. † Raving—Tearing up.
‡ Tewing—Troubling oneself. § Taving—fidgeting.
|| Clatting—Dirtying. ¶ Scratting—Scratching.

Soaping and groping,
 Washing and splashing,
 Routing and clouting,
 Messing and pressing,
 Bending and rending,
 Greasing and squeezing,
 Kneeling and wheeling,
 Humming and drumming,
 Pailing and baling,
 Lugging and tugging,
 Laughing and chaffing,
 Dusting and thrusting,
 Tripping and dripping,
 Unbedding, blackleading,
 Upsetting and wetting.

They come with their brooms,
 Invading the rooms;
 Carry off all the books,
 In spite of black looks.
 Such confusion and riot,
 Destruction to quiet!

And filling, and swilling, and spilling;
 And mopping, and flopping, and slopping;
 And racing, and chasing, and placing;
 And hustling, and rustling, and bustling;
 And holding, and folding, and scolding;
 And sudding, and flooding, and thudding;
 And banging, and clanging, and hanging;
 And clapping, and rapping, and flapping;
 And pasting, and hastening, and wasting.

Inspecting, selecting, rejecting;
 Varnishing, scurrying, garnishing;
 Hurrying, scurrying, flurrying;
 Bothering, pothering, smothering;
 Unrusting, adjusting, disgusting;
 Clattering, spattering, chattering;
 Whitening, tightening, brightening;
 Ransacking, attacking, unpacking;
 Reviewing, renewing, and doing.

Charing and airing, hammering and clamouring;
 And mending, and sending, and spending, and ending;
 And tacking, and blacking, and cracking, and packing;
 And oiling, and soiling, and moiling, and toiling;
 And creaking, and squeaking, and reeking, and seeking;
 And racking, and sacking, and smacking, and clacking;
 And thumping, and bumping, and lumping, and pumping;
 And wrapping, and strapping, and tapping, and clapping;
 And heaping, and steeping, and creeping, and sweeping;
 And wringing, and dinging, and bringing, and singing;
 And knocking, and rocking, and flocking, and shocking;
 And jamming, and cramming, and slamming, and ramming;
 And rubbing, and scrubbing, and tubbing, and grubbing;
 And huddling, and muddling, and puddling, and ruddling;*
 And patching, and matching, and catching, and snatching;

And rushing, and gushing, and slushing, and brushing;
 And rumbling, and jumbling, and tumbling, and grumbling.

Thus, in the manner that I have been telling,
 May-fever spreads over the whole of the dwelling.

CHARLES DARWIN, F.R.S.

CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, Fellow of the Royal Society, the subject of our cartoon, was born at Shrewsbury, February 12, 1809. He is the son of Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, F.R.S. He received his preparatory training at Shrewsbury School (under the care of Dr. Butler) and at Edinburgh, finally proceeding to the University of Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. The great naturalist comes of a distinguished stock. His grandfather on the mother's side was Josiah Wedgwood, the father of the Staffordshire art pottery manufacture. On the father's side, his grand-sire was Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of "Zoonomia;" and it is somewhat curious that Mr. Darwin's father and both his grand-fathers were Fellows of the Royal Society. He married in 1839 his cousin, Miss Wedgwood. His first work of importance to scientific knowledge was undertaken in connection with the surveying voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle*. The vessel was commanded by Captain Fitzroy, R.N., who offered a berth to any naturalist who would accompany him. Darwin volunteered, and was accepted. The *Beagle* left the shores of England in December, 1831; and, after an absence of nearly four years, she returned in October, 1836. The cruise was of a very extensive character—South America, Australia and New Zealand, the Mauritius, and the Pacific Islands being visited in turn. About three years after the return of the *Beagle* from her voyage round the world, Darwin published his account of what he had seen—his volume being part of Captain Fitzroy's narrative of this voyage, subsequently reproduced under the title of "Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Beagle* round the World." The other principal works of this eminent savant are—"Zoology of the Voyage of the *Beagle*;" "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," 1842; "Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands," 1845; and "On South America," 1846.

Darwin's great book on the "Origin of

* Ruddle—Red chalk for tiled floor.

Species by means of Natural Selection" appeared at the end of the year 1859. Besides the English editions of this remarkable theory, the book has been translated into most of the European languages.

"On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilized"—praised so highly by Canon Kingsley, in his recent book of travel in the West Indies—was published in 1862; and early last year the long-expected "Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex," made its appearance.

The conclusion to which the author came was that, "at a remote period, Man, the wonder and glory of the Universe," and the monkey, had the same parental relations. This theory is at first a little shocking, and has been attacked as violently as it has been stoutly defended. Whatever there is of truth in this startling new theory of Natural Selection, whether it be almost of equal weight with a revelation or completely false in its assumptions, time may prove. Men of eminence, of great learning and great sagacity, can be catalogued both for and against it.

We have no space to enter into the abstruse discussion; but it is a simple duty to record here, that for close observation of the various phenomena of natural history, unflagging energy and perseverance in the search after truth, and great intellectual power, no country has produced a more earnest or more able student than the author of the theory of Natural Selection.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

IT is a trite saying, in which, probably, there is a good leaven of truth, that Englishmen love a lord.

It may safely be asserted, on the same principle, that we—independent Britons though we are—all have a strong respect for those time-honoured distinctions which the Sovereign thinks fit on certain occasions to confer on distinguished subjects.

Few men object to being made baronets, and still fewer to being raised to the peerage; but the highest eminence of all is to be installed a K.G.

Let there be a vacant Garter, and the excitement of expectation is greater among those most interested than disturbs the whole bar when the woosack is empty, and the momentous question is abroad as to who is to be the next Lord Chancellor.

There is much in the history of this most

noble Order of the Garter which is interesting.

Although not the most ancient, the Order of the Garter is one of the most famous military orders in Europe. Founded by Edward III., it was established as the crowning point of honour among the valiant knights of those troublous days. Selden says that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame all chivalrous orders in the world. Shakspeare almost puts the Garter before the crown in precedence of knightly honour, as witness the passage in that remarkable scene in "Richard III.":—

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my Garter, and my crown—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonoured, and the third usurped.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing: for this is no oath. Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour; Thy Garter, blemished, pawned his knightly virtue; Thy crown, usurped, disgraced his kingly glory.

The precise date of the foundation of the Order of the Garter, and the exact circumstances connected with its institution, are not very clearly known. About the Garter, as about most other things venerable and ancient, there hangs much of the mysterious air of tradition.

The annals of the order, previous to the fourth year of the reign of Henry V., are lost. Much has thus been left to mere conjecture in connection with the history of the order.

Froissart's account of its institution is about as interesting—and perhaps, on the whole, as trustworthy—as that of any other authority. It is contained in the 213th chapter of his "Chronicles," and is entitled—

"How the King of England founded a Chapel of St. George, and ordained the Feast of the Blue Garter to be annually therein celebrated;" and continues—

"At this time, Edward, King of England, resolved to rebuild the great castle of Windsor, formerly built and founded by King Arthur, and where was first set up and established the noble Round Table, from whence so many valiant men and knights had issued forth to perform feats of arms and prowess throughout the world. And the said king created an Order of Knights, to consist of himself, his children, and the bravest of his land. They were to be in number forty, and to be called 'Knights of the Blue Garter;' their feast to be kept

and solemnized at Windsor annually on St. George's Day. And in order to constitute this festival, the King of England assembled earls, barons, and knights from his whole realm, and signified to them his purpose and great desire to found the same. In this they joyfully concurred; for it appeared to them to be an honourable undertaking, and calculated to nourish affection among them. Then were elected forty knights, known and celebrated as the bravest of all the rest; and they bound themselves to the King under their seals, by oath and fealty, to keep the feast, and obey the ordinances which should be agreed upon and devised. And the King caused a Chapel of St. George to be built and founded within the Castle of Windsor, established canons therein for the service of God, and provided and endowed them with a good and liberal revenue. And in order that the said feast might be promulgated in all countries, the King of England sent his heralds to publish and proclaim the same in France, Scotland, Burgundy, Hainault, Flanders, Brabant, and the German Empire, granting to all knights and esquires who should be willing to come safe conduct until fifteen days after the feast. And there was to be held at this feast a jousting by forty knights within the lists against all comers; and also by forty esquires. And this feast was to be celebrated on St. George's Day next coming, which would be in the year of grace one thousand three hundred and forty-four, at Windsor Castle. And the Queen of England, accompanied by three hundred ladies and damsels, all noble and gentlewomen, and uniformly apparelled, were to be present."

Objections have been made by some writers on the subject to Froissart's testimony. Arguing from the error in the manuscripts of this old chronicler respecting the number of the primary companions of the order, which was not, as Froissart says, *forty*, but *twenty-six*, including the sovereign, Elias Ashmole and other historians of the order have inferred that Froissart's chronology is not to be depended upon, and that he has unwittingly confounded the year of the first feast with that of the entertainment of the knights assembled on occasion of the jousts—Windsor being, in both cases, the place of celebration. But a later writer well suggests that a possible mistake of the transcribers of the original manuscript—which may have arisen from the incident that *forty*

knights were said to have been appointed to tilt within the lists—may account for the discrepancy.

But, as we said before, the exact facts connected with the original institution of the order must always remain more or less mere matter of surmise and conjecture.

We will now pass to some of the theories which have been urged for the adoption of a garter as the symbol of the order.

Polydor Vergil was, as far as we have discovered, the first who asserted—possibly upon a vague hint of Mondonus Belvaleti, a Cluniac friar, in the reign of Edward IV., that the foundation had been in honour of the female sex—that the garter of the Queen, or of some lady of the Court, falling off casually while she danced at one of the Court balls, the monarch had taken it from the ground; and observing the smiles of the courtiers at what might have been considered an act of gallantry, had exclaimed, "Honi soit qui mal y pense;" adding that the Garter should soon be held in such high estimation, that they would account themselves happy if permitted to wear it.

The object of the King's attention on this occasion has been imagined by Speed, Baker, and Camden—upon the sole authority, as it would seem, of Polydor Vergil—to have been a Countess of Salisbury; and the learned Selden, following in the same dubious track, conjectured that the lady was Joan Plantagenet, the fair maid of Kent, whom he designates Countess of Kent and Salisbury, without adverting to the facts that she did not succeed to the former title until after the death of her brother John, Earl of Kent, in 1351, and that she never had any legal interest in the latter.

The general opinion, however, seems to be that the Garter was intended as an emblem of the tie or union of warlike qualities to be employed in the assertion of the founder's claim to the French crown.

The motto has been somewhat fancifully conceived as a retort of shame or defiance upon him who should think ill of the enterprise, or of those whom the King had selected as the instruments of its accomplishment; and Windsor Castle being Edward's birthplace, he determined to render it more illustrious by making it the place of celebration for all solemnities connected with the order.

But passing on to the more defined history of the order, we come upon some odd facts.

In the reign of Henry IV., John de Werchin, the renowned Seneschal of Hainault, in an address to the King, challenged the whole order severally to single combat. In his challenge, he states that he had read the history of King Arthur and the Knights of his Order of the Round Table, and also heard that a certain King of England had revived that association by founding an order called the Garter, then still flourishing; and the writer, presuming that the noble knights of that fraternity were desirous of imitating their prototypes of the Round Table in the encouragement of young knights in chivalric exercises, he being yet unpractised in the noble profession, desired to invite them severally to a personal encounter with him, in the presence of the King or of his eldest son, on certain conditions, on a day to be fixed, at some place within about forty miles from London.

This wholesale challenge the King courteously refused, but offered to permit one of the Knights of the Garter to accept his challenge on an appointed day within the walls of London.

Werchin came to London with a magnificent retinue, and the jousts were held in Smithfield in 1408. His opponent was John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, who, by his victory over the intrepid seneschal, vindicated the honour of the order which he represented.

One early knight of the Garter, however, has not come down to posterity with so much glory attached to his name.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the original of Shakspeare's famous character of Sir John Falstaff was a K.G. in his day.

On St. George's Day, 1426, the annual feast of the order was kept at Windsor, the Duke of Bedford acting as deputy for the sovereign.

A vacancy had occurred, through the death of the Earl of Westmoreland, and two candidates were presented for election to the vacant Garter. These were Sir John Fastolf (the Falstaff of Shakspeare), and Sir John Radcliffe. At the election the votes were found to be equal for each candidate, and the Duke of Bedford gave the casting vote in favour of the chivalrous Fastolf.

But, for the credit of the order, it must be allowed that Fastolf was not so unworthy or so cowardly a knight as the Falstaff of whom he is supposed to have been the pro-

totype. The real Sir John Fastolf was by no means an ordinary man as regards the true qualities of a soldier. He held many places of trust and importance in Ireland. For his bravery at Agincourt, where he was wounded, he received a grant of land in Normandy; and he distinguished himself gallantly at the siege of Orleans, in the conflict of the English with the fanatic Joan of Arc.

But the stain upon his honour is due to his asserted flight at the battle of Patay, in 1429. Old MS. chronicles yet extant throw some palliation over the brave old knight's seeming disgrace. The French, we are told, composed of about 6,000 men, under the command of the Maid of Orleans, the Duke of Alençon, and other captains, observing the approach of the English, formed themselves in order of battle upon a small eminence. The English, having also disposed themselves in battle array, sent two heralds to challenge the enemy to descend from their position; but were answered that, it being late, they might take their rest until the morrow. In the morning, battle was joined on the field of Patay. The English were overpowered by numbers, and fled. Fastolf was urged to save himself, as the day was irretrievably lost. He, however, desired at all hazards to renew the conflict, declaring his resolution to abide the issue in whatever manner it might please God to order it; saying that he preferred death or capture to a disgraceful flight and the abandonment of his remaining retinue. But having ascertained that Talbot was a prisoner, and all his people slain, and that 2,000 of the English had fallen, and 200 been made prisoners, he took the road towards Estampes; and, adds the relater whose version of the affair we have given—" *Et moy je le suivis.*"

On the day following the battle, news reached the Duke of Bedford, at Paris, of the defeat of his army, the capture of Talbot, and the flight of Fastolf. Fastolf was ordered to report himself to the Regent at Paris, where he was severely reprimanded, and deprived of the Order of the Garter, which he wore. The Duke, however, having afterwards received a report of the remonstrances made by our knight to his companions in the Council, and other reasonable and approved excuses, the Garter was, *par sentence de procès*, restored to him.

In the character, therefore, which the immortal dramatist has chosen to give, under

such a slight variation of name, of the unlucky knight, we must almost own that Shakspeare—as in the case of his hump-backed, deformed Richard III.—drew too recklessly upon the exaggerated traditions of his own time.

While upon the subject of the disgrace which any Knight of the Garter may be supposed guilty of bringing upon his high order, we will quote from Elias Ashmole some of the regulations affecting the degradation of a knight companion:—

“The ensigns of the order are not to be withdrawn from a knight during life, unless guilty of some of those marks of reproach set down in King Henry VIII.’s statutes—viz., heresy, treason, or flying from battle. It has sometimes been found that prodigality has been made a fourth point, when a knight has so wasted his estate as to be incapable of supporting his dignity. The pretence for divesting William, Lord Paget, 6 Edward VI., was his not being a gentleman of blood both by father and mother. But felony comes not within the compass of this statute, as not being expressly mentioned among the reproaches there summed up. And so it was adjudged in a chapter, 14 Jac. I., in the case of Robert, Earl of Somerset, then lately condemned for that fact, whereon his hatchments were not removed.

“When a knight companion is found guilty of any of the offences mentioned in King Henry VIII.’s statutes, he is usually degraded at the next chapter, of which the Sovereign gives the knights companions previous notice, and then commands Garter to attend such of them as are appointed to go to the convict knight, who in a solemn manner first takes from him the George and Riband, and then his Garter; and at the ensuing feast of St. George, or sooner, if the Sovereign appoint it, publication of his crimes and degradation is made by Garter.

“Next, Garter, by warrant to that purpose, takes down his achievement, on which service he is vested in his coat of arms, and the officers standing about him—Black Rod also present. First, Garter reads aloud the instruments of degradation; after which one of the heralds—who is placed ready on a ladder set to the back of the convict knight’s stall—at the words *expelled, and put from among the arms*, takes his crest and violently casts it down into the choir, after that his banner and sword; and when the publication is read out, all the officers of arms

spurn the achievements out of the choir into the body of the church; first the sword, then the banner, and last of all the crest; so out of the west door, thence to the bridge, and over into the ditch. And thus it was done at the degradation of Edward Duke, 13 Henry VIII.

“The plates are likewise taken down from their stalls and carried away.”

We will conclude our passing gossip on this most ancient distinction of the Garter with a few of the facts connected with the government of the order.

The number of knights companions was originally twenty-six, including the Sovereign, who is chief of the order. In 1786, a statute was passed to the effect that this number should be irrespective of princes of the royal family and illustrious foreigners on whom the distinction might be conferred.

The officers of the order are a Prelate, Chancellor, Registrar, King-at-Arms, and Usher of the Black Rod, besides others of inferior rank. At their head is the Prelate, who is always the Bishop of Winchester; next is the Chancellor, who, till 1837, was the Bishop of Salisbury, but is now the Bishop of Oxford, in consequence of Berkshire—and, of course, Windsor—being transferred to that diocese. The Dean of Windsor is registrar *ex officio*. The fourth officer is Garter King-at-Arms.

The Garter carries the rod and sceptre at the feast of St. George—the protector of the order—when the Sovereign is present. He notifies the election of new knights, attends the solemnity of their installation, carries the Garter to foreign princes and others, and he is the principal officer of the College of Arms and chief of the heralds. All these officers, except the Prelate, have fees and pensions.

The chapter meet annually on St. George’s Day (23rd April), in St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, when the installations take place, and the knights’ banners are suspended.

The habit and insignia are, first the Garter of blue velvet, inscribed with the familiar motto, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,” in golden letters, with a buckle and pendant of gold, richly chased. This is worn on the left leg, below the knee. Then the mantle of blue velvet, lined with white taffeta, and on the left breast a star is embroidered. From the collar, consisting of twenty-six pieces, each in the form of a garter, hangs the George, a figure of the patron saint of England, engaged in his fabled encounter with the dragon.

According to Haydn, the collar, which weighs twenty ounces of pure gold, was introduced by Henry VIII.

Until the reign of Charles II., the riband, with a smaller George, used to be worn round the neck; but Charles ordered it in future to be worn from the left shoulder, coming under the right arm. In the reign of the same monarch was introduced the silver star of eight points, to be worn by the knights on their left sides; and by the statutes of the order they were never to appear in public without their Garter, lesser George, and star, except upon the principal and solemn feasts, when they were to wear their collars.

MY FRIEND MRS. TIMEPIECE.—IV.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF HER FUTURE SON- IN-LAW.

PEOPLE talk the fastest when they have but thin feelings: it is to hide their self-consciousness that they talk. A sip at your Champagne glass is the best remedy at a dinner party for any sudden sense of vacancy coming on.

I fancy those fits of silence at the dinner table are the result of some current of indigestion, running like an epidemic, with the rapidity of a telegram, from stomach to stomach.

No part of the day is like the early dawn: there is a freshness about it, and a peculiar beauty. The noontide is beautiful; but it is a different kind of beauty. The sunset is beautiful; but it is a different kind of beauty. So, no love is like first love; but it can only last for a short time without changing its character. It flows on to the noontide and the evening; but its beauty is as different at these periods as the beauty of spring is different to the beauty of summer and the beauty of autumn.

A long engagement is an offence against nature: it ought never to last longer than the peculiar characteristics of first love will last. About four months is the proper space.

The marriage ceremony is the natural boundary line of first love. I have heard of persons being engaged seven years; but they go to the altar as victims—they don't know it until after, but they always find it out.

Their love by this time has become a calculating love, and they view one another

in much the same spirit as a man views his ledger on the 31st of December.

I hope Mrs. Timepiece will not hold to her first determination; but let these two young, interesting, engaged people pass into the second stage of their love at its proper time of beginning.

Willy owns a small farm that lets for £250 per annum, and Angela will not be without fortune. There need be no fear of starvation. He has not yet settled down into any fixed calling, but has thought of farming.

I must tell the truth: she knew of this farm of £250 a-year before giving her consent to the engagement: she knew from an indirect source, but had not mentioned it either to her daughter or Willy. It is no use entering into speculations what effect this farm had upon her consent. Mrs. Timepiece, as I have said, knew the value of money.

The young couple had not much opportunity of being alone during their courtship; for the younger Miss Timepieces did not possess that rare, refined ability which can get you out of a room under cover of a reason totally unlike the real one; and Mrs. Timepiece sat prim in her easy chair, as if she herself had a right to a certain portion of Willy's addresses.

Willy did not feel at all angry at the younger Miss Timepieces' want of strategic ability; for he knew that such retiring manoeuvres require the genius of a great general to be executed well, and that they are better not executed at all than badly.

I don't suppose it occurred much to Angela's sisters that there was any urgent necessity for such manoeuvres; and I think, if the glimmering of such a thought or requirement should ever come up in one of them, she will quietly walk out of the room, with a kindly look at Willy, and certainly without any excuse at all.

They were really nice girls, and Willy soon came to love them as his own sisters—and more than his own; for you more than half lose your sisters when they marry, and Willy's sisters had set him an early example of matrimony.

I do think, however, that the loss of a brother by his sister's marriage is not nearly so much and so painful as that of the mother of the family. It is so much easier for a brother to form a solid friendship with his sister's husband, than it is for his mother to form one. You can go up to your sister's hus-

band, and take his arm familiarly, and call him "old fellow," and offer him a good cigar; and, if he is not a "porcupine," he will have a sensation towards you something like that pleasing one which a cat has when she begins to purr.

But the dignity or imputed dignity of a mother-in-law does not permit of such advances. Even if she does her best to disguise it, there is an air of authority about her: she still has a sort of little finger hold upon the fifth commandment; and the vague notion of this may influence her son-in-law to keep at a fair distance of familiarity from her, lest the little finger should loop him also.

Sometimes you may, as it were, by a sudden dash, extinguish this remnant of authority in your mother-in-law. Go up to her in quite an unpremeditated manner, and give her a kiss; and then, unless she is a "Tartar," you place yourself on a footing of love with her rather than authority. But I own it is not every one who likes to kiss his mother-in-law—they have generally an "ice-berg flavour" about them, and perhaps some mothers-in-law might understand a kiss to be a sign of obeisance.

If your wife is a wise woman, she will totally conceal from you her mother's influence upon her. I don't, of course, mean conceal her love for her mother—for no sensible man would object to that in a large degree; but I mean conceal her governing influence upon her, so that the maternal advice, secretly given her, may appear to be entirely from the fountain in her own breast; and this she may do without much difficulty, and without breaking even the fringes of truth.

I said that the younger Miss Timepieces were nice girls. I do not use that word "nice" as I would to a stick of barley-sugar. I mean that they were good-tempered, easy girls, who would play you a tune on the piano, or sing you a song, if you asked them, without any untruthful preface that they couldn't sing, or didn't.

They were quite unaffected, and looked pleasantly and brightly when any one was speaking in the room, as though there were no such things as "lying lips." They were trustful, and too young yet to have formed any strong opinions of their own. They called their sister's lover Willy, quite naturally; and it seemed to their hearts, without any study, a natural consequence that they

should love him their sister loved. I think the second one has something in her more than heart, but we shall see in time.

Willy's father met with his death in the hunting field. After this event his son was placed with a clergyman, and continued for five or six years with him; and from this time to his sweet engagement with Miss Timepiece, he had been in a variety of occupations—fly-fishing, Sunday school teaching, writing poetry, banking, and had had the temerity to ordain himself as a Sunday afternoon preacher to some poor people living in a hamlet near a trout stream.

A pious boatman used to come on the Sunday evenings to give his experiences of the Gospel to these simple people, and Willy often stayed to hear him, and to enjoy his company home.

The boatman thought things were going wrong in the world, and that everything was very unlike what it was in Jesus Christ's days; except, he said, "these kind o' things"—taking up a primrose flower—"and these never alter."

Willy asked him if he thought that "the Fall" had touched lions and tigers, and he seemed rather puzzled; but he was sure it hadn't touched primroses and lilies.

He was very original in his way, and had very fair, passable views of communion.

"You know, sir, we can't all be alike. Here's Jem Webster goes out to-morrow night, and catches a boat-load of haddocks; and I go out, and get, may be, not a dozen; and that's the same all over the world. We can't all be alike; but we could all look on kind at one another. Jem Webster gets rich, and I keep poor; but we needn't be worse friends for that. We can sympathize, and then I sha'n't feel he's richer."

Willy thought that a very good image of the right, that only wanted a little chiselling.

The boatman only now and then looked up for an answer to what he said. Very likely he thought these walks home with Willy were an appendix to his previous sermon.

He was very much against railroads. He thought that, somehow or other, they had promoted infidelity. But it was difficult to understand how he applied his idea.

"Eh, sir," he went on, "afore these railroads, folks was content with their Bibles; but now, I think, their newspaper's their Bible. And tolks aren't so homely as they was in t' old coach days; and all their fine

dresses and crinolines comes o' railways and breakin' o' the Sabbath."

It is useful sometimes to hear the views of men like this boatman: there is always some gold dust in their rough speech which is worth the trouble of washing out of it.

Willy told me that his remarks about faith had struck him as having some gold dust in them.

"There's always more got, sir, by believin' than doubtin', in other things beside religion; and I've oft proved it. There's Bill Smithers, as 'awks fish—he'll take anybody in if he has a chance. But I goes to him, and says, 'Bill, I know, tho' yer a poor man, you'll do right by my fish;' an', sure enough, he brings me back my money to a halfpenny. Now, if I were to say, 'Bill, yer old rogue, I'll watch yer for cheating me'—he'd do it, as sure as his name's Bill. Wust on it is, t' parsons are all agen one another: they haven't a bit a trust—they're al'ays quarrellin' and disputin'. They'd soon put all right if they'd study human nature. There's thrushes, and black-birds, and linnets, and sparrows among human beings as well as birds; but they want to make 'em all sing alike. Human natur', sir, 's the thing to look at. Christ knew human natur', and he spoke to all four sides on it—that's how he got on so. It's more love we want. My opinion, God cares more for love than aught else."

Willy has often said to me that this good man's conversations were a real useful education to him, and helped him considerably in the formation of his opinions. One remark about prayer that he had made, he said, had specially struck him as having something in it.

"Prayer, sir, 's like turnin' a handle in oneself: it turns the clouds and rain out o' yer, and turns sun and brightness into yer."

The idea, smoothed down, was that prayer, as it were, answered itself; and brought soothing to a man's spirit, as sleep brings strength to his body.

That idea of his, too, about sympathy making a level between the rich and poor, which would cause the latter to be content with the difference of circumstances, puts Communism into a shape in which it looks respectable and practical.

It is not difference of circumstances which makes class wars; it is the link of sympathy missing that causes the high and the low to jar together.

A lord or a squire may have his park and his castle, and be welcome to both his titles and his acres, if he is able to view other men from their own standing-points, and treat them accordingly.

Willy's association with this boatman was, he said, as good as a University education; and once he whispered to me, in a low tone of voice, "far better." He said he thought his cousin Tom hadn't learnt much more at Oxford than to eat oysters and drink claret.

"That, however, you know," he added, "was Tom's fault, not Oxford's."

Willy's friends wished him to go to Cambridge; but somehow he had conceived a passion for trout-fishing, and he preferred gaining his ideas and thoughts from observations of mankind and the scenery of nature rather than from books.

I have a doubt whether Mrs. Timepiece had clearly or fully read his character. Her strong will and his firm wise one had never yet come into collision: it will be Mrs. T.'s fault if they do. He will be good-natured and obliging to the farthest limit, if it is left to be a free-will offering. I prophecy a little sadness to more than one if Mrs. T. at all attempts to *drive* him. His conscience is to him what "the pillar of the cloud" was to the camp of Israel in the old time. It is his leader and guide, and "he reverences it as a king." No doubt, he has made and does make many mistakes; but his aim is always to say and do what is right and wise.

TABLE TALK.

IF you were to ask any man to name the opposite of "poetry," he would probably say, "My mother-in-law." There is something in this relationship which acts upon the feelings somewhat as a grater does upon nutmeg—it rather rudely pulverizes them, and produces a feeling of smallness throughout the frame. It is thought to be her duty, and an integral part of her position, to give you at short intervals a little quiet snubbing. It is supposed to act upon you as soda does on your shirts in the washing tub: it softens and makes you more impressible. In fact, she thinks it is the only road to your conscience, and the only way to bring from that "holy of holies" in your nature a minute recognition of her daughter's claims upon you. To use Caudle language, it is rather odd that your wife seems to love you less in the presence of her mother than in that of

any one else. I suppose she is afraid of exciting her jealousy. A sort of indistinct, lumbering idea never fairly and fully leaves the maternal breast that you have partly robbed it of her daughter's affection. She is resigned, but at the bottom of it all there is a fang which at times she would like to run into your quick. How is it, after those long afternoon calls she has made in your absence, that your wife greets you with a kind of faint, despairing look, and a face drawn languidly into a shape not unlike "a crescent moon?" So, bachelors and freemen, beware lest the answer come too late.

IT IS BEGINNING to be suspected now that digestion and indigestion have a good deal to do with "a Christian spirit and temper;" but investigations of this kind proceed very slowly, as it is so nice to eat and drink what we like, and so trying only to eat and drink what likes us. Rich dishes look like that fruit in Eden—"pleasant to the eyes;" and we forget the shadows behind them. The muffin which Thomas has just brought in with the coffee-tray will probably keep me awake two or three hours in bed, yet it seems almost impossible to pass it by. My mother-in-law, who is on a visit to us, I noticed to take rather freely at dinner of stuffing with her goose, and I feel certain I shall have to suffer for it in some way or other: perhaps some dark hint will be given by her, in the dull of to-morrow morning, that I am not sufficiently thoughtful of her daughter. I am really the kindest of husbands, and I know in my conscience it is all that stuffing; but it would be the height of vulgarity to tell her so. I can't help thinking that it would be well if these kinds of processes were more clearly traced, and talked about in the pulpit. This morning, I met our excellent and worthy church-warden, quite in low spirits about "church rates" and other sublunary matters, and I know well the reason of it; but it wouldn't do to tell him. *Entre nous*, there was a rent-supper last night at the Cat and Bagpipes, and the roast beef and strong ale have at last taken an ecclesiastical shape.

THERE ARE innumerable stories about dogs. Here is one—true, upon my honour. My cousin went out one evening to dine with a friend, about half a mile distant, and having foolishly taken a bottle of wine, fell asleep on the bank of a lonely path on his

way back. It was a keen, frosty night, and he would probably have been dead if he had remained there till morning; and so, it appears, his little spaniel dog thought, for he set off to give the best notice he could of the occurrence. First he came barking violently at the door, then he went up straight as a needle to the housekeeper, and pulled her by the skirts of her gown to the door. She instantly suspected something was wrong with her master; and great indeed was the joy of the little fellow when she put on her bonnet to follow him. He kept looking back every five seconds to be sure she was behind him, and when he came in sight of his master, stood still and gave her a pointing, melancholy look with his eyes and head. All I can say is, that if such dogs as this haven't souls, it's a great shame.

I AM SORRY IT has become the fashion at dinner parties to have the fish and joints, &c., carved and served from the side-board. There is something very pleasing in the sight of a good turbot or salmon, and a saddle of mutton or sirloin. Why should not this sense of sight be gratified as well as that of taste? Cooking may fairly be called a science, and dishing-up is a branch out of it—which calls for a considerable amount of artistic power. No one with an eye for symmetry and beauty can see the rich green parsley fringing the white of a fresh boiled turbot, or the horse-radish hanging over the crest of the sirloin, without emotion; and now all this is lost.

A CORRESPONDENT:—

A MOTHER'S RECKONINGS.

Our nest is full of little birds—
I count upon my fingers ten;
And one of baby's touch for Polly,
Which makes our number up eleven.

To-day I counted eighteen pies—
Like boats at anchor—in the pantry;
A goose, and largish leg of mutton:
Ah! where will they be to-morrow be?

Yet baby, my sweet baby, Annie
(This kiss is more than gold to me),
Not if the world instead were given,
Would I give one of our eleven.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W. C. All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. No unaccepted MSS. will be returned until a written application has been made for them.

ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 233.

June 15, 1872.

Price 2d.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SIXTH.



NOT caring to bestow any further thought upon Lafleur's letter for the present, Dick Mortiboy went on to the post-office, to find out Frank, if possible. It was a poor little post-office, kept by

a bookseller in a small way, perhaps a man who should be described as one who sold small books. Specimens of his wares were in the window, cheap religious books mostly, and the doorway was filled with the *affiche* boards of daily papers.

Dick found a woman behind the counter, and stated his business.

"I—I—don't think it's hardly regular," she said. "People come and get their letters here, but I don't know that I ought to tell you anything about them."

"There's five shillings. Now you will tell me."

It was blunt, but effective. The woman took the shillings, put them in her pocket, and went on at once.

"I don't know anything about the gentleman who has the letters addressed to him as Mr. Melliship. Sometimes he comes—a tall, fair-haired young man—quite the gentleman. Sometimes it's a young person."

"A girl, you mean? A young lady?"

She smiled superior, and tossed her head.

"Not a lady, I should say, certainly. At least, I wouldn't compare her with myself. A young woman, sir."

"Pretty as well as young?"

She bridled up.

"That's a matter of opinion. I don't hold with a pink and rose face, and a bit of false hair."

"Is that all you can tell me?"

"That's all, sir, I'm sorry to say," replied the woman.

"Then you've taken five shillings out of me on false pretences," said Dick, pretending to be in a rage. "I've a great mind to report you to head-quarters." The woman turned all colours. "Well, I won't this time, if you'll tell Mr. Melliship or the young person, the next time the letters are asked for, that his cousin has been to see him, and wants him particularly. On what day does the young person come?"

"On Monday morning always, sir, about eleven o'clock, unless he comes himself. Quite the gentleman, he is."

He was in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn-road, and thought of Mrs. Kneebone's. He took his way down that thoroughfare with a view of finding out if Polly had been there, and what she had done.

Sitting at the entrance of the court was the boy Thoozy, looking wistfully down in the direction of Holborn. It was down the street that little Bill had gone with the swell, and he naturally expected that it was by that way he would return. Dick touched him on the shoulder.

He jumped up on his crutches, and grinned a perfect paean of joy.

"Well, Thoozy," said Dick, "and how's things?"

"How's little Bill?" returned Thoozy.

"Well and strong. He sent you a message a little while ago by a tramp. Didn't you get it?"

"Never," said Thoozy. "Never. What was it?"

"Only to send his love, and you were not to forget him."

"I never forgets him," said the poor boy. "I got no one to talk to now he's gone; and the old woman's took on dreadful with drink ever since the day Polly Tresler came."

"Ah! what was that? Tell me all about it, boy. Come into the court, and sit on your own step."

Mrs. Kneebone saw them coming up the road, and trembled. Was further information wanted, and should she expose herself to another assault of an aggravated nature? She decided at once on her line of action; and, putting on her shawl, she took a jug and a big key, so as to show that she meant business, and sallied down the steps.

"Me-thew-salem," she said, with great sweetness, "I'm obliged for to go out for a little bit. Take care of them blessed children while I'm away. Good morning, sir. And it's hoping you found all that I told you c'rect."

Dick nodded his head, and she passed on, seeing no prospect of further coin.

"Now, Thoozy," said Dick, "tell me all about it."

If Methoosalem had been born in a somewhat higher sphere of life; if he had not been lame; if his flesh, which was weak, had been equal to his spirit, which was strong; if he had been educated for the stage—he might have made a low comedian of a very unusual kind. His talent was prodigious, but his training was defective.

With an instinctive feeling that a vivid picture of Mrs. Kneebone's discomfiture and Polly's subsequent disaster would be appreciated, Thoozy enacted the whole scene with a dramatic *verve* which set the tragedy vividly before his listener. The boy forget his lameness and infirmity, mimicked their voices, alternately doing Mrs. Kneebone with her conciliatory hypocrisy, and Polly with her sulky disbelief. When he put in the finishing touch of Mrs. Kneebone's really ill-natured remark about himself, Dick roared with laughter.

"Look here, boy," he said—"you are not very anxious, I suppose, to stay here all your life?"

"I'm a old man," said Thoozy, with a comical leer. "I'm getting very old, and past work. I used to think I'd stay on here all my days; but now little Bill is gone, and I got nobody to talk to, I think a change might do me good. My doctor did recom-

mend," he added, waving his hand grandly, "that I should take six months' holiday, and go to one of our country seats. With port wine. Says I must drink port wine, three glasses a-day. As the resident physician, I couldn't spare the time; but if you press me very hard, I might get away for a bit. I say, sir," he went on, in a changed voice, "let me see little Bill again. I won't do him no harm. I never did, that I knows on. Let me have a talk with him once more—only once."

Dick hesitated. Why should he not take the boy away? With all his quaint affectations, his oddities, and infirmities, he could do no harm to his adopted son. Why not take him too?

He took out a card case, and printed his address on it in pencil.

"I live here. You can read that? Good. Jermyn-street, off Regent-street. Now be careful, and listen. Little Bill is with me there. You make your way at once to St. James's Park. Wait about the door of the Duke of York's Column. I will send Bill to you, or bring him if he doesn't know the way."

"Bill not know the way? He knows his way, like a ferret, all over London, even where he hasn't been. Bill wasn't along with me for nothing."

"Good. You two boys may spend the whole day together. Bring him back to Jermyn-street at nine. As the clock strikes, mind!"

"I will. Sharp at nine."

Dick considered a moment.

"Bill's got good clothes now, too," he said. "Would you like some decent things to put on?"

Thoozy looked at his old coat and his torn trousers, and sighed.

"Come, then. I know a man close by."

He took him to the same dealer who had refitted little Bill, and provided him with a suit of clothes, including stockings—quite unknown to Thoozy, except by hearsay, up to that time—better than he had ever dreamed of.

"Now, you've plenty of time—go into Endell-street and have a bath, brush your hair, and make yourself quite respectable."

He gave him a few shillings to complete his arrangements, and walked away.

Thoozy went back to the court, amid the jeers of the populace—who recognized him in spite of his grandeur—just to see that the babies were not coming to any harm, rescu-

ing an infant from imminent suffocation by reason of a corner of the sheet, which it mistook, through want of experience, for the mouth of a feeding-bottle. Thoozy shook them all up, and went his way.

It was one o'clock when Dick got back to Jermyn-street.

"There's a friend of yours wants to see you very much," he said to his ward.

"Thoozy! Thoozy!" cried the boy with delight.

"That is the party. Are you hungry, Bill?"

"Very little, Uncle Dick."

"Got any money?" Little Bill produced two-and-fourpence from his pocket. "Go on, then. You can have your dinner with Methoosalem, where you like. You know your way to the Duke of York's Column. Wait there till you see him."

Dick Mortiboy lunched in his own room, and then smoked the cigar of content and happiness. He embodied his discoveries at the post-office in Great Bedford-street in a short note to Grace Heathcote, and despatched it to the pillar-box by the woman who was in charge. This was the purport of it:—

"Frank calls for his letters, or has them called for by a young woman, every Monday morning. We must wait till then. Next Monday I will be there."

It was about three o'clock that a man, all in rags and tatters, rang at the door bell. The old woman in charge—all the other lodgers were out of town—opened it, and looked at him with suspicion.

"I want Mr. Mortiboy."

"Give me your name, and I'll see," she said.

"He knows me. Let me pass."

The man pushed by her, and mounted the stairs. Dick's sitting-room was at the back, second floor, a small room, but big enough for his purposes. He had, besides, a bed-room for himself, with a dressing-room, in which was a bed for the boy.

He was sitting over his third cigar. He never read books, having lost the habit of reading long since. Sometimes he looked at the newspaper, but not often. He was, therefore, like Captain Bowker in one respect, that all his ideas were his own. To-day, he was more happy and contented than he had ever been before since his return.

All was going well with him. Grace would not have him. Very good.

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

a quotation he would certainly have made if he had known it. Unromantic as it may seem, Dick cured himself of his passion by the simple expedient of giving the girl up. He loved her no longer. Men only really love a girl—with that blind, passionate devotion which burns her image upon their hearts in indelible characters, like a tattoo on the arm—between the ages of twenty and thirty. After that—experience. Men past the sixth lustrum know womankind better. They know the other sex because they know their own. They know that no women are perfect, and they suspect their own passion. Now, suspicion to passion is like the sunshine to a coal fire: it puts it out. Dick gave up his love with a mighty effort, because it was very strong. But having given it up, he gave it up altogether. There were no half measures with Dick: thorough at all times. If Grace had accepted him, no husband could have been more true and more faithful than he, more attentive, more thoughtful. Just as he had been a thorough rogue, just as he was going to be a thorough "respectable," just so he would have been a thorough lover. But it could not be; and therefore, as a philosopher, he acknowledged that it was better not to think of it. Now his plans were changed: to go away altogether, to take the boy with him: he was now planning—even the thought of taking Thoozy, too, crossed his mind—to come back after many years. This was his new programme. As he lay back in his easy chair, his handsome face breathed a sweet spirit of hope and cheerfulness, and with every fresh cloud of tobacco came castles of contentment and repose.

His door opened. He looked round to see who it was, but started to his feet at sight of the miserable object before him. Alcide Lafleur stood in the doorway. Ragged, starving, pinched and footsore, his old partner stood there in front of him, staring at him with haggard eyes.

"Good God, man!" he said, "what is this?"

"Did you not get my letter, Dick?"

"To-day—this morning. What is this?"

"First give me money to get food and clothes. I am almost starving."

Dick thrust all the money in his pocket into Lafleur's hands.

"Go, quickly. Get things, and then come back. Take my latch-key, and return as soon as you can."

Lafleur took the money and the key, and crept away.

Dick lit another cigar. But the current of his thoughts was rudely disturbed. The clouds of tobacco smoke were angry and threatening now, and filled with coloured pictures. He filled and drank three or four glasses of wine in succession. Then he sat down doggedly to wait, with his hands in his pockets. Presently the old woman came up.

"If you don't want me, sir," she said, "I've particular business, and should like to go out this afternoon."

She resented the appearance of lodgers in September, when everybody, including the landlady, was away; and she was not inclined to put herself about to please anybody.

"Oh yes," said Dick, "you can go. I'm not likely to want anything. Be back by nine—the boy's coming in then, and will want some supper."

It was a little before six when the front door slammed, and a footfall sounded on the stairs.

A moment afterwards, M. Alcide Lafleur, washed, shaven, trimmed, and dressed, darkened the threshold of his old partner's room. He was rehabilitated, and, at least externally, restored to the semblance of his former state.

"Sacré!" he exclaimed, pinching up the sleeve of his new coat and turning it round, "what a climate!"

There were great rain spots on it. He wiped his new hat with his new cambric handkerchief.

"Never mind the rain," said Dick Mortiboy. "Now tell me all about it. How came you to get into such a mess?"

"Light your gas first, my friend," said Lafleur; "it is cursedly dark in this little hole—"

It was dark. The clouds were black: a thunderstorm had burst over London.

Dick put a match to his gas.

"Young Ready-money is the sobriquet the respectable citizens of your native village have conferred on their philanthropic millionaire," he continued, with that thin, sneering smile of his on his face. "I think if Alcide Lafleur had either the title or the money he would, somewhere in London,

have found an apartment more distinguished than this is."

He looked round Dick's simple sitting-room, and shrugged his shoulders. Gentlemen of his temperament soon recover themselves. Lafleur had already recovered. He was the same man that had got Dick Mortiboy out of the prison in Palmiste; that had traded with him; run the blockade with him; gambled, swindled, and lied with him. Lafleur was unchanged. But his partner was no longer Roaring Dick, and the company of his old companion was distasteful to him—his voice grated on his ear.

"The rooms do for me, Lafleur. Nobody knows me; and if they did, it would not matter."

"Always so careless, so rough. My dear Richard, if I had your money!" He heaved a sigh: he thought of what he had given up in giving back Dick's word to him. "Ah! how unfortunate I have been—how lucky you! And you are content with a hammock, a beefsteak, and a pot of beer!"

"Have you actually lost all?" asked Dick, abruptly.

"My cursed luck!" replied Lafleur, looking at the rain beating down the window. "How it pelts! Ma foi!"

"Never mind the rain—tell me all about it," said Dick a second time.

And Lafleur told his story. It took him half an hour to tell it; but, briefly, it was the story of every man who ever went to Hombourg to break the bank—except that lucky thousandth one who breaks it. At first, luck was with Lafleur: night after night he went home with every pocket stuffed with gold pieces.

"Dick, if you had been with me I should have landed the grand coup—twice—instead of beggaring myself. You have pluck—dash—élan. You would have carried out the System, and piled the money on. I was a coward. I hesitated. It came to putting down two thousand in one stake—the bank had been winning enormously: they would have covered any stake: the cards seemed be-devilled—and I dared not do it. Like a mad fool, I left the table. Dick, the next time did it. If I had only had pluck, I should have landed myself with a profit of five thousand pounds on the run." He laughed. "As I always told you, the more the run was against you, the more you must win—at the end. My System is perfect. I was the fool."

"Well," said Dick Mortiboy, "you had lost all."

"Stay. Half—all my winnings and half the money I took with me. Cool as I am—old hand as I am, my dear Richard—my nerve was gone, for the time;—not at the run against me: at my contemptible folly. I ran over to Wiesbaden, and played a week at roulette. I won a five hundred there, and then came back to Hombourg. The very same cursed luck attended me again. I had not pluck to put all my money down at one stake. I hesitated, and was lost again. My head was gone. I deserted my System, and played with the reckless folly of a madman—"

"And you were cleaned out?"

"Lost every farthing. But, Dick, you would have saved me. The System is perfect. Carry it out, and I defy you to lose. My want of pluck beat me."

"A cool player, Lafleur; but you always wanted courage."

"When all was gone, I thought of you. I knew you would never turn your back on an old friend. I thought I would come back here to you for more money."

Dick's face, as he heard this confession, grew hard.

"I sold my clothes, and my rings, and watch; but I lost money on the way. I had only enough left to bring me to Newhaven. Dick, I have walked from Newhaven to London on tenpence—one franc—upon my honour. Of all my possessions, I have got nothing left but the six-shooter you gave me ten years ago."

Dick got up, and began to pace the room.

"Lafleur, let me say what I think, and then you shall speak. Our partnership is dissolved. You have given me back my word. You know that I never say things unless I mean them. When I sought that dissolution, I meant a complete severance of our connection. I meant that you should have no claim upon me—not the least—for the future. I belong to a different world henceforth. Go your way, and let me go mine. That is what I mean still. I am not surprised that the System has broken down—they always do. No man ever yet could invent, or will invent, a scheme to meet the chances of luck. When it isn't luck, it is skill. Now you know exactly what I mean, state exactly what you want me to do."

Lafleur turned white. Tell an inventor

that his model is worthless, the model over which he has grown gray: tell a poet that his poem is balderdash, the poem over which he has spent his life: tell a mathematician that his integrals are as useless as the mediæval scholasticism, those integrals on which he has sacrificed his youth. Do all these things with impunity, you will only wound. But do not tell a gambler that his scheme is a mistake and a delusion. You will madden him.

Lafleur clutched the arm of his chair, but said nothing.

Dick went on.

"You know, Lafleur, in spite of our dissolution, that I cannot let an old friend come to grief without my trying to help him. Now, I will do this for you: I will give you five hundred now, on condition that you go to America; and I will send you a thousand when I know you have arrived. Think it over."

"Go partners again with me, Dick—only in the System, you know. Come over to Hombourg, and play it yourself. With your own splendid luck, Dick, we must win—I am certain we must win. Bring ten thousand with you. I will be a half-partner, a gambling partner, anything. Only let us try it once more."

"No."

Lafleur made no further effort. He knew his man.

"I accept," he said, after a few minutes.

Dick took his cheque book, and drew a cheque on his London agents for five hundred pounds.

"What is the day of the month—the twenty-third? I have filled it in with the twenty-second. Never mind, it will be all the same. Keep the condition, Lafleur, or I don't keep mine."

"Some men would threaten you, Dick," said Lafleur, pocketing the cheque. "I do not. I think you are treating me hardly, but I do not threaten."

"I should like to see the man who would threaten me," said Dick, calmly.

Lafleur, whose whole bearing was changed, who had lost his ease and assurance, made no answer to this remark.

"Give me some brandy," he said after a pause. "I am a good deal shaken. I don't quite know what I am saying."

He drank a glass neat, and then had a tumbler of brandy and water mixed half-and-half fashion.

"Voilà!—I feel better," he said, putting on a little of his old style.

He walked to the windows, and looked out.

"How cursedly it pours down. What are we to do?"

"You can stay and smoke a cigar."

They smoked for some minutes in unbroken silence. The only sound in the room was the pelting of the rain against the window panes.

"Dick, may I propose half an hour at euchre?" He said this doubtfully, half afraid that Dick would refuse. "It is a long time since we played—we may never play again together. Let us have a last game."

"I don't mind playing a game or two, Lafleur," he said. He took out his watch. "It is half-past seven now. I sha'n't play after nine. I shall leave off as the clock strikes. I've got an engagement then."

The first half-hour was over. The clock struck eight, and the rain had ceased. The luck was all on Dick's side. He had won thirty pounds of Lafleur. It was scored down on a piece of paper.

"Shall we leave off? You're not in luck, and I don't want to win."

Lafleur begged him to go on.

"Lend me ten again."

Dick passed the money over the table, and made the score on the paper forty. At half-past eight the debt was a hundred.

"I won't take the money of you," said Dick.

"You shall take it," said Lafleur, tossing off another glass of brandy, "if you leave off a winner. Come on, deal the cards—we have only half an hour."

When half of that half-hour was gone, Dick Mortiboy sprang from his chair, leaned across the table, and brought his hand heavily upon the sleeve of his adversary's coat. In it was a knave, the best card at euchre, which Dick dragged forth.

"Swindler," he cried, "you would even cheat me!" He pushed back his chair, turned over the table, and flung the cards in Lafleur's face. "Give me back my cheque," he said, sternly—"I have done with you."

Without saying a word, the Frenchman flew at him like a tiger-cat. Dick stepped lightly aside, and received him with his left. He fell heavily. He rose again, however, in a moment, and went at him again. A second time he fell. This time he lay on the

carpet, with a livid face, and for a moment appeared not to move. But his white hand stole stealthily to his coat pocket. He half turned, as if to rise—Dick watching him with flashing eyes—and then—then—the sharp crack of a pistol, a column of smoke, a heavy fall, and Dick Mortiboy lying flat on his face!

Lafleur started to his feet. He had shot his adversary as he lay, without taking the pistol from his pocket. He leaned over Dick for a moment: he did not move. He turned him on his back. His eyes were closed: he breathed heavily. He unbuttoned the waistcoat: the bullet had entered his chest. He saw stains of blood upon his shirt. Then he went outside to the landing, and listened. Not a sound. He went to Dick's open desk. In it were about twelve sovereigns and some notes. He took ten pounds in gold, leaving the notes, and put two of them in Dick's pocket. The keys were in the desk. He locked it, and placed them on the mantelpiece. He did this to prevent suspicion of robbery. Next, he picked up the table, and hid the cards away, and put the furniture straight. Then he drank another glass of brandy.

One thing he had forgotten—the pistol: he laid it in the hand of the fallen man. As he placed it in Dick's hand, the fingers clutched over it.

And then he took his hat, and glided out of the room.

He came back a moment after, and bent over Dick's face.

Dick neither moved nor spoke.

Enough. Lafleur stole gently away, down the stairs, out of the house, stepping softly through the door. He closed it after him; but the latch did not hold. The clock of St. James's Church began to strike the hour of nine as he reached Piccadilly.

There was not a soul in the house. Jermyn-street in September is a howling wilderness. No one, save people at the back, heard the pistol-shot; no one saw Lafleur enter or go away; and Dick Mortiboy lay supine, the wet beads of death clustering on his forehead, his life-blood welling away from his wound.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-SEVENTH.

WHAT did he think of, as he lay there?—of his wild life, his lawlessness, his crimes?—of the singular chance which had landed him on the shores of respectability

and fortune?—of his aims and hopes for the future? A man's thoughts, when Death stares him in the face, are comprehensive. He thinks of all. In a dream, even of half a minute's duration, you may live through a lifetime. The Eastern monarch dipped his head into a tub of water, and straightway left his Sultanship, and became a wanderer for twenty years. At the end of that time, he found himself lifting his head out of the water again. This adventure had taken him one minute to accomplish. A man told me that he slipped once in the Alps, and glided for two or three hundred feet, expecting instant death. He was pulled up—I forget how—and saved from death; but in that brief space he lived all his life over again. The dying thief upon the Cross—model and ensample of all who repent at the last moment—at the close of his last hour, when suffering gave way to torpor, and physical pain, as one would fain hope, became only a deadened misery, may so have lived in a moment through all his life, and seen clearly what might have been.

Who can tell what thoughts crowded into the brain of poor Dick Mortiboy, lying there, alone and untended, stricken to death? I, for one, cannot. I only know that he was softened and changed of late; that many things had quite suddenly become clear to him; that the old carelessness was changing into gravity; that he was beginning to recognize the evil of his ways; that life had changed its aspect. Wealth had done this for him: wealth, that works in many ways, turning the unselfish man into the voluptuary, or the selfish man into one who lives and cares wholly for others. Wealth brings with it its curse or its blessing, just as its recipient is disposed. It is a means to make a Tiberius, or it may make its—Here the law of libel interferes; or I might name one who has great wealth, a giant's strength, and owns it but as a trust for the improvement, as best he can, of his fellows—a single-hearted, honest man: a rich man, for whom the needle's eye is as easy to pass as for the poorest pauper who breathes with resignation and dies with joy. So would it have been for my Dick Mortiboy. But at the moment when the tide was turned came the stroke of fate, and he who might have done so much was forbidden to do anything. Ah! the pity of it—the pity of it!

At nine o'clock—before the old woman

returned—came back the boys from their day's holiday. Laughing, radiant, happy—little Bill, followed by his limping companion, strangely diffident now with his changed and glorified “young 'un,” sprang up the steps of the house in Jermyn-street. They found the door open.

“Come in, Thoozy—come up with me. Uncle Dick said you was to come, you know.”

Thoozy followed up the stairs, while Bill, running before with the impetuosity of a Peter, reached the door of Dick's chamber, and opened it.

The lamp was out. They stood in darkness. Only on the floor before them a black form.

Bill stopped and looked. A blank dread filled his soul. He trembled: he dared not speak. Behind him he heard Thoozy's crutch, as he limped up the stairs. He waited.

“What's that, Thoozy?” he whispered, pointing to the floor.

Thoozy did not answer. The light on the staircase was in his eyes, and he could see nothing. The two boys, clinging to each other, stood shivering with fear, as in the doorway Thoozy made out, in the twilight, the figure of a man upon the floor.

“Go and get a light,” he whispered. “Run—quick. Do you know where to find one?”

“They've always one on the stairs,” replied the other. “Don't move, Thoozy—don't move.”

He disappeared. As soon as he was gone, Thoozy entered the room, and, kneeling down, felt the face of the man who lay so still. It was that of Uncle Dick. He knew it by the long silken beard. A whisper reached his ears.

“Go—fetch a doctor—quick! Get a light—water, for God's sake!”

Bill returned at the moment. Thoozy snatched the candle from him, and got a carafe from the bed-room, from which he poured a few drops into the dying man's mouth. He sprinkled his face; and then little Bill, who had watched him with pale face and trembling lips, fell headlong on the ground, weeping and sobbing, kissing the cheeks and lips of his patron, and crying in his agony—

“Oh! Uncle Dick—Uncle Dick!”

“Give him more water,” said Thoozy. “I am going out for a doctor. Don't let him move till I come back.”

Thoozy limped away, forgetting his crutch, and poor little Bill heard him descend step by step.

He was left alone with Dick. Terrors of every kind assailed his heart. He could not speak. All he could do was to lie along the floor, his cheek against Dick's, to feel him breathing, to know that he was living.

Minutes that seemed hours passed slowly away. At last, he heard footsteps again. Thoozy was returning, bringing some one with him. It was the doctor. Thoozy's good sense led him into Waterloo-place, where he knew there was a policeman; of him he got the address of the nearest surgeon. The policeman went with him, suspecting something wrong. The doctor was at home, and came at once.

He took the candle, and began to examine his patient. A weak whisper greeted him.

"I have had an accident," Dick murmured, feebly. "Half an hour ago—an old pistol—shot myself in the side—no one in the house to help me—left side—don't move me—I am bleeding to death."

"More light," said the doctor. "Boy, light that lamp."

It was a moderator, the mechanism of which was unknown to Thoozy.

The policeman lit it.

Then the doctor unbuttoned the waistcoat, and looked for the wound. On the floor lay the pistol—he trod upon it. The policeman took it, and, after carefully looking at it, placed it in his own pocket.

"One chamber fired," he murmured. "Who is he?" he asked Thoozy.

"I don't know. He knows—Bill knows. He was a-goin' to do something for me. He gave me these clothes to-day, and told me to come at nine," sobbed Thoozy.

"Who is it?" the policeman said to little Bill.

"Mr. Mortiboy," said Bill, as if all the world knew him.

"Does he live here always?"

"No, he lives at Market Basing," said Bill, trembling, in spite of the last few weeks' experience, at sight of a policeman. "He's my uncle Dick."

"He isn't really his uncle," whispered Thoozy. "He took care o' little Bill. He's no relation at all—told me so hisself."

Meantime, the doctor was at work. His face grew very grave. Dick opened his eyes with an effort, and looked at him.

"How long?" he asked.

"It is a very serious accident," began the doctor.

"How long?" repeated Dick, in a hoarse whisper.

"Perhaps half an hour."

"Take paper, and let me make a statement to save trouble."

"Speak very low," whispered the doctor. "I can hear. Do not exert yourself more than you can possibly help."

Dick began, in a faint voice—

"I—Richard—Melliship—Mortiboy—declare that I—have—accidentally shot myself while preparing to clean my pistol."

You see, he was true to his old partner to the very last. Went out of the world with a lie on his lips, to save him.

The doctor wrote.

"Place the pen in my hand, and guide me. I want to sign it in presence of yourself and the policeman," said the dying man.

It was done. With faltering fingers, Dick traced his name for the last time.

"Have you any testamentary depositions to make or alter?"

"Give me—water—brandy—something."

They held up his head—the forehead dank and cold, the cheeks pale, the eyes only opening from time to time with an effort—and the doctor gave him a spoonful of brandy. This revived him a little.

"Write," he said.

"Dearest Cousin Grace, I am dying. You can find Frank easily. All my money will be yours and Lucy's. Let Frank and Ghrimes be partners. God bless you, my dear. If I had lived, I would have—"

Here he stopped. Presently he went on again.

"Remember that I love you for all you have done for me, but that I give you up freely and entirely. Let the money go back to help the poor as much as may be."

He stopped again. Another spoonful of brandy.

"Tell my father—" Here he paused: a strange look of bewilderment crossed his face. "Ah!" he sighed, "it is no use now to tell him anything. I shall tell him myself."

The doctor thought he was wandering.

"Where is little Bill?" he whispered.

The doctor put the child's face to his. "Oh, Uncle Dick! don't die! Don't die, Uncle Dick!"

Dick kissed the tear-wet cheek that lay upon his cheek, and his head fell back.

"Poor little chap!" he murmured.

They were his last words. A moment after, without a sigh or a groan, he turned his head to one side—they had brought a pillow from the bed-room—and opened his eyes no more. Dick was dead. Ah! the pity of it—the pity of it!

"Coroner's inquest," said the policeman. "Were you here, my boys?"

"No," said Thoozy. "We found him here. He told us to come at nine."

"Can we telegraph?" said the doctor.

"Who to? We may look in the desk. These boys can't help us. Go to bed, my lads," he said, in a kindly voice. "You can't do any good here."

They searched the desk. No sign of an address.

There were no cards upon him, and no letters.

"We might," said the policeman—"we might send to the police-office of Market Basing for information."

Thoozy followed little Bill to his bed-room. Both were crying and lamenting.

"Bill," said Thoozy, after a pause, "it's all over—he won't help you and me no more. He's dead, is Uncle Dick. Why couldn't I die? I'm no use in the world to nobody. I've got no money—I've only got rheumatiz. Why couldn't I die, and Uncle Dick live? Come, Bill, it's no use stopping here no longer. Let's go, you and me."

"Not back to Mother Kneebone's," said Bill.

"No, not back to Kneebone's. Let's go a long way off—miles away—where they won't find us, and live together. How much money have you got, Bill?"

"I've got a sovereign. He gave it me yesterday."

"I've got three shillin'. He gave it me to-day. And we've got our clothes. Let's go, Bill."

He took the child by the arm, and they stepped out stealthily upon the stairs, and crept down, Thoozy leaning on Bill.

When they got into the street, Thoozy led the way eastward. They passed through Covent-garden, and down Drury-lane. They walked up Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, Cheap-side, and so on to the Whitechapel-road. In

fulness of time, after many stoppages—for they slept an hour on this doorstep and an hour on that—they arrived, when day broke, somewhere in the East-end of London, where there were masts of ships innumerable.

"It's the docks," said Thoozy. "Now we'll wait, and look about us."

In the afternoon of that fatal day, old Hester was pushing Mr. Mortiboy's Bath chair slowly round the broad gravel paths, according to her wont, in front of the house in Dergate. Lucy Heathcote walked by her uncle's side, now and then saying a kind word to the old man, to rouse and cheer him. She had been more hopeful of his recovery of late days. The worst symptoms had improved; his eyes were brighter; he had begun to be interested in little things about him; and his features had gained back something of their old expression. In her hand was the Bible, from which she was reading favourite passages to her uncle. In health he would never be "read to"—in his sickness he made no sign of dissent. Lucy's presence soothed him. He loved to have her near him. She knew he liked to hear her voice, though his poor palsied wits seemed to have neither memory nor understanding. So she read on.

She was stopped by a loud cry from Hester.

"Oh! Miss Lucy! look at your uncle, miss! Oh! what *shall* we do!"

Lucy dropped her Bible. The old man's face was suddenly distorted fearfully, and he lay back upon his pillows, breathing heavily and laboriously. He had had another stroke. The girl thought he would die there. Hester was helpless from fright.

"Run—run—for the nurse; then send for Dr. Kerby—don't lose a second," cried Lucy.

The nurse came from her tea, with her mouth full of bread and butter. She was calm and unmoved in the young girl's grief and the old servant's terror. She was quite equal to the situation. It had been her business to see people die. She showed her superiority by giving her orders calmly.

Hester was despatched for the doctor.

"There's death in his face, miss. Let us take him in. He won't be with us many hours now."

Sobbing grievously, Lucy lent her hand to wheel the dying man into his bed-room. The window opened on to the lawn.

"Oh, how horrible it seems, nurse! Oh, let us try to get him out of his chair! Oh, poor Uncle Richard—my dear—my dear!"

He was a heavy weight—dead weight—for he could not move hand or foot—both sides were palsied now; but the arms of the nurse were as strong as a man's. With little help from Lucy she got him on to his bed.

The girl—sole one among his relatives who had ever *loved* old Ready-money Mortiboy—fell on her knees by the bedside, and prayed to God.

The old man turned his eyes towards her. She saw he was still conscious.

"Oh! uncle," she implored, "try—try to pray—try to follow my words. Uncle Richard," she cried, in an agony of grief, "oh! Uncle Richard—try to make your peace with God."

But Mr. Mortiboy was unconscious again.

The doctors came in a few minutes. Their language was plain: they did not try to disguise the truth. The period of the old man's life might be reckoned in minutes. They could do nothing, but they stayed to see the end.

Ghrimes was sent for. He alone knew Dick's London address. It was past eight o'clock before he came back from the country, where he had been on business. He came—touched his old master's powerless, helpless hand, and hurried away to the telegraph office to summon Dick from London. Vain errand!

For five hours from the time of his last stroke, the old man lay on his bed like one dead. He breathed, but every moment with less strength. To Lucy Heathcote it seemed like five days. Her father and mother were there with her, but she thought only of him who lay dying with them all round his bed.

The death struggle came at nine o'clock. There was an inarticulate sound first from the old man's lips. Then he *spoke*. They all heard it.

He said, "My—son—Dick," and lay there—dead.

"Dick ought to be here at half-past ten," John Heathcote whispered to his wife.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

DICK'S letter to Grace arrived at Parkside before the news of his death, which was brought by one of the bank clerks sent out by Ghrimes at eight o'clock. Grace was reading the letter which promised to find Frank

in the course of a week, and had just passed it over to her father, who read it with much satisfaction. Mrs. Heathcote, too, read it, but with different feelings, which she was studying how to express with due effect, when the messenger of evil tidings from the bank arrived in Dick's own dogcart.

The farmer was with him for five minutes. He came back with pale cheeks and quivering lips.

"Dick," he gasped—"Dick—he's gone—dead—he shot himself by accident last night, and died an hour afterwards. Poor Dick! poor Dick!" He recovered after a little. "Strange they both died at the same hour. A telegram came to the police-office this morning at eight. They sent round to Ghrimes. Ghrimes has sent for me. Poor Dick!—poor Dick!"

The presence of a tragic event like this melted for a moment the animosity of her mother to Grace. They fell into each other's arms, sobbing and crying. Dick was dead! Dick the generous: Dick the noble: Dick the true and brave! Dick was dead! Nor was it for a full half-hour that Mrs. Heathcote, recovering herself the first, was able dimly to realize the change that this event might cause to her. Dick was dead—alas! poor Dick! But then—but then—all the fortune—the half million of money—whose would this be? Whose should it be, she asked herself, but her own? And already beginning the imaginary reign of splendour over which she had brooded so many years, a dream interrupted by Dick's return, she held her handkerchief to her eyes, and in the intervals of weeping indulged in delicious visions of grandeur.

Mr. Heathcote found Market Basing literally in tears. The people, nearly all tenants of the great Mortiboy estates, were gathered in knots, discussing the event. No news was come except by telegram; but there was scarcely any room for doubt. Dick Mortiboy was dead. The women wept aloud: the men in silence: all had lost a friend, the kindest-hearted friend they ever had—the most ready to help. Not one to whom Dick, in his short reign of four months, had not done some kind action: not one who could not speak from experience of his soft heart and generous nature. As the farmer drove through the crowd that besieged the bank with inquiries, the fresh tears rose to his own eyes, and he got down at the door almost crying like a child.

No one cared about the old man now. Dead? Ready-money dead? Well, he had been a long time dying. He had passed away, four months ago, from men's minds.

John Heathcote arrived at the bank, went through to the manager's office, where he found Ghrimes was there with Battiscombe, to whom Ghrimes had sent, after despatching his message to Parkside.

"Do you know of any will, Mr. Battiscombe?" asked Ghrimes.

"None. I have the keys—I suppose we ought to look."

In Dick's private safe, business papers in plenty; but no will. Stay, a packet labelled, "Private: to be opened after my death."

"Open it," said the lawyer.

Ghrimes opened and read it. It was short and concise. It was the confession of Polly Tresler. As he read it, his face assumed a puzzled expression. He handed it over to Mr. Battiscombe, who read it unmoved. Lawyers are seldom surprised at anything which appears abnormal to the rest of mankind. Ghrimes was shocked at the idea of Dick's secret marriage.

"That explains," he whispered, "the early quarrel between himself and his father. That is the reason why Dick ran away."

"Perhaps. It is hard to say. No great crime for a young fellow to be beguiled by a woman into making a fool of himself," said the lawyer. "It is as pretty a confession of bigamy—trigamy, even—as ever I read. Names, dates, churches, all given. Upon my word, this woman is an exceedingly clever person. It is signed by her, and written by poor Mr. Mortiboy himself; dated, too, only a fortnight ago. Mary Tresler, Mary Tresler—I know her, daughter of that drunken old gipsy woman who married my father's gardener a long time ago. Ah, dear me!"

"What is to be done?"

"Clearly, we must first establish the truth of her statements. I think, Ghrimes, I had better go to town and see to this myself, to prevent complications. Meantime, say nothing to the Heathcotes—to anybody. There may, besides, be a will. To prevent raising hopes in their minds, tell them, what is quite true, that you don't know whether any will was made or not. You know, of course, that if there is no will, Mrs. Heathcote is the sole heiress. She inherits everything—everything."

Then Mr. Heathcote arrived.

"We must have a coroner's inquest," said Mr. Battiscombe. "There must be a funeral. There is everything to be done. Will you come to town with me?"

"No—yes—what shall I do, Ghrimes?"

"Go, by all means. The train starts in half an hour. I will send a message to Parkside. Go up to town, and see the last of your poor cousin."

They went to London—down to Dick's chambers, where they found the doctor and the old woman in charge. The doctor was standing by the bedside, with his chin on his hands, thoughtfully gazing on the stark and stiff form which lay covered with a sheet. He gently took off the sheet from his face.

"You are his cousin?" he said. "I am taking a last look at the unfortunate man. It is a singularly handsome face—a face of wonderful sweetness and goodness: a good man, I should say. And the most splendidly built man I ever saw. How *could* he have done it?"

The lawyer was reading Dick's last words, his only will and testament. John Heathcote solemnly looked upon the features of him who had been almost his own son.

"He says he did it by accident," said Mr. Battiscombe.

"Yes, yes; but how?—how? Look here." The doctor drew back the sheet, and showed the spot where the wound had been inflicted. "You see the place. Very well, then. Now take this pencil, hold it any way you like, and see if you could shoot yourself in the left side, so far back, if the pencil was a pistol. I defy you to do it. It is very odd. Yet he said he did it."

Coroner's inquest that evening. Intelligent jury, after viewing the body, and reading the paper—Dick's last imposture—heard the doctor's doubts, and pooh-poohed them. Shot himself?—of course he did. What did it matter how? As if a man would lie about such a thing as that. Verdict, "Accidental death"—the worthy coroner adding some severe strictures upon the frequency of gun accidents, and men's carelessness in the handling of weapons.

Dick was dead. The good that he had time to do lives still; the lives that he quickened, which were dead under the weight of grinding poverty and servitude, if they have relapsed to their old misery—which some may have done—have still the memory of better things, and therefore nourish a healthy discontent. The stirring of the blood which

his example and his words caused: his oration to the children, which will never die out of their minds: his charity, for the first time in Market Basing unconnected with religion and three sermons every Sunday: his sympathy with the fallen: his tenderness to the falling: his kind and rough wisdom: his unbookish maxims: his ready hand: his quick insight into humbug—all these things, and many more, make him to be remembered still. These live after him. The good that he did was a seed sown in fruitful soil, still growing up, destined to be in the after-years a goodly tree indeed. And the evil—does that still live? I know Palmiste pretty well, because I've lived in the island: he never did harm *there*, except to himself. Well, you see, I haven't been to California, or to Texas, or to Mexico, so I do not know. If ever I do go to either or all of these places, I will inquire.

Poor old Ready-money was buried, three days after his death, in the family vault—unostentatiously, quietly. No one was present at his funeral but Ghimes and Mr. Heathcote, with the lawyer. No one followed in token of respect. All his money had gone from him before he died: therefore, all his respect. No property left: of course, he was no longer of any account.

It was felt that a public funeral was due to his son. Mr. Hopgood, the mayor, had orders to prepare a simple funeral. But all Market Basing turned out to it. There was no mock mourning. It was no feeling of simple respect for property which brought all the women with the men, to see the last of one who had been with them so brief a space, and had made himself so loved by all. Not one but had a kind word of his to remember him by; no poor man but had more than a kind word; no eye that was dry when the earth rattled upon his coffin, and the sublime service of the Church was read over his remains.

His pensioners, the old men and women, were there, loudly wailing. Those whom he had saved from starvation, like old Mr. Sanderson, the cashier of Melliship's bank, were there;—those whom he had saved from ruin, like little Tweedy, the builder; those whom he had saved from shame, like Sullivan, the clerk; those for whom he had ever found a word of rough sympathy, and a hand ready to help; above all, the children, awe-stricken and terrified, in whose memory he lived as the universal friend and bene-

factor. From highest to lowest, from Lord Hunslope to the beggarman, all came to shed tears over the untimely death of Dick Mortiboy.

"Truly," said the Rector, "charity covereth a multitude of sins."

It was all over now. His burly form was with them no more. The vault was closed, the service read. They would never again hear his ringing laugh, his soft and sympathetic voice. The women would no longer, if they were poor, go to him to pour out their tales of want; if they were well-to-do, look after him in the street—so handsome, so good, so soft-hearted, so strong. The men would no longer admire him for his skill and strength, or envy him for his prosperity. All was over. Dick Mortiboy was buried.

MARGUERITE.

I PLUCK the petals one by one—
They fall upon the daisied plot;
I sing for every petal gone,
He loves me, or he loves me not.

I pluck them anxious, one by one.
Are all the sweet old vows forgot?
Is all my heart's long strength undone?
He loves me, or he loves me not.

But as my task is well-nigh done,
A voice rings through the quiet spot
Betwixt the shadow and the sun,
"Why fear that I should love you not?"

WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON.

THE reputation of a very successful literary man might have been made on a fourth of what the ex-editor of the *Athenæum* has done. In the catalogue of the British Museum—excluding his last work, "The Switzers"—there are fifty-four titles bearing Mr. Dixon's name. He has, from his first literary effort—a play—to his last book of travel, written successively history, biography, essays, and travel, besides having filled the post of editor of the first among literary papers. His books have been translated into several of the languages of Europe, and there have been many American editions of his popular works.

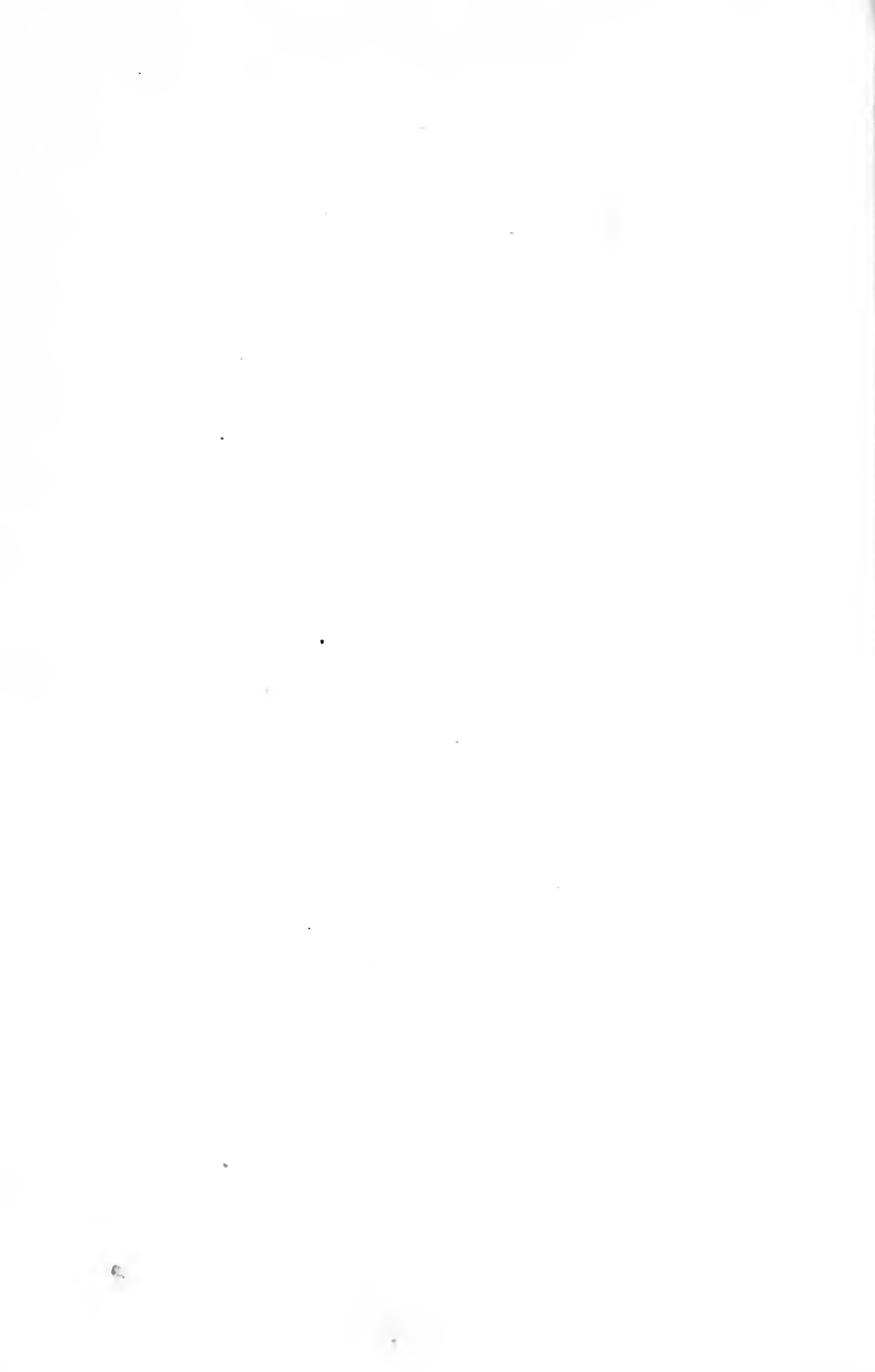
He is the son of Mr. Abner Dixon, of Holmfirth and Kirk Burton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and was born June 30, 1821. Early in life, Mr. Dixon was associated with Douglas Jerrold and the great writers of that day; and, after publishing



Once a Week.]

[June 15, 1872.

“HER MAJESTY’S TOWER.”



some papers in the *Daily News* on the "Literature of the Lower Orders," and on "London Prisons," he wrote a "Life of John Howard," a book that at once attracted the attention it deserved, and passed through three editions in the first year after its publication—this was in 1849.

"Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea," appeared in 1852. Mr. Dixon was also one of the most energetic and able promoters of the Great Exhibition of 1851. His latest works are "New America," "Her Majesty's Tower," "Spiritual Wives," "Free Russia, and "The Switzers." These works—as their popularity attests—are written in a manner very pleasing to the general reader. The style is lively and discursive—one in which new information on topics of the greatest interest is marshalled with the skill of a practised pen, without the matter ever becoming dry or the pages tedious to the reader; who, resigning himself to the spell of the writer's power, visits with him the places and people he has described with so much freshness and originality.

MY FRIEND MRS. TIMEPIECE.—V.

HER HABIT OF SNEEZING, AND THE HISTORY
BEHIND IT.

MRS. TIMEPIECE was a great sneezer. It may seem a very slight thing to make a record of, but not really so when minutely looked into. Her sneezing was the end of a chain: I mean, in plainer words, that "thereby hangs a tale." There were earlier histories in her life which might fairly be called an element in this sneezing.

The world in general is very slow in tracing effects to their true causes; and it is so because those causes are, in the large majority of cases, not agreeable ones to contemplate, or to be believed in, or to be associated with. It is very sad to see this lamentable want of courage in facing the truth: for to take refuge in even a whitey-brown lie is about as safe a position as borrowing money at fifty per cent. of a Jew. There is a short line in one of Frederick Robertson's sermons which I commend to the notice of the clergy and the world; it is, "Above all, be true."

I can compare Mrs. Timepiece's sneezing to a shower bath, with about twenty strings to it. I don't know that such—may I call them repeating?—baths are made now; and, indeed, I should think that most people are

content with the shower that the pulling of one string brings on them.

There was some history at the back of that sound; and though I cannot transcribe all of it, perhaps I may be able to furnish a few details. No doubt, there was a mixture of the physical in this peculiar sneezing, along with the moral. Mrs. Timepiece had a backbone as strong as a whale's; and whatever the *Lancet* may say, I contend that sneezing has something to do with the backbone. During sleep, this important part of the body gets into a suppressed, torpid state, and sneezing is an effect of its first efforts towards quickening. It is a sort of appeal to the brain for an increase of vitality. I ask those who read this to try and count up the many times they have greeted the new-born day with this peculiar all-hail, and they will find by the sum total that my idea about it is not altogether a wild one.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Timepiece only snoze in the early morning; the phenomenon was visible and audible generally within an hour after she had dined, and sometimes in the latter part of the evening. There may have been the faint shadow of an inarticulate feeling in the Misses Timepiece that the phenomenon was a curious one, but whatever their mother did was right.

I think, at the bottom of her heart, Mrs. Timepiece held these fits of sneezing to be rather curious phenomena, for she occasionally vouchsafed a half-apology for them, stating that it had been the same with her grandmother. There are many varieties of sneezing; and it may, to some extent, be taken as an indication of character. If I had had nothing else to judge from, I should have decided that Mrs. Timepiece was a strong-minded woman. I am obliged to own that hers was a vulgar sneeze; but in her innermost being she was not vulgar. It was what a good man in the old time described as the outward man—in this case, the outward woman—that was a little vulgar. There was wanting in her what, I think, the French call *finesse*: you could see the absence of this in her nature by her way of playing whist. There were some of the terms, by the way, used in that game which she much disliked: for instance, the word "trick"; this word, she said, had a flavour of deceit about it, and would be better changed to something else—she did not suggest what.

She threw down her knaves with an air, as if she hated such characters, and seemed only half pleased when they took a trick.

I have heard some people, when they snoze, seem to pronounce the word "acacia." I fancy, as there is a greenhouse flower of this name, that this might be called a genteel sneeze. From others the sound has not been verbal, but rather like that which a molested kitten makes when a dog comes into the room. Very often, a pocket handkerchief applied just when the tide was at its full has modified the sound into one like the rustling of leaves in a corner—a very ghostly sound, and calculated in the dark to frighten a bad conscience. But Mrs. Timepiece, true to character, let hers come full, without let or hindrance. She said it was injurious to check it; and I think she was right, especially in her case so, for the reaction of a barrier would have caused something like a whirlwind at the sources from whence the sneezes came.

But we have had enough of the metaphysical and pictorial aspect of sneezes. The moral must have its turn. Mrs. Timepiece's had the sound of a broken heart in it; yet her heart was not broken, and never will be. She stands in the same relation to her sex that the oak stands in to the other trees.

She knew well that sorrow was in her heart by many an inward sign, which she hid from every other eye—for she would have considered it a weakness to show it; but, poor dear old lady, it came out in her sneezes unknown to herself, or, I feel sure, she would not have let them come without a check.

I once saw a Quaker young lady follow her husband's coffin on foot, erect and tearless, as a Grenadier would behind his general's. She was rich, and could have followed in a carriage, and she loved her husband; but she had been taught from her youth up, that the manifestation of feeling was a weakness, and that at funerals it was a way or form of murmuring at Providence, neither proper nor straightforward. Let us hope that this form of Quakerism is on its deathbed. I will answer for it that that poor young lady had a dull aching at her heart that would have come away if she had been allowed to weep.

"Natur', sir, natur',"—as our old friend the boatman said to Willy—"must have its coorse; and if you try to stop it, it'll make a

hole below, and get to the sea." (I suppose he had the trout stream in view.)

But it must be remembered men and women have two natures, and that they don't always, like water and blood, "agree in one." We have indications of this by a student of himself and of human nature, called Saul, afterwards Paul, looked up to by Mrs. Timepiece as a great authority.

One of these natures is often like a very strong horse with a very hard mouth; and the other like a very light rein held by a very weak hand, and pulling back the strong horse in vain.

Doctors of divinity call the strong horse Satan—I suppose, partly out of politeness. I fancy Death manages to kill him outright; but he is very troublesome up to the last. In some, he assumes the dimensions of a roaring lion, and has to be put under a double curb rein, in a kind of house that takes its name from the moon;—a very improper compliment, as I have always thought, since that pale, calm, beautiful creature, the very image of thoughtful majesty, has no connection whatever either with this house or its inmates. There would be no roaring lions in human shape if the rein worked properly on the strong horse's neck: his mouth becomes soft if he is held tight.

The Architect of these two natures has nothing whatever to do with the necessity for madhouses: it is the strong horse that does it all. Men and women fling the reins on his neck, and let him go whithersoever he listeth; and he drinks and strains himself in every possible way, sometimes in what seems a respectable way—a strain, however, all the same—until he foams at the mouth, strikes his icy limbs into a furious gallop, and fancies that he is pursued by wolves, as Mazeppa was.

I think our doctors of human nature, the clergy, might show us more minutely and intelligibly what this strong horse is like, and how to manage him. They waste ammunition upon such subjects as the credibility of miracles, and others, which teach us to wrestle with flesh and blood about as much as the story of the man in the moon does. Our churches should be a kind of armoury, from which, on the day of rest, we might go with an increased knowledge of ourselves, and of what our thoughts and feelings mean. The secret of most kinds of victories lies in self-knowledge; but it is rather hard to expect a young man fresh

from the University to be a doctor of human nature. I don't think that either our great seats of learning or the laying-on of a bishop's hands can be expected to do this for a man.

It might, however, be more distinctly understood than it is, that the study of human nature is as important to a clergyman as the walking of the hospitals is to a medical man. But that exquisite attainment of looking at things from that point of view which others look at them from, which gives to a man that secret charm spoken of by Brown- ing, by means of which he is able to draw—

“All human creatures living beneath the sun
After him, as you never saw”—

is not reached to in a day; and a selfish person never can reach to it, because he sees no other standing-point but his own.

I think that a man who has attained to this power of looking at things with other people's eyes will find that there is a vast amount of good in men and women, which is hidden from the common eye because it puts itself into queer shapes. He will, too, have discovered a source of great interest; for he will be able to explain to himself movements in his fellow-creatures which, though apparently crooked and awry, are as natural as the inclination of the needle of the compass to the north. Thus, he unriddles that “something in the world amiss” of which Tennyson speaks; and often, by these perceptions, he can help a man out of the tanglings of his own web without his knowing that he is helped, a concealment necessary to the success of the transaction. This, it strikes me, should be the plan with those doctors of human nature which we call clergymen—to help men and women out of their own webs without their knowing that they are helped. This is not done by discourses on the credibility of miracles or the authenticity of the Pentateuch, but by showing them in a nice way the meaning of themselves.

I must not, however, forget Mrs. Time-piece, who, though she had not learnt the art of looking at things from the standing-points of others—her own being to her the only Mount Pisgah whence promised lands could be viewed—kept pretty clear of webs; and, when she did get into a little bit of a tangle, broke herself out of it by sheer strength, just as a powerful bluebottle smashes right and left the meshes of a spider's lair. She would have driven the

horses of the Sun. Poor dear old lady, her fault was that she held the reins of the strong horse—before spoken of—in her, too tightly. She would have gone very evenly, and very well, and with entire respectability, with a slackish rein. But she had not enough faith in the horse to do this; though, no doubt, she thought him a very respectable creature; and, moreover, a slackish rein does not look well.

ECHOES OF THE FOUR COURTS.

BY AN IRISH Q. C.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—I see that “Mr. Dilly's Table Talk” has come to an end; so I send you a few *morceaux* picked up in the hall of the Dublin Four Courts, where witticisms of past and gone legal humorists are long remembered, and transmitted from one to another by the young barristers waiting for business. In cases where the authors are dead, I mention the names; but not those of any living jokers. One or two *jeux d'esprits* here given may have appeared before in print, but the greater number of them are now published for the first time.

Lord A., when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was supposed to be a most polished gentleman, whilst Lady A., his wife, was extremely religious; yet B., a well-known barrister, who was not at all finished in his manners, and who was supposed to be rather lax in his religious opinions, was said to have ingratiated himself both with Lord and Lady A. This being mentioned to C., a well-known joker, he replied—

“I always told you that B. was a devilish clever fellow, and see now the proof of it: he has managed to induce Lord A. to think that he is a *gentleman*, and Lady A. that he is a Christian.”

Howard, a high Protestant Cork attorney, was in his day a constant prisoners' advocate, although rather of a low class. On one occasion, upon a criminal trial, he happened to be engaged on the side of the Crown, against the prisoner; and this was so unusual an occurrence that he thought it necessary to advertise the court of the fact, and said to the judge—

“My lord, in this case I am for the Crown.”

O'Connell, who was for the prisoner, said, in a sneering way—

"Ay, or for half a crown, if you could get no more."

"No, Mr. O'Connell," said Howard; "whatever *you* may be, I am no advocate for divided allegiance."

The point of the following story depends upon a rule of criminal law not, perhaps, known to all the readers of this magazine—namely, that a sentence when once pronounced by a judge cannot be legally altered or added to by the judge. The late Chief Baron O'Grady, many years ago, was sentencing a pickpocket in Cork to be whipped—a common punishment in those days.

"You must," the Chief Baron said, "be whipped from North Gate to South Gate."

"Bad luck to you, you old blackguard," said the prisoner, "you done your worst."

"—And back again," said the Chief Baron, as if he had been interrupted by the prisoner in the delivery of the sentence.

Dalkey Church, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, is built upon foundations excavated from a solid rock.

"Ah," said a Protestant gentleman to Paddy Costello, a well-known Roman Catholic jester, "there is the church that is founded on a rock."

"Yes," said Paddy, "but it is blasted rock."

In the fashionable days of Irish duelling, two great agitators declined to fight duels—one of them alleging as his reason his affection for his wife, the other his affection for his daughter. Bushe, a well-known Irish humorist, indicted this epigram upon the occasion:—

"Two heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,

Improved on the Bible command;

One honoured his wife, and the other his daughter,
That his days might be long in the land."

O'Regan, the author of a wretched "Life of Curran," had a very red face. Bushe said of him—

"O'Regan's look,
Unlike his book,
Is red."

A process-server found it impossible to serve a writ personally upon an Irish gentleman, and had an application to the court made for liberty, as it is called, to substitute service of the writ—namely, that personal service might be dispensed with. The ap-

plication was grounded upon the affidavit of the process-server, which detailed the attempts made to serve the writ, and then proceeded: "Deponent further saith that when he arrived at the defendant's house at —, the said defendant appeared at the window with a blunderbuss in his hand, and swore that, if this deponent did not at once go away, he (the defendant) would blow his soul to the D—, which deponent verily believes the said defendant would then and there have done, if this deponent had not run off as fast as ever he could."

The order made upon the application detailed in the last paragraph was, that the process-server was directed by the Court (Common Pleas) to make another attempt to serve the writ; and the result, as detailed to the Court in a fresh affidavit, was that the process-server handed the writ to the defendant, who, instead of pocketing it, stood over the process-server with a loaded pistol, and compelled him to chew and swallow the parchment. On this being detailed to the Court, Lord Norbury (C.J.) observed—

"Pho!—God bless me! I hope the writ was not returnable in this court."

A., who was the leader of the Pope's forces at the bloodless battle of Spoleto—in respect of which hundreds of masses were said for the souls of those who never fell at all—accosted S., who was then member for a large Irish county, in the hall of the Four Courts, and said to him—

"Mr. S., I think it is only fair to apprise you that I intend, at the general election"—then impending—"to contest with you the representation of the county of C—."

"Ah, then, will you?" said S. "Bedad, then, if you do, you will have to *bleed* a little more freely than you did at Spoleto."

Farrell, a moderate Catholic, purchased O'Connell's house in Merrion-square after his death, and, amongst other improvements, he put new stone steps to the hall door.

"It is evident," said Paddy Costello, observing this alteration, "that this young gentleman does not intend to tread in the steps of his predecessor."

Lord Norbury had frequently observed a low prisoners' attorney touting in the dock for business amongst the prisoners, and was determined to punish him. So, on one oc-

casion, as the attorney was climbing over the rails of the dock, after conferring with the prisoners, his lordship, pretending to mistake him for a prisoner, called out to the gaoler—

"Gaoler, put that man back—one of your prisoners is escaping."

Whereupon the gaoler thrust the lawyer back into the dock; but having worked his way to the front of the dock, he addressed the judge, when the following conversation took place between them—

Attorney.—"My lord, there is a mistake. I am an attorney."

Lord Norbury.—"I am very sorry, sir, indeed, to see a gentleman of your respectable position in the dock as a prisoner."

Attorney.—"But, my lord, I have not committed any crime."

Lord Norbury.—"Oh, sir, I have nothing to say to that—that must be decided by a jury of your countrymen."

Attorney.—"But, my lord, there is no charge—no indictment against me."

Lord Norbury.—"Then, sir, you will be discharged by public proclamation at the end of the assizes." (To the gaoler.) "Gaoler, put back that prisoner."

Whereupon the officer thrust back the limb of the law, and kept him until the rising of the Court, when his lordship sent to the gaoler a message instructing him to let him out.

"FOR VALOUR" IN WESTERN AFRICA.—PART I.

BY CAPTAIN E. ROGERS.

A FEW years ago, a curious and deplorable accident befel one of the boys of the Hibernian School in Dublin. It appears customary at that institution, in their annual fêtes, to include the representation of some modern battle-field; but to enliven the somewhat dull, albeit stern and direful, realities of present-day fighting, the selection has generally been placed in wars partaking more or less of the horrible-grotesque.

Sometimes a Maori episode is brought upon the stage, and sometimes West African conflicts furnish the *res gestæ* of the mimic strife; as, for instance, on the occasion referred to, when the so-called Ashantee War of 1863 was chosen to be enacted in farce by the juvenile warriors, as affording the specialities required in an interesting sham fight. But let it not be supposed that

the representation was confined to the narrow limits of a theatric arena, with shifting scenery and a prompter's box; for, however imposing and sensational might be the entrance on the stage of an African despot, grasping with dignity the thigh bone of an ill-fated missionary, and followed by a motley band of noble savages flourishing tomahawks, and yelling the praises of their blood-thirsty chief, we doubt if the drama would be instructive to the performers, and it might possibly be uninteresting to the play-going public.

The event, such as it was, came off in the famed Phoenix, a portion of the park being partitioned off as the scene of action; and the first object presented to the view of the surrounding spectators was a collection of canvas huts, supposed to be an African village, while in the background emerged, from behind some brushwood, the miniature battlements of a mimic fort.

The plan arranged was that a number of boys, dressed as soldiers and travel-stained tourists, should visit the village to procure recruits; that then the Ashantees should make an attack, and carry off several victims from the village; and, finally, that a large English force should attack the assailants, rescue the captives, and blow up the fort. Unfortunately, the catastrophe was prematurely brought about with sad and unlooked-for result. Some Ashantees were seen in front of their stronghold, feathered and painted with true native magnificence, performing a war-dance, when suddenly a loud explosion was heard, followed by the demolition of the canvas structure in rear, an operation loudly applauded by the unconscious spectators as part of the programme; but when the smoke cleared away, a lad was observed stretched on the ground a corpse, killed by the premature bursting of fireworks prepared by a pyrotechnist inside the fort, as a final display.

This fatal occurrence closed the proceedings, as may be supposed, and sent home the spectators thoughtful and dispirited. What stronger commentary on, what more fitting corollary to, the actual events of the Ashantee War could possibly have been submitted? Facts are ever stranger than fiction, and the mimicry of war conceived by the authorities of the Hibernian School but dimly interpreted the sad realities of the campaign in the pestilential swamps and fastnesses of Guinea Coast; for whereas in

the sham affair the enemy came to the front and challenged attack, throughout the real campaign no Ashantee was ever seen by our troops, and an inglorious reconquest of invaded territory was won at the expense of many valuable lives.

It is not, however, our purpose to recall the events of that ill-fated expedition, nor to recapitulate its deplorable history: its tale was told in the life-blood of five-and-twenty British officers, and lives in the memories of five-and-twenty British families who mourn its victims. But at a time when public interest is reawakened in a coast line over which, from Gambia to Lagos, floats the British flag, by the cession of the Dutch settlements, and when tidings of the African explorer, Livingstone, have arrived, it may not be out of place to view the African at home, and more particularly while engaged in his normal pursuit—warfare—as witnessed by the writer under peculiarly favourable circumstances.

There is, however, another and primary *raison d'être* for this article, as may be gathered from the title, since in it we desire to record the culminative action to which the events about to be narrated were accessory and preliminary; and also because this last and most important fight, in reassertion of British rights and the supremacy of the English flag, proved the occasion for the bestowal of the latest Victoria Cross, well and gallantly earned as it was, under the personal leadership of Colonel D'Arcy, the then governor of Gambia colony—an action that is now being immortalized by the magic brush of the celebrated artist of the Victoria Cross Gallery.

The district north of Sierra Leone, and extending upwards to the French settlements of Senegal, is known by the comprehensive title of Gambia; and is, for the most part, inhabited by a warlike Mahomedan tribe called Mandingoes, who again are subdivided into castes or sects, termed Marabouts and Soninkees. This latter distinction of tribal denomination was caused by religious dissension; for, as in our own Church, in days gone by, fierce bickerings ensued upon the adoption of a square or a round cap, so, with the Mandingoes, the crucial test of strict Mahomedanism was declared to be the shaving of the head, and the bitter animosity thereby engendered led to cruel and remorseless acts of internecine strife. But other subjects of dispute soon

arose, or were more probably originated by a wily Marabout chief named Maba, who took advantage of the unsettled times to proclaim a hierarchy.

His success was so decided, that a crusade under his auspices was levied against all Soninkees who refused to shave the head, abstain from drink, and acknowledge the supremacy of the dominant faction.

Thus, as the religious war spread far and near, petty chiefs took up the quarrel on either side, and fought and fell in the cause of church or state.

Bordering on our territory, at the mouth of the river Gambia, were two rival states, whose chiefs had as yet taken no part in the contest; and now, when symptoms of a bellicose character became apparent, our Government naturally watched with anxiety the course of events, and jealously guarded the frontier line from the incursion of either party; and, in addition to these defensive measures, the writer was commissioned, in a peaceful capacity, to proceed to the scene of action, with the view of bringing the belligerents to reason.

It would be needless to trouble the reader with details, but so much must be recounted of the immediate cause of war as is requisite to comprehend succeeding events.

The Sumar, or Prime Minister, of the Soninkees had, by virtue of his office, been entrusted with the charge of the public magazine, which had been naturally stored with fresh supplies to meet the expected invasion of the Marabout usurper. When, however, this chief appeared to pursue a different direction in his conquests, the Sumar seized the opportunity of enriching himself at the cost of the community, by appropriating the matériel of war. On this dishonesty being discovered, and when his life was threatened in consequence, the scoundrel fled with his plunder to the capital of a neighbouring Marabout republic, and crowned his villainy by apostasy. His head was shaved in public; and having thus become a follower of the Prophet, he was enabled to hire a band of warriors to revenge himself on his countrymen; and, at the head of these mercenaries, he attacked and took, with some slaughter, a frontier Soninkee stronghold, and expelled its inhabitants.

It was at this juncture of affairs that I arrived.

The Soninkees were not long in forming

a column of attack, and marched to meet their foes. The advance was rapid, and the mode of attack agreed upon for the following morning was by stealthy approaches through the thick bush around: to set fire to their own town, and massacre the Marabouts in their efforts to escape. But they, foreseeing the danger, engaged a working party throughout the night in felling timber and cutting down the brushwood in the vicinity of the stockades, which were strengthened and loopholed for action.

Most African towns are environed by some sort of breastwork, well calculated to keep invaders at bay; but in war times these stockades assume a very formidable aspect when formed of heavy timber, firmly riveted, and thickened at the base by earthworks. It could scarcely be imagined with what rude skill these works were constructed in the few hours of that watchful night; but as the moon sank beneath the clouded horizon, and the first gray streaks of coming day illumined the country around, a smoke-enveloped flame, forked, fierce, and far-spreading, rushed through the shorn grass and dry leafy branches of the felled lime and orange trees, which just now had adorned the park-like approach to the picturesque stronghold; moreover, a reinforcement of Marabouts, arriving by forced marches outside the camp of the Soninkees, effected an entrance into the back of the town unperceived by the Soninkee outposts.

Sorties were now made, and skirmishing took place hourly, but without material loss on either side.

Taking advantage of the present state of things, and in accordance with instructions received, I now summoned the Marabout chiefs to a conference under a huge cotton tree, within musket-shot of the beleaguered city. How Africans delight in a palaver is proverbial; and even at such a crisis as the present, the chiefs could not forego the pleasure which the opportunity afforded of at once exhibiting to the *tubabo* (white man) their diplomatic resources, and proving their crafty duplicity of purpose.

Thither, therefore, they flocked in great numbers at the sound of the war drum, each chief preceded by his court jester, who yelled his achievements, and followed by a ragged body-guard armed with muskets, spears, and broad-bladed swords or *machetes*, slung in elaborate leather scabbards. A piece of dirty cotton corded round the head,

and another round the loins, was the light and airy costume of most of the swarthy warriors. Others were more decently draped with the graceful native *pang*, a garment resembling a Highland plaid; while not a few rejoiced in a torn and filthy outer garment, scarcely recognizable as the discarded shirt of some wandering European trader; but by each and all, whether dressed or nude, was worn the inevitable *gree-gree* or charm, round the neck, encircling the waist, loading the arms or fettering the legs. Whether the precious sentences of the Koran thus doing duty as a religious cloak may also avert danger is open to the sneering doubt of unbelievers in the Prophet; but we can well imagine their thick leather envelopes, many a time when whistling emissaries seek their billets, receive or turn a bullet intended for the flesh behind. The Mahomedan's faith in the *gree-gree* goes a long way, at any rate, in preserving his courage; and it is astonishing how cool these fanatics become in the thickest of the fight if, in its earlier stages, any special intervention of Providence can be ascribed to the *gree-gree*.

TABLE TALK.

EVERYBODY has heard of the famous and witty Rowland Hill, whose scene of action in his day was the dingy decagonal building in the Blackfriars-road, in which Mr. Newman Hall is at present the presiding genius. But we do not think that much is known of Rowland Hill beyond the broad fact that he was a popular preacher, somewhat given to eccentricity of expression and illustration at times. We are told that he was of a good old Shropshire family—uncle of the Lord Hill who played so prominent a part as one of Wellington's lieutenants in the Peninsular War. He was intended for orders; but although, after being rejected for irregularity by six bishops, a seventh was hardy enough to ordain him deacon, he was unsuccessful in finding one to make him a priest. So he attached himself more or less to the Methodists; built Surrey Chapel in 1783; and, in addition to constant preaching itinerancy, remained its minister until his death, fifty years afterwards.

THE VERSES headed "Jabberwocky," in Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass," have been made pretty good use of. *Punch* incorporated their fun into the poem

with which it celebrated the close of the Tichborne trial; and "Waggawock" was read by a great many people who had never seen "Jabberwocky." And "Macmillan" (No. 148) perpetrated a little hoax, not to be expected in such a staid magazine, in an article, "The Jabberwock traced to its true source: by Thomas Chatterton." This source was said to be the German of Hermann Von Schwindel. By many readers it was taken in sober earnest. Overlooking the ominous names of Chatterton and Schwindel, they were completely taken in by the apparent good faith of this foot-note, which accompanied the discovery—

"The English version of the poem, as it appears in 'Through the Looking Glass,' is here printed side by side with the German, that the reader may see for himself how close a resemblance (unaccountable on any theory of mere accidental coincidence) exists between the two.—ED. M. M."

"Macmillan" was about the last print in the world in which one would have expected to find the editor poking such fun at his readers. Of course, most of them could not read German. One good German scholar, however, was so far taken in by the verses "Der Jamerwock" as to write to Heidelberg, to a savant there, to learn something more about them, under the impression for the moment, that they were written in some *patois* of the tongue of the Fatherland. But the mistake was discovered by the writer before the letter reached Heidelberg. The real source of "Jabberwocky," however, I believe to be the poem entitled "Æstivation," in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes (published 1838):—

ÆSTIVATION.

An unpublished poem, by my late Latin Tutor.

In candent ire the solar
splendor flames;
The foles languescens
pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive,
anbeling wipes,
And dreams of erring on
ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult
to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with
none to supervise;
Carp the suave berries
from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from
longicaudate kine.

To me, alas! no verdurous
visions come,
Save yon exiguons pool's
conferva—scum;

JABBERWOCKY.

'Twas brillig, and the
slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in
the wabe;
All mimsy were the boro-
goves,
And the mome raths
outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock,
my son!
The jaws that bite, the
claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird,
and shun
The frumious Bander-
snatch!"

He took his vorpal sword
in hand:
Long time the manx-
ome foc he sought—

No concave vast repeats
the tender hue
That laves my milk-jug
with celestial blue!

Me wretched! Let me
currt quercine shades!
Effund your albid hausts,
lactiferous maids!
Oh, might I vole to some
umbrageous clump,
Depart—be off—excede
—evade—erump!

So rested he by the Tum-
tree,
And stood awhile in
thought.

And as in uffish thought
he stood,
The Jabberwock, with
eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through
the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it
came!

One, two! One, two!
And through and
through
The vorpal blade went
snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with
its head
He went galumphing
back.

"And hast thou slain the
Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my
beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh!
Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.
'Twas brillig, &c.

At all events, in 1858, the American humorist did what Mr. Lewis Carroll does in 1872—constructed some funny verses by making a medley of language. If the author of "Through the Looking Glass" was familiar with "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Jabberwocky will not be charged with the merit of being original. What fun, humour, or wit there is in either poem is drawn from the same conception; and the American writer drew from it first.

I WONDER Dr. Cumming, among his other dire prophecies, has never taken earthquakes into his stock. I only hope, if he adopts my hint, that his vaticinations will be as harmless as his previous oracular responses of the same cheerful tone;—unlike a certain monk in the thirteenth century, who, in order to oblige the Emperor Andronic to recall from exile the patriarch Athanasius, threatened him with divers plagues—an earthquake among the rest: the earthquake really occurred in Constantinople within three days after the prediction.

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READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE FORTY-NINTH.



DICK'S death was hard enough for Ghymes; but, as the lawyer said, what would it be for Frank?

He received the letter containing Dick Mortiboy's offer. It came on the Monday

evening, the day before Dick's murder. He read it with an emotion which he thought he had almost conquered—for he read in it the signal to him to leave his uncongenial life, and go back to his own position. His heart beat high with joy. It was not only Dick's free and generous offer—it was Grace's command that he should take it. It was the recall of his sister and mother to the place where all their friends lived, and all their interests were centred;—a letter of recall and pardon to an exile: the restoration of a prince to his own again.

"You've got good news, Mr. Melliship?" asked Patty, looking at his heightened colour and flashing eyes.

"Good news? Yes, Patty, very good. The best possible. The best news that ever was brought to any poor, unlucky beggar."

But his pride. How was he to reconcile his pride to accepting help from the son of his father's enemy?

Pride—yes, he had some slight grounds for pride. In the first place, he could be independent so long as his voice lasted. That

great and splendid gift, a tenor voice, was his. It lay with him to accept Mr. Leweson's offer to go to Italy, and study for a year or two, and then to return and make his fortune. It was certain that he could do so. But to return to the bank—to go back to the old life again!

He walked out to call on Mr. Eddrup.

The old man was dressed, and sitting on his chair, too feeble to move.

Frank told him the great offer which had been made him. Perfect confidence existed between the two by this time. Frank had told him all his life, with its disappointments and misfortunes.

"Take it," said Mr. Eddrup. "I, too, have an offer to make you. I shall make it with all the more confidence, if I know that you are rich, and therefore can command the influence of wealth."

"What is it?"

"I have no children, no relations, except a few cousins, who are already wealthy, and who have lost sight of me for many, many years. I want to leave you all my money—in trust—in trust to find some one, if you can, to carry on the work which I have done. Would that you could carry it on yourself!"

"But how shall I find a man?"

"Silver is the man for you. He has enthusiasm—he has energy—he has the power of administration—he has sympathy. Let Silver be my successor."

"Then, why not leave him the money in trust?"

"Because he would not quite understand. He would be trying to make it a means of forming a society, with rules and creeds, and so crystallize and kill what I want to grow and develop. Remember, young man, faith is the fertilizer—creed is the destroyer. Further, I want you to bequeath the property after your death, so that it may be used by your successor—whom you will have to find—in the same spirit. I will not lay down rules. I will not add another to the chari-

ties which already do so much harm. I want my money to be used always in the most intelligent manner possible to the time;—never by a committee."

On Wednesday afternoon Frank sat down to write his letter. As he began—"My dear Dick," a boy came shouting down the street, with an early edition of the *Echo*.

Frank, moved by some impulse, opened the window and beckoned the boy. Then he left his letter-writing for awhile, and leisurely began to read.

Presently, Patty knocked at the door. She found him staring vacantly before him, with the paper in his hands. The last few days had been a time of trial for the poor girl. She saw, by Frank's manner on Monday, that something was going to happen—she knew not what—which would sever him from her. She had been striving herself—bitterly, but steadily—to look the truth in the face. Frank did not love her. In spite of his kind ways and little attentions—the sweeter to Patty because she had never known them before, and was never to know them again—he had never loved her. And she, poor girl, had given all her heart to him. For his sake she spent sleepless nights, devising things which would please him; and careful days, watching to see if she had pleased him. All the little arts which she knew—few enough—she practised, to catch his eye. For him she had learned to despise the calling in which she had once almost gloried, and herself for practising it.

She sat down before him, and waited, hands clasped, for him to speak.

"Patty," he said at last, seeing her beside him, "a dreadful thing has happened. Read that. He was my cousin. I was to have been his partner; and now he is dead. I was writing to him when I bought the paper. I am a beggar again."

"Then you are just the same as you were last Sunday?"

Her heart gave a little exultant bound.

"The same? No. Are you the same if, when you are thirsty, some one dashes the cup from your lips? You are thirsty still, you say. Yes; but you are more than thirsty—you are maddened. Patty, I have had the cup dashed from my lips. I cannot think of poor Dick Mortiboy. I can only think of myself. I am only selfish in my sorrow."

The final blow had fallen. Patty turned

white, and bit her lips; for the blood left her cheeks, and she felt as if she would faint. Presently he made an effort to speak.

"How can I go to her now—to the girl I love? How can I say—take me—I am a beggar and you an heiress—take me?"

"If she loves you, what matter does it make? If I loved a man, do you think it would matter to me that I had—oh! hundreds of pounds, and he had nothing? Mr. Melliship, if she loves you, you must go to her. Perhaps I don't understand. I always thought that when people loved each other they don't care for money. Is it not so? I mean rich people. Of course, we poor people never think about it, because we never have any money to think about at all. That is a good thing for us, so far. Tell me more, Mr. Melliship. Does she know that you love her still? Have you promised each other?"

"Yes—too late! Yes—long ago—when I was rich."

"And—and—but I suppose I can't understand. Are you too proud to go to her? But she knows you have no money—there is nothing to hide. If you loved her before, of course you go on loving her now. Do all ladies' hearts change when they have money? What is her name?"

"Grace Heathcote."

"Grace Heathcote!—a pretty name—Grace Heathcote! Does she live in the same town with your cousin who is dead?—what is it?" She looked at the paper again. "Market Basing?"

"Near it—ten miles out, at a place called Hunslope. At Parkside Farm."

"At Hunslope, ten miles out. At Parkside Farm," she repeated.

Then she got up, with lips that quivered in spite of her courage, and went away.

On Saturday, after their early dinner, she plucked up courage to speak to her father.

"Father, I want to say something to you—two things. I can no longer go on at the Palace. Don't call me ungrateful, after the pains you've took, and all that—I'm not ungrateful, but I can't bear it any longer. I didn't know, till Mr. Melliship came and talked to me, that there was anything in it. I thought it was something to be proud of. But now I can't bear the dress; and I see the women in the place sneering, and the horrid men laughing, as I never saw them before—before Mr. Melliship came."

"Mr. Melliship! Mr. Melliship! Is he in love with you, Patty?"

"No, father," she answered, bursting into tears, "he never loved me—he never said a word of love to me. But, I—oh! I'm only a silly girl—and I fancied he might take a fancy to me. Forgive me, father. It is all folly and wickedness. He loves another girl—a lady. What am I, that I should take the fancy of a gentleman? Only a poor trapeze girl—only a common thing. I can't write well; I can't dress well; I can't do anything—I don't know how—that he likes. I have tried—oh! how I have tried! And he so good. He never laughed at me. But I could see the difference that he felt. Let him go back to his own people, and let me be alone."

The prophet turned his eyes upon the portrait.

"Jephthah's daughter," he murmured. Jephthah's daughter. I knew it all along."

"And I can't act any more," said Patty. "Tell Mr. Leweson so. He is very good to us. But I can't do it."

"I've told him, Patty—I've told him. For I had some news for you that I thought would keep till to-morrow. See, now. This is the last night of our performance. You, and I, and Joey act to-night for the last time. They've got another family—a poor sort, Patty, compared to you and me—but there they are. They begin on Monday. I meant to tell you to-morrow; but I can't keep it. I am to be Mr. Eddrup's clerk—his clerk, Patty, so long as he lives. Think of that. With a salary. I'm to preach every Sunday. And when Mr. Eddrup dies, Mr. Melliship is to have all his money, in trust for the poor people. For these, and all other mercies, God's holy name be praised."

Patty was silent for a moment.

"I've been very selfish and vain with my foolishness, father. Now the other thing I had to say: I want a whole sovereign, father, and I want to go away early to-morrow, and be away all day—perhaps all Sunday night and Monday morning. Let me go, and don't ask me the reason why. That is my secret. Give me the money, and let me go. I must go. My heart is breaking till I go. Mr. Eddrup would say I am right. I know he would. Father, if you doubt me, I will go and ask him myself if I am not right."

"Nay, if he thinks you are right, I've got nothing to say. Does Mr. Melliship send you?"

"No—no—no." She crimsoned violently.

"Don't say a word to him about it. A secret, father, and not my own. Oh! don't say a word against it. Because I must do it—I must, indeed. It is somebody else's secret. And even he doesn't know."

"I suppose it is Mr. Melliship's, then?"

She turned scarlet.

"It is, father," she whispered, "and it is for his good. Give me the money, and let me go."

"A great sum, Polly. But you're a good girl, and you shall have your own way. I wish it wasn't Sunday, because I'm going to tell the story, in the afternoon, of the Roman Catholic priests. I've been getting it out of Ezekiel; and you'd have liked to hear it, no doubt."

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

MRS. HEATHCOTE is heiress to all. The gigantic estate of the Mortiboys, little impaired by Dick's lavish expenditure, is hers to have and to hold. The fact has been communicated to her officially by Mr. Battiscombe. No will had been made. No frittering away of a great property by miserable bequests: nothing left to collateral branches of the family: Ghrimes and the Melliships out of it altogether. All Mrs. Heathcote's.

In the first stupor of delight she sat tranquil, scarcely able to face the fact that she was rich beyond her dreams. Then, and before poor Dick was buried, she began to make plans, and settle how they were in future to live. She talked, the sealed fountain of her ambition once set moving again, perpetually on this one topic—what they should do, what changes they were to make in their style of living, how they were to astonish the world.

"We shall, of course," she said to her daughter, "go to London to live. Your father must give up his vulgar habits."

"My father has no vulgar habits," said Grace, always rebellious.

"Grace, don't contradict. Is it or is it not vulgar to smoke pipes after dinner?" No answer being given to this clincher, she went on. "We shall dine at half-past seven, go into society—balls, I suppose, every night; we shall be presented at Court, of course; your father will give up his poky farm, and we shall buy an estate somewhere. Ghrimes will go on managing the bank, though I must say the salary he draws seems ridiculous. Pictures again: I suppose we must patronize

Art. My dear, it will be very hard work at first, but you may trust your mother to do the best for you; and when my girls do marry—if they marry with my approbation”—giving a glance at Grace—“they may depend upon my generosity.”

“I am going to marry Frank Melliship,” said Grace, quickly. Lucy said nothing. It was a constant trial to the poor girls to bear this grating upon their nerves—the more trying because they had to disguise it even from each other, and because it was so essentially different to that straightforward, honest simplicity, and even delicacy, of their father. There are some men without the slightest refinement in manner, not at all the men to be invited to dinner, who are yet the most perfect and absolute masters of good breeding, inasmuch as they never offend in their speech, and go delicately about among the tender corns of their friends. Such was John Heathcote. To him the doctor communicated the three or four lines which Dick had forced him to write. John took them to lawyer Battiscombe, in hopes they would give his girls a claim to the estate which else his wife would have. What manner of life his would be if Lydia Heathcote got it all, he trembled to think. No use: the money was all his wife’s. Battiscombe told him of Polly; he explained the law of the land as regards married women’s property; and advised him as to the carrying out of Dick’s intentions, in the spirit, if not in the letter.

Thus fortified, farmer John felt himself strong enough to fight his battles, and began to put his foot down.

He let his wife run on, till she was fairly exhausted, on the subject of improvements and changes, then he quietly asserted himself.

“When you’ve done making your plans, Lydia, you may as well consult me, and ascertain what I am going to do?”

“John Heathcote, who is the owner of the Mortiboy property?” asked Lydia, with withering contempt.

“I am. Your husband is.”

She gasped with astonishment.

“Do you mean to tell me, John Heathcote, that I am not the possessor of everything?”

“Certainly not. All the personalty is mine absolutely. All the realty is mine so long as you live. When you die, you may bequeath it to whom you will.”

“Is that the law? Do you dare to assert that the law of England allows that? And

they call this a Christian and a Protestant country!”

“Let us understand one another, Lydia. We are plain people, and intend to remain so. You and I are old, and unfit for society to which we were not brought up—”

“John—I unfit! Pray, do you forget that I was seven years at the best and most select boarding-school in Market Basing?”

“I dare say they finished you very well for a farmer’s wife, such as you’ve been for five and twenty years. No, no—we are too old and too wise to change, Lyddy. No town life for us. I mean to go on exactly the same.”

“You imagine, John, that I am going to consent to live like that, with all the money coming in? Do you call yourself a Churchman, John? Do you know that it’s your duty—your positive duty—to keep up your station? I, for one, shall not consent. So there.”

“You need not, Lyddy,” said her husband, quietly. “If you refuse you must live elsewhere. And I don’t know where you’ll find the money. Don’t be downcast, wife. A little extra finery you can have, if you like, and spend anything in reason consistent with your position. I’m a farmer. The girls can spend the money when they marry. Another thing. Whatever Dick intended to do, it is our duty to do. Now, read that.”

He put into his wife’s hands Dick’s last few words.

“Poor Dick! His last wishes. We must obey them.”

“Papa,” said Grace, eagerly, “you are really going to do all that Dick intended should be done?”

“All, Grace. Everything.”

“Then consult George Ghrimes about another thing, papa. Ask him what Dick was going to do about him, and—ask, papa—”

“If there’s secrets going on, I suppose I had better go,” said her mother. “John Heathcote, when I married you, little did I think that I was marrying a man capable of sheltering himself behind the law, in order that he might continue in his low and groveling position.”

John Heathcote laughed. It was never his plan to argue with his wife, else the argument would have been perennial.

The next day, being three days after the funeral, Mrs. Heathcote thought she might as well make a visit to Derngate and the

villa, and take possession of the things there, whatever there might be to have.

The garden door was open, and the front door was open.

She walked into the dining-room—no one there—and into Dick's smoking-room.

In his easy chair, in deepest widow's weeds, with a handkerchief to her eyes, sat Polly.

It was her greatest *coup*, though it failed. She learned the death of Dick from the papers, and instantly made up her mind what to do. Without going through the formality of acquainting Captain Bowker with her intentions, she bought a widow's cap and crape, got into the train, and came to Market Basing. She would get her confession back first, and then, after laying hands on everything portable, would come to such terms as could, in a short space of time, and before the thing was found out, be obtained.

"Mary!" cried Mrs. Heathcote, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Mrs. Richard Mortiboy, Mrs. Heathcote—I should say, Cousin Heathcote," said Polly, wiping her eyes again. "Oh, what a dreadful thing it is to lose your husband, and him but just returned from foreign parts and savages!"

"Mary! woman—you are mad!"

She shook her head, and sobbed the faster.

"Poor Dick! I shall never see his like again. Mrs. Heathcote, won't you sit down? It's my house, and all Dick's money is mine; but we sha'n't fall out. Families ought to live peaceful. Sit down, young ladies."

Grace knew that she was speaking the truth, but silence was best. They remained standing. Polly still gave from time to time a convulsive heave, which she meant to express the poignancy of her sorrow.

"Perhaps you will explain yourself, Mary Tresler," said her late mistress.

"Ho! there's no objection of explaining. None in the world, Mrs. Heathcote. Cousin Heathcote, I've been married to Dick Mortiboy for twelve years and more, married in London, at St. Pankridge's Church, where you may go yourself and look. And now I'm come to claim my rights, as in duty bound and an honest woman should. Don't think I'm bearing any malice for old times, Mrs. Heathcote; though you always were a screw, and you know it. It isn't the place now nor the time, when I'm weeping over the last bier of my poor dear lost Dick, to throw your cold mutton and your broken

viuctuals in your teeth; no, nor your eight pounds a-year, paid to your cousin's lawful wife, nor your flannels at Christmas. No. Let's be friends all round, I say. I only come up this morning, and here I'm going to stick. Perhaps, as you are here, you'll tell me where Dick's safe is where he keeps his papers, because that's mine, that is, and there's something particular of my own that I want back again."

It was awkward for Polly, in the execution of her grand *coup*, that she had no conception where the safe was, in which she knew that her written confession lay—nor, indeed, what a safe was like when she saw one. She had a notion that it was a wooden box, kept probably in his bed-room, the breaking open of which would put her in possession of the dangerous document. But she could find no wooden box, though she had searched the whole house through; and she naturally began to feel uneasy. Where had Dick put it?

Mrs. Heathcote was speechless. This, indeed, was a calamity far worse than the obstinacy of her husband. That the perfidious Dick should actually have had a wife, her own servant, and have said nothing to anybody, was a thing so utterly beyond the scope of her experience, that her brain seemed to be wandering. Her lips parted, but she said nothing.

"Oh, it's a dreadful thing," Polly went on, "to be a widow. And me so young—and such a good husband! I hope you may never experience it, Mrs. Heathcote—never, Cousin Heathcote. It's a dreadful thing, and money won't make up for it. What's money to the loss of my Dick?"

"Grace," said Mrs. Heathcote, "am I in my right senses? Is this woman mad?"

"Woman!" cried the bereaved one, starting up in a violent rage. "No more woman than you are. How dare you call me a woman? For two pins, Mrs. Heathcote, I'd scratch out your eyes. You and your cold mutton, indeed; and no followers allowed. But I'll comb you down yet, you see if I don't."

The door opened, and Mr. Ghrimes appeared. In his hand a bundle of papers.

"Oh!" he said, coolly, seeing Polly, "Joe, the stable-boy, told me you were here. Now, what may you be wanting in this house? No nonsense, you know, because it won't do with me."

"Mr. Ghrimes—my clerk," said Polly,

"my servant, and the manager of my bank—don't be insolent, young man, or I'll give you warning, and send you about your business sharp enough; so down on your knees, if *you* please. Other people can manage a bank as well as you."

All the same, her heart misgave her at the sight of the calm, cold man of business, who evidently knew exactly what he was saying, and was not a whit moved at her brave words.

"We will talk about discharging afterwards. At present, you had better go yourself. Yes, I mean that you must go, and that at once. Any insults to these ladies will be severely punished. Now go, or I will speak more plainly."

"I sha'n't go."

Polly sat herself down in the arm-chair, and spread out her skirts in a very determined manner.

"You won't? Very well."

Mr. Ghrimes stepped outside. Voices were heard, and steps in the passage, and Polly's cheek visibly blanched.

Ghrimes came back. Behind him were Mr. Battiscombe, farmer John, and a third person, a stranger to the rest, at sight of whom Polly sprang up and sat down again, as if she had received a mortal blow. It was a middle-aged man, with a red beard, and blue eyes, and a nervous, hesitating manner, who came with the others half unwillingly: no other, in fact, than Captain Bowker.

"Now, madam," said Mr. Ghrimes, "who is this gentleman?"

"Oh!" said Polly, "I'll take it out of you for this. Only you wait."

"Let me explain," said the lawyer. "We suspected your little game, you see, and we took our steps—had you watched, followed you to the station, found where you were going to, and brought Captain Bowker, *your husband*, down after you by the next train."

"Her husband!" cried Mrs. Heathcote. "You wicked, wicked woman! Mr. Battiscombe, what is the extreme penalty which the law exacts for this offence? Is it twenty years, or is it fifty? I forget at this moment. I know they used to hang for it in the good old days."

"What's more," said the Captain in a husky voice, "they've told me your whole history, and I find I can be free whenever I like. So, Polly, you may go your own way. By the Lord, if you come near me again, I *will*

be free, and you shall be in a prison. I'm going back to Skimp's. You sha'n't say I hid myself. There I stay—find me out there if you dare."

"You calf of a sea captain, do you think I want to come after you? I despise you too much," said Polly, grandly.

"And her mother in the workhouse!" ejaculated Mrs. Heathcote, as if the fact had an important bearing on the case.

"Had you not better go now?" asked Ghrimes. "It will be well for you to go by the next train—it leaves in twenty minutes. I will drive you to the station."

Polly removed the white cap of widowhood, and laid it on the table.

"You may have it, Mrs. Heathcote, mum—keep it for my sake; and be very careful about your cold pork. Go on locking up the key of the beer cellar, and don't let the maids have no followers; then you'll go on being as much beloved as you always have been much beloved—if you go on, that is, as you always have been a-going on. Good-bye, young ladies. Miss Grace, I'd do you a good turn if I could, because you deserve it, and you know why: you was always the best of the bunch. Good-bye, Miss Lucy; eat and drink a bit more, and don't read too many tracts, and you'll be as pretty as your sister some day, but never so good. She knows how to hold her tongue, she does. One good thing," she concluded, looking at her husband with a gaze of concentrated hatred which caused his knees to shake beneath him—"one good thing—one gracious good thing: I'm rid of a poor-spirited barrel of salt sea pork: I sha'n't see you no more. Ugh! you and your verses! If I get home first, I'll burn 'em all."

"You can't, Polly," said her husband, meekly; "I've got 'em in my coat tail pocket, every one, with a new 'Ode to Recognition,' which I composed when you were asleep."

She passed out, holding her head high. Ghrimes followed her, and drove her to the station.

ENGLISH CARICATURISTS.

THERE are some words in our language which embrace so much, that it is always difficult to define exactly what they mean. Who ever yet gave a satisfactory definition of poetry or of wit? and many have been the attempts to explain the exact

meaning of that word applied to the wit of art—namely, caricature.

In a very curious work, published some years ago, on the "History of Caricature and Grotesque," the writer says:—

"The word is not found in the dictionaries, I believe, until the appearance of that of Dr. Johnson, in 1755. Caricature is, of course, an Italian word, derived from the verb *caricare*, to charge or load; and therefore it means a picture which is charged or exaggerated. The word appears not to have come into use in Italy until the latter half of the seventeenth century; and the earliest instance I know of its employment by an English writer is that quoted by Johnson, from the 'Christian Morals' of Sir Thomas Brown, who died in 1682; but it was one of his latest writings, and was not printed till long after his death. 'Expose not thyself by four-footed manners unto monstrous draughts—(i.e., drawings)—and caricature representations.' This very quaint writer, who had passed some time in Italy, evidently used it as an exotic word. We find it next employed by the writer of the essay No. 537 of the *Spectator*, who, speaking of the way in which different people are led by feelings of jealousy and prejudice to detract from the characters of others, goes on to say:—'From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call *caricaturas*, where the art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person; but in such manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster. The word was not fully established in our language in its English form of "caricature" until late in the last century.'

"This definition is tolerably satisfactory on the whole. The only fault in it is that it does not distinguish sufficiently caricature from what is commonly called grotesque. A mere distortion of natural forms, without any particular moral or meaning attached, is grotesque, amusing to the eye, but appealing in nowise to the senses. In caricature, on the other hand, there must always be satire. The best definition, then, of the word, after all, is perhaps the use of the grotesque for the purpose of satire."

Probably one of the earliest specimens of English caricature drawing, as distinguished

from the mere grotesque, is that belonging to the Treasury of the Exchequer. It consists of two volumes of vellum, called Liber A and Liber B, forming a register of treaties, marriages, and similar documents, of the reign of Edward I.

The clerk who was employed in writing it seems to have been, like many of these official gentlemen, somewhat of a wag, and he has amused himself by drawing in the margin figures of the inhabitants of the provinces of Edward's crown to which the documents referred. Some of these are plainly intended for caricature. Two of them are Irishmen; their costume and weapon—the broad axe—exactly answering to the description given of them by Giraldus Cambrensis. Two are Welshmen—queer figures enough, in all conscience—whose dress is equally in accordance with contemporary description.

The early history of caricature in England is almost a blank. The art of engraving was long in a backward state here, compared with its progress on the Continent; and the connection between the two is sufficiently apparent. Perhaps the father of the art may be said to have been the famous Jacques Callot, an engraver, who was born at Nancy, in Lorraine, about the year 1502. Engraving on copper had not long been invented, and Callot introduced a new style of ludicrous and fanciful composition, which must be regarded as the earliest true expression of caricature as applied to art. But in this country, for the reasons we have just stated, its progress was long retarded. There are a few curious exceptions. The woodcuts to the first edition of "Foxe's Martyrs," for instance, contain, among the fearful scenes which they are supposed to represent, caricature likenesses of Gardiner, Bonner, and other celebrated personages of the time, and are remarkably well done.

Romain de Hooghe, a follower of Callot, was the great master of political satire during the last Stuart reigns. His sketches had a wide circulation in England. For it was not that there was any want of public taste in this line, the want was of native artists to work up to it. And even when publications of this class did begin to flow from English pencils, and break in upon the Dutch monopoly of engravings of humour, there was this great defect—that they partook more of an emblematical character than of what can be properly called caricature. Even Hogarth, when he turned his pencil to poli-

tical purposes, had the same fault, although it must be confessed that his admirable print of Wilkes with the Cap of Liberty was about as forcible a piece of true caricature as any with which Mr. Tenniel at the present day could excite the public laughter. The next most successful caricaturist after Hogarth was Paul Sandby. He led the attack against Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager. At that time, the feeling against Scotchmen was at fever heat on this side of the Border; and Sandby tickled the popular prejudice by his sketch of the two Scotchmen travelling to London on a witch's broomstick, with the inscription—"The land before them is as the Garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness."

But we now come to him who has been termed, and we think with perfect justice, the greatest of English caricaturists, and perhaps of all caricaturists of modern times, whose works are known—James Gillray. Of the life of this Rubens of caricature, perhaps the less said the better. But with regard to a name so universally known, a few facts seem almost indispensable. Gillray is supposed to have been of Scottish extraction. His father, an old soldier and out-pensioner, was sexton of a burial-ground at Chelsea, where Gillray was born in 1757. Young Gillray was a Republican in opinion, and his first caricatures were directed against the Government. Fox and his following came in especially for the wit and virulence of Gillray's pencil; and when the affair of the Prince of Wales and his wife became a public scandal, the caricaturist was in his glory. Thick and fast at this time came the most daring, spirited, and at the same time most popular of all his works. In the most frequented thoroughfares of London, crowds would gather round the printsellers' windows to revel over Gillray's last sketch. That their extreme broadness would at the present day exclude them, under penalty of the law, from public exhibition, is only to say that a greater licence was allowed in those days, and that Lord Campbell's Act was as yet undreamt of. Gillray was as bitter, too, against the King himself. George the Third's parsimonious spirit, amounting almost to avarice, was the common talk of the day; and the new caricaturist, who drew all his inspirations from the popular experiences of the moment, whether in the newspapers, pamphlets, or public gossip, lashed the King's weaknesses most unmercifully.

One of the most severe of his skits is entitled "A New Way to Pay the National Debt." From the door of the Treasury, George and his Queen, with their band of pensioners, are issuing, their pockets and her Majesty's apron so full of money that the coins are dropping out, and rolling all over the ground. Pitt, meanwhile, whose pockets are in the same comfortable condition, is adding to the royal treasures large bags of the national revenue, to the evident satisfaction, if we may judge by his smiles, of the King. To the left, a crippled soldier sits on the ground, and asks in vain for relief; while the wall above is covered with torn placards, bearing such inscriptions as "God save the King;" "Charity: a Romance;" "From Germany, just arrived, a large and royal assortment, &c.;" and "Last dying speech of fifty-four malefactors, executed for robbing a hen-roost." The last hit was very severe, alluding as it did to the well-known harshness with which trespassers on his Majesty's private farm were prosecuted. On the right hand side of the picture the Prince of Wales is depicted in ragged attire, and manifestly in as much want of relief as the cripple, while the Duke of Orleans offers him that help which his royal father refuses. Immediately above the head of the Prince are the familiar Bohemian plumes, but with the unfamiliar motto, "Ich starve." This is certainly one of Gillray's most remarkable caricatures, and may be cited as a fair specimen of his style in the rest.

Gillray's hostility to the King at this time seems, however, to have arisen in the first place more from a sort of pique or wounded *amour propre* than from any public spirit or innate republicanism of his own. The reasons have been thus described:—

According to a story which seems to be authentic, Gillray's dislike of the King was embittered by an incident somewhat similar to that by which George II. had provoked the anger of Hogarth. Gillray had visited France, Flanders, and Holland, and he had made sketches, a few of which he had engraved.

He accompanied the painter, Louthembourg, who had left his native city of Strasbourg to settle in England, and became the King's favourite artist, to assist him by making groups for his great painting of the "Siege of Valenciennes"—Gillray sketching groups of figures, while Louthembourg drew the landscapes and buildings.

After their return, the King expressed a desire to see these sketches, and they were placed before him. Louthembourg's landscapes and buildings were plain drawings, and easy to understand, and the King expressed himself greatly pleased with them. But the King's mind was already prejudiced against Gillray for his satirical prints; and when he saw his hasty and rough, though spirited, sketches of the French soldiers, he threw them aside contemptuously, with the remark—

"I don't understand these caricature fellows."

Perhaps the very word he used was intended as a sneer upon Gillray, who, we are told, felt the affront deeply; and he proceeded to retort by a caricature which struck at once at one of the King's vanities and at his political prejudices.

George III. imagined himself a great connoisseur in the fine arts, and the caricature was entitled "A Connoisseur examining a Cooper." It represented the King looking at the celebrated miniature of Oliver Cromwell, by the English painter, Samuel Cooper. When Gillray had completed this, he is said to have exclaimed—

"I wonder if the royal connoisseur will understand this?"

It was published on the 18th of June, 1792, and cannot have failed to produce a sensation at that period of revolutions. The King is made to exhibit a strange mixture of alarm with astonishment in contemplating the features of this great overthrower of kingly power, at a moment when all kingly power was threatened.

It will be remarked, too, that the satirist has not overlooked the royal character for domestic economy: the King is looking at the picture by the light of a candle-end stuck on a "save-all."

Two other caricatures by Gillray at the King's expense are worth mentioning, if only for their wittiness. In one, Queen Charlotte is seen in the domestic avocation of frying sprats, while on the other hand the King is busy preparing the royal breakfast by toasting muffins.

The "Anti-Saccharites; or, John Bull and his Family leaving off the use of Sugar," is extremely rich. This "noble example of economy" shows the royal family, the King, Queen, and five princesses—charming figures—seated at the breakfast-table drinking tea without sugar. His Majesty is reso-

lutely screwing his face into a forced expression of enjoyment, and exclaiming, "Oh, delicious! delicious!" while Queen Charlotte, with coaxing smiles, is addressing her daughters, whose faces are made so sour that Peter Pindar used to say the sight of them set his teeth on edge—

"Oh, my dear creatures, do but taste it—you can't think how nice it is without sugar; and then consider how much work you will save the poor blackamoors by leaving off the use of it; and, above all, remember how much expense you'll save your poor papa. Oh, it's charming, cooling drink."

But when this country became involved in war with France, Gillray changed his subjects of satire. He ceased to attack King George and the royal family, he no longer employed his pencil on objects of domestic railery, but henceforth reserved all his keenness and sarcasm for the enemies of his country—the "hateful French." For, Republican though he was at heart, he hated thoroughly—as it was the fashion then and years after to hate, as Nelson and Englishmen generally hated—the French simply because they were French.

We have spoken of Gillray's republicanism; but, like many others of the same creed, he had no particular desire to become a martyr to his cause. That his change to professed Toryism, his cessation from attacks on the King and the Government, were due in a great measure to a handsome private subsidy, is mostly understood. But though publicly a Tory, he would, the elder Landseer tells us, in safe companies and in his cups, propose the health of David, the Jacobin painter, on his knees.

We have not space here to enter more particularly into the merits of Gillray's genius. From the re-impressions that have been published of recent years, an idea can be formed of this prince of caricaturists better than from any description of his works.

Even these were near being lost. His name had fallen so much into oblivion with a later generation, that the plates were on the point of being sold for old copper, when an enterprising London publisher luckily stepped in, and saved them at the right moment.

The close of Gillray's career presents a very mournful picture. He had always earned plenty of money; and like many other men of genius, spent the fruits of his labour in riot and dissipation. As he

grew older his habits grew worse. Toward the end of 1811, he became unable to produce works of any popular merit. Some of his designs subsequent to this date have been preserved. Strange and weird with the magic of genius they certainly are; but they prove only too painfully that the genius had lost its balance. His mind gradually sank into a confirmed idiotcy; and in this state he died, in 1815. He lies in St. James's Churchyard, Piccadilly.

Rowlandson, who was born in 1756 and died in 1827, was another professor of the art of the caricaturist. Doubtless he stands second to Gillray, and may in some respects be considered as his equal.

He was distinguished by a remarkable versatility of talent, by a great fecundity of imagination, by a skill in grouping quite equal to that of Gillray, and with a singular ease in forming his groups of a great variety of figures. It has been remarked, too, that no artist possessed the power of Rowlandson of expressing so much with so little effort.

James Sayer was a contemporary of Gillray and Rowlandson; but he was by no means a man either of the same skill as a draughtsman or the same force as a humorist. His caricatures were exclusively political; and, like a true man of business, he laid his talents at the services of a party. Pitt was his Mæcenas, and the great commoner rewarded his faithful servant with no grudging liberality. The fat sinecures of Marshal of the Court of Exchequer, Receiver of the Sixpenny Dues, and Cursitor, were not bad acknowledgments of past services. The caricature by which Sayer is best known, and which does the greatest credit to his ability, is "Carlo Khan's Triumphal Entry into Leadenhall-street," on the occasion of Fox's India Bill, in 1783. The interest of the sketch was confined principally to the public sentiment of the moment, but it is a good specimen of that laboured skill which may be said to have been Sayer's chief merit.

Other caricaturists of the same epoch were the clever and good-humoured Henry Bunbury, whose forte lay more in social subjects than political squibs; and Isaac Cruikshank, the father of George, who has lately "gone in" so pertinaciously for the reputation of a suggester of certain well-known and successful novels. The reputation of Isaac Cruikshank has been eclipsed by his son's genius; but he is well worthy of a passing

notice. Isaac's caricatures were quite on a par with, if they did not often excel, any of those of his contemporaries after Gillray and Rowlandson. "Isaac Cruikshank," we are told, "published many prints anonymously, and among the numerous caricatures of the latter end of the last century we meet with many which have no name attached to them. It will be remarked that in his acknowledged works he caricatures the Opposition; but perhaps, like other caricaturists of his time, he worked privately for anybody who would pay him, and was as willing to work against the Government as for it, for most of the prints which betray their author only by their style are caricatures of Pitt and his measures."

Isaac left two sons—George, whom we all know so well, and Robert. George Cruikshank originally intended to enter the lists in a higher style of art; but an accident, happily alike for his own fame and the gratification of the public, stopped him in his intention. He had attempted to gain admission into the Academy. That "close borough" was even closer still when George was a young man. The space for students was much restricted, and always, to new aspirants, already full. When Cruikshank sent up his plaster model to Fuseli, then the Professor of Painting, the reply of the half-mad teacher of art was characteristic but disheartening: "He may come, but he will have to fight for a seat." Cruikshank made no further attempt; and soon after the public hailed with delight, in his illustrations to the political squibs of the famous bookseller, William Hone, a new master of the craft of caricature. His works subsequently are so well known, and his style is so familiar to almost every one, that it is unnecessary to say more about this popular favourite.

George Cruikshank is the last actual representative of the school of political caricaturists of the reign of George III. But another worthy name follows closely upon his time. We mean the famous "H. B." of the past generation—or, to give his real name, Richard Doyle.

The earlier numbers of *Punch* are a history of Doyle's style in themselves; and when our contemporary offended Doyle by its attacks upon the Roman Catholics, *Punch* lost its most valuable artist. Yet, even now, with each recurring Wednesday, when *Punch* is laid upon our tables, we may feast our eyes on that inimitable piece of

humour of Doyle's contained in the frontispiece. The expression of the dog Toby's face alone is a provocative of laughter; and as we study the whole sketch from top to bottom, until we come to his signature in the left hand corner—the letter D surmounted by a bird, we conclude sorrowfully that none since have rivalled "Dicky Doyle."

With Doyle, the line of regular British caricaturists closes. There can hardly be said to be a school, properly so called, at the present day; but, as a reviewer in the "Quarterly" has said, "the popularity which our present favourites have earned is probably more real, certainly much more extensive, than that gained by their most successful predecessors, from Hogarth to Cruikshank, with whose names that of Leech, and of his living associates—of whom we need only name Doyle, John Tenniel, and Charles Keene as specimens—will assuredly find their places in the future annals of art."

A KISS.

"O WHAT is perfect bliss?"
My love doth ask of me;
"Sweetheart, give me a kiss—
I'll give it back to thee."

A WOMAN!

A SILENT tongue and speaking eyes,
Her beauty's superhuman;
She keeps a secret when she tries,
And yet she is a woman.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

THE English school of painters in oil, at the present day, may boast of some branches of the art in which it is not at all behind the French, Flemings, and Belgians. Nay, more, there is at least one living English painter who is unrivalled. It is true that making likenesses of dogs and pictures of deer are not to be counted as among the giddy walks of high art. Better, however, jump at a ditch and clear it, than at a river and splash into the middle.

Now, in talking of British art to a foreigner, the question he asks at the Academy exhibitions of every year is, Where is your high art, where is the grand in your art? Well, it must be confessed that the grand is generally nowhere in English picture galleries, unless it happens to have been imported. Portraits, animals, fruit, and small landscape

are as flourishing, and certain - as good, at Burlington House as at Paris or Brussels; but the Englishman must admit, with a sigh, that he has no grand art to show among the canvases that represent the year's labours of the exponents of British art. The majority of our painters go on, year after year, painting the same old hackneyed subjects, the same familiar portraits, the same bits of landscape. They are so generally successful because they are careful never to put themselves into the way of failure. They clear the ditch, and are satisfied. Should they essay the river? Should they try to rise above silk and satin in metallic folds, above pretty bits of landscape, and portraits, whose mission of usefulness is to boil the family pot? Should they try to rise above themselves, above the dead level of domestic prettinesses in their compositions, and strive to be, some of them, worthy successors of Sir Joshua, and Turner, and the few other great men who have kept the British School above contempt?

The foreign artists have answered the same question abroad by setting an example—they have a grand school, and they ask for it here.

But while so few of our painters become great enough to earn a European fame, how many shine with a lustre above mediocrity. One of the most promising and original young painters of the English school, five and twenty years ago, was the subject of this notice.

John Everett Millais was born at Southampton in 1829. In his ninth year he entered a drawing academy, and at eleven became a student at the Royal Academy. His first exhibited picture was at the Academy in 1846—"Pizarro seizing the Inca of Peru," an ambitious subject for a young man of eighteen. During his Academy course, Millais had conceived a distaste for their system of instruction; and with his friends, W. Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, he set off to look in nature for the effects the old masters had embodied in their pictures. The result of this appeal from art to nature was the foundation of the pre-Raphaelite school. Mr. Millais's principal pictures, executed while pre-Raphaelite influences were fresh upon him, were, in 1850, "Our Saviour," and "Ferdinand lured by Ariel;" 1851, "Mariana in the Moated Grange," and "The Woodman's Daughter;" and in 1852, "The Huguenot" and "Ophelia."

At this time Mr. Ruskin came forward, and defended the pre-Raphaelites with all the power of his eloquence and learning; and Millais was the founder of a little school, written up in the *Times* and in his works on art by the greatest art-critic of the age. In 1853, Mr. Millais was elected an associate of the Academy, and became R.A. in December, 1863.

There is not now very much left in his works of the pre-Raphaelite fever of twenty years ago; but his pictures are always artistic and original in composition, and highly skilful in execution. Mr. Millais stands at the head of original thinkers among the R.A.s. He went from art to nature, and he has got a rich reward for his pains.

"FOR VALOUR" IN WESTERN AFRICA.—PART II.

BY CAPTAIN E. ROGERS.

THE chiefs having taken their seats in a circle at the base of the tree, their following distributed itself in the shade around, or patrolled within view, to guard against surprise. At the feet of the Marabout chiefs sat the renegade Sumar, whose cowardly visage showed symptoms of distrust in his company. I remained in the saddle, and addressed the motley assembly through the medium of a native interpreter who had accompanied me. This man had but one arm, his dexter having been amputated rather roughly some years previously by a portion of the very tribe around us now, on an occasion similar in many respects to the present. The officer employed on the mission at that time gave some real or imaginary offence, and incurred great danger thereby: having to cut his way out of the town accompanied by his guide, but not without being severely handled; and, in fact, each of them lost an arm in his efforts to escape.

But once during the palaver did I feel any qualms of suspicion in my interpreter's translation of the speeches made. It was when the apostate Soninkee evidently began to expostulate with the Marabout chiefs, and vehemently called upon his mercenaries not to desert him, but to make away with or drive off the *tubabo*.

"Interpret faithfully what that fellow is saying," I remarked quietly, "or both of you are dead men."

These words, and the simple action of

uncovering the holsters, appeared to have the desired effect; for, notwithstanding the Sumar's alternate prayers and threats, the Marabouts seemed open to reason, and inclined to accept my arbitration.

I was accordingly met with profuse promises of immediate peace and withdrawal of their forces, provided the Soninkees were induced to retire likewise, make restitution of the Sumar's confiscated property, and exchange prisoners.

All this, taking the concluding ceremony into consideration, was imposing and plausible enough; for, after four hours' deliberation, the final rite of swearing on the Koran was performed with all due solemnity. The sacred volume having been laid on the ground in the centre of the circle, the chiefs advanced, and, kneeling down, placed their right hands on the open page, and following the low murmurings of a priest who dictated the oath, they swore to return to their Cabba's town, Goonjoor.

Furnished with these promises and oaths, I now proceeded to the camp of the Soninkees, and claimed their word in turn. Whereupon, in an angry and indignant debate, a rude rejection of the terms was at first contemplated; but consent was finally given—albeit reluctantly, and with a distrust which after-events proved were characteristically warranted. That same evening the town was vacated by the Marabouts, the outposts abandoned, and all sentries withdrawn; while within the walls of their recovered capital peace was inaugurated by the Soninkees with the dances, tom-tom beating, and drunken orgies usual on such occasions.

Daylight once more brought its accustomed routine of peaceful labour; and the returned inhabitants, exulting in their new-found liberty, issued forth into the fields to cut their *coos* or plant the ground-nut. The palm-wine women once more traversed the country, balancing on their heads with easy grace their liquid wares for the market in Bathurst; and children gambolled in the neighbouring woods as freely as the monkeys and squirrels in the bending boughs above them. Two days thus passed in unsuspecting security; and the Soninkees were even having it in contemplation to level the stockades, at my request, as an earnest of their continued pacific intentions, when an event occurred which suddenly revived hostilities, and thoroughly disclosed the innate

and irredeemable treachery of the African character.

A Soninke, wandering through the forest in quest of palms unreached by others in the trade, had climbed a tree overlooking its fellows, and was busily engaged in fixing his bottle in the bark of the topmost rind—to be filled in a few hours by the sap or wine thus wonderfully produced—when suddenly his eyes fell upon an armed figure sneaking through the tangled brushwood, and evidently approaching with unfriendly intentions. The poor Soninke attempted to conceal himself within the clustering leaves of the palm-bunch; but the Marabout had discovered, and now advanced with rapid stride to kill him. Long and steady was the murderer's aim; but the flint snapped harmlessly, and the damp powder fizzed in the pan. To untwist the tendrils that bound him to the tree, and descend to the ground, was the work of an instant; and the Soninke pursued his foe, who fled precipitately towards the depths of the forest, where were lying in ambush the advance guard of his wily confederates, who had only made a sham retreat, and returned by this flank movement to fall upon their defenceless enemies in the fields. But not even when certain death thus stared him in the face did the brave Soninke desist. On he rushed, and closing with his dastardly antagonist, dealt one mortal blow on his craven skull; and, falling forward in the man's death embrace, was immediately seized and pinioned by the Marabout outpost. Shocking was the death allotted to the reckless man by his savage captors; for, having smeared him with honey, they bound him hand and foot on an ant-hill, and left him to be devoured piecemeal by the carnivorous insects!

The alarm of the renewed conflict soon spread; and although several Soninke chiefs fell before the panic caused by the suddenness of the attack could be allayed, the Marabouts were at length driven back, and the town once more saved from destruction. The war now raged more desperately than ever, and crops were wantonly destroyed; while trade with the English settlement was confined to the purchase of muskets and ammunition, most improperly supplied by the very merchants who complained of the effects of the war as disastrous to their interests!

Renewed negotiations, however, with the needful accompaniment of costly presents,

at length induced the belligerents to patch up a temporary peace; but not before a British force had taken the field as an armed demonstration, and a British man-of-war—H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, Commodore Wilmot, C.B.—had anchored within range of the pertinacious foes.

But the audacious and ambitious priest, Maba—who had thus, by his machinations, plunged the country in a continuous civil war—was not likely to remain long quiet. Straight from an interview with the Governor of the Gambia, in which he had promised peace and goodwill towards men, this active warrior, at the head of 5,000 devoted followers, swept like a comet through the native kingdoms bordering upon our river; slew many people, burnt many towns, and at one time bade fair to reduce the entire country into a state of utter destitution and anarchical confusion. Thus was the war renewed; and henceforward it dragged its slow length along with varying success until the year 1866, when it became absolutely necessary, in defence of British rights and interests, to interpose a neutral power.

And here let us pause to reconsider briefly a few of these occurrences, as well as to note the nature of the forces which Colonel D'Arcy had in hand to enable him to punish the impudent crusader.

Hitherto our remarks have been confined to the mere effects of this impostor's Machiavellian policy on the south of the river Gambia. On the north bank the civil war—if we can so term a conflict of tribes acknowledging different forms of government, religion, and policy—had been waged more openly, and with, consequently, more immediately disastrous results to trade. The theory of Mahomet's destructive propagandism spreading during two centuries from Morocco to Senegal had, in fact, been carried out in the letter as well as in the spirit by Maba; and in the institution of the priestly order of Marabouts, he found a ready and accessible instrument of personal ambition. The only qualification for the office being a strict abstemiousness, this was easily affected; and the proclivities of the Soninkes—the meaning of Soninke being a man addicted to strong drink—facilitated the measures he took to wreak his Pharisaical vengeance on misbelievers in his divine mission. Thus, as the new influences came to have weight, human life—hitherto comparatively sacred on the banks of the Gambia—was taken on

the slightest pretext; and, under the veil of religious fanaticism, the cruellest despotism was exercised.

So far back as 1861, our "Quaker-like peacefulness"* received a rude shock in the attacks made against the persons and property of our traders by the King of Baddiboo, instigated by Maba, who was then a settler in his territory. On that occasion, the conspiracy was successfully crushed at the storming and capture of the capital, Saba, by detachments consisting of 800 men of the West India regiments, under Colonel Murray, C.B., and a naval force under Commodore Edmonstone. But our success only seemed to aid the schemes of Maba, who later in the year usurped possession of the kingdom, and expelled its refractory Soninke inhabitants. In the following year, the death of the King of Barra, whose state borders upon our "ceded mile," gave occasion for fresh complications through the usual anarchy that prevails during the established three months' interregnum.

It may here be necessary to explain that since 1826 the sovereignty of the north bank, to the extent of a mile inland from the mouth of the river Gambia eastward to a point opposite James Island, was ceded to the British by treaty, and the villages included were thus, to all intents and purposes, placed under the British crown.

Just within the limit of this ceded mile lay a large and important Soninke town, called Jessow; and here the Soninkes took up their stand when Maba, invited by his co-religionists in Barra, ventured to invade the disorganized kingdom. "But," as the historian of these events narrates, "British guns were now too near him to permit him to do more than gaze upon the tempting prize. The scene was singularly impressive, and must have been not a little picturesque. The Prophet King, in full view of the coveted prey, and opposite to the representatives of British power under whose protection the terror-stricken exiles had placed themselves, was seated on a *prie-Dieu* chair, dreamily chanting the services of his religion, his mind being probably more deeply engaged in calculating the chances of the conflict he had so nearly provoked. A sudden resolution broke up this strange reverie; and, rising up as though he had been too long inactive,

he hastened back to Baddiboo, which during his absence had been invaded by the native King of Salem. A long and dreary course of warfare and reprisals followed, the political results of which were less decisive than the social and practical consequences were deplorable. For the beautiful Barra country, which had been the granary of our colonies on the Gambia, became a desert, and the wretched cultivators of the soil poured in upon Bathurst, leaving hundreds dead along the path of the mournful exodus, and bringing upon the Governor and the unfortunate colony a weight of misery and pauperism which needed administrative powers of no ordinary strength and elasticity to support."[†]

So matters went on from bad to worse; and the mysterious Marabout organization—not unlike Fenianism, or more still, Wahabeeism, as recently explained by Mr. Taylor in the columns of the *Times*—spread insidiously throughout the country, until a belief became prevalent that a Marabout lurked in every household.

After the battle of Saba, in 1861, a chief named Masambar was, for his loyalty on that occasion, presented with a piece of land within the neutral ground. This roused the jealousy of the Marabouts, and gave occasion to Maba to foment the ill-feeling among his envious adherents. In June, 1866, such petty outrages as were thus encouraged, culminated in a fierce attack on Masambar's village; but, by a vigorous resistance, the latter succeeded in temporarily beating off his assailants.

The alarm of this rupture flew rapidly to Bathurst, where it was at once voted a challenge that could not be overlooked by the British Government. Timidity under the circumstances would, in fact, have compromised the safety of the settlement itself, and Colonel D'Arcy rightly resolved on a bold and adventurous policy.

Opportunely for his purpose, H.M.S. *Mullet*, Captain Robinson, entered Bathurst harbour; and in this ship he at once proceeded to the scene of action, and discovered that a formidable league had been formed by several towns, all lying within the ceded mile. On the 28th June, the small available British force, consisting of less than 400 men, regulars and volunteers, disembarked

* "Wanderings in West Africa." By Captain Barton, F.G.S.

† "The Settlements of the Gambia." By the Rev. R. C. Jenkins, M.A., author of "The Life and Times of Cardinal Julian."

from the *Mullet* and the small colonial steamer, *Dover*; and next day Colonel D'Arcy was joined by 500 allies under the Soninke Sumar of Jessow, who naturally had made common cause against the Marabouts. These allies were detached by the Governor for the purpose of a flank movement, and at daylight on the eventful 30th of June he advanced direct upon the principal stronghold of the enemy, Tubabkolong (the White Man's Well).

Masambar's wild following, 250 strong, formed the left wing of the little force, the main body of which comprised a detachment of the 4th West India Regiment, and about 100 Gambia volunteers.

Supported by the *Mullet*, the column advanced to the attack under a broiling mid-day sun, and very shortly opened up the commanding position held by the fanatic Marabouts. It was a large and strongly stockaded town, resting on the river, and backed by a bold rising ground. Here were concentrated upwards of 800 Marabout warriors, determined to do or die, and from behind the stockades they commenced a vigorous fusillade. Colonel D'Arcy's first design to shell the place was frustrated by the unfortunate state of his matériel of war. Powder was found to be damp; rocket-tubes burst incontinently; and, to add to his difficulties, the fire from the 68-pounder on board H.M.S. *Mullet* was necessarily wild, from the distance she had to lie off. For four hours an ineffectual cannonade was sustained; and in the flare of rising flames here and there throughout the town could be descried women, furnished with long bamboos, to which were attached wet cloths, and with these extemporized extinguishers they managed to check a general conflagration, while their demoniacal brethren shouted exultingly, and the war drum kept up a defiant din.

The situation became critical, and some even counselled retreat; but, happily for the credit of old England, the scion of a noble house held the issue in his hands, and he promptly and scornfully rejected the proposal.

Gathering round him the officers of the 4th West India Regiment, Colonel D'Arcy soon roused the force to fresh exertions; and a storming party was detailed to carry the town by assault, with pioneers in front so as to hew down the stockades. The officers of the forlorn hope, Lieutenants Marshall

and Jenkins, and Ensign Kelly, hastened through the ranks, inspiring the fearlessness they felt; and, as we are told, right worthily were they answered:—"Lead us, gentlemen, and never fear but we will follow."

Under a biting fire from the concealed Marabouts, the regulars steadily advanced—foremost and conspicuous among them being Colonel D'Arcy, whose flowing white beard marked him out as a target for many an erring bullet.

"Leaping from his horse, with Ensign Kelly on his right and Lieutenant Jenkins on his left, whose loud and earnest appeals to the men to 'Stand by the Governor' were heard by him even in the din of warfare, and amid the clouds of smoke that hid from him all around, he first mounted the stockade. At this critical moment his sword was shattered to pieces; and throwing the handle over the stockade, and bidding the men to follow it, he called for an axe to cut down the stockade. Aply seconded by the pioneers, Boswell and Hodge—of whom the one fell nobly in the moment of victory, while the other lives to wear the well-earned Cross of Valour—he effected an entrance into the fort, supported by the regulars under Captain Barnard, and by the volunteers under Mr. Hurst; and in a few moments the gallant but diminished band were in full possession of the stronghold of the rebellion."^{*}

Not very long was private Hodge—who was a native of the Virgin Islands—destined to wear his decoration, for he fell a victim to cholera in British Honduras only two years subsequently.

Above the spot chosen to effect the breach rose a banting or temporary tower, erected as a vantage ground whence skilled marksmen were enabled to pick off the leaders in the attack; and here was posted a notorious elephant hunter, who, surrounded with double-barrelled guns, kept up a fatal fire against the devoted storming party, many of whom fell on the very threshold of success. Lieutenant Jenkins and Ensign Kelly, and four men of their regiment, had already met their cruel fate by the side of their gallant commander, and for some moments Colonel D'Arcy stood *alone* within the stockade. Seeing this, and having missed him frequently before, the Marabout chief descended from the tower, and hastened to make surety

* "The Settlements of the Gambia."

doubly sure by placing the muzzle of his piece as close as possible to the Governor's head; but, providentially, the gun did not explode, and Colonel D'Arcy, furnished with a rifle by private Hodge, immediately slew his aggressor at a yard's distance! This is the special incident portrayed by Mr. Desanges.

The supports then entered; and, following Colonel D'Arcy and his able assistant, Hodge—who continued to hew down all gates and obstacles in the way—the place was carried from east to west at the point of the bayonet; and the enemy, betaking themselves into the open country beyond, were pursued and slaughtered ruthlessly by the allies, under command of Major Primet, of the Gambia Militia.

Well was it that success had crowned the enterprise; for, on the return of the troops to Bathurst next day, the Governor discovered that 800 Marabouts from Goonjoor had already started to attack the city, under the impression that the defeat of the English at Tubabkolong was absolutely certain; but now they rapidly retraced their steps, and sent in an abject mission of “holy men” to treat for peace. That the colonists fully understood the critical nature of the danger that had threatened them on all sides, and were alive to the importance of the prompt action taken by their Governor under the circumstances, may be gathered from the fact that, on his departure from the settlement in 1867, they presented him with an address and a magnificent sword of honour, of the value of two hundred guineas—“For devoted bravery at the storming of Tubabkolong, and to mark their appreciation of his administration of the government;” while the shattered remnants of the weapon shot out of his hand during the fight were preserved by the superstitious natives as a charm of inestimable value.

Recognition of the service by the home authorities followed in due course; but, unfortunately, the gallant officer was himself ineligible for military distinction, having sold out of the army. Had, however, the action been fought only six months later, when a Royal warrant was issued declaring colonial militiamen and volunteers to be eligible for the much-coveted Victoria Cross, Colonel D'Arcy would, no doubt, have figured as *découvé* beside the humble and sturdy pioneer, Samuel Hodge, who so well and bravely seconded his chief's noble ex-

ertions; and who, upon his recommendation, received the reward so justly merited “For valour” in Western Africa.*

MY FRIEND MRS. TIMEPIECE.—VI.

MATTERS TRUE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CONGRATULATIONS are sometimes rather sickening things—to the person who offers them, to the person they are offered to, or to both, but they must be made. They are as necessary to be retained in the social code as the damnatory clauses are in the Athanasian Creed. And the reason suggested by the absence of them on certain occasions would be more painful than the operation of delivering them.

You congratulate a person on what ought in itself to be a subject of congratulation, but there are circumstances in its trail that turn all the cream sour. The congratulatee thinks you are entirely ignorant of this circumstance, and it is a great alleviation of his pain to think this. But if you don't congratulate him at all, he is sure to think you know of this circumstance, and his pain is doubled.

We must expect difficulties in this world, and the two great points to be studied and learnt are—first; how to avoid them smoothly; and second, how to extricate yourself nicely from them when you cannot avoid them.

It is possible to conceive that there may be a kind of hypocrisy without sin, like that anger of which the Bible speaks. Like a threepenny piece, it makes things genteel. Imagine the shock to fine feelings from having to put into a collection box three large, staring pennies; but it occasions no shock to put a threepenny piece in. A clergyman was expressing to me the other day the wound which had lately been made in his heart by finding several tailors' silver and gilt buttons in the box. He said he had taken up one first, thinking it to be a half-sovereign; and on finding that in the place of “Victoria Regina” there was the ominous name of “Snip and Son, tailors, &c.,” he felt so faint that he had to ask the churchwarden to pour him out a glass of water. It had never occurred to him that

* It may be mentioned that Maba was eventually killed in an engagement with the French, during an expedition instituted against him by the renowned Faidherbe, then Governor of Senegal.

there was, in the gift of these buttons, merely the mild guilt of gentility. They were given by people who could not afford to give even a threepenny piece, and who were ashamed to give a penny. He was quite relieved when I put this glossing on the affair.

He said it had once occurred to him that these buttons might be a hint that some part of his clothing, ecclesiastical or otherwise, was defective in the particular article supplied.

It seems, on the surface, rather a dreadful thing to say that any kind of hypocrisy is without sin, yet I think even a strict moralist might say so. There are times when kindness and many other considerations urgently demand that our real feelings should not be known, and when a little mild hypocrisy is the only possible veil to them.

I think I hear Mrs. Timepiece answer—

“You should be silent on these occasions—that is my way.”

But silence is not a veil at such periods, but is a revealer almost as bad as an out-and-out expression of your real feelings.

This last was Mrs. Timepiece's way; but perhaps she would do, and was permitted to do, many things that other people could not.

I may be allowed to give an example or two of the article called “mild hypocrisy.”

I am sitting writing, say, with all my heart and soul and strength, and there is a ring at the door bell. My friend Thompson has come in for a bit of chat, and to ask me if I will let him have a setting of ducks' eggs.

Am I to greet him with a disappointed face, and explain literally to him that I am very much engaged, and have a matter in hand very much more interesting to me than his conversation, and that he may have all the ducks in the yard, and their eggs too, if he will take his departure?

A salutation of this kind would certainly leave me with the consciousness that I had sunk below the level of an Ojibbeway Indian; and I should not be able, owing to the sense of degradation upon me, to write another line.

Nor must I give him silent greetings. I must tell him I am glad to see him, and my face must at least not give the lie to these words, if it cannot assume a shape that confirms them.

All I can say is, that if I am a sinner

in doing this, my conscience must be out of order, for it doesn't tell me I am one.

I recollect one day being with a middle-aged lady, rather of Mrs. Timepiece's grain. We saw we were about to meet a friend, whose engagement had just been publicly announced.

I immediately turned to my companion, and said—

“You must congratulate Miss —— on her engagement.”

She replied, petulantly and firmly—

“I shall do no such thing,” and she stuck to her word.

The excuse was that the other party to the engagement was a very unsteady man.

I, of course, followed out my impulses of politeness, and said something tolerably sweet; but it probably only made my companion's silence more conspicuous. The cry of “*sauve qui peut*” was in my ears, and I saved myself.

It was in vain that I afterwards attempted to justify my proceedings to my companion, on the ground that the lady most deeply interested was the best judge whether the intended marriage was a cause of congratulation.

An engagement cannot be long kept a secret, especially in a village. Marriage, like many other events, casts its shadows before it; and when a young gentleman visits regularly once or twice a-week at a house where there are young ladies of his own age, it is naturally considered to be one of these shadows.

The village mind, too, is more in need of a stimulant than the town mind. Those green, still ponds—fringed with watercresses—that you see at the roadside, near the public-house, are somewhat indicative or emblematical of other stagnations.

Much of the ale which is drunk at this public-house is taken to avoid stagnation. They must be very much greener than a duck-pond who think these villagers drink this ale only because they like its taste: the effect of it upon their nerves when it has passed the throat is what they most like. It turns them into a land of romance, it awakens their memories, it makes the self-conceit come up in them: they feel brave, they compare themselves with themselves, and at last go home to their half-starved wives, and become bad-tempered because the land of romance has floated away.

Signing the pledge is a very weak weapon

against drunkenness; deliverance from stagnation in some other way is the door of escape which the Good Templars and other teetotal societies should set their calm brains to provide for those who love romance—and their name is legion.

I am just thinking what a queer look would come on Mrs. Timepiece's face to hear the word romance connected with drunkenness. She thinks these village men drink their beer for the same reason that a child sucks its lollypops—for the sake of the taste.

Mrs. Timepiece was not the greatest person in the village, but quite great enough to cause in it a considerable sensation by such an event as the prospective marriage of one of her daughters.

She could not trace her pedigree to the Conqueror, but she was rich; and it is astonishing the awe that such an appendage as gold strikes into the minds of villagers. It seems to them a natural emblem of the favour of Providence. There is in their minds a certain amount and kind of respect for blood; but it is not nearly so well a defined one as that they have for money, and it is a respect which almost fades away if money does not join hands with it. A poor gentleman is, in their eyes, something like what the wreckling of a brood of chickens is.

They touched their hats and made their curtsies to the squire's lad with a more subdued feeling than that which was in their same movement to Mrs. Timepiece; but still, they touched their hats.

She was rich, and kept a brougham; and if she was not quite so "gatesome" and fine-spoken as the lady at the Hall, she had a very thick silk gown upon her back, and a shawl or tippet that must have cost "summat."

She was a bit "ordersome and short spoken," but they had "nought much agin t' woman."

Mrs. Timepiece's ordersomeness and short spokenness were considerably diluted in the minds of those who delivered themselves of this opinion, by the reception daily of a pint or two of skim milk, the half-creamed superfluity of her two excellent short-horns.

I have had occasion to mention, in portraying the character of my old friend, the names of some other people who dwell in our quiet little north-country village. If the sayings and doings of these simple personages, in a spot remote from cities and the

busy hum of men, are of interest to my readers, I hope in another series of these papers to introduce to their notice several worthies, who, in our humdrum sphere, revolve as it were round one bright luminary, the centre of our system, my friend Mrs. Timepiece.

TABLE TALK.

WHAT becomes of all the rags is a subject which would make an interesting article in itself. Of course, the first use to which they are applied is in the manufacture of paper. For this purpose alone, we import from abroad no less than 15,000 tons of rags every year, besides using 70,000 tons from the waste of our own population. But for paper-making, linen rags are the principal sort used, though rags from woollen materials have an equally valuable, and perhaps more extensive use. We are told that "old clo'" criers first collect them. They are then successively converted into mungo, shoddy, and devil's dust, and reappear as ladies' superfine cloth; they then degenerate into druggets, and are finally used for the manufacture of flock paper. After undergoing all these transformations they are used by the agriculturist as manure, on account of the large amount of nitrogen they contain. The presence of this element makes them of great use also to the chemical manufacturer. He boils them down with pearlash, horns and hoofs of cattle, old iron hoops, blood, chippings of leather, and broken horse-shoes; and produces the beautiful yellow and red salts known as the prussiates of potash. From these, again, the rich and valuable pigments called Prussian blue is made. And thus our despised rags are turned to a hundred and one new and useful purposes.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE, as we recently remarked, is greatest in depicting clerical characters. But we do not remember, in all his novels, any mention of "galloping curates." Forty years ago, says a reviewer, in lately discussing the disestablishment question, there was a staff of "galloping curates" in almost every county town. The smaller parishes had no resident incumbent; and the Sunday "duty" was done, in a most perfunctory manner, by these clerical perambulators, who took two, three, or even four services in as many parishes, but never dreamed

of bestowing a single hour of week-day labour on any of them.

THIS IS WORTH following up by an illustration from the same source. In some parishes there was no service for weeks together. It once happened that a non-resident incumbent came into the neighbourhood, and expressed a wish—perhaps not altogether unreasonably—to perform service in the church of one of his parishes. Word was sent over to the principal farmer, who was also churchwarden. But here a most embarrassing circumstance presented itself. It was at the beginning of harvest; the weather had been showery and uncertain, and the churchwarden was obliged to reply that they would have had much pleasure in seeing their clergyman among them, but unfortunately there had been a deficiency of barn accommodation, and the church was full of *peas*.

A GREAT DEAL of virtuous, and at the same time just, indignation has been excited lately among the duly qualified graduates of English universities and medical schools by the unwarrantable assumption by ignorant pretenders of degrees which correspond, in title at least, to the genuine home article, but which are imported at a stipulated sum from Germany and America. We cannot see very well how the evil can be remedied, save by a persistent exposure of the false claims of these charlatans to the title of Ph.D. or M.A. The Fatherland is the greatest sinner in this matter of conferring cheap degrees on the first snob who has a few pounds in his pocket, and wishes to appear learned at an easy rate before his neighbours, who know no better. According to a contemporary, the system is this. In an official document signed by a most eminent Hebrew scholar—namely, Professor Ewald, of Göttingen—any illiterate but ambitious individual—be he cobbler, tailor, or tinker—if only engaged in a school and having £10 5s. at command, may, with the help of a friend or hired agent who can write a little Latin, come out as Ph.D. even in the semi-respectable Göttingen, or the non-respectable Marburg and Giessen. In these “seats of learning” and academical larceny, degree-giving is quite an industry, of the kind to which the French prefix “Chevalier.” Ph.D. is held to be equivalent to the M.A. of our British universities; and hence it has

often been the practice of those amongst ourselves who want to get on “by degrees,” to graduate at one or other of the German schools on the above easy terms, and then substitute for the slightly shady Ph.D. the highly respectable English equivalent; or sometimes, indeed, to append both together to their names.

THE GALLANT BRITISH FLEET, which has so long been celebrated in nautical ballads, seems to be in a most uncomfortably transitional state—uncomfortably, at least, as far as we present Britons, with a love of feeling secure in our naval condition, are concerned. A little while ago, we were assured that our new ironclad fleet was able to cope with the whole world in the event of a sea fight. But a new alarm has arisen. A certain lieutenant of Engineers, who has been “doing” the American governmental ship-building yards, has reported to the Admiralty that improvements are being introduced by our Transatlantic friends, in the way of torpedo vessels and “rams,” far in advance of any we ourselves have at command. The *Devastation* and the *Thunderer*—the latest triumphs of ironclad ship-building in this country—were intended to be the models of all future vessels of the same class. But this new and awkward truth has put a caveat on the resolutions of the naval authorities. No more war vessels are to be built until a council of war has been held, and it is decided whether we must build our fleet all over again, on some new and improved principle. Truly, one is almost inclined to anathematize these new inventions in ship-building altogether, and look lovingly back on the famous old seventy-gun wooden veterans which Nelson and Collingwood knew so well how to advance victoriously into the fight.

A CORRESPONDENT: You had lately an article on bee-keeping which embodied the experiences of an English bee-master. Let me call your attention to some remarks made a few weeks since at the Vermont State Board of Agriculture by Mr. Wait, who has had large experience of bee-keeping in the States. Mr. Wait said honey sells higher than sugar, and costs less. Ten good colonies will earn more than ten good men. Scientific care will tell favourably. Bee-keeping may become as common here as in Prussia, and not only be a great source of revenue, but a common luxury. For 3,800 years the

history of the bee has been intimately associated with that of the human race. Though the bee is not made in God's image, yet many of their habits—neatness, industry, economy, and government—may profitably be imitated by men. It has been supposed that their government is an absolute monarchy; but, on the contrary, it is a more perfect republic than the world has ever seen among men—and the ladies have their equal share. Every fruit-grower and farmer should keep a few colonies of bees, for the more perfect growth of his crops. They carry the pollen from flower to flower; and thus, while gathering honey, they spread the seeds of growth and multiply the fruit. Bee-keeping ought not to be considered insignificant under these circumstances. It is easy, fascinating, and philosophical besides. Mr. Wait extended his figures, and showed by low estimates that it may be made more profitable than any other branch of our industry. These remarks apply with equal force to the rural districts of our own country, where every frugal cottager ought to have his hives of bees in his little plot of garden ground.

WE HAVE BECOME so much accustomed to stories, unhappily too often well-founded, of the "scientific" modes of adulteration in our daily food, that we get almost tired of inquiring into the matter any further. A horrible whisper was afloat some time ago that a company had been formed for making the best fresh butter from Thames mud. The sensation was, however, too strong even for the greatest of alarmists, and people settled down into the comfortable conviction that the matutinal toast was "battered," after all, with nothing more deleterious than an elegant preparation of Russian tallow, or lard at the best. But what shall we say when we learn that even lard—the base, as chemists would call it, of our best Devonshire fresh—is adulterated also? A writer in one of the pharmaceutical journals says that he lately obtained a quantity of lard from a respectable dealer. It was beautifully white. Indeed, he had never seen an article that looked better. His first trial of it was in preparing ointment of nitrate of mercury. The colour, when the mercurial solution was added, was the reverse of citrine—indeed, decidedly saturine, developing in a short time to a full slate colour. Surprised at this unprecedented result, the usual precautions having been taken as to temperature, &c., the lard

was inspected, and on examination was found to contain a large quantity of lime. Some time after, in a conversation with a lard dealer, the secret oozed out confidentially that it was a common practice in the trade to mix from two to five per cent. of milk of lime with the genuine article, which is not only pearly white, but will allow of stirring in during cooling of twenty-five per cent. of water. So much for the last chemical triumph in the art of adulteration.

THERE ARE SOME curious events in all men's lives. I recollect getting an introduction into the best society in the county through a butler. In the spring of the year, I had settled down near to a good trout stream; and returning one evening to my lodgings, after a fair afternoon's sport, I met an old servant of my father's. He immediately recognized me, and informed me he was butler to —, Esq., the great man at the Hall. I suppose that whilst waiting on his master that evening at dinner he must have told him of the circumstance; for, sure enough, next morning the genial squire burst into my little room, laughing and panting, and said—almost before I could see his card—"I suppose my old butler was with your father?" I answered in the affirmative, and soon after received an invitation to dinner. This appearance at his table I found to be very soon the parent of many other invitations from other great people in the neighbourhood. I suppose they thought as my father had kept a butler that I must be respectable.

A CORRESPONDENT: Let me add this little anecdote to your stories of Costello:—Pierce M., a man of low birth, and fond of vulgarly boasting of high acquaintances who only existed in his own imagination, was one day praising to Paddy Costello the *liberality* of English Catholics as compared with Irish; and, to illustrate it, he said, "A short time since I was dining at the Earl of Shrewsbury's"—an English Catholic—"on a Friday, and so far from dining entirely on fish, as you do, there was none at all at table." "Oh," said Costello, "you may be sure that is to be accounted for by their having *eaten it all* in the parlour."

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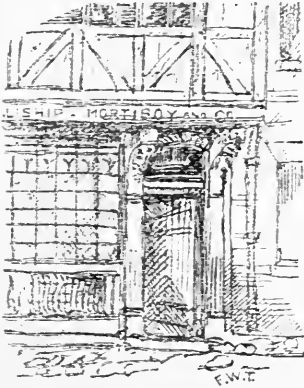
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A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.



IT is Sunday, nearly a fortnight after Dick's death. The Heathcotes, returned from church, are on the lawn in front of the house. The noise of wheels on the private road leading to the farm is heard,

an unusual thing, unless when poor Dick Mortiboy drove over on Sunday.

It was a town "fly"—one of those delightful vehicles which are found at country stations, which have all the bad qualities of the London growler without any of its good ones, always supposing that it has good ones. It drove up to the door, and a girl got down and looked timidly at the group on the lawn. A pretty girl, a wonderfully pretty girl, pale-faced, bright-eyed, with regular if rather commonplace features, and a great mass of rich brown hair; neatly dressed in a coloured stuff frock, brown jacket, and a bundle of wild flowers in her hand. She could not resist the temptation of stopping the fly to pick them from the hedge. She opened the gate, and walked in, colouring painfully.

Mr. Heathcote and Grace slowly walked down the gravel path to meet her.

"Mr. Heathcote?" she asked, "oh! I don't want you—I want Miss Grace Heathcote. Which is Miss Grace Heathcote?"

"I am Grace Heathcote. Pray what can I do for you?"

Patty—it was Patty Silver—looked at her for a few moments, and then, clasping her hands together, burst into tears.

For she contrasted herself with the girl who stood before her: herself, common, half educated, badly dressed, with this presence of a lady, glorious in her beauty and her grace.

The unconscious rival looked at her in wonder, but did not speak.

"Let me speak somewhere alone with you, Miss Heathcote," said Patty—"quite alone. I have something very important to tell you."

"Papa, I am going to take this young lady to the drawing-room. Do not wait dinner for me. Come with me, please."

She sailed across the lawn, taking poor little Patty after her, into the drawing-room, when Mrs. Heathcote heard the door shut and locked.

"John," she cried, putting her head out of the window, "pray who is that young woman?"

"I don't know," said John.

"John, if you were half a husband, to say nothing of a father, you would have known that it was your duty to bring her to me first. Secrets, indeed!—I will have no secrets in my house, I can tell you. Grace, let me in this moment."

"Is that you, mamma?" answered her daughter, in the clear, resolute tones which always made her mother quail and give way—"is that you, mamma? Go on with dinner; do not wait for me—I shall be ready presently."

Mrs. Heathcote knocked again at the door, but faintly, and finding no attention bestowed upon her, retreated again.

Dinner was served, but Grace did not return. So they sat down without her, John Heathcote alone being able to take his meal with the usual Sabbath enjoyment.

"I believe, John," said his wife, "that you would go on eating if the world was on fire."

"Well, Lyddy, if my not eating could put

out the fire, I would stop. If not, I dare say I should eat so long as I was hungry, unless the fire was burning my toes."

"John, you are blasphemous. On Sunday, too, and your daughter locked up with a stranger, talking secrets!"

"What if she is? Grace's secrets are not mine. There can't be any harm in Grace's secrets, poor girl; and she's welcome to a bushel of them. Something to do with Frank, I expect. That reminds me, Lydia. A week before his death, Dick had a deed of partnership drawn out, but not executed, between himself, Frank Melliship, and George Ghymes."

"Not executed?" said Lydia.

"No; but the intention was the same. I have had it drawn out again between myself, Frank Melliship, and George Ghymes, on poor Dick's plan. I am going to take them both into partnership with me."

"John Heathcote," said his wife, "it is a dreadful thing, a really dreadful thing, to see the way you are going on. If this partnership is carried into effect, I shall feel it my duty, as a wife and a mother—to—to—"

"What will you do, Lydia?"

"To call in London doctors, and have your brain examined for Softening. It *must* be Softening, John."

John put down his knife and fork, and laughed till the tears ran down his face. The idea of his brain softening was so novel, so unexpected, so good, that he laughed again and again. He was not in the least angry.

"You always would have your joke, Lyddy," he said, with a choke. "Softening! Ho! ho! ho! And you've always called me the hardest man you know. But I'm glad you approve of the partnership—very glad. Because, though I *am* the administrator of all this money, I always feel that I'm doing it for you, Lyddy. It's well you're a good-hearted woman—very well. Some women would have made a fuss, and objected. Not you. That's what I like about you, wife. You never object when it's no good, and you're always ready to back me up when I'm doing what's right."

I have never been able to make up my mind whether this speech of John's was stupid, or whether it was sarcastic. I fancy it was the latter, and that John was by no means so simple as his wife thought him.

"Now," said Grace, leading Patty into a room, half boudoir, half dressing-room, "sit

down, and tell me what you came to tell me."

She sat on the bed, and Patty on the easy chair by its side. The girl was lost in contemplating the length to which civilization can go in furnishing a bed-room: the bright draperies, the dainty appointments, the looking glass. She looked up hesitatingly.

"Do all ladies have rooms like this?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Why? There is nothing very grand in this room, is there?"

Patty sighed.

"You should see mine," she said, "and you would know what I mean. Miss Heathcote, I came to-day from London. I come from Mr. Melliship."

"From Frank?"

"From Mr. Frank Melliship. He does not know I've come. Let me tell my story from the beginning. He lives with father. So we know him, you see. Last Monday week I saw him reading a letter, and looking bright and happy. You know, miss, he'd been terribly pulled down and worried of late. He told me he had got good news—the best of news—and he went out, and up the street I saw him walking as if the ground was made of india-rubber. Then he came home, and sang all over the house like a lark. Next day—Tuesday that was—he said to me—

"'Patty'—he always calls me Patty, miss, because father does, I suppose—'Patty, I sha'n't write my letter till to-morrow, because I'm waiting to find out how to answer the most generous man in the world.'

"And he pleased himself all day drawing pictures—such pictures, I've got them all. On Wednesday I went in at half-past two. He had his writing table before him, and he had the *Echo* in his hand.

"'Patty,' he said, 'he's dead—and she is lost to me!'"

Grace turned colour. "Go on," she said.

"She's lost to me!"

"Then he told me all about you, Miss Heathcote—how he loved you, and you loved him; and how Mr. Mortiboy was going to make him rich, so that you could marry, but he died and could not. And then he told me that he could never go to you now, because you were rich and he was a beggar. This was last Wednesday week. He told me, with the tears running down his handsome face, where you lived, and all about it. Well, Miss Heathcote, he's been getting lower and lower ever since. He

doesn't eat, he doesn't sing, he never draws. He sits at the window with his head in his hands, and never speaks at all. I couldn't bear to see it; so I bought a railway guide, and found out the Sunday trains, and made father give me money to pay my return ticket, and came down here to tell you all about it. Miss Heathcote, it can't be that you're going to throw him over because you are rich. It can't be that you don't love him any more because he is poor? Don't tell me that—don't let him go on killing himself. Don't be proud. Ladies are mostly too proud, I think; and so are gentlemen. He will never come to you. Oh, Miss Heathcote, if I loved—if he loved me—and I was rich, I would go to him and kiss him, and say—

“Frank, what does it matter whether you have any money or not?”

“I am only a poor girl, Miss Heathcote, and no education, and get my living in a way I am almost ashamed to say—I'm a trapeze girl—but I should be too proud—oh, I should be too proud to let my love die when a word would save him.”

“What is your name?” asked Grace, the tears running down her face.

“Patty Silver. I am only the girl that performs on the trapeze at the music hall. I do it with my father, though.”

“Patty Silver, you love Frank Melliship yourself.”

Patty covered her face with her hands.

“I do—I do,” she murmured. “Forgive me, Miss Heathcote. He never looked at me. I let myself love him without thinking. Who could help loving him? But he only loves you. He thinks of you. He draws your portrait always. Me! as if a gentleman like Mr. Melliship would think of me? But I loved him—oh! me—me—I loved him, and I love him always.”

Grace knelt down, and took Patty's face in her hands, and looked at it.

“Poor Patty! Poor little girl. You will get over your love some day. Your trial is hard. What shall I do for you, for the joy and gladness you have brought me? I knew he would be faithful; but, you know—girls are so—there were times when I doubted. Now, wait a moment—you will see that I am not too proud, and not so cold a fine lady as you think me, perhaps. Wait here for one moment only.”

She went into the dining-room, where her father was just opening a bottle of port.

“Papa, come into the other room with me.”

“More secrets, of course,” said Mrs. Heathcote.

John Heathcote, with a sigh, followed his daughter.

“Papa—this young lady comes to meet me, unknown to Frank, to tell me that he is ill and miserable. He got a letter from Dick the day before his death, offering him a partnership in the bank. Then he saw the death in the paper, and has been prostrated ever since. What ought we to do?”

“First thing, let him know that he is to be a partner. Make him a new offer.”

“You must do that yourself. What next?”

“Why, we must go and find him out as soon as we can, and bring him back here.”

“What a good father it is!” said his daughter, wheedling him. “He always says the wisest things, and the kindest things. We must find him. Patty here will take us to him. You must tell him—you must go yourself. We must find him at once—we will go together—at once—to-day, by the afternoon train. We will go back with Patty—we will we not?”

Here she gave way, and fell upon Patty's neck, crying and laughing. Lucy came running upstairs. Her mother stayed below.

“They may manage their own secrets themselves,” she said, taking a glass of port with a bitter feeling.

“Lucy, my dear—my carpet bag, with things for the night, and your sister's too. Pack up quickly. Grace, take this young lady with you, and have some dinner, and give her some.”

He went down, and found his wife in a sour and crabbed frame.

“Lyddy, my dear,” he said, with a cheerful smile, “I've got good news for you—we've found Frank Melliship. I'm going up to town with Grace to bring him back. He's all right. We'll marry them in a month, and you shall dance at their wedding, my girl. Give me a glass of wine.”

He drank off hers, without an apology.

“Oh! I forgot to tell you—keep this a great secret—I had a talk with Lord Hunslope yesterday, about things. He hinted that though Grace would not have Lord Launton, perhaps his lordship would have better luck with Lucy. Eh! Lyddy, what do you think of a coronet for your girl?”

“Lucy, dear girl! she always was my own girl—took after my family and me,”

said Mrs. Heathcote, mollified. "Grace was always a Heathcote. Well, well, you must have your own way, I suppose. Come back to-morrow, John, if you can. Dear Lucy—how she would become a coronet! After all, John, I hardly think poor dear Grace is quite the woman to be a countess. There's a little too much independence about her; too much of the Heathcote about her; not quite subdued enough in her manner. She will do admirably as a banker's wife, no doubt. Is the young person properly looked after?"

"Grace will do that."

"Then sit down, John, for five minutes, and talk. Don't be racing up and down the stairs after dinner. At your time of life, too! You might get apoplexy, and go off suddenly, like poor Mr. Hawthorne, only three weeks ago. You think the earl means what he says?"

"The earl is straightforward enough, at any rate. He is poor and we are rich. Think on what we ought to give Lucy if it comes off. Don't say anything to the girl. She's as timid as a fawn, and would only run away and hide herself. But think what we ought to give, and tell me. The earl"—whisper now—"owes the bank fifty thousand pounds. There, wife, I've given you something to think over while I am gone."

Mrs. Heathcote kissed Grace with a really maternal affection again, whispering—

"Bring him back, dear; you have your mother's approbation now. But you must forgive me for being a little disappointed before, you know. He was always my favourite, Frank, after poor Dick. As for Lord Launton, I forgive you. And no doubt it is all for the best. Give Frank my best love, dear—and bless you."

* * * * *

Frank was sitting in his little room alone and miserable. Mr. Silver was gone off to chapel. There was nobody in the house. A cab came rumbling along the street and stopped at the door. He did not hear it.

Patty opened the door with her latch-key, and led her guests upstairs. He looked up as they came into the room. It was Grace, with her father.

"Frank," whispered Grace, as he caught her in his arms, "you were too proud to come to us. So we have come to you."

"Not to let you go again, my boy," said her father, shaking him by the hand.

"Never again, Frank, never again. We part no more."

Love and joy in that little room. Upstairs, Patty lying on her bed, trying to stop the tears and sobs that shake her frame. The prophet was right. She was even as the daughter of Jephthah, doomed to lament her loneliness among the mountains all her days.

ENVOY.



THREE farewell tableaux. The first in Paris. It is at St. Cloud; where, close by the ruins of the Château, in a small, close room, they are trying the Communist prisoners in the winter of last year. A long table or a platform, behind which are sitting a dozen officers, whose cold stern faces bode little mercy to the poor creatures

brought before them. One by one they are brought up to receive their sentences. They are cowed by imprisonment and suffering; they are ragged, starved, miserable. Mostly, they receive their sentences, which are comparatively light, with a kind of gratitude, because they know the worst.

There is one exception. He is a thin man, with keen, bright eyes. His cheeks and chin are covered with the ragged beard of three months' growth. His black hair is thick and matted; his clothes—such as they are—scarcely hold together upon him. He alone of the prisoners stands up before his judges with an air of defiance. Accused at first of being taken with arms in his hands, he is now, on further evidence, charged with complicity in the murder of the Archbishop. He has neither boots nor shoes; a rag is round his neck; he shivers in the cold December air; but his hands are delicate, shapely, and white—the hands of a gentleman. He is asked his name and profession. He shrugs his shoulders and spreads out his hands.

"Bah! It is the hundredth time. I am tired of it. Let us finish. My name is L'at-leur. I was in the ranks of the Commune.

Did I love the cause of the Communists? No more than yourselves. Do I love your cause? Perhaps as much as you do. Did I assist at the execution of the Archbishop? I did. Now, M. le Président, your sentence."

It came swiftly enough.

In the cold gray of the morning, he stands against a wall with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, and a mocking smile on his lips. No word of repentance? None. Of suffering or blasphemy? None. The roll of the rifles for a moment, and the next, a dead man face downward on the ground. He could bear most things that fate had to bring; but the misery, the filth, the degradation, the starvation, the cold, rags, famine, evil companionship, to which the Versaillists had condemned their unhappy enemies were too much for him. So he confessed—threw up the cards—and was sentenced.

Down at the Docks there is a certain particularly dirty and muddy crossing, which requires in all weathers—so deeply rooted is its delight in mud—the constant attendance of a broom. It is wielded by a boy, small and thin, but strong and healthy. He answers to the name of Bill. On sunny days he is accompanied by a friend, older than himself, with a curiously wizened and lined countenance, like that of an old man. He does not work himself, but sits in the sunshine, on the steps of a door which is never opened. Here the cold winds come not, and there is a southern aspect.

"Thoozy," said the boy, "it's more than a year since Uncle Dick died."

"So it is, old chap, so it is. Poor Uncle Dick! But we've done pretty well since then, haven't we, old chap? What's the whole duty of a boy, Bill, as he used to learn you?"

"Never prig, never tell lies—" he runs off Dick's ten commandments on his fingers, just as he had been taught.

"Right you are, Bill. Go away from England. Yes, we'll go some day, old chap, when we've saved a little money, and you've got stronger. Uncle Dick was a good sort, Bill, I can tell you. We sha'n't meet no more Uncle Dicks in the world. Let's remember all he used to say, and act on it, Bill, my boy."

Another scene. It is evening: three people are standing in the moonlight, in the

square, place, or principal open street of Market Basing, before a newly erected statue, unveiled that morning with much ceremony, bands of music, and many speeches. They are Frank and Grace, with them Patty Silver.

"I am glad it is like Dick," said Grace, with a sigh. "I couldn't bear that our noble Dick should look ugly and unlike. I'll tell you about him, Patty, some day, when we have it all to ourselves, and you want to learn a long story about a good and a great-hearted man. Let us go in now. I wanted to see it when all the people were gone, and have a little cry all to myself over it."

Patty is staying with them. She has given up her profession, and lives with her father; he preaches every evening, and will probably some day be revered as the founder of a new sect. Life is made easy for him by Mr. Eddrup—who lingers still—and by Grace Melliship, Frank's wife. Patty will never marry. To have loved a gentleman, not to have been loved by one, has been an education for the girl. She can never love one of her own class. But she is not unhappy, and among the poor people of her neighbourhood finds plenty to do in the way of help and advice. And sometimes Grace gets her to come down to Market Basing, and stay quietly with them till the roses come back to her cheeks, and she can return to her work, a life of unknown and unprofessional self-denial and toil.

Last time I was at Market Basing I made a curious discovery. Looking at Dick's statue, I read the inscription. The usual flourish of trumpets was on the front, setting forth his unblemished moral character, his philanthropy, his generosity, his great schemes for benefiting the human race. On one side was a passage in Greek:

"Ἡλλήνων ἀγαθῶν τὸν ἕσπερον καὶ νότον ἔργον."

This was the rector's doing.

On the other side was a line of English:

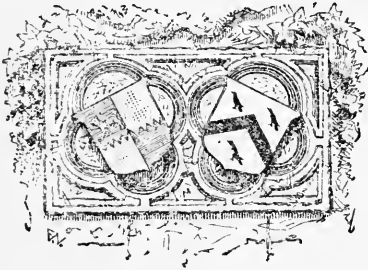
"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

This was Grimes's.

On the back, right in the corner, as if put there furtively, in quite small letters—"Rev. xiii. 4." I heard afterwards that Lucy Heathcote, or, to give her new name, Lady Launton, chose a text, which, not being approved of, she privately instructed the sculptor to insert where it could not be seen—

anxious, good little soul, that religion should have some part. The sculptor put it in, but made a mistake as to the reference—a most unfortunate one, as I found on looking out the text to which attention is thus publicly called. By great good luck, nobody but Lady Launton and myself has found it out.

THE END.



MIDDLE PARK.

ON Saturday afternoon, June 15th, Mr. Edmund Tattersall officiated at the first of the last series of sales of thoroughbred stock ever to be holden on the now famous pastures of Eltham. Everybody who assisted at the *réunion* felt a sentiment of regret at the remembrance that the doors of the greatest establishment for breeding thoroughbreds the country has ever seen are so soon to be closed, and the deeds of prowess done by scores of the Middle Park stock to live only in race-course story.

On Saturday all was as of old, yet all seemed strange;—the bright emerald sward of the paddocks, the old elms in the noble park, the silent shades of sylvan glades, far stretching over hillock and dale, inviting to sentiment and poetry: the roads round about the Park dotted with vehicles of every kind, from the steady cab to dashing four-in-hand, drawn by those priceless bays, and tooled irreproachably by a leader of sporting *haut ton*: the medley of company, including all ranks to whom horseflesh is dear, from the duke to the groom: the lounging crowd of jockeys, trainers, owners, breeders, buyers, and lookers-on: the drags freighted with fair women, drawn up round the ring, in which shortly the yearlings are to prance and caracole. The luncheon in the marquee behind the house is spread with customary bounteousness: the lobster salad is as cool, the cham-

pagne as sparkling, and the cups are as refreshing as of old. But all these familiar features wear an aspect of sadness. He, the honest Yorkshireman, Cheapside hosier, sagacious breeder of horses—William Blenkiron—no more welcomes his friends to the Middle Park sales with his cheery smile and hearty grasp of the hand. Since Mr. Tattersall last met his clients here, the founder of the great haras at Eltham has paid the debt of nature. No wonder, then, that sadness mingles with our other feelings on this bright June day. Luncheon over, a move is made for the ring. Mr. Edmund Tattersall, unrivalled in the art of selling a thoroughbred, with his hat jauntily set ever so little on one side, and an indescribable “you can’t teach me anything about a race-horse I don’t know” sort of air, mounts his box, and the sale begins. “Chestnut colt, got by Uncas out of Mermaid”—and in one moment that persuasive tongue has told the learned in such matters all the ramifications of the colt’s pedigree on both sides. What a vast deal there is in practice! Who could sell a yearling like the representative of the now historic house at Albert Gate? Where are pictures and objects of art and *vertu* sold in such style as they are by the firm in King-street, St. James’s? It is a curious study to watch these gentlemen wielding their potent little hammers. How well they know when to linger and expatiate, when to strike and close. Racing men are not remarkable for their impressionableness, yet how Mr. Edmund can cajole them into bidding another hundred guineas, and another, and another!

“Have you all done, gentlemen? I never saw a colt that looked more likely to race. A very useful colt. At 230 guineas, then—a chestnut colt by Uncas—230.” The hammer falls with a smart tap, and the prancing youngster is led away.

The auctioneer looks round at his company: there is a goodly muster. To Mr. Tattersall’s right sits honest John Day of Danebury, in “blinkers o’ blue” glass, with Mr. Harry Hill by his side. Isaac Woolcot is looking out for another Druid. Mr. Merry, who has served up so many Derby “hot uns,” and had such bad luck with them all, since Thormanby carried off the blue riband for him. Prince Batthyany, Colonel Forrester, and Lord Portsmouth talking together, and looking as if they mean business, are joined by the owner of the

Leger favourite, Lord Falmouth. Lords Queensberry and Eglinton want a likely youngster or two to take north, and so does Mr. Houldsworth, who has a "cut in" for everything worth competing for.

Mr. Joe Dawson, from Newmarket, evidently wishes to meet with another Prince Charlie; and Mr. Tom Jennings, from the same head-quarters of the sporting world, is on the spot to represent that splendid sportsman, M. Lefevre. Eleven lots are disposed of at moderate figures before the wealthy Scotch ironmaster gives 480 guineas for a son of Blinkhoolie. Then the biddings become very brisk, and fourteen lots are sold at prices ranging between 200 and 500 guineas; when one of the "plums" of the sale is led into the ring, taking the new state of things very quietly, everything considered. This is a slashing colt by Blair Athol—Coimbra, with splendid shoulders and quarters. The biddings are very spirited, but "Jemmy" is too much for his opponents, and gets the colt—but at the stiff figure of 1,550 guineas. A few minutes after, Mr. Houldsworth gives 800 guineas for a fine colt by Saunterer; and then comes a splendid chestnut son of Blair Athol, bought for the princely M. Lefevre for 1,150 guineas. Then follow a dozen lots, all sold for good prices, which brings us to the gem of the day's sale—a magnificent bay colt by General Peel, poor Lord Glasgow's favourite. There is a little murmur of applause as this perfect specimen of a young thoroughbred is knocked down to the bidding of Mr. T. E. Walker for 1,750 guineas. Altogether, 58 lots are disposed of, realizing 17,095 guineas, or an average price of about 295 guineas apiece. The late Mr. Blenkiron first had a sale of blood stock at Middle Park in 1856, when thirteen lots were sold at an average price of 111 guineas. The results of seventeen years' sales at the great establishment at Eltham are as follows:—

Year.	Lots.	Total.	Average.
1856	13	1,447	111
1857	23	2,691	116
1858	22	2,196	100
1859	23	2,396	104
1860	31	3,955	127½
1861	37	9,559	258
1862	33	7,746	235
1863	41	7,917	193
1864	43	11,855	275½
1865	45	14,401	230
1866	42	18,720	445
1866 (2nd sale)	22	7,125	324

Year.	Lots.	Total.	Average.
1867	42	19,525	446
1867 (2nd sale)	35	12,620	360½
1868	47	13,890	295½
1868 (2nd sale)	43	6,980	162½
1869	52	12,630	243
1869 (2nd sale)	35	4,939	140
1870	49	16,306	333
1870 (2nd sale)	38	5,360	141
1871	46	14,525	315½
1871 (2nd sale)	40	4,540	113½
1872 (1st sale)	58	17,095	295

The above tabulated statement of results in connection with the sales of produce from this monster breeding establishment, since its institution in 1856, will be read with great interest now that the Middle Park stud is about to be dispersed. At the end of July, Mr. Tattersall will sell the brood mares, with their foals of this year; and the great sires, Gladiateur (that fell to Mr. Blenkiron's nod at the immense price of 5,800 guineas), Marsyas, Blair Athol (bought for 5,000 guineas), and King John, a special favourite with the founder of the great stud. It is to be expected that English breeders of thoroughbred stock will be to the fore at that sale. The national reputation for the finest breed of horses in the world has to be kept up, and it is a comfortable fact that honour and profit may well step hand in hand in the matter.

It is no secret that, as a commercial speculation, the Middle Park stud farm paid its public-spirited proprietor a handsome return on his outlay during his lifetime. In support of this, it is only necessary to say that the average price of all the yearlings sold at Middle Park since the first establishment of the stud is over 250 guineas. When French, German, and American buyers are in the market with a *carte blanche* to give any price for first-rate animals, it is cheering to Englishmen who feel a pride in their national breed of racers, that we have it from the lips of Mr. Tattersall that a company is to be formed for the purpose of purchasing a portion of the stud formed by Mr. Blenkiron at Middle Park. It is to be hoped that these gentlemen will think twice before they let a Gladiateur or a Blair Athol leave the country, and fall into the hands of our foreign rivals, who from stock purchased here have bred such horses as Adonis, Henry, and Harry Bassett, all of whom, on their best form, appear to be about as good as anything that ever carried a tail behind four sound legs. The best of

the Middle Park brood mares—several of them rich in strains of blood, now hard to be got for love or money—should also be kept in the hands of English sportsmen. Such mares as Rosa Bonheur (that cost 2,000 guineas), Margery Daw (dam of See-saw), Defenceless and Seclusion (dams of Derby winners), England's Beauty, Terrific, Reginella, and other *ci-devant* flyers, can never be replaced if once they are suffered to fall to the biddings of foreign buyers, who are sure to be loath to leave them at anything short of a very top price.

The stud formed by the late Mr. Blenkiron is to be sold pursuant to the instructions of his will, and the greatest interest will be felt in the dispersion of the matchless collection of blood stock located at Middle Park by many persons who are never seen on a racecourse, as well as by those immediately interested in turf pursuits. And the representatives of foreign governments and sportsmen are sure to contest the best lots very keenly; but it may be said, with perfect truth, that the universal wish will be that the five hundred and odd head of thoroughbred stock left by the late owner of Middle Park may fetch a price that will remunerate his representatives for his great enterprise and outlay in bringing them together. Mr. Blenkiron's liberality was shown in many ways—conspicuously, however, in his founding the great two-year-old race at Newmarket, to which he contributed £1,000 a year, until the Jockey Club decided to relieve him of this tax for the future, and give the added money themselves. The Nestor of that club and of the Turf—Admiral Rous—paid a just tribute to Mr. Blenkiron's munificence when he said—“The extravagant prices which good-looking yearlings command in the market have given a very great impulse to breeding establishments, the majority of which enjoy wholesome profits; but, with the exception of the owner of Middle Park, I cannot discover, among the gentlemen who breed racehorses for sale, one person who is willing to contribute the slightest per centage of his gains to form a fund for a great national prize, although the value of their stock will be enhanced in proportion to the amount of the prizes *in prospectu*.” “Extravagant prices,” indeed, were given for good yearlings many times in the history of the famous meadows where Caractacus and The Hermit first trotted beside their dams. But the fact

remains that very few of the “extravagantly” dear youngsters ever earned their corn after they left Eltham. The sight of the ring round Mr. Tattersall's hammer on Saturday afternoon recalled many memories of the past—of the day when, in the old and brief plunging era, a few young men who inherited great fortunes and great names, only to make ducks and drakes of the one and trail the other in the dirt, gave thousands apiece for yearlings that never won them back as many farthings: prices that had never been heard of before that day, and have never been reached since. But when a nobleman, hardly more than a boy in years, boasted that he could win a quarter of a million if he won the Derby, and “meant to try it on,” what did it matter if he gave two thousand apiece for the colts from which his Epsom champion was to be chosen? That day has gone by. Some of the men who made its history are dead—some are ruined. Without being uncharitable, the present generation of noble and gentle turfites may learn a lesson from the fate of the moths whose wings were so hopelessly burnt in the seasons of 1864, 1865, 1866, and 1867. The sport of seeing horses run may be very interesting without wagering a penny on the result. And, for the honour of the ancient and thoroughly English sport, let it be said that many of its most influential patrons are content to follow it in this wise. A hundred years ago, a man was satisfied to match his horse for a hundred guineas over the Beacon course. Why should not moderate winnings satisfy his descendants? But it is an appetite for winning large sums—planning to “pull off” a great *coup*—that has degraded the sport, and, making the horse Lord Derby's “instrument of gaming,” that has demoralized the *habitués* of the racecourse. We want more gentlemen who will race for honour and the stakes, and the palmy days of the turf may be revived. There are many hopeful signs, and none more suggestive than that conveyed in the career of such a man as the late William Blenkiron. The story of his stud has often been told, but it will bear telling again, for it is a story of great enterprise and sagacity rewarded by great success. After his lamented death in September last year, a writer in a sporting paper thus told the tale of the rise of the Middle Park stud. “Mr. Blenkiron was born at Marrick, a small village about seven

miles from Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was originally brought up a farmer; but abandoning that pursuit, he came to London, and began the manufacturing business he and his son carried on for many years in Woodstreet, Cheapside. Just twenty-four years ago, he became possessed of the foundation of the great Middle Park stud. This was Glance, a filly, by Venison out of a Whisker mare, bred by Lord George Bentinck. When a youthful courier arrived one Sunday afternoon with the news that a foal was born, Mr. Blenkiron, who had some friends to dinner, deserted his wine and walnuts in a trice, and ran the quarter of a mile to the shed at a pace truly surprising. In due time the colt was trained, and was ultimately changed away for three mares, and thus did a good part towards founding the stud. About 1852 Mr. Blenkiron removed from Dalston to Middle Park, and brought with him seven or eight brood mares, and Neasham, the head of the list of Eltham sires."

Mr. Blenkiron's first sale brought him, in 1856, 100 guineas a-head for his produce; at the best sale he ever had, two yearlings brought him 4,500 guineas between them. When he began his enterprise, he had to lead Glance through his front door into a shed in his garden, where she was stalled. Now, Middle Park is by far the finest haras in the country. May the successors of William Blenkiron, who are to purchase the major part of his stud, be as successful as he was. To attain this, they must tread in his steps.

LORD LYTTON.

LORD LYTTON, whose writings have been enormously popular under their author's several changes of name, was born in May, 1806, the third son of William Earle Bulwer, Esq., of Wood Dalling and Heydon. The distinguished author has been at one time Lytton-Bulwer, at another Bulwer-Lytton. His eldest brother William holds the family lands, granted to his ancestor by the Conqueror. His second brother, Henry, was created Lord Dalling for his eminent services as a diplomatist, whose death was lately recorded. The third, youngest, and most famous of the family is the subject of this notice—Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, Baron Lytton of Knebworth. He married, in 1827, Rosina, daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., the surviving issue of which

marriage is a son, well known as a writer under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith. Lord Lytton's other child, a daughter, died unmarried in 1848.

The great novelist was very young when first he began to write. When he was only fifteen, he sent out "Ismael: an Oriental Tale," and a poem on "Waterloo," celebrating the heroic deeds of Corporal Shaw, the Life Guardsman—

"Meantime brave Shaw usurps the martial plain,
And spreads the field with Gallic heaps of slain."

The young poet was sent to Cambridge, where in 1825 he won the Chancellor's medal; and, after another volume of verse, gave the world "Falkland," his first novel. A large part of this work is made up of letters from one of the characters to another; and the old style of heading, "from the same to the same," becomes very tedious, as they talk in rapid platitudes, slightly spiced with Byronic morality. The preface is dated March 7, 1827, and the author says in it he is "entering a career with no motive and ambition in common with those of his competitors." How many of them are alive now to witness the goal he has reached? Not one, probably. He said then, forty-five years ago, that he had "shaped out an empire for himself, which their praise cannot widen, and which their censure is unable to destroy."

Bold words for a young man invading the territories of imaginative literature; but we may safely assume that Mr. Bulwer felt his power; though his first production, "Falkland," shows very little more talent than went to novel-making in that time of Albums and Books of Beauty, nearly half a century ago.

His next work, however, showed what he was made of to peculiar advantage. He called it "Mortimer; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman." His publishers did not like that title; but as "Pelham" the book went down, and the author at once found himself famous.

"Pelham" was published in 1828. After it came "The Disowned," a novel of very doubtful merit, that owed its existence to the author's study of metaphysics. "Out of that study," he says, "grew the character of Algernon Mordaunt." Then came, in quick succession—"Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," a drama on that subject. "Last Days of Pompeii," "The Crisis," "Rienzi;" his dramas—"The Duchess of

La Vallière," "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money." "Godolphin," a story of fashionable life, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," and a political work, entitled "England and the English," all appeared in 1833; and at this time the author of "Pelham" became editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," a post he occupied for a year and a half. From his contributions in that time two volumes of essays, called "The Student," were afterwards compiled.

"Ernest Maltravers" appeared in 1837; "The Sea Captain; or, the Birthright," the original from which the "Rightful Heir" was reproduced a year or two back, made its appearance in 1839, and was hardly to be called a success; but "Money," first produced in 1840, was most successful, and has, with "Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons," held the boards ever since. And from 1841 to the end of 1843, the world received from his most prolific pen, "Night and Morning," "Zanoni," and "The Last of the Barons." Besides this immense labour as a novelist, Mr. Bulwer had been busily occupied by his parliamentary duties; had made several bold attempts to earn an independent reputation as a poet, by the publication of several poems of considerable merit; and had devoted himself to politics as a pamphleteer, and to social topics as an essayist. It is not to be wondered at that his health broke, happily to be restored to him again after a time. The story of his cure is told in his "Confessions of a Water Patient" (1845).

In 1846, his first great work in rhyme appeared anonymously. It was a satire, called "The New Timon."

In writing a couple of years ago about it, a contemporary drew attention to the attack on Tennyson contained in the poem, and to the retort of the Poet Laureate in the columns of *Punch*.

This reply appeared almost before the present generation of readers were out of their pinafores; and as it furnishes rather a curious example of the amenities of literature—one poet calling the other "school-miss Alfred," and being called "you hand-box," by his angry rival in return—we will quote the lines of both authors. Doubtless the feud has long since been healed, or at all events forgotten by the parties to it.

In "The New Timon," which, though published anonymously, was well known to be

the work of the author of "Pelham," these lines occur:—

"Not mine, not mine (O, Muse forbid!), the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mockbird's modish tune,
The jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Out-babbling Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats;
Where all the airs of patchwork pastoral chime,
To drown the ears in Tennysonian rhyme!

* * * * *
Let schoolmiss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On 'darling little rooms, so warm and light;'
Chant 'I'm a-weary' in infectious strain,
And catch the 'blue fly singing i' the pane;'
Tho' praised by critics and adored by Blues,
Tho' Peel with pudding plump the puling muse,
Tho' Theban taste the Saxon purse controls,
And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles."

Tennyson had had a pension of £200 a-year granted to him—most people will think justly. He did not sit silent under this attack. What would be the consequence of such an attack on him now, from such a hand, it is impossible to conceive—such things are out of date. This was his reply, and first and last appearance in the columns of *Punch*:—

"THE NEW TIMON AND THE POET.

We know him, out of Shakspeare's art,
And those full curses which he spoke—
The *Old* Timon, with his noble heart,
That strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the *Old*: here comes the *New*.
Regard him: a familiar face—
I thought we knew him. What, it's you,
The padded man that wears the stays:

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote!
O, Lion! you that made a noise
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the Muses, too—
You failed, Sir; therefore, now you turn—
You fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

An artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have a great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, Sir, you are hard to please,
You never look but half content,
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites, and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears—
'They call this man as great as me!'

What profits how to understand
 The merits of a spotless shirt—
 A dapper boot—a little hand—
 If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! Why, we see
 Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks.
 You prate of nature! Now are he
 That spilt his life upon the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame—
 It looks too arrogant a jest,
 The fierce old man, to take *his* name!
 You bandbox—off, and let him rest!"

Time and a change in the mode of expressing literary amenities on the part of famous authors have made these verses quite curious. We introduce them here for this reason, and not with any desire "to fan afresh the ancient flame" that prompted them. It will only be necessary for us to apologize for their insertion to such of our readers as may recollect their first appearance five and twenty years ago, or may have seen them since.

There was an interval of four years in which Bulwer did not appear before the public as a writer of fiction; but finding, as he says, "bad habits stronger than good intentions," he dipped his novel-writing quill in ink again, and set to work on two very dissimilar stories—"Lucretia," and "The Caxtons." The former—having for its heroine Lucretia Dalibard, one of his greatest creations—drew down a storm of angry criticism about his head. The two chief personages of the story were poisoners. To this criticism the author replied in a long and able defence of his work, and an explanation of what he held to be the artistic principles and ethical designs of fiction.

"The Caxtons," one of his most charming stories, followed "Lucretia," and was succeeded by "My Novel." At intervals of some years after one another, "What will He do with It?" and "A Strange Story," were published. The latter was completed in 1862.

Lord Lytton has been a popular writer for over forty years, and in that time he has produced above a hundred volumes. He has a good claim to the titles of statesman and orator, in addition to those of novelist, poet, dramatist, and essayist. Such versatility of talent is rare indeed; yet, in all these various paths of literature, the veteran peer has outstripped most of those who have entered the lists with him. He may now rest on the laurels his great talents

and great industry have fairly won at the hands of fame. Lord Lytton—then Mr. Bulwer—sat in Parliament first, in 1831, for St. Ives; afterwards representing Lincoln and Hertfordshire. He was created a baronet in July, 1838; and in July, 1866, was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Lytton of Knebworth.

A SOJOURN IN THE BERMUDAS.

"Where once
 Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still vexed Bermoothes,"
 Ariel in "The Tempest."

THE Bermudas, or Somer's Isles, are, as every one knows, or ought to know, a small group of islands in the middle of the Atlantic, about 600 miles due east from Charlestown, South Carolina, which is the nearest land. They are popularly supposed to equal in number the days of the year; and, counting every small rock as an island, I dare say they would run up to something like it. They are composed of comminuted shell and coral, which hardens into a calcareous sandstone; and the only minerals found are small quantities of oxide of iron, menaccanite, and a little manganese. This description of their geological formation was given by the late Colonel Nelson, Royal Engineers; but their structure may be shortly described as being coral below low water mark, and Æolian above it.

Vegetation is luxuriant in these isles; for the tamarind, melon, banana, date-palm, palmetto, bamboo, orange, and lemon flourish well there; though the Virginian cedars, with which the rocks are clothed, are decidedly stunted in their growth. Very lovely, too, is this spot, nestling on the broad Atlantic's bosom, where the water is of a most exquisite bluish-green tint, and as clear as crystal, reflecting like a mirror the graceful foliage of the date-palm and dwarf palmetto. Beautiful, too, are the mimic bays which abound everywhere, the crystal waters gently rippling between the shady crags, and breaking musically upon the sandy shore.

A perfect haven of tranquillity here, and a pleasant climate enough during the winter months—December, January, February, and March—when the winds are chiefly from the west and north-west, and consequently cool and dry; but owing to the agency of the Gulf Stream, which almost sweeps the shores, the summer is grilling—in fact, almost unbearable. The mercury does not range very

high—say an average of 84° for July, August, and September; but, owing to the dripping nature of the south-west wind which then prevails, the atmosphere becomes saturated with moisture, and you live in a perpetual vapour bath; whilst the muscles relaxing, and becoming languid and flaccid, you are completely—to use a slang phrase—“sewn up,” and feel as though you don’t care one jot what becomes of you.

I never felt this total prostration in Canada, where the mercury often ranges much higher; but the very recollection of what I suffered in the “still vexed Bermoothes” brings the perspiration out on my forehead even now; and, to make it worse, the glare from the white limestone is so trying, that the only comfortable way to knock about is in a complete suit of white drill, a huge white umbrella lined with green, and a veritable pair of green “goggles” on; when you form a picture that does not astonish the natives there one bit, but most certainly would a Londoner, did you don such a costume, on a sultry day, in Regent-street.

But, good reader, “*jubes renovare dolores*,” you would like to know some more of the horrors that I suffered there in the dog-days. Well, heat and glare combined are bad enough; but the unlucky sojourner in Bermuda during the heat of summer has to endure additional misery, in the shape of persecution by loathsome cockroaches, and blood-sucking mosquitoes. The latter prefer a new arrival—his blood, especially if an Englishman, is generally rich, and there is lots of it. Some brute of a fly, posted as scout, having discovered your arrival, forthwith heralds it to his mates, and your doom is sealed—at any rate, mine was; for immediately on landing I was set upon by a small cloud of these winged torments, and considerably escorted by them to that part of the island where I fixed my abode. All through the summer these pestilent flies sucked my wretched carcass, till I was daily becoming “beautifully less” from sheer loss of blood. Not only did they persecute me by day, but at night one or two generally contrived to sneak under the mosquito netting—used nine months in the year—and then came that particularly unmusical hum, which signally “murdered sleep.” Ah, that ominous music! I seem to hear it now, though sitting in a comfortable room in this most comfortable hotel, where the winged invader hath never been, but where, in his stead,

the harmless house-fly buzzes monotonously round my head, occasionally settling on my nose, whence I dislodge him with scant ceremony.

But to return to the mosquitoes—or rather, their *bite*, for that is what I remember them chiefly by. I leave you to imagine some kind friend pricking your bare skin unceasingly with a needle for nine months, day and night, and even then I doubt whether you have an adequate idea of the terrible reality. But I must not forget the cockroaches; for after all their little attentions to me during my sojourn in Bermuda, that would indeed be inexcusable on my part—and I do not wish to appear ungrateful, even to a cockroach. As soon as the candles are lighted on a summer evening, in these disgusting creatures come in shoals, when flop goes one into your tea, eddying round and round there, like a duck in a whirlpool; whilst another, more adventuresome, takes a fancy to your hair, and proceeds to explore its recesses. Rather a handsome fellow, too, is this Bermudian cockroach, with his shiny brown coat and his long feelers, with which he tests everything within reach, whether it be a lump of sugar or pair of boots; for so partial are these gentry to leather, that the colonists often keep their boots and shoes in stout canvas bags, well secured at top, to prevent Master Cockroach dining off them. He is a bit of an epicure, too, this insect, in his way; and when he is tired of Wellington boots, often condescends to lunch off your best waistcoat or Sunday hat!

There is another insect met with in Bermuda—a kind of flea, called the chegoc, or jigger. Though very minute, this gentleman is mightily particular in the matter of lodgings; and, unfortunately, no place seems to suit him so well as the top of your toe, where he not only locates himself, but tries to rear his young family as well. They burrow down under the skin, and deposit their eggs there, if they are not removed in time; but the negro women are very clever in extracting them on the point of a needle—an operation they seem to take a strange pleasure in. It is dangerous to walk bare-footed on the floor in summer here, for you are likely to fall in with a chegoc.

Another pest in Bermuda is the red ants, which swarm during the summer months, and attack so remorselessly every article of food, that you are obliged to keep your provender in a safe, with each of its legs

standing in a vessel of kerosine oil, as the only protection against their ravages. Now, this oil is to the red ants what pork is to the Jew—they utterly abominate it; but so cunning are the little rascals, that if by chance a lucifer match be dropped into the vessel, they will use it as a raft, and thus safely get over the object of their abomination—when, of course, they can easily run up the legs of the safe. If a bird or anything else be suspended from the larder ceiling over-night by a string, no matter how long or fine, you will see these ants ascending and descending it by myriads in the morning, whilst the object itself is one mass of them.

But the reader doubtless would like to know something about the people in these distant isles; before discussing whom, however, I must say a word or two upon other subjects. Of course, owing to their small area—twenty square miles—and rocky nature, railroads are unknown in the Bermudas; and instead of gliding over the smooth bars of steel at forty miles an hour, you jolt through lovely lanes, bordered with orange and lemon trees, and the beautiful oleander, in queer, old-fashioned vehicles, guiltless of springs, and drawn by wiry-looking horses.

The roads, though extremely uneven naturally, are kept in fair order, on the whole; and turnpikes are unknown.

The Bermudas are shaped like a horse-shoe somewhat, with one of its curves about double as long as the other; and of the three main islands, the first and second—beginning at the east end—are connected by a causeway just completed, and the second with the third by a bridge. The islands are girt with a double elliptical belt of coral reefs, upon which the waves break with great fury; but the inside waters, being partially land-locked, are usually tolerably tranquil, though severe "white squalls" (as they are termed) occasionally burst over the hills, when the 'Mudian flat-bottomed boats are the safest things to be in.

Sailing boats of good size, belonging to Her Majesty's Government, daily ply between the two chief towns, St. George's and Hamilton; and both white and coloured folk are allowed to use them, provided they have the requisite permit from the local control officers. Queer people were encountered in these boats sometimes; and I remember one day, when going to Hamilton, and chatting with a friend on deck, I chanced to lament

the slow mode of locomotion, and expressed a wish that we had railroads instead; when out popped an irate old lady from the cabin, who declared "that, for her part, she was quite content with things as they were;" she wanted "none of them nasty railroads;" and, lastly, "that she meant to remain in Bermuda to the end of her days. She never had left it, and she never would; for she knew no place under the sun at all comparable to it!" I was never more taken aback in my life, and made no attempt to contradict the wrathful old dame; who, seeing that the day was her own, shook her head menacingly at me, and vanished into the cabin! I suppose the suddenness of her appearance had something to do with my discomfiture, for she came up like a Jack-in-the-box! However, she was but a type of all the white colonists, who, taken as a body—though there are some notable exceptions—are a narrow-minded and bigoted set, who think there is no place like Bermuda, and no people like themselves.

The better classes are chiefly small merchants; and I should say their salient characteristics were extreme caution, and an inordinate self-esteem. Broad and liberal views, either in a political or commercial sense, are almost unknown amongst them. Pettifogging would, perhaps, be the correct term to apply to their general transactions. Hamilton, the "Queen of Cities" in the opinion of many of these gentry, is the chief town in Bermuda, and contains the Parliament buildings. It is in reality a large village, with a population of about 4,000 souls, and has little to recommend it beyond picturesqueness of situation. It is built on the margin of a pretty bay; and the houses of white sandstone, with their big verandahs festooned with beautiful creepers, and bright green jalousies, have a very striking effect. The merchants do not live over their stores, but away in the country, in those pretty, snow-white villas, nestling among the green cedars, that you see on the other side of Hamilton Water, as it is called. Front-street, which extends along the harbour, is the principal one; for here are nearly all the stores. Its hot, dusty appearance in summer is somewhat diversified by the Pride of India trees planted along the water's edge. And here it is that the small merchants aforesaid do chiefly congregate, busy in receiving their goods from the ships in the harbour. The shops are very indifferent, the goods second

or even third rate, and atrociously dear; but then it must be remembered that the merchants have to pay heavy import duties on many of their wares, so the retail price is necessarily rather formidable to a stranger. It may be urged, too, in extenuation of the narrowness and lack of energy on the part of these people, that their sphere of action is exceedingly confined and isolated, and that the heat of the climate during the greater part of the year is a great bar to exertion, either physical or mental.

Things are yet in a primitive condition in this Hamilton, for even the ubiquitous barber is unknown there; and, on my once inquiring for one, I was directed, as well as I can remember, to a joint cooper and tinsmith; while the operation of hair-cutting was performed in a den at the back of his shop, amid a chaos of ironware and barrels, the writer being perched on one of the latter. A few dentists reside here, one of whom advertises dental work as performed "in a pleasing style"! The idea of pleasure in connection with that terrible wrench!

There are one or two tolerable hotels in Hamilton, where you are fleeced to any amount; but I cannot speak favourably of their *menu*, in which tomatoes, squash, and wiry beef usually predominated.

The drives in the neighbourhood are charming—through lanes bordered with orange and lemon trees, whose perfume is very refreshing. The road skirts the ocean to St. George's, which is situated at the east end of the island.

The town is built on the slope of a hill; and, viewed from the top, the effect is striking. But the heat in the narrow streets below is fearful; and the shops are dingy little holes, where you buy, in fear and trembling, of sallow-faced merchants—whose brusque air and nonchalant manner proclaim plainly that they rate themselves quite as high, if not higher, than their customers. The great event here is the arrival of the monthly mail from Halifax, Nova Scotia, which brings English letters; and I may observe, *en passant*, that the passage into the harbour is very intricate, and though most carefully buoyed, only native pilots can safely bring the steamer in.

And now I will say a word or two about the coloured races, which are of the African stock, and were emancipated in 1834. Both sexes are usually hideous in feature, though some of the females have good figures, which

they delight to adorn in the most wonderful manner, no colour being too bright for them, to judge from the rainbow hues which they love to display. The rural districts abound with little freeholds, where the nigger lives in a miserable cottage with his family and pigs, if he is so fortunate as to have any; and in his bit of garden at the back he grows a few onions, carrots, and a melon or so, it may be, for the use of himself and belongings—living pretty nearly from hand to mouth. He is usually too indolent to do more; and hundreds of acres of good soil lie fallow in these islands, merely for the want of a little energy on the part of the owners in clearing away the sage scrub with which the ground is covered. The white proprietors, or many of them, are nearly as bad; and farming on anything like a large scale is unknown in Bermuda.

As for the blacks in general, they are a poor, degraded race, much addicted to petty thieving; whilst such is their moral and physical condition, such their ignorance, their intemperance, and gross sensuality, that I much question whether their emancipation was not a change for the worse with them.

Arrowroot, which grows to perfection here, used to be the chief export, and yielded a very handsome return to the revenue; but of late years, through lack of energy in its cultivation and preparation, but a comparatively small quantity is exported. Considerable quantities of onions, tomatoes, and potatoes are shipped to the United States and Halifax, Nova Scotia. The imports consist chiefly of spirituous and malt liquors, cattle, flour, and manufactured goods.

There is a Governor here, and a sapient Legislative Council—consisting of a President, and eight members elected by the Crown (all very worthy people, no doubt), which was perpetually "adjourning till Monday next" for the want of something to do; and an equally sapient House of Assembly—consisting of thirty-six members, elected by the various (nine) parishes—whose debates were often ludicrous in the extreme. Mr. A. would move that one penny be inserted in the sixth clause of a bill, instead of two pence. On this the House divided, &c. Another member would move that a certain gate—perhaps that of the workhouse—be painted green instead of black; and the House divided on that also! I never knew such a House for dividing—they were

always at it, and could have had little time for anything else. When they *did* get hold of a vitally important measure, they made the most of it; for I remember reading a debate on the construction of a shed to accommodate the hacks and vehicles of well-to-do senators, when the amount of earnestness and solemnity infused into the discussion, and the number of divisions, as usual, was something appalling.

To pass from political to military matters, I may mention that there is an excellent road on the south side of the island, made by the troops, and that the Royal Engineers are busily engaged at present in adding to the fortifications of the colony. There are two regiments in garrison here, besides a few batteries of artillery; so the fair colonists have some redcoats to flirt with, and an occasional marriage is the result. The British sub. is at a premium here, and knows it! In Bermuda, he is the most idle, listless creature imaginable; and in summer, if he can afford it, spends nine hours out of the twelve ploughing the waves in his yacht, where he is usually to be seen stretched at full length, with pipe in mouth, whilst his 'Mudian pilot holds the helm.

Bermuda is an important naval station, and at Ireland Island there is a fine floating dock (towed out in June, 1869) and a good cambre, in which men-of-war of 4,000 tons can safely anchor—for here it is that the North American squadron winter, when the monotony of the island is often broken by a ball or two.

Apropos of sanitary matters, I may mention that, since the quarantine laws have been strictly enforced, yellow fever has not broken out here; though at one time it recurred pretty regularly every eight or ten years, and made great ravages. As for the naturalist, he will have but a scanty field for his labours here. The waters abound with coarse fish, that have no value for the table; and the indigenous birds are confined to about a dozen species, though feathered wanderers from the States are often found after severe gales. The entomologist will also be disappointed; but the botanist and marine zoologist especially will fare better; and at the present time, I believe, Mr. John Jones, F.R.S., is engaged in exploring the marine zoology of these singular islands.

In conclusion, I would recommend Bermuda to the tourist for a sojourn of a month or two during the cool season; but when

May arrives, if he is his own master, I would strongly advise him to pack up his traps, and steam northwards.

HESPERUS.

THERE is a silence in the quiet woods,
There is a holy stillness in the west,
When day, contented, ere its farewell, floods
The fields in tranquil light, and bids them rest.

There is a silence in the weary town,
When frequent footsteps lessen one by one:
And last good nights have fainter, fewer grown,
And all the bustle of the day is done.

Yet not the silence of the setting sun,
Nor all the twilight darkening with increase,
Brings unto weary mortals, every one,
The tender comfort of a natural peace.

The wild bird, tired of its song, may rest,
And hide its head within its trusty wing;
The early sun shall wake it from its nest—
To-morrow morn it will as bravely sing.

The flowers may close their petals for the night,
And stay their beauty in the dewy gloom;
Upon the glory of the morning light,
More fresh, more fragrantly, the rose will bloom.

Yet not with men is such a dream of peace;
The fierce thought racks throughout the silent
night;
And longing, lingering cares without surcease,
Wear on the troubled soul into the light.

TABLE TALK.

OUR NINTH Volume, New Series, is brought to an end with the present weekly number. "Ready-money Mortiboy," the serial story that has been running in our pages for the last six months, is concluded, it is believed, entirely to the satisfaction of the readers of ONCE A WEEK. In its place, we beg to announce for our next number the first chapters of a new serial, entitled "By Rule of Thumb," from the pen of a very popular novelist and veteran contributor to the pages of the best magazines. In the new volume, Mr. Frederick Waddy's caricature portraits will be continued every week, so as to complete the series of eminent literary men, actors, and artists, within the present year. Under the general title of "Our Village," will be given sketches of a Yorkshire country-side, in continuation of the papers we have lately published about our friend Mrs. Timepiece. The remarkable histories of some forgotten worthies will appear from time to time, under the title of "Old Dolls with New Noses." No. 1, "The Story of

Dick L. England," will be found in an early number. For the rest, aided by his *confères*, the Editor will do everything in his power to maintain the value of ONCE A WEEK as a miscellany of entertaining literature, and to meet the wishes of his readers in all parts of the world.

WE HAVE THE pleasure to announce shortly a new novel from the pen of the author of "Ready-money Mortiboy."

ALSO WE TAKE this early opportunity of announcing the title of our Christmas Number. The title of our Annual for this year is "JACK O' LANTERN." It will be ready in November, and is written by the author of "Ready-money Mortiboy," and profusely illustrated by Frederick Waddy.

OUR AUGUST PARTS will appear in a wrapper of new design, by the same artist.

I WAS MUCH EDIFIED by the perusal of a curious list, in the columns of a contemporary, of "comic newspapers," as he calls them, which have existed within the term of the writer's personal experience. The catalogue is decidedly interesting in its way. The difficulty, always a great one, of finding a good title for a humorous periodical is well exemplified in the names of many of the "comics" now extinct—such as the *Age*, *Bunter*, the *Bat*, the *Bubble*—an appropriate title, however, since only one number was published—the *Censor*, the *Cigar*, the *Grumbler*, the *Fly*, the *Iris*, &c. Some of the periodicals now in vogue seem to have had predecessors similar at least in title. The *Penny Punch*, for instance, was edited by Douglas Jerrold; and we read also of a *Halfpenny Punch*, published so late as 1867. The present *Figaro*, too, which was first published in 1870, had a very mediocre predecessor in title in *Figaro in London*, published in 1835, and edited by the late Gilbert à Beckett. In going through the list of which we have spoken, some of the titles seem not so bad. A paper was started at Chesterfield called the *Crow*, "to be published according to the state of the weather." The *Earwig*, again, published annually during the July Wimbledon Rifle Meeting, took its title in remembrance of the great number of earwigs which infested the camp in 1864, the year when it was first started. Two comics, too, are still going in

New York, bearing the suggestive watch-words of *Nick Nax* and *Phunny Phellow*. In conclusion, it may be noted as a curious fact, that out of ten papers of a humorous character launched in 1867, only one, *Judy*, has survived the general wreck.

WHEN WAS GUNPOWDER first invented? Common tradition has fixed the date as about the year 1267, and the inventor as a certain old English friar, known as Roger Bacon. The Germans claim the honour of first discovery for one of their countrymen, one Bartholdus Schwartz, also a monk. But Bartholdus made no hint of his discovery until the year 1320, fifty-three years afterwards, so that Roger Bacon must remain in possession of the field until newer evidence crops up. But there is nothing new under the sun. After all, Bacon does not lay claim to having discovered gunpowder, only mentioning it as something known in his time; and as the worthy friar had studied among the Spanish Saracens, it is not at all improbable that he drew the secret from one of their scientific books.

THE WARM WEATHER is rapidly bringing out in London streets that coolest of summer head-gear—the white hat. For the white hat is no longer—as in the old Radical days of Hunt and his following—the *bête noir* of all properly respectable lovers of Church and throne. In the days of our grandfathers, treason and white hats went together. Henry Hunt is generally credited with the introduction of the once obnoxious head-piece, and the Dilkes and Odgers of the day followed their leader's example. But the white hat is not such a comparatively recent innovation, after all. A still more historical personage than Radical Hunt, and one, moreover, who was by no means a Radical in the usual sense—namely, Philip of Spain, and husband of our own Queen Mary—wore a white hat three hundred years ago, as may be seen in a fine portrait of him on horseback, in armour, with a small brown cloak, in the private apartments of Windsor Castle.

Contributions should be legibly written, and only on one side of each leaf.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the Office, 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W. C.

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